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Rosser were apparently having a sort of conversation, and I overheard Mr. Rosser say: "Why, it is preposterous, a man who would have done such a deed must be full of scratches and marks and his clothing must be bloody." I imagine Mr. Rosser must have had an inkling that they were suspicious of me, and as soon as I heard that, I turned and jumped up and showed them my under clothing and my top shirt and my body, ~~(I bared it to them all that came within the range of their vision, I had everything open for them, and all they had to do was to look and see it.)~~ After that, Mr. Rosser insisted that two of the detectives, Mr. Black and another detective, accompany Mr. Haas, Mr. Herbert Haas, and myself to my home and look over my soiled clothing for the past week, which I anticipated had not been given to the wash woman. They complied with this request; Mr. Black and another tetective and Mr. Haas and myself went over to the corner of Hunter and Washington Streets, and caught the Washington Street car and rode to Georgia Avenue and went to my home, and on this car my mother-in-law was sitting, returning to her home from town. On reaching 68 E. Georgia Avenue, I found there my wife's grandmother, Mrs. Cohen, and my father-in-law, Mr. Selig. The detectives immediately went upstairs to my room with Mr. Haas and myself, and I took the laundry bag in which my soiled laundry is always kept and emptied it out on the bed, and they examined each and every article of clothing that I had discarded that past week, and I again opened the clothing which I was then wearing, and which was the brown suit which I have here, this brown suit (Deft's Ex. 49) is the same suit I wore that Saturday, April 26th, and Monday April 28th, and I have worn that suit continuously since then until the weather became so hot, and it