

glass that had been a gift from two of our guests. During dinner, a cat fight started in the backyard and Carl shied one of our lovely goblets through the window. "Hit him!" he chuckled, but I burst into tears before everyone.

Then there was the first grown-up party I ever attended, when we were married but a few months. Never having owned an evening gown, I asked Carl what I should wear. He looked vague. "Why, wear your white dress, honey." So I dressed for the occasion in the simple white net that was my only party gown, and white linen shoes, and I wore a tiny pink cameo on a gold chain, given me by Carl. And so attired, I was first ignored and then laughed at by women whose gowns had been purchased in Paris. I cried all the way home from that party.

Carl was dumfounded. "But don't you realize, Jane, honey, you were the prettiest one there?"

He could see no charm in dress or jewels. He refused to wear anything except well-made sports clothes or business suits; and once when he consented to be best man at a wedding, Galloway had to rent an evening suit for Carl. He wore spring-heeled slippers of soft patent leather with instep straps, and pierced with holes so that his feet could "get air." These were made at his direction long before perforated shoes came into fashion. Comfort and simplicity were Carl's standards, and he could not understand, nor would he ever understand, why I cried that night.

But I made up my mind I would hold my own. I began studying French. I took up horseback riding, and a riding ring was built behind the stables at Blossom Heath. I studied the manners, the dress and the houses of women I admired. I promoted Galloway from Carl's handyman to butler. Galloway fell into all my plans with sympathy and enthusiasm; but converting Carl was another matter. I was determined to run Blossom Heath or any other home so beautifully that the most critical women could not find fault. I wanted to learn everything, and Carl's big shoulders rocked with laughter as I tried out everything new that came within my reach. He was amused, but he was also pleased. He would say, "Honey, you have the littlest bottom and the biggest ambition of any country wench I've ever known."