

Q. You do not know anything you want to sell do you? A. No sir, indeed I dont.

Q. You have told us everything that happened? A. Yes sir ,as far as I know.

Q. You were on the floor above the office floor? A. I am on the very top floor of the building.

Q. Your little daughter says she heard you talking about Mr. Frank?

A. She is sadly mistaken. My little daughter is not responsible for what she says.

Q. This little girl? A. No sir.

Q. What is the trouble? A. She tells lies.

Q. What makes her tell them. A. I dont know.

Questioned by Mr. Rosser:

Q. How is it you should be the first person to come here and talk like you do when there are a dozen others tell the same thing your daughter did: Are they all telling a story? A. I cant help that.

Q. You are a married woman and know about these things: You never saw any of these foremen fell of the girl's legs? A. Saw them laughing and talking.

Q. Never saw them with their hands on the girl's? A. I have seen them jolly and go on.

Q. What do you call jolly? A. Laugh and talk.

Q. Is this as far as they went? A. I didn't see any harm in that. I didn't pay any attention to anybody's business but my own?

Q. What about when the girls sat down and ate their dinner, the foreman and boys getting down to where they could see and peeping up under their dresses at their legs? A. I haven't anything to do about that; I am not taking care of other people's business.

Questioned by Mr. Dorsey.

Q. You say your little girl tells stories? A. She certainly does.

Questioned by Mr. Rosser.

Q. What did she ever tell a story about. A. I suppose that's my business; it does not concern others at all.

Q. We want to know the trouble. A. I told you - -

Questioned by Mr. Dorsey:

Q. Hasn't she good sense? A. I suppose she has, but she don't use it.

Q. The people at the factory give her a good name. A. But you dont know.

Questioned by Mr. Rosser:

Q. You mean your daughter is no account? A. I dont meant that; I didnt say those words.

Q. Just explain it your own way. A. I said she told stories.

PLENNIE MINER, Sworn for the State deputy sheriff of Fulton County, Georgia, and in making investigations with reference to the death of Mary Phagan, I, in company with detectives L.S. Rosser, went to the Swift Soap Works and found Mrs. Maud Bailey, daughter of Mrs. May Barrett at work there. She told us some things and also said in substance as follows; "That her mother, Mrs. May Barrett, was at work at that time at the National Pencil Company's place of business and that she was at the National Pencil Company on Saturday, April 26, 1913 at some time. She said that her mother knew a good deal about it, and that she knew a good deal more about it than she would tell, and that she would have to get something out of it before she would tell." She said we would have a pretty hard time getting it out of her, that she was mad at her (Maud Bailey) because she had told it. I carried Mrs. Maud Bailey in my buggy to the office of Hugh M. Dorsey, the Solicitor General, and S.L. Rosser, the city detective, returned to the office on the street