

FITCH CLYDE

THE SMART SET:
CORRESPONDENCE &
CONVERSATIONS

Clyde Fitch

**The Smart Set: Correspondence
& Conversations**

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The Smart Set

The Smart Set

I

From Wm. H. Makeway to Joseph K. Makeway, of Denver

New York, Jan. 12, 189–.

My Dear Brother:

You did well to stay West. Would to God I had! Julia's big party came off last night. I told her weeks ago, when she began insinuating it, that if it must be it must be, of course, and that I would pay all the bills, but I wished it distinctly understood I wouldn't have anything else to do with it. She assured me that nothing whatever would be expected of me. Unfortunately, she wasn't the only woman with an American husband, and that people would understand. She promised me I should have a voice in the matter of cigars and champagne – you can know they were *all right*– and I believe the success of the party was, in a great measure, due to them.

My having "nothing whatever to do" with it consisted in hearing nothing else discussed for days, and on the night in question having no room I could call my own, my bedroom being devoted to the men (of course you know that Julia and I haven't shared the same room for years, not since the six months she spent with her married sister, Lady Glenwill), my own sanctum down stairs was turned into a smoker, and I was obliged to hang around in any place I could find, all ready for the guests a couple of hours before they began to arrive. Of course, too, she finally bulldozed me into helping her receive. You see, the little woman really was worn out, for she had overseen everything. She is a wonder! There isn't an English servant in New York, or London, either, who can teach her anything, altho' our second footman happens to have been with the Duke of Cambridge at one time. Not that I care a damn about such things – except that the Duke is a soldier – but in speaking of them I get to taking Julia's point of view. I helped her receive some of the people, to sort of give her a feeling of not having the whole infernal thing on her own shoulders. Everybody Julia wanted came, and a great many she didn't want. I suppose out where you live you don't have to ask the people you don't want. Here it's much more likely you can't ask the people you do want. I have some business friends, first-rate fellows, with good looking, dressy wives, but Julia bars them every one because they aren't fashionables. You ought to see me when *I'm* fashionable! The most miserable specimen you ever saw. I look just like one of the figures in a plate in a tailor's window, labeled "latest autumn fashions," and I feel like one, too.

Julia looked stunning! By Jove! she was the handsomest woman there. There isn't another in New York anywhere near her age who can touch her. They say every one asked about her in London when she went out with her sister in English society, and I don't wonder. You know she has a tall crown of diamonds – tiaras, they call them – I've always been ashamed to tell you before! She came home with it from Tiffany's one day, and said it was my birthday present to her, and I let it go at that. Well, last night no Duchess could have worn the same sort of thing any better. The young one, too, looked as pretty as a – whatever you like, only it must be damned pretty! It was her first ball, you know; she's a – , you know what, it's her first time in society. She had more bouquets than Patti

used to get when you and I were running about town. And she was as unconcerned about it! She's fashionable enough – I only hope she isn't too much so. I don't want her to marry this young Lord who's hanging around, and I say so three times a day. The "young'un" says I'd better wait till he's asked her, but I don't dare. Julia's fixed on it. She won't even argue with me, so you can imagine how determined she is. But I want my daughter to marry an American, and live in her own home where her father and mother live. One thing, I know: most of these marrying foreigners that come over here want money, and I'll be hanged if I'll give the young'un a penny if she takes this one. I mean it. I give you my word. He led the cotillon with her last night. I wouldn't watch it. I staid in my den and helped smoke the cigars. None better! I can tell you that!

Well, good bye, old man. If you hear of any thing good out your way to drop a couple of hundred thousand in, let me know – better wire me. Politics have played the deuce with my Utahs. Julia sends her love, and wants me to enclose you yards of newspaper clippings about the party. Ha! Ha! Not by a damn sight! It's enough that I was bored to death by it! The "young'un" often speaks of you. She is getting togged out to go with her mother and do the town in the way of At Homes and such things. What a life! Yet they seem to enjoy it, and pity us. Us! In Wall street! The Elysian Fields of America! Can I do anything for you here? You know I am always glad of a chance.

*Your affectionate brother,
Will.*

How about that girl you were running after? Why don't you give it all up? You know what a bad lot she is. Settle down and marry. It's the only real happiness. Believe your old brother.

II

Letter from Mrs. Wm. H. Makeway to Lady Glenwill, of London

Thursday.

