

should come for me in the automobile, when the automobile drove up, the bell rang and my wife went down stairs to answer the door. She had on,—just had a night dress with a robe over it. I followed my wife—I wasn't completely dressed at that time,—didn't have my trousers or shirt on, and as soon as I could get together,—get my trousers and shirt on,—I went down stairs—followed my wife in a minute or two. I asked them what the trouble was, and the man who I afterwards found out was detective Black, hung his head and didn't say anything. Now, at this point, these two witnesses, Mr. Rogers and Mr. Black differ with me on the place where the conversation occurred,—I say, to the best of my recollection, it occurred right there in the house in front of my wife; they say it occurred just as I left the house in the automobile; but be that as it may, this is the conversation: They asked me did I know Mary Phagan, and I told them I didn't, they then said to me, didn't a little girl with long hair hanging down her back come up to your office yesterday sometime for her money,—a little girl who works in the tipping plant?" I says, "Yes, I do remember such a girl coming up to my office, that worked in the tipping room, but I didn't know her name was Mary Phagan." "Well, we want you to come down right away with us to the factory," and I finished dressing, and as they had said they would bring me right away back, I didn't have breakfast, but went right on with them in the automobile, made the trip to the undertaking establishment very quickly—I mean, they made the trip down town very quickly, and stopped at the corner of Mitchell and Pryor Streets, told me they were going to take me to the undertaker's first, that they wanted me to see the body and see if I could identify the little girl. I went with them to the undertaking establishment, and one of the two men asked the attendant to show us the way into where the body was, and the attendant went down a long, dark passageway with Mr. Rogers following, then I came, and Black brought up the rear; we walked down this long passageway until we got to a place that was apparently the door to a small room,—very dark in there, the attendant went in and suddenly switched on the electric light, and I saw the body of the little girl. Mr. Rogers walked in the room and stood to my right, inside of the room, I stood right in the door, leaning up against the right facing of the door, and Mr. Black was to the left, leaning on the left facing, but a little to my rear, and the attendant, whose name I have since learned was Mr. Gheesling, was on the opposite side of the little cooling table to where I stood—in other words, the table was between him and me; he removed the sheet which was covering the body, and took the head in his hands, turned it over, put his finger exactly where the wound in the left side of the head was located,—put his finger right on it; I noticed the hands and arms of the little girl were very dirty,—blue and ground with dirt and cinders, the nostrils and mouth—the mouth being open,—nostrils and mouth just full of saw-dust and swollen, and there was a deep scratch over the left eye on the forehead; about the neck there was twine,—a piece of cord similar to that which is used at the pencil factory and also a piece of white rag. After looking at the