

factory; the production of the factory, the different kinds of pencils that were produced. There are perhaps 75 or 80 different kinds, besides the special imprint pencils. Mr. Frank had to get all the data from the various departments of the factory, particularly the packing room. The cost of production was estimated most of the time as to the merchandise. The other things were real figures. Merchandise is bought by the month and he had to figure it up at the end of the month to get the average. To arrive at the profit that was made during the week he took the actual value of the pencil and the amount of expenses that was paid out for material, labor, etc. He had to get all the data, all the reports and make all those calculations. It usually took him from about half past two or three o'clock on Saturday until five-thirty, and some times later. This financial sheet (Defendant's Exhibit "2") is in Frank's handwriting and is the one I saw on his desk Sunday morning. I left the factory at 9:40 and he hadn't started the financial sheet then. He usually started the financial sheet from 2:30 to 3 o'clock. I am familiar with Frank's handwriting. All of this financial sheet is in his handwriting. To get the figure 2765 1/2, net 2719 1/2, under material, cost he had to look at how many labels had been used, how many boxes, whether they were carton or plain ones, partition, rubbers, amount of lead used and amount of slats used. He got the reports that gave him that data from the different departments of the factory. To arrive at that result is quite a calculation. It is my opinion that it took a skillful, clear-headed man to calculate that. Yes, I am familiar with the elements that enter into that calculation. To arrive at the net results of the figures just named, you

labels
boxes, whether carton or plain boxes, partition, whether it

is cheap lead or good lead. The 2765 1/2 means 2765 1/2 gross. Further on down you find the different items that make up that figure under the head of wrappers, leads, tips, etc. The next figure is under rubber, 720 gross at 6 1/2 ¢. Those figures come from the plugging department or he can get them from the goods as they are delivered to the packing room, by knowing the styled and numbers, you can tell whether it is a tipped or untipped pencil. You get that from the shipping room and the other from the metal room. He arrives at the figures on the reports turned in. It requires a good deal of calculation, mostly multiplying. The next figure is under tips, 1374 gross at ten cents. He gets that from the packing room. The ten cents means what the tips cost to produce. That's a stipulated price. The next heading is lead, 747 gross at 15¢ and 1955 gross at ten cents. He has to go through these reports the same way except he doesn't have to work the cost of that, it's taken care of in the account. He has to arrive at the number of gross, but the cost is fixed. The next item is supplies at 5¢ per gross, boxes 3771 at 2¢, assortment boxes 279 at 10¢, wrappers 2535 at 1¢. He gets those reports from the boxes of the pencils in the packing room. He gets the reports as to the rubbers and the labels from the packing room. The cost per gross is fixed, but he has to figure out the quantity. The next item is assortment boxes, wrappers, skeletons. The next item, cartons. The next item is pay roll, Bell Street. The next, slats from the slat mills. As the slats are delivered from the slat mill, a report comes with it, and those reports are taken at the end of the week and added up. There are about five of those shipments during the week. He has to take the date that each shipment and add all that up at the end of the week. The next item is "pencils packed", (top of

sheet). There are 24 itemized here, and the word "jobs" implies I don't know how many different kind of jobs. There are 24 different kind of pencils. He puts them there as having been produced that week. He got the reports as to the quantity of each kind of pencil and had to tabulate all those reports and arrive at the total of each kind. No, I don't think he had to figure out the cost of production of each kind, but he figures the quantity of each kind of pencil and shows its value on the sheet. Starnes and Black and Anderson and Dobbs were there on Sunday morning. We went all over the factory. I don't remember about hearing of any blood being found on Sunday at all. There was a great deal of excitement there that morning. We see spots all over the factory floor. We have varnish spots, and people get their fingers cut, we have every color spots you can think of. I have been working in factories for 24 years. It is a frequent occurrence in establishments where a large number of ladies work that you will see blood spots around dressing rooms. I have seen them a good many times. I have seen it at this factory. Mr. Frank had on a brown suit on Saturday and Monday. On Sunday he had a different suit on I never noticed any scratches, marks or bruises on Mr. Frank on Sunday. There was a little girl in Mr. Frank's office on Saturday morning, by the name of Miss Mattie Smith, and her sister-in-law's time was wrong and Mr. Frank told her to wait a few minutes and he would straighten it out for her. She had been paid \$3.10 too much, and she gave me back the money when she found it was wrong and I gave it to Mr. Frank and he said he was glad because it balanced his cash. She then started out of the factory and got to the stairway and she came back again and girl will it do all right to straighten it Monday," and she said

"Yes." I then asked her how was her father, and she said, "My father is dying, I think". Then she spoke to me about getting some assistance from the office for burial expenses, and she commenced to cry and I walked down the steps with her to the front door. That was about 9:20. Mr. Frank stayed at the factory until 9:40, when we left together. We went on up to the corner of Hunter and Forsyth, took a drink of sodawater at Cruickshank's at the corner of Forsyth and Hunter. He left me then and started towards Montag's. That's the last I saw of him until Sunday morning. The elevator box was unlocked Sunday morning, and anybody could have pulled it open and started the elevator. The elevator makes some noise. It is driven by a motor. It makes more noise when it stops at the bottom than when it starts. There is nothing to stop it except when it hits the bottom. I have seen these cords that we tie up slats and pencils with in every part of the factory. I have raised sand about finding them in the basement; they go down in the garbage. There are several truck loads of waste and debris every day. The general cleaning up of the premises was had on Tuesday after the murder. The factory is five stories high, between 150 and 200 feet in length and 75 or 80 feet wide. It is an extremely dirty place. In some places the floor is gummed an inch thick, and in some parts of the metal room it is one eighth of an inch thick, it might not average that all over. It is always dark on the first floor, through the hall toward the elevator. On a cloudy day it is very dark. We keep a light burning there most of the time. I couldn't say whether we had cleaned up all the trash and rubbish around the factory, because there are corners and crevices which we don't usually get to. Saturday, April 26, was a dark, bad, misty day, until about 9:30. It was cloudy most of the day. It was

~~cloudy most of the day. It was dark there around the elevator~~
on the first floor and we had big heavy boxes piled up there.
One of them ~~must have been almost as large as a piano box.~~ If
a man got between those boxes, we would have had to ~~hurry to~~
find him. It is very dark on the second floor between the
clock and the metal room. ~~It is dark behind the ladies dress-~~
ing room and on the side next to the ladies toilet. As you go
to the stairs from the metal room, it is very dark. A person
sitting at ~~Mr. Frank's desk in his office~~ could not see anyone
coming up those stairs. It would be impossible to see anyone
coming up those steps from anywhere in Mr. Frank's ~~inter of-~~
fice, you would have to go outside of it. There is no lock
on the metal room doors. In the metal room there are a great
many vats and a great many boxes and things containing stock
and goods just south of the ladies dressing room. It is piled
up very bad back there. Averaged anywhere from 2 to 6 or 8 feet
in height. ~~It isn't used at all except for storage.~~ The
metal room contains three or four large vats that have got lids
on them. They are shallow, but they are large inside. They
are about a foot and a half deep. Nobody is supposed to be in
~~any part of the building on Sunday, that is the only time we~~
don't have a watchman. The factory is supposed to be locked up
entirely. The elevator steel cables have some slack in them.
It isn't like a stiff iron in them. It would shake when you
catch hold of it. There are two cables, you pull the right one
to come down and the left one to go up. You can catch it and
shake it in your hand. Yes, Mr. Frank is a small, thin man,
about 125 or 130 pounds. Yes, Mr. Dorsey served a subpoena
on me to come down to his office. I didn't know that he did
~~subpoenaed to come into court. They served two subpoenas on~~

me and sent for me one time. The first time I went there, Chief Lanford, Mr. Dorsey, Mr. Stephens and the stenographer was there. They all asked me questions. One would ask me a question and before I got that answered, another would ask me a question. The next time I went there, Mr. Dorsey, Mr. Starnes, Mr. Campbell and the stenographer were there. Mr. Dorsey did all the questioning this time. When Mr. Frank was engaged on his work in the factory he was very intent on his work, very earnest and industrious. I don't think a day passed at the factory that Mr. Frank did not get nervous. When anything went wrong he would wring his hands and I have seen him push his hands up through his hair. When things went wrong it would upset him. If anything out of the ordinary happened I have seen him a thousand times, I suppose, rub his hands. At a factory like this things don't usually go right all day, there is something wrong all the time. When anything went wrong it rattled him and he would frequently call on me to straighten it out. He would show the most nervousness when he would go over to Montag's with the mail, and he would raise sand about something and he would come back very nervous. If Mr. Frank saw anything going wrong inside the factory, he would refer the matter to me. I never saw Mr. Frank speak to Mary Phagan. I don't know whether he knew her or not. I didn't know we had a girl by that name in the factory until I found it out afterwards. The two men working up in the fourth floor all day Saturday could have come to the second floor into the metal room and down into the basement if they wanted to, they had the whole run of the factory. Yes, I have seen all kinds of papers down in the basement. The paper that note is written on is a blank order pad. It is either the carbon or white sheet, one is white and one is yellow. That kind of paper is liable to be

