

DELIA DISSENTS

Her Diary Records the End of a Great Endeavor

By Onoto Watanna

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

WE DRESSED in our best. Miss Claire was after finding me her elegant cameo brooch, for ses she smiling:

"If ye're afther rooning for pressyidnt you must dress better than ye're apounit. Think of the broach under ye're chin, Delia," ses she, "and ye'll hold ye're head by and horty."



The fuchure members of the union began to arrive in bunches. Some of them came in carriages owned by the family they worked far and who had inersintly lint them for the occashun, little dhreaming that insted of a grand party the Welley servants (consisting of mesilf) aloan was afther goyint in honor of the Poynt employees, as Minnie ses tis now the fashun to call our the

little dhreaming, as I sed, that we were about to meet for the righteous purpose of forming a union.

The last to arrive was the widder's maid, the little cullud lass I'm afther tilling ye about before—the wan named Lilly.

The meeting taking place in the kitchen, I naterally took the place of chareman, and wid me pettater masher thoomping on the table, I called the meeting to order. Mr. Larry Mulvaney arose to rasypectably suggest, as he's perlitely saying, that we precede to liet a prisydnt at wance and call the roll.

"Prisydnt? is it?" ses I, "and who did ye think ye were afther being invited to meet. Sure it's the Prisydnt hersilf whose intertaining the boonch of ye."

A noomber of those marselod oopstars girls started in to titter and at that me blood billet oop-wid me. A Raymbering me camio pin I litted me chin hortily aloft and sed swately:

"We'll now proceed to talk of the roll. Minnie, darlint, will ye kindly show the ladies and gentileman that we are able to call more than wan roll, but that refreshments are intinded to be sarved afther the meeting is over."

Whereupon Minnie arose and pulling back the lilygant American flag which Miss Claire is afther linding us as a screen in front of me stachunary wash tubs, revealed set enticingly upon thim the rolls and dhifficuesies in quishun.

"We are here," ses I, raising my voyse so it cud be herd all over the naybhood, "for the purpose of forming a sarvints yunion and to dhiscuss the hard circumstunses under which we puir loan hard-warking crachures labor wid the sweat of our brows and uther parts of us besides."

We have been crooly composed upon for sinchures, but the time has arrived at last," ses I, observing the effect of me oratory in the moyst eyes of minny of me lisseners, "when the worm is about to toorn around and walk home. Lit us, ladies and gentileman," ses I, wid mashun, "dhiscuss the ways and means of improov'ing our crool and unforchunt position. Will messewan splake some wards upon the bootod subject, as Mr. James wud be afther calling it."

"I move," ses Mr. Tooth, he being the gardenir at the Doodleys, "that we shirtir properly. Lit us lect a Prisydnt."

A fat little schinthe arose in the rear. She's afther being the nurse over at the Regal's house. She and the forleean are seded thegither thick as theives.

"I take this opporchunity," ses she, "to say that I am an American. I cum," ses she "from the South, from which as perhaps ye all know hale all the refined rich, grate and real ladies and gentileman in these United States of America. I am opposed at the outset," ses she "to sitting in a meeting or joining a yunion where cullured people are admittid."

"But the Time Has Arrived at Last," Ses I. "When the Worm is About to Toorn Around and Walk Home"

Pearl Jackson, she wid the face the cullur of ye're auld black cat.

I rose in rarth. "I draw the line at the cullured quishun," ses I. "Miss Lilly Pearl Jackson will be good enuff to kape her seat."

"I sickend the moshun," ses Mr. Mulvaney. "Passed," ses Museer, fiercely pulling at his mustash on aich side of it. "And now," ses I swately, "we'll pressed to business."

The Rooshun Jew in charge of the ingineering privit illitral plant of the Oil magnum, hoose afther owning half of the Poynt itself, arose.

