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I left Atlanta of my free will and accord and went North. I was in Indianapolis, Indiana, for about six months sick. I was under the care of the city dispensary there, being unable to work, and was being cared for as a stranger. I have just this day been to see a doctor here in Atlanta. He tells me that I have consumption and that I cannot live long, and I promised him I would go to the Battle Hill Sanitarium.

A white man, who said that his name was "O'Neal" came to me in Indianapolis the 30th day of March, 1914, and said among other things, that he wanted me to go down to Chicago and catch a negro who was sleeping with some white woman and getting all of her money. He didn't call him a "negro" but called him "a colored gentleman". He also addressed me as "Mister Allen". I caught him in two or three mistakes but I knew I had done nothing so I told him I would go on to Chicago or anywhere else in the world he wanted me to go. I wanted to get away from where I was and wanted to come to Atlanta and had a ticket to Atlanta at that time. This man took my ticket away from me and I went with him to Chicago.

I remained in Chicago five days and was paid \$15.00 and all expenses. I was paid by somebody connected with the William J. Burns detective agency in that town. When I first got there this man sent me out to spend the night with a negro detective by the name of Bell. This man Bell had a wife who looked to me like a white woman. Though I would not say she was white woman I believe she was white. They told me to go to a certain place, but then somebody met me and told me that was the wrong place, and at last they brought me into the Transportation Building into the office of William J. Burns. I saw Mr. Burns' picture hanging on the wall, and I saw big offers of rewards. The rooms that I went into were on the 6th floor of the Transportation building, and had the name of the Burns detective agency printed on the door. I didn't know what they wanted me for and I let them do most of the talking.

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After I got up into the office I met William J. Burns himself. He put everybody else out of the room and this is about what occurred between us: He asked me did I know my wife wanted