found all over the building for this reason, they write an order, and sometimes fail to get the carbon under it, and other times they have to change the order and tear it out and throw it in the waste basket in the office and from there it gets into the trash. That kind of little pad is used all over the factory. The foreladies make their memorandum on that kind of tablet. You will find them all around. It is one of the biggest wastes around the place. They are all over the building, and any man that worked around the factory or ran the elevator or swept up the different floors would be more likely to come across them than anyone else, because they are thrown on the floor. There was an order to keep the clock door locked, but on this occasion the key was lost and the clock door was open. When I got there Sunday morning, the clock door was unlocked. Mr. Frank could not have unlocked it because the key was lost. With the clock door unlocked, anyone who understands the clock, could have punched for all night in five or ten minutes. I made the same mistake Mr. Frank made in thinking that all the punches had been made all right. I looked over the factory at noon today and compared it with some points on this picture (Exhibit A for State). This big space in the cellar appears to be short. Those steps in the cellar are much longer in reality. The platform itself is about 15 feet long, and the incline is 17 feet, making 32 feet the length of it. The distance between the walls of Mr. Frank's office and the elevator shaft is 5 feet to 5 1/2 inches. The elevator shaft is ten feet, but on the picture the space between the elevator shaft and Mr. Frank's office looks almost as wide as the elevator shaft itself. One is ten feet and the other is 5 1/2. As to what occasions I recall seeing Mr. Frank nervous, I will recall that he came in one afternoon on a street car when

it ran over a little child. He came in about 2:30 and he couldn't work any more on his books until a quarter after four. He trembled just as much on that occasion as he did on the Sunday after Mary Phagan was killed. Another time I remember when I went over to the main factory and he and Mr. Montag had a fuss on the fourth floor. Mr. Montag hollered at him considerably and he was very nervous the rest of the evening, he shook and trembled. He says "Mr. Darley I just can't work", and some of the boys told me he took some spirits of ammonia for his nerves. Everybody was excited in the factory that morning after Mary Phagan was killed. Starnes and Black and Rogers were there and it seems like they were all excited. Looked like everybody was worried. As to another mistake in the picture (State's Exhibit A), the bottom of the ladder in the basement is much closer to the elevator than what is shown on the picture. It is about 6 feet. On the picture it looks to be about 10 feet and the toilet in the basement is closer to the wall than the picture shows, it is right up against the wall. The picture doesn't show the Clarke Woodenware partition back of the elevator. The door to the Clarke Woodenware Company also is closer to the elevator than the picture shows. On the stairs from the first to the second floor there are double doors instead of single doors as shown on the picture. The picture shows up Frank's inner office a good deal larger than the other office. As a matter of fact, the outer office is larger. The outer office is 12 feet 4 inches wide. The inner office ten feet 3. The picture shows a great big wide place for a door between the inside office and the outside office, making it look like a double door. That

is a representation to show a full view from Frank's desk into the hall, as a matter of fact it is a single door, standard size. It looks like it was drawn to open up a space to give as much view as possible out into the hall. The safe is shown to be about half its real size on this picture. On the picture it is shown to be about one-third the width of the door, as a matter of fact it is about the same size. When the safe door is open, it shuts off three-fourths of the view from Frank's office out into the hall, unless you stand up high enough to look over it. The picture also shows the south wall of the outer office on a line with the clock. The picture doesn't show up the wardrobe in the inner office, nor the two cabinets that are in there. I don't think it is a very accurate picture. It opens up Frank's inner office a whole lot better than it really opens up. Sitting at Frank's desk and looking out through the door towards the clock, in reality you have a looking space of only 25 inches. You can just see about four numbers on clock number 2. You could not see anywhere near the staircase, or in the neighborhood of it.

RE-DIRECT EXAMINATION.

I felt nervous from the time they told me the girl was dead, until I left the building. I was not trembling, I was simply excited and worried. Well, Starnes was nervous. He looked as if he were worried. He seemed nervous both in talk and manner. I can say the same thing of the rest of the officers who were there. Mr. Frank was more nervous than the others. The men were all about as nervous on Monday and Tuesday. Everybody seemed to be in a turmoil and shaking. Mr. Holloway and Mr. Schiff were shaking. I noticed Mr. Schiff's hands shaking Monday morning. Mr. Holloway was about in the same shape. Mr. Frank

was very nervous Tuesday after the extra came out saying that they were going to arrest him. That was about 15 or 20 minutes before they arrested him. As to who gets up the data for Mr. Frank for the financial sheets, Mr. Loeb sometimes, and Mr. Gantt used to get up some, and Mr. Schiff gets it up sometimes. Mr. Frank got it up himself, sometimes. No, I do not know that Mr. Schiff furnished it to him all the time. I never noticed whether Lee was nervous or not at any time, but of course, he looked bothered and worried. Mr. Frank told me that the slip he took out of the clock Sunday morning had been punched regularly. I made the same mistake standing right there by his side. I didn't see Mr. Frank date the slip. It ought to have been dated the 26th. The slip I saw didn't have any time on it except the watchman's time. I don't know whether I would know it or not, to identify. The slips are not made in duplicate. As to whether there is any mark on the slip to enable anyone to identify it, as the one taken out that night, my memory is that it was started at 6:01 or 6:32. Of course nobody could tell who punched the clock, one man's punch is just like another. That diagram or picture (State's Exhibit A) is a fair representation of the building as a whole, ~~it is not a fair representation of the building as a whole,~~ it is not a fair representation of the interior. I never knew there were any stairs in the basement, until this matter came up. They are never used to my knowledge. *There is a way of closing the door in rear of second floor* The regular place of keeping these order blank *papers* books is in the outer office. There is no regular place in the *upstairs* basement to keep paper, but it is thrown out in the waste basket and gets down in the trash. There is no use for that paper anywhere but in the office, but that doesn't prevent it from

being scattered around. I have scratch pads of that shape scattered around even in the basement. That scratch pad is used all over the factory, everywhere there is a foreman or a forelady. No, not in the area around the elevator there. The trash is carried downstairs right in front of the boiler. Sometimes if they are in a hurry they leave it around the elevator for a little while, and when I go down I make the negro move it to the boiler. It is usually burned. Some of it may stay there for a week, some of it burned right away.

RECROSS EXAMINATION BY DEFENDANT.

Montag and Frank merely had some words when Frank became so nervous. Schiff was trembling Monday, Holloway also. As to people being nervous, I noticed Miss Flowers began to cry and scream and I had to go in there and get hold of her myself. That was Tuesday morning. The whole factory was wrought up. I couldn't hardly keep anybody at work. I had to let them go on Monday, and I wished I had let them go for the rest of the week, for I couldn't get any work out of them. I wouldn't say that I couldn't get any work out of Christopher Columbus Barrett, since, but he has lost a good deal of time. I would have to look to the pay roll to tell.

W. F. ANDERSON, Sworn for the State.

I was at police headquarters Saturday, April 26th. I got a call from the night watchman at the pencil factory. He said a woman was dead at the factory. I asked him if it was a white woman or a negro woman. He said it was a white woman. We went there in an automobile, shook the door and Newt Lee came down from the second floor and carried us back to the ladder that goes down through the scuttle hole. About 3:30 I called up Mr. Frank on the telephone and got no answer. I heard the telephone rattling and buzzing. I continued to call for about five minutes. I told Central that there had been a girl killed in the factory and I wanted to get Mr. Frank. I called Mr. Haas and Mr. Montag, too. I got a response from both, I think a

lady answered the telephone. I got them in a few minutes. I tried to get Mr. Frank again about four o'clock. Central said she rang and she couldn't get him. There was some blood on the girl's underclothes.

CROSS EXAMINATION.

There was a wound on the left-hand side of the girl's head. The blood was dried up. It was wet right next to the skin. Lee said over the telephone that it was a white girl. It took us about three minutes to get to the factory from the police station, just as quick as the automobile could get us there. We got there inside of five minutes after I received his telephone message. Lee had a smoky lantern. You couldn't see very far with it. It was smoked up right smart. Lee said he had been to the closet and had his lantern sitting down there and he looked over and saw the lady. He said he saw her while he was standing up. I said he couldn't see her. You could see the bulk of anything that far, but you couldn't tell that far whether it was a person. He told me when I first got him that he had his lantern sitting down right in front of him. The body was lying sort of cat-cornered and on the left side of the body I saw a number of tracks which lead from the body to the shaving room. There is an opening from the place where the body lay into the shaving room. I found a pencil down there. There are plenty of pencils and trash in the basement. The trash was all up next to the boiler.

H. L. PARRY, sworn in behalf of the State.

I reported the statement of Leo M. Frank before the coroner's jury. I have been a stenographer for thirty years and considered an expert.

CROSS EXAMINATION.

Newt Lee was asked the following questions and gave the

following answers at the coroner's jury: "Q. Had you ever seen him change that before? A. Well, he put the tape in once before. Q. When was that? A. I don't know, sir, when it was, it was one night. Q. How long did it take him the first time you ever saw him put the tape on? A. I never paid any attention to him. Q. Well, about how long did it take him, five minutes? A. No, sir, it didn't take him that long. Q. Did it take him a minute? A. I couldn't tell exactly how long. Q. How long did it take the other night, on Saturday night? A. Well, it took him a pretty good little bit, because he spoke about it. He said it's pretty hard, you know, to get on." I don't know whether he swore anything else on that particular subject without examining the record.

G. C. FEBRUARY, sworn for the State.

I was present at Chief Lanford's office when Leo M. Frank and L. Z. Rosser were there. I took down Mr. Frank's statement stenographically. I don't remember Frank's answers in detail, Mr. Rosser was looking out of the window most of the time. He didn't say anything while I was in there. This (Exhibit B, ^{State} Plaintiff) report is correct report of what Mr. Frank said. It was made on Monday, April 28th.

CROSS EXAMINATION.

