

THE DIARY OF DELIA

Being a Veracious Chronicle of the Kitchen with
Some Side Lights on the Parlor

BY ONOTO WATANNA

TWO weeks later. Awoke, arose, washed, dressed, made me bed. Spint the bitter part of a our or more trying to make that dummed stove burn. Its a wild wilderness of a place this and its hard, indade, for a pure, loansum, innercent female to bare the silence of the atmustfear. Whin Miss Claire spoke of the country I had thort of Ausbry Park or Coney Island and sooch like sisible places; but, indade, theros no bordwalk here at all at all, and the only kinds of bands and orkistrys is in the trees. Wirra, wirra, wirra! The kitchen's in the bastement and the dining room a flure above. I shuk me hed over this contrinance whin I first seen it, but Miss Claire ses very swately:

"Now doant you be arfter wurring about that," ses she, "fur theres a dumm wayter in the boottler's pantry."

Wid that she showed me a contraphson in the wall, and wint to work pulling at the ropes.

"Dumm!" ses I, shouting wid me rarth. "Is it dumm you call the dumm thing. Miss," ses I, "its nosy enuff to waken the deff."

"Nonsinse!" ses she. "And down steers," ses she, "thero be another nice little dyning room, Delia, which you can have all for yoursilf. Think of it!" ses she. "How many pure girls in New York has a privit sitting room and dining room all to themselves?" ses she.

"Am I to set alone in that privit room?" ses I.

"Of course," ses she, "and, by and by," she adds consolingly, "ye'll git aquainted in the naybyhood, and who knows but a Nite will come your way! Hay ho!" ses she. "Nites enuf," ses I, me milincoly hivvy on me chist. "It'll be all nites now for me, Miss Claire."

"You Goose!" ses she. "I dont meen that kind of Nite, but—but—you know—a grate, handsome fellar."

"Is it a bow ye're maning?" I arks sarcaskullully.

"Yes, Delia dear."

"And sorre a Nite of that kind will I get, Miss," ses I moanfully. She opened her blue eyes big.

"Its in the country they abownd," ses she.

"And lit them cum abownding," ses I, snorting. "Its a foine, gientlemanly sort" ses I "wud abound into the prisince of a loidy. If it's onaly the bounding kind yere haveing here, Miss Claire, theyd bitter kape their distunce."

A few days later. Awoke—arose—washed—dressed—made me bed—imtied me slops.

I tuk a bit of paper from Mr. John's desk, and I pinned the follering warning in plane litters and langwidge:

BREKFUST SAR-
VED AT 8 OANLEY
NO BREKFUST SAR-
VED LATER
DELIA
O'MALLEY

This I taxed artiskully upon the dining room dure—facing all eyes. Mr. John—ating his loan cup of hot water, looks up. Hes a ginte spaking gientleman in contrast to his bruther James. The rayson of this, Mr. Wolley explayned to me wanse was that Mr. John is an editor, wile Mr. James is a bawld voiced orthor, spaking, ses Mr. Wolley, wid the orful tung of the mookraker. Well, Mr. John looks up gintly and fidgets his paper and sees mildly:

"Er—Delia—er ——"

"Well?" ses I, fite in me toans.

"Another cup of hot water, if you plase," ses he. He hid up the cup before his eyes suspisshusly. "—er Delia," ses he, making an effet to mollyfy me timper. "How do you like it here?" ses he.

"Like it! Its a loan wilderness of a place, sor," ses I.

"Shaw!" ses he. "Why, theer's forty-two families on the Poynt."

"The Poynt?"

"Yes. They call this neck of land the Poynt," ses he. "I suppose becorse its just a poynt of land running into the Sound."

"Its a bloont poynt," ses I.

"It is," ses he. "But down at the ind of it, there's a very fine poynt of land. Me brother wagghusly corls it 'Rogues Poynt' ses he.

"And why sor?"

"Haw! haw!" ses he, larfing into his napkin

Mr. James cum sonterin' in joost thin in tin-nis pants. He tramped acrost me imadckle floor, banged out a chare and joomed into it.



This I Taxed Artiskully upon the Dining Room Dure

"My brekfust in a hurry, Delia," ses he. "Whats the joke, Johnny?" ses he to his larfing brother.

"I was telling Delia the name ye've given the Poynt—Rogues Poynt."

"Hum!" ses Mr. James, ating amoroosly on a grape froot.

"It like this, Delia," ses he, guving me a seeris look. "The 2 show places on the ind of the Poynt are occupied respectibly by an Oil magnut and a Insurince Prissydint."

"And be they rogues?" asks I innercently.

"Raskils!" ses Mr. James sollemly.

Another day. Aroze. Got up. Dressed. Made me bed.

"I want you all to listen to me" ses Miss Claire, adrissing the assimbelled family in the dining room, and I



As I Carried the Clothes Out to be Hung,
I Noted the Following: Mr. John was Walking
Up and Down, Taking Triminus Long Steps

overhird them. "We cant afford but wan girl and the work's altogether too heavy for Delia alone and she'll be laving us if ——"

"Sh!" says her mother, "spake lower. She's in the boottler's pantry, making the salad."

"Nonsinse" ses Mr. James, "she's at the keyhole lisstening."

"Well, but do lissen all," airges Miss Claire. "Everybody," ses she, "has got to do his indivijool share of work. The lons must be cut. A garden must be planted. Frish vigitables are absolootely niscissry. James," ses she swavately, "you can cut the lons."

