

of the clock Sunday morning had been punched regularly. I made the same mistake standing right there by his side. I didn't see Mr. Frank date the slip. It ought to have been dated the 26th. The slip I saw didn't have any time on it except the watchman's time. I don't know whether I would know it or not, to identify. The slips are not made in duplicate. As to whether there is any mark on the slip to enable any one to identify it, as the one taken out that night, my memory is that it was started at 6:01 or 6:32. Of course nobody could tell who punched the clock, one man's punch is just like another. That diagram or picture (State's Exhibit A) is a fair representation of the building as a whole, it is not a fair representation of the interior. I never knew there were any stairs in the basement until this matter came up. They are never used to my knowledge. There is a way of closing the door in rear of second floor from upstairs. The regular place of keeping these order blank books is in the outer office. There is no regular place in the basement to keep paper, but it is thrown out in the waste basket and gets down in the trash. There is no use for that paper anywhere but in the office, but that doesn't prevent it from being scattered around. I have scratch pads of that shape scattered around even in the basement. That scratch pad is used all over the factory, everywhere there is a foreman or a forelady. No, not in the area around the elevator there. The trash is carried downstairs right in front of the boiler. Sometimes if they are in a hurry they leave it around the elevator for a little while, and when I go down I make the negro move it to the boiler. It is usually burned. Some of it may stay there for a week, some of it burned right away.

#### RE-CROSS EXAMINATION BY DEFENDANT.

As to people being nervous, Montag and Frank merely had some words when Frank became so nervous, Schiff was trembling Monday, Holloway also, I noticed Miss Flowers began to cry and scream and I had to go in there and get hold of her myself. That was Tuesday morning. The whole factory was wrought up. I couldn't hardly keep anybody at work. I had to let them go on Monday, and I wished I had let them go for the rest of the week, for I couldn't get any work out of them. I wouldn't say that I couldn't get any work out of Christopher Columbus Barrett, since, but he has lost a good deal of time. I would have to look to the pay roll to tell.

W. F. ANDERSON, sworn for the State.

I was at police headquarters Saturday, April 26. I got a call from the night watchman at the pencil factory. He said a woman was dead at the factory. I asked him if it was a white woman or a negro woman. He said it was a white woman. We went there in an automobile, shook the door and Newt Lee came down from the second floor and carried us back to the ladder that goes down through the scuttle hole. About 3:30 I called up Mr. Frank on the telephone and got no answer. I heard the telephone rattling and buzzing.