

there we could not kiss her hand but Hella said out loud: How sweet you are! She must have heard it. But Sch. was not at school. Father says he's glad that the term is nearly over, for I have been quite crazy about this affair. Still, he thinks that Hella and I should talk to Sch. So does Mother. But Dora said: Yes that's all right but you must not go too far.

July 5th. Sch. was not at school to-day. To-morrow we are to get our reports.

July 6th. We cried like anything I and Hella and Verbenowitsch because we shan't see Frau Doktor M. any more for nearly 3 months. I only had 2 in History and Natural History, but 1 in everything else. Franke says: Anyone who is not in Professor Igel- Nigl's good books can find out that he's cranky and stupid and *he* could never get a one. Father is quite pleased. Of course Dora has got only ones and Hella has three twos. Lizzi, I think, has 3 or 4. Father has given each of us a 2 crown piece, we can blow it, he says and Mother has given us a lace collar.

July 9th. We are going to Hainfeld this summer, its jolly, I'm awfully pleased; but not until the 20th because Father can't get away till then and Mother won't leave Father so long alone. It is only a few days anyhow. It's a pity Hella's gone already, she left early this morning for Parsch near Salzburg, what a horrid name and Hella too doesn't like saying it; I can't think how anyone can give a place such a nasty name. They have rented a house.

July 12th. It's shockingly dull. Nearly every day I have a quarrel with Dora because she's so conceited Oswald came home yesterday. He's fearfully smart nearly as tall as Father only about a quarter head shorter, but then Father's tremendously tall. And his voice is quite deep, it was not before. And he has parted his hair on one side, it suits him very well. He says his moustache is growing already but it isn't; one could see it if it were; five hairs don't make a moustache.

July 19th. Thank goodness we're going at last the day after to-morrow. Father wanted Mother to go away with us earlier, but she would not. It would have been nicer if she had.

July 24th. Our house is only 3 doors away from the Hs. Ada and I spend the whole day together. There happens to be a schoolfellow of Dora's here, one she gets on with quite well, Rosa Tilofsky Oswald says that Hainfeld bores him to death and that he shall get a friend to invite him somewhere. Nothing will induce him to spend the whole holidays here. His name for Ada is: "Country Simplicity." If he only knew how much she knows. Rosa T. he calls a "Pimple Complex" because she has two or three pimples. Oswald has some fault to find with every girl he comes across. He says of Dora: She is a green frog, for she always looks so pale and has cold hands, and he says of me: You can't say anything about her yet: "*She* is still nothing but an unripe embryo." Thank goodness I know from the natural history lessons what an embryo is, a little frog; "I got in a frightful wax and Father said: Don't you worry, he's still a long way from being a man or he would be more polite to his sisters and their lady friends." This annoyed him frightfully, and since then he never says a word when Ada and Rosa are with us. My birthday is coming soon, thank goodness I shall be 12 then, only 2 years more and I shall be 14; I am so glad. Hella wrote to me to- day for the second time. In August she is going to Hungary to stay with her uncle, he has a great estate and she will learn to ride there.

SECOND YEAR

AGE TWELVE TO THIRTEEN

SECOND YEAR

August 1st. It was awfully jolly on my birthday. We drove to Glashutte where it is lovely; there we cooked our own dinner in the inn for the landlady was ill and so was the cook. On one's birthday everyone is always so nice to one. What I like most of all is the Ebeseder paint-box, and the book too. But I never have any time

to read. Hella sent me a lovely picture: Maternal Happiness, a dachshund with two puppies, simply sweet. When I go home I shall hang it up near the door over the bookcase. Ada gave me a silk purse which she had worked for me herself. Aunt Dora gave me a diary, but I can't use it because I prefer to write upon loose sheets. Grandfather and Grandmother at B. sent me a great piece of marzipan, splendid. Ada thinks it lovely; she didn't know marzipan before.

August 9th. When it's not holidays Ada goes to school in St. Polten staying there with her aunt and uncle, because the school in H. is not so good as the school in St. P. Perhaps next term she is coming to Vienna, for she has finished with the middle school and has to go on learning. But she has no near relations in Vienna where she could stay. She might come to live with us, Dora could have a room to herself as she always wants, and Ada and I could share a room. I would much rather share a room with her than with Dora who is always making such a fuss.

August 10th. I do really think! A boy can always get what he wants. Oswald is really going for a fortnight to Znaim to stay with his chum; only Oswald of course. I should like to see what would happen if Dora or I wanted to go anywhere. A boy has a fine time. It's the injustice of the thing which makes me furious. For we know for certain that he's had a *bad* report, even though he does not tell us anything about it. But of course that doesn't matter. They throw every 2 in our teeth and when he gets several Satisfactories he can go wherever he likes. His chum too; he only got to know Max Rozny this year and he's a chum already. Hella and I have been chums since we were in the second in the elementary school and Dora and Frieda Ertl since they went to the High School. We both gave him a piece of our mind about friendship. He laughed scornfully and said: That's all right, the friendships of *men* become closer as the years pass, but the friendships of you girls go up in smoke as soon as the first admirer turns up. What cheek. Whatever happens Hella and I shall stick to one another till we're married, for we want to be married on the same day. Naturally she will probably get engaged before me but she *must* wait for me before she's married. That's simply her duty as a friend.

August 12th. Oswald went away yesterday and we had another scene just before he left because he wanted one of us to go with him to the station and help carry his luggage. As if we were his servants. Ada wanted to volunteer to carry it, but Dora gave her a nudge and luckily she understood directly. Sometimes, but only sometimes, when Dora gets in a wax she is rather like Hella. She thinks it's better that Oswald has gone away because otherwise there are always rows. That's because she always comes off second-best. For really he is cleverer than she is. And when he wants to make her really angry he says something to her in Latin which she can't understand. I think that's the real reason why she's learning Latin. I must say I would not bother myself so about a thing like that. I really wouldn't bother.

August 15th. To-day I posted the parcel to Hella, a silver-wire watchchain; I made it in four days. I hope she'll get it safely, one can never be sure in Hungary.

August 17th. We are so frightfully busy with Japanese lanterns and fir garlands. The people who have received birthday honours are illuminating and decorating their houses. While we were at work Ada told me a *few things*. She knows more than Hella and me, because her father is a doctor. He tells her mother a good deal and Ada overhears a lot of things though they generally stop talking when she comes in. Ada would like awfully to be an actress. I never thought of such a thing though I've been to the theatre often.

August 22nd. Hella is awfully pleased with the chain; she is wearing it. She is really learning to ride at her cousin's. It's a pity he's called Lajos. But Ludwig is not any better. He seems to be awfully nice and smart, but it's a pity he's 22 already.

August 25th. Ada is frightfully keen on the theatre. She has often been to the theatre in St. Polten and she is in love with an actor with whom all the ladies in St. Polten are in love. That is why she wants to be an actress and so that she can live *free and unfettered*. That is why she would like so much to come to Vienna. I wish she could come and live with us. She says she is pining away in H. for it's a dull hole. She says she can't stand

these *cramping conditions*. In St. Polten she spent all her pocket money upon flowers for *him*. She always said that she had to buy such a lot of copybooks and things for school. That's where she's lucky not to be at home, for I could not easily take in Mother like that. It would not work. One always has too little pocket money anyhow, and when one lives at home one's parents know just what copybooks one has. I should like to go away from home for a few months. Ada says it is very good for one, for then one learns to know the world; at home, she says, one only grows *musty* and *fusty*. When she talks like that she really looks like an actress and she certainly has talent; her German master at school says so too. She can recite long poems and the girls are always asking the master to let her recite.

August 30th. To-day Ada recited Geibel's poem, The Death of Tiberius, it was splendid; she is a born actress and it's a horrid shame she can't go on the stage; she is to teach French or sewing. But she says she's going on the stage; I expect she will get her way somehow.

August 31st. Oswald's having a fine long fortnight; he's still there and can stay till September 4th!! If it had been Dora or me. There would have been a frightful hulabaloo. But Oswald may do *anything*. Ada says: We girls must take for ourselves what the world won't give us of its own free will.

September 5th. In the forest the other day I promised Ada to ask Mother to let her come and stay with us so that she could be trained for the stage. I asked Mother to-day, but she said it was quite out of the question. Ada's parents simply could not afford it. If she has talent, the thing comes of itself and she need only go to a school of Dramatic Art so that she could more easily get a good Theatre says Ada. So I don't see why it should be so frightfully expensive. I'm awfully sorry for Ada.

September 10th. Oh we have all been so excited. I've got to pack up my diary because we're going home to-morrow. I must write as quickly as I can. There have been some gypsies here for three days, and yesterday one of the women came into the garden through the back gate and looked at our hands and told our fortunes, mine and Ada's and Dora's. Of course we don't believe it, but she told Ada that she would have a great but short career after many difficult struggles. That fits in perfectly. But she made a frightful mess of it with me: Great happiness awaits me when I am *_as old again as I am now_*; a great passion and great wealth. Of course that must mean that I am to marry at 24. At 24! How absurd! Dora says that I look much younger than 12 so that she meant 20 or even 18. But that's just as silly, for Dr. H., who is a doctor and knows so many girls, says I look *older* than my age. So that it's impossible that the old gypsy woman could have thought I was only 10 or even 9. Dora's fortune was that in a *few* years she was to have much trouble and then happiness. And she told Ada that her line of life was broken!!

September 14th. Oswald left early this morning, Father kissed him on both cheeks and said: For God's sake be a good chap this last year at school. He has to matriculate this year, it's frightfully difficult. But he says that anyone who has cheek enough can get through all right. He says that cheek is often more help than a lot of swoting and grinding. I know he's right; but unfortunately at the moment it never occurs to me what I ought to do. I often think afterwards, you ought to have said this or that. Hella is really wonderful; and Franke too, though she's not particularly clever, can always make a smart answer. If only half of what Oswald says he says to the professors is true, then I can't understand why he is not expelled from every Gym. says Mother. Oswald says: If one only puts it in the right way no one can say anything. But that doesn't hold always.

September 16th. Hella is coming back to-day. That's why I'm writing in the morning, because she's coming here in the afternoon. I'm awfully glad. I have begged Mother to buy a lovely cake, one of the kind Hella and I are both so fond of.

September 20th. Only a word or two. School began again to-day. Thank goodness Frau Doktor M. still takes our class. Frä. Steiner took her doctor's degree at the end of the school year. In history we have a new Frau Doktor, but we don't know her name yet. The Vischer woman has been *married* in the holidays!!! It's enough to make one split with laughing that anyone should marry *_her!!!_* Dora says she wouldn't like to be her

husband; but most likely he will soon get a divorce. Besides, spectacles in a woman are awful. I can put up with a pincenez for one does not wear them all the time. But spectacles! Dora says too that she can't understand how a man can marry a woman with spectacles. Hella often says it makes her feel quite sick when Vischer glares at her through her spectacles. We have a new natural history professor. I'm awfully glad that three of our mistresses have doctors degrees and that we have one or really 2 professors, for we have the Religionsprofessor too. In the Third they are frightfully annoyed because only one of their mistresses has a doctor's degree. Dora has 2 doctors and three professors.

September 25th. All the girls are madly in love with Professor Wilke the natural history professor. Hella and I walked behind him to-day all the way home. He is a splendid looking man, so tall that his head nearly touches the lamp when he stands up quickly, and a splendid fair beard like fire when the sun shines on it; a Sun God! we call him S. G., but no one knows what it means and who we are talking about.

September 29th. Schmolka has left, I suppose because of Frl. St.'s vanity bag. Two other girls have left and three new one's have come, but neither I nor Hella like them.

October 1st. It was my turn in Natural History to-day I worked frightfully hard and *He* was splendid. We are to look after the pictures and the animals *all through the term*. How jolly. Hella and I always wear the same coloured hair ribbons and in the Nat. Hist. lesson we always put tissue paper of the same colour on the desk. He wants us to keep notebooks, observations on Nature. We have bound ours in lilac paper, exactly the same shade as his necktie. On Tuesdays and Fridays we have to come to school at half past 8 to get things ready. Oh how happy I am.

October 9th. *He* is a cousin of our gymnastic master, splendid! This is how we found it out. We, Hella and I, are always going past the Cafe Sick because he always has his afternoon coffee there. And on Thursday when we passed by there before the gymnastic lesson there was the gymnastic master sitting with him. Of course we bowed to them as we passed and in the gymnastic lesson Herr Baar said to us: So you two are tormented and pestered by my cousin in natural history? "Pestered" we said, o no, it's the most delightful lesson in the whole week. "Is that so?" said he, "I won't forget to let him know." Of course we begged and prayed him not to give us away, saying it would be awful. But we do hope he will.

October 20th. Frau Doktor Steiner's mother is dead. We are so sorry for her. Some of us are going to the funeral, I mayn't go, Mother says it is not suitable, and Hella is not allowed to go either, I wonder if *He* will go? I'm sure he will, for really he *has* to.

