

the streets on our bicycles trying to catch a glimpse of him, in his big white Stoddard-Dayton, riding with his partner, James Allison. I had often stood outside his automobile accessory and repair shop, which was the focal point of the city, or the Columbia Club where he lunched every day, hoping for a glimpse of him. But this was the first time I had seen him face to face.

I can even recall how I was dressed. I was wearing the blue linen dress with the gored skirt Mama had made for me, with a fleur-de-lis embroidered on every gore of the skirt. My blond hair hanging down my back was bow-tied.

I stood as if I were in a trance, seeing Carl Fisher not six feet away. Then I felt Roy's elbow in my ribs. He was red with self-consciousness, as an adolescent boy can only get when squiring a sister who is making a fool of herself.

"You come along or I'll tell Papa!" Roy said in my ear. "Everybody's looking at you, staring like that!"

When I moved, I still felt as if I were in a dream. I had seen Carl Fisher! I couldn't wait to tell the girls.

As I walked past his table I caught the flash of alert dark eyes behind horn-rimmed glasses, and was struck by the firm, almost hard, lines of what was to me a strangely beautiful face.

Many people have spoken of Carl's "dark magnetism." I felt it in that moment. He was staring at me, and I heard him say in the quiet, soft-toned voice that was to become so loved and so maddening in its assurance: "There goes the girl I'm going to marry!"

At our backs John Philip Sousa was leading his orchestra through "The Stars and Stripes Forever." That may be a march to others; to me it is the dreamiest melody—dreamier than any waltz, for it holds the memory of a recognition which only a woman who has experienced it can appreciate.

As a matter of fact, we did not meet that night. I went home and came down with what in those days was called "la grippe." When I was recovered, but still weak, the family went visiting one day and left me alone, and our house caught on fire. I was over at a neighbor's at the time, and all I could think about was that my precious Carl Fisher scrapbook was burning. I went