My Darling Tina:

It is over, and my dear, I'm dead! Only —*such* a success! Surpassed my wildest dreams! If you had *only* been here. In the first place every one of any consequence in New York came; except, of course, those who are in mourning. There are certain people who have always held off from me, you know; but they've come around at last, and were all in evidence last night and in their best clothes, and *all* their jewels, and you know that always speaks well for the hostess. I wore my tiara that Will so generously gave me my last birthday (of course he hates it himself, but I brought it home, and he had to give in – the Dear!). My wedding necklace, three strings of real pearls, and one string of those "Orient" things we bought on Bond St. – no one could ever tell the difference except Will, who makes a fuss every time I wear them. He swears he will give me a new real string if I put them on again, but I tell him we must economize now to make up for what the party cost. My dress was charming. Grace Nott brought it over from Pacquin for her mother, and meanwhile this cruel indecent new tariff came on! Get down on your knees, my dear, and be grateful you don't live in this wretched country which is being turned into one great picnicking ground for the working classes. The custom house wanted to make Grace pay an awful duty, and then, fortunately for me, but of course it was terrible for them, something in Wall Street went up instead of down, or vice versa (I never can understand those things), and the poor Notts went to smash. The dress was to be left in the custom house. When I heard about it I bought it, duties and all. My dear girl, it fitted me like a dream. Did you ever hear anything like it? Of course, Mrs. Nott never could have squeezed herself into it, so it's just as well she didn't try! It is the new color, and made in the very latest way – in fact, the coming spring mode.

I really think Will's description is the best. I'll try to quote it to you: "It begins at the top —*i. e.* decidedly below the shoulders – to be one kind of a dress, changes its mind somewhere midway, and ends out another sort altogether. One side starts off in one direction, but comes to grief and a big jewel, somewhere in the back. The other side, taking warning, starts off in an absolutely different way, color, and effect, and explodes at the waist under the opposite arm in a diamond sunburst and a knot of tulle, on accidentally meeting its opponent half." It really is quite like that, too! Will is as amusing as ever. And he was *so* sweet about the party. Of course, at first, I had to be very diplomatic and get his consent without his knowing. He still hates society in the most unreasonable manner; would even rather stay at home quietly than go to his club. But last night he accepted the inevitable and behaved like a prince. I wonder how many couples in New York who have been married nineteen years are as happy as Will and I are? He made a great fuss, of course, about the champagne and cigars. You would have thought the whole fate of the ball depended upon them; and I must say they cost a ridiculous price. However, he pays for them, and they made him happier; so I don't complain. I am sure, after all, he enjoyed the ball thoroughly, too. You could see it in his face. And what perfect manners he has! Do you remember? Will may not be "smart," but he's a gentleman, and his grandfathers before him were gentlemen, and that always tells.

We don't seem to have had many grandfathers, my dear – of our own, I mean, of course. I know you've married a wonderful collection of them, dating back to goodness knows when, but it isn't so important for American women; they can acquire breeding in their own lifetime. I know no other nation whose women can do the same, and even our men haven't the same ability. Look at the American duchesses – don't they grace even the parties at Marlborough House? Look at yourself, my dear girl. But you won't, because you're too modest. Still you must acknowledge your success in England is conspicuous. Will's manners are perhaps a little old-school, but that's much better than the new-school. Young men's manners nowadays are becoming atrocious, and I'm sorry to say I think they get them from England. The first thing one knows the only gentlemen left in America will be the women. But I hope American men *won't* lose their reputation – deserved, you must acknowledge – of being the most courteous men in the world to women. Well, to go back to the ball. Of course, all my feelings outside my guests were centered in Helen. I might as well tell you at once, she is considered the most attractive debutante of the year – not by me, I don't mean, nor by my friends, but by the people who hate us, and *everybody*. I think she is very like you, a sort of *distingué* air that you always had. I sometimes wonder if some of our grandmothers (for even if we didn't have grandfathers we must have had grandmothers), if some *one* of them – hope not *two*– didn't make a wee slip once when royal personages were about! Of course there is no use boasting of royal blood in one's veins when it has no business there, but that would account for certain things. You may remember the old portrait of mother's mother. She looked a perfect duchess. Helen can have a title if she wants it. I might as well tell you now. Please find out all you can for me about young Lord – . He will be Duke of – when his father or some one dies; so find out if you can, too, how long you think it will probably be before he becomes a duke. And is he rich or poor? He needn't be rich, but I don't want to think it's Helen's money he's after. I'm doing all I can to bring about the match, and yet I'm not so worldly after all as to want a daughter of mine to make a loveless marriage. Helen isn't exactly pretty, but she's extremely attractive. Her figure is perfect, and she's the most stylish thing in the world. I am very happy today as I think that I have *lancéed* her in the best New York can offer. It has not been all downhill work. Her father's name entitled her to it; but he hated society, so he was more of a drawback than anything else. I couldn't boast of any social position in Buffalo, and it's extraordinary how well that was known here. However, the fact of my being of a good, sterling, unpretentious family did help in the end, when I got started, and people saw I was serious about "getting in." Of course, you gave us our first big push forward, you darling. An *entrée* into smart English society doesn't mean so much for a New Yorker nowadays as it used to, but it means a good deal. And a sister-in-law of Lord Glenwill is a desirable person to know when in London, so it is wise to take her up at home, and I, always having

