

and my hands and my arms. I suppose he was trying to hunt to see if he could find any scratches. I stayed in there until about 12 o'clock when Mr. Rosser came in and spoke to the detectives, or to Chief Beavers. After talking with Chief Beavers he came over to me and said to me that Chief Beavers thought it better that I should stay down there. He says: "He thinks it better that you be detained at headquarters, but if you desire, you don't need to be locked up in a cell, you can engage a supernumerary policeman who will guard you and give you the freedom of the building." I immediately acquiesced, supposing that I couldn't do anything else, and Mr. Rosser left. Now, after this time, it was about this time they took me from upstairs down to the District Sergeant's desk and detective Starnes--John N. Starnes, I think his name is, came in and dictated from the original notes that were found near the body, dictated to me to get a sample of my handwriting. Have you got those photographs there? (Photographs handed to the defendant). I wrote this note at the dictation of Mr. Starnes (State's Ex. K), which was given to me word by word, and of course I wrote it slowly. When a word was spelled differently they usually stopped--take this word "buy" for instance, the detective told me how that was spelled so they could see my exact letters, and compare with the original note. Now I had no hesitation in giving him a specimen of my handwriting. Now, this photograph is a reproduction of the note. You see, J. N. Starnes in the corner here, that is detective Starnes, and then is dated here, I put that there myself so I would be able to recognize it again, in case they tried any erasures or anything like that. It is a photographic reproduction of something that was written in pencil as near as one can judge, a photographic reproduction.