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ern Railroad.

"It was getting late by this time so I told him I would have to go as I had some business I must attend to. He had been writing while we were talking. When I was about to go he asked me to read over what he had written and if I found anything in it I didn't like to make a check mark by it. I said I didn't care to do it, but he pleaded with me to just sit down and read it over and check off the part I didn't like. I told him he could write down all he liked and check off what he pleased but that I would check nothing off. I then left him after promising to see him next day, which however, I did not do.

"The above is a true statement of events that transpired and conversations that took place between Jimmie Wrenn and me and also between C.W.Burke (the man introduced to me as Mr. Kelly) and me. During the conversation in the Kimball House between Burke and me, Jimmie Wrenn was in and out the room, coming and going as he pleased. He seemed to be thoroughly acquainted with 'Mr. Kelly' as he called Burke, appearing to be quite intimate and confidential with him.

"The following week after the murder of Mary Phagan, Mr. Dorsey or someone had an electrician to run electric lights down in the basement of the pencil factory and a very thorough search was made in the basement for anything that would throw light on the murder. Those down there were hunting for any clues that might be found. There were in the crowd Mr. Dorsey, a stranger whom I did not know, but understood was a detective, - Mr. Pat Campbell, Mr. E.A.Stephens, Mr. Plennie Minor, Mr. Dan Goodlin, Mr. N.A.Garner and I think several city officers. Every nook and corner of that basement was searched, every box and barrel moved and every bit of the trash moved. There was not a book or scratch pad down there that we saw or found. Waste paper and trash, when carried to the basement was always piled in front of the furnace and kept there until it was burned in the furnace. It was constantly burned every week, and there was no accumulation of paper and blank books or other kinds of books down there.

"Becker left there in January, 1913, I think. I understood that he was going to New York with the Fabre Pencil Co."