

**THE CONFESSIONS
OF AN OLD MAID**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649554485

The Confessions of an Old Maid by Lou Lawrence

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

LOU LAWRENCE

**THE CONFESSIONS
OF AN OLD MAID**

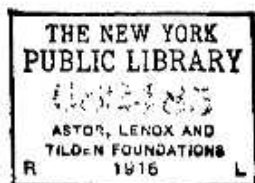
**THE CONFESSIONS
OF AN OLD MAID**

THE CONFESSIONS
OF AN OLD MAID

LOU LAWRENCE

NEW YORK
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

NEW YORK
PRESS OF "THE ROSE-JAR"
1904



COPYRIGHT 1904
BY
W. E. PRICE

W. E. PRICE
1904

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
I. A First Appearance.....	13
II. Growth and Love-letters.....	21
III. "Pick Up That Hat".....	29
IV. "I Wish She Would Die".....	37
V. Almost a Genius.....	43
VI. Trouble Behind the Scenes.....	49
VII. "You Couldn't Kiss a Boy".....	59
VIII. Help That Didn't Help.....	65
IX. Mental Tremens.....	74
X. Dear Old Dan.....	80
XI. Good-by Nancy; Good-by Joe.....	89
XII. Transition.....	96
XIII. The Tangle.....	103
XIV. The Rest of the Diary.....	115
XV. Feminine Jealousy.....	129
XVI. A Widower and His "Great Big Girl".....	137
XVII. Charlie's Wife.....	146
XVIII. Face to Face with Circumstances.....	151
XIX. The Man Who Could Have Married.....	158
XX. The Individualist.....	166
XXI. I Send a Sunbeam Out of My Life.....	172
XXII. Mrs. Gazman and the Woman Over the North Fence.....	182
XXIII. In a Sister's Home.....	191
XXIV. Nancy Was Willing.....	201
XXV. A Woman with Borrowed Features.....	207
XXVI. Ready for the Encore.....	218

INTRODUCTORY.

Confessions are fashionable. We have the "Confessions of a Kid," "Confessions of a Society Belle," and "Confessions of a Grandmother." We have also the "Confessions of a Thief" and the "Confessions of a Murderer." Now why not have the "Confessions of an Old Maid?" A woman does not need to be or to do anything unusual before she feels it incumbent upon her to make a confession. With men it is different. They must do something out of the ordinary before they have the nerve to go into the confessing business. I might add that the last two books cited were written by men.

Women are born pioneers. It was a woman who ate the apple and brought knowledge into the world. That was a notable event. Eve ought to have been pensioned. I move that this matter be taken up at the next session of Congress. Although it may be a little difficult to determine the whereabouts of the old lady, herself, there are to be found a goodly number of her daughters who would be quite willing to help manage the back pay.

It would be difficult to over-estimate the services of this pioneer of pioneers. What would the world be without knowledge? Just a sort of wholesale menagerie in which man would be fighting it out with the other animals. If there were no knowledge

in the world, there could be no art of printing; and, if there were no art of printing, there could be no confessions; and a considerable number of us would be thrown out of employment.

With regard to this confession that I, an Old Maid, am going to make, I desire to have a fair understanding at the outset. I want to assure all those people who shall be so fortunate as to have an opportunity of perusing the finished work, that it will be quite true as far as the truth will go; but, as my experience never went very far, I shall, undoubtedly, be forced to resort to imagination to help fill up. It will not be difficult, however, for the intelligent reader to pick out the facts of my life. He will need to remember only that "truth is stranger than fiction," and he will have the infallible key.

I am acting thus frankly, not because I consider it my duty to do so, but because it is my nature to be frank under all circumstances. If it were nothing more than a duty, I presume that I should not have made this explanation; for I have an idea that it will not conduce to the profit of this venture. Notwithstanding there be these three: Duty, Profit, and Nature; the greatest of all is Nature.

I know that this frankness of mine is not a desirable quality; but then—this is a Confession. I have frequently found that this peculiarity of my mental constitution could prove itself very annoy-

ing; for instance, when a literary friend wanted my opinion of his latest historical novel.

I have been urged to the writing of this book by various circumstances, a few of which I will proceed to enumerate. The first of these is the manifest lack of a literature dealing with the characteristics, devoted to the interests, and adapted to the needs of the numerous class to which I belong. There has been a long-felt want for something along this line; and I flatter myself that my labors will receive a just appreciation in this field, something which might be a little uncertain in the more frequented paths of literature. "Truth, ground to earth, will rise again." So will genius; but, occasionally, the resurrected is not altogether presentable. Especially is this the case if there is a small matter of fifty thousand other geniuses engaged in a like struggle. Hence, the crowning feat of genius is specialization.

Another source of inspiration for this task is a knowledge, gained from various sources, of the wonderful fortunes that have been amassed by the sale of some recent books. I do not wish to give the impression that I am unusually mercenary. Such is really not the case. In fact, if I have any leaning in this particular, it is in the opposite direction. But, as I like an occasional bird-on-toast with a cup of chocolate, and have great need of an assortment of silks, sables, pearls, and other like trifles of dress,