

the happiest days of my life. My duties as superintendent of the National Pencil Company were, in general, as follows: I had charge of the technical and mechanical end of the factory, looking after the operations and seeing that the product was turned out in quality equal to the standard which is set by our competitors. I looked after the installation of new machinery and the purchase of new machinery. In addition to that, I had charge of the office work at the Forsyth Street plant; and general supervision of the lead plant, which is situated on Bell Street. I looked after the purchase of the raw materials which are used in the manufacture of pencils, kept up with the market of those materials, where the prices fluctuated, so that the purchases could be made to the best possible advantage. On Friday, April 15th, I arrived at the pencil factory on Forsyth Street, at about seven o'clock,—my usual time. I immediately started in on my regular routine work, looking over papers that I had laid out the evening before, and attending to any other work that needed my special attention that morning. At about 9:30 I went over to the office of the General Manager and Treasurer, Mr. Sigmond Montag, whose office is at Montag Brothers, on Nelson Street. I stayed over there a short time, got what papers and mail had arrived over there—all the mail for the pencil company comes over there to their office—I got that mail and brought it back to Forsyth Street. I then separated the mail and continued along my usual routine duties in the office on Forsyth Street. At about eleven o'clock, Mr. Schiff handed me the pay-roll books covering the plants at Forsyth Street and at Bell Street, for me to check over to see that the amounts and the extensions were correct. Of course, this work has to be very carefully done, so that the proper amount of money is drawn from the bank. This checking took me until about 12:30, P. M., when I made out the amount on a slip of paper that I wished to have drawn from the bank, went over to Montag Brothers, had the checks drawn and signed by Mr. Sigmond Montag, after which I returned to Forsyth Street and got the leather bag in which I usually carry the money and coin from the bank, and got the slip on which I had written the various denominations in which I desired to have the pay-roll made out, accompanied by Mr. Herbert Schiff, my assistant, went to the Atlanta National Bank, where I had the checks cashed. Returning to the factory in company with Mr. Schiff, I placed this bag containing the money for the pay-roll in the safe and locked it. At this time, my wife called for me and in her company and that of Mr. Schiff, I went over to the car and took my wife home to lunch. After lunch, I returned to the factory and took a tour for about an hour through the factory, after which I then assisted Mr. Schiff in checking over the amounts on the pay envelopes,—checking the money against the duplicate slips that we had gotten from the bank, to see that the correct amount had been given us, and I helped Mr. Schiff checking over the money and in filling the envelopes. This took us approximately until a quarter to six, to fill the envelopes, seal them and place them in the box that we have over there, with two hundred pigeon holes, and which we call our pay-off box. While I was so occupied with Mr. Schiff in filling these envelopes, a young man