"Lons!" cryes he in thoondering toans. "I cut lons! Why, me deer sister, its aginst me most artistick instink," ses he. "Its wan of me firm and uncontradicitable opinyons that long shud remane uncut. Why anyone can have cut lons."

"Nonsinse," ses Miss Claire.

Here Mr. John tuk up the coodgills for his sister.

Thin I heard the contenshus russel of Mr. John's paper.

"Do be sisible, Jimmy," ses Mrs. Wolley. "Claire is quite right. The lons must be cut. If we dont cut them nobbody'll call on us. We'll be marked and shunned in this community."

Both Mr. James and John assayed to spake at wunse, the latter aisiy being drowned out by the thoonder toans of the hedstrung orthor.

"Mother!" ses he, "I'm ashamed of you. Can I believe me eers? Do you aachooly mane that you are inspired wid a dred that these essenshilly vulgar, fatheadly, raskilly rich nayburs of ours may not call on us? What!" ses he, drowning the interrupting voice of Mr. John. "Do you desire there acquaytinse?"

Mr. Wolley put in a word here edgewise. "It seems to me James," ses he, "that you are wilifuly departing from the mooted subjeek. I belave in dyagression—to a limited extint—and whin by gintle degrees it permits us to cum back to the subjeek under discussion——"

"Yes," ses Miss Claire, "we must get back to the lons. Its settled. James you will cut them at leest wance a week."

"Once a week! Sufferin' cats!" groans Mr. James. "I'll be a fissicle reck befor the summer wanes."

"Next," ses Miss Claire, "Johnny you must take care of the horse."

I thort Mr. John must be tareing up his paper, from the noys of its russeling. I pressed up closer to the dure.

"Claire, my deer," ses he, "I beg you think before you speake. I've never handled a horse in me life. If you contemplate the purchase of a baste, you will have to hire a man to care for it. I draw," ses he, "the lines at stable work."

"Very well" ses she, "you can go walk the mile or 2 to the village after the mail."

"We'll talk turn about," ses Mr. John.

"You're all joost horrid," ses Miss Claire and she pushed back her chare. "Very well then, I wash my hands of the hole affare."

"James," ses Mr. Wolley in sturn commanding toans, "You will cut the lons as interced by your sister. John," ses he, "I will expect you to rayde addectiv vigitables for the table."

"Daddy," ses Miss Claire, "you'll go to the Post Office wont you like an angel?"

"Certainly my deer," ses he. "It will give me grate plesure." A silence followed here, and the auld gientleman must have bethort him of his hasty promise, for ses he:

"We will kape a horse," ses he, "at a neerby livery stable."

Mr. James bust out larfing.

Mrs. Wolley coffeeed unaisly.

"And now you, miss," shouts Mr. James, "what have you left for yourself to do?"

"Theres a thousand and wan things, but as my cheef and spechul jooty outside of the hivvy housekaping wid the constant tack and diplo-massy it intales to kape our unsertin Delia, I will undertake to—er—rays flowers."

"Call that work!" larfs Mr. James.

"You inapprechitive duffer," ses Mr. John in his gaintest voice. "I vote that we adjoin."

"One moment," ses Mr. James. "What of Billy? Is he to be the sole mamber of this inner-gitic family to live in aise and lazy cumfut?"

"No, indeedy," ses Miss Claire. "Never! Tho but 6 years of age, he's old enuff to ern his daily bread. Willy," ses she, "shall be our yoonversul

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caddy. His will be the tax of carrying water to the hungry-thirsty wans who toyle."

The next day. I was up to me eers in work—it being wash day. As I carried the clothes out to be hung I noted the following: Mr. John was walking up and down, taking triminjus long stips back and forth over the back lon. Wid the tales of his coat flying out behind him and his spickets hanging by a string from his eer he looked so like a loonytick that I drapped me baskit of clothes.

"Mr. John," I exclamed involuntararily, "are you sun struck? Whats the trubble?" ses I, and I grabbed him by his cote tales. He turned about, looks at me wid wild eyes and sees horsely:

"Twinty-two and a harf—twinty-two and a —— Bother the girl!" ses he interrupting himself. "Are you crazy? Let go me cote tales."

I releesed him. Ses he irrtibly, "Can't you see I'm bizzy? I'm meshuring off me vigitible garden," and wid that he starts marching over the same line agin.

"Mr. John!" ses I, "are you using your ligs for a meshure?"

But he herd me not. I tear me horrifyed eyes away frum the madman, and joost thin I seen Mr. James. He was standing also on the lon, neerer the frunt of the house. He's laning on the lon mower, and if ever I seen dispare in yuman eyes it was in those orbs of Mr. James. I wint to him wid me hart full of sympathy for the lad.

"Whats ailing you, Mr. James?" I arks.

"The lons!" ses he. "You will observe, Delia, that I'm commincing me tax at the beginning of the week, for I am firmly convinsed no yuman arm cood cut those lons in less than sivin days."

"Why dont you get a dago, Mr. James?" ses I.

"Sh!" ses Mr. James, guiving me arm a shuv. "Spake lowly. Observe!" He poyneted acrost the lons.