I believe Mr. Rosser and Mr. Frank were in the room when I came in. It was sometime in the forenoon. I have never been a court stenographer except in Recorder's court. I am Chief Lanford's private secretary. Mr. Black was in there during the latter part of Mr. Frank's statement. Chief Lanford asked Mr. Frank if he changed clothes. He showed part of his short and opened his trousers. He showed his clothing to

Chief Lanford at the end of the statement. ~~maxia~~ I wrote the statement out in longhand the same day. I don't remember exactly when.

ALBERT McKNIGHT, Sworn for the State.

My wife is Minola McKnight. She cooks for Mrs. Seling. Between 1 and 2 o'clock on Memorial Day I was at the home of Mr. Frank to see my wife. He came in close to 1:30. He did not eat any dinner. He came in, went to the sideboard of the dining room, stayed there a few minutes and then he goes out and catches a car. Stayed there about 5 or ten minutes.

CROSS EXAMINATION.

Mrs. Seling and Mrs. Frank were present when Mr. Frank came in. I was in the cook room. There is a swinging door between the dining room and the cook room. The dining room door was open. The door swings back and forth, but they don't keep it shut. You can see from the kitchen into the dining room. You can look in the mirror in the corner and see all over the dining room. I looked in the mirror in the corner and saw him. You can look in that mirror and see in the sitting room and in the dining room. I have no idea how big the kitchen or dining room is. I was never in the dining room in my life. I was sitting at the back door in the kitchen, at the right side of the back door, up against the wall. Minola went into the dining room, and stayed a minute or two, no more than two minutes. She came back into the kitchen. I don't know whether the other folks ate dinner or not, I did not see Mr. Seling. I came to the house from my house in the rear of 318 Pulliam Street. After coming to the sideboard Mr. Frank went into the sitting room where Mr. Seling was. I didn't see Mr. Seling, but heard him talking.

~~Time back from~~

Birmingham, I told it to Mr. Craven of the Beck & Gregg Company. It was before Minola went down to the jail. Mr. Starnes, Mr. Campbell, Mr. Morse, Mr. Martin and Mr. Dorsey all talked to me. I didn't go down to see Minola at the station house. I didn't see Mrs. Frank or Mrs. Seling that Saturday through the mirror. I didn't keep my eye on the mirror all the time. I couldn't tell who was in the dining room without looking in the mirror. Mr. Frank got there not later than 1:30. Mr. Frank came on back to Pulliam Street and caught the Georgia Avenue car at the corner of Georgia Avenue, and Pulliam Street. I am certain that he caught the Georgia Avenue car at Pulliam Street and Georgia Avenue.

RE-DIRECT EXAMINATION.

The Seling residence is on East Georgia Avenue between Pulliam and Washington Streets. I don't know exactly the nearest place for Mr. Frank to have gotten on the car, Washington Street or Pulliam Street. I suppose Pulliam Street is nearer to town than Washington. I certainly saw Mr. Frank that day, from the kitchen where I was sitting.

MISS HELEN FERGUSON, Sworn for the State.

~~My name is~~ Helen Ferguson, I worked at the National Pencil Company on Friday the 25th. I saw Mr. Frank Friday, April 25, about 7 o'clock in the evening and asked for Mary Phagan's money. Mr. Frank said "I can't let you have it", and before he said anything else I turned around and walked out. I had gotten Mary's money before, but I didn't get it from Mr. Frank.

CROSS EXAMINATION.

When I got Mary's money before I went up there and called my number and called her number, and I got mine and hers. I didn't ask the man that was paying off this time to let me have it. I don't remember whether Mr. Echiff was in the office or not

when I asked Mr. Frank for Mary's money. Some of the office force were there, but I can't recall their name. I worked in the metal department about two years. I never saw little Mary Phagan in Mr. Frank's office. I don't think Mr. Frank knew my name, he knew my face. It has been some time since I asked for Mary's pay by number. I do not believe that I ever saw Mr. Frank speak to Mary Phagan.

RE-DIRECT EXAMINATION.

I don't know who paid off on Friday, April 25th.

R. L. WAGGONER, Sworn for the State.

I am a city ~~police~~^{detective}man. On Tuesday, April 29th, from ten thirty until a little after 11 in the morning I was in front of the pencil factory on the other side of the street. I would continually see Mr. Frank walk to the window and look down and twist his hands when he would come to the window looking down on the sidewalk. He did this about 12 times when I was there in about 30 minutes. I was in the automobile with Mr. Frank and Mr. Black and his leg was shaking. He was under arrest at the time.

CROSS EXAMINATION.

I don't know what he was doing in the office. I saw some other people up there that I didn't recognize. I was sent to the pencil factory to notice Mr. Frank and the pencil factory. I thought Mr. Frank would be arrested.

J. L. BEAVERS, Sworn for the State.

I am Chief of police of the City of Atlanta. I was at the pencil factory on Tuesday, April 29th, and saw what I took to be a splotch of blood on the floor, ^{right near this little dressing room on office floor} seemed to be as big as a quarter in the center and scattered out in the direction of this room near the door. ^{There was one spot and some others scattered around there.}

CROSS EXAMINATION.

It may have been Monday that I was at the pencil factory.

I don't know whether it was blood or not. It looked like blood.

R. M. LASSITER, Sworn for the State.

I am a city policeman. On Sunday morning, April 27th, I found a parasol in the bottom of the elevator shaft. It was lying about the center of the shaft. I also found a ball of rope twine, small wrapping twine, and also something that looked like a person's stool.

CROSS EXAMINATION.

I noticed evidence of dragging from the elevator in the basement. As I passed the rear door at 12 o'clock, the door was closed. The umbrella was not crushed. I found it between 6 and 7 o'clock in the morning. The elevator comes down there and hits the ground plump at the bottom of the basement.

RE DIRECT EXAMINATION.

I don't know whether the elevator shaft has a cement bottom or not. There is a whole lot of trash at the bottom.

L. O. GRICE, Sworn for the State.

My name is L. O. Grice. I was at the National Pencil Company's place on Sunday morning, April 27th. A small sized man, defendant here, attracted my attention, on account of his nervousness.

CROSS EXAMINATION.

I was called as a witness in this case one week after it started. I told some of my friends about Mr. Frank's nervousness and they advised me to go to Dorsey. I never knew Mr. Frank before. When we were told of how the little child was murdered, it excited me some.

RE-DIRECT EXAMINATION

I don't recall trembling any. I am pretty sure I didn't because my friend that I went to Opelika with that morning suggested that I was trembling when I went through there, and I

told him I was not. He was not there when I went through the factory and when I told him about it, he said I bet you were scared. He walked around this way a little bit and he was kind of shaking like that (illustrating). His fingers were trembling.

MELL STANFORD, Sworn for the State (recalled).

The door in the rear part of the factory on the second floor on Friday evening was barred. There is no way in the rear of the building to come down to the second floor when the door is barred except the fire escape, and you have to be on office floor to undo the door. The area around the elevator shaft on the first floor near the hold and radiator was cleaned up after the murder. It was the early part of the week after the murder.

CROSS EXAMINATION.

I didn't clean it myself. I saw it cleaned. I passed by as it was being cleaned up.

W. H. GHEESLING, Sworn for the State.

I am a funeral director and embalmer. I moved the body of Mary Phagan at ten minutes to four o'clock April 27, in the morning. The cord (Exhibit G-State) was around the neck. The knot was on the right side of the neck and was lying kind of looped around the head. It wasn't very tight at the time I moved it. There was an impress of an eighth of an inch on the neck. The rag (Exhibit D-State) was around her hair and over her face. The tongue an inch and a quarter out of her mouth sticking out. The body was rigid, looking like it had been dead for some time. My opinion is that she had been dead ten or fifteen hours, or probably longer. The blood was very much congested. The blood had settled in her face because she was lying on her face. Blood begins to settle at death or a very few minutes after death. After Dr. Hurt examined her nails, I did. I found some dirt and dust under the nails. I discovered

~~some urine on her underclothes and there were some dry blood splotches there. The right leg of the drawers were split with a knife or torn right up the seam. Her right eye was very dark; looked like it was hit before death because it was very much swollen; if it had been hit after death there wouldn't have been any swelling. I found a wound 2-1/4 inches on the back of the head. It was made before death, because it bled a great deal. The hair was matted with blood and was very dry. If it had been made after death, there would have been no blood there. There is no circulation after death. The skull wasn't crushed; the scalp was broken. The indication was that it was made before death. There was a scar over each eye about the size of a dime. I didn't notice any scratches on her nose. I can't state whether the defendant ever looked at the body or not. There was some discharge on her underclothes which was very dry and if she had been dead a short time, it would have been wet yet.~~

CROSS EXAMINATION.

I judge the length of time the corpse had been dead by the rigor mortis. This is very indefinite at times. It begins before death. If she died of strangulation, I would expect rigor mortis to begin within an hour. I have never had any experience about a case of strangulation so as to determine when rigor mortis began and when it broke. There is no certainty about how long a corpse is dead. All the blood was dry when I examined the body. *back* Mr. Rogers and Mr. Black came with Mr. Frank and asked me to take him to where the girl was. I took them back there, pulled a light, pulled the sheet back, and moved the revolving table and walked out between them. Mr. Frank was near the right-hand going in. Mr. Black was at the left. I took a gallon of blood from the little girl's body, enough to clear up and the face and body. I injected one gallon of the formula into the corpse. Formaldehyde is a constituent part of the embalming fluid used. I prepared the little girl properly for burial. There was no mutilation at all on the body. I judge she died of strangulation because the rope was tight enough to choke her to death and her tongue being an inch and a quarter out of her mouth, showed she died from strangulation.

