

head over to me and whispered to me to be a good boy and that was all he said to me.

(Signed) JAMES CONLEY.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of May, 1913.

(Signed) G. C. FEBRUARY,
Notary Public, Fulton County, Georgia.

(Seal)

DEFENDANT'S EXHIBIT 38.

Statement of Jim Conley, May 28, 1913.

STATE OF GEORGIA,
COUNTY OF FULTON.

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

I make this statement, my second statement, in regard to the murder of Mary Phagan at the National Pencil Factory. In my first statement I made the statement that I went to the pencil factory on Friday, April 25, 1913, and went to Frank's office at four minutes to one, which is a mistake. I made this statement in regard to Friday in order that I might not be accused of knowing anything of this murder, for I thought that if I put myself there on Saturday, they might accuse me of having a hand in it, and I now make my second and last statement regarding the matter freely and voluntarily, after thinking over the situation, and I have made up my mind to tell the whole truth, and I make it freely and voluntarily, without the promise of any reward or from force or fear of punishment in any way.

I got up Saturday morning, April 26th, between 9 and half past 9. I was at home, 172 Rhodes Street. There is a clock on the Atlanta University and I looked at that clock after I put on my clothes; I went to the door and poured some water out of the wash pan and then I looked at the clock on the Atlanta University, but I forgot what time it was exactly, but I remember it was between nine and half past nine. Then I washed my face and I eat some steak and some liver and bread and drank a cup of tea, and then I sat down in a chair a little while, about ten minutes, I guess, and then I told my wife to give me back the three dollars and I would get some paper money to keep her from losing it, to pay her rent with, and she gave it to me, and I told her I was going to Peters Street, and I went to Peters Street, and stopped at the beer saloon near the corner of Peters and Haynes Street and I bought two beers there for myself and give another fellow a beer, I don't know what his name was, but they call him Bob. I don't know where he works, but he had a whip over his shoulder. I stayed in that saloon 3 or 4 minutes, just long enough to drink that beer; and then I walks up to the Butt-In Saloon and walks back to the pool table, and there were four fellows