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company with another one of their traveling men, Mr. Jordan. At the corner of Forsyth and Hunter Street I met up with a cousin of my wife's, a Mr. Selig, and we had a drink at Cruickshank's soda fount at the corner of Hunter and Forsyth. Then I went up into the factory and separated the papers I had brought back with me from Montag Brothers, putting them in the proper places, and sending the proper papers to the different places. I was working along in the regular routine of my work, in the factory and about the office, and a little later detectives Scott and Black came up to the factory and said: "Mr. Frank, we want you to go down to headquarters with us," and I went with them. We went down to headquarters and I have been incarcerated ever since. We went down to headquarters in an automobile and they took me up to Chief Lanford's office. I sat up there and answered any questions that he desired, and I had been sitting there sometime when detective Scott and detective Black came back with a bundle under their arm. They showed me a little piece of material of some shirt, and asked me if I had a shirt of that material. I looked at it and told them I didn't think I ever had a shirt of that description. In the meantime they brought in Newt Lee, the night watchman, brought him up from a cell and showed him the same sample. He looked at it and immediately recognized it; he said he had a shirt like that, but he didn't remember having worn it for two years, if I remember correctly, that is what he said. Detectives Scott and Black then opened the package they had and disclosed the full shirt (State's Ex. F) of that material that had all the appearance of being freshly stained with blood, and had a very distinct odor. Newt Lee was taken back to the cell. After a time Chief Lanford came over to me and began an examination of my face and of my head