RE-DIRECT EXAMINATION.

I don't think the little girl lost much blood.

DR. CLAUDE SMITH, Sworn for the state.

I am physician and City Bacteriologist and Chemist. These chips (Exhibit E-State) appear to be the specimen which the detectives brought to my office and which I examined. They had considerable dirt on them and some coloring stain. On one of them I found some blood corpuscles. I do not know whether it was human blood. This shirt (Exhibit E for State) appears to be the same shirt brought to my office by detectives which I examined. I examined spots and it showed blood stain. I got no odor from the arm pits that it had been worn. The blood I noticed was smeared a little on the inside in places. It didn't extend out on the outside. The blood on shirt was somewhat on the inside of the garment high up about the waist line, which, to my mind, could not have been produced by turning up the tail.

CROSS EXAMINATION.

I found grit and stain on all of the chips. I couldn't tell the one that I found blood on. I did the work in the ordinary way. The whole surface of the chips was coated with dirt. I couldn't tell whether the blood stain was fresh or old. I have kept blood corpuscles in the laboratory for several years. I found probably three or four or five blood corpuscles in a field. I don't know how much blood was there. A drop or half drop would have caused it, or even less than that. Rigor mortis begins very soon after death. Sometimes starts quicker, but usually starts very soon. I could not say when rigor mortis would end.

DR. J. W. HURT, Sworn for the State.

I am County Physician. I saw the body of Mary Phagan on Sunday morning, the 27th of April. She had a scalp wound on the left side of her head about 2-1/2 inches long, about 4 inches from the top of the left ear through the scalp to the skull. She had a black contused eye. A number of small minor scratches on the face. The tongue was protruding about a half

an inch through the teeth. There was a wound on the left knee, about 2 inches below the knee. There were some superficial scratches on the left and right elbow. There was a cord around the neck and this cord was inbedded into the skin and in my opinion she died from strangulation. This cord (Exhibit "C" for State) looks like the cord that was around her neck. There was swelling on the neck. In my opinion the cord was put on before death. The wound on the back of the head seemed to have been made with a blunt edged instrument and the blow from down upward. The scalp wound was made before death. It was calculated to produce unconsciousness. The black eye appeared to have been made by some soft instrument in that the skin was not broken. I think the scratches on the face were made after death. I examined the hymen. It was not intact. There was blood on the drawers. I discovered no violence to the parts. There was blood on the parts. I didn't know whether it was fresh blood or menstrual blood. The vagina was a little larger than the normal size of a girl of that age. It is my opinion that this enlargement of the vagina could have been produced by penetration immediately preceding death. She had a normal virgin uterus. She was not pregnant. I made no examination of the blood vessels of the uterus or womb.

CROSS EXAMINATION.

The body looked as if it had been dragged through dirt and cinders. It is my impression that she was dragged face forward. If she had fallen on the corner of the floor that was sharp edged, or the corner of an elevator shaft with an edge, it might have produced the wound. I do not know of the kind of instrument that produced the wound. There was no contusion on the inside of the skull, but the skull wasn't fractured. Neither the

brain nor the meningis were affected. There was a little contusion on the interlining of the skull. There was no bleeding on the brain tissues. I don't know whether it would produce unconsciousness or not. I was never asked before to examine the inside of anybody's skull to determine the fact whether death or unconsciousness resulted from the wound. It is my impression that this lick did produce unconsciousness, but I won't swear it, I don't know. The hemorrhage which we discovered in the skull caused no pressure on the brain. That was no sign that unconsciousness resulted. Where a person is strangled to death the lungs ought to show congestion. I never examined this girl's lungs. When I saw the body on April 27th I gave it as my opinion that she had been dead from 16 to 20 hours at 9 o'clock Sunday morning. Rigor mortis was complete. It is a very variable thing. I couldn't tell whether the blood on her underclothes was menstrual blood or not. The hymen was not intact, and I was not able to say when this hymen was ruptured. I saw no indication of an injury to the hymen. The appearance of the blood on the parts was characteristic of a menstrual flow. There was no laceration on the vagina, and no mutilation on this girl's body except those wounds on the face, head and legs.

The size of the vagina is no indication of anything except the anatomy and the natural build of the person. It is no indication of rape. I found no outward signs of rape. I have formed no opinion whether this little girl was raped or had ever had intercourse with anybody. There were no external marks of violence.

I told Col. Rosser at the Coroner's inquest that this little girl had her monthly period on ^{but I got that from somebody else} I did not conclude that from my examination. The monthly period causes some inflammation and congestion in the blood vessels of the ovaries and uterus.

The vagina itself might have some different appearance. I was

present when Dr. Harris made the post mortem examination of this girl. Cabbage is digested better by some people than others. It depends on the individual very much. It is considered hard to digest. It depends largely on mastication. You can chew up so thoroughly that it would go down into the stomach almost a liquid, but it would not be digested until the stomach took up that chewed mass. It would take a much longer time to digest and assimilate unmasticated cabbage than if it had been thoroughly chewed. It takes about 3 1/2 hours to digest cabbage properly masticated, and it would take longer if the cabbage had been taken into the stomach actually or practically whole. Digestion continues partially in unconsciousness. It is a guess to say whether the girl was conscious or not. I would not undertake to give an opinion how long she remained unconscious. I would not undertake to give an opinion and don't know of any way of telling ten days after death how long a distended condition of the vagina existed before death.

RE-DIRECT EXAMINATION.

I could not detect the hymen from a digital and ocular examination. Ordinary normal menses would produce a dilation of the blood vessels in the womb. The blood, flowing over the hymen I think would produce a little inflammation at the hymen, but if the hymen was broken down, I don't know that menstruation would have any effect upon the hymen. If the menstruation was about off, then I would say that any undue excitement might produce the flow again, or increase the flow that was already there. The contents of this bottle didn't (Exhibit ~~4~~ State), stay in the stomach very long.

RE-CROSS EXAMINATION.

I wouldn't undertake to say how long that cabbage (Ex-

hibit ~~up~~ (State) had been in the child's stomach. A blow on the back of the head might blacken one or both eyes.

RE-DIRECT EXAMINATION.

I think excitement could produce flow from the uterus. I don't think it would cause any discoloration of the walls of the vagina except from the blood.

DR. H. F. HARRIS, sworn for the State.

I am a practicing physician. I made an examination of the body of Mary Phagan on May 5th. On removing the skull I found there was no actual break of the skull, but a little hemorrhage under the skull, corresponding to the point where the blow had been delivered, which shows that the blow was hard enough to have made the person unconscious. This wound on the head was not sufficient to have caused death. I think beyond any question she came to her death from strangulation from this cord being wound around her neck. The bruise around the eye was caused by a soft instrument, because it didn't show the degree of contusion that would have been produced by a hard instrument. The outside cuticle of the skin wasn't broken. The injury to the eye and scalp were caused before death. I examined the contents of the stomach, finding 160 cubic centimeters of cabbage and biscuit, or wheat and bread. It had progressed very slightly towards digestion. It is impossible for one to say absolutely how long this cabbage had been in the stomach, but I feel confident that she was either killed or received the blow on the back of the head within a half hour after she finished her meal. I made an examination of the privates of Mary Phagan. I found no spermatozoa. On the walls of the vagina there was evidence of violence of some kind. The epithelium was pulled loose, completely detached in places, blood vessels were dilated in

mediately beneath the surface and a great deal of hemorrhage in the surrounding tissues. The dilation of the blood vessels indicated to me that the injury had been made in the vagina some little time before death. Perhaps ten to fifteen minutes. It had occurred before death by reason of the fact that these blood vessels were dilated. Inflammation had set in and it takes an appreciable length of time for the process of inflammatory change to begin. There was evidence of violence in the neighborhood of the hymen. Rigor mortis varies so much that it is not accurate to state how long after death it sets in. It may begin in a few minutes and may be delayed for hours. I could not state from the examination how long Mary Phagan was dying. It is my opinion that she lived from a half to three-quarters of an hour after she ate her meal. The evidence of violence in the ~~hymen~~^{vagina} had evidently been done just before death. The fact that the child was strangled to death was indicated by the lividity, the blueness of the parts, the congestion of the tongue and mouth and the blueness of the hands and fingernails. The lungs had the peculiar appearance which is always produced after embalming when formaldehyde is used. I am of the opinion that the wound on the back of the head could not have been produced by this stick (Exhibit 48 of defendant). I made a microscopic examination of the vagina and uterus. Natural menses would cause an enlargement of the uterus, but not of the vagina. In my opinion the menses could not have caused any dilation of the blood vessels and discoloration of the walls. From my own experiments I find that the behavior of the stomach after taking a small meal of cabbage and bread is practically the same as taking some biscuit and water alone. I examined Mary Phagan's stomach. It was normal in size, normal in position, and normal in every particular. I made a microscopic examination of the

contents in Mary Phagan's case. It showed plainly that it had not begun to dissolve, or only to a very slight degree, and indicated that the process of digestion had not gone on to any extent at the time that this girl was rendered unconscious. I found that the starch she had eaten had undergone practically no alteration. The contents taken from the little girl's stomach was examined chemically and the result showed that there were only slight traces of the first action of the digestive juices on the starch. It was plainly evident that none of the material had gone into the small intestines. As soon as food is put in the stomach the beginning of the secretion of the hydrochloric acid is found. It is from the quantity of this acid that the stomach secretes that doctors judge the state and degree of digestion. In this case the acid had not been secreted in such an excess that any of it had become what we call free. In this case the amount of acid in this girl's stomach was combined and was 32 degrees. Ordinarily in a normal stomach at the end of an hour it runs from 50 to 70 or 80. I found none of the pancreatic juices in the stomach which are usually found, about an hour after digestion starts.

