

do any work. The girls were standing around, crying. We had to suspend. As I went out of the shipping room that morning, I saw Conley standing in the back of the room. I said, "What are you doing here?" He says: "I am scared to go out, I would give a million dollars if I was a white man." It is very dark on the ground floor around the elevator. I have never known the doors to Mr. Frank's inner or outer office to be locked. Even if they were you can see right through them, part of the door being glass. Anybody could look through them and see what is going on in the office. The door to the elevator can be easily lifted by anyone and anyone can be pushed down the elevator shaft. The motor to the elevator is on the office floor, and the wheels are on the top floor. When you start up, there is a noise. You can always hear the jerk when the rope is pulled, and when it stops there is a noise and when it hits the basement floor, there is a thud. The motor also makes a distinct humming noise. The motor box is not kept locked. I have gotten after Jim Conley many times about not registering. We have docked him for not doing it. I have noticed blood spots on the floors of the factory. Whenever one gets his finger hurt, he has to come to the office to get it tied up. People have gotten hurt in the metal room, and in coming to the office would walk by the ladies' closet, through those doors. The spots that Barrett pointed out in the regular path where a man would come to the office if he were injured. There were four or five strands of hair that Barrett discovered. I saw them. Could not possibly tell what color it was. The metal room floor has not been washed since I have been there.

#### CROSS EXAMINATION.

I knew on Monday that Mrs. White claimed she saw a negro there. Frank telephoned me three or four times on Monday to get the Pinkerton's. He was at home. I was at the factory. When the detectives got to the factory Frank was at the station house. He was there nearly all morning. He phoned me at first about twelve o'clock, and then again about twelve-thirty. He wanted me to see if we could not in justice to all the employees try to sift this thing down, and he suggested getting the Pinkertons. He phoned again near one o'clock. Mr. Frank spoke about his nervousness. He didn't talk a great deal about it. He may have spoken to me once or twice about it. I think one time he explained to me how terrible the girl looked and the other time that they rushed him to the undertaker's in a dark room and threw on the light. He said he was awfully shaken up. As to what Mr. Frank said when they telephoned him about the murder, he asked what was the matter, had there been a fire at the factory. Another reason he was nervous he said, he hadn't had any breakfast, he wanted a cup of coffee. We had been without a stenographer quite a while. The work had accumulated to some extent. As to what work there was in the factory for Mr. Frank to do Saturday except the financial sheet, he entered the orders, made requisitions. I do not know that Miss Hall entered all those orders. I know she took dictation. That is all I know about it. The first time I saw those orders entered on the order