October 23rd. Frau Doktor St. looks frightfully pale. Franke says she will certainly get married soon now that both her parents are dead. Her fiance often fetches her from the Lyz, I mean he waits for her in L. Street. Hella thinks an awful lot of him of course, because he's an officer. I don't think much of him myself, he's too short and too fat. He's only a very little taller than Frl. St. I think a husband should be nearly a head taller than his wife, or at least half a head taller, like our Father and Mother.

October 29th. We have such a frightful lot of work to do that we're not taking season tickets this winter, but are going to pay each time when we go skating. I wish we knew whether *He* skates, and where. Hella thinks that with great caution we might find out from his cousin during the gymnastic lesson. They are often together in the Cafe. I should like to know what they talk about, they are always laughing such a lot, especially when we go by.

October 31st. Ada has written to me. She is *awfully* unhappy. She is back in St. P., in a continuation school. But the actor is not there any more. She writes that she yearns to throw off her chains which lie heavy on her soul. Poor darling. No one can help her. That is, her Mother could help her but she won't. It must be awful. Hella thinks that her parents will not allow her to go on the stage until she has tried to do herself a mischief; then things may be better. It's quite true, what can her mother be thinking of when she knows how fearfully

unhappy Ada is. After all, why on earth shouldn't she go on the stage when she has so much talent? All her mistresses and masters at the middle school praised her reciting tremendously and one of them said in so many words that she had *great dramatic talent*. Masters don't flatter one; except . . .; first of all *He* is not just an ordinary master but a professor, and secondly *He* is quite, quite different from all others. When he strokes his beard I become quite hot and cold with extasy. And the way he lifts up his coat tails as he sits down. It's lovely, I do want to kiss him. Hella and I take turns to put our penholder on his desk so that *he* can hallow it with his hand as he writes. Afterwards in the arithmetic lesson when I write with it, I keep looking at Hella and she looks back at me and we both know what the other is thinking of.

November 15th. It's a holiday to-day so at last I can write once more. We have such a frightful lot to do that I simply can't manage to write. Besides Mother is often ill. She has been laid up again for the last 4 days. It's awfully dull and dreary. Of course I had time to write those days, but then I didn't want to write. As soon as Mother is well again she's going to the Lyz to ask how we are getting on I'm awfully glad because of S.G.

November 28th. Mother came to school to-day and saw him too. I took her to him and he was heavenly. He said: I am very pleased with your daughter; she's very keen and clever. Then he turned over the pages of his notebook as if to look at his notes. But really he knows by heart how we all work. That is not *all* of course. That would be impossible with so many girls; and he teaches in the science school as well where there are even more boys than we are.

December 5th. Skating to-day I saw the Gold Fairy. She is awfully pretty, but I really don't think her so lovely as I did last year. Hella says she never could think what had happened to my eyes. "You were madly in love with her and you never noticed that she has a typical Bohemian nose," said Hella. Of course that's not true, but now my taste is *quite different*. Still, I said how d'you do to her and she was very nice. When she speaks she is really charming, and I do love her gold stoppings. Frau Doktor M. has two too and when she laughs its heavenly.

December 8th. I do wish Dora would keep her silly jokes to herself. When the Trobisch's were all here to-day they were talking about the school and she said: "Gretl has a fresh enthusiasm each year; last year it was Frau Doktor Malburg and this year it's Professor Wilke. Frau Doktor Malburg has fallen from grace now." If I had wanted to I could have begun about the two students on the ice. But I'm not like that so I merely looked at her with contempt and gave her a kick under the table. And she had the cheek to say: What's the matter? Oh, of course these tender secrets of the heart must not be disclosed. Never mind Gretl, it does not matter at your age, for things don't cut deep." But she was rightly paid out: Frau von Tr. and Father roared with laughter and Frau v. Tr. said: "Why, grandmother, have you been looking at your white hair in the glass?" Oh, how I did laugh, and she was so frightfully put out that she blushed like fire, and in the evening *she* said to *me* that I was an ill-mannered pig. That's why I did not tell her that she'd left her composition book on the table and to-morrow she has to give it in. It's all the same to *me*, for I'm an ill-mannered pig.

December 9th. It's awful. At 2 o'clock this afternoon Hella was taken to the Low sanatorium and was operated on at once. Appendicitis. Her mother has just telephoned that the operation has been successful. But the doctors said that 2 hours later it would have been too late. My knees are trembling and my hand shakes as I write. She has not slept off the anesthetic yet.

December 10th. Hella is frightfully weak; no one can see her except her father and mother, not even Lizzi. On St. Nicholas Day we had such a jolly time and ate such a lot of sweets that we almost made ourselves sick. But its impossible that she got appendicitis from that. On Monday evening, when we were going home after the gym lesson, she said she did not feel at all well. The night before last she had a rigor and the first thing in the morning the doctor said that she must go to hospital at once for an operation.

December 11th. All the girls at school are frightfully excited about Hella, and Frau Dr. St. was awfully nice and put off mathematics till next Tuesday. On Sunday I am going to see Hella. She does want to see me so

and so do I want to see her.

December 12th. She is still very weak and doesn't care about anything; I got her mother to take some roses and violets from me, she did like them so much.

December 14th. This afternoon I was with Hella from two until a quarter to 4. She is so pale and when I came in we both cried such a lot. I brought her some more flowers and I told her directly that when he sees me Prof. W. always asks after her. So do the other members of the staff especially Frau Doktor M. The girls want to visit her but her mother won't let them. When anyone is lying in bed they look quite different, like strangers. I said so to Hella, and she said: We can never be strangers to one another, not even in death. Then I burst out crying again and both our mothers said I must go away because it was too exciting for Hella.

December 15th. I was with Hella again to-day. She passed me a little note asking me to get from her locker the parcel with the blotting-book for her father and the key basket for her mother and bring it to her because the things are not ready yet for Christmas.

December 16th. Hella's better to-day. I've got to paint the blotting-book for her father. Thank goodness I can. She'll be able to finish the key basket herself, that's nothing.

December 18th. The Bruckners are all frightfully unhappy for it won't be a real Christmas if Hella has to stay in hospital over Christmas. But perhaps she will for since yesterday she has not been so well, the doctors can't make out why she suddenly had fever once more. For she didn't let on that I had brought her some burnt almonds because she's so awfully fond of them. But now I'm so terribly frightened that she'll have to have another operation.

December 19th. Directly after school I went to see Hella again for I had been so anxious I could not sleep all night. Thank goodness she's better. One of the doctors said that if she'd been in a private house he would have felt sure it was an error in diet, but since she was in hospital that could be excluded. So it was from the burnt almonds and the two sticks of marzipan. Hella thinks it was the marzipan, for they were large ones at 20 hellers each because nuts lie heavy on the stomach. She had a pain already while I was still there, but she wouldn't say anything about it because it was her fault that I'd brought her the sweets. She can beg as much as she likes now, I shan't bring her anything but flowers, and they can't make her ill. Of course it would be different if it were true about the "Vengeance of Flowers." But that's all nonsense, and besides I don't bring any strong-scented flowers.

December 20th. I am so glad, to-morrow or Tuesday Hella can come home, in time for the Christmas tree. Now I know what to give her, a long chair, Father will let me, for I have not enough money myself but Father will give me as much as I want. Oh there's no one like Father! To-morrow he's going to take me to the Wahringerstrasse to buy one.

December 21st. I was only a very short time with Hella to-day because Father came to fetch me soon. At first she was a little hurt, but then she saw that we had important business so she said: All right as long as it is not anything made of marzipan. That nearly gave us both away. For when we were in the street Father asked me: Why did Hella say that about marzipan? So I said quickly: Since she's been ill she has a perfect loathing for sweets. Thank goodness Father didn't notice anything. But I do hate having to tell fibs to Father. First of all I always feel that he'll see through it, and secondly anyhow I don't like telling fibs to him. The couch is lovely, a Turkish pattern with long tassels on the round bolster. Father wanted to pay for it altogether, but I said: No, then it would not be my present, and so I paid five crowns and Father 37. To-morrow early it will be sent to the Bruckners.

December 22nd. Hella is going home to-morrow. She has already been up a little, but she is still so weak that she has to lean on someone when she walks. She is awfully glad she is going home, for she says in a hospital

one always feels as if one was going to die. She's quite right. The first time I went to see her I nearly burst out crying on the stairs. And afterwards we both really did cry frightfully. Her mother knows about the couch, but it has not been sent yet. I do hope they won't forget about it at the shop.

December 23rd. Hella went home to-day. Her father carried her upstairs while I held her hand. The two tenants in the mezzanin came out to congratulate her and the old privy councillor on the second story and his wife sent down a great pot of lilac. She was so tired that I came away at 5 o'clock so that she could rest. To-morrow I'm going to their Christmas tree first and then to ours. Because of Hella the Br's are going to have the present giving at 5 o'clock, we shall have ours as usual at 7.

December 26th. Yesterday and the day before I simply could not write a word. It was lovely here and at Hella's. I shan't write down all the things I got, because I've no time, and besides I know anyhow. Hella was awfully pleased with the couch, her father carried her into the room and laid her on the sofa. Her mother cried. It was touching. It's certainly awfully nice to have got through a bad illness, when everyone takes care of one, and when no one denies you the first place. I don't grudge it to Hella. She's such a darling. Yesterday I was there all day, and after dinner, when she had to go to sleep, she said: Open the drawer of my writing-table, the lowest one on the right, and you'll find my diary there if you want to read it. I shall never forget it! It's true that we agreed we would let one another read our diaries, but we've never done it yet; after all we're a little shy of one another, and besides after a long time one can't remember exactly what one has written. What she writes is always quite short, never more than half a page, but what she writes is always important. Of course she couldn't sleep but instead I had to read her a lot of things out of her diary, especially the holidays when she was in Hungary. She was made much of there. By two cadets and her two cousins. We laughed so madly over some things that it hurt Hella's wound and I had to stop reading.

December 29th. We were put in such a frightful rage yesterday. This is how it happened. It is a long time since we both gave up playing with dolls and things of that sort but when I was rummaging in Hella's box I came across the dolls' things; they were quite at the bottom where Hella never looked at them. I took out the little Paris model and she said: Give it here and bring all the things that belong to it. I arranged them all on her bed and we were trying all sorts of things. Then Mother and Dora came. When they came in Dora gave such a spiteful look and said: Ah, at their favourite occupation: look, Lizzi, their cheeks are quite red with excitement over their play. Wasn't it impertinent. We playing with dolls! Even if we had been, what business was it of hers to make fun of us? Hella was in a frightful rage and to-day she said: "One is never safe from spies; please put all those things away in the box so that I shan't see them any more." It really is too stupid that one should always be reproached about dolls as if it was something disgraceful. After all, one doesn't really understand until later how all the things are made; when one is 7 or 8 or still more when one is quite a little girl and one first gets dolls, one does not understand whether they are pretty and nicely dressed or not. Still, to-day we've done with dolls for ever. A good day to turn over a new leaf, for the day after to-morrow is New Year's Day.

But what annoys me most of all was this piece of cheek of Dora's; she says that Lizzi said: "We used to delight in those things at one time," but I was in such a rage that I did not hear it. But to eat all the best things off the Christmas tree on the sly!!! I saw it myself, *that* is nothing. *_That's_* quite fit and proper for a girl of 15. After supper yesterday I asked: But what's become of the second marzipan sandwich, I'm sure there were two on the tree. And I looked at her steadily till she got quite red. And after a time I said: the big basket of vegetables is gone too. Then she said. Yes, I took it, I don't need to ask your permission. As for the sandwich, Oswald took that. I was in such a temper, and then Father said: Come, come, you little witch, cool your wrath with the second sandwich and wash it down with a sip of liqueur. For Grandfather sent Father a bottle of liqueur.

December 30th. This is a fine ending to the year. I've no interest in the school any longer. We're silly little fools, love-sick and forward minxes. That's all the thanks we get for having gone every Tuesday and Friday to the school at half past 8 to arrange everything and dust everything and then he can say a thing like that. I shall never write *he* with a big h again; he is not worthy of it. And I had to swallow it all, choke it down, for I

simply must not excite Hella. It made me frightfully angry when Mother told me, but still I'm glad for I know what line to take now. Mother was paying a call yesterday and the sister of our gymnastic master, who is at the ---- High School, happened to be there, and she told Mother that her cousin Dr. W. is so much annoyed because the girls in the high school are so forward. Such silly little fools, and the little minxes begin it already in the First Class. *For that reason he prefers to teach boys*, they are fond of him too but they don't make themselves such an *infernal nuisance*. Well, now that I know I shant make myself a nuisance to him any more. On Friday, when the next lesson is, I shall go there 2 minutes before nine and take the things into the class-room without saying a word. And I shall tell Kalinsky too that we're such an *infernal nuisance* to him. Just fancy, as if *we* were in the First Class!

