

I did not see Carl through his final victory against the binder boys. I had gone to Europe with Jackie. Because of the boom, the races, the regattas, Carl's new interests at Port Washington and Montauk, the building and the tension that never ended, I was feeling myself to be that sad product of the money-mad 'twenties—a deserted wife. So I was not there when the boom broke and Miami Beach began its slow return to normalcy. I was in a villa outside Paris with a mademoiselle for Jackie and a personal maid for me, an obsequious chauffeur and a veritable genius of a French cook. Far from the day-and-night roadhouse hospitality of The Shadows, far from the new invaders of Miami Beach who drank by night and slept by day, I brooded over my wrongs in the intimacy of an espalliered garden, watching for the blond Jackie to come clattering home from the village school in his black sateen smock and wooden sabots.

Sometimes there were gay jaunts to Paris—cocktails at the Ritz, shopping, theaters, the galleries. There were entertaining men in Paris ready to kiss the hand, dance and sympathize with the neglected wife of an American millionaire.

Carl might have no time for me, but leisurely Paris gave attention to the wealthy American woman who drove through the Rue de la Paix behind a uniformed chauffeur in a Minerva town car, wearing pinned to her sables a cluster of white camellias from the garden of her villa near Paris.

Paris appreciated me—La Dame aux Camellias.

## XIX. Separation

IN PARIS I had a letter from Carl. It was not often Carl wrote. His eyesight was failing and he had explained he did not like dictating letters to me. But Carl, and Carl alone, understood what I was hunting in Paris. He knew I was lonely for youth—for people of my own interests and age. So long I had played hostess in Carl's world to the successful and rich; and the successful and rich, as a rule, are old.

The letter tells the whole story better than I can.

Knowing me and what I was searching for, knowing Paris and its temptations, he wrote—so meekly for Carl:

Dear Jane: I don't blame you, Jane, for any of our trouble—I only want to make you happy. I do not have much to live for nowadays except to help someone else. I don't think you can be happy all the time—excited and on the go. Your nerves will soon snap as mine have done. Then you will know for the first time the real punishment nature gives for high pressure. It is very hard for me to write in long hand again. This is the first letter I have written in two years. I am having trouble with my eyes, a blood vessel snapped in one and I have spots over that eye which makes it very difficult for me to read. I am leaving on the boat today for a short trip with Doctor Edwards, Jim Allison and John Levi, and we are going to see what can be done about the treatment.

Eight steamship companies now come in here and I am going to return to New York on a steamship line. I am enclosing you photographs of one of the ten boats which we had built for the races here. All ten have been sold and we have ten automobile drivers from the Speedway to drive them.

A large sailing vessel fell across the channel—or rather turned over—here last week and locked the harbor. Our harbor is wide open and full of boats while the other side is in very bad shape.

The reason ice-skating comes so natural to you is because of those exercises I showed you for your ankles, and if you will give Jackie exercises for his ankles, he will be able to skate.

I will be glad to see the handkerchiefs when they come and cer-