

body, I identified that little girl as the one that had been up shortly after noon the day previous and got her money from me. We then left the undertaking establishment, got in the automobile and rode over to the pencil factory. Just as we arrived opposite the pencil factory, I saw Mr. Darley going into the front door of the pencil factory with another man, whose name I didn't know; we went up to the second floor, the office floor, I went into the inner office, hung up my hat, and in the inner office I saw the night watchman, Newt Lee, in the custody of an officer, who I think was detective Starnes, the man who had phoned me. I then unlocked the safe and took out the pay-roll book and found that it was true that a little girl by the name of Mary Phagan did work in the metal plant, and that she was due to draw \$1.20, the pay-roll book showed that, and as the detective had told me that someone had identified the body of that little girl as that of Mary Phagan, there could be no question but what it was one and the same girl. The detectives told me then they wanted to take me down in the basement and show me exactly where the girl's body was found, and the other paraphernalia that they found strewn about; and I went to the elevator box,—the switch box, so that I could turn on the current, and found it open. In reference to that switch box being open or shut—it was open on that occasion, however,—I had given instructions to the factory to keep it open, and those instructions were given because a member of the fire department had gone through all that part of the city, and the National Pencil Company, among others, and told us that no switch box, no box in which an electric switch was situated, could be locked up, but had to be open, so it could be easily accessible in case of fire, so they wouldn't run any risk of electrocuting anybody, or if they wanted to move quickly, they could throw it on and start the elevator,—you couldn't lock it up, the firemen wouldn't know where the key was. However, I turned on the switch, started the motor, which runs the elevator, going, then Mr. Darley and a half dozen more of us and the detectives got on the elevator; I got on the elevator and I started to pull the rope to start the elevator to going, and it seemed to be caught, and I couldn't move it, I couldn't move it with a straight pull, and couldn't get it loose, so I jumped out, we all got off, and I asked Mr. Darley to try his hand,—he's a great deal larger man and a great deal stronger man than I was—so he was successful in getting it loose—it seemed like the chain which runs down in the basement had slipped a cog and gotten out of gear and needed somebody to force it back; however, Mr. Darley was successful in getting it loose, and it started up, and I got on and the detectives got on and I caught hold of the rope and it worked alright.

In the basement, the officers showed us just about where the body was found, just beyond the partition of the Clark Woodenware Company, and in behind the door to the dust bin, they showed us where they found the hat and slipper on the trash pile, and they showed us where the back door, where the door to the rear was opened about 18 inches. After looking about the base-