

don't think, it looked like it might have come from that plate glass company on Alabama street. Then Mr. Holloway went back upstairs and it wasn't long before Mr. Holloway come back down and was gone for good. I don't know how long, but I guess he stayed upstairs long enough to put on his coat and hat. I saw Mr. Holloway turn up to his right towards Hunter Street, then there comes another lady into the factory, and she had on a green looking dress, she works on the fourth floor, and she walked with her head down, sort of stoop shouldered, she works for Arthur White. She stayed up there 7 or 8 minutes and then she come back down with her money in her hand, and she stood just a little opposite me and tore the envelope open right there and took her money out and counted it, and she shut her hand up and went out the door and she turned towards Hunter Street, and about 15 or 20 minutes after there, there wasn't any passing at all, and I sat there on the box with my head against the trash barrel. I stretched my feet out and put my hat in my lap, but I couldn't say whether I went to sleep or not, and the next thing that attracted my attention, Mr. Frank whistled for me twice, just like this (indicating), and when he whistled I went on up the stairs and the double doors on the stairway were closed and I opened them and they shut themselves, and Mr. Frank was standing at the top of the steps and he said, "You heard me, did you?" and I said "Yes, sir," and Mr. Frank grabbed me by my arm and he was squeezing my arm so tight his hand was trembling. He had his glasses on, and he had me just like he was walking down the street with a lady, and like he didn't want me to look behind me at all, and I thought it was because he had me so tight that made him tremble, and he carried me through the first office and into his private office, and then he come back in there, and he didn't say nothing, he grabbed up a box of sulphur matches, and he went back in the outer office, the door was open between his office and the outer office, and then he saw two ladies coming and he said to me, "Gee, here comes Miss Emma Clark and Miss Corinthia Hall" and he come back in there to me, he was walking fast and seemed to be excited, and he said to me, "Come right in here, Jim," and he motioned to the wardrobe and I was a little slow about it and Mr. Frank grabbed me and gave me a shove and put me in the wardrobe and he shut the doors and told me to stay there until after they had gone, and I just heard Miss Emma say "Good morning, Mr. Frank, are you alone?" and Mr. Frank said "Yes," and I couldn't hear them say nothing else, but I didn't know it was Miss Corinthia Hall until Mr. Frank spoke and said it was, but I heard Miss Emma's voice; they didn't stay there long, until they were gone. I didn't hear them. The next move was Mr. Frank come and let me out of the wardrobe. I don't remember Miss Hall and Miss Clarke using the telephone, if they did I didn't hear them and I didn't see them myself. I stayed in the wardrobe a pretty good while, for the whiskey and beer I had drank got me to sweating. I couldn't hear them talking, only I heard Miss Emma say, "Good morning." If they had been talking loud I could have heard them, but if they were talking low I couldn't. If they went upstairs, Mr. Frank must have kept right