

stand just what you want to convey." "Well," I said, "well, I have tried to do charitable work here. I have visited the mill districts here, the different nurseries, visited through the Associated Charities and things of that kind, and I find that it takes a whole lot of money, if you want to do charitable work, that unless you do have money it takes bodily strength, and all the work I have done has been done by bodily strength, and I would have liked to ask Mr. Candler if he could help me to bring good out of bad, that if I wanted to give up the rest of my life as an atonement for what I have done I think he would be willing to furnish the means for me to do good the rest of my life." I said, "I would like for him to place an amount at my disposal that I could go to work on and I would make a report to him monthly of every cent that was spent and let him know exactly how I was using these funds and if he wants to make an atonement for what he has done the same as I will do, if I will give my life to the work, will he give the money for it? I could take the interest on the money that he would place at my disposal and could do more good than he could do with his million in the Emory University," and I said "if he will place that amount at my disposal so that I can have the interest at my disposal, I will make him this report every month showing where I spent every cent and show him that I am trying to make good come out of evil," and they said, "What amount do you think would be right?" and I said "if one million dollars was what he gave to Emory University, I could take half that amount and do twice the good." They immediately froze up and said nothing more to me at all, only that they would have to confer with Judge Candler and they would let me know what their decision was. That was on Tuesday.

On Thursday I went up to Mr. Hirsch's office. I called up Mr. Candler, Forrest Adair, George Adair and Asa, Jr., and everybody that I could think of that had any connection with this, to try to get some information as to what was expected of me. While I was sitting in there, two officers came to the door and came in, presenting me a warrant charging me with blackmail. Nothing was further from my thoughts than to have exposed Mr. Candler. I didn't want it exposed; I had begged them not to even tell each other those things because every person that they had told and brought into this thing was an embarrassment to me; I didn't want anybody else to know it. Mr. Hirsch was notified, I think, in several ways—by the newspaper and by some of his friends. He wired to get bail for me—bond—and get me out of that place of incarceration. I didn't accept it, because I didn't want to take it from Mr. Hirsch with him not knowing how it happened. I told my minister every incident that had occurred and all about it, and asked him to tell Mr. Hirsch for me when he got home, and to tell him before he saw me. He did so. Sunday morning about 11 o'clock Mr. Hirsch's nephew came to the Tower, called for me, I went down stairs and he said, "Aunt Margaret, do you want to see Uncle Herman?" and I said "It isn't a question of what I want, does he