

on Friday, April 25, 1913, and went to Frank's office at four minutes to one, which is a mistake. I made this statement in regard to Friday in order that I might not be accused of knowing anything of this murder, for I thought if I put myself there on Saturday, they might accuse me of having a hand in it, and I now make my second and last statement regarding the matter freely and voluntarily, after thinking over the situation, and I have made up my mind to tell the whole truth, and I make it freely and voluntarily, without the promise of any reward or from force or fear of punishment in any way.

I got up Saturday morning, April 26, between 9 and half past 9. I was at home 172 Rhodes St. There is a clock on the Atlanta University and I looked at that clock after I put on my clothes; I went to the door and poured some water out of the wash pan and then I looked at the clock on the Atlanta University, but I forget what time it was exactly, but I remember it was between 9 and half past nine. Then I washed my face and I eat some steak and some liver and bread and drank a cup of tea, and then I sat down in a chair a little while, about ten minutes, I guess, and then I told my wife to give me back the three dollars and I would get some paper money to keep her from losing it, to pay her rent with, and she give it to me, and I told her I was going to Peters St. and I went to Peters St. and stopped at the beer saloon near the corner of Peters and Haynes St. and I bought two beers there for myself and give another fellow a beer, I don't know what his name was, but they call him Bob. I don't know where he works but he had a whip over his shoulder. I stayed in that saloon 3 or 4 minutes just long enough to drink that beer, and then I walks up to the Buttin-In Saloon and walks back to the pool table, and there were 4 fellows back there shooting dice, 5 with me, one was named Joe Bobs, and one was named Bob Williams, and I won 90¢. I don't know how long we were shooting for we were shooting on the sly unbeknownst to the bar tender, I guess we were shooting about ten minutes, and then I come to the bar and bought a glass of beer there at the Butten In Saloon, and then I went to Early's beer saloon on Peters St. and I bought a glass of beer there and I walked back to the toilet and stood there and made a cigarette and then bought another glass of beer, and I come out and bought a half pint of whiskey and I ~~xxx~~ drank some of the whiskey, and then I started to the Capitol City Laundry and on my way there I met Mr. Frank, at the corner of Forsyth and Nelson Sts going to Montaga, and he told me to wait a minutes, and he asked me where I was going and I told him I was going to the Capitol City Laundry to see my mother, and he didn't say anything, only he said to wait a minute until he come back, that he was going to see the Montaga and I stood there until he come back, he was gone about 20 minutes, I guess. He come back and told me to come to the factory, that he wanted to see me, and I went to the factory with him, walking behind him, and he stopped at the Curtis Drug Store at Forsyth and Mitchell St. and he got a drink, and I waited on the outside until he come out, and then he told me to come an and I went to the factory with him. He had a box with him, which he carried with him to the Montaga, it has an opener to it, and after we got to the factory, Mr. Frank took the box and put it there at the trash ~~xxxxxx~~ barrel, which was just to the right of the steps as you go in, he put a box there for me to sit on. There were some great big boxes back further. He told me to sit down there until I heard him whistle. He just took his foot and pushed a box over there for me to sit on. Then he told me not to let Mr. Darley see me, and after Mr. Frank went up the steps, in a few minutes here comes a young lady downstairs, that was Miss Mattie, I think she had on a dark red suit, and a rain cloak and a parasol in her hand, but I didn't notice her hat. Then here comes Mr. Darley down, and he had on a gray suit of clothes, didn't have any hat on his head, and he stopped Miss Mattie at the front door, and when he stopped her I saw Miss Mattie with a handkerchief wiping her eyes. it seemed to me like she had been crying.