

tainly the full name is a new stunt when put on handkerchiefs. I am glad Jackie is getting along so well in the French school. I have no doubt he is going to be quite a boy.

From your letter I take it you have found someone.

Be careful, Jane—for your own future. You may be only from the trying pan, etc.—and too late to get out. Don't hurry. No reason why you should. Lots of thought on a long jump like this. But just the same I want to help you—can't you give me a chance to check up on the young man? Let me see if I can help you without in any way causing you embarrassment. You know I only want to help you and not cause you an atom of pain if I can help it. If you have some real man and want to marry, then perhaps you may be happier—but most men you would have are not much better than I am or have been. Will write you again soon. Twenty-four days for a letter from you to me! Mails are very slow. Love and good-bye until next spring—get Jackie a Christmas present for me and send me the bill.

Yours, Carl.

Carl was right. There was someone else, but there was also Carl. I stayed on in Paris that winter of 1925. I was trying to make up my mind. There were days when the glittering Rue de la Paix was shrouded, when the golden domes of Paris were lost in a dark-gray misty fog, when the cold and the damp stayed beside one like an uninvited companion. Days when the very winter branches wept at one's window; when, because of the French system of central heating, one went to bed in order to keep warm.

On these dreary days, good for nothing but reveling in home-sickness, my letters to Carl were childish and self-pitying: "It is pouring rain and I am writing letters in bed. Paris is a lonely, gray city when it rains. I feel lonely when it rains and will be glad when it is spring again." Carl was my closest confidant. I could tell him anything.

A cable came from him. Someone wanted to buy a lot he had put in my name at Miami Beach. "Have offer on your property for eighty-six thousand dollars. Shall I sell?" I could hear the underocean cable sing my answer. "Sell and send me the money. Loads of love, Jane."

I knew exactly how I intended to spend that money! For years I had traveled with a jewel case simply because it was