

Mr. and Mrs. Sallie

—being the Confessions of a new wife—

Illustrated by Paul Robinson
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Madcap Letitia
"I know you think it was absolutely unforgivable of me to invite you to dinner before I had called, but my curiosity overcame my good manners and besides, I was so anxious to meet the girl that Curtiss Wright had married."

So this was Letitia Evans. This girl who stood facing me, perfectly poised and audaciously admitting that it was curiosity which had prompted her to invite me to her house the first night of my return home when she certainly must have known that I should have preferred being alone with Curtiss.

As she moved quickly about the room pouring eyeopeners from a tall, silver shaker, I had to admit that there was a pungent prettiness about her—a madcap impetuosity that I soon was to find out drove her to great lengths of indiscretion in carrying out her impulses and desires, regardless of the feelings of others. Curtiss had said that she was about twenty but she acted like a spoiled child—an offspring of the luxury by which she was surrounded.

"I made father and mother go to the club for dinner, couldn't be bothered with them when I'm having a party," she announced to one of the guests who had inquired about her mother, "my idea of crape hanging is having a family dinner party!" She laughingly admitted as she tossed her dark bobbed hair from her forehead. There was gay heedlessness in her laughter.

From the moment of our arrival she kept close to any place where Curtiss happened to be standing. Later in the evening she came over to where I was chatting with Salaby Crawford.

"Beat it, Old Thing, I want to talk to Sallie," she announced, seating herself in the chair which he had been occupying.

Most of her conversation was a eulogy to Curtiss. It was quite evident that she was not interested in me except for the fact that I was married to a man whom she admired.

"He's really the best looking person I've ever seen," she concluded, "I tried so hard to vamp him when I visited his sister out in California but he treated me as if I were too young for him to notice," she pointed, "it must be heavenly," her gaze wandered across the room in his direction, "being married to Curtiss; he's so inter-

esting and attractive. By the way, how did you like the house we selected?"
"Oh, I suppose it will do very nicely," I replied with feigned indifference, determined not to show any enthusiasm over a house about which I had not been consulted.
"Whewww!" she made a soft whistle through gleaming white teeth, "I thought you'd be thrilled pink over it. It's a dream house—the view and the flower-boxes and—a good-looking husband like Curtiss."

I could not help but smile at her frank approbation of Curtiss. Was it because she was typical of the new generation with its absolute lack of inhibitions? Although but a few years separated her generation and the one to which I belonged, Letitia most certainly was a disciple of a much newer and more modern race. Curtiss had said that this girl had achieved a certain measure of success

in interior decorating but I could not understand how anyone so frivolous-minded could concentrate her efforts on any serious work. Then I recalled that he had also said that her orders were largely due to her popularity in Birmingham's most fashionable set combined with a peculiar knack for blending the brilliant color effects which were now the prevailing mode.

Letitia was talking.
"You're pretty!" she announced, "Curtiss told me you were but I sorta hoped he was mistaken."

"Really? I wonder why."
"Oh, I dunno exactly except—" she shrugged her shoulders and frowned slightly, then, having made up her mind that she did not care to answer that question, hurried on to one of her own choosing.
"You're too fat. Why don't you diet?" she asked.

I flushed slightly at her rudeness and then in an attempt to be pleasant at all costs, replied:
"No one ever told me it was necessary before. Why, do you think I should?"

This was indeed a blow to my vanity because Curtiss had always assured me that my figure was perfect. "How much do you weigh?" she wanted to know.
"About a hundred and twenty-five and the charts all say I could stand another five pounds or even ten," I defended, "besides I don't think it would be becoming to me—being thin," I ended.

"Oh yes it would?" she avowed firmly, "you can't pay any attention to those out-of-date charts. They were made before people started dancing the Charleston and wearing flapper dresses. Let me see," she studied my figure, "I shouldn't let myself get over a hundred and fifteen, if I were you, under any conditions. I get terrified when I gain an ounce over a hundred." She looked approvingly down at her slender form in its becoming frock of closely-fitted flame colored velvet.

She was like a sixteen-year-old youth. Her body was lithe and curvaceous, but, at the same time, a conscious adolescence clung to her, caused, no doubt, by the sophisticated knowledge, which, one instinctively felt, she had acquired.

"Standards of weights," she continued, "have changed just as have clothes and theories and—morals. But, to get back to the subject, there isn't

"I wasn't," she denied alertly.
"I thought you were reciting a verse on 'Interior Decoration.'"
We all laughed gayly.

"That's the cleverest thing I ever heard," exclaimed Letitia, "that's just what I said the other day about you, Curtiss—that you said more brilliant things in a minute than most men say in a lifetime. Anyway I was just telling Sallie that she should have a boyish figure to be really smart this season."

(So she had already begun to find fault with me in front of Curtiss).
"Hump!" he replied thoughtfully, looking affectionately in my direction, "I'm not so sure that I want Sallie to be skinny."

"Well, I guess I like that!" retorted Letitia with exaggerated indignation, "do you mean to infer, sir, that I am skinny?"

I was to find out that everything she said had a personal meaning. She seemed to be interested in nothing so much as her own thoughts, reactions and appearance.

"No, not for your type," Curtiss was diplomatic, "but Sallie's different."

"No fair quibbling," she teased, "that is most ambiguous and could mean almost anything. 'Type' is the most abused word in the English dictionary. Tell me just what you mean or—" she hesitated for a moment searching about for a threat, then she added, "or I'll tell Sallie something that I bet you haven't told her."

I looked swiftly at Curtiss. He was plainly in a dilemma. He seemed bewildered and embarrassed. What could this hoydenish young girl know about my husband that could cause him to be so uneasy? I could barely refrain from urging her to continue with her disclosure.

(Continued next week.)

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day, July 30, 1926; Fort Brady, Michigan, Friday, August 20, 1926; Camp Sparta, Wisconsin, Thursday, July 22, 1926.

A New York boy aged 15 started for the west the other day to become a cowboy. He ought to know that all of the cowboys nowadays are to be found back east around the corner drugstores.

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