

morning I come to work and got caught up by 10 o'clock, and I went downstairs and the fireman and another colored fellow was down there and I asked the fireman where it was that they say the young lady got killed at, and he told me right around there, and I took a little piece of paper and went around there to see if I could see, but I couldn't see where anybody had been laying at, and I come on back and found he was throwing some stuff into the furnace, and I went on upstairs and stayed there until 25 minutes to 12, and the detectives were giving us all subpoenas and I got my subpoena and went back upstairs and stayed up there until 5 minutes to 12, and I come down and went out in the streets and heard the whistle when it blowed for 12 o'clock, and I went back and started to cleaning up at half past twelve, and got through cleaning at half past one. Then I went down to wash my shirt so I could have a clean one to wear to court, for I had been wearing this one for three weeks and when I got back there and pulled off my shirt and washed it, then there comes Mr. Quinn and I asked him where was the dry house and he showed me where it was, and he told me, he said "Jim, there ain't no steam in there now," and I said to myself I will have to hang this on the steam pipe to get it dry, and by me hanging it on there I got a little rust on it, and some of them saw me back there washing my shirt and called up the detectives and when the detectives come up there I had done put on my shirt and they asked me where was the shirt I was washing and I told them this here was the shirt, and they said yes, because it was not good dry, and then told me to come and go with them, and I did. They brought me down here and found there was no blood on the shirt, and gave me my shirt back, and that's all I know.

(Signed) JAMES CONLEY.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this the 28th day of May, 1913.

G. C. FEBRUARY,

Notary Public, Fulton County, Georgia.

DEFENDANT'S EXHIBIT 39.

Conley's Statement of May 29, 1913.

Atlanta, Ga., May 29, 1913.

On Saturday, April 26, 1913, when I come back to the pencil factory with Mr. Frank I waited for him downstairs like he told me, and when he whistled for me I went upstairs and he asked me if I wanted to make some money right quick and I told him "Yes, sir," and he told me that he had picked up a girl back there and had let her fall and that her head hit against something, he didn't know what it was, and for me to move her, and I hollered and told him the girl was dead, and he told me to pick her up and bring her to the elevator and I told him I didn't have nothing to pick her up with and he told me to go and look by the cotton box there and get a piece of cloth, and I got a big wide piece of cloth and come back there to the men's toilet where she was, and I tied her up, and I taken her and brought her up there to a little dressing