January 1st, 19--. This business with Prof. W. makes me perfectly furious. Hella kept on asking yesterday what was the matter, said I seemed different somehow. But thank goodness I was able to keep it in. I must keep it in for the sake of her health, even if it makes me ill. Anyway what use is life now. Since people are so falsehearted. He always looked so awfully nice and charming; when I think of the way in which he asked how Hella was and all the time he was so false!!! If Hella only knew. Aha, to-morrow!

January 2nd. I treated him *abominably*. Knocked at the door--Good-morning, Herr Prof. please what do we want for the lesson to-day? He very civilly: Nothing particular to-day. Well, what sort of a Christmas did you have--I: Thank you, much as usual.--He turned round and stared at me: It does not seem to have been; to judge from your manner. --I: There are quite other reasons for that. He: O-o-h? He may well say O-o-h! For he has not the least idea that I know the way in which he speaks of us.

January 6th. To-day Hella was able to go out for her first drive. She's much better now and will come back to school by the middle of the month. I *must* tell her before that or she'll get a shock. Yesterday she asked: Does not S. C. ask about me any more?-- Oh yes, I fibbed, but not so often as before. And she said: That's the way it goes, out of sight out of mind. What will happen when she learns the truth. Anyhow I shan't tell her until she's quite strong.

January 10th. I've had to tell Hella already. She was talking so enthusiastically about S. G. At first I said nothing. And then she said: What are you making such a face for? Are not you allowed to arrange the things any more?--I: Allowed? Of course I'm *allowed*, but I don't *want* to any more. I did not tell Hella *how* bad I feel about it; for I really *was* madly in love with him.

January 12th. Hella must have been madly in love with him too or rather must be in love with him still. On Sunday evening she was so much upset that her mother believed she was going to have a relapse. She had pains and diarrhea at the same time. Thank goodness she's got over it like me. She said to-day: Don't let's bother ourselves about it any more. We wasted our feelings (not love!!) on an unworthy object. At such moments she is magnificent, especially now when she is still so pale. Besides in the holidays and now since she has been ill she has grown tremendously. Before I was a little taller and now she is a quarter head taller than me. Dora is frightfully annoyed because I am nearly as tall as she is. Thank goodness it makes me look older than 12 1/2.

Hella is not to come to school on January 15th, for her mother is going to take her to Tyrol for 2 or 3 weeks.

January 18th. It's horridly dull with Hella away. Only now do I realise, since her illness. I am always feeling as if she had fallen ill again. Her mother has taken her to Meran, they are coming back in the beginning of February.

January 24th. Since Hella has been ill, that is really since, she went away, I spend most of my time with Fritz Hubner. She's awfully nice, though I did not know it last year. Till Hella comes back she and I sit together. For it's horrid to sit alone on a bench Fritz knows a good deal already. She would not talk about it at first because it so often leads to trouble. Her brother has told her everything. He's rather a swell and is called Paul.

January 29th. Yesterday was the ice carnival and Dora and I were allowed to go. I skated with Fritzi and Paul most of the time and won 2 prizes, one of them with Paul. And one of them skating in a race with 5 other girls. Paul is awfully clever, he says he's going into the army, the flying corps. That's even more select than being on the general staff. Her father is a major and he, I mean Paul, ought to have gone to the military academy, but his grandfather would not allow it. He is to choose for himself. But of course he will become an officer. Most boys want to be what their father is. But Oswald is perhaps going into the Navy. I wish I knew what Father meant once when he said to Mother: Good God, I'm not doing it on my own account. I'm only doing it because of Oswald. The two girls won't get much out of it.

February 3rd. I've just been reading what I wrote about Father. I am wondering what it can be. I think that Father either wants to win the great prize in the lottery or is perhaps going to buy a house. But Dora and I would get something out of that, for it would not belong to Oswald only.

February 4th. Yesterday I asked Mother about it. But she said she didn't know; if it was anything which concerned us, Father would tell us. But it must be something, or Mother would not have told Father in the evening that I had asked. I can't endure these secrets. Why shouldn't we know that Father's going to buy a house. Fritzi's grandfather has a house in Brunn and another in Iglau. But Fritzi is very simply dressed and her mother too.

February 9th. Thank goodness Hella is coming back to-morrow, just before her birthday. Luckily she can eat everything again so I am giving her a huge bag of Viktor Schmid's sweets with a silver sugar tongs. Mother and I are going to meet Hella at the station. They are coming by the 8.20.

February 10th. I am so glad Hella is coming to-day. I nearly could not meet her because Mother is not very well to-day. But Father's going to take me. Fritzi wanted to come and see Hella to-morrow afternoon, but she can't. She's an awfully nice girl and her brother is too, but on the first day Hella is back we must be alone together. She said so too in the last letter she wrote me. She's been away more than 3 weeks. It's a frightfully long time when you are fond of one another.

February 15th. I simply can't write my diary because Hella and I spend all our free time together. Yesterday we got our reports. Of course Hella has not got one. Except in Geography and History I have nothing but Ones, even in Natural History although since New Year I have not done any work in that subject. I detest Natural History. When Hella comes back to school we are going to ask the *sometime* S. G. to relieve us from the labours of looking after the things. Hella is still too weak to do it. Hella is 13 already and Father says she is going to be wonderfully pretty. *Going to be*, Father says; but she's lovely already. She's been burned as brown as a berry by the warm southern sun, and it really suits *her*, though only her. I can't stand other people when they are sun-burned. But really everything suits Hella; when she was so pale in hospital, she was lovely; and now she is just as lovely, only in quite a different way. Oswald is quite right when he says: You can measure a girl's beauty by the degree in which she bears being sunburned without losing her good looks. He really used to say that in the holidays simply to annoy Dora and me, but he's quite right all the same.

February 20th. The second half-year began yesterday. They were all awfully nice to Hella, and Frau Doktor M. stroked her cheeks and put her arm round her so affectionately. Now for the chief thing. Today was the Natural History lesson. We knocked at the door and when we went in Prof. W. said: Ah I'm glad to see you Bruckner; take care that you don't give us all another fright. How are you? Hella said: "Quite well, thank you, Herr Prof." And as I looked at her she put on a frightfully serious face and he said: It seems to me that you've caught your friend's ill humour.--Hella: "Herr Prof., you are really too kind, but we don't want to trouble you. What things have we to take to the class-room? And then we beg leave to resign our posts, for I don't feel strong enough for the work." She said this in quite a soldierly way, the way she is used to hear her father speak. It sounded most distinguished. He looked at us and said: "All right, two of the other pupils will take it over." We don't know whether he really noticed nothing or simply did not wish to show that he had noticed. But as we shut the door I felt so awfully sorry; for it was the last time, the very last time.

February 27th. In Natural History to-day I got *Unsatisfactory*. I was not being questioned, but when Klaiber could not answer anything I laughed, and he said: Very well, Lainer, you correct her mistake. But since I had been thinking of something quite different I did not know what it was all about, and so I got an *Unsatisfactory*. *Before* of course that would not have mattered; but now since . . . Hella and Franke did all they could to console me and said: "That does not matter, it wasn't an examination; he'll *have* to examine you properly later." Anyhow Franke thinks that however hard I learn, I shall be well off if he gives me a *Satisfactory*. She says no professor can forget *such a defeat*. For we told her about the silly little fools. She said, indeed, that we had made it too obvious. That's not really true. But now she takes our side, for she sees that we were in the right. Verbenowitsch and Bennari bring in the things now. They are much better suited for it. Hella's father did not like her doing it anyhow; he says: The porter or the maidservant are there for that--we never see them all the year round, that's a fine thing.

March 8th. Easter does not come this year until April 16th. I am going with the Bruckners to Cilli, outside the town there they have a vineyard with a country house. Hella needs a change. I am awfully glad. All the flowers begin to come out there at the end of March or beginning of April.

March 12th. Hella is not straightforward. We met a gentleman to-day, very fashionably dressed with gold-rimmed eyeglasses and a fair moustache. Hella blushed furiously, and the gentleman took off his hat and said: Ah, Fraulein Helenchen, you are looking very well. How are you? He never looked at me, and when he had gone she said: "That was Dr. Fekete, who assisted at my operation."--"And you tell me *that* now for the first time?" Then she put on an innocent air and said: "Of course, we've never met him before," but I said: "I don't mean *that*. If you knew how red you got you would not tell me a lie." Then she said: "What am I telling you a lie about? Do you think I'm in love with him? Not in the very least."--But when one is *not* in love one does not blush like that. Anyhow I shan't tell everything now either; I can hold my tongue too.

March 14th. Yesterday we did not talk to one another so much as usual; I especially was very silent. When the bell rang at 5 and I had just been doing the translation Hella came and begged my pardon and brought me some lovely violets, so of course I forgave her. This is really the first time we've ever quarrelled. First she wanted to bring me some sweets, but then she decided upon violets, and I think that was much more graceful. One gives sweets to a little child when it has hurt itself or been in a temper. But flowers are not for a child.

March 19th. Frieda Belay is dead. We are all terribly upset. None of us were very intimate with her, but now that she is dead we all remember that she was a schoolfellow. She died of heart failure following rheumatic fever. We all attended her funeral, except Hella who was not allowed to come. Her mother cried like anything and her grandmother still more; her father cried too. We sent a wreath of white roses with a lovely inscription: Death has snatched you away in the flower of your youth--Your Schoolfellows.

I have no pleasure in anything to-day. I did not see Frieda Belay after she was dead, but Franke was there yesterday and saw her in her coffin. She says she will never forget it, it gave her such a pang. In the church Lampl had a fit of hysterics, for her mother was buried only a month ago and now she was reminded of it all and was frightfully upset. I cried a lot too when I was with Hella. She fancied it was because I was thinking she might have died last Dec. But that wasn't it, I don't think about that sort of thing. But when anyone dies it is so awfully sad.

March 24th. I never heard of such a thing. I can't go to Cilli with Hella. Her mother was at her cousin's, and when she heard that she was going to Cilli at Easter she asked her to take Melanie with her. That is, she didn't ask straight out, but kept on hinting until Hella's mother said: Let Melanie come with us, it will help to set her up after her illness. In the winter she had congestion of the lung. Hella and I can't bear her because she's always spying on us and is so utterly false. So of course I can't go. Hella says too she's frightfully sorry, but when *she* is about we could never say a word about anything, it would drive us crazy. She quite agrees that I had better not come. But oh I'm so annoyed for first of all I do so like going away with Hella and secondly I should like to go away in the holidays anyhow for nearly all the girls in our class are going away. Still, there's

nothing to be done. Hella's mother says she can't see why we can't all 3 go though it simply would not work. But we can't explain it to her. Hella is so poetical and she says "A beautiful dream vanished."

In Hella's mouth such fine words sound magnificent, but when Dora uses such expressions they annoy me frightfully because they don't come from her heart.

March 26th. The school performances finish today with Waves of the Sea and Waves of Love. I'm awfully fond of the theatre, but I never write anything about that. For anyhow the play is written by a poet and one can read it if one wants to, and one just sees the rest anyhow. I can't make out what Dora finds such a lot to scribble about always the day after we've been to the theatre. I expect she's in love with one of the actors and that's why she writes such a lot. Besides we in the second class did not get tickets for all the performances, but only the girls from the Fourth upwards. Still, it did not matter much to me anyhow for we often go in the evening and on Sunday afternoons. But unfortunately I mayn't go in the evening as a rule.

March 29th. To-day something horrible happened to Dora and me. I simply can't write it down. She was awfully nice and said: Two years ago on the Metropolitan Railway the same thing had happened when she was travelling with Mother on February 15th, she can never forget the date, to Hietzing to see Frau v. Martini. Besides her and Mother there was only one gentleman in the carriage, Mother always travels second class. She and Mother were sitting together and the gentleman was standing farther down the carriage where Mother could not see him but Dora could. And as Dora was looking he opened his cloak and-- -- --! just what the man did to-day at the house door. And when they got out of the train Dora's boa got stuck in the door and she had to turn round though she did not want to, and then she saw again-- -- --! She simply could not sleep for a whole month afterwards. I remember that time when she could not sleep but I did not know why it was. She never told anyone except Erika and the same thing happened to her once. Dora says that happens at least once to nearly every girl; and that such men are "*abnormal*." I don't really know what that means, but I did not like to ask. Perhaps Hella will know. Of course I did not really look, but Dora shivered and said: And *that* is what one has to endure. And then, when we were talking it over she said to me that *that* was why Mother was ill and because she has had five children; Then I was very silly and said: "But how from *_that_*?" one does not get children from that? "Of course," she said I thought you knew that already. That time there was such a row with Mali about the waistband, I thought you and Hella had heard all about everything." Then I was silly again, really frightfully stupid; for instead of telling her what I really knew I said: "Oh, yes, I knew all about it except just that." Then she burst out laughing and said: "After all, what you and Hella know doesn't amount to much." And in the end she told me a *little*. If it's really as Dora says, then she is right when she says it is better not to marry. One can fall in love, one must fall in love, but one can just break off the engagement. Well, that's the best way out of the difficulty for then no one can say that you've never had a man in love with you. We walked up and down in front of the school for such a long time that we were very nearly late and only got in just as the bell rang. On the way home I told Hella the awful thing we'd seen the man do. She does not know either what "abnormal" really means *as far as this is concerned*. But now we shall use it as an expression for something horrible. Of course no one will understand us. And then Hella told me about a drunken man who in Nagy K. . . . was walking through the streets *like that* and was arrested. She says *too* that one can never forget seeing anything like *that*. Perhaps the man this morning was drunk too. But he didn't look as if he were drunk. And if he hadn't done *that* one would really have taken him for a fine gentleman. Hella knows too that it is from *that* that one gets children. She explained it all to me and now I can quite understand that *that* must make one ill. Yesterday it was after 11 at night and so I'm finishing to-day. Hella says: *That* is the original sin, and *that* is the sin which Adam and Eve committed. Before I had always believed the original sin was something quite different. But that--that. Since yesterday I've been so upset I always seem to be seeing *_that_*; really I did not look at all, but I must have seen it all the same.