There against the fince which divides our place from a grate estate was Miss Claire herslf digging. She had a little, red gingum aprun over her dress and the slaves was rolled oop to the ilbos. On her hed was the strangest looking site of a hat. I reckynised it wid horrer. It wus a Spanish monstrosity Mr. James brot back wid him that time he wint to Pannyma to expose the Prissy-dint. Now she wearit on her hed!

"What be you doing, Miss Claire?" arks I, going over to her, and looking wid susipshon at the hole she's after diggin. "It looks like a grave."

"Why," ses she, "I'm sitting out a flouing hidge. I'm folloering the rules of the bist orthorities on hortycultur. See!" and she poyneted to her pockits which were boolding out wid buds.

"But miss," ses I, "ye'll nade a gardiner for the tax."

"Never! Why I've been setting up nites studying me subjek. I expect to devout—" just thin she guv a little joomp and her cheeks turned pink wid excitement.

"My goodness, Delia!" ses she whispering, "th-theres a man," ses she.

"Whare?" ses I, glaring about me, riddy for war upon anny dirty tramps trispescing upon our place.

"The other side the fince," ses she, whispering.

I looked over, but seen no wan.

"Are you quite *sure?*" asks she, trimbling a bit.

"I am," ses I. She turned pale, and sayded hold of me arm.

"Delia!" ses she, whispering, "d-d-d-do you remimber that—that—young man who ——"

"Is it your future hoosband ye're maning?"

"Nonsinse," ses she blushing, "but—but I mane him anyhow. Well—well—do you know—I—I—I'm afraid he's honting me," ses she.

"Suppose," ses I, "you take a look agin Miss Claire."

"I can't," ses she, shrinking aginst me, "and besides the fince is so high. Its—it's—much taller than I am," ses she.

"Ah, come on," ses I, and pulled her to the fince. "Here miss, I'll lift you up," and wid that I grabbed her by the waste and hawled her up. She scramed. I dropped her wid a boomp, for there looking over, rubbing his head where Miss Claire had boomed against it, is the Madison Avenoo dood.

Miss Claire tuk to her feet and wint flying tord the house, her books drapping out of her pockits as she run.

Next day. Larst nite Miss Claire cum into me bedroom. She looked like a bit of a girl in her little frilled nitdress and her pretty hare hanging down her back in 2 curly brades. "Are you awake?" ses she turning on the lite. "Dont be angry please, Delia deer," ses she. "I wanted to talk to somewan."

She coolded oop aginst me, thin she laned over and wispered:

"Deila, till me the trooth, d-d-d-did you see him—k-kiss me?" ses she flushing all over.

"The yung spaleen!" ses I, and thin she hid her face in her hand.

"Oh Delia, I'm—I'm—so—ashamed I d-dont know what to do."

"Do!" ses I. "Why, tell your brothers darlint. They'll swape the airth wid the impidint yung spaleen."

"No, no, no! We must never breathe a word," ses she.

"Promise me you wont, Delia;" and she searched me face.

"Darlint," ses I, "all the torchures of the dummed cud not unlock me lips. Your sacred swatehart is secure in me bussum."

Wid that she guv me a kiss, and wint steeling out agin.

"Mr. John," ses I, this marning, while hes ating his loan brekfust (a cup of biling water) I'm looking for sartin infamaton."

"Well fire away, Delia" ses he, still absarbed in his paper.

"Is it a thafe ye'd mak me?" ses I, faulding me arms over me chist. "Thin ye may thank vere stars," ses I, "that Miss Claire is too angaged to be interroopted at the prisint moment, for its she herslf wud be showing you the dure. As it is I take the tax upon mesif."

Wid that I saysed hauld of the broom, and drove the craychure out. I seen Miss Claire joomp oop from where shes digging at her floury hidge, and, as the thafe wint flying down the parth, wid me at his heels, both she and the dood busts out larfing, she thrying her bist to kape a strate face.

A week later. "Ortermobiles," ses Mr. Wolley, tying his horse up feircely to the veranda post, "is a menis to our prisint civilyashun. Nowadays," ses he, "it's impossible for a gentleman to drive in quite peice in a even the most secloed purshun of the woods. The gratest avil which these damnubl veeicles have brort" ses he, "is its maleevilent effect upon the conshunse and disposition of modun pleble. Peeble who own these infernal evill smeling nosy cursed cars are like the victims of some orful drug—devoyd of dacinsy—of rispect—of consideration and proper mercy tord there feller beings. There shud be a lor passed making it a criminal offense punishable by the pinnytensherry to ride the masheens on the public hiways at all." Wid that he mops his brow, and sets down widout looking on the shpehs.

I was swaping down the veranda wid a pale of water, and had driven the family at the Poynt of me broom to the lons below. Whin the auld gentleman found himself sated in a pool of the water he shoots up wid a yell. Miss Claire runs forward and tries to squaze the water out from his cote tales—larfing as her father swares.

"Poor old daddy!" ses she. "I'm afraid if I let you go arter the male much longer you'll be a pray to nerviss prosperation."

"Do you imagine," ses the auld gentleman feircely, "that I'm to be robbed of me daily drive by a parcel of hairbrained—"

"Papa," ses little Billy, bringing over his pale from his sandpile, "I loves the ortermobiles!"

"Why bless me hart!" ses the auld man, melting. "And what do you know of them, you raskill?" ses he.

"I had a ride in one yistiday," ses Billy.

