

CHARLOTTE:

...And I told him, "I absolutely intend to strike this match. And I can smoke if I want to. All the girls are doing it. You live in a *cave*? Haven't you picked up a *magazine*?" And I threw my *Collier's* at him, pointed to the picture of the girl in the Chesterfields ad and said, "There. Isn't she sharp?" Besides, if men can do it, so can we, right? I can smoke all night and all day if I want to except that I have to work and that's using my hands, which wouldn't leave them free to smoke, but if I *could*, I would. I'd smoke and drink gin and shimmy and he said, "Charlotte, you'd look like a harlot," and he didn't even think that was funny. That fella's so tight, if you put a piece of coal up his -- Oh hello, Mr. Reed.