March 30th. I don't know why, but in the history lesson to-day it all came into my head once more what Dora had said of Father. But I really can't believe it. Because of Father I'm really sorry that I know it. Perhaps it does not all happen the way Dora and Hella say. Generally I can trust Hella, but of course she may be mistaken.

April 1st. To-day Dora told me a lot more. She is quite different now from what she used to be. One does not say P[eriod], but M[enstruation]. Only common people say P--. Or one can say one's *like that*. Dora has had M-- since August before last, and it is horribly disagreeable, because men always know. That is why at the High School we have only three men professors and all the other teachers are women. Now Dora often does not have M-- and then sometimes it's awfully bad, and that's why she's anemic. That men always know, that's frightfully interesting.

April 4th. We talk a lot about such things now. Dora certainly knows more than I do, that is not more but better. But she isn't quite straightforward all the same. When I asked her how she got to know about it all, whether Erika told her or Frieda, she said: "Oh, I don't know; one finds it all out somehow; one need only use one's eyes and one's ears, and then one can reason things out a little." But seeing and hearing don't take one very far. I've always kept my eyes open and I'm not so stupid as all that. One must be told by some one, one _can't_ just happen upon it by oneself.

April 6th. I don't care about paying visits now. We used always to like going to see the Richters, but to-day I found it dull. Now I know why Dora hates going second class on the Metropolitan. I always thought it was only to spite me because I like travelling second. She never likes going second since *that* happened. It seems one is often unjust to people who never meant what one thought. But why did she not tell me the truth? She says because I was still a child then. That's all right, but what about this winter when I was cross because we went Third class to Schonbrunn; I really believed she did it to annoy me, for I could not believe she was afraid that in the second class, where one is often alone, somebody would suddenly attack her with a knife. But now I understand quite well, for of course she could not tell Mother the truth and Father still less. And in winter and spring there are really often no passengers to speak of on the Metropolitan, especially on the Outer Circle.

April 7th. Mother said to-day that at the Richters yesterday we, especially I, had been frightfully dull and stupid. Why had we kept on exchanging glances? We had been most unmannerly. If she had only known what we were thinking of when Frau Richter said, the weather to-day is _certainly quite abnormal_; we have not had such *abnormal* heat for years. And then when Herr Richter came home and spoke about his brother who had spent the whole winter at Hochschneeberg and said: Oh, my brother is a little *abnormal*, I think he's got a tile loose in the upper storey, I really thought I should burst. Luckily Frau R. helped us once more to a tremendous lot of cake and I was able to lean well forward over my plate. And Mother said that I ate like a little glutton and just as if I never had any cake at home. So Mother was *very* unjust to me, for the cake had nothing at all to do with it. Dora says too that I must learn to control myself better, that if I only watch her I'll soon learn. That's all very well, but why should one have to bother? If people did not use words that really mean something quite different then other people would not have to control themselves. Still, I must learn to do it somehow.

April 8th. We were terribly alarmed to-day; quite early, at half past 8, they telephoned from the school that Dora had suddenly been taken ill in the Latin lesson and must be fetched in a carriage. Mother drove down directly in a taxi and I went with her because anyhow my lessons began at 9 and we found Dora on the sofa in the office with the head sitting by her and the head's friend, Frau Doktor Preisky, who is a medical doctor, and they had loosened her dress and put a cold compress on her head for she had suddenly fainted in the Latin lesson. That's the third time this year, so she must really have anemia. I wanted to drive home with her, but Mother and Frau Dr. P. said I'd better just go to my lessons. And as I went out I heard Frau Dr. P. say: "That's a fine healthy girl, a jolly little fellow." Really one should only use that word of boys and men, but I suppose she has got into the way of using it through being with men so much. If one studies medicine one has to learn all about *that* and to look at everything. It must be really horrid.

Dora is kept in bed to-day and our Doctor says too that she's anemic. To-morrow or the day after Mother is going to take her to see a specialist. Dora says it's a lovely feeling to faint. Suddenly one can't hear what people are saying and one feels quite weak and then one does not know anything more. I wonder if I shall ever faint? Very likely when-- -- -- We talked a lot about everything we are interested in. In the afternoon Hella

came to ask after Dora, and she thinks she looks awfully pretty in bed, an interesting invalid and at the same time so distinguished looking. It's quite true, we all look distinguished.

April 9th. To-day is Father and Mother's *wedding day*. Now I know *what* that really means. Dora says it can't really be true that it is the most lovely day in one's life, as everyone says it is, especially the poets. She thinks that one must feel frightfully embarrassed because after all everyone knows. . . . That's quite true, but after all one need not tell anyone which one's wedding day is. Dora says she will never tell her children which her wedding day is. But it would be a great pity if parents always did that for then in every family there would be one anniversary the less. And the more anniversaries there are, the jollier it is.

April 10th. To-morrow I'm going with Father to Salzburg. Dora can't come, for they think she might faint in the train. I'm rather glad really, though I've nothing against her and I'm sorry for her, but it's much nicer to go with Father alone. It's a long time since I was in Salzburg. I'm so awfully glad to go. Our spring coats and skirts are so pretty, dark green with a silk lining striped green and gold-brown, and light brown straw hats with daisies for the spring and later we shall have cherries or roses. I'm taking my diary so that I can write everything which *interests* me.

April 12th. I slept all the way in the train. Father says I ground my teeth frightfully and was very restless: but I did not know anything about it. We had a compartment by ourselves, except just at first when there was a gentleman there. Hella did not come with us, because her aunt, who has just been married, is coming to visit them. Really I'm quite glad, for I like so much being with Father quite alone. This afternoon we were in Hellbrunn and at the Rock Theatre. It is wonderful.

April 13th. Father always calls me: Little Witch! But I don't much like it when other people are there. To-day we went up the Gaisberg. The weather was lovely and the view magnificent. When I see so extensive a view it always makes me feel sad. Because there are so many people one does not know who perhaps are very nice. I should like to be always travelling. It would be splendid.

April 14th. I nearly got lost to-day. Father was writing a letter to Mother and he let me go to see the salt works; I don't know how it happened, but suddenly I found myself a long way from anywhere, in a place I did not know. Then an old gentleman asked me what I was looking for; because I had walked past the same place 3 times and I said we were staying in the "Zur Post Hotel" and I did not know how to find my way back. So he came with me to show me and as we were talking it came out that he had known Father at the university. So he came in with me and Father was awfully glad to see him. He is a barrister in Salzburg but he has a grey beard already. As he was going away he said in an undertone to Father: "I congratulate you old chap on your daughter; she'll be something quite out of the ordinary!" He whispered it really, but I heard all the same. We spent all the afternoon with him at the Kapuzinerberg. There was a splendid military band; two young officers in the Yagers who were sitting at the next table to ours kept on looking our way; one was particularly handsome. My new summer coat and skirt is awfully becoming everyone says. Father says too: "I say, you'll soon be a young lady! But don't grow up too quickly!" I can't make out why he said that; I should like to be quite grown up; but it will be a long time yet.

April 14th. It's been raining all day. How horrid. One can't go anywhere. All the morning we were walking about the town and saw several churches. Then we were at the pastrycook's, where I ate 4 chocolate eclairs and 2 tartlets. So I had no appetite for dinner.

April 15th. Just as I was writing yesterday Dr. Gratzl sent up the hotel clerk to ask us to dinner. We went, they live in the Hellbrunnerstrasse. He has 4 daughters and 2 sons and the mother died three years ago. One of the sons is a student in Graz and the other is a lieutenant in the army; he is engaged to be married. The daughters are quite old already; one of them is 27 and is engaged. I think that is horrid. The youngest (!!!) is 24. It is so funny to say "the youngest" and then she is 24. Father says she is very pretty and will certainly get married At 24!! when she's not even engaged yet; I don't believe she will. They have a large garden, 3 dogs and 2 cats,

which get on very well together. There are steps leading up and down from room to room, it is lovely, and all the windows are bow-windows. Everything is so old-fashioned, even the furniture I do think it's all so pretty. The hall is round like a church. After tea we had candied fruits, stewed fruit, and pastries. I had a huge go of stewed fruit. They have a gramophone and then Leni and I played the piano. Just as we were going away Fritz, the student, came in; he got quite red and in the hall Dr. Gratzl said to me: "You've made a conquest to-day." I don't really believe I have, but I do like hearing it said. I'm sorry to say we are going away to-morrow, for we are going to stay 2 days in Linz with Uncle Theodor whom I don't know.

April 17th. Uncle Theodor is 60 already and Aunt Lina is old too. Still, they are both awfully nice. I did not know them before. We are staying with them. In the evening their son and his wife came. They are my cousins, and they brought their little girl with them; I am really a sort of aunt of hers. It's awfully funny to be an aunt when one is only 12 and 3/4 and when one's niece is 9. To-day we went walking along the Danube. It only rained very gently and not all the time.

April 18th. We are going home to-day. Of course we have sent a lot of picture postcards to Mother and Dora and Hella; we sent one to Oswald too. He came home for Easter. I don't know whether he will still be there to-morrow.

April 22nd. We've begun school again. Dora and I generally walk to school together since she does not go to the Latin lesson now because it was too great a strain for her. The specialist Mother took her to see wanted her to give up studying altogether, but she absolutely refuses to do that. But I'm very furious with her; she's learning Latin in secret. When I came into the room the day before yesterday she was writing out words and she shut her book quickly instead of saying openly and honestly: Rita, don't tell Father and Mother that I'm still studying in the evening: "I trust your word." She could trust me perfectly well. There are plenty of things I could tell if I liked! Perhaps she fancies that I don't see that the tall fair man always follows us to school in the morning. Hella has noticed him too, besides he is frightfully bald and must be at least 30. And I'm certain she would not talk as much as she does to Hella and me if it were not that she wants to talk about *that*. But this deceitfulness annoys me frightfully. Otherwise we are now quite intimate with one another.

April 24th. We went to confession and communion to-day. I do hate confession; though it's never happened to me what many girls have told me, even girls in the Fifth. No priest has ever asked me about the 6th commandment; all they've asked is: In thought, word, or deed? Still, I do hate going to confession, and so does Dora. It's much nicer for Hella as a Protestant for they have no confession. And at communion I'm always terrified that the host might drop out of my mouth. That would be awful. I expect one would be immediately excommunicated as a heretic. Dora was not allowed to come to confession and com., Father would not let her. She must not go out without her breakfast.

April 26th. In the Third there really is a girl who dropped the host out of her mouth. There was a frightful row about it. She said it was not her fault the priest's hand shook so. It's quite true, he was very old, and that is why I'm always afraid it will happen to me. It's much better when the priest is young, because then that can never happen. Father says that the girl won't be excommunicated for this, and luckily one of her uncles is a distinguished prelate. He is her guardian too. That will help her out.

April 27th. To-day we got to know this girl in the interval. She is awfully nice and she says she really did not do it on purpose for she is frightfully pious and perhaps she's going to be a nun. I am pious too, we go to church nearly every Sunday, but I would not go into a convent, not I. Dora says people generally do that when they've been crossed in love, because then the world seems empty and hateful. She looked so frightfully sentimental that I said: Seems to me you've a fancy that way yourself? Then she said: "No, thank goodness, I've no reason for that." Of course what she meant was that she was not crossed in love but the other way. No doubt the tall man in the mornings. I looked hard at her for a long time and said: "I congratulate you on your good fortune. But Hella and I wish he was not bald," then she said with an astonished air: "Bald? What are you talking about, he has the lofty brow of a thinker."

