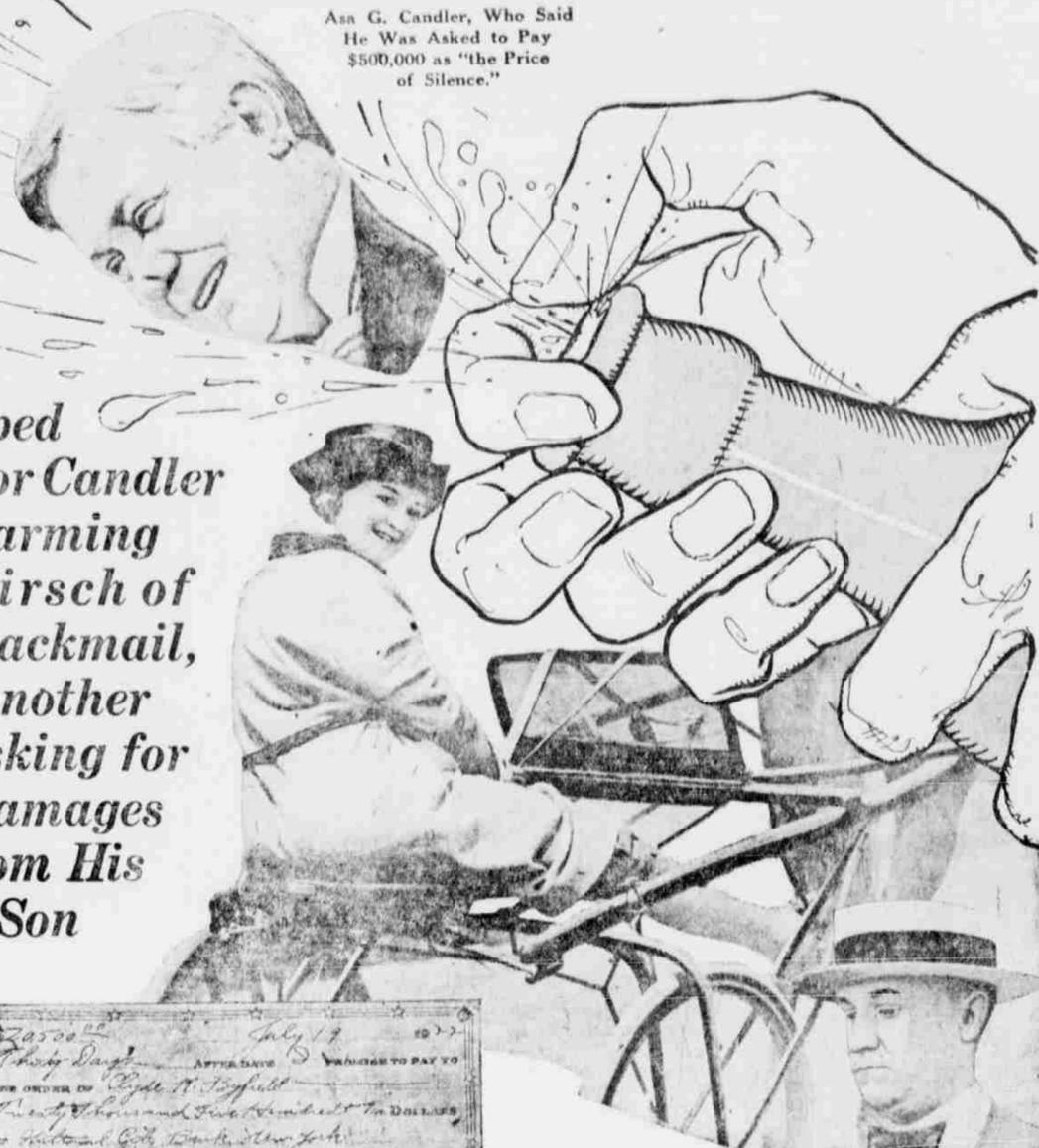


The Hard Luck Love Tangles of the Soft-Drink Millionaires

Asa G. Candler, Who Said He Was Asked to Pay \$500,000 as "the Price of Silence."

Georgia Society Gaped When Ex-Mayor Candler Accused Charming Margaret Hirsch of Attempted Blackmail, and Now Another Beauty Is Asking for \$100,000 Damages From His Son



Mrs. Onezima de Bouchelle, Beautiful New Orleans Divorcee, Reported Engaged to Asa G. Candler, Aged 71.

WHAT a hard-luck tangle for a soft-drink Croesus and his millionaire son!

