

**Chapter 1 : A Little Journey In the World by Warner, Charles Dudley**

*A Little Journey In The World [Charles Dudley Warner] on calendrierdelascience.com \*FREE\* shipping on qualifying offers. This story is an attempt to trace the demoralization in a woman's soul of certain well-known influences in our existing social life.*

Morgan, who sat behind them; "we have theatricals in the church parlors, which may grow into a nineteenth century subst. Henderson prejudice you against the country. We country people always do that. We must base our theatrical life on something in nature. Henderson," asked Margaret, "between the gossip in the boxes and the country gossip you spoke of? It is here rather cynical persiflage, not concentrated public opinion. We were all delighted with him. Such a transparent, genuine nature! But your absence has made one person thoroughly miserable. Lyon has not taken his eyes off you. I never saw such an international attachment. If I occasionally looked over where he was, I a. Lyon answered, with a laugh, "as you say over here, out in the cold, for I have pa. You see" to Henderson "how much you Americans have to learn. The play was over. In the robing and descending through the corridors there were the usual chatter, meaning looks, confidential asides. It is always at the last moment, in the hurry, as in a postscript, that woman says what she means, or what for the moment she wishes to be thought to mean. In the crowd on the main stairway the two parties saw each other at a distance, but without speaking. Henderson stood raising his hat. A little white hand was shaken to him from the window, and a sweet, innocent face leaned forward--a face with dark, eyes and golden hair, lit up with a radiant smile. Carmen threw herself back in her seat as if weary. I know the signs. No fisheries imbroglio for me, thank you. Who said anything about fish? Henderson to explain it. The English want to fish in our waters, I believe. Lyon has had a nibble from a fresh-water fish. There be fishers of men, you know, mother. I hope you will be civil to both of them. VIII In real life the opera or the theatre is only the prologue to the evening. The play then begins. New York is quite awake by that time, and ready to amuse itself. After the public duty, the public att. The streets were as light as day. At no other hour were the pavements so thronged, was there such a crush of carriages, such a blockade of cars, such running, and shouting, greetings and decorous laughter, such a swirl of pleasurable excitement. Never were the fas. At each little table was a drama in progress, light or serious--all the more serious for being light at the moment and unconsidered. Morgan, who was so well informed in the gossip of society and so little involved in it--some men have this faculty, which makes them much more entertaining than the daily newspaper--knew the histories of half the people in the room. There were an Italian marquis and his wife supping together like lovers, so strong is the force of habit that makes this public life necessary even when the domestic life is established. There is a man who shot himself rather seriously on the doorsteps of the beauty who rejected him, and in a year married the handsome and more wealthy woman who sits opposite him in that convivial party. There is a Russian princess, a fair woman with cool observant eyes, making herself agreeable to a mixed company in three languages. In this brilliant light is it not wonderful how dazzlingly beautiful the women are--brunettes in yellow and diamonds, blondes in elaborately simple toilets, with only a bunch of roses for ornament, in the flush of the midnight hour, in a radiant glow that even the excitement and the lifted gla. That pretty girl yonder--is she wife or widow? The two young gentlemen, their attendants, have the air of taking life more seriously than the girls, but regard with respectful interest the mounting vivacity of their companions, which rises and sparkles like the bubbles in the slender gla. The staid family parties who are supping at adjoining tables notice this group with curiosity, and express their opinion by elevated eyebrows. I think she apprehended nothing of it except the light, the color, the beauty, the movement of gayety. For her the notes of the orchestra sounded through it all--the voices of the singers, the hum of the house; it was all a spectacle and a play. Why should she not enjoy it? There was something in the nature of the girl that responded to this form of pleasure--the legitimate pleasure the senses take in being gratified. Do you know, even Mr. Morgan seems worldly here. Have we all double natures, and do we simply conform to whatever surrounds us? Is there any difference in kind between the country worldliness and the city worldliness? I do not suppose that Margaret formulated any of these ideas in words. Her knowledge of the city had hitherto been superficial. It was a place for shopping, for a day in a

picture exhibition, for an evening in the theatre, no more a part of her existence than a novel or a book of travels: That night in her room she became aware for the first time of another world, restless, fascinating, striving, full of opportunities. What must London be?

