

ordered them to play, they told me doggedly, and play they did through their entire repertoire, beginning and ending with "Ach, Du Lieber Augustine."

Half an hour later a florist's van stopped at our door. It was followed by other wagonloads of flowers. Mother had already decorated the house with flowers and had ordered my bridal bouquet. Now the rooms bulged with blossoms, potted plants and potted trees, and Carl had sent along *three* additional bridal bouquets.

The house was a forest in full bloom, and there was hardly room in our parlor for the small wedding group by the time Carl arrived with his mother and Galloway. Carl looked nervous and was flushed although the day was wet and cold.

All the time the minister was talking Carl kept running his fingers under his collar. In a wild-eyed sort of way he seemed to be glaring at me, as if I were a perfect stranger. In a way, I was. Never before had Carl seen me except with the long, beribboned yellow pigtail, and wearing the simple dresses my mother made for me; but today I was prepared for new dignity. The leading dressmaker of Indianapolis had fashioned my first grown-up outfit. Its form-fitting cutaway coat was of diagonal blue-and-black stripe, and the matching dress was trimmed with gold braid. My hair, up for the first time, was parted in the middle, rolled in the back, and crowned with a hat that matched my costume. The minister was still talking when Carl, red-faced and perspiring, seized my hand and shoved the ring at me wildly. "Here take it!" he said. "Good God, we must be married by this time!"

No sooner were we in our drawing room on the Chicago bound train—incidentally, I had never been on a train before—than Carl took a knife out of his pocket and began ripping the beautiful braid off my dress. I wept, but he kept on slashing. "I just naturally can't stand gold braid," he explained when the last glittering inch was gone. Then he grinned, the deep, dimpled grin that from that moment on would never fail to turn my heart and make me forgive him anything.

"That's the way I like my woman, little wench, unadorned, the way God made her."