27th. To-day Mademoiselle came for the first time. I have forgotten to say that Dora has to go out every day for two hours to sit and walk in the sunshine. Since Mother is not very well and can't walk much, we've engaged the Mad. Father says that when I have time I must go too "as a precautionary measure." I don't like the idea at all, it's much too dull; besides I have simply no time. Mad. is coming 3 times a week, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, and on Mondays, Thursdays, and Saturdays I have my music lesson, so I can't go; so Finis and Jubilation! That's what Oswald always says at the end of the year and at the end of term. Still, she's very pretty, has fair curly hair, huge grey eyes with black lashes and eyebrows, but she speaks so fast that I can't understand all she says. On the other 3 days an Englishwoman is to come, but we have not got one yet, they are all so expensive. It does seem funny to me to get a salary for going out with *grown up girls*, that's only an amusement. With regular tomboys, such as we saw last year in Rathaus Park, it would be different. As for the French or English conversation! If they did not want to talk what would it matter? And besides why should one want to talk either French or English, it's so stupid.

April 28th. The Richters were here to-day, and the eldest son came too, the lieutenant from Lemberg; he is awfully handsome and made hot love to Dora; Walter is very nice too, he is at the School of Forestry in Modling; to-morrow the lieutenant is going to bring Dora one of Tolstoi's books to read. Then they will do some music together, she piano and he violin; it's a pity I can't play as well as Dora yet. At Whitsuntide Walter is coming too and Viktor (that means conqueror) is on furlough for 6 months, because he's ill, or because he is said to be ill; for one does not look like *that* when one is really ill.

May 4th. Lieutenant R. is always coming here, he must be frightfully smitten with Dora. But Father won't have it at any price. He said to Dora to-day:

You get this gay young spark out of your head; he is no good. But at sight of a uniform there is no holding you girls. I've no objection to you doing music together for an hour or two; but this perpetual running to and fro with books and notes is all humbug."

May 6th. Lieutenant R. walks with us, that is with Dora, to school every day. He is supposed to lie in bed late every morning, for he is really ill but for Dora's sake he gets up frightfully early and comes over from Heitzing and waits in ---- Street. Of course I go on alone with Hella and we all meet in ---- Street, so that no one shall notice anything at school.

May 13th. To-morrow is Mother's birthday and Viktor (when I am talking about him to Dora I always speak of him as V.) brought her some lovely roses and invited us all to go there next Sunday. In the hall he called me "the Guardian Angel of our Love." Yes, that is what I am and always shall be; for he really deserves it and Dora too is quite different from what she used to be. Hella says one can see for oneself that love ennobles; up till now she has always thought that to be mere poetical fiction.

May 15th. Father said: I don't care much about these visits to the Richters as long as that *young jackanapes* is still there, but Mother can't very well refuse. We shall wear our green coats and skirts with the white blouses with the little green silk leaves for Dora does not like to wear all white except in summer. And because the leaves on the blouses are *clover leaves*, that is because of their meaning. We are looking forward to it tremendously. I do hope Mother will be all right, for she is in bed to-day. It's horrid being ill anyhow, but when being ill interferes with other people's pleasure it's simply frightful.

May 16th. The day before yesterday was Mother's birthday; but it was not so jolly as usual because Mother is so often ill; for a birthday present I painted her a box with a spray of clematis, which looks awfully chic. Dora gave her a book cover embroidered with a spray of Japanese cherries, I don't know what Father gave her, money I think, because on her birthday and name day he always hands her an envelope. But since Mother is not well we were not very cheerful, and when we drank her health at dinner she wiped her eyes when she thought we were not looking. Still, it's not so dangerous as all that; she is able to go out and doesn't look bad. I think Mother's awfully smart, she looks just as well in her dressing gown as when she's dressed up to go out.

Dora says that if she had been made ill by her husband she would hate him and would never let her daughters marry. That's all very well, but one ought to be quite *sure* that *that* is why one has become ill. They say that is why Aunt Dora doesn't like Father. Certainly Father is not so nice to her as to other relations or to the ladies who come to see Mother. But after all, Aunt Dora has no right to make *scenes* about it to Father, as Dora says she does. Mother's the only person with any right to do that. Dora says she is afraid that it will come to Mother's having to have an operation. Nothing would ever induce me to undergo an operation, it must be horrible, I know because of Hella and the appendicitis. But Dora says: "Anyone who's had five children must be used to that sort of thing." I shall pray every night that Mother may get well without an operation. I expect we shan't all go away together at Whitsuntide this year, for Mother and Dora are to go to a health resort, most likely to Franzensbad.

May 18th. It was lovely at the Richters; Walter was there from Modling, he was awfully nice, and said I was so like my sister that it was difficult to tell us apart. That's a frightful cram, but I know what he really meant. He plays the flute splendidly, and the three played a trio, so that I was frightfully annoyed with myself for not having worked harder at my music. From to-morrow on I shall practice 2 hours every day, if I can possibly find time. Next winter Viktor is going to found a private dramatic club, so he must be going to stay more than six months in Vienna. Walter thinks Dora awfully charming, and when I said: "The great pity is that she's got such frightful anemia," he said: In a man's eyes that is no drawback whatever, as you can see in my brother. Moreover, that illness is not a real illness, but often makes a girl more charming than ever, as you can see in your sister.

Day before yesterday Miss Maggie Lundy came for the first time; anybody can have her for me. She wears false hair, flaxen. She says she is engaged, but Dora says, has been. I simply don't believe it. V. says Mad. is awfully pretty. When I asked Dora if she was not jealous, she said she didn't care, she was quite sure of his love. He means to leave the army and go into the civil service, and then he will be able to marry. But Dora said, there's plenty of time for that, a secret engagement is much nicer. Then she noticed she'd given herself away, and she blushed like anything and said: You naturally must be engaged before you are married, mustn't you?-- of course she *is* secretly engaged, but she won't tell me about it. What's the good of my being the "Guardian Angel of their Love?" If he only knew.

May 19th. I really ought to practice to-day, but I simply have no time, first of all I had my lesson anyhow, and secondly something awful happened to Dora. She left her diary lying about in the school; and because we have our religion lesson in the Fifth I saw a green bound book lying under the third bench. Great Scott, I thought, that looks like Dora's diary. I went up as quickly as I could and put my satchel over it. Later in the lesson I picked it up. When I got home at 1 o'clock I did not say anything at first. After dinner she began rummaging all over the place, but without saying anything to me, and then I said quite quietly: "Do you hap--pen to be look-- ing for your di--ar--y? Here it is; you--left--it --in--the--fifth--class--un--der--the--third--bench." (I kept her on tenter hooks that way.) She got as white as a sheet and said: You *are* an angel. If any one else had found it, I should have been expelled and Mad. would have had to drown herself. Oh, it can't be as bad as all that," I said, for what she said about Mad. was frightfully exciting. In class I had looked chiefly at what she had written about V. But I could not read it there, because it was written very small and close together and was several pages, but I had not looked much at what she had written about Mad. "Did you read it?" No, only where it happened to come open because there's a page torn out. About V. or about Mad? "A little about Mad; but tell me all about it; I shan't tell anyone. For if I'd wanted to betray you, you know quite well. . . ." And then she told me all about Mad. But first I had to promise that I would not even tell Hella. Mad. is secretly engaged to a man to whom she has given "the utmost gifts of love," that is to say she has She is madly in love with him, and they would marry directly but he is a lieutenant too, and they have not enough money for the security. She says that when one really loves a man one can bear everything for his sake. She has often been to his rooms, but she has to be frightfully careful for her father would kill her if he found out. Dora has seen the lieutenant and says he is very handsome, but that V. is much handsomer. Mad. says that you can't trust men as a rule, but that her lover is quite different, that he is true as steel. I am sure V. is too.

May 21st. When Mad. came to-day I simply could not look at her while Mother was there and Dora says I made an awful fool of myself. For I went out walking with them to-day, and when we met a smart-looking officer I hemmed and looked at Dora. But she didn't know why. Mad. is the daughter of a high official in the French military service and she only took her teacher's degree in order to get free from her Mother's "_tyranny_;" she nagged at her frightfully and until she began to give lessons she was never allowed to go out alone. Dora says she is very refined in her speech, especially when she is talking about *these* things. Of course about *them* she always speaks German, for it's much more difficult to say it in French, and probably Dora would not understand it and then Mad. would only have to translate it. She is called Sylvia and he calls her Sylvette. Mad. says that if one is madly in love with a man one does whatever he asks. But I don't see that one need do that, for he might ask the most idiotic things; he might ask you to get the moon out of the skies, or to pull out a tooth for his sake. Dora says she can understand it quite well; that I still lack *the true inwardness of thought and feeling*. It looks like utter nonsense. But since it sounds fine I've written it down, and perhaps I shall find a use for it some day when I'm talking to Walter. Mad. is always frightfully anxious lest she should get a baby. If she did she's sure her father would kill her. The lieutenant is in the flying corps. He hopes he's going to invent a new aeroplane, and that he will make a lot of money out of it. Then he will be able to marry Mad. But it would be awful if *something happened* and she got a baby already.

May 22nd. Dora asked me to-day how it was I knew all about these things, whether Hella had told me. I did not want to give Hella away, so I said quite casually: "Oh, one can read all about that in the encyclopedia." But Dora laughed and said: "You are quite on the wrong scent; you can't find a tenth of all those things in the encyclopedia, and what you do find is no good. In *these* matters it is *absolutely no good* depending on books." First of all she would not tell me any more, but after a time she told me a good deal, especially the names of certain parts, and about *fertilisation*, and about the microscopic baby which really comes from the husband, and not as Hella and I had thought, from the wife. And how one knows whether a woman is *fruitful*. That is really an awful word. In fact almost every word has a second meaning of *that* sort, and what Dora says is quite true, one must be fearfully careful when one is talking. Dora thinks it would be best to make a list of all such words, but there are such a frightful lot of them that one never could. The only thing one can do is to be awfully careful; but one soon gets used to it. Still it happened to Dora the other day that she said to V.: I don't want any *intercourse*. And that really means "the utmost gifts of love," so Mad. told her. But V. was so well-mannered that he did not show that he noticed anything; and it did not occur to Dora until afterwards what she had said. It's really awfully stupid that every ordinary word should have such a meaning. I shall be so frightfully careful what I say now, so that I shan't use any word with two meanings. Mad. says it's just the same in French. We don't know whether it is the same in English and we could never dream of asking that awful fright, Miss Lundy. Very likely she does not know the first thing about it anyhow. I know a great deal more than Hella now, but I can't tell her because of betraying Dora and Mad. Perhaps I can give her a hint to be more careful in what she says, so as not to use any word with two meanings. That is really my duty as a friend.

May 23rd. I quite forgot. Last week Oswald had his written matriculation exam, he wrote a postcard every day and Mother was frightfully annoyed because he made such silly jokes all the time that we could not really tell how he got on. Dora and I are awfully excited because next Monday we are going to the aerodome with Frau Richter and her niece who is at the conservatoire. Lieutenant Streinz is going to fly too. Of course we'll motor out because the railway is not convenient. Of course Viktor will be there, but he is motoring over with some other officers. It's a great pity, for it would have been lovely if he'd been in our car. By the way, I saved the class to-day, the school inspector has been this week and examined our class first in History and then in German, and I was the only one who knew all that Frau Doktor M. had told us about the Origin of Fable. The insp. was very complimentary and afterwards Frau Doktor M. said: its quite true one can always depend upon Lainer; she's got a trustworthy memory. When we were walking home she was awfully nice: "Do you know, Lainer, I feel that I really must ask your pardon." I was quite puzzled and Hella asked: But why? She said: "It seemed to me this year that you were not taking quite so much interest in your German lessons as you did last year; but now you've *reinstated* yourself in my good opinion." Afterwards Hella said: I say you know, Frau Doktor M. is not so far wrong when I think of all that we used to read last year so that we might know

everything when the lesson came, and when I think of what we do this year!!! You know very well-- -- -- --. Hella is quite right, but still one can learn in spite of *those things*, one can't be *always* talking about them. And then it's quite easy to learn for such an angel as Frau Doktor M. Hella says that I got as red as a turkey cock from pride because I could say it all in the very words of Frau Doktor M., but it was not so, for first of all I was not a bit puffed up about it, and secondly I really don't know myself how I managed to say it all. I only felt that Frau Doktor M. is so annoyed when no one offers to answer a question, and so I took it on.

