

and when Mr. Frank said that I said "Don't take out another dollar for that watchman," and he said "All right, I won't," and he said, "I don't see why you want to buy a watch, because that big fat wife of mine wanted me to buy her an automobile but I won't do it." I didn't say nothing about that for it didn't concern me, and didn't seem to concern the subject he was talking about at first, and then Mr. Frank told me when he wrote that letter he would not forget about me and he said "Well, I will see you later about this," and I said "All right, sir," and then he reached in his pocket and pulled out his watch and said, "It is nearly time for me to be going to dinner," but I didn't look at the watch. Then I asked Mr. Frank if that was all he wanted with me right now, and he said yes, and then I asked him again, "Do you mean I can have what's in the box sure enough, Mr. Frank," and he said "Yes," but all the time though he was talking and jollying and going on with me, and I began to think it was something, for a white man to be playing with a negro, and during the time he cast his eyes up to the top of the house and said, "Why should I hang, I have wealthy people in Brooklyn." I never did know where Mr. Frank's home was, I thought this was his home all the time. Then Mr. Frank said "I will see you Monday, if I live and nothing happens, James," and I said "Well, is that all you want for good, Mr. Frank?" and he said "Yes," and I saw him go to his desk and take out a brownish-looking scratch pad. The one I wrote on was white and was single ruled and I saw him take out a brownish-looking one from his desk and he took his pencil and made a mark on it. I took it to be an "M," but he shut the tablet up and looked at me and told me that was all he wanted with me, and he come all the way to the top of the steps and he come three or four steps down to where he could see me until I hit the sidewalk, it seems as if he was watching me to see if I would take anything as I went out, but there was nothing to take unless I took a great big box, but when I passed those two doors on the steps there, Mr. Frank told me to leave one of them open, and I taken a little piece of iron they have there, and pushed it against the door to keep it from shutting and went on out in the street, and I pulled the front doors to as I went out, and I went to the beer saloon across the street and opened the cigarette box and it had two paper dollars in there and two silver quarters, and I laughed and said "Good luck has done struck me," and I bought a ten-cent double header and then went back to Peters street, and hadn't none of the boys got there that I run with and I walks up there to the moving picture show and looked at the pictures and they didn't seem to be any good, and I come back down Peters Street looking for that fellow I got the half pint whiskey from, but I couldn't find him, and I struck out for home, and when I got home it was about half past two o'clock, and I took the bucket and went to Joe Carr's at Mangum and Magnolia Street, and got fifteen cents worth of beer in it and come back home and sent the little girl to get a dime's worth of stove wood and a nickle's worth of pan sausage, and I eat half the pan sausage up raw, and I give my old lady \$3.50, and the other little change I kept it, and I layed down across the bed and there is where