

Jackie—a beautiful little black pony resplendent in red saddle and bridle. As an added surprise on Carl's part, into the room paraded Rosie the elephant in her gayest harness, and after her Caesar the great Dane, Laddie the collie, and Flambeau the air-dale, all decked for Yuletide.

While a wondering little boy stared in baby bewilderment, everything happened. Old Rowdy chased Santa Claus back into the chimney and came out with a portion of Santa's red pants, and the little black pony under the tree turned out to be un-housebroken. Rosie and the other members of Carl's parade, moved by the pony's ungentlemanly performance and Rowdy's capture of Santa in the chimney, broke ranks with deafening enthusiasm. I shrieked for my lovely pale carpets and there was a great rushing about for dustpans and brooms. Through the hullabaloo came the bubbling of Jackie's laughter. He, at least, was amused by the antics of his new father and mother.

Such things could bring us together, Carl and me. In such moments, half in laughter, half in tears, our eyes met, his dimming but alert and searchingly kind. I knew he loved us! Only there were so many people pulling us from every side in this whirlpool of success spinning us in different ways. If only, I thought sometimes, we could be alone together, or with just the old friends! There was too much going on. Too much to do and see and watch and experience. Too much—of everything.

How much like a phantasmagoria they seem now—those mad, ruthless, power- and money-crazed rich and lonely nineteen-twenties! The unreal play people sharing our lives at Miami Beach were children of luxury whose kind may never again play in this world.

Pouring into Miami Beach they came, fantastic visitors to a fantastic city. The goldiggers and the sugar daddies, the gigolos, the "butter and egg men," the playboys and the gilded heiresses, the professional huntresses, the tired businessmen who never grew tired, the gentlemen who preferred blondes. Miami Beach was the playground of millionaires and the happy hunting ground of predatory women.

Brokerage houses appeared in our paradise. In handsome