

one another! Suddenly we were together again, Carl and I, nearer than ever before. We were in Miami Beach when I knew that at last we were to have a child—the only thing we had asked of this rich life that had not been given. I don't think any man was ever so happy as Carl. His name waited for his son, Carl Graham Fisher, Junior, for of course Carl's child must be a son.

In my little red velvet chair by his side I embroidered and hemmed and feather-stitched the little white dresses—no lavish layettes from Paris for our child! His clothing would be prepared for him by his mother's own hands. I was so proud—proud of my sense of well being and my sun-polished body—proud that at last I was giving Carl what he most desired.

We were happier that fall of 1921 than in all the thrilling years since the beginning, when in the temporary grandstand at Speedway I had watched the building of a racetrack and embroidered guest towels for my hope chest.

By November we were back in Indianapolis. Our home city must be the birthplace of our child. Red and yellow maples bannered the windows of the beautiful nursery I decorated so lovingly at Blossom Heath.

During four days of labor and the nightmare Caesarean that followed, Carl, sharing my suffering, lost nearly twenty pounds. When I awoke in the hospital, sick with ether, I found him leaning over me with tears running down cheeks that were white and lined. Even then he had not forgotten my favorite flowers, and the room was banked with American beauty roses. He was saying over and over, "Never again, Jane honey. I'll never let you go through this again."

I forgot the agony, but he could not. Not even when our newly born son was brought to my bed. Exactly like Carl—the dimples, the half-shut, amused baby look! The little face against my arm wore the same quizzical grin as if already Carl junior were questioning life. Carl brought his friends in swarms to the flowered room, clumsily tiptoeing and trying to speak in whispers.

"Image of you, isn't he, Skipper?" I heard bass rumblings through my lethargy.

Now it was true; we did have everything. For almost a month—everything.

We came home to Blossom Heath. There, a few weeks later, I felt my baby grow quiet in my arms. I felt his coldness and screamed for the nurse. She leaned over us, professionally soothing.

"Don't be frightened, Mrs. Fisher. Little babies get cold so quickly!"

The ambulance came again to Blossom Heath and went away with our baby. I was too ill to go to the hospital. Carl rode with him. There was an emergency operation, and all day I waited word while Galloway prayed beside my bed. It was pyloric stenosis—our baby had literally starved to death and we had not known. Fifteen miles by ambulance with snow streaking its windows, I was driven to the new mausoleum on the hill overlooking Indianapolis. In its shadowy coldness, under flowers, was the little jewel-case casket that held our son—wax bud in pale blue velvet, Carl in miniature. Carl Fisher, junior, born November thirteenth in the thirteenth year of our marriage, in hospital room thirteen, had lived twenty-six days.

That was the real ending. We would never be complete again.

No firelight, no electric lights could lighten our room in Blossom Heath that had once seemed so beautiful. Carl came and went without speaking. I lay for weeks with my face to the wall. When he did speak it was with an anguish different from my own. "I never want another. Never another baby, Jane."

But I knew there had to be another child.

Miami Beach was beginning to grow beyond all control, and Carl had to return to Florida. He left me, and I stayed on at Blossom Heath, hating the very strength that returned so slowly to a body that had always been strong. Then I knew I had to go on. Christmas at Miami Beach had become a legend, and the children would be looking forward to their annual celebration in the tennis court, with Santa Claus and the tree glowing under the stars.

One week before Christmas I stripped the nursery at Blossom Heath, gave away the little furniture, the toys, the small white