

standing at the steps. I could see the clock from there. Then I went back and got a piece of striped bed tick, something like your shirt there, had whitish looking stripes on it. I taken the cloth and spread it down and rolled the little girl in the cloth and tied it up. When I laid her down in the cloth, I tied the cloth around her. I did my best. Her feet were hanging out of the cloth, also her head. If I didn't tell Black and Scott anything about the hat and the slippers and the ribbon, they must not have asked me. I know I took the things and pitched them in front of the boiler. The elevator don't hit hard when it hits the ground. The wheels at the top don't make any noise. The motor makes a little noise, something like a June bug. The elevator hits the dirt at the bottom, but it don't make any noise. I left the factory about 1:30. The reason why I didn't tell Scott and Black I wrote four notes instead of two, they didn't ask me how many I wrote. Another reason why is, because Mr. Frank taken that and folded it up like he wasn't going to use it. I wrote three notes on white and one on green paper. The green one is the one he folded up like he wasn't going to use it. I don't know how long it took me to write those notes. It took me somewhere about two minutes and a half, I reckon. The reason I didn't tell Scott and Black about burning the body, because someone had done taken them off the case. Mr. Scott told me. The first time I told that was to Mr. Starnes and Mr. Campbell after I came back from jail. I don't remember telling the officers that Mr. Frank told me he was going to send those notes to his folks up North. If they have got it down there I must have said it. He told me he was going to write to his mother and tell her that I was a good negro. The reason I didn't take the parasol down with the shoes, it was too far back for me to see it. I got my hair cut last week. My lawyer sent the barber. They gave me a bath and bought me clean clothes. My wife gave me my shirt. I didn't read any newspapers on Monday about this crime. It don't do me no good because I can't make any out. I didn't try to read any that day. I washed that shirt on Thursday, May 1st, in the metal room about half past one or two. As to how that dung came to be in the elevator shaft, when Mr. Frank had explained to me where he wanted to meet me and just as I started out of the place that negro drayman came in there with a sack of hay and I gave him a drink of whiskey that I bought at Earley's saloon on Peters Street that morning, and he suggested that I go down in the basement and do it, there's a light down there, and I went down the ladder and stopped right by the side of the elevator, in front of the elevator, somewhere about the edges of it. No, I didn't see the two white men go up and talk to Mr. Frank in his office that day. No, I didn't see a man by the name of Mincey at the corner of Carter and Electric Avenue that day. I didn't tell him that I killed a girl that day. I didn't say I killed one to-day and I didn't want to kill another. I didn't tell Harlee Branch that Mary Phagan was murdered in the toilet room on the second floor, or that the body was stiff when I got back there, or that it took at least thirty minutes to get the body down stairs and write the notes. I don't remember telling Miss Carson on May 1st, that Mr. Frank was innocent. I didn't have any conversation with