

How easy to skirt the storms with Carl! He was sweet-tempered and easy to please. He liked plain and simple things. The salted peanuts, for example. He demanded big glass jars of fresh-salted peanuts all over the house. He would bring home a hundred-pound sack of the fresh nuts and everyone in the household would be set to work shelling and roasting and salting them. The crunch of peanuts haunted my days, and nights too, for the jar of salted peanuts continued to stand by our bed.

His swearing was a domestic obstacle that could not be overcome. I once tried to reform Carl by cussing in imitation. For an entire day, from morning till night-time, almost every word I spoke was a swear word. Carl didn't stop blushing all day. He was shocked, he said, and he couldn't imagine where I had heard such language.

"Christ-on-a-bicycle!" he raged. "To think of my wife using such words!" He curbed his speech after that—for nearly a week.

Another minor grievance: Carl did not like visiting other people's homes. Blossom Heath and our other homes were Carl's castles, and people were expected to visit him. He was not unfriendly; in fact, he was sociable to an unbelievable degree, but he liked entertaining people under his own roof. If someone invited us to dinner, and I wanted to go, Carl would coax, "Ask them to bring their dinner party over here."

We gave all the parties.

His friends accepted this foible, and so, in time, would I. But in the beginning I took social responsibility very seriously. Let me admit now that the schoolgirl who married the bachelor prize of Indianapolis became at once the target of women of assured social position who had either matrimonial hopes themselves, or marriageable daughters. My family was comfortably well-off, but we were not "society." Carl did not like society. The few invitations to other homes which we did not circumvent were accepted under the pressure of business interests. But I was excited at any prospect of entering a more sophisticated world where, in the beginning, I was utterly and hopelessly lost.

For our first dinner party I had directed Galloway's setting of the table with studied care, anxious to display the splendid cut