Asa G. Candler, of Atlanta, was rounding out his career as the richest man in the South, pillar of the church, "father" of a great university, director of banks and corporations, builder of skyscrapers, mayor of his city, brother of a bishop and a judge, when—

"Fizz-bang!" His soda-water millions frothed into a shower of trouble. A pretty society woman, he charged, tried to "shake him down" for half a million. He got a court conviction against her. Another beauty, a divorcee, got engaged to him over the protests of his family. And to crown his troubles his son, Walter, accused a business man of blackmail and was sued for \$100,000 by the business man's wife—daughter of a city detective—who said Walter attacked her after a champagne supper on an ocean liner!

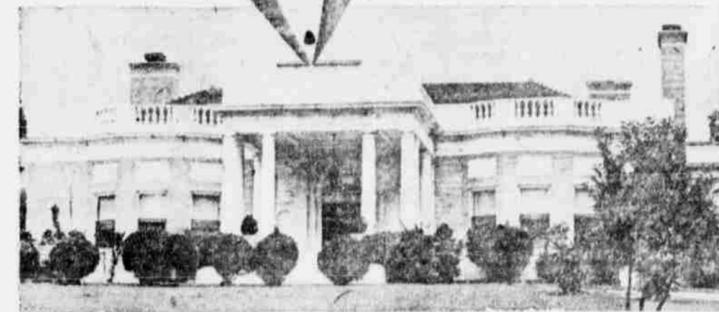
And all this happened to Asa Candler when he was past sixty and had just retired from business after working hard from sunup to sundown all his life!

Asa Candler was one of three brothers who started life on a Georgia farm. Warren entered the ministry and became the South's leading Methodist bishop. John practiced law and rose to be associate justice of the Georgia Supreme Court. Asa went to work in a drug store and got more money and fame than any of them.

He started his career washing bottles and rolling pills for \$15 a month. Then he discovered a formula for a soft drink. It made him rich. He put up office buildings in New York, Baltimore and Atlanta. He gave \$1,000,000 outright to Emory University. He founded the Central Bank and Trust Corporation. He contributed to churches, hospitals and causes galore. The South hailed him as its own Rockefeller. Atlanta insisted on electing him mayor. He finally quit work—after giving \$5,000,000 apiece to his four sons—the most envied, honored and respected man in Dixie.

"I have labored hard all my life," an-

Mrs. Clyde K. Byfield's Suit Against Walter Candler Came as the Sequel to a Champagne Party.



Asa G. Candler's Million Dollar Home at Druid Hills.

ounced Asa Candler. "I am due a holiday."

And how did this "holiday" begin?

With a sensational trial in which he charged Mrs. Margaret Hirsch and "Handsome Bill" Cook with attempted blackmail. "Handsome Bill" was a sportsman and man-about-town who "hit the trail" at the Billy Sunday revival in Atlanta which Asa Candler was instrumental in financing. Mrs. Hirsch was a petite brunette who first met Mr. Candler while he was Mayor and she was a Red Cross worker.

at his private office in the Candler Building.

This is Mayor Candler's account of what happened there: "I asked Mrs. Hirsch what I could do for her, and she told me she wanted to see me about Red Cross business. She seemed nervous. Suddenly she said, 'Oh, Mr. Candler, there's a man at the window.' I turned around, but saw nobody. When I turned back again Mrs. Hirsch had thrown off her hat and coat and had disappeared from the room. The next minute the door burst open and a man stood there. He said, 'This is nice! Our

society women called on Mayor Candler in the interest of various 'drives.' Mrs. Hirsch was among them. Once she and the Mayor were photographed together in a Red Cross group at Atlanta's exclusive Capital City Club, and once she visited him

honorable mayor and a little society lady!"

The man was "Handsome Bill" Cook. According to Mr. Candler, Cook and Mrs. Hirsch demanded \$200,000 as the price of their silence. Instead of paying the money Mr. Candler had them arrested as alleged "badger game workers."

The jury exonerated Asa Candler of Mrs. Hirsch's sensational charges and convicted her of blackmail. She was fined \$1,000 and sentenced to a year in State prison. Sentence was suspended on condition she would leave Atlanta. She did, Cook, found guilty, drew a year's sentence, but performed his bond and "disappeared."

As if this wasn't enough excitement for a millionaire, Fate sent him romance in the person of Mrs. Adolph Roguet, famous New Orleans beauty, descendant of an old French family and queen of Mardi Gras.