May 25th. Confound it, I could slap myself a hundred times. How could I be so stupid! Now we're not allowed to go to the aerodome. Father only let us go because Viktor is in Linz and Father believed he was going to stay there another fortnight. And at dinner to-day I made a slip and said: "It is a pity there's no room for five in our car. If Fraulein Else were not coming Lieutenant Richter could come with us." Dora kicked me under the table and I tried to brazen it out, but Father was so angry and said. "Hullo, is the flying man coming? No, no, children, nothing doing. I shall make your excuses to Frau Richter directly. I'm not having any, did not I tell you you weren't to see the fellow any more?" Of course this last was to Dora. Dora did not say anything but she did not eat any pudding or fruit, and as soon as we were back in our room she gave it me hot, saying: You did that on purpose, you little beast, but really you are only a child whom I never ought to have trusted, and so on. It's really too bad to say I did it *on purpose*, as if I envied her. Besides it's bad for me as well as for her, for I like him very much too, for he makes no difference between us and treats me exactly like Dora. Of course we are not on speaking terms now, and what infuriated me more than anything was that she said she grudged every word she had said to me in *this* connection: "Pearls before Swine." What a rude thing to say. So I am an S. But I should like to know who told most. I forsooth? Anyhow I'm quite sure that I shall never talk to her again about *anything of that sort*. Thank goodness I have a friend in Hella. She would never say or think anything of the kind of me.

May 26th. Neither of us could sleep a wink all night; Dora cried frightfully, I heard her though she tried to stifle it, and I cried too, for I was thinking all the time what I could do to prevent Viktor from thinking unkindly of me. That would be awful. Then I thought of something, and chance or I ought to say luck helped me. Viktor does not walk to school with us any longer, because the girls of the Fifth have seen us several times, but he comes to meet Dora when she comes away at 1 o'clock. So quite early I telephoned to him at a public telephone call office, for I did not dare to do it at home. Dora was so bad that she could not go to school so I was going alone with Hella. I telephoned saying a friend was ringing him up, that was when the maid answered the telephone, and then she called him. I told him: that whatever happened he was not to think unkindly of me and I must see him at 1 o'clock because Dora was ill. He must wait at the corner of ---- Street. All through lessons I was so upset that I don't in the least know what we did. And at 1 o'clock he was there all right, and I told him all about it and he was so awfully kind and he consoled me; *he* consoled *me*. That's quite different from the way Dora behaved. I was so much upset that I nearly cried, and then he drew me into a doorway and *put his arm round me* and with his *own* handkerchief wiped away my tears. I shall never tell Dora about that. Then he asked me to be awfully kind to Dora because she had such a *lot* to bear. I don't really know *what* she has to bear, but still, for his sake, because it's really worth doing it for that, after dinner I put a note upon her desk, saying: V. sends oceans of love to you and hopes you will be all right again by Monday. At the same time his best thanks for the book. I put the note in Heidepeter's Gabriel, which she had lent to me to read and put it down very significantly. When she read it she flushed up, swallowed a few times and said: "Have you seen him? Where was it and when?" Then I told her all about it and she was frightfully touched and said: "You really are a good girl, only frightfully undependable." What do you mean, undependable? She said: Yes undependable, for one simply must not blurt out things in that way; never mind, I will try to forget. Have you finished Heidepeter's Gabriel yet? "No," I said, "I'm not going to read anyone's book with whom I'm angry." In the end we made it up, but of course we did not talk any more about it and I did not say a word about that business with the handkerchief.

May 29th. On June 10th or 12th, Mother and Dora are going to Frazensbad, because they both have to take mud baths. Besides, Father says that a change will give Dora new thoughts, so that she won't go about hanging her head like a sick chicken. To-day Dora told me something very interesting. Unmarried men have

little books and with these they can go to visit women "of a certain kind" in Graben and in the Karntnerstrasse. There, Dora says, they have to pay 10 florins or 10 crowns. In Dora's class there is a girl whose father is police surgeon, and they have all to be examined every month to see if they are healthy, and if not they can't visit these "ladies," and that's why the Preusses can never keep a servant. In my bath yesterday I noticed that I had a certain line, so I must be fr--. But I shan't have more than 1 or 2 children at most for the line is very faint. When I'm studying I often think of such things, and then I read a whole page and turn over and have not the remotest idea what I've been reading. It's very tiresome, for soon the other school insp. for maths. and the other subjects is coming, and I should not like to make a fool of myself; especially not because perhaps the inspectors talk us over with one another about who is clever and who stupid.

May 30th. The concert was glorious. When I hear such grand music I always have to keep myself well in hand for I fear I should cry. It's very stupid, of course, but at such times I can only think of sad things, even if it's just a small piece. Dora can play Brahms' Hungarian Dances, too, but that never makes me want to cry. I only get annoyed because I can't play them myself. I could all right, but I have not got patience to practice long enough. I never tell anyone that I want to cry when I am listening to music, not even Hella, though I tell her everything, except of course about Mad. Yesterday I made a fool of myself; at least so Dora says. I don't know how it happened, we were talking about books at supper, and I said: "What's the use of books, one can't learn anything out of them; everything is quite different from what they say in books." Then Father got in a wax and said: "You little duffer, you can thank your stars there are books from which you can learn something. Anyone who can't understand a book always says it is no good." Dora gave me a look, but I didn't know what she meant, and I went on: "Yes, but there's an awful lot that the encyclopedia puts all wrong." "What have you been ferreting in the encyclopedia for; we shall have to keep the key of the bookcase in a safer place." Thank goodness Dora came to my help and said: "Gretel wanted to look up something about the age of elephants and mammoths, but it's quite different in the encyclopedia from what Prof. Rigl told her last year." I was saved. Dora can act splendidly; I've noticed it before. In the evening she rowed me, and said: "You little goose, will you never learn caution; first that stupidity about Viktor and to-day this new blunder! I've helped you out of a hole once but I shan't do it again." And then she spent all the time writing a letter, to him of course--! Hella and I have just been reading a lot of things in the encycl., about *Birth* and *Pregnancy*, and I on my own about *abor--*; we came across the words *Embyro* and *Foetus*, and I said nothing at the time but tied 2 knots in my handkerchief to remind me, and yesterday I looked them up. Mad. need not be anxious even if she *really* did get like that. But every doctor knows about it and one often dies of it. I wonder if Mad. knows anything about it. We were talking about the *differences* between men and women, and it came out that when Hella has her bath she is still washed by Anna who has been with them for 12 years. Nothing would induce me to allow that, I would not let anyone wash me, except Mother; certainly not Dora, for I don't want her to know what *I* look like. The nurse in the hosp. told Hella that she is developed just like a little nymph, so lovely and symmetrical. Hella says that is nothing unusual, that every girl looks like that, that the female body is *_Nature's Work of Art_*. Of course she's read that somewhere, for it does not really mean anything. *_Nature's_* work of art; it ought to be: a work of art made by husband and wife!!!

May 30th. Dora and Mother are going to Franzensbad on June 6th, directly after Whitsuntide. Dora has got another new coat and skirt, grey with blue stripes; yesterday our white straw hats came, it suits me very well says Hella and everyone, with white ribbons and wild roses. There might have been a fearful row about what's just happened. When I went to telephone I had my Christmas umbrella with the rose-quartz handle and I left it in the telephone box; the girl in the tobacco shop found it there, and as she knows me she brought it here and gave it to the porter who brought it upstairs. Thank goodness it occurred to me at once to say that I went into the tobacco shop to buy stamps and I must have left it in the *shop*. No one noticed anything.

May 31st. They wanted me to go and stay with Hella for the month when Mother and Dora are away. It would be awfully nice, but I'm not going to, for I want to stay with Father. What would he do all alone at meal times, and whom would he have to talk to in the evenings? Father was really quite touched when I said this and he stroked my hair as he can and no one else, not even Mother. So I'm going to stay at home whatever happens. Flowers are very cheap now, so I shall put *different* flowers on the table every day, I shall go to the Market

every day to buy a little posy, so that they can always be fresh. It would be stupid for me to go to the Brs., why should I, Resi has been with us for such a long time, she knows how to do everything even if Mother is not there and everything else I can arrange. Father won't want for anything.

June 1st. We've had such an experience to-day! It's awful; it's quite true then that one takes off *every stitch* when one is madly fond of anyone. I never really believed it, and I'm sure Dora did not, although Mad. hinted it to her; but *_it's true_*. We've seen it *with our own eyes*. I was just sitting and reading Storm's *The Rider of the Grey Horse* and Dora was arranging some writing paper to take to Franzensbad when Resi came and said: Fraulein Dora, please come here a moment, I want you to look at something! From the tone of her voice I saw there was something up so I went too. At first Resi would not say what it was but Dora was generous and said: "It's all right, you can say *everything* before her." Then we went into Resi's room and from behind the curtain peeped into the mezzanin. A young *married couple* live there!!! At least Resi says people say they are *not* really married, but simply live together!!!! And what we saw was awful. She was absolutely naked lying in bed without any of the clothes on, and he was kneeling by the bedside quite n-- too, and he kissed her all over, *_everywhere!!!_* Dora said afterwards it made her feel quite sick. And then he stood up--no, I can't write it, it's too awful, I shall never forget it. So *_that's_* the way of it, it's simply frightful. I could never have believed it. Dora went as white as a sheet and trembled so that Resi was terribly frightened. I nearly cried with horror, and yet I could not help laughing too. I was really afraid he would stifle her because he's so big and she's so small. And Resi says he is certainly much too big for her, and that he nearly tears her. I don't know why he should tear her but certainly he might have crushed her. Dora was so terrified she had to sit down and Resi hurried to get her a glass of water, because she believed she was going to faint. I had not imagined it was anything like *that*, and Dora certainly had not either. Or she would never have trembled so. Still I really don't see why she should tremble like that. There is no reason to be frightened, one simply need not marry, and then one need never strip off every stitch, and oh dear, poor Mademoiselle who is so small and the lieutenant is very tall. But just think if anyone is as fat as Herr Richter or our landlord. Of course Herr Richter is at least 50, but last January the landlord had another little girl, so something *must have happened*. No, I'm sure it's best not to marry, for *it* is really too awful. We did not look any more for then came the worst, suddenly Dora began to be actually sick, so that she could hardly get back to our room. If she had not been able to, everything would have come out. Mother sent for the doctor directly and he said that Dora was very much overworked; that it was a good thing she was going away from Vienna in a few days. No girl ought to study, it does not pay. Then he said to me: "You don't look up to much either. What are you so hollow-eyed for?" "I'm so frightened about Dora," I said. "Fiddlededee," said the doctor, "that does not give anyone black rings round the eyes." So it must be true that one gets to look ill when one always has to think about *such* things. But how can one help it, and Hella says: It's awfully interesting to have black rings under the eyes and men *like* it.

We were going to make an excursion to-morrow to Kahlenberg and Hermannskogel, but probably it won't come off. It's 11 already and I'm fearfully tired from writing so much; I must go to bed. I do hope I shall be able to sleep, but-- -- -- --

June 3rd. Father took Hella and me to Kahlenberg; we enjoyed ourselves tremendously. After dinner, when Father was reading the paper in the hotel, we went to pick flowers, and I told Hella all about what we'd seen on Friday. She was simply speechless, all the more since she had never heard what Mad. told us about taking off everything. She won't marry either, for it's too disagreeable, indeed too horrid.--The doctor said too: This perpetual learning is poisonous for young girls *in the years of development*. If he only knew *what* we had seen. Hella is frightfully annoyed that she was not there. She can be jolly glad, I don't want to see it a second time, and I shall never forget it all my life long; what I saw at the front door was nothing to this. Then Hella went on making jokes and said: "I say, just think if it had been Viktor." "Oh, do shut up," I screamed, and Father thought we were quarrelling and called out: "You two seem to be having a dispute in the grand style." If he'd only known what we were talking about!!! Oswald has been home since Friday evening; he did not arrive till half past 10. But he did not come on the excursion with us yesterday, although Father would have liked him to; he said he would find it much too dull to spend the day with two "flappers;" that means that we're not grown up enough for him and is a piece of infernal cheek especially as regards Hella. She says she

will simply ignore him in future. Since I am his sister I can't very well do that, but I shan't fetch and carry for him as he would like me to. He's no right to insult even his sister.

Dora has just said to me: It's horrible that one has to endure that (you know what!!! -- -- --) when one is married. Resi had told her about those two before, and that only the Jews do it just like *that*. She said that other people did not strip quite naked and that perhaps it's different in some other ways!! -- -- -- But Mad. implied that it was just *that* way, only she did not say anything about the crushing; but I suppose that's because of the cruelty of the Jews-- -- -. I'm afraid every night that I'm going to dream about it, and Dora has dreamed about it already. She says that whenever she closes her eyes she sees it all as if it were actually before her.

June 4th. We understand now *what* Father meant the other day when he was speaking about Dr. Diller and his wife and said: "But they don't suit one another at all." I thought at the time he only meant that it looks so absurd for so tiny a woman to go about with a big strong man. But that's only a minor thing; the main point is something quite different!!!! Hella and I look at all couples now who go by arm in arm, thinking about them from *that* point of view, and it amuses us so much as we are going home that we can hardly keep from laughing. But really it's no laughing matter, especially for the woman.