**Chapter 2 : A Little Journey in the World by Charles Dudley Warner**

*A Little Journey in the World has 4 ratings and 0 reviews. About the book - in the author's own words from the preface: This story is an attempt to.*

We send Representatives and strangers there to be educated. I have never been there myself. All Americans want to go to Was. It is the great social opportunity; everybody there is in society. You will be able to see there, Mr. Lyon, how a republican democracy manages social life. But still society is open. Morgan says that Was. The resident diplomats, I have heard, say that they find society there more agreeable than at any other capital--at least those who have the qualities to make themselves agreeable independent of their rank. I cannot see who sets the mode. And society, always forming and reforming, as the voters of the republic dictate, is almost independent of the Government, and has nothing of the social caste of Berlin or London. Yes, you ought to see what a democracy can do in this way. Fletcher, whose late husband was once a Representative in Was. But you will see. We are all right sorry to have you leave us," Margaret added, turning towards him with frank, unclouded eyes. I have spent here the most delightful days of my life. You will make us all very conceited. I hoped I had awakened something more valuable to me than conceit," Lyon said, with a smile. You have opened quite another world to us. Reading about foreign life does not give one at all the same impression of it that seeing one who is a part of it does. I hope some time--" "Of course," Margaret said, interrupting; "all Americans expect to go to Europe. I have a friend who says she should be mortified if she reached heaven and there had to confess that she never had seen Europe. It is one of the things that is expected of a person. Though you know now that the embarra. He rose and walked a step or two, and stood by the fire facing her. He confessed, looking down, that he had not been in Alaska, and he had no desire to go there. I came to say good-by, and--and--" "Shall I call my aunt? Margaret, Miss Debree, I love you! In an instant self-possession came back to her mind, but not strength to her body, and she sank into the chair, and looking up, with only pity in her eyes, said, "I am sorry. It was a terrible blow, the worst a man can receive--a bludgeon on the head is nothing to it. He half turned, he looked again for an instant at the form that was more to him than all the world besides, unable to face the dreadful loss, and recovering speech, falteringly said, "Is that all? Lyon," Margaret answered, not looking up, and in a voice that was perfectly steady. He turned to go mechanically, and pa. Margaret was still sitting, with no recognition of his departure. I had mentioned it to her. I thought perhaps she had told you, perhaps--I should like to know if it is anything about difference in--in nationality, about family, or--" "No, no," said Margaret; "this could never be anything but a personal question with me. It can only be painful. Your life must be so different from mine. And you must not doubt my esteem, my appreciation," her sense of justice forced this from her, "my good wishes. He held it for a second, and then was gone. She heard his footstep, rapid and receding. So he had really gone! She was not sorry--no. If she could have loved him! She sank back in her chair. No, she could not love him. The man to command her heart must be of another type. A man had said he loved her. A thousand times as a girl she had dreamed of that, hardly confessing it to herself, and thought of such a scene, and feared it. And a man had said that he loved her. Her eyes grew tenderer and her face burned at the thought. Was it with pleasure? Yes, and with womanly pain. What an awful thing it was! Perhaps it was not in her to love any one. Perhaps she should live on and on like her aunt Forsythe. Well, it was over; and Margaret roused herself as her aunt entered the room. He was so sorry not to see you and say good-by. He left ever so many messages for you. VI Margaret hastened to her chamber. Was the air oppressive? She opened the window and sat down by it. A soft south wind was blowing, eating away the remaining patches of snow; the sky was full of fleecy clouds. Where do these days come from in January? Why should nature be in a melting mood? Margaret instinctively would have preferred a wild storm, violence, anything but this elemental languor. Her emotion was incredible to herself. It was only an incident. It had all happened in a moment, and it was over. Hereafter she would be changed. She never again would be as she was before. Would her heart be hardened or softened by the experience? She did not love him; that was clear. She had done right; that was clear. But he had said he loved her. Unwittingly she was following him in her thought. She had rejected plain John Lyon, amiable, intelligent, unselfish, kindly, deferential. She

had rejected also the Earl of Chisholm, a conspicuous position, an honorable family, luxury, a great opportunity in life. It came to the girl in a flash. She moved nervously in her chair. She put down the thought as unworthy of her. But she had entertained it for a moment. She had a glimpse of her own nature that seemed new to her. Was this, then, the meaning of her restlessness, of her charitable activities, of her unconfessed dreams of some career? Ambition had entered her soul in a definite form. It would come again in some form or other. She was indignant at herself as she thought of it. How odd it was! Her privacy had been invaded. The even tenor of her life had been broken. Henceforth would she be less or more sensitive to the suggestion of love, to the allurements of ambition? Margaret tried, in accordance with her nature, to be sincere with herself.

### Chapter 3 : A Little Journey in the World

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*We were talking about the want of diversity in American life, the lack of salient characters. It was not at a club. It was a spontaneous talk of people who happened to be together, and who had fallen into an uncompelled habit of happening to be together.*

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### Chapter 9 : A Little Journey In The World|Charles Dudley Warner|Free download|PDF EPUB|Freeditorial

*The character of Margaret is the portrait of no one woman. But it was suggested by the career of two women (among others less marked) who had begun life with the highest ideals, which had been gradually eaten away and destroyed by prosperous marriages and association with unscrupulous methods of.*