

president of the Rotary Club. Mayor Candler introduced Mrs. Atkinson to the club, and Mrs. Atkinson, instead of making a speech, merely introduced me and I had to make the talk to those gentlemen and tell them what we were trying to do. It seemed to meet with their approval and Mrs. Atkinson and myself went to the door and sold tickets to the men as they went out. Mr. Candler though, bought another ticket, which were the only two that he purchased on the automobile. I left the club to go to the Ansley Hotel and put the money in the safe; when I saw they were taking pictures of Atlanta's quota, General Swift and Mr. Candler. Mr. Candler turned round and saw me and said: "This picture isn't complete without this little lady," and he took me by the arm and placed me between him and General Swift and stood up there to have the picture taken by my side. When the picture was completed and they had finished with me, I started on over to the Ansley Hotel. Mr. Candler followed me and removed the badge from his coat lapel--the Rotary badge--and pinned it on my dress as a souvenir of the occasion, and he said, "Did I earn my reward? When are you going to give me the hug?" And I said, "Any time you say; I always pay my debts." He said, "I have got to go out to Camp Gordon this afternoon, and may be late getting back; it may be 4 or after before I get back," he said, "can you come to my office tomorrow afternoon?" I said, "Yes, I will be there tomorrow afternoon," and I went to his office in the Candler building.

The automobile was not discussed. I gave him the hug, but that was all. On this occasion, as on the former one, he made improper proposals, but didn't go to the extent that he did on my former visit. The next time that I called Mr. Candler up, it was a question of a Sunday baseball game. A baseball promoter had told me that if I could get the co-operation of the Atlanta Woman's Club to offer the Sunday baseball game, which was the first Sunday baseball game they had had in a good many years at Ponce de Leon Park, that he would give us half the receipts for the Red Cross. I told him I would go and see Mr. Candler about it. He said, "Mr. Candler was the only person who could tell me whether he could have it or not." I went up in the city hall to see Mr. Candler and asked him about the Sunday baseball game. He said he doubted if it could be put over, that there was a law against Sunday games, but for me to see Attorney Mayson, and if he said it could be done in any form, shape or manner, that he would give it his approval. I called up the baseball promoter and he went with me to Mr. Mayson, and Mr. Mayson got down the law books, or the city ordinance, I think it was, and read where we couldn't have the Sunday game.

The next day I called up Mr. Candler and went down and told him that Mr. Mayson had said it was against the law. I was there some time, and he went through the usual routine of hugging and kissing me, but was not quite so effusive as he was on that first visit, because my health was about on the verge of the breaking point and he saw that I was ill when I went up there. I had