June 5th. This morning Mother took Dora with her to pay a farewell call at the Richter's. But there was no one at home, that is Frau R. was certainly at home, but said she was not because they are very much offended with Father. In the afternoon Dora and I had a lot of things to get, and we met Viktor, by arrangement of course. Dora cried a lot; they went into the Minorite church while I went for a walk in Kohlmarkt and Herrengasse. He is going to America in the beginning of July, before Dora comes home. He has given her some exquisite notepaper stamped with his regimental arms, specially for her to write to him on, and a locket with his portrait. To-morrow she is going to send him her photo, through me, I shall be awfully glad to take it. Dora has been much nicer to me lately.

June 6th. Mother and Dora left early this morning. Mother has never gone away from us before for long at a time, so I cried a lot and so did she. Dora cried too, but I know on whose account. Father and I are alone now. At dinner he said to me: "My little housewife." It was so lovely. But it's frightfully quiet in the house, for 2 people don't talk so much as 4. It made me feel quite uncomfortable. To-day I talked several things over with Resi. What I think worst of all is that one saw the whole of his behind, it was really disgusting. Dora said the other day she thought it was positively infamous. Resi said they might at least have pulled down the blind so that nobody could see in, that's what respectable people would do. But *respectable* people simply would not strip, or at least they'd cover themselves respectably with the bedclothes. Then Resi told me some more about the bank clerk and his wife, that is *_not_-*wife. She does not know if her parents know about it, and what excuse she makes for not living at home. She is not a Jewess, though he is a Jew. Resi absolutely curled up with laughing because I said: Ah, that is why he insists that they shall *both* strip though ordinarily only the wife has to strip." But she herself said a little while ago that only Jews do it *that way*, and to-day she laughed as if I were talking utter nonsense. Really she does not know exactly herself, and she cloaks it with laughter because she's annoyed, first because *she* does not know, and then also I'm sure because she really began to talk about the matter. One thing that puzzles me is that I never dream about *it*. I should like to know whether perhaps Dora never really dreamed of it, though she pretended she did. As for Hella saying she dreamed of it the day before yesterday, I'm sure that was pure invention, for she was not there at all. She says it's a good thing she was not for if she had been she would have burst out laughing. But I fancy if she'd seen what we saw she would have found there was nothing to laugh at.

June 7th. It's frightfully dull after dinner and in the evening before bed time, especially because this year, since the affair at the front door, Dora and I have always had plenty to talk about. I miss it. I wish Hella would come and stay with us for the 4 weeks. But she does not want to. Father had work to do to-day, so I'm quite alone and feel as if I'd like to cry.

June 9th. Yesterday, when I was feeling so melancholy, Resi came to make my bed, and we talked about the married couple opposite, and then she told me awful things about a young married couple where she was once. She left because they always went into the bath together; she says she's certain that *something happened* there. And then she told me about an old gentleman who made *advances* to her; but of course she would not have anything to do with him; besides he was married, and anyhow he would never have married a servant for he was a privy councillor. Yesterday Father said: Poor little witch, it's very lonely for you now; but look here, Resi is no fit company for you; when your little tongue wants to wag, come to my room. And I was awfully stupid, I began to cry like anything and said. "Father, please don't be angry, I'll never think and never talk of such things any more." Father did not know at first what I meant, but afterwards it must have struck him, for he was so kind and gentle, and said: "No, no, Gretel, don't corrupt your youth with such matters, and when there's anything that bothers you, ask Mother, but not the servants. A girl of good family must not be too familiar with servants. Promise me." And then, though I'm so big he took me on his knee like a child and petted me because I was crying so. "It's all right, little Mouse, don't worry, you must not get so nervous as Dora. Give me a nice kiss, and then I'll come with you to your room and stay with you till you go to sleep. Of course I stayed awake on purpose as long as I could, till a quarter to 11.

And then I dreamed that Father was lying in Dora's bed so that when I woke up early in the morning I really looked across to see if he had not gone to bed there. But of course I'd only dreamed it.

June 12th. To-morrow there's a great school excursion; I am so glad, a whole day with Frau Doktor M. and without any lessons. We are going up Eisernes Tor. Last year there was no outing, because the Fourth did not want to go to the Anninger, but to the Hochschneeberg, and the Head did not want to go there.

June 13th. We had a lovely outing. Hella and I spent the whole day with Frau Doktor M.; in the afternoon Franke said: I say, why do you stick to Frau Doktor like that? One can't get a word with you. So then we went for a good walk through the forest with Franke and she told us about a student who is in the Eighth now and who is madly in love with her. For all students are in love with her, *so she says*. We were not much interested in that, but then she told us that Frau Doktor M. is secretly engaged to a professor in Leipzig or some other town in Germany. Her cousin is Frau Doktor's dressmaker, and she is quite certain of it. Her parents are opposed to it because he is a *Jew* but they are frantically in love with one another and they intend to marry. And then we asked Franke, since she is a Jewess too whether it was all true what Mali, who was here when Resi was in hospital, had told us about the Jews. And Franke said: Oh yes, it is true I can confirm it in every point. But it's not so bad about the cruelty, every man is cruel, especially in this matter." No doubt she's right, but it's horrible to think that our lovely and refined Frau Doktor M is going to have a cruel husband. Hella says that if *she* is satisfied, I don't need to get excited about it. But perhaps she does not know that-- -- --. When we came out of the wood the Herr Religionsprofessor who is awfully fond of Frau Doktor M. called out: "Frau Doktor, you have lost your two satellites!" And everybody laughed because we'd come back. Father came to fetch Hella and me, and since it was nearly 11 o'clock Hella stayed the night with us. It was awfully nice, but at the same time I was sorry because I could not have any more talk with Father. When we were getting up in the morning we splashed one another and played the fool generally, so that we were nearly late for school. The staff was still in high spirits, including Professor Wilke, about whom we had not bothered ourselves all day; that is he did not come until the afternoon when he came to meet us on our way. We believe he is in love with Frau Doktor M. too, for he went about with her all the time, and it was probably on her account that he came. None of the other professors were there, for they were all taking their classes in the different Gymnasiums.

June 14th. I am so excited. We were going to school to-day at 9 and suddenly we heard a tremendous rattling with a sword; that is Hella heard it, for she always notices that sort of thing before I do, and she said: "Hullo, that's an o-- in a frightful hurry, and looked round; "I say, there's Viktor behind us" and he really was, he was saluting us and he said: Fraulein Rita, can you give me a moment; you'll excuse me won't you, Fraulein Hella? He always calls me Rita, and it shows what a nice refined kind of a man he is that he should know my friend's name. Hella said directly: "Don't mention it, Herr Oberleutenant, don't let me be in your way if it's anything

important," and she went over to the other side of the street. He looked after her and said: "What a lovely, well-mannered young lady your friend is." Then he came back to the main point He has already had 2 letters from Dora, but not an answer to his letter, because she can't fetch it from the post office, *poste restante*. Then he implored me to enclose a letter from him in mine to Dora. But since Mother naturally reads my letters, I told him it was not so simple as all that; but I knew of a splendid way out of the difficulty; I would write to Mother and Dora *at the same time*, so that Dora could get hold of *his letter* while Mother was not noticing. Viktor was awfully pleased and said: You're a genius and a first-class little schemer, and kissed my hand. Still, he might have left out the "little." If one's is so *little*, one can't very well be a schemer. From the other side of the street Hella saw him kiss my hand. She says I did not try to draw it away, but held it out to him like a grand lady and even dropped it at the wrist. She says we girls of good family do that sort of thing by instinct. It may be so, for I certainly did not do it intentionally. In the afternoon I wrote the two letters, just the ordinary one to Mother and a short one to Dora with the enclosure, and took it to the post *myself*.

June 16th. I've already got so used to being alone with Father that I take it as a matter of course. We often drive in the Prater, or go in the evening to have supper in one of the parks, and of course Hella comes with us. I am frightfully excited to know what Dora will write. I forgot to write in my diary the other day that I asked Viktor if he was really going to New York. He said he had no idea of doing anything of the kind, that had only been a false alarm on the part of the Old Man. That's what he calls his father. I don't think it's very nice of him, a little vulgar, and perhaps that is why Father can't stand him. In fact Father does not like any officers very much, except Hella's father, but then he's fairly old already. I say, Hella mustn't read that, it would put her in an awful wax; but her father really is at least 4 or 5 years older than Father.

June 17th. Frau Doktor M. is ill, but we don't know what's the matter with her. We were all frightfully dull at school. The head took her classes and we were left to ourselves in the interval. I do hope she has not got appendicitis, that would be awful.

June 18th. *She* isn't back yet. Frau Doktor Steiner says she has very bad tonsillitis and won't be able to come for at least a week.

June 19th. There was a letter from Dora to-day. I'm furious. Not a word about my sisterly affection, but only: "Many thanks for your trouble." It's really too bad; *he* is quite different!! I shan't forget this in a hurry. Hella says that she only hinted at it like that to be on the safe side. But it's not true, for she knows *perfectly well* that Father never reads our letters. She simply takes it as a matter of course. Yesterday was the first time I stayed away from school since I went to the High School. Early in the morning I had such a bad sore throat and a headache, so Father would not let me go. I got better as the day went on, but this morning I was worse again. Most likely I shall have to stay at home for 2 or 3 days. Father wanted to send for the doctor, but it really was not necessary.

June 20th. When Resi was doing our room to day she wanted to begin talking once more about *various things*, but I said I did not particularly care to hear about such matters, and then she implored me never to tell Mother and Father anything about what she had said to us about the young married couple; she said she would lose her place and she would be awfully sorry to do that.

June 21st. My knees are still trembling; there might have been a frightful row; luckily Father was out. At half past 6, when Hella and I were having a talk, the telephone bell rang. Luckily Resi had gone out too to fetch something so I answered the telephone, and it was Viktor! "I must see you to-morrow morning early or at 1 o'clock; I waited for you *in vain* at 1 to-day." Of course, for I was still ill, that is still am ill. But well or ill I must go to school to-morrow. If Father had been at home; or even Resi, she might have noticed something. It would have been very disagreeable if I had had to ask her not to give me away. Hella was frightfully cheeky, she took the receiver out of my hand and said: "Please don't do this again, it's frightfully risky for my friend." I was rather annoyed with her, but Hella said he certainly deserved a lecture.

To-morrow we are going to a concert and I shall wear my new white dress. It does look rather nice after all for sisters to be dressed alike. I've taken to wearing snails,"[3] Father calls them "cow-pats;" but everyone else says it's exceedingly becoming.

[3] Flat rolls of hair-plait covering the ears.--Translators' Note.

June 22nd. He was awfully charming when he came up to us and said: "Can a repentant sinner be received back into grace?" And he gave each of us a lovely rose. Then he handed me a letter and said: "I don't think we need make any secret before your energetic friend." Really I did not want to forward any more letters but I did not know how to say so without offending him, for Dora's cheek is not his fault, and I did not want to say anything to-day, 1 because of the roses, and 2 because Hella was there. There can't be more than 2 or 3 times more, so I shan't bother. But *Dora* doesn't deserve it, really. Franke is a vulgar girl. She saw us together the other day, and the next day she asked: Where did you pick up that handsome son of Mars? Hella retorted: "Don't use such common expressions when you are speaking of Rita's cousin." "Oh, a cousin, that's why he kisses her hand I suppose?" Since then we only speak to Franke when we are positively obliged. Not to speak to her at all would be too dangerous, you never can tell; but if we speak only a little, she can't take offence.

June 23rd. The school insp. came yesterday, the old one who always comes for Maths. He is so kind and gentle that all the girls can answer everything; we like him better than the one who comes for languages. Verbenowitsch was awfully puffed up because he praised her. Good Lord, I've been praised often enough, but that does not make *me* conceited. Anyhow he did not call on me yesterday because I'd been absent 4 days. Frau Doktor M. came back to-day. She looks awfully pale and wretched, I don't know why; it's such a pity that she does not let us walk home with her, except last year when there was all that fuss about Fraulein St.'s bead bag. She bows to us all very politely when we salute her, but she won't walk with any of the pupils, though Verbenowitsch is horribly pushing and is always hanging about on the chance.

June 26th. It's really stupid how anxious I am now at Communion lest the host should drop out of my mouth. I was so anxious I was very nearly sick. Hella says there must be some reason for it, but I don't know of any, except that the accident which that girl Lutter in the Third had made me even more anxious that I was before. Hella says I'd better turn Protestant, but nothing would induce me to do that; for after Com. one feels so pure and so much better than one was before. But I'm sorry to say it does not last so long as it ought to.

June 27th. Mother is *really* ill. Father told me about it. He was awfully nice and said: If only your Mother is spared to us. She is far from well. Then I asked: Father, what is really wrong with Mother? And Father said: "Well, dear, it's a hidden trouble, which has really been going on for a long time and has now suddenly broken out." "Will she have to have an operation?" "We hope we shall be able to avoid that. But it's a terrible thing that Mother should be so ill." Father looked so miserable when he said this that I did my best to console him and said: But *surely* the mud baths will make her all right, or why should she take them?" And Father said: "Well, darling, we'll hope for the best." We went on talking for a long time, saying that Mother must take all possible care of herself, and that perhaps in the autumn Aunt Dora would come here to keep house. I asked Father, "Is it true that you don't like Aunt Dora?" Father said: "Not a bit of it, what put that idea into your head?" So I said: "But you do like Mother much better, don't you?" Father laughed and said: "You little goose, of course I do, or I should have married Aunt Dora and not Mother." I should have liked awfully to ask Father a lot more, but I did not dare. I really do miss Dora, especially in the evenings.

