

all right, old boy, I don't want you to have anything to say to Mr. Herbert or Mr. Darley about what's going on around here.' The next time I watched was Thanksgiving day. I met Mr. Frank there about eight o'clock in the morning. He says: 'A lady will be here in a little while; me and her are going to chat. I don't want you to do no work; I just want you to watch.' The lady came in about a half an hour. I didn't know her; I have never seen her working at the factory. I had seen her at the factory two or three nights before Thanksgiving Day in Mr. Frank's office about eight o'clock. She was a nice looking lady. I think she had on black clothes. She was a very tall, heavy built lady. The front door was open when she came Thanksgiving Day. She went up stairs and went in Mr. Frank's office. Mr. Frank came out and stamped right above the trash barrel. I was down stairs about the trash barrel. He told me he was going to stamp two times; then he stamped, and I closed the door, and then I came back and sat on the box about an hour and a half. Mr. Frank says: 'I'll stamp after this lady comes, and you go and shut the door and turn that night latch.' That's the first time he told me to lock the door, and he says: 'If everything is all right, you take and kick against the door.' And I kicked against the door. I stayed there about an hour and a half that time. Then, Mr. Frank came down and unlocked the front door, looked up the street, and then went back and told the lady to come down. She came down and said to Mr. Frank, while they were walking: 'Is that the nigger?' and he says: 'Yes.' And she says: 'Well, does he talk much?' and he says: 'He's the best nigger I've ever seen.' They went on out together; Mr. Frank came back. I went in his office. He gave me a \$1.25. The lady had on a blue skirt with white dots in it, and white slippers and white stockings, and a grey tailor-made coat with pieces of black velvet on the edges of it, and a black hat with big black feathers over. The next time I watched for him was a Saturday in January, right after the first of the year. He said there will be a young man and two ladies that would be there that Saturday morning. I was standing by the side of Gordon Bailey on the elevator when he come and told me that about half past seven in the morning, and he said I could make some money off this man. Gordon Bailey and me was on the elevator together. He could hear what Mr. Frank was saying. I got through cleaning at about a quarter after two and stayed at the door. It was open, and the ladies came about half past two or three o'clock, and the young man came in and says: 'Mr. Frank put you wise?' 'Didn't he tell you to watch the door, two ladies and a young man would be there?' He said: 'Well, I'm the one.' Then he come and told the ladies to come on, and they went up stairs towards the clock; they stayed there about two hours. I didn't know either of the ladies. I don't know what they had on. The man was tall, slim built, heavy man; he didn't work there. I seen him talking to Mr. Holloway frequently during the week. That's the last time I watched for him. Snowball and I were in the box room when he told me to watch for him that time. I don't know if he knew Snowball was there or not. The day before Thanksgiving, when he talked to Snowball, we were on the elevator. Snowball could have heard anything that was said; Mr. Frank saw Snowball standing there. . . . Miss Daisy Hopkins worked at the factory from June, 1912, until Christmas. I worked on the same floor with her. I am sure she worked there from June until about Christmas. She was a low lady, kind of heavy; she was pretty, chunky, kind of heavy weight. I remember that she was there in June because I took a note to Mr. Herbert Schiff which she gave me. Mr. Schiff said it had June on it, when he read it. It was on the outside of the note. I looked and seen something on it; I don't know what it was. It was on the back of the note—June something, and he laughed at it. I know