Helen's future in mind, took advantage of every possibility. Perhaps I shouldn't have had to push my way so much here if the Prince of Wales were still *making* an American girl each season, but you know for several years now he seems to have given it up. I think he was discouraged by the last two he made at Homburg; neither of them had any success here the following winter, "hall-marked" as they were, and even London hasn't found them husbands yet.

Of course, as to one of them, I remember the gossip you wrote me about Colonel – . But, as you said, he had a wife and other incumbrances; so the least said about that the better.

Under any circumstance, I think it's a much bigger triumph to give Helen all New York first, now, simply by our own right, and then this May we'll take her to an early drawing-room, and see what happens next. I shall depend upon you, dear, to see that we go to one of the Princess' drawing-rooms, and don't get palmed off on one of the Princess Christian's or anything of that sort.

Helen was dressed very simply, of course, and no jewels, but looked so sweet. Lord – was devotion itself all evening. Naturally every one is on the *qui vive* for the engagement, but that's all right. They danced the cotillon together. We had charming favors, not too extravagant – that's such wretched taste – but things we bought in Venice last year, and Hungarian things, and some Russian, and a set of tiny gold things Tiffany got up especially for us.

I had several people down from Buffalo, and mother, of course. I wish you could have seen her, bless her heart. She had on all her old lace, and my coiffeur did her hair beautifully. She looked so handsome, and Will insisted on her dancing a figure of a quadrille with him, and how graceful and dignified she was. You would have been very proud. I was. Lots of people asked about her, and some seemed so surprised when they heard she was my mother. How rude people are; and what did they expect my mother to be like? After all, do *I* look like the daughter of a washerwoman? I think not. We might ask the Grand Duke – , if we meet him again at Aix. You know I told Will about my small, timid flirtation with the Russian, and really he seemed proud of my absurd little conquest! A convenient husband for some women we know, wouldn't he be? Ah, but then you see *they* wouldn't deserve him!

Sherry did my supper. He imported some birds from Austria especially for it, and invented some dishes of his own. I think it was all right. People said so, but, of course, you can't believe people. I can vouch at any rate for the serving of it. It was like magic. We seated *every one* at little tables which seemed to come up thro' the floors. They were everywhere except in the ball-room; that was left clear.

We've built the ball-room since you were over. Will bought the house next to us (such a sum as they asked when they heard *we* wanted it!) and the whole lower floor we made into a ball-room. It just holds my series of Gobelins we bought for that outrageous price two years ago in Paris at the Marquis de Shotteau's sale. For flowers, I had quantities of gorgeous palms and lovely cut flowers in bowls and vases wherever it was possible. That was all, – I hate this stuffing a house with half-fading flowers, it always suggests a funeral to me, with the banked-up mantels for coffins. It's horrid, I know, but I can't help it. However, if I am writing in this vein it's time I stopped. My letter is abnormally long as it is – I hope the right number of stamps will be put on it. Forgive me for mentioning it, my dear, but we always have to pay double postage due on your epistles. I don't mind at all – they are quite worth it – only I thought you might like to know.

I have all the newspapers about the ball for you, but I will wait till after Thursday and then send them on in a package. I want to see what *Town Topics* will say. Nobody cares, of course, only you don't like to see horrid things about you in print. Sometimes it treats me very well, and it's devoted to Helen, but once in a while it's atrocious. I'm only a little worried about Lord – . I don't want it to say I am after him for Helen, because I am *not*! If the English papers have anything in, please send them over – I know some articles are going to be written. If there are any of them absurd and extravagant accounts, of course you will take pains to contradict them. The English press seems often determined to make American society ridiculous.