CROSS EXAMINATION.

I don't remember when Mr. Dorsey first talked to me about making this autopsy. As long as the heart was beating you could have put a piece of rope around the neck of this little girl and produced the same results as I found. I took about five or six ounces altogether out of the stomach. It was all used up in making my experiments. I know of no experiments made as to the effect of gastric juices where the patient is dead. The juices of the body after death gradually evaporate. The chemical analy-

sis of each cabbage varies, not only in the plant but from the way it is cooked. It is a very vague matter as to what influences ^{may} retard digestion. Every individual is almost a law unto himself.

To a certain extent different vegetables affect different stomachs different ways, but the average normal stomach digests anything that is eaten within reason. Some authorities claim that exercise will retard digestion. I don't know that mental activity would have very much effect in retarding the digestion. It is the generally accepted opinion that food begins to pass out of the stomach through the pylorus in about a half an hour. A great many things pass out of the stomach that are not digested. The juices of the stomach make no change in them. The stomach does not emulsify a solid. I never knew a normal man who could digest a solid.

The science of digestion is rather a modern thing. I did not call in any chemist in making this examination. I said it was impossible for anyone to say absolutely how long the cabbage had been in the stomach of Mary Phagan before she met her death not within a minute or five minutes, but I say it was somewhere between one half an hour and three quarters. I am certain of that. Of course, if digestion had been delayed this time element would change.

The violence to the private parts might have been produced by the finger or by other means, but I found evidence of violence. It takes a rather considerable knock to tear epithelium off to the extent that bleeding would occur. I found the epithelium completely detached in places and in other places it was not detached.

A digital examination means putting the finger in. The swelling and dilation of the blood vessels could be seen only with a microscope. It is impossible to say how much they were swollen. A scalp wound is very prone to bleed. I have some cabbage here from two normal persons. Here was some meal, taken of cabbage and wheaten bread by two men of normal stomachs and contents taken out within an hour. We found there was very little cabbage left.

C. B. DALTON, Sworn for the State.

I know Leo M. Frank, Daisy Hopkins and Jim Conley. I have

visited the National Pencil Company three, four or five times.

I have been in the office of Leo M. Frank two or three times.

I have been down in the basement. I don't know whether Mr. Frank knew I was in the basement or not, but he knew I was there. I saw Conley there and the night watchman, and he was not Conley. There would be some ladies in Mr. Frank's office, sometimes there would be two, and sometimes one. May be they didn't work in the mornings and they would be there in the evenings

CROSS EXAMINATION.

I don't recollect the first time I was in Mr. Frank's office. It was last fall. I have been down there one time this year but Mr. Frank wasn't there. It was Saturday evening. I went in there with Miss Daisy Hopkins. I saw some parties in the office but I don't know them. They were ladies. Sometimes there would be two and sometimes more. I don't know whether it was the stenographer or not. I don't recollect the next time I saw him in his office. I never saw any gentlemen but Mr. Frank in there. Every time I was in Mr. Frank's office was before Christmas. Miss Daisy Hopkins introduced me to him. I saw Conley there one time this year and several times on Saturday evenings. Mr. Frank wasn't there the last time. Conley was sitting there at the front door. When I went down the ladder Miss Daisy went with me. We went back by the trash pile in the basement. I saw an old cot and a stretcher. I have been in Atlanta for ten years. I have never been away over a week. I saw Mr. Frank about two o'clock in the afternoon. There was no curtains drawn in the office. It was very light in there. I went in the first office, near the stairway. The night watchman I spoke of was a negro. I saw him about the first of January. I saw a negro night watchman there between September and December.

I lived in Walton County fortwenty years. I came right here from Walton County. I was absent from Walton County once for two or three years and lived in Lawrenceville. I have walked hime from the factory with Miss Laura Atkins and Miss Smith.

RE-DIRECT EXAMINATION.

I gave Jim Conley a half dozen or more quarters. I saw Mr. Frank in his office in the day time. Mr. Frank had Coca-Cola lemon and lime and beer in the office. I never saw the ladies in his office doing any writing.

RECALLED FOR CROSS EXAMINATION.

Andrew Dalton is my brother-in-law. John Dalton is a first cousin. I am the Dalton that went to the chain gang for stealing in Walton County in 1894. We all pleaded guilty. The others paid out. I don't know how long I served. I stole a shop hammer. That was in case No. L. There were three cases and the sentences were concurrent. One of the other Daltons stole a plow and I don't know what the other one stole. I was with them. In 1899 at the February term of Walton Superior Court I was indicted for helping steal bale of cotton. In Gwinnett County I was prosecuted for stealing corn, but I came clear.

RE-DIRECT EXAMINATION.

~~It has been 18 or 20 years since I have been in trouble. I was drunk with the two Dalton boys when we got into that hammer and plow stock scrape.~~

CROSS EXAMINATION.

I don't know whether I was indicted in 1906 in Walton County for selling liquor. I know D an Hillman and I know Bob Harris. I don't know whether I was indicted for selling liquor to them or not.

RE-DIRECT EXAMINATION.

~~I have seen her tak~~
ing to him and she told me about it.

S. L. ROSSER, Sworn for the State.

I am a city policeman. On Monday, April 28th, I went out to see Mrs. White. On May 6th or 7th was the first time I knew Mrs. White claimed to have seen a negro at the factory on April 26th. These are the same chips we had at factory. The club was not on floor by elevator the day I searched the place. I had a flashlight and searched for everything. I would have seen it had it been there.

CROSS EXAMINATION.

I made no inquiry of her about this before. She volunteered the information when I came out the second time.

JAMES CONLEY, Sworn for the State.

I had a little conversation with Mr. Frank on Friday, the 25th of April. He wanted me to come to the pencil factory that Friday morning, that he had some work on the third floor he wanted me to do. All right I will talk louder. Friday evening about three o'clock Mr. Frank came to the fourth floor where I was working and said he wanted me to come to the pencil factory on Saturday morning at 8:30; that he had some work for me to do on the second floor. I have been working for the pencil company a little over two years. Yes, I had gone back there that way for Mr. Frank before, when he asked me to come back. I got to the pencil factory about 8:30 on April 26th. Mr. Frank and me got to the door at the same time. Mr. Frank walked on the inside and I walked behind him and he says to me, "Good morning," and I says, "Good morning, Mr. Frank." He says, "You are a little early this morning," and I says, "No sir, I am not early." He says, "Well, you are a little early to do what I wanted you to do for me, and I want you to watch for me like you have been doing the rest of the Saturdays." I always stayed on the first floor like I stayed the 26th of April and watched for Mr. Frank, while he and a young lady would be upon the second floor chatting. I don't know what they were doing. He only told me

they wanted to chat. When young ladies would come there, I would sit down at the first floor and watch the door for him. I couldn't exactly tell how many times I have watched the floor for him previous to April 26th, it has been several times that I watched for him. I don't know who would be there when I watched for him, but there would be another young man, another young lady during the time I was at the door. A lady for him and one for Mr. Frank. Mr. Frank was alone there once, that was Thanksgiving day. I watched for him. Yes, a woman came there Thanksgiving Day, she was a tall, heavy built lady. I stayed down there and watched the door just as he told me the last time, April 26th. He told me when the lady came he would stomp and let me know that was the one and for me to lock the door. Well, after the lady came and he stomped for me I went and locked the door as he said. He told me when he got through with the lady he would whistle and for me then to go and unlock the door. That was ^{last} Thanksgiving day ¹⁹¹². On April 26th, me and Mr. Frank met at the door. He says, "What I want you to do is to watch for me today as you did other Saturdays," and I says, "All right," I said, "Mr. Frank, I want to go to the Capital City Laundry to see my mother," and he said, "By the time you go to the laundry and come back to Trinity Avenue stop at the corner of Nelson and Forsyth Street until I go to Montags." I don't know exactly what time I got to the corner of Nelson and Forsyth Streets but I came there sometime between 10 and 10:30. I saw Mr. Frank as he passed by me, I was standing on the corner, he was coming up Forsyth Street toward Nelson Street. He was going to Montags' factory. While I was there on the corner he said, "Ha, ha, you are here, is yer." And I says, "Yes, sir, I am right here, Mr. Frank." He says, "Well, wait until I go to Mr. Sig. I won't be very long, I'll be right back." I says,

