

his arm around her before he closed the door. Well, I stopped; I thought for a second I would walk over to his office door leading into the hall, and he has a mail slot in his door with a spring slot that you can shove up from the outside and see everything in his office. I saw him pull Mrs. Hirsch down in his lap and kiss her. The elevator was running, and I let the slide down and walked down for a step or two, went back and looked again, and they were still in the same position. He was sitting in a little chair just next to his office desk, a desk chair. I left the door again and shoved it up and they were standing close to the door; seemingly, apparently she was going towards the door. I left. I lived about a hundred years from that time on until the real happening, but I made up my mind then and there if that kind of people was deceiving the world, I was going to know it at least for my own satisfaction. On Monday morning that he claims he met Mrs. Hirsch on Forsyth Street, I was sitting at Jim Whitten's desk in M. L. Thrower's office, which has a big plate glass all around. I saw him standing there talking, Mr. Candler had her right hand in his hand and had his other hand patting her over on the shoulder on the street. I immediately got up and walked out into the lobby right across the street, and Mrs. Hirsch's back was towards me, and I slowed on by them and went into the Dago stand and bought a cigar, and I heard Mr. Candler say, "Wednesday." I said, "Then I'll be a watch dog Wednesday," and Wednesday afternoon I went on watch; just before four o'clock I saw Mrs. Hirsch coming up James Street towards the Candler building, and a couple of friends of mine, Mr. Robert Lee and Mr. Smith, were coming down Peachtree, and I stopped them and I says, "Boys, you want to see something?" They says, "I don't know; what is it?" "Well," I says, "something that's going to happen in the Mayor's office, I think, and I want you to see it." I told them what I thought was going to happen, and one of them said, "Yes, I'd climb a telegraph pole to see that for the sport of it." And she went into the Candler building, and we went in right behind her, and took a different elevator and went to the fourth floor. I said, "Now, let's give them time before we see what they're doing." We walked down the steps from the Candler building, from the fourth floor to the third floor, walked into an office, a multigraphing office next to Mr. Candler's private office, and Mr. Smith says, "We want to measure this window here, which is the outside window on Pryor Street." There's a coping around that building about four feet at least, with very little slope to it. I says, "I'll get out on the coping; you fellows can look through the mail slot." Smith says, "No, you know them better than I do and I don't want them to catch me. I'll get out on the coping." So Mr. Lee raises the window and Mr. Smith steps out there, and I went back to the door, and by the time I got back there, Mrs. Hirsch was lying on the lounge on the left of his office from the door, with her clothes up and Mr. Candler in the act of fornication. All at once they jumped, grabbed her coat and hat, and this pair of bloomers, and started out the door, and when she opened the door I was standing in it, and she threw up her hands and says, "My God!" I says, "Our little society lady and our