

# A Society Belle's Diary.

BY K LINCOLN LADY.



THE keeping of a journal is not the practice of all society girls. Of this I am quite aware, still for ever so long a time I have had an idea that a few of them did itemize their gay, rose-strewn existence. But how to select the odd habitus, how obtain a look at the coveted treasure—these were endeavors that perplexed and baffled me over and over again. At last I succeeded strangely and unexpectedly, but the how or the wherefore is not now to the purpose. Be satisfied, COURIER readers, to have the privacy of a society life bared to the public glare, to scrutinize a week's notings of its inmost thoughts and actions.

Saturday morning, eleven o'clock. Arose and had my bath.

Half an hour after twelve. Lunched and read the morning paper.

Three o'clock. Put on my china silk tea-gown with the rose-colored ribbons, which are a perfect match to the tint of my cheeks, and went down to the parlor to see callers—the Smartleys. I loathe the Smartleys and was, consequently real nasty to them.

Four till five. Cut the leaves of the "Kreutzer Sonata," said to be a bad book.

Five o'clock. Began to read it. Deeply interested.

Six. Dined. Papa brought home a gentleman—old fellow, with no eyes to see either the rose-colored ribbons or the tinted cheeks. Disgusted.

Eight o'clock. Yawning and lonely, but will yawn and be lonely until the day of my disintegration before I'll telephone young men to come and spend the evening with me, as most of the girls of my acquaintance are in the habit of doing. No, sirs; you will call of your own free will or you may stay away forever.

Quarter of nine. Snaggs called. How I hate Snaggs! He tarried exactly eight minutes, which were seven too many as far as I was concerned. For conversation he said "Y-a-s!" thirteen times. Was dressed to kill with the nottiest of patent leather foot-gear, but I would not be caught observing a single portion of his raiment. Not I.

Nine until eleven. Toasted my toes before the library grate. Also deliberated on society. Dwelt particularly, but with drawn brows, on the prevailing custom of gentlemen making half a dozen calls in one evening, just as the ladies do in the day time. Has it come to this, then—the quickest and most abridged manner of dispatching the girls and social duties? How consoling to the society drudges who are straining every nerve to supply entertainment for these unworthies. It is very seldom that a society girl has attractions potent enough to hold a gentleman through a whole evening. He would much rather be at that old Elks club playing

poker and imbibing—refreshment. How sad it is—the prettily dressed girls who wait and wait for callers who never come. Even party calls—the making of which is but common decency—are neglected by three-fourths of the young men. Do! What can be done! except continue to invite the heathens, so long as there is nothing with which to replace them. Oh, the trials and tribulations of society women!

On the stroke of twelve. Went to bed.

Sunday, eleven o'clock. In church. Wore my striped foulard, and bonnet with the pale green leaves, which I know is becoming. Crowded. Lovely dresses, but liked my own best. Never feel any more religion after coming out of church than I had before going in.

One o'clock. Lunched and looked over the papers. Read the COURIER. I saw by it that I wore diamonds at the Charity ball. Well, I didn't; but I don't object to having the COURIER say I did. By the way I have attended some very fine balls in Omaha and Chicago, but I think I have never seen a handsomer assembly than our own Charity ball. How thankful our society people

our circle—asked to escort me to a card party tomorrow night. Have known him one week. He is enchanting.

Between eleven and twelve. Prepared for retiring.

Monday, nine o'clock. Breakfast in bed. Obligated to rise early; have shopping to do. Detest early rising.

Eleven. Dressed and on the way to the Exposition. Met Carrie Grant. She is commencing to fade terribly. My three callers of last evening were no where with Carrie. She had seven. A society white lie, point blank. I'm certain she had not even one.

Quarter after one. Lunched with Mrs. Fall at Brown's for a change. Not a single good looking man in the place. So tame.

Three o'clock. At home. tired. Excused four visitors.

Until six. A hot bath and dress for evening.

Nine until eleven. Playing high five at the party. Miserable luck. G. suffering from headache. Looks very pale. So anxious about him.

Twenty minutes before twelve. Standing on O street waiting for a street car. Inadvertently I slip my hand through my escort's arm, give it a friendly little pressure, and tell him how sorry I am that he is not feeling well, but woe betide me for my woman's sympathy. Quick as a flash he has braced his back against the lamp post, has placed a hand on each of my arms, saying he "was better now"—an instant and it is done. I am angry, shocked, surprised, for I have been kissed suddenly and unawares. My blood boils, but the car whizzes by, I am helped in to it, and when I alight my breath has come back to me. The walk homeward is sedate-



Hand to Allister

should be that Mr. Zimer a year ago inaugurated this movement.

From three until six. Curled myself upon the library couch and read. Finished the "Kreutzer Sonata." Startled a good deal but, Ugh! What a beast the man is, and the woman I wanted to shake a dozen times. Without doubt this author is a terrible uncoverser of society's sins.

Six o'clock. Dinner. Had potatoes in the half shell—a favorite of mine—and roast fowl, of which I ate nearly an entire bird. With the usual Sunday sermon in church and the "Kreutzer Sonata" combined, I confess to an enormously substantial appetite.

From eight till nine, talked with papa on politics. Papa thinks all women are fools.