He's a siint shpaking gentileman, never known to open his mouth before. "For sinchures," ses he, rolling his black eyes about, "we've been composed upon. You spoke rightly, Miss Pressyidnt" ses he (I bowed gratefully) "the proverbyll word is inder about to toorn. I congratulate you upon this first sttep forward—upward. I believe, Miss Pressyidnt, the ideal originated in your fertile brain—the ideal germinated there, while you went about your toil the brilly-unt, heaven sint ideal came to you, that you would ye could help yere equilly unforchunt bruthers and sisters. And my dear yung lady, while the ideal was germinating in your brain, so did the seed in my brane bare fruit of a different sort. Behold, deer lady!"

He took from his pocket sumthing rapped about in a peec of oil skin. "Brothers and sisters of toil," ses he, "I show you here the object which will wance and for all settle all quishuns of this sort in the fuchure. Poot this" ses he, "in front of the roast. Let your masters think it a stone—for sharpening the carving knite upon."

Wid that he paused, then hissed out the follering terrifyring ixlunashun: "It's an unfrinal mashesun!" ses he. "Grashus!" ses I, jumping on the table, follared by ivery femle in the room, all hauling up their shirkits as though the kitchen were alive wid mice, while the men—the crachures made a onited move toord the winders and doors.

"Poot it in the fire!" yelled Minnie Carnavan at the top of her voyse. "Throw it out of the window!" yells I.

But Larry Mulvaney had dropped it in the dishpan. "Let it soke," ses he. "Mr. Moriarty will ye oblige me by pooting out the loonytick."

The Order being raystored wid the edict of the Rooshun the minits of the meeting presseded.

"Let us," ses I, "dhiscuss our sad sichuwasun as ladies and gentileman. Mr. Momose, ses I, "let us here a ward from you, being a furriner, upon the subject."

The little Jap arose promptly, and tooched his hed to the fure itself. Whin hes throo bowing and hissing in his breth he shpoke at last:

"In Japan" ses he. "Shpake to the quishun darlint," ses I. "We're in America."

"Wimmen" ses the Jap, "have been given but these war opporchunity to show what they can do in the world—namely," ses he—"the work of rooling the home. Does it not," ses he, "prove the sex

inferior—incompetent—weak? Man handles his business problems well and wiz business dispach," ses he; "but wimmen, given this wan only bizness to attend to fale—fale—badly. The solushun is, let men—"

The American girl arose hastily. "Are you making an attack upon our sex?" asks she wid indignashun. "No, madame," ses the Jap, bowing for tint minits again. "Only upon ye're mistresses."

"Talking of mistresses," ses Mr. Moriarty, butting in. "Some are grand and uthers are not. Nothing makes me madder on airth than to have the ladies of the house interfering in the shtable, pinning bo-nots on to the harnesses and ribbons about me own auld legs. I'm in favor," ses he, "of doing away wid all ladies in the shtable."

"Be careful," ses I, "of the subject matter of discourse. Sertin subjects are dangerous. Rolls, teaching, cullur, unfrinal mashesun, and, finally, sex. Drop the paneful subject. Talk of mistresses as if they was sexiss."

"My madum," ses a spunky little Irish girl, "requires me to get up at seven A. M. in the morning. Whin are we to be allowed to have a moment for our beauty sleep?"

The quishun aroused instant intrest among the fare sex—even the men being intrested. "Look at us all," ses the forleean excitedly. "Sum of us are—homely. Som few are not. Is it fare—a chitce," ses she, "that we be not given a chance all—to be beuytiful?"

"Forleean," ses I, "do you think a bit of shlope the morning will take the cracks out of yere face or make Minnie Carnavan's mouth shmaller?"

"At that Minnie arose in doodgin. "Is it me ye're shpaking about?" ses she shrewering up her mouth, so it looks like a cracked bad egg.

Up spoke the American girl. "What of the ladies?" asks she shrilly. "Are they not given the chance to have cumplishshun—"

"—of strobberries and cream?" finishes the forleean, whose own skin is the cullur of pie paste.

A neat little crachure stood up. "I have a secret to tell," ses the girl, and I seen at wance that she was Frinch, lady's maid to Miss. Una Robins. "Behold zese hands!" ses she. "Do zay look pretty to you?"



