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I saw there his wife, Mrs. Haas, his son Edgar Haas, and a cousin of my wife's, Monteclore Selig. My wife had left word with Mrs. Haas that I should call for her at the residence of Mr. Marcus, which is next door, or just a few doors away, and I went by and called for my wife at six o'clock and a few minutes before seven my wife and I left the residence of Mr. Marcus and started down Washington Street towards Georgia Avenue on our way home. On our way home, we met our brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Eisenberg, going to the house from which we had just left. We reached home about seven or a little after for supper. After supper, I started to read the paper; between 8 and 8:30, I phoned up to my brother-in-law, Alex Marcus, and asked him if he would come down, but he said he thought he would not that evening, on account of the rain. I continued reading there in the hall that night or evening. There was company at the house of my father and mother-in-law, among the company being the following people, to the best of my recollection, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Liebman, Mr. and Mrs. Ike Strauss and Mr. and Mrs. Carl Wolfsheimer. About ten o'clock, all the company left, and I went upstairs with my wife and returned about ten o'clock.

The next morning, I arose about seven o'clock, and washed and shaved and dressed, and while I was so occupied, the door bell rang, and my wife again answered the door, and there were two detectives down there, one was John Black, and the other, I believe, Mr. Haslett, Haslett of the city detectives; I finished dressing and went downstairs, and they told me they wanted me to step down to headquarters with them, and I told them I would, but I stopped and got my breakfast, finished

before I went with them. We