Nine until eleven. Three gentlemen callers. Had on my white beige with gold embroidery. Looked stunning. Complexion colored just high enough. One of these gentlemen—Mr. G.—, a new acquisition to

ness itself, the good-night the perfection of gentlemanly distance.

Twelve thirty until two a. m. Still before the mirror with eyes like saucers and cheeks that never were so blooming. Well, at the utmost severity of judgment, Mr. G. knows how to kiss a girl lovely. Wonder if he was taught that when he studied his profession. If so, the science is advancing, or—perdition! can it be the result of long practice!—and my heart falls to my very extremities. To harbor such a thought would instantly sicken me.

Two in the morning. Crawled into bed, cold and with chattering teeth. Horrible dreams of kissing men.

Tuesday noon. Arose, unrefreshed and nervous. Drank some strong coffee to tone me up.

From two until five. Polished my fingernails. Find the new powder excellent.

Until six. Labored hard to give my eyebrows that desirable curve observed in the

portrait of Marie Antoinette, in a late number of the Book Buyer.

Six till eight. Dinner and small talk with the family.

The remainder of the evening. At the theatre with Mrs. So-and-so. To be invited by aman is a rare thing now-a-days for me or any other society girl. What! Alas, yes; it is too true that the young men of Lincoln are thoroughly spoiled, and the ladies have only themselves to blame for it. They treat them too well. The Lincoln young men only take a girl to the theatre when they can't help it.

Wednesday morning. Breakfast in bed.

Twelve and one. Dressing and luncheon.

Two until four. At the dressmaker's. Those fearful Smartley girls met me there. Said they intended to have five costumes made in Chicago. Another society lie, a whopper, too, for I happen to know who works for them—a cheap dressmaker, who comes to the house. 'Twas well my thoughts were elsewhere and of the happiest description, or I should have sat on them without mercy. The upstarts!

Half past four. At an afternoon reception. Everybody was there. The hostess looked like a fright. Such a hideous dress! I felt so sorry for her.

Six o'clock. Home in time for dinner, and looking so handsome that even papa noticed it.

Twelve until some-where near three in the morning. In my room—so happy. Too excited to think of sleep. Had a most lovely time. Mr. G.—bless him—brought a carriage, at which I was mad. I am always willing to walk with my friends to the theatre. Only for parties do I exact a conveyance. Wore my new opera cloak—a gorgeous wrap. The entire house stared at us, and the girls were positively green with envy; and no wonder, for he is a charming novelty. I think he likes me pretty well; that is, if I am a judge of such things. And then, the way he kisses a girl I cannot forget that. Just heavenly! Some men can kiss and kiss, but they never learn the art. Indeed, all of the sex imagine they know it, but girls have a different opinion. How they abhor those egotists who seem to think a girl's lips are made of cast iron, to be swooped down on with a—smack. Faugh! the unutterable vulgarity of a smack! What woman ceases to remember a single experience of it to her dying day?

That this journal is an eternal secret between myself and I is a right good thing, else it might be supposed that I knew something about this kissing business, when I do not, except, of course, the vast difference between what is nice and that which is horrid. If I only could be convinced about Mr. G. meaning all he would have me understand. Ah, this is the torture that is racking me, that keeps sleep from my wearied eyelids. Has he singled me out from among all the girls of crowd, or is it but the game of fast and loose that men are so fond of playing?

Thursday morning. Indisposed.

Two in the afternoon. Driving with Mr. G. This world is a perfect sojourning place.

Four o'clock. Change riding habit for my new fall walking suit, which fits—skirt and all—like the setting of a diamond pin. So restless in it that I ran over to Carrie Crant's for a little chat. Carrie knows everything. "Ah," she said, "I saw you ride by with the new man. Hope you are not gone on him, too. You know, he makes love to all the girls regardlessly. Minnie Daft got disgusted with him; says he is too spoony for anything."

How I managed to get away from Carrie and out onto the sidewalk I cannot now recall. I barely succeeded in dragging my feet up the steps of our house and into the hall. There papa found me, pale and unable to move. The dear man carried me to my room, called a physician and made an awful fuss, after the manner of fathers, one would suppose I was going to die when I had only been hard hit in society. The family regulator advised a trip, a change of air. I was run down, nerves strangely upset. What fools these doctors be!

In the evening went to the McFarland reception—not with Mr. G. Wasn't feeling very well, but had a good time. What a lovely home the McFarlands have!

Friday. Lying abed, all day. Sent Jenny to the library for a book, she brought "Letters from Hell," recommended by the Rev. Mr. Shoel. Reading it? No, thanks. After all, one's own thoughts are best in times of trouble. And what dire distress is mine. How I hate myself. I, of all girls, to be taken in so completely, to allow myself to be impressed like a raw demosselle. But—that night on the corner—it really was not my fault, I could not help it, and the sole comfort I have is that it is not nearly so bad as the girls of my set, who sit on the stairs at parties and let the fellows squeeze them, openly and unchecked. How I hate men anyhow! Papa is right. All women are fools.

Saturday. The morning mail brought me a note from Mr. G. asking for the next Pleasant Hour party, the one to be held in the new hotel. I am engaged for that; but I believe I will give him the next—just for fun.