"All right, Mr. Frank, I'll be right here." I don't know how long he stayed at Montag's. He didn't say anything when he came back from Montag's, but told me to come on. Mr. Frank came out Nelson Street and down Forsyth Street towards the pencil factory and I followed right behind. As we passed up there the grocery store, Albertson Brothers, a young man was up there with a paper sack getting some stuff out of a box on the sidewalk, and he had his little baby standing by the side of him, and just as Mr. Frank passed by him, I was a little behind Mr. Frank, and Mr. Frank said something to me and by him looking back at me and saying something to me, he hit up against the man's baby, and the man turned around and looked to see who it was, and he looked directly in my face, but I never did catch the idea what Mr. Frank said. Mr. Frank stopped at Curtis' Drug Store, corner Mitchell and Forsyth Street, went in to the soda fountain. He came out and went straight on to the factory, me right behind him, when we got to the factory, we both went on the inside, and Mr. Frank stopped me at the door, and when he stopped me at the door, he put his hand on the door and turned the door and says: "You see, you turn the knob just like this and there can't nobody come in from the outside," and I says, "All right", and I walked back to a little box back there by the trash barrel. He told me to push ~~back~~ the box up against the trash barrel and sit on it, and he says, "Now there will be a young lady up here after awhile, and me and her are going to chat a little," and he says, "Now, when the lady comes, I will stomp like I did before," and he says, "That will be the lady, and you go and shut the door," and I says, "All right, sir." And he says, "Now, when I whistle I will be through, so you can go and unlock the door and you come upstairs to my office then like you were going to borrow some money for me and that will give the young lady

time to get out." I says, "All right, I will do just as you say," and I did as he said. Mr. Frank hit me a little blow on my chest and says, "Now, whatever you do, don't let Mr. Darley see you." I says, "All right, I won't let him see me." Then Mr. Frank went upstairs and he said, "Remember to keep your eyes open," and I says, "All right, I will Mr. Frank." And I sat there on the box and that was the last I seen of Mr. Frank until up in the day sometime. The first person I saw that morning after I got in there was Mr. Darley, he went upstairs. The next person was Miss Mattie Smith, she went on upstairs, then I saw her come down from upstairs. Miss Mattie walked to the door and stopped, and Mr. Darley comes on down to the door where Miss Mattie was, and he says, "Don't you worry, I will see that you get that next Saturday. And Miss Mattie came on out and went up Alabama Street and Mr. Darley went back upstairs. Seemed like Miss Mattie was crying, she was wiping her eyes when she was standing down there. This was before I went to Nelson and Forsyth Street. After we got back from Montag Brothers, the first person I saw come along was a lady that worked on the fourth floor, I don't know her name. She went on up the steps. The next person that came along was the negro drayman, he went on upstairs. He was a peg-legged fellow, real dark. The next I saw this negro and Mr. Holloway coming back down the steps. Mr. Holloway was putting on his glasses and had a bill in his hands, and he went out towards the wagon on the sidewalk, then Mr. Holloway came back up the steps, then after Mr. Darley came down and left, Mr. Holloway came down and left. Then this lady that worked on the fourth floor came down and left. The next person I saw coming there was Mr. Quinn. He went upstairs, stayed a little while and then came down. The next person that I saw

was Miss Mary Perkins, that's what I call her, this lady that ✓
is dead, I don't know her name. After she went upstairs I *heard*
~~went up the~~ *feet* steps going towards the office and after she went in
the office, I heard two people walking out of the office and
going like they were coming down the steps, but they didn't
come down the steps, they went back towards the metal depart-
ment. After they went back there, I heard the lady scream, then
I didn't hear no more, and the next person I saw coming in
there was Miss Monteen Stover. She had on a pair of tennis shoes
and a rain coat. She stayed there a pretty good while, it wasn't
so very long either. She came back down the steps and left..
After she came back down the steps and left, I heard somebody
from the metal department come running back there upstairs, on
their tiptoes, then I heard somebody tiptoeing back towards the
metal department. After that I kind of dozed off and went to
sleep. Next thing I knew Mr. Frank was up over my head stamping
and then I went and locked the door, and sat on the box a little
while, and the next thing I heard was Mr. Frank whistling. I
~~don't know how many minutes it was after that I heard him whist.~~
When I heard him whistling I went and unlocked the door just like
he said, and went on up the steps. Mr. Frank was standing up
there at the top of the steps and shivering and trembling and
~~rubbing his hands like this.~~ He had a little rope in his hands
~~and~~ a long wide piece of cord. His eyes were large and they
looked right funny. He looked funny out of his eyes. His face
was red. Yes, he had a cord in his hands just like this here
cord. After I got up to the top of the steps, he asked me, "Did
you see that little girl who passed here just a while ago?" and
I told him I saw one come along there and she come back again, and
~~and she wasn't come back~~

down, and he says, "Well, that one you say didn't come back down, she come into my office awhile ago and wanted to know something about her work in my office and I went back there to see if the little girl's work had come, and I wanted to be with the little girl, and she refused me, ^{and I struck her} and I guess I struck her too hard and she fell and hit her head against something, and I don't know how bad she got hurt. Of course you know I aint built like other men. The reason he said that was, I had seen him in a position I haven't seen any other man that has got children. I have seen him in the office two or three times before Thanksgiving and a lady was in his office, and she was sitting down in a chair, and she had her clothes up to here, and he was down on his knees, and she had her hands on Mr. Frank. I have seen him another time there in the packing room with a young lady lying on the table, she was on the edge of the table when I saw her. / He asked me if I wouldn't go back there and bring her up so that he could put her somewhere, and he said to hurry that there would be money in it for me. When I came back there, I found the lady lying back flat of her back with a rope around her neck, The cloth was also ^{tied} ~~tight~~ around her neck and part of it was under her head like to catch blood. I noticed the clock ^{after} ~~when~~ I went back there and found the lady was dead and came back and told him. The clock was 4 minutes to one. She was dead when I went back there, and I came back and told Mr. Frank the girl was dead, ^{and he said "Oh, she"} He told me to go back there by the cotton box, get a piece of cloth, put it around her and bring her up. I didn't hear what Mr. Frank said and I came on up there to hear what he said. He was standing on the top of the steps, like he was going down the steps, and while I was back in the metal department I didn't understand what he said, and I came on back there to understand what he did say,

and he said to go and get a piece of cloth to put around her, and I went and looked around the cotton box and got a piece of cloth and went back there. The girl was lying flat of her back and her hands were out this way. I put both of her hands down, they went down easily, and rolled her up in the cloth and taken the cloth and tied her up, and started to pick her up, and I looked back a little distance and saw her hat and piece of ribbon laying down and her slippers and I taken them and put them all in the cloth and I ran my right arm through the cloth and tried to bring it up on my shoulder. The cloth was tied just like a person that was going to give out clothes on Monday, they get the clothes and put them on the inside of a sheet and take each corner and tie the four corners together, and I run my right arm through the cloth after I tied it that way and went to put it on my shoulder, and I found I couldn't get it on my shoulder, it was heavy and I carried it on my arm the best I could, and when I got away from the little dressing room that was in the metal department, I let her fall, and I was scarred and I kind of jumped, and I said, "Mr. Frank, you will have to help me with this girl, she is heavy," and he *came and* caught her by the feet and I laid hold of her by the shoulders, and when we got her that way I was backing and Mr. Frank had her by the feet, and Mr. Frank kind of put her on me, he was nervous and trembling, and after we got up a piece from where we got her at, he left her feet drop and then he picked her up and we went on the elevator, and he pulled down on one of the cords and the elevator wouldn't go, and he said "Wait, let me go in the office and get the key," and he went in the office and got the key and come back and unlocked the switch box and the elevator went down to the basement, and we carried her out and I opened the cloth and rolled her out there on the floor, and Mr. Frank

turned around and went on up the ladder, and I noticed her hat and slipper and piece of ribbon and I said, "Mr. Frank, what am I going to do with these things?" and he said, "Just leave them right there," and I taken the things and pitches them over in front of the boiler, and after Mr. Frank had left I goes on over to the elevator and he said, "Come on up and I will catch you on the first floor," and I got on the elevator and started it on to the first floor, and Mr. Frank was running up there. He didn't give me time to stop the elevator, he was so nervous and trembly, and before the elevator got to the top of the first floor Mr. Frank made the first step on to the elevator and by the elevator being a little down like that, he stepped down on it and hit me quite a blow right over about my chest and that jammed me up against the elevator and when we got near the second floor he tried to step off before it got to the floor and his foot caught on the second floor as he was stepping off and that made him stumble and he fell back sort of against me, and he goes on and takes the keys back to his office and leaves the box unlocked. I followed him into his private office and I sat down and he commenced to rubbing his hands and began to rub back his hair and after a while he got up and said, "Jim", and I didn't say nothing, and all at once he happened to look out of the door and there was somebody coming, and he said, "My God," here is Emma Clarke and Corinthia Hall," and he said "Come over here, Jim, I have got to put you in this wardrobe," and he put me in this wardrobe, and I stayed there a good while and they come in there and I heard them go out, and Mr. Frank come there and said, "You are in a tight place," and I said, "Yes," and he said, "You done very well." So after they went out and he had stepped in the hall and had come back he let me out of the wardrobe, and he said "You sit down", and I went and sat down, and Mr. Frank sat down. But the chair he had was too little for him, or too big for him or it wasn't far enough back or something. He reached

on the table to get a box of cigarettes and a box of matches, and he takes a cigarette and a match and hands me the box of cigarettes and I lit one and went to smoking and I handed him back the box of cigarettes, and he put it back in his pocket and then he took them out again and said, "You can have these", and I put them in my pocket, and then he said, "Can you write," and I said, "Yes, sir, a little bit," and he taken his pencil to fix up some notes. I was willing to do anything to help Mr. Frank because he was a white man and my superintendent, and he sat down and I sat down at the table and Mr. Frank dictated the notes to me. Whatever it was it didn't seem to suit him, and he told me to turn over and write again, and I turned the paper and wrote again, and when I done that he told me to turn over again and I turned over again and I wrote on the next page there, and he looked at that and kind of liked it and he said that was all right. Then He reached over and got another piece of paper, a green piece, and told me what to write. He took it and laid it on his desk and looked at me smiling and rubbing his hands, and then he pulled out a nice little roll of greenbacks, and he said, "Here is \$200," and I taken the money and looked at it a little bit and I said, "Mr. Frank, don't you pay another dollar for that watchman, because I will pay him myself." and he said, "All right, I don't see what you want to buy a watch for either, that big fat wife of mine wanted me to buy an automobile and I wouldn't do it." And after awhile Mr. Frank looked at me and said, "You go down there in the basement and you take a lot of trash and burn that package that's in front of the furnace, and I told him all right. But I was afraid to go down there by myself, and Mr. Frank wouldn't go down there with me. He said, "There's no need of my going down there," and I said, "Mr. Frank, you are a white man and you done it, and I am not going down there

