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I opened the back door and we made a thorough search of the alleyway and went up and down the alleyway and then went down that alleyway to Hunter Street and down Hunter to Forsyth and up Forsyth in front of the Pencil Factory. In front of the Pencil Factory I had quite a little talk with Mr. Scott as to the rate of the Pinkerton Detective Agency. He told me what they were and I had Mr. Schiff to telephone to Mr. Montag to find out if those rates were satisfactory. He phoned back the answer that he would engage them for a few days at any rate. Mr. Scott then said: "Well, I don't need anything more," and he says: "The Pinkertons in this case, according to their usual custom in ferreting out the perpetrator of this crime, will work hand in hand with the city officers." I said; "All right, that suits me." And he went on his way. About that time my father-in-law joined the group over in front of the factory and after talking for some time my father-in-law and I left and we arrived home about 6:30 I should judge, and found there my mother-in-law and my wife and Minola McKnight, and we had supper. After supper my two brothers-in-law and their wives came over to visit us and they staid until about 10 o'clock, after which my wife and I retired. On Tuesday morning I arose sometime between seven and seven-thirty, leisurely dressed and took my breakfast and caught the 8:10 car coming towards town, the Georgia Avenue car, and when I went to get on the car I met a young man by the name of Dickler and I remember paying the fare for both of us. When I arrived at the Pencil Factory about 8:30, I immediately entered upon my routine work sending the various orders to the various places in the factory where they were due to go, and about 9:30 I went on my usual trip over to Montag Brothers to see the General Manager. After staying over there a short while I