

smart to carry a jewel case. Reposing in its velvet-lined recesses was my lone strand of imitation pearls. In Paris, the city of jewels, I would buy jewels!

Carl cabled the entire sum to my Paris bank. In one memorable afternoon, I spent the eighty-six thousand dollars to its last penny in a jewelry shop on the Rue de la Paix.

By dusk, *apéritif* time at the Ritz, I was at last ready to take my proper place among the jeweled fashionables at that Paris rendezvous. On my right hand I wore what I was convinced was the world's largest diamond, except for the Kohinoor; and I held, I hoped without ostentation, a gold vanity case rimmed with square-cut diamonds. Around my neck, soft as weighted satin, hung a strand of perfectly matched pearls. One wrist was encircled by a diamond and sapphire bracelet.

As I came out of the shop wearing my new jewels, I noticed an appraising look in the chauffeur's eyes.

A few days later my cook came to me. Terrified, and pledging me to secrecy, she revealed a blackmail plot against me by the chauffeur. He had written a scoundrelly letter to Carl. Paris in the money-drenched 'twenties held many such men who preyed on the absentee wives of rich Americans.

I cabled Carl immediately, giving him all details. He cabled back, as always, taking full command. His attorney, Hugh Davis, he wired me, was taking the next boat to France to scotch the chauffeur's plot and bring me safely back to America.

What other husband, I wondered, bursting into tears, would send his attorney half way around the world to bring a wandering wife safely home!

Hugh arrived in Paris—a tall, handsome, lady-killing Virginian. My first questions were of Carl. "Does he really miss me, Hugh? Has he changed?" Hugh's answer was carefully considered and made in perfect honesty. "No, he hasn't changed, Jane. The sweet old devil never gave up anything in his life and he never will, but he wants you back. He wants your way of living around him, whether he wants to live it or not, and losing you has hurt him as much as losing the sight in his one eye. He gets sore as hell if the house doesn't look the way you