and burn that myself." He looked at me then kind of frightened and he said "Let me see that money" and he took the money back and put it back in his pocket, and I said "Is this the way you do things?" and he said, "You keep your mouth shut, that is all right." And Mr. Frank turned around in his chair and looked at the money and he looked back at me and folded his hands and looked up and said "Why should I hang, I have wealthy people in Brooklyn," and he looked down when he said that and I looked up at him, and he was looking up at the ceiling, and I said, "Mr. Frank what about me?" and he said, "That's all right, don't you worry about this thing, you just come back to work Monday like you don't know anything, and keep your mouth shut, if you get caught I will get you out on bond and send you away," and he said, "Can you come back this evening and do it?" and I said "Yes, that I was coming to get my money." He said, "Well, I am going home to get dinner and you come back here in about forty minutes and I will fix the money." and I said, "How will I get in?" and he said, "There will be a place for you to get in all right, but if you are not coming back let me know, and I will take those things and put them down with the body", and I said, "All right, I will be back in about forty minutes." Then I went down over to the beer saloon across the street and I took the cigarettes out of the box and there was some money in there and I took that out and there was two paper dollar bills in there and two silver quarters and I took a drink, and then I bought me a double header and drank it and I looked around at another colored fellow standing there and I asked him did he want a glass of beer and he said "No," and I looked at the clock and it said twenty minutes to two and the man in there asked me was I going home, and I said, "Yes," and I walked south on Forsyth Street to Mitchell and Mitchell to Davis, and I said to

the fellow that was with me, "I am going back to Peters Street," and a Jew across the street that I owed a dime to called me and asked me about it, and I paid him that dime. Then I went on over to Peters Street and stayed there awhile. Then I went home and I taken fifteen cents out of my pocket and gave a little girl a nickle to go and get some sausage and then I gave her a dime to go and get some wood, and she stayed so long that when she come back I said, "I will cook this sausage and eat it and go back to Mr. Frank's", and I laid down across the bed and went to sleep, and I didn't get up no more until half past six o'clock that night, that's the last I saw of Mr. Frank that Saturday. I saw him next time on Tuesday, on the fourth floor when I was sweeping. He walked up and he said, "Now remember, keep your mouth shut", and I said, "all right," and he said, "If you'd come back on Saturday and done what I told you to do with it down there there wouldn't have been no trouble." This conversation took place between ten and eleven o'clock Tuesday. Mr. Frank knew I could write a little bit, because he always gave me tablets up there at the office so I could write down what kind of boxes we had and I would give that to Mr. Frank down at his office and that's the way he knew I could write, I was arrested on Thursday, May 1st, Mr. Frank told me just what to write on those notes there. That is the same pad he told me to write on. (State's exhibit A). The girl's body was lying somewhere along there about #9 on that picture (State's Exhibit A). I dropped her somewhere along #7. We got on elevator on the second floor. The box that Mr. Frank unlocked was right around here on side of elevator. He told me to come back in about forty minutes to do that burning. Mr. Frank went in the office and got the key to unlock the elevator. The notes were fixed up in Mr. Frank's private office. I never did know what became of the notes. I left home that morning about seven or 7:30. I noticed the clock when I went from the factory to go to Nelson and Forsyth Streets, the clock was in a beer saloon on the corner of Mitchell Street. It said 9 minutes after 10. I don't know the name of the woman who was with Mr. Frank on

giving day. I know the man's name was Mr. Dalton. When I saw Mr. Frank coming towards the factory Saturday morning he had on his raincoat and his usual suit of clothes and an umbrella. Up to Christmas I used to run the elevator, then they put me on the fourth floor to clean up. I cleaned up twice a week on the first floor under Mr. Holloway's directions. The lady I saw in Mr. Frank's office Thanksgiving Day was a tall built lady, heavy weight, she was nice looking, she had on a blue looking dress with white dots on it and a graying looking coat with kind of tails to it. The coat was open like that and she had on white slippers and stockings. On Thanksgiving Day Mr. Frank told me to come to his office. I have never seen any cot or bed down in the basement. I refused to write for the police the first time. I told them I couldn't write.

CROSS EXAMINATION.

I am 27 years old. The last job I had was working for Dr. Palmer. I worked for him a year and a half. I worked before that for Orr Stationery Company for three or four months. Before that I worked for S. S. Gordon. Before that I worked for Adams Woodward and Dr. Honeywell. Got my first job eleven years ago with Mr. S. M. Truitt. Next job was with W. S. Coates. I can't spell his name. I can't read and write good. I can't read the newspapers good. No, sir; I don't read the newspaper. I never do, I have tried, but I found I couldn't and I quit. I can't read a paper right through. I can't go right straight down through the page, and that's the reason I don't read newspapers, I can't get any sense out of them. There is some little letters like "dis" and "Dat" that I can read. The other things I don't understand. No, I can't spell "Dis" and "dat". Yes, I can spell "school," I can't spell "collar", I can spell "shirts". I can spell "shoes", and "hat". I spell "cat" with

I don't know about spelling "mother." I can spell "papa". I spell it p-a-p-a. I can't spell "father" or "jury" or "judge" or "stockings." I never did go to school further than the first grade. I went to school about a year. I can spell "day", but not "daylight", I can spell "beer" but not "whiskey." I couldn't read the name "whiskey." No, I can't read any letter on that picture there (Exhibit A--State). I can't figure except with my fingers. I know the figures as far as eight, as far as twelve. I know more about counting than I do about figuring.

I don't know what year it was I went to school. I worked for Truitt about two years, for Mr. Coates five years, for Mr. Woodward and Mr. Honeywell about a year and a pressing club about two years, Orr Stationery Company three or four months, Dr. Palmer about a year and a half, and then I went to work for the pencil company. Mr. Herbert Schiff employed me at the pencil factory. Sometimes Mr. Schiff paid me off, sometimes Mr. Gannt, sometimes Mr. Frank. I don't remember when I saw Mr. Frank pay me off or how many times. I drew my money very seldom. I would always have somebody else draw it for me. I told Mr. Holloway to let Gordon Bailey draw my money mostly. He's the one they call "Snowball." The reason why I didn't draw it myself I would be owing some of the boys around the factory and I didn't have it to pay, and I would leave the factory about half past eleven so that I didn't have to pay it, and then I would have Snowball draw my money for me mostly, I would see him afterwards and he would give me the money. Sometimes I would go down through the basement out the back way to keep away from them. The reason I let them draw my money I owed some of them, and some of them owed me and I wanted them to pay me first before I paid them. I didn't want to get my money on the inside

what they were drawing. I wasn't drawing but \$6.05. Snowball was drawing \$6.05. As to who it was I didn't want to see what I was drawing, there was one named Walter Pride; he's been there five years. He said he drew \$12.00 a week. Then there was Joe Pride, He told me he drew \$8.40 a week. They were down in the basement and asked me how much I was drawing. I told them it wasn't none of their business. Then there was a fellow named Fred. I don't know how much he drew. The next one was the fireman. I don't know how much he drew. There were two or three others, but I didn't have no talk with them. I was just hiding what I drew from Walter Pride. As to whether I couldn't draw my money after Walter drew his without his knowing it, well he would always be down there waiting for me. As to whether I couldn't get my money without his being behind me and seeing what I got, he could see if I tore open the envelope. I had to open it to pay them with. That's the reason I didn't go and draw my money. I know I could have put it in my pocket, but I couldn't tear it open unless I took it out. Yes, the reason I didn't draw my money was because I didn't want to pay them, That's the reason I let Snowball draw my money. They could have slipped up behind me and looked. As to whether I couldn't walk off and keep them from seeing it, if I didn't tear it open, then they would keep up with me until I did. He would follow me around. No, I wasn't trying to keep out of paying them. As to what I was trying to do, if they paid me then I would pay them. The way I liked to settle with them, I liked to take them to the beer saloon and buy twice as much as they get. If I was there when they come in on me, I would say, "I owe you, let's drink it up." Yes, I would get out of it if I could, but if

sometimes that way and sometimes the other way. I would say, "I owe you fifteen cents, I buy three beers, and you owe me fifteen cents, and that be three beers." I say if I would be in the beer saloon when they come in there, I would do that, but if I could get out before they saw me, I would be gone. I never did know what time the watchman come there on Saturday, or any Saturday. I never have seen the nightwatchman in the factory. I have seen young Mr. Kendrick come and get his money. He always comes somewhere about two o'clock to get his money. I have seen him lots of times Saturday and get his money. He always got it from Mr. Frank at two o'clock. No, I didn't know Newt Lee. I heard them say there was a negro night watchman, but I never did know that he was a negro. I knew they paid employees off at twelve o'clock. I don't know what time the night watchman would come there to work. Mr. Holloway stays until 2:30. I couldn't tell the first time I ever watched for Mr. Frank. Sometimes during the last summer, somewhere just about in July. As to what he said to get me to watch for him that was on a Saturday, I would be there sweeping and Mr. Frank come out and called me in his office. I always worked until half past four in the evening. I would leave about half past twelve, ring out and come back about half past one or two. Sometimes I would ring in when I came back and sometimes I wouldn't. I ringed in every morning when I came. I never did ring in much. I would do it after they got after me about it. It was my habit not to do it. As to how they would know how much to pay me if I didn't ring in, I knew they paid me \$1.10 a day, all the time. No, they didn't pay me by the clock punches, they paid me by the day, they paid me 11¢ an hour. Sometimes I would punch the clock when I got there; that was my duty. Sometimes I was paid when I didn't work. I don't know how that happened, but Mr.

