

In another moment he was all business. He shoved a copy of the *Ladies' Home Journal* into my hands, and stood up. "Honey, I've got to see a man about a boat—I'll be back!"

He was gone! I was alone—and on a train for the first time—a bride deserted on her wedding day, and by a husband who hated her sacred wedding gown!

I couldn't believe this was the same devoted Carl who had danced for months at my slightest whim; who had driven aimlessly with me over dusty roads, and once had driven all night only to see me for a few minutes. I wished I were home with mother.

Being fifteen and healthy, I cried myself to sleep. When I awoke Carl was looking down at me and smiling.

"I'm sorry, honey, but this boat man was on board—"

There would always be men, business, big money and big deals. They came first.

This time I found it was a honeymoon boat Carl had been planning. Clement C. Avery, the boat-builder, had boarded our train for the express purpose of conferring with Carl, for it had occurred to Carl at the last moment that we needed a yacht. So he had deserted me to confer with the boat-builder, for with Carl everything must be planned in advance to the most minute detail—everything except price. He never asked, "How much will this thing cost?" but "How soon can you have it ready?" He had decided this boat must be waiting for us when we returned from California, and it would be.

Carl was all speed. He was the essence of the new age of wheels he was helping to develop in America. Everything he did was done at high tension. Our honeymoon was like the last lap of a race. We rushed to California and, once in Los Angeles, Carl vanished into the law courts.

I always said I spent my honeymoon with his brother Earle. However, Earle was delightful and we had a great deal of fun together, and through him I gained my first understanding of the man I had married and with whom I was wildly and blindly in love. I had no concept of Carl's industrial genius, nor his financial resources. Carl would always recall with amusement how, in