July 2nd. I was in a tremendous rage at school to-day. Professor W., the traitor, did not come because he had confession and communion in the Gymnasium, and the matron did not know anything about the subject so there was no one to take his class. Then the Herr Religionsprofessor took it, he had come earlier than usual to write up the reports. But since the Jewish girls were there too, of course there was no religion lesson. But the H. Rel. Prof. had a chat with us. He asked each of us where we were going to spend the summer, and when I said I was going to Rodaun, Weinberger said: I say, *only* to Rodaun! and several of the other girls chimed in: *Only* to Rodaun; why that's only a drive on the steam tram. I was frightfully annoyed, for we generally go to

Tyrol or Styria; I said so directly, and then Franke said: Last year too, I think, you went somewhere quite close to Vienna, where was it, Hain--, and then she stopped and made as if she had never heard of Hainfeld. Of course that was all put on, but she's very angry because we won't speak to her since that business about the _cousin!_ But now I was to learn what true friendship is. While I was getting still more angry, Hella said: Rita's Mother is now in _Franzensbad, the world-famous health resort_; she is ill, and Prof. Sch. has to go and see her at least once a week. The Herr Rel. Prof. was awfully nice and said: Rodaun is a lovely place. The air there is very fine and will certainly do your Mother a lot of good. That's the chief thing, isn't it children? I hope that God will spare all your parents for many years. When the Herr Rel. Prof. said that, Lampel, whose Mother died last winter, burst out crying, and I cried too, for I thought of my talk with Father. Weinberger and Franke thought I was crying because I was annoyed because we were only going to Rodaun. In the interval Franke said: After all, there's no harm in going to Rodaun, that's no reason for crying. But Hella said: "Excuse me, the Lainers can go anywhere they please, they are so well off that many people might envy them. Besides, her Mother and her sister are in Franzensbad now, where everything is frightfully expensive, and in Rodaun they have rented a house all for themselves. Rita is crying because she is anxious about her Mother, not because of anything you said." Of course we don't speak a word to Franke now. Mother does not want us to anyhow, she did not like her at all when she met her last year. Mother has a fine instinct in such matters.

July 6th. We broke up to-day. I have nothing but Very Goods, except of course in ---- Natural History! That was to be expected. What -- -- (I can't bring myself to write the name) said was perfectly right. Nearly all the girls who were still there brought Frau Doktor M. and Frau Doktor St. flowers as farewell tokens. This time, Hella and I were allowed to go with Frau Doktor M. to the metropolitan. When we kiss her hand she always blushes, and we love doing it. This summer holidays she is going to -- -- -- *Germany*, of course; really Hella need not have asked; it's obvious!!!

July 8th. Mother and Dora are coming home today. We are going to meet them at the station. By the way, I'd quite forgotten. The other day Father hid a new 5 crown piece in my table napkin, and when I lifted up my table napkin it fell out, and Father said: In part payment of your outlay on flowers for the table. Father is such a darling, the flowers did not cost anything like 5 crowns, 3 at most, for though they were lovely ones, I only bought fresh ones every other day. Now I shall be able to buy Mother lots of roses, and I shall either take them to the station or put them on her table. On the one hand I'm awfully glad Mother is coming home, but on the other hand I did like being alone with Father for he always talked to me about everything just as he does to Mother; that will come to an end now.

July 10th. Mother and Dora look splendid; I'm especially glad about Mother; for one can see that she is quite well again. If we had not taken the house in Rodaun, we might just as well go to Tyrol, for one can't deny it would be much nicer. Dora looks quite a stranger. It's absurd, for one can't alter in 1 month, still, she really looks quite different; she does her hair differently, parted over the ears. I have had no chance yet to say anything about the "trouble," and she has not alluded to it. In the autumn she will have to have a special exam. for the Sixth because she went away a month before the end of term. Father says that is only pro forma and that she must not take any lesson books to the country. Hella went away yesterday, she and her Mother and Lizzi are going first to Gastein and then to stay with their uncle in Hungary. Life is dull without Hella, much worse than without Dora; without her I was simply bored sometimes in the evening, at bedtime. Dora gives it out that in Franzensbad people treated her as a grown-up lady. I'm sure that's not true for anyone can see that she's a long way from being a grown-up lady yet.

July 11th. I can't think what's happened to Dora. When she goes out she goes alone. She doesn't tell me when she is going or where, and she hasn't said a word about Viktor. But he must know that she is back. To-morrow we are going to Rodaun, by train of course, not by the steam tram. The day after to-morrow, the 13th, Oswald has the viva voce exam for his matriculation. He says that in every class there are at least 1 or several *swotters*, like Verbenowitsch in ours, he says they spoil the pitch for the others, for, because of the swotters, the professors expect so much more of the others and sit upon them. This may be so in the Gymnasium, but certainly not at the High School. For though Verb. is always sucking up to the staff, they can't stand her; they

give her good reports, but none of them really like her. Mother says the 13th is an unlucky day, and it makes her anxious about Oswald. Because of that she went to High Mass yesterday instead of the 9 o'clock Mass as usual. I never thought of praying for Oswald, and anyhow I think he'll get through all right.

July 13th. Thank goodness Oswald has wired he is through, that is he has wired his favourite phrase: *Finis with Jubilation*. At any rate that did not worry Mother as he did over the written exam., when he made silly jokes all the time. He won't be home until the 17th, for the matriculation dinner is on the 15th. Father is awfully pleased too. It's lovely here; of course we have not really got a whole house to ourselves, as Hella pretended at school, but a flat on the first story; in the mezzanin a young married woman lives, that is to say a *_newly married couple!!_* Whenever I hear that phrase it makes me shake with horror and laughter combined. Resi must have thought of it too, for she looked hard at Dora and me when she told us. But they have a baby already, so they are not really a newly married couple any more. The landlord, who lives on the same floor as us, is having a swing put up for me in the garden for it is horrid not to have a swing in the country.

July 16th. At last Dora has said something to me about Viktor, but she spoke very coldly; there must be something up; she might just as well tell me; she really ought to seeing all that I've done. I have not seen him since that last letter of June 27th; that time something must have hap-- no that word means something quite different, there must be something up, but I do wonder what. Hella is delighted with Gastein, she writes that the only thing wanting is *me*. I can quite understand that, for what I want here is *her*. Before the end of term Ada wrote to ask whether we were not coming to H. this year; she said she had such a frightful lot to tell me, and *she wants my advice*. I shall be very glad to advise her, but I don't know what it is about.

July 18th. Something splendid, we are -- -- -- But no, I must write it all out in proper order. Oswald came home yesterday, he is in great form and said jokingly to Dora that she is so pretty he thinks he would fall in love with her if she were not his sister. Just before it was time to go to supper, Mother called us in, and I was rather annoyed when I saw that it was only a quarter to 8. Then Father came in with a paper in his hand as he often does when he comes back from the office, and said: "Dear Oswald and you two girls, I wanted to give you and especially Oswald a little treat because of the matriculation." Aha, I thought, the great prize after all! Then Father opened the paper and said: "You have often wondered as children why we have no title of nobility like the other Lainers. My grandfather dropped it, but I have got it back again for you Oswald, and also for you two girls. Henceforward we shall call ourselves Lanier von Lainsheim like Aunt Anna and your uncles." Oswald was simply speechless and I was the first to pull myself together and give Father a great hug. But first of all he said: "Do credit to the name." Oswald went on clearing his throat for a frightfully long time, and then he said: Thank you, Father, I shall always hold the name in trust, and then they kissed one another. We were on our best behaviour all through the evening, although Mother had ordered roast chicken and Father had provided a bottle of champagne. I am frightfully happy; it's so splendid and noble. Think of what the girls will say, and the staff! I'm frantically delighted. To-morrow I must write and tell Hella all about it.

July 19th. I've managed it beautifully. I did not want to write just: We are now noble, so I put it all in the signature, simply writing Always your loving friend Rita Lainer von Lainsheim. I told Resi about it first thing this morning, but Father scolded me about that at dinner time and said it was quite unnecessary; it seems the nobility has gone to your head. Nothing of the sort, but it's natural that I should be frightfully glad and Dora too has covered a whole sheet of paper writing her new name. Father says it does not really make us any different from what we were before, but that is not true, for if it were he would not have bothered to revive the title. He says it will make it easier for Oswald to get on, but I'm sure there's more in it than that. Resi told the landlord about it and in the afternoon he and his wife called to congratulate us.

July 20th. Oswald says he won't stay here, it's much too dull, he is going for a walking tour through the Alps, to Grossglockner, and then to the Karawanken. He will talk of Father as the "Old Man," and I do think it is so vulgar. Dora says it is absolutely *flippant*.

July 24th. Hella's answer came to-day; she congratulates me most heartily, and then goes on to write that at

first she was struck dumb and thought I'd gone crazy or was trying to take her in. But her mother had already heard of it from her father for it had been published in the Official Gazette. Now we are both noble, and that is awfully nice. For I have often been annoyed that she was noble when I was not.

July 25th. Oswald left to-day. Father gave him 300 crowns for his walking tour, because of the matriculation. I said: "In that case I shall matriculate as soon as I can" and Oswald said: "For that one wants rather more brains in one's head than you girls have." What cheek, Frau Doktor M. passed the Gymnasium matriculation and Frau Doktor Steiner passed it too as an extra. Dora said quietly: Maybe I shall show you that your sister can matriculate too; anyhow you have always said yourself that the chief thing you need to get through the matriculation is cheek. Then I had a splendid idea and said: "But we girls have not got cheek, we *study* when we have to pass an examination!" Mother wanted us to make it up with him, but we would not. In the evening Dora said to me: Oswald is frantically arrogant, though he has had such a lot of Satisfactories and has only just scraped through his exam. By the way here's another sample of Oswald's stupidity; directly after the wire: "Finis with Jubilation" came another which ought to have arrived first, for it had been handed in 4 hours earlier, with nothing but the word "Through" [Durch]. Mother was frightfully upset by it for she was afraid it really meant *failed* [durchgefallen], and that the other telegram had been only an idiotic joke. Dora and I would never condescend to such horseplay. Father always says Oswald will sow all his wild oats at the university, but he said to-day that he was not going to the university, but would study mining, and then perhaps law.

July 29th. It's sickeningly dull here, I simply don't know what to do; I really can't read and swing the whole day long, and Dora has become as dull as she used to be; that is, even duller, for not only does she not quarrel, but she won't talk, that is she won't talk about *certain things*. She is perfectly crazy about the baby of the young couple in the mezzanin; he's 10 months old, and I can't see what she sees to please her in such a little pig; she's always carrying him about and yesterday he made her all wet, I wished her joy of it. It made her pretty sick, and I hope it will cure her infatuation.

Thank goodness to-morrow is my birthday, that will be a bit of a change. To-morrow we are going to the Parapluie Berg, but I hope we shan't want our umbrellas. Father is coming back at 1 so that we can get away at 2 or half past. Hella has sent me to-day a lock-up box for letters, etc.!!! of course filled with sweets and a tremendously long letter to tell me how *she* is getting on in Gastein. But they are only going to stay a month because it is frantically expensive, a roll 5 krenzer and a bottle of beer 1 crown. And the rolls are so small that one simply has to eat 3 for breakfast and for afternoon tea. But it's awfully smart in the hotel, several grooms; then there are masses of Americans and English and even a consul's family from Sydney in Australia.--I spend most of the day playing with two dachshund puppies. They are called Max and Moritz, though of course one of them is a bitch. That is really a word which one ought not to write, for it means something, at least in its other meaning.

THIRD YEAR

AGE THIRTEEN TO FOURTEEN

THIRD YEAR

July 31st. Yesterday was my birthday, the thirteenth. Mother gave me a clock with a luminous dial which I wanted for my night-table. Of course that is chiefly of use during the long winter nights; embroidered collars; from Father, A Bad Boy's Diary, which one of the nurses lent Hella when she was in hospital; it's such a delightfully funny book, but Father says it's stupid because no boy could have written all that, a new racquet with a leather case, an awfully fine one, a Sirk, and tennis balls from Dora. Correspondence cards, blue-grey with silver edge. Grandfather and Grandmother sent a basket of cherries, red ones, and a basket of currants and strawberries; the strawberries are only for me for my birthday. Aunt Dora sent three neckties from Berlin for winter blouses. In the afternoon we went to the Par.-Berg. It would have been awfully jolly if only Mother