

get a piece of cloth, and I got a big wide piece of cloth and come back there to the men's toilet where she was, and I tied her up, and I taken her and brought her up there to a little dressing room, carrying her on my right shoulder, and she got too heavy for me and she slipped off my shoulder and fell on the floor right there at the dressing room and I hollered for Mr. Frank to come there and help me, that she was too heavy forme, and Mr. Frank come down there and told me to pick her up, damn fool, and he run down there to me and he was ~~axis~~ excited, and he picked her up by the feet, her head and feet were sticking out of the cloth and then we brought her on to the elevator, Mr. Frank carrying her by the feet and me by the shoulders, and we brought her to the elevator and then Mr. Frank says "Wait, let me get the key", and ~~he~~ went into the office and got the key and come back and unlocked the elevator door and started the elevator down. Mr. Frank turned it on himself and we went on down to the basement and Mr. Frank helped me to take it off the elevator and he told me to take it back there to the sawdust pile, and I picked it up and put it on my shoulder again, and Mr. Frank, he went up the ladder and watched the trap door to see if anybody was coming, and I taken her back there and taken the cloth from around her and taken her hat and show which I had picked up upstairs right where her body was lying, and brought them down and untied the cloth and brought them back and throwed them on the trashpile in front of the furnace, and Mr. Frank was standing at the trap door at the head of the ladder. He didn't tell me where to put the things. I layed her body down with her head towards the elevator, lying on her stomach and the left side of her face was on the ground and the right side of her face was up, and both arms were laying down with her body, by the side of her body. Mr. Frank joined me back on the first floor, I stepped on the elevator and he stepped on the elevator when it got to where he was, and he said "gee that was a tiresome job" and I told him his job was not as tiresome as mine was, because I had to tote it all the way from where she was lying to the dressing room, and in the basement from the elevator to where I left her. Then Mr. Frank hops off the elevator before it gets even with the second floor and he makes a stumble and he hits the floor and watches with both hands, and he went on around to the sink to wash his hands, and I went and out off the motor, and I stood and waited for Mr. Frank to come from around there washing his hands, and then we went on into the office, and Mr. Frank he couldn't hardly keep still, he was all the time moving about from one office to the other, then he come back into the stenographer's office and come back and he ~~int~~ told me "here comes Emma Clark and Corinthia Hall I understood him to say, and he come back and told me to come here and he opened the wardrobe and told me to get in there, and I was so slow about going he told me to hurry up, damn it, and Mr. Frank, whoever that was come in the office, they didn't stay so very long, till Mr. Frank was gone about 7 or 8 minutes, and I was still in the wardrobe and he never had come to let me out, and Mr. Frank come ~~not~~ back and I said "goodness alive you kept me in there a mighty long time" and he said "yes, I see I did", you are sweating" and then me and Mr. Frank set down in a chair. Mr. Frank then took out a cigarette and he give me the box and asked me did I want to smoke and I told him yes sir, and I taken the box and taken out a cigarette and he handed me a box of matches and I handed him the matches back, and I handed him the cigarette box and he told me that was all right, I could keep that, and I told him he had some money in it and he told me ~~that~~ was all right, I could keep that, and Mr. Frank then asked me to write a few lines on that paper, a white scratch pad he had there, and he told me what to put on there, and I asked him what he was going to do with it and he told me to just go ahead and write, and then after I got through writing Mr. Frank looked at it and said it was all right, and Mr. Frank looked up at the top of the house and said "why should I hang, I have wealthy people in Brooklyn," and I asked him what about me, and he told me that was all right ab out me, for me to keep my mouth