"What!" ses the hole family at wance.

"Yes," ses Billy, nodding his little hed. "There's a grate big wan in that place there," ses he poyneting, "and yistiday when Claire was digging her old flours there cum a yung man who luked over the fince, and he sed—he sed ——"

Miss Claire wint first red, thin red agin.

"Billy, deerie," ses she, "cum and let me swing you in the hammick."

"Go on, Billy," aigres Mr. James, guiving his sister a quare look.

"He sed good morning to Claire, and she was very rood and jest wint on wid her digging, and then he sed he was sorry and he cuident help himself becoz he herd what she sed about honting her, and then he seem me and said 'hello yung wan, come over here,' and then I went, and he reched down and lifted me up and tuk me over to his place. And he guv me a ride in his notermobile and on a donkey's back, didn't he, Claire?"

She sed, widout looking up, "I suppose he did, Billy, but I" ses she "was too bizzy. I—I d-didnt look," ses she.

Mr. James bounces up. "Claire," ses he, "that hidge of yours is taking a jolly long time to dig."

Mrs. Wolley looked turribly alarmed. "He was probably sum gardiner or groom," ses she. "Did you speake to him, Claire deer?"

"No!" ses Miss Claire wid emfasis.

"Yet you let him take little Billy?" ses Mr. James.

"Am I me brother's kaper?" ses she, flushing round on them all.

"I won't have Claire badgered" ses the auld gentleman. "Is she rayspusible for the silly thricks of the yung ass in there? He's the very one who whin I refoosed to move out of the rode to let his infernal masheen go by drove it under me horse's nose, almost upsetting me. Billy," ses he, "if I hear of your taking any more rides or speaking to the man over there I'll whip you. You understand, sir?"

"Yessir," wimpered the preshus lamb and flew to me arms for comfut.

Another day. "Are you bizzy, Delia?" arks Mr. John, cumming into me kitchin wid a barskit.

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"I'm Oop to Me Eers sor," ses I. I wuz Setting on the Ice Crame Freezer, Thryng to Cool aff, After Making the Crame for Loonch

"I'm oop to me eers sor," ses I. I wuz setting on the ice crame freezer, thryng to cool aff, after making the crame for loonch.

"Wud you like to make sum munney?" ses he.

"Shure, darlant," ses I.

"I'm tired of this gardin' busness," ses he. "Now these are seeds." He set the barskit down before me. "Theyve joost arrived. Heres a book giving fool instruckshuns how to plant them. You go ahead," ses he, "and plant them whin you git a chance. I'd suggest," ses he, "that you do it in the airy marning, but me brother James cuts the lons at those unairthly ours and wud see you. So do it whenever the feeld is cheer. And here's a dollar."

"Thank you, sor," ses I.

I set to work at wance imtying the seeds from there respicible packages into me bred pan. Then I give them all a good mixup together. The book I shuded aside wid scorn.

"Anny wan I'm thinking but a dumm ediot cud plant seeds in the ground," ses I to meself, "and what wud I be arfter needing instroockshuns for?"

Joost thin Miss Claire cum in to giv me the orders as I tuk it for the day. Shes a blustered and opset.

"O, Delia!" ses she. "What do you think? A cupple of pap's frinds have cum up frum town, and we'll have to kape them for loonch. What have we got?"

"See for yerself!" ses I, biling over wid rage. Company indead on Winsdy, wid the tale ind of the irining to finish, and seeds to be planted in the gardin.

"O deer!" ses she, "there isn't a thing hardly. What will we do? I'm sure none of those tradespeeple will deliver in time. What did you plan to give us to-day, Delia?"

"Its hash ye'll get and be thankful!" ses I.

"But theres no cold meet aven," ses she in distress.

"I'll attind to that" ses I.

"But ——"

"Its no time I have for argyng wid me hands boorsting wid wark this marning. Will you be going or shall I?"

"O Delia!" ses Miss Claire, "be nice or I dont see how I'll dare to ask a speshul favor of you."



"If a Lady," Ses I "was to Kiss a Gentleman wid Hoom She was Not Acquainted, Wud the Gentleman be Insoolted?"

"Favor is it?" ses I toorning upon her. She roon ap to me, and befur I can shpake another word, shes got her arms about me.

"Now lissem, deer" ses she. "I've finished me floury hidge and this afternoon I must shart on the beds. You do the digging for me like an angel," ses she.

"Digging is it? Do you tak me for ——"

"Pleasee, pleasee!" ses she.

"It depnds intirely on how the loonch goes," ses I gruffly. "Now raymimber not wan ward of crittersickem will I be heering to."

"Not wan word," ses she.

After she had gone I dishevvered that there wasn't a speck of tea in the house and 3 coffee beans oanley. I wint upstairs spishully to inform Miss Claire. "Be careful now," ses I "to ignoar the subject."

Orl wint well for loonch, till Mr. James, soospecting the thruth, condertoot to refer to me hashs as "patty de 4 grass a la Delia"—"a dish" ses he "of our Delia's own invinsheun." I guv wan look at Miss Claire, and she changed the subject. Thin Mrs. Wolley asked the lady which she wud have—coffee or tee, and before the unforchnit crayeud answer I spoke up at wance:

"Ye'll get neyther," ses I.

Miss Claire at wance requested me to bring on sum more "snow hash." Wid that me last bit of paychune wint, for there wuz not another speck of the stuff to be had.

