

Carl stared at me over the newspaper. "Who paid for the tickets?" he asked suspiciously. I answered demurely, "I charged them to you."

Carl was so amused, and the entire matter had been accomplished with such speed, just the way he liked things to happen, that he didn't protest until we were safely aboard the *Imperator*. Once aboard, he began to sulk. Life on the ship bored him. I had tricked him, he said, into going to Europe. He said that the world was being dominated by women, and before long they would control everything and men would have to stand aside for them, the way the horse did for the automobile.

I didn't mind anything Carl said. I talked with everybody and played all the deck games and hung over the rail admiring the ocean, not once seasick and every moment thinking, "I'm going to Europe—at last!"

One evening in the dining salon I saw Carl staring through his glasses at the decorated wall. Smoke was pouring from the floor up over the beautiful murals. Carl jumped up from the table, caught up an axe from the firestand and ripped up the floor and walls. Passengers and waiters and members of the crew rushed to help him. Under the floor they found the ship was in flames. "I can't understand why you got so excited," I said to Carl after the fire was out. Actually, I had been embarrassed by Carl making what I considered a scene and ruining the beautiful salon. Carl did not bother to answer me, but he seemed strangely disturbed.

When we reached Paris, Johnny Aitken, who had been a racer at Speedway and was now with the National Motor Vehicle Bureau, met us. He went with us to our suite at the Continental Hotel, and there Carl and Johnny talked for a long time in low voices while I unpacked. Carl told Johnny about the fire, and I thought they were both unreasonably excited. It was not until later that I found out Carl had been certain it was sabotage.

I did not realize that France was a powder keg, and that next door Germany was lighting a match that would eventually set off a blast which would start a world conflagration.

I was happily unpacking the clothing I had brought to Paris—

all the light summer clothing we wore winters in Florida. Carl's white shantung suits and my organdies and chiffons. It happened, however that Paris was cool, and I was already realizing that nothing we had brought could be worn.

Carl and Johnny went downstairs. I was complacently thinking how well my unsuitable clothing would serve as an excuse for buying all the dresses in Paris, when Carl burst into the room.

"Pack up, Jane," he said quickly; "we're leaving in the morning for home. Johnny says there's going to be a war." He stopped for a moment and added slowly, "There's going to be a hell of a show over here. I don't see how we in America can keep out of it."

How I wept! But I packed our trunks again and prepared to leave France. The next morning Carl wired the *Imperator* for reservations and was told we could be taken aboard in England.

There was just time for an early morning visit to the race-track at LeMans, about a hundred miles from Paris. We rose very early and drove there in Johnny's fast car. Around the test track Continental racing drivers were practicing for the American races at Speedway, races that many of them would not participate in. For Johnny and Carl and I had scarcely taken our seats in the little grandstand where the owners, timers and clockers watched the races, when a man stepped before it with a megaphone. He shouted something loudly in French, and then repeated it.

Carl nudged me furiously. "What's he saying, Jane?"

"He says," I translated carefully, "the German ultimatum has been issued to Russia."

Carl jumped to his feet. "That's war," he said crisply. "We've got to get the hell out of here!"

Everyone rushed from the grandstand. The cars on the little track were wheeled back to the pit. Their drivers climbed out—to leave for war. It was the beginning of the movement of half the world to war, but we did not know that then.

We raced back to Paris in Johnny's car, and Carl and I managed to scramble aboard the train to Calais that was already