

said, "you cut it out and quit going to his office, now." That was before I went the first time after I came out of the hospital. They have said in their testimony that on Tuesday, the 4th of February, that I met Mr. Candler on Forsyth street—they said on Monday. To the best of my recollection, it was on Tuesday.

When I came through the Grant building that day I came through there because it was cold, and the wind was blowing, and I took the short cut through to get around the postoffice and go up Fairlie street to the Pickwick apartments. I was on my way home. I had no idea Mr. Candler was within a million miles from there, as far as I was concerned—in fact, my mind didn't happen to be on Mr. Candler that morning. As I went through the Grant building my mind wasn't on Mr. Candler at all. I didn't see him until I came right up to him, because I wasn't looking for him. He walked up to me and shook hands, put his arm around me and patted me on the shoulder, and I had a fever blister on my mouth and he said: "How did you happen to get that fever blister?" And I said: "I guess you put it there about two weeks ago when I was in your office," and he said, "Don't your husband put fever blisters on your mouth?" And I said, "My husband isn't as demonstrative a kisser as you are," and we talked about that, and he said, "When are you coming up to see me again?" And I said, "I don't know about that, Mr. Candler, Mr. Hirsch is in town today," and he said, "How about tomorrow?" I said, "Well, he is expecting to leave here about noon tomorrow, and if he does go away, I will come up tomorrow afternoon. If he doesn't go away, I will phone you in the morning at the city hall, but if I don't phone you, you can look for me at 4 o'clock." Mr. Hirsch left town the next morning about noon, and at 4 o'clock that afternoon I went to Mr. Candler's office. He met me at the door, put his arm around me, practically before the door was closed, he closed and locked the door. His first remark to me was, "What do you want to do?" One demonstration followed another until I finally consented to do what Mr. Candler wanted me to do. I had removed my coat when I went into the room, as he said I did, and took off my hat and laid it on the end of the table near the door with my coat. I also removed the articles of clothing, which have been introduced as evidence, and laid these with my hat and coat on the table. It's so hard to go on with. The windows in Mr. Candler's room had double shades on them, and the shades were about a foot from the bottom of each sash; they were lowered to within about a foot of the middle of the sash, and at the bottom of the sash. We were on the davenport near the window. I had my face towards the window, when I saw a man look through the window at us. He was standing outside of the window and his head was even with the top opening of those shades. It frightened me so I jumped up and started to run out of the door. Mr. Candler said, "Don't do that, don't open the door, just hide your face." I turned around and I saw the man again, and he was looking right into the window, he was peering in to see what was happening in the room, and I threw discretion to the winds, and I became