Will says we will be greatly indebted to your husband if he will get us a house for the season, as you proposed. Carleton House Terrace, if possible; if not, use your own judgment, only not Grosvenor

Square – they make too much fun of strangers who go there. I hope you are well and taking some sort of care of yourself, which you know you never do. And please, if you go to Paris at Easter, be sure to write us at once if sleeves are still growing smaller, if hats are big or little, and whether it's feathers or flowers, or both. Also, of course, anything else that will help us. And don't forget to find out all you can about Lord – . And do you advise announcing the engagement before her presentation, or afterward? And by no means say a word to anybody, as he hasn't proposed yet. By the way, Will is violently opposed to it. But I think Helen and I together will be too much for him, and if absolutely necessary *my health* can give out! That had to happen, you remember, before I could get him out of 15th street and up here.

My love to the Hon. Bertha. How is the dear child? I long to see you. Say what you like, this society life isn't altogether satisfactory. I think after Helen is happily married – to whomever it is – I shall drift quietly out of it, and gradually take to playing Joan to Will's Darby. I'm sure Will would love it.

Love to you both, and a heart full to yourself, Tina, dearest.

*Your affectionate old sister,
Mary.*

P.S. – Don't laugh at what I said about a society life. Of course I don't mean it. I don't believe I could live without it now. I'm tired after the ball, that's all. To tell the truth I don't quite know where my head is. I shall take two phœnacetine powders right away. Do you know about them; they're so good. Did I ask you if you went to Paris Easter to be sure and write me if sleeves – O yes, I remember, I did.

III

From Miss Makeway to Miss Blanche Matheson in Rome

Thursday.

My darling Blanche:

Of course I know you are having a wonderful time in Rome with Royalties and all sorts of smart people and gay entertainments, but still I wish you had been at our ball last night. I believe you would have enjoyed it. I don't think anyone can deny we know how to give balls in America, and mama is a wonder! You know she's been fishing for guests for this ball for years. And she wouldn't give it till she was sure of a list of people who would be present that would bear comparison with anybody's; and, my dear, we had it! And I am sure mama feels more than repaid. With such a culmination everything has been worth while – the French *chef* and his terrible extravagances, for you must pay to be known as a good house to dine at – all the deadly afternoon parties, all the exorbitant fees paid for years to the opera singers to sing, the house at Newport – and the one at Lennox, the seasons in London, that shooting box in Scotland (it bored us to death), it was all worth while now that we have arrived at the toppest top. And no one could become her position better than mama. A society matron of the first water is certainly her *métier*.

Lord – is very much struck with mama. I will tell you about him later. Of course poor papa looks a little what that amusing young Englishman would call perhaps 1872. He wasn't in it for a minute; bored to death, poor thing. You know he hates parties. Thank heaven I am "out" at last, for now I can go to everything that comes on. And do as I please, that is if I want to, because I may marry soon! I wish I could see your expression when you read that. Of course it is Lord – . He proposed last

night, but I told him he must wait, and propose again in a couple of weeks. I wasn't ready to decide yet. I must be free "out" for a couple of weeks at least.

He will be Duke of – , some day. As the Duchess I shall have precedence over Mamie Smith, Gertrude Strong, and Irene van Worth, and even over all the older women who have married abroad, except the Duchesses of – and – . Think what fun it would be to sail in everywhere ahead of Mamie Smith, after all the insufferable airs she has put on! I don't believe I could make a better match. Besides he's youngish and good-looking, has splendid estates, and I really like him. I mean I think he is the sort of man you can get very romantic about. And of course there's no real social life anywhere but abroad, and there's no other life that wouldn't bore me to death. It's only natural, for my whole childhood was spent in an atmosphere of searching after it. Ever since I can remember the chief occupation and interest of mama was how diplomatically to get into the smartest set with dignity. It seemed as difficult as the proverbial camel and eye of a needle and the rich man getting into heaven, and in my younger days the three were all very much mixed up together in my mind. I think I should prefer London to Paris. Smart life in Paris seems to be so very much more immoral than in London, judging from what one hears and the books one reads, and you know I don't care about immorality. I get that from mama, too. She is shocked all the time in the "world," over here even, tho' she tries to hide it.

Our house looked lovely last night. We had powdered footmen, and just enough music and just enough supper and just enough people. One of the secrets of success in society is not to overcrowd anything.

