

**DEFENDANT'S EXHIBIT 37.****Statement of James Conley of May 24, 1913.**STATE OF GEORGIA,  
COUNTY OF FULTON.

Personally appeared before me, the undersigned, a Notary Public, in and for the above State and County, James Conley, who being sworn on oath says:

On Friday evening before the holiday, about four minutes to one o'clock, Mr. Frank come up the aisle and asked me to come to his office. That was the aisle on the fourth floor where I was working, and when I went down to the office he asked me could I write and I told him yes I could write a little bit, and he gave me a scratch pad and told me what to put on it, and told me to put on there "dear mother," "a long, tall, black negro did this by himself," and he told me to write it two or three times on there. I wrote it on a white scratch pad, single ruled. He went to his desk and pulled out another scratch pad, a brownish looking scratch pad, and looked at my writing and wrote on that himself, but when I went to his office he asked me if I wanted a cigarette, and I told him yes, but they didn't allow any smoking in the factory, and he pulled out a box of cigarettes that cost 15 cents a box, and in that box he had \$2.50, two paper dollars and two quarters, and I taken one of the cigarettes and handed him the box and I told him he had some money in the box, and he said that was all right I was welcome to that for I was a good working negro around there, and then he asked me where Gordon Bailey (Snowball they call him) was, and I told him on the elevator, and he asked me if I knew the night watchman and I told him no sir, I didn't know him, and he asked me if I ever saw him in the basement and I told him no sir, I never did see him down there, but he could ask the fireman and maybe he could tell him more about that than I could, and then Mr. Frank was laughing and jollying and going on in the office, and I asked him not to take out any money for that watch man I owed, for I didn't have any to spare, and he told me he wouldn't, but he would see to me getting some money a little bit later. He told me he had some wealthy people in Brooklyn, and then he held his head up and looking out of the corner of his eyes and said "Why should I hang?" and that's all I remember him saying to me. When I asked him not to take out any money for the watch, he said you ought not to buy any watch, for that big fat wife of mine wants me to buy her an automobile but he wouldn't do it; I never did see his wife. On Tuesday morning after the holiday on Saturday, before Mr. Frank got in jail, he come up the aisle where I was sweeping and held his