

MISS DORA SMALL, Sworn for the Defendant.

I worked on the fourth floor of the pencil factory for five years. I saw Jim Conley on Tuesday. He was worrying me to get money from me to buy a newspaper and then he would come and ask me for copies of the paper before I would get through reading them. They were extras. He would even get two of the same edition. He would take it and run over there and sit on a box by the elevator and read it. He can read all right. He had on an old Norfolk coat with a belt around it and it buttoned just as tight around his neck as it could be. Before that he had gone around there all open and loose and as slipshod as he could be. I could not tell whether he was wearing a shirt or not because his coat fastened up so tight. He told me Mr. Frank is just as innocent as I am and he says, "God knows I was noways around this factory on Saturday." I didn't see Mr. Frank talking to Jim anywhere in the factory on Tuesday. I have never seen him talk to that nigger in my life. I have never been down in Mr. Frank's office after hours, drinking or doing anything wrong at any time. I have known Conley for two years. His general reputation for truth and veracity is bad. I don't know of any nigger on earth that I would believe on oath.

CROSS EXAMINATION.

I would not believe Snowball on oath. I would not believe any nigger. I got a fifty cent raise in salary about four months ago. I have got no raise since Mr. Frank has been locked up. It was before this murder took place. I did not see Mrs. Carson talk to Jim on Tuesday or Wednesday. She worked in one end of the building and I worked in the other. I saw Mr. Frank and Miss Carson talking on business between eight and nine o'clock on Tuesday. They stopped right in front of my machine. Mr. Frank went down stairs and Miss Carson went on back to her work. He used to come up there frequently. Conley was standing at the elevator. He was standing with his hand on a truck. He was not sleeping. He must have seen me and Mr. Frank. Mr. Frank did not see Conley. When Mr. Frank went down the steps Conley was still standing at the elevator. Conley was asking me for newspapers all during the morning every time they would holler "extra." He would come to me. That was after Mr. Frank had gone. That continued all day Tuesday and Wednesday. I didn't buy any extras on Monday. I bought four before noon on Tuesday. The elevator makes a right smart noise. Shakes the whole building. Any body in the world can tell it is running if the machinery is not running; but you can't notice it much unless you are right close to the elevator. Some of us went back in the metal room one day to see if we could see any blood spots. Mrs. Carson and Mrs. Thompson I think were with us. Curiosity led us down there. We saw where the floor had been chipped up. Saw something that looked like white face powder around the chipped up place. Looked like some of the girls had powdered their faces and spilt the powder. There were two or three spots, some the size of a nickle and some the size of a quarter. The floor was very dirty all over.