"Do ye think," ses I "that wan can of potted ham will feed a large family to more than wan serve apeece?"

"Potted ham?" ses Mr. James, forgitting himself and the company.

"Potted ham!" ses I, "for its no meet in the house at all we're after having, and shure the potted stuff is good enuff for you."

Wid that I wint into the pantry and got the can and tuk it into the dining room and showed it to the silent family.

"Is it misdoubting me word ye are?" ses I. "Then see for yerselves." And I showed them the can wid its pretty ligind: "Guvvymint inspeckshun."

Mr. James got up and left the room. Mr. Wolley, groonting.

"Excuse me!" ses I, and walked out also.

Feeling a bit sorry for the unforchnit family I got riddy a foine dinner, and was after rolling me pie paste when Miss Claire cum in and coaxed me into going wid her to the garding. She put me to work digging a hole in the cinter of the illygunt lon, frish cut by Mr. James. "The boys have gone bathing," ses she, "papa's out driving and mama's aslape. Now's our chance. O, Delia! how forchnit it is our gesta didn't stay for dinner too."

Thin she left me, and wint over to her floury hidge, where she neels down and looks at the airth. All of a sudden she guv a little cry:

"Cum quick, Delia!" ses she. "Cum quick!"

I rooshed over wid me ho, thinking theres a snake or tode in the grass.

"Look!" ses Miss Claire, trimbling wid excistement.

"What! Where is the crachure."

"There! See, its me hedge!" ses she. "O, Delia, its the first showing. In a little while it'll grow bigger and bigger, and, by and by, ther'll be flours—beuties. And I," ses she, "did it all meself—wid these hands. Don't you see it? That little speck of green?"

"Sorrer a bi do I see, darlant," ses I.

"Why, Delia! Its there, onless me eyes desave me!"

"They don't," ses a bold voice, and, wid that, the dood nixt door lanes over the fence and stares sintimintuly at the spot where Miss Claire is poyniting. She guv a little start and blushed. Then she arks sarcarskully:

"May I ask if you can see it at that distunce?"

"Certainly," ses he at wunce, "but I believe I cud see it better if I cam a little nearer." Wid that he joomps over the fence and walks to where Miss Claire is neeling. Together they look at the airth.

"Bully for you!" ses he, offering to shake the hand which she holds back timidly. "Why," ses he, "its a—a rose, isn't it?" ses he.

"No," ses Miss Claire, withdrawng the hand she had joost surrendered. "Its a hollyhock," ses she.

"Well," ses he "I kin tell a vylet from a rose and a dandylion from a daisy."

"Then," ses she, "you wont be intrested in my little gardin."

"Wont I?" ses he so vlyently she drops her eyes. "Why I'm ackshully captivated by that little speck of green," ses he. "Aren't you its creator?"

"Wate till it begins to bloom," ses she enthoosically.

Joost thin she seen her bruthers coming in wid the bote oars on their shoulders. She started away from the dood, and wint narvissly to meet her

bruther. The dood hisitated a moment, and then followed. He held out his hand.

"I'm your next dure naybor," ses he, "and I drapped over to make a corl."

"How do?" ses Mr. James, giving him a corjl shake.

"Pretty good bathing here," ses he. "Ever go out?"

"O, yes," ses the dood. "We have a little privit beech of our own. Your welcom to use it any time."

Mr. James frowned. "The public beech is good enuff" ses he shortly,

But Mr. John ses at wance: "Thank you, I'll thry your place sum day."

Another day. "James," ses Mr. Wolley coming into brekfust at an unexpected airly our, "you're a frord and raskill, sir," ses he.

The family all looked startled.

"Yes, sir," ses his father sturnly, "ye've been desaving your sister shamefully. You have been practising a frord. I happened," ses he, turning to the rist of the family, "to awaken airly this marning and going to the window to pull down the shade this marning I saw a man ingaged in cutting the lons. Congrachulating meself on the possession of



And wid that I Grabbed Her by the Waste and Hawled Her up

such an industryss and paynestaking sun, I corled to the fellow, who thereupon looked up. He was a sworthy faced working man—an Italyun. There Claire," ses he, "is the secret of your bruthers well cut lons."

"Jimmy!" ses Miss Claire reproatchfully.

He puts his hands into his pants pockets and trys to look indiffrunt.

"I ordered the feller off the grounds," continued her father "for I was determinied that no sun of mine shud shirk his responsibilities in that shameliss fashun. Sir," ses he, turning upon Mr. James, "you'll be good enuff to resoom the cutting of the lons after brekfust."

For wance Mr. James was silent. He et his brekfust wid opening his mouth wance.

Another day. A little widder who lives across the rode cum today to call upon the family. She brung along wid her a yung thing swate enuff to ate. They cum driving up behind a pare of spanking horses and drov up under the port coshare. Mr. James was cutting his milincly lon, and he never looked up at all.

The younger one called to him swately: "Will you hold the horses, phase?"

Mr. James pushed back his hat and glared like he wad bite her.

"I beg your pardin," ses she, and the widder begins to larf and closed up her parrsoll. Joost then Mr. John cum round from the back of the house. He lucks very straynege and funny, being in overalls, his spictiles poysed on the tip of his nose, his hair standing oop where his fingers have been running through it. Its a turrible tax the poor gentleman has been doing. Shure hes been orl day digging up the seeds which I keerfully mixed and planted.