Frank would come and tell me I didn't take out that money for the time you lost this week. I don't know on what date he ever did that on. Yes, I always got my money in envelopes. As to how they would know how much to put in the envelope, when I didn't punch, they would come and ask if I was here every time I didn't ring in, and they would ask Mr. Holloway if I was here. If the clock didn't show any punch, they would ask me if I was here at that hour. No, they wouldn't ask how many hours I was here, they would just ask if I was here a certain hour and then they would pay me for the full day, whether I punched the clock or not, just so I punched it in the morning. The lady that was with Mr. Frank the time I watched for him sometime last July was Miss Daisy Hopkins. It would always be somewhere between 3 and 3:30. I was sweeping on the second floor. Mr. Frank called me in his office. There was a lady in there with him. That was Miss Daisy Hopkins. She was present when he talked to me. He said, "You go down there and see nobody don't come up and you will have a chance to make some money. The other lady had gone out to get that young man, Mr. Dalton. I don't know how long she had been gone. She came back after a while with Mr. Dalton. They came upstairs to Mr. Frank's office, stayed there ten or fifteen minutes. They came back down, they didn't go out, and she says, "All right James". About an hour after that Mr. Frank came down. This lady and man after she said, "All right James" went down through the trap door into the basement. There's a place on the first floor that leads into another department and there's a trap door in there, and a stairway that leads down in the basement, and they pull out that trap door and go down in the basement. I opened the trap door for them. The reason I opened the trap door was because she said she was ready. I knew where she was going because Mr. Frank told me to watch, he told me where they were going. I don't know how long they stayed down there. I don't know when they came back. I watched the door all the time. Mr. Dalton gave me a quarter and went out laughing and the lady went up the steps. Then the ladies came down and left, and then Mr. Frank came

about half past four. He gave me a quarter and I left and then he left. The next Saturday I watched was ~~right~~^{right} near the same thing. It was about the last of July or the first of August. The next Saturday I watched for him about twelve o'clock he said "You know what you done for me last Saturday, I want to put you wise for this Saturday." I said, "All right, what time?" He said, "Oh, about half past." After Mr. Holloway left, Miss Daisy Hopkins came on in into the office, Mr. Frank came out of the office, popped his fingers, bowed his head and went back into the office. I was standing there by the clock. Yes, he popped his fingers and bowed to me, and then I went down and stood by the door. He stayed there that time about half an hour and then the girl went out. He gave me a half a dollar this time. The next time I watched for him and Mr. Dalton too, somewhere along in the winter time, before Thanksgiving Day, somewhere about the last part of August. Yes, that's somewhere near the winter. This time he spoke to me on the fourth floor in the morning. Gordon Bailey was standing there when he spoke to me. He said, "I want ~~you~~ to put you wise again for today." The lady that came in that day was one who worked on the fourth floor; it was not Miss Daisy Hopkins. A nice-looking lady, kind of slim. She had hair like Mr. Hooper's. She had a green suit of clothes on. When Miss Daisy Hopkins came she had on a black skirt and white waist the first time. I don't know the name of that lady that works on the fourth floor. Yes, I have seen her lots of times at the factory, but I don't know her name. She went right to Mr. Frank's office, then I went and watched. She stayed about half an hour and came out. Mr. Frank went out of the factory and then came back. I stayed there and waited for him. He said, "I didn't take out that money." I said, "Yes, I seed you didn't." He said, "That's all right old boy, I don't want you to say any-

have two clocks. One runs to 100 and the other runs from 100 to 200. Each employe has a number. That is the reason we have two clocks. When Miss Mattie Smith came in she discovered a mistake about her time by the time she reached the clock. Mr. Frank and Mr. Darley corrected it in the office and then she left. Mr. Frank got back from Montag's about 11 o'clock. He had with him the folder in which he carries his papers. Nobody was with him when he came back. He went right up into his office. The stenographer was in the outer office when he got there. These cords here are found laying around everywhere in the building. They come on every bundle of slats that come into the building. The pencils are tied up with those slats at the top floor, brought down by elevator, carried in the packing room and those strings are then put on them. They get in the trash every day and into the basement. It is impossible to keep them out. I did not see Mary Phagan or Monteen Stover. The negro Conlgy was familiar with the whole building, every part of it.

RE-DIRECT EXAMINATION.

White and Denham were working on the fourth floor about thirty feet from the elevator. On May 12, 1913, I told you that the elevator was locked because I forgot to tell you I do some sawing. I took the key out, left the elevator unlocked and took the key back and put it in the office. Mr. Darley got to the factory about 9 o'clock Saturday. Miss Mattie Smith got there about 9:10.

RE-CROSS EXAMINATION.

When I gave Mr. Dorsey that affidavit about locking the elevator I was telling more about my habit, the way I usually did it. I forgot to tell him about sawing those planks that

Saturday morning and the fact that I sawed those planks makes me know that I left the elevator unlocked. The elevator makes a good deal of noise when it starts and when it stops.

RE-DIRECT EXAMINATION.

I was on the second floor when all of these people came in the factory. Mr. Frank worked on his books until he got ready to go to Montags, I think it was about an hour. I checked freight with a one-legged drayman about 10:30, his wagon was right in front of the door.

N. V. DARLEY, sworn for the State.

My name is N. V. Darley. I am Manager of the Georgia Cedar Company, a branch of the National Pencil Company. I have charge of the manufacturing and labor in the Forsyth Street plant. Mr. Sig Montag is my superior. Mr. Frank and I are of equal dignity in the factory. I was at the National Company's factory on Saturday, April 26th. I saw Mr. Frank and left about 9:40 in the morning. I was there Sunday morning at about 8:20. I saw Mr. Frank that morning. Observed nothing unusual when I first saw him. When we started to the basement I noticed his hands were trembling. I observed that he seemed still nervous when he went to nail up the back door. When we started down to nail up the back door he made some remark about having on new clothes, or some more clothes and he pulled his coat off to keep it from getting soiled. When we left the station house and started towards Bloomfields he told me why he was nervous. He said that he had not had breakfast and didn't get any coffee and that they had rushed him by Bloomfields, carried him in a dark room and turned the light on and he saw the girl instantly and that was why he was nervous. The elevator was unlocked. I don't know where the Frank Stated to me in the basement that he thought that the

murder was committed in the basement. Mr. Frank stated that it looked easy for the staple to be pulled out and I agreed with him, because the staple looked black and it looked to me as if it had been pulled out before. On Monday Mr. Frank explained again about why he was nervous on Sunday morning. I heard him speak of the murder numerous times. When we started down the elevator Mr. Frank was nervous, shaking all over. I can't say positively as to whether his whole body was shaking or not, but he was shaking. Newt Lee seemed to be composed when I saw him at the factory. Mr. Frank could have driven the nails in the back door, but I thought I could do it with more ease. Mr. Frank looked pale Sunday morning. I think he seemed upset, but he did some things around the factory there that a man who was completely upset could not have done, I don't think. When riding down to the police station from the pencil factory Mr. Frank was on my knee, he was trembling. I saw the financial sheet on Sunday on Mr. Frank's desk. Mr. Frank picked it up in his hand. Gantt was at the factory three or four times after he was discharged. My recollection is that Frank said something about the financial sheet on Sunday. It was on May 3rd that Mr. Haas, the insurance man, asked that the factory be cleaned up on the Malsby side and on the other side. When my attention was called to it I noticed something that I looked like blood with something white over it at the ladies dressing room on Monday morning.

CROSS EXAMINATION.

Mr. Quinn called my attention to the blood spots, Barrett called Quinn's attention to it. Barrett showed me some hair on a lever of the lathe. It was 20 or 30 feet from Mary Phagan's machine on the north side of the room. There were

no blood spots on it. I don't think anybody could answer how many strands of hair Barrett found. They were wound around the lever. I don't think there were over 6 or 8 at the outside. It was pretty hard to tell the color. It is my understanding that Barrett has been doing most of the discovering done in the building. He has lost quite some time since the murder, and buys quite some extras and reads them. The white stuff partially hid the spots. It looked like there had been an attempt to hide them, but you could see the spots. It looked like the man who tried to hide them, if anybody did, made a smearing motion and left the spots showing. I saw no blood spots on Mary Phagan's machine. There are hundreds of pay envelopes distributed every week in the factory. The rule is that if a person goes outside of the factory and finds an envelope short we do not correct it. As the pay envelopes are distributed they take them and tear them off, just like this one. The employees take the money out and scatter the envelopes all over the factory. On the second floor where the metal room is is the main place where you find the pay envelopes. I was present on Sunday morning when the time slip was taken out. I was looking over Mr. Frank's shoulder. Mr. Frank run it down the number side. This time slip (Defendant's Exhibit "I") looks like the one. Mr. Frank looked down the number side and said it was all right and I verified it. I didn't notice between 9:32 and 10:29 if there was any punch, or between 11:04 and 12, or between 2:03 and 3:01. I identify this (Exhibit 1 defendant) by the numbers 6:01 and 6:32. I look over the financial sheets every Saturday afternoon. The factory week runs from Friday morning till Thursday night. The financial sheet is usually completed about 5:30 Saturday afternoon. The financial sheet shows the week's operation of the