Of course there were some drawbacks to the ball, but small things that didn't really count. Mary Farnham came and sat the whole evening thro', as usual, without once dancing. Even papa said he "drew the line at that." Why doesn't she take something? You see lots of things advertised that change people almost as big as she into a perfect shadow in no time. You feel so sorry for her when she's your guest. I had a great mind to put Lord – to the test, but I didn't quite dare! Then Tommy Baggs came and repeated his customary gymnastics – waltzed on everybody's toes in the rooms (slipper sellers ought to pay him a commission), tore two women's gowns nearly off their waists and spilled champagne frappé down Mrs. Carton's back; would have ruined her bodice, if she'd had any on, at the back. She bore it like a lamb. Her teeth were fairly chattering, but she laughed and said it was rather pleasant.

Good heavens! Who do you suppose is down stairs? Lord – ! It's going to be a bore if he's coming every day. I shall go down and tell him these two weeks I am to have a complete holiday.

Do write me all you're doing.

*With love always,
Helen.*

Later– I have accepted him! He was so perfectly charming! I couldn't help it!

IV

From a Guest

Thursday.

My dear Claire:

I was so glad to hear from you about Florida, and, as you are having such an amusing time, and as the season here is practically finished now that the much-talked of Makeway ball is over, I've decided to join you next week. Besides, I've missed you awfully, and it will be so nice to be with you

again. Will you be so good as to engage my rooms for me? – a bedroom with two windows facing south; not near the elevator by any means; not above the third floor —*but not on the first*. Please see that the coloring is blue or pink; I'm not particular about design or material, or anything of that sort (I don't think people should be too *exigeant*) – only yellow, or red, or white, or green rooms are too awfully unbecoming to me. Have drawing-room to connect with the bedroom please, and then a room for my maid. I hope you won't have to pay more than seven dollars a week for her (all included, naturally). She isn't at all particular. I'm sure I couldn't afford to keep her if she were, and she's such a treasure. Of course she reads all my letters and minds my own business more than I do myself, and uses up my crested writing paper at a terrific rate; but that one expects – don't you think so – with a *good* servant?

I know you are mad to hear all about the ball, so I'll tell you. In the first place it was a great success, and that settles it! The Makeways are now a power in New York society, and there's really no reason why they shouldn't be. His family are all right and her English connections are better; and then what a charming woman she is! She makes a perfect hostess. Such tact! Everything was carried out in the best of taste. If they erred at all it was on the side of simplicity; and yet that gives you a wrong idea about the ball, because it really could boast of splendor. Yes, I mean it, but of a solid, real kind. There is nothing papier maché about the Makeway house; nor about its owners, nor about their entertainment. You can't help but believe this, and it gives you a sense of social security! Everyone anyone would want in their house was there. If any line was drawn tightly inside the smart circle, it defined the pseudo-déclassé. Mrs. Makeway might be described in England as a slightly early-Victorian hostess, or if our presidents had at all the position and social power of royalties, she would be ticketed perhaps as of the Hayes period, except that would imply "Total Abstinence," which would mean instant death to anyone in smart society, thank goodness! I suppose you've heard that old *mot* of the dinners at the White House during the Hayes administration, that water flowed like champagne! Well, that will never be said of the Makeways. Their wine was the very best, too; I never had better at any party, seldom as good, and even John, who scoffs at the idea of women being a judge of wines, confesses, that, though we've entertained everybody all our lives, we've never had such a good wine inside our doors. The supper was, in the first place, comfortable, and, in the second place, faultless. (There was a queer kind of game, which I loathed, but of course I knew, whatever it was, under the circumstances it was the right thing, so I choked it down.) The music was superb – all the good Hungarian orchestras in town. The cotillon favors were lovely, and some very stunning gold and jeweled things from Tiffany's must have cost a fortune.

But of course what you want to know about most is the people and what they had on. I wore my – but you'll see my dress in Florida, so never mind. Mrs. Makeway had a superb dress, but she always dresses handsomely. What a nice man Mr. Makeway is. You felt sure he was bored to death by the party, and all of us at it, but he concealed it with such charming manners and such natural courtesy that you really felt somehow it was a pleasure to come and put him out. The daughter is a great success; there's no denying that. She has a perfect figure, and is very graceful. She seems to have her father's manners, brought up to date by her mother. She's going to be a leader, you can tell that, and apparently she can be an eventual duchess, if she wishes. Young Lord – is still here, and his devotion in the Makeway quarter is undisguised. Everyone likes him, and says he isn't the sort of young fellow to be merely after her money; but no one can tell if Helen is going to take him or not. I am sure of one thing, she will do as she pleases.

