

terested himself in it and said that for the first time in Will's life she had seen him interested in something that was to his advantage.

I called Mr. Cook up, at his mother's solicitation, and asked him to go and hear Billy Sunday on the first Sunday that he preached a sermon for men only. Mr. Cook went to hear the sermon and came back by St. Joseph's hospital, and told me he was very much impressed with Billy Sunday, and that he intended to go to hear him again; and his mother afterwards remarked to me that it was mighty hard to get Will to go to hear Billy Sunday at first, but after that it was hard to keep him away, that he went to every meeting that he could go to. He was made lieutenant of reservation of one side of the reservation of the Billy Sunday Tabernacle, to seat people.

I came out of the sanitarium on January 15th and went to live with my husband at the Pickwick Apartment. We took our meals at restaurants. One morning after breakfast, while I was waiting for a street car, Mr. Candler came up and shook hands with me, told me he was mighty glad to see me out of the hospital and he says, "I called you up at your home and they told me you weren't there any more." He said, "When are you coming up to see me?" And I said, "Well, I don't know." He said, "How about this afternoon?" I said, "Mr. Hirsch is in town—this was on Tuesday." He said, "How about tomorrow?" I said, "If Mr. Hirsch goes away I will come up tomorrow afternoon, but," I said, "I'll call you up in the morning at the city hall and let you know whether I'm coming or not." I did not call him up until after five o'clock and I told him that I was ready to come up if it wasn't too late. He said, "Well, it isn't too late, I'll be here until 6 o'clock." I went right on over to his office. He had the door open into the room. I can't tell all of what happened during that visit, it's too disgusting. The first part of the visit Mr. Candler was very affectionate, pulled me down on his lap, hugged me and kissed me, but I finally left the office without having consented to do what he wanted. He said he would expect me to call him up or come to see him on the following Friday. I didn't go. I told him at the first part of the visit before when he was so demonstrative that a lady in town, a Mrs. Rambo, had asked me to visit him with her in connection with the Atlanta Humane Society, and I said, "I wish you would get interested in it because it certainly needs somebody's interest, and he said—"oh," I said, "Don't do anything for it just because I ask you, but see Mrs. Rambo." "Well," he said, "Do you want me to do this for Mrs. Rambo or for you?" And I said, "Well, for her, I won't be jealous," and he said, "Well, you can bring her to see me." On the Tuesday following Mrs. Rambo and I went to the office. They talked about the Humane Society.

I told Mr. Hirsch one evening at the supper table that Mr. Candler had made some advances to me when I had been in his office, and I said I had never gone to his office that I didn't go there for the Red Cross or for the Atlanta Humane Society. "Well," he