

garments I had embroidered. I went to Miami Beach to make a happy Christmas for other women's children.

Carl and I were again together. But our lives would not touch again. Carl's terror while waiting for our child to be born, my operation, and the death of our baby had left him determined never to allow me to carry another child. This very real fear forced back the customary caresses and kept him from my room at The Shadows.

Other interests waited for us. There was so much to choose from. We would both accept substitutes, for there was nothing else.

A newspaper, the first to be published in Miami Beach, with Clayton Sedgwick Cooper as editor, was started during that mad, surcharged winter. My congratulatory letter wishing Clayton success was answered with: "Anyone who can write such a letter and suggest such a column can carry on with it. I shall expect your copy ready for the deadline." And with all the other feverish activity, I became a columnist, working during the night at my typewriter, alone in my room at the far corner of The Shadows, away from Carl's. I, too, was being driven by that unseen, relentless force that possessed my husband. There was no rest for either of us. For four years "Jane Fisher's" column appeared in the Miami Beach *Daily Tribune*—until its final issue.

We had entered separate worlds, Carl and I, and neither would hold for us anything we really wanted. A dear friend said later, "How different life would have been for all of us, Jane, if that baby had lived!"

Yes, Carl would have been different. The changes that came so swiftly upon us now would not have happened like that.

I went in for society in a large way. Carl began drinking.

Miami Beach changed in the early 'twenties, as did the American way of living. Prohibition made the initial change. Carl seldom drank before prohibition, and then only on nights out "with the boys." Not one of his hotels at Miami Beach had been built with a bar.

Prohibition might have been a personal affront directed at

Carl. Not even the United States Government could tell Carl Fisher what he should or should not eat or drink! After the Volstead Act was passed Carl began serving liquor in our home. In Indianapolis he bought out the University Club's stock of liquors and wines and stored it in our cellars at Blossom Heath. He also built up a large supply at The Shadows.

The revenue officers had the large stores of private stock spotted. Systematic raids were begun on the cellars of many of Carl's friends. The dry squad one night invaded Jim Allison's apartment over his aquarium and confiscated his sizable supply. Carl became panicky. He was certain he was next on their list. With Galloway and the chauffeur Garrett, he set out with shovels one moonlight night and ruined my sunken rose garden by burying his complete cellar.

But he continued to worry. What if some beach wanderer had seen and told the revenue officers! One week later, again by night, Carl dug up every case under the replanted roses, loaded them into his automobile, drove them load by load to the yacht club landing and carried them aboard the fast *Shadow F*. He put the yacht out to sea and dumped his entire supply of choice liquor into the Gulf Stream.

Then, after this sacrifice, the officials did not come near The Shadows!

After this, Carl patronized the bootleggers that sprang up overnight in Miami Beach. From our windows, we could see the flicker of the rum runner's lights out at sea. Huts mushroomed in the palmetto forests, and it became smart to drive around at midnight to these palm-thatched dens to gamble and drink bad liquor sold at exorbitant rates.

People said slyly, "I feel like hell—I was out in the jungle last night."

And it *was* like a return to the jungle, the lawless and dangerous days beginning now.

The rebel in Carl started him drinking more than was good for him. He did not drink alone. Gradually our house became filled, morning and night, with convivialists who passed the word along that a drink could always be had at Carl Fisher's. It