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"Very," says Larry, and then shrunk back in his place at the look of contempt I'm after giving him.

"It is only looks zen," ses she. "But feel zem—feel zem—anybody—you, Meester Moolvany!"

"But I throust meself betune her and Larry."

"Miss—what's yer name?"

"Minnie, Monty's billy," ses she.

"Well, then, Miss Monty for short," ses I "allow me to inform you that this is nayther a Coney Island car nor a box at the opera, as Miss Claire would be saying. There'll be no shy hauling of hands in the shadows."

"I mearily," ses she appolygically, "vished to show the crool cundishness of me hands. I ern my living," ses she, "viz zesses hands. See! I do so—ladies—so and she passed her hands over her face and pinched it."

"Ah," ses the Swedish sewing girl who calls herself a seamstriss also, "You are misseus."

"A beauty massoor," corrects Miss Monty hortly. "My hands were vonce loavely and soft," ses she.

"But now look—feel—"

"And again I was obliged to pood a shtop to her ack-shuns. The teers cum into her eyes. "Ah," ses she, "how my loavely hands are hard—roined—roined!"

"And why?" asks I, coming to the point.

"Because," ses she, "all my life is spint in rubbing the face and body of my mistress wiz alcohol."

"What?" asks Mr. Moriarty, "Did you say whishkey?"

"Well," ses I, "and isn't it yere bizness? Wud you rather cook the alcohol, thin?"

"No, no," ses she, "I meerly vished to illustrate the scarryvices made by us for ze ladies booty. See! all morning zay sleep—the sleep of beauty. Zen zay wake—the wake of beauty. Zen the choolate—ze barch—ze rub ze—"

"That will do," ses I, interrupting. "We'll not go into details. What is the vole?"

"Later rising hours," ses the American girl bluntly.

"Somevan suggist an hour," ses I shimming.

"Nine A. M.," ses the forleen firmly.

"My!" I jumped out of me seat. "Mr. John," ses I "may I have breakfast by at nine and the babby is after wanting his sereal at seven A. M. in the mornin'."

Minnie aroze.

"Allow me to spakke," ses she defintly. "Its not so much the hours," ses she, "but the duties!"

A roar went up at this.

"Yes, yes. That's it."

"That's it! That's it!" shouts the intrie union at wance. As the noyse gראוoolly subsides, I seen the forleen stand up firmly. Shes as historical and bostid as Mrs. Wolley whin somethings goes wrong.

"First of all," shrieks the forleen, "set down on papper in order what we desire—demand," ses she. "Our hours must be the same as those of any other working wimmen—8 to 5—or 9 to 6."

"Are you crazy, vorless?" ses I pityingly. "Share the family ates at 7 P. M. at nite. Wud ye have me leaving the dishes over till mornin'?"

"That's a quishun for the mistresses to settle," ses the American girl, tossing up her chin as if she had a camio broach under it shud. "I must have 'em passed."

"I'll be dummed if you do," ses I, litting the potato masher shtrike a turrible blow on the table. "Now," ses I, "I'm presy-dint of this union. I've peritlicksly infarmed ye all that the babby is after wanting his sereal at 7 A. M. in the mornin and dinner is served at the same hour at nite. Are you trying to confouse me figures. How do ye make eight hours of that?" ses I.

"But you must shange—shange!" cries the forleen existedly. "Rayfoose to serve sereal till 9."

"What's that ye're saying?" ses I, sbaring at her wid my mouth open. "And have the lamb go hungry?"

"Ah! Ah! Ah!" cries she, shaking hands first wid the American and then the Frinich and Swedish girl. "It is no use. She is impossible—impossible!"

"Am I or am I not Presy-dint of this Union?" inquires I.

"You are," ses she, promptly, "but help us all to help our condishuns."

"The hours will remane onchanged," ses I.

And thin a new quishun aroze.

"Mistresses," ses the American girl, "shud have more regard for the feelings of their sarvints. Why shud we be addressd by our Chrischun names?"

"And what wud ye have them