

I stood up and patted his shoulder as one would comfort a sick child.

"You don't want me back, darling," I told him.

As I went down the carpeted stairway I heard his bedside bell ring furiously and Galloway scurried past me on the stairs with scotch and soda.

I returned to New York feeling that everything was over. But it wasn't over. And it would never be so long as either of us lived. Our lives had been too deeply shared. As Galloway once told me sorrowfully, "I lay what happened as much on the day and age, Mrs. Fisher, as on anything else."

Galloway telephoned me in my New York hotel the next morning. Carl was leaving for Miami Beach on the *Shadow K*. He sent word he wanted me to move into the house at Long Island.

I knew at last that I could not help Carl. The habit formed during prohibition had its hold over him, and Carl hated being chained, even by a habit. He had been the most strong-minded and determined of men, and this was the first weakness to which I had seen him give in. Drinking, he brought into our homes the sort of people that in sober moments he despised. When sober again he cleared them out with the abhorrence he would show a nest of cockroaches. But the craving always came back, and with it Carl's drinking companions. The other women—I was no longer jealous of them. I was only bitterly sad. Jackie and I moved out to Long Island. No sooner were my Paris trunks unpacked than a letter came from Carl from Miami Beach. He told me that in March, 1925, before the height of the boom, he had sold his Miami Beach seaside holdings from Fifteenth to Twentieth Streets to N.B.T. Roney for two and a half million dollars. Roney would build on that land the million-dollar Roney Plaza. Our house, The Shadows, had been included in the deal.

I went into the garden to think that letter over. Years of struggle and of achievement had been spent in The Shadows. In its homelike and beautiful rooms we had outlived the harsh beginnings of Miami Beach and shared the excitement of its fulfillment. Now The Shadows was no longer home. Another house

once lived in, now empty. Another life over. I was thirty, but I felt I had lived a thousand lives.

On the heels of his letter came a characteristic telegram: "Pretty little apartment waiting for you and Jackie at the Flamingo, two bedrooms, baths, big living room and real dining room. Why not come down for the season? Love. Carl."

Of course I went to Miami Beach. Not with any idea of again being Carl's wife. That was over; but there was between us as great a friendship, I believe, as ever existed between a man and a woman.

We still shared all interests. Only the physical love was gone. All else that had been remained.

I loved the enchanting penthouse apartment, as light and airy as a birdcage in the sky, and the terrace balcony with its painted furniture and potted flowers. Every day Carl came, kindly, smiling, with plans for my future, a toy for Jackie and gifts for me that often represented a fortune.

He himself had another home now in Miami Beach—on North Bay road at Fiftieth Street—a place like a palace on the rim of Biscayne Bay, with boat houses and his own yacht landing and the ubiquitous tower with an elevator to his sky-top apartment. Today his monument peacefully overlooks his old home.

On my living-room carpet, lying on his stomach like a boy, Carl spread the blueprints of the growing city of Montauk and eagerly discussed its future and asked my advice for the building of the new houses there, and the furnishing of the hotels. He told me he had drawn all the plans for Montauk in one afternoon, on the deck of his yacht.

One day he brought plans for a beautiful house he was building for me at Miami Beach. Another day he said to me: "Here's the deed for a house I'm building for you at Montauk, honey. Want you near me where I can keep an eye on you." Or he would say casually, "Here's a lot for Jackie. It'll see him through college later on."

He would toss an envelope into my lap in a joking way—deeds, stocks or bonds. He advised me about future investments and coached me in the growing valuation of my property. "I want