Mr. Candler met Mrs. Roguet at the Confederate reunion in Atlanta, which she attended as sponsor for the Louisiana Division of United Confederate Veterans. There were balls, receptions, pageants, and the wealthy Atlanta yellowster succumbed to the sparkling eyes of the Louisiana belle.

The world knew nothing of this love affair until telegrams from Reno, Nevada, announced that Mrs. Roguet had divorced her husband and resumed her former name of Mrs. Onezima de Bouchelle. Almost simultaneously Mr. Candler admitted that he and Mrs. de Bouchelle were engaged to be married.

Announcement of the engagement created a sensation in Atlanta, especially in church circles, for Bishop Candler has ever been outspoken in his denunciations of divorce, and Asa Candler was as staunch a lay figure in the church as his brother was among the clergy. It was common gossip along Peachtree street, the South's Broadway, that the Candler clan was protesting against its seventy-one-year-old chief wedding a divorcee.

"When will the wedding take place?" demanded the newspapers. "Is it true that the engagement has been called off?"

Mrs. Walter Candler Driving One of the Candler Thoroughbreds on the Candler's Private Racetrack.

"No, indeed!" declared Mrs. de Bouchelle in Reno. "The wedding will take place in San Francisco in the Autumn."

"I am quite sure Mrs. de Bouchelle has been misquoted," said Mr. Candler in Atlanta. "The wedding has not been scheduled, nor has San Francisco been selected as the place for the wedding. Beyond this I do not care to comment."

While the newspapers were still trying to reconcile these contradictory statements, another sensational knot was tied in the Candler family tangle by Asa's favorite son, Walter.

Walter, a widower like his father, had married a Titian-haired tinner in the Candler bank, Miss Marion Penland. He had two children by his first wife and a third child was born of this second marriage.

Walter became interested in race horses. Since Atlanta has no big racing meets Walter built a private race track of his own in fashionable Druid Hills and invested in an expensive stable. Lullwater track became the scene of many society fetes.

Clyde K. Byfield, manager of an automobile company in Atlanta, also was interested in race horses. He had married Sarah Gillespie, and, although she was the daughter of a city detective, she was pretty and vivacious and did not find it particularly difficult to "crush" Atlanta society, including the race-horse set led by Walter Candler and his wife.

Mrs. Byfield posed as a cigarette girl at one of the Lullwater fetes. She and her husband were invited to the Walter Candler home. They chummed together frequently. When Walter Candler decided to sail for Europe this summer he offered to pay the expenses of Mr. and Mrs. Byfield if they would go along. Mrs. Byfield, he said, could look after the children, as Mrs. Candler was going to visit her parents in California.

The Byfields, Candler and the Candler children sailed on the same boat. They returned on different vessels. And scarcely had Candler reached Atlanta again when he filed suit against Clyde Byfield to stop him from collecting on a note for \$20,500 Candler had signed!

Said Walter Candler in substance: "The Byfields held me up. There was a champagne party our last night on board going across. I was intoxicated and don't

Walter Candler, Whose Trouble With the Byfields Followed the Mid-Ocean Champagne Party

know exactly how it happened that I got in Mrs. Byfield's stateroom. Byfield crashed in the door and demanded \$25,000. He hit me and I hit him. I was dazed and submitted to his demand. I gave him a check for \$25,000. In Paris I took it back in exchange for \$2,000 cash and a note for \$20,500. It was blackmail."

"That's false!" replied Byfield. "The last night on board there was a champagne supper, but nobody was drunk. I heard Mrs. Byfield crying out from her stateroom. I rushed in to find her struggling with Candler. I did my best to kill him with my bare hands. Afterward he came to me of his own accord, cringing and cowardly, and offered me the money. I took it because I was afraid he would leave me stranded in Europe. The letter I signed exonerating him of misconduct was false."

While these charges and counter-charges were being hurled the report came from California that Mrs. Candler was on her way to Honolulu and would sue for divorce. They also cabled that she would stand by her husband. To add to the mix-up, Mrs. Byfield sued Walter Candler for \$100,000, claiming he injured her and bloodied her face. "If anybody bloodied her face," replied Candler, "it was her husband. He gave her a terrific beating."

Behind this maze of alleged blackmail, champagne parties, fights and rumored divorce actions looms the slight figure of Asa Candler, Walter's father. What asks Atlanta, does he think of this scandal? Or is he too much occupied with his own engagement tangle to think? Will he marry the New Orleans divorcee in spite of his family? Is he happy with his millions?