(Continued on Page 50)

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THE DIARY OF DELIA

(Continued from Page 15)

The ladies in the carriage try to stop larfing and the younger one joomps out.

"Is Mrs. Wolley at home?" ses she.

Miss Claire laves her floury hide and dood, and wint running forward, wid her little muddy hands hold out.

"I'm Miss Wolley," ses she; "you find us orl ingaged at our respicful toyles. My brother James cuts the grass, John's the vigitable gardiner, and I rayse swate flours

"What fun!" ses the widder, clasping her hands. "How perfectly deliteful! It must be just like playing, isn't it?"

"Will ye walk inside?" ses I, brakeing in here. "Mrs. Wolley will be down in a moment. She's not well."

"O lets sit out here!" ses the widder. "You were talking of your gardin?" ses she, turning to Mr. John wid a smile.

"Er—yes," ses he. "But I'm a mere noviss. Do you understand anything about the art?"

"Do I?" ses she, sitting in the saftest veranda chare. "Why I've a reppytashun in the Poynt for me vigitibles. Haven't I, Una?" and she appealed to her frind.

"Yes," ses Miss Una, nodding her pretty hed. "Why," ses she, "theres a sertin kind of turnip nowa to fame as The Widdy Jane."

"Una!" ses the widder, larfing. "But relly," ses she, turning back to Mr. John agin, "I manage my own little farm all meself."

I let Mrs. Wolley out thru the fly dure and thin the auld gentleman followed, wid his face red and shining from the quick shave he's given it. They all torked and larfed and thin finally got up to go. Thin Miss Claire asks carelessly, "And hoo are our naybors on this side?" and she intercated the dood's place.

"Haven't they called on you yet?" asks the widder.

Mrs. Wolley frowned a bit, but Miss Claire ses swately, "Oh yes one of the suns corled."

"One of the suns!" ses the widder. "Why Harry's the only child. Una here," ses she, smiling, "can tell you all about him."

"I?" ses Miss Una, opening her brown eyes wide. "O yes," ses she, "Harry and I yused to be sweet on aich other senturries ago. Hes a deer boy," ses she, "and you'll meet his mother soon I suppose, and old S. Judd Dudley."

Mr. Wolley and Mr. James both bounced up in there seats. The auld gentleman contralled himself.

"Pardon me, my dear," ses he, "but did I understand you to say our naybor's name was Dudley?—S. Judd Dudley?"

"Yes," ses she, "the famiss S. Judd. Youve herd of him, of course."

"I have," ses Mr. Wolley slowly, and the hole family looked at aich uther straungely.

Next day. "The curse of true love," ses Miss Claire mornfully, "never did run smoothy. O Delia," ses she, "I wish I were ded!"

"Whats the thrubble, darlint?" ses I, stopping me wark for a moment.

"Dont you know?" she arks.

"Why no, darlant. Do you think I'm at the kayhole all the time?"

She larfed a bit thro her teers. Then she set down, and put her chin on her little hand.

"Delia," ses she, "do you know I havent spoke to Mr. Dudley for a week."

"My Hivins, miss!" ses I. "Are you cutting the lad?"

She nods her hed sadly.

"The pure lad!" ses I. "And he do be waytting for you every day at the floury hidge."

"Papa wont let me go neer it," ses she wid a sob.

"Thin why dussent the yung spaleen cum to the house thin?" ses I indigantly.

"He did," ses she, "twice. And—and James insoolted him. O, Delia!" ses she, and hides her face in her hands.

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I drops her into me arms, and pets her like a baby, while she poars out into me sympathetic ears her thrubbles.

“You know, Delia,” ses she, “papa yused to be professor of mathynamucks at Logun Yoonyversity. Well, last winter, James began that orful muckrake ritng. It seems Mr. Dudley had given a grate many chares to Logun Yoonyversity.”

“Chares, darlant? For the lads to set upon?”

“No, Delia—but it dussent matter. Anyhow, he was a grate power in papa's coluge. James began exposyng millynairs in the magazines and, by and by, rote a powerful arttacle on tainted munney. He sed orful things of Mr. Dudley who wint clane crazy about it. You see he loved to pose as a bennymfactory to his country, and James had shown him as he was. It wasent papa's fol, but Mr. Dudley revinged himself. He got the thrusters to ask for papa's assignashun and now papa joins with James in thinking him the gratest rarscal of the time. So you can see, Delia,” ses she, her lips trimblying “that nachully they haft much yuse for Harry, and—and they've forbidden me to speak to him again.”

“You pure lamb,” ses I. “But shure, if I was Mr. Harry, I'd find a way to say to you if I had to sneak into the kitchen itself to do it.”

“Delia!” ses she, clutching me arm excticedly, “what an idear! O, Delia!” ses she. “Why not?”

Another day. I rote a letter today to me frind Minnie Carnavan asking her advise. It were as follows:

Deer Minnie: I hope you are well as this laves me at prisint. Its a long time since I seen yer swete face, but wid the wark of a family of six to do, besides hilping Mr. James to cut the lons, Mr. John to plant the gardin, witewashing of the chicken coop for Mrs. Wolley, I'm clane doon up whin nite cumns. But there another kind of wark I'm lately doing, and being its what might be called mind wark me nerwes are beginning to throbble me and whin annoyne snakes to me at all I shstart oop like a thafe cort at a crime. Its manny a day since I wint to confesshun and me mind is dapey throbbed wid the thort that the prase will refuse me abslooshun.