There were beautiful jewels in evidence at the ball. Mrs. Makeway wore, I believe, a dozen strings of the most gorgeous pearls. All *real*, of course, with their money. They must represent a fortune in themselves. Poor old Mrs. Hammond Blake came with *all* her Switzerland amethysts, and a few new topazes mixed in (she must have been at Lucerne last summer). She looked like one of those glass gas-lit signs. But really, all the best jewels in New York were there. And it is wonderful to see how the women whose throats are going the way of the world have welcomed the revival of black

velvet if they haven't the pearl collarettes. I shall be wanting something of the sort myself soon. Woe is me! And John does keep looking so abominably young. I tell him out of courtesy to me he must get old more quickly, or people will be saying I married a man years younger than myself!

John says I needn't trouble to furnish people with subjects for talking; they can make up their own. But I don't think we are gossips nowadays here in America; do you? Which reminds me that everybody says the Mathews are going to separate at last. She's going to Dakota, and get it on incaptability, or cruelty, or some little thing like that. Everybody wondered at first why, since she'd stood it so long, she was going to divorce Ned now, at this late day, but it has leaked out. Think of it – Charlie Harris! Aren't you surprised? It's only about two years since *he* divorced his wife. Mrs. Harris got the children, so I presume Mrs. Mathews will keep hers to give Charlie in place of his own. If I remember the number he will be getting compound interest! You know the Mathews babies came with such lightning rapidity we lost count. One was always confusing the last baby with the one that came before it. Anyway, I think Charlie Harris gets the best of it; so, even if it isn't altogether ideal to possess your children "ready made," as it were, still Elsie Mathews is a charming woman, and I never could bear Mrs. Harris. She told such awful fibs, and her exaggerations were not decorative; they were criminal. Why, I couldn't recognize a piece of news I told her myself when I heard her repeating it to some one else not five minutes after, as John says.

Heavens! for the third time, "as John says," I must stop. But *I am* a very happy married woman! John gives me everything I want, and I adore him.

When I hear from you I will telegraph my train. We missed you awfully at the Makeways. John spoke of it several times. He loves to dance with you because you are always ready to sit it out and do all the talking. Dear me, I'm afraid that doesn't sound complimentary, but I assure you he *meant* it as such!

How nice it will be to be with you. You aren't strict about your mourning, are you? I don't think it's at all necessary, way off there.

*With love, always affectionately,
Maybel Parke Rodney.*

V

From an Uninvited

Thursday.

My Darling George:

I hope this letter will reach you before you leave Minneapolis. I do wish you would leave politics alone, if they're going to take you away like this. Believe me, the country can get along much better without you than *I* can! When we are married you have *got* to give them up. When we are married, too, and this bore of a divorce of mine is finally settled, I presume I shall be invited to Mrs. Makeway's parties! I wasn't asked last night to her big ball! – not that I care. I am sure that beast of a husband of mine will never be able to prove his nasty charges against us, and that I shall win the case. Then there'll be no excuse for Mrs. Makeway and her prudish set, and I promise you they shall eat "humble pie," if there's any left in the world after all my dear friends have made me devour. Tom has been making overtures to my maid through a detective, but Lena is faithful to us, and I've promised her double any sum they offer her. *When* my position is all right again, I shall go in for society in the most extravagant, splendid way for one long, brilliant, spiteful season, and I shall punish every one of these women who have snubbed me so terribly. After all, half of them owe their positions in the

world to my family, and with my family to back me there will be no trouble about my being absolutely reinstated. My people will back me up, too, for we have never had a scandal up till now. We have been almost the only family left.

Of course the papers are full of the Makeway ball, and the pictures of Mrs. Makeway are too deliciously absurd for anything. One looks like that one of me in the Evening News when I gave my evidence. I really believe it's the same picture. I hear that she looked rather well with her famous pearls on (which, between you and me, I believe are false), and her tiara, which all the out-of-town people go to the opera to see. But they say she was dressed entirely too young, and showed she thought her own party a great success. However, what can you expect? She was nobody; her family are most ordinary people, the kind that are prominent in some unfashionable church and influential in its Sunday-school. O, la-la-la-la! She prides herself on having an ancestor of some sort who fought in the War of Independence – a common soldier, I suppose, in Washington's army; that's why she has had an office in the "Daughters of the Revolution." *We*

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