

charmed by the anklets, said I couldn't possibly ruin the lovely effect of the costume with slippers and I must wear only the flowers and go barefooted.

I danced without slippers and won first prize—a beautiful silver cup. Society columns everywhere ran my picture in the hula costume captioned "Society Leader, Mrs. Carl Graham Fisher, Dances at Ball Barefooted."

Carl was in Indianapolis. I thought he would be pleased by my having won first prize. Instead a telegram sizzled over the wires: Shocked over pictures front page this morning. Return home at once.

I returned to Indianapolis in tears, bringing with me the cup that no longer seemed so beautiful. Carl had dashed to New York. He went to the news agency and bought up all the plates of that picture. They cost him five thousand dollars, and to this day I cannot understand why he was so angry. Now, if it had been anyone else's wife—

Anyway, I decided, we had more fun at home.

Sooner or later all our guests wound up evenings having their fortunes told by our colored cook, big Danny. They crowded into the kitchen to watch Danny mysteriously shuffle her "fortune-telling pack" and read in it their individual futures. Once when shuffling the worn deck, she asked Carl to select a card.

"Now, Mister Fisher, wish hard for what you wants."

Carl concentrated.

Reopening the deck, Danny chuckled richly, "Honey, you sho' gets yore wish!"

"That's fine," Carl said hopefully. "I wished I could lay an egg!"

Danny adored Carl, but her temper was as stormy as his. The scenes between them were Wagnerian, and after every upheaval Danny quit and was rehired in a reconciliation scene equally stormy. After one thunderous leavetaking, Danny scribbled on the kitchen wall a message for whatever cook might follow. "This is the way Mister Fisher orders his meals: 'Goddammit to hell, why in Jesus' name don't I get my goddam breakfast?'"

Carl's temper shortened as his eyesight dimmed. His cursing