

down to the train, which was due at 7 o'clock. When I got down to Mr. Hirsch's office and opened the door, I went in, and when I did found a note that had been tacked through the letter slot. This note had been signed by "Cook," and it is the note that I gave Mr. Forrest Adair. I immediately went to the telephone and called up Mr. Candler to tell him that evidently Mr. Cook was going to try to make some trouble for he had left this note for Mr. Hirsch to call him at Ivy 164 before he went home. Mr. Candler answered the phone; I told him about finding the note and he said, "What was it?" and I read it to him over the phone, and he said, "Well, I'll call you in about ten minutes." In about ten minutes the phone rang and a voice said, "This is Forrest Adair, will you come to my office in the Atlanta National Bank building?" I said, "No, sir, I will not." He said, "Well, I wish you would because it's very important that you do, and it's about something that occurred a little while ago, and I think you'll understand from this what it is and that we are going to try to help you, and I want to talk to you about it." So I consented to go to his office. He seated me there and began to talk about what had happened in Mr. Candler's office. He said that Mr. Candler had made a full and complete confession to him, had told him everything, and he said, "I want to see what we can do to get you out of this."

In a few minutes George Adair came in, and I said, "Mr. Adair, I wish you wouldn't draw so many people into this. It's so embarrassing to have to talk before so many people." He said, "Well, I'll tell you I'm working in Mr. Candler's interests," and he said, "I want to see that he is gotten out of this; we want to find out the straight of it and find out what to do." I said, "It seems to me that Mr. Cook is the one that's going to make the trouble. I'm sure I'm not, I don't want it known. I showed him the note that I had gotten from Mr. Hirsch's office, and he immediately went to the phone and asked Mr. Cook to come over to his office. When Mr. Cook came in and saw me there, he didn't say anything, just turned around and started to walk out. I said, "Mr. Cook, please don't tell on us. Please give me a chance," and he never even answered me or looked at me, but walked on out of the room. Mr. Forrest Adair went out of the room—with him and was gone quite a little while. When he came back he said he didn't know what to think or what to do, hardly, but he had gotten Mr. Cook to promise that he wouldn't do anything that night, and for me to go on home, and if Mr. Hirsch came home to just be with him as much as possible to try to keep Mr. Cook from telling it, and to absolutely deny everything if he did tell him."

I went out—oh, in the meantime, Mr. Adair said, "We'll most likely want to talk to you tomorrow; now how shall I call you up; I don't want to call you up and say that Forrest Adair wants you?" We agreed that he would call up and use the name of one of my lady friends, saying she wanted to talk to me and I would understand by that that it was Mr. Adair, and to go and call him up at once, because at the Pickwick there's just two telephones, one in