The thruth of the matter be that I'm hilping a dorster deceave her luying parents. Its 2 weeks now since I begun to let Mr. Harry in at the back dure. Me foine privit dining room which Miss Claire had told me was for me to sit in alone is occupied in the evenning exlösosively by Miss Claire and her bow. To add to me manny kares the child requires me to chappyrong her as shes after calling it. And so ivry nite there I sits in me kitchin drapping aslape sometimes wid me hed on the table.

Its hard on a poor sole, and on me Thursdays and Soondays out the yung crachures do be bigging me to stay at home, she wid her coaxing words, and heid wid his everlasting munney. Shure its ritch I'm getting wid the five dollars here and the tin dollars there.

Now, Minnie deer, rit me a swate letter at wusne and tell me what to do.

The family do be soospecting nuthing, for Mr. Wolley seems to have sum sacred thrubble of his own. After Mrs. Wolley gets to bed at ate (she being a sufferer from insomnia) every nite I seen Mr. Wolley sneaking out of the house, like he was going out for some meeness, and she his lourful wife innersint and unsospecting and he an auld man wid four grown luvly children.

The widder across the rode do be rooning after Mr. John and ivry nite hes off to talk wid her about her preshus vigitiles, and wud ye belave it, Minnie darlant? she do be sinding over messes ivry day from her gardin, “samples” she calls them “of me own rassing.”

Mr. James do be crazy wid luv for Miss Una Robbins, but the poor lad do be making himself that onnappy a body dare not speake to him at all at all. You see the girl do be a magnut's dorster and Mr. James is that set against orl magnuts hes beside himself wid rage.

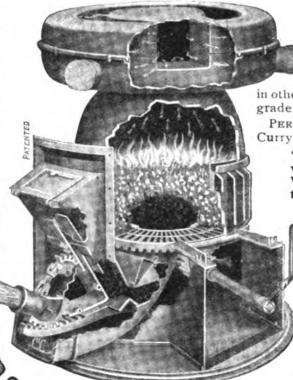
Ah, Minnie, this do be a strayne bit of country wid ivry body in luv wid aich other. Over at the Dudley house there be two bold lads. Wan is very fine and ijlicated. He's Frinch—a expert charfer, as he ses. Its the hite of his ambition, so he told me a few days sinse whin I be hanging out me clothes, to own a small country shop for ortermobiles. “Boot,” ses he, “it takes money to buy even a modust little place,”

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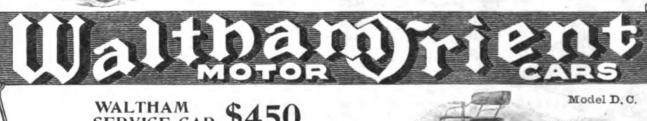
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and asks me keerlessly whether I be of the saving kind of girl. "Why, musser," ses I, "its \$700 I've poot away in the bank for me auld age." "Mon joor!" ses he, gaping at me, and it was just thin I made the acquaintance of the other lad. He's a grar rude spaleen, and hes after being in charge of the Dudley stables, so he tells me, libbowing the perlite Frinchman aside.

"Good marning!" ses he. "I see yure new round these parts, or you wouldn't be after spakng wid the Frinch."

I confess, Minnie, I was thrusly ashamed of the manner of the auld country when I seen the diffrunce betwane the axshuns of museer and the other wan. I torned a face of scorn upon the latter, picked up me baskit and marched aff in dugdin.

I'll be closing me letter now, hoping your hith is good as this laves me at prisint.

Two days later, Larst nite whin the intoyre family had retired for there hard airned slape there cum a wild ringing at the dure bell. I herd it first in me slape, and yell in frite, thinking of bounding Nites and burglars. I opened me dure, and stuck me hed out. The hole family were assembled in the lower hall in their nite gowns. Mr. John called up.

"Delia!" ses he, "wud ye plese ansser the bell?"

"I will not," ses I. "Do you tak me for a gump!"

"Thers somewarn at the dure," ses Miss Clare swatvely. "The boys arent drissed and mayther am I. Run along, Delia."

"I'm dummed if I do," ses I wid indignation.

"Oh shaw!" ses Mr. James, "What fools we mortals be. Whare's me revolver?" ses he. "I'll go," and, wisseling, down he desinds. We hear his voyce shouting at the closed door:

"Who's there?"

"Whats that?"

"Who?"

"A tilygram!"

"One minute."

And he opened the dure.

"Who's it for?" asks the intire family at wanse.

"Delia!" ses he, and the family, larfing, went to there rooms.

"Put it on the bottom stip, darlint," ses I.

"And get out of site if you plaze."

I wint down and got the paper. It was as follows:

Coming at wanse. The saints proctick you, darlint, in the manehow.

MINNIE CARNAVAN.

This marning, whin I clared off the brekfust dishes, I foud a letter onder Mr. Wolley's chare, which dishtressed me badly. It were as follows:

Dear Sir:

Do not fale to cum tonite airy as Miss Flyte needs attishun. J. B.

I intindt to hand the dummed thing back to Mr. Wolley, spaking, at the same time, me humble but contumshus opinyon of an auld sinner like himself wid a luvly, lorf wife and 4 preshus children of his own. But, after brekfust, Mr. Wolley wint out, and I sor him not agin till nite. At tin Minnie arrived. She was all extisement. "Now tell me widout words," ses she, "what divilmint the family has been oop to."

"Divilmint?" ses I, brideling. "Shure its a swate family they be. Its ashamed I am to hear you spaking langwidige aginst an innersint and luvly family like the Wollyes."

"Ah go wan!" ses Minnie. "What's the auld spaleen been up to larst?"

"If ye mane Mr. Wolley," ses I coldly, "then its a soar subjeck yeve tooched. O, Minnie," ses I, "the auld gentleman is a baste."

Minnie like to ate me oop wid hunger for some more words upon the subject.

I tuk out the letter and handed it to her widout further words. She red it throo without spakin, but I seen her mouth and eyes popping wid extisement.

Joost thin Mrs. Wolley walks innersintly into me kitchin. She has sum fine lace in her hand. "Lind me your ironing bord, Delia. I'm doing these opp mesilf," ses she. Joost thin she seen Minnie, and smiles swatvely—"Ah, is this a frind of yours, Delia?" ses she.

Mrs. Wolley got oop. I seen her studying the pure crachure for a moment, and then sudintly she walked oop to her and held out the letter.

"I belave, mam" ses she, "that this will intrust you."

I seen Mrs. Wolley reed it, and even thin she had not grasped the maning of the avil minded crachure's words, till Minnie spoke oop agin:

"Are you a dummy?" asks Minnie. "Dont you see what vere auld man is after being oop to? Delia here," ses she, "innerstly remarked about his sneeking out to mate another female. The paper there reavles the auld man's inanoreeta."

I thort the auld lady wud surely faint. But widout condising a ward to ether Minnie or mesilf she wint out the kitchen.

"Miss Carnavan," ses I, biling over wid rage, "ther's a trane laying widin tin minits. Yell have plenty of time to catch it."

"Delia, darlant," ses she, "did you think I'd be after thravelling sixty miles to visit you for harf an our? No, darlant," ses she, "I've brot me bag along, and I'll be wid you for a fortnite yet."

"That you wont," ses I, "for its your bag will be oot in the cinter of the strate and versilf will follow in a second."

Minnie fixed me wid a look.

"Delia Omalley," ses she, "the day you toorn your bist frind out into the strate," ses she, "will be your last. Treat me," ses she, "in awny way save as a perfeck lady and I'll publish yere letter on the house-tops."

It cum upon me then that, like the foolish loonytick I be, I'd poot mesilf in Minnie's power.

"O, wirrah, wirrah, wirrah!" I cried.

"Dont be after making a fool of yerself," ses Minnie. "Have sinse, Delia ma-vourneen. Here I am, and here I stay."

At loonch Mr. James and John et there meel alone. Mrs. Wolley and Miss Claire were locked up in the bed room. During the meel the gentlemen spake not at all, save wanse; thin Mr. John sed:

"Tak sum loonch oopstartes to mother and Claire, Delia," ses he, and thin, after a moment: "Get that woman out of the house."

"And, Delia," puts in Mr. James, con-thrilling his nachelly loud voyse, "kape your mouth shut."

Mr. Wolley did not turn up again aven for dinner. Miss Claire she cum downstairs after the meel, and wisper in me ear: "Here's a note for Mr. Dudley when he cum. I—I wont be home tonite, Delia," ses she, "I'm going to look for father, Delia," ses she, "I'm afraid something dreadful is about to happen."

"Let me go wid you, darlant," ses I.

"But—the letter?" ses she. "Somewean must give it to Mr. Dudley."

"I'll be plazd to do it," spoke up Minnie at wanse. She looked at Minnie misdutfully. Thin she wint up to her and quidly guy her the note.

About sivin in the avening the hole family, including mesilf, set out from the house for 17 Arch Strate, which is the number on the letter paper.

At last we cum to the place. The family walked boldly in widout nocking. A little greesy fellow in overalls cum sonterning up to Mr. John.

"What can I do for you?" ses he.

"Is Mr. Wolley here?" ses Mr. James.

"Shure," ses the man, "he's over there wid Miss Flyte," ses he.

Mrs. Wolley striped forward, her eyes popping wid anger.

We wint across the barn, but seen nothing but wan of them red tooring cars. We've cum close to the ortermobile whin Mr. James makes a discovery. There's sumwan lying underneth the masheen. Mrs. Wolley nelt down and looked under the masheen. Then she guy a scame.

"Charles!" ses she and almost faints. Mr. Wolley cum crorling frum underneth.

He guy a look about him, seen us all, and drappes his mouth open wid astonishment. Then Mr. James burst out larfing.

"Whares Miss Flyte?" asks Mr. John.

The auld fellow looked sheepish, and he guy a look back at the ortermobile.

"Will, ye may as well no the thruth," ses he, "I've made a good invistment. I've bort Miss Flyte. She's a ginnoine bargin, better than any Frinch import ed car, and at quarter the price. I've been coming ave-nings to lern how to run and understand her. Isn't she a booty?"

Mrs. Wolley guy a little sob, then she run tord him jest like a child, and he guy her a kiss, and then helped her clime into the masheen.

"There's room for six," ses he. "All aboard. We'll tak Miss Flyte home."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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