

and I went and says, "Alright, Mr. Frank," and he says, "What time is it?" and I says, "It lacks two minutes of six." He says, "Don't punch yet, there is a few worked to-day and I want to change the slip." It took him twice as long this time than it did the other times I saw him fix it. He fumbled putting it in, while I held the lever for him and I think he made some remark about he was not used to putting it in. When Mr. Frank put the tape in I punched and I went on down-stairs. While I was down there Mr. Gantt came from across the street from the beer saloon and says "Newt, I got a pair of old shoes that I want to get upstairs to have fixed." I says, "I aint allowed to let anybody in here after six o'clock." About that time Mr. Frank come busting out of the door and run into Gantt unexpected and he jumped back frightened. Gantt says, "I got a pair of old shoes upstairs, have you any objection to my getting them?" Frank says, "I don't think they are up there, I think I saw the boy sweep some up in the trash the other day." Mr. Gantt asked him what sort they were and Mr. Frank said "tans." Gantt says, "Well, I had a pair of black ones, too." Frank says, "Well, I don't know," and he dropped his head down just so. Then he raised his head and says, "Newt, go with him and stay with him and help him find them," and I went up there with Mr. Gantt and found them in the shipping room, two pair, the tans and the black ones. Mr. Frank phoned me that night about an hour after he left, it was sometime after seven o'clock. He says "How is everything?" and I says, "Everything is all right so far as I know," and he says, "Good-bye." No, he did not ask anything about Gantt. Yes, that is the first time he ever phoned to me on a Saturday night, or at all.

There is a light on the street floor just after you get in the entrance to the building. The light is right up here where that partition comes across. Mr. Frank told me when I first went there, "Keep that light burning bright, so the officers can see in when they pass by." It wasn't burning that day at all. I lit it at six o'clock myself. On Saturdays I always lit it, but weekdays it would always be lit when I got there. On Saturdays I always got there at five o'clock. This Saturday he got me there an hour earlier and let me off later. There is a light in the basement down there at the foot of the ladder. He told me to keep that burning all the time. It has two little chains to it to turn on and turn off the gas. When I got there on making my rounds at 7 p. m. on the 26th of April, it was burning just as low as you could turn it, like a lightning bug. I left it Saturday morning burning bright. I made my rounds regularly every half hour Saturday night. I punched on the hour and punched on the half and I made all my punches. The elevator doors on the street floor and office floor were closed when I got there on Saturday. They were fastened down just like we fasten them down every other night. When three o'clock came I went down the basement and when I went down and got ready to come back I discovered the body there. I went down to the toilet and when I got through I looked at the dust bin back to the door to see how the door was and it being dark I picked up my lantern and went there and I