

so alarmed at him seeing me that I grabbed the coat and hat and other clothing from the table and started to run out of the door. I turned the thumb bolt from the inside and opened the door, and as I opened the door Mr. Cook raised himself up and said, "There's some one at the door, too." I threw up my hands and dropped what I had in my arms. He made a grab for them, and so did I. He got them and put them in his pocket, straightened up and said some remark—I have forgotten just how it was—"our honorable Mayor," and then walked out and slammed the door shut.

Mr. Candler began wringing his hands and he said, "We are just caught, we will have to confess it, it means ruination." I don't know what I was doing, I was walking up and down the room, I suppose; I don't know what my actions were at all, but before Mr. Cook had closed the door I started to call to him and beg him not to say anything about it because he showed that he had seen what had transpired. Mr. Candler looked at the door, walked around the door several times, and said, "Who is this man?" And I says, "It's Mr. Cook, his family and mine are good friends, and I think the world of his mother and sister; I would rather have the good will of his mother than anybody I know of, because she has been one of my dearest friends, and she is the last person in the world who I would have think anything wrong of me." He said, "I thought it was your husband."

Mr. Hirsch had left that morning for Rome, saying that if he didn't return that night that he would be gone until Friday night, that he would return about 7 o'clock. My first thought was to get to Mr. Hirsch. Mr. Candler said, "What are we going to do about this?" I said, "I don't know; I don't suppose he will say anything about it, maybe he won't." He said, "Who is he, and what does he do?" And I says, "He is connected with Thrower's, I think, because I have seen him in there." Mr. Cook had told me he was associated in the real estate business; he had gone into the automobile business, but real estate was really his line. He says, "Well, call him up and ask him to come back and let's talk to him and see what he is going to do about it—get some answer from him." I called Thrower's real estate office and I asked for Mr. Cook; he came to the phone, and I said, "Mr. Cook, this is Mrs. Hirsch; Mr. Candler wants you to come back up here and talk to him." He says, "I haven't anything to say," and slammed the phone shut. Mr. Candler went out of the office, and I put on my coat and hat. He came back with Asa, Jr. His first words were: "Are you going now?" I said, "Well, I guess I better." He says, "This is my son, Asa, Jr., I thought I better have somebody with me." So I left. Mr. Candler followed me out into the hall, and I asked him had he told Asa, Jr., yet, and he said, "I haven't told him yet, but," he said, "you call me up and you'll hear what we are going to do." I went on down to Mr. Hirsch's office. He was to come in at the Union station, and Mr. Hirsch's office is in the Equitable building, which is not far from the Union station. I thought I would go down there where I could sort of compose myself and think, before going