Mr. and Mrs. Sallie

being the Confessions of a new wife

by Gladys Baker

Illustrated by Paul Robinson

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SALLIE GROWS DISSATISFIED

Finding an attractive house at a rental Curtiss thought was reasonable, was no easy matter. While he was working on his plans for the mining sub-division, I looked at many places.

One afternoon Harriet Crawford took me, in her new limousine, on a house-hunting expedition. Salsby Crawford, to whom she was married, was the scion of a fabulously wealthy family and we had become quite intimate with them because of the fact that he and Curtiss had been classmates at college.

It didn't take me long, however, to analyze the feminine member of the House of Crawford. She was undeniably snobbish. Herself a child of luxury, she was absolutely unaware that there were others who were not in the same financial status. Naturally she took me to see large and prepossessing places whose owners were abroad or in Florida and who wished to lease their homes for the season.

Finally I thought I might as well be frank with her about the type house that we wanted.

"Just a small place," I explained, "we can't afford anything very good-looking."

"Nonsense," she interrupted, "Salsby told me just last night that Curtiss Wright had already made a name for himself as an engineering-architect (I believe that's what he called him) anyway, he mentioned several developments that he already has to his credit."

I couldn't bring myself to go into detail about our recent financial trouble and besides my new acquaintance was not the sort to inspire confidential disclosures. With her beautiful home, her smart clothes and endless servants it would be impossible for her to understand or sympathize with a less prosperous condition.

Later I gave the excuse of letter-writing and so she ordered the chauffeur to turn back and take me to the Tutwiler Hotel at which we were staying.

When Curtiss came in at twilight he found me sitting beside the window, unsmiling and sullen.

"What's up, dearest? Where's my little Life of the Party?"

No answer.

"Come now, tell us all about it," he pleaded, coming over and gently tilting my face so that he could study my expression.

"Oh, I guess I'm still under the influence of Harriet Crawford," I said as he sat down beside me. My tone was sullen.

"She does act a bit Ritzie," he admitted, "but my dear, you're so much more attractive that you should get quite a kick out of being in the presence of Mrs. Crawford."

"It isn't that, Curtiss, it's just that they have such an awful lot of everything," I concluded. "Look at their house, it's simply stunning!"

"Ought to be, it cost over a hundred thousand. Besides Salsby had a bunch of gold-dust handed to him on a silver platter. In fact all the chaps I've met here have seemed to hit it off in one way or another. You mustn't let that make you unhappy. Besides you'll naturally be thrown with girls who have plenty. You know, 'water seeks its own level,' and the crowd you'll be congenial with will be—what is it the newspapers call them? Oh, yes—the 'spoiled society darlings.'"

He was in a wonderful humor.

"But Curtiss, I can't even find a house to live in," I declared, going back to the subject which was always uppermost in our conversation. "There are plenty of houses to be had," I contended, "but, nothing as small as you insist on having."

"'Insist' is an ugly word, let's say 'afford' instead. It's just as easy. Didn't you find anything when you went out with Mrs. Crawford?"

"We didn't look at—cottages," I replied, using a word that I thought was less drab than the bungalow that he had first mentioned. "By the way, Curtiss," pursuing the thought which I had started, "I hope we'll meet some people here who haven't so much money. It'll just be harder playing around with a bunch who have all the things we should and would have had if you hadn't lost so much on that darned old Riviera."

He smiled at my vehement description of the section of Europe which I had previously found so alluring.

"Oh, don't worry," he said, in an attempt to be reassuring, "we'll meet plenty of young couples who are just starting out and some who have even less than we have."

"I hardly think that would be possible," I answered curtly. I hadn't meant to be unkind but somehow the prospect of living in a cottage and relinquishing the things that all my life I had been used to having, was none too rosy.

"Now, look here, Sallie, I'm worn out with your complaining. You've done nothing but nag almost from the moment you found out that you were going to have to give up a few luxuries, while I was once more getting started. It isn't the first time that a man's investments have been swept away, leaving him almost stranded. I've explained to you that it won't take me long to get my affairs re-established and with a little faith and encouragement on your part the whole thing would be easy. But you're so unwilling to sacrifice a few unnecessary pleasures and worldly possessions that the effort is already ruining your disposition!"

My eyes opened wide in amazement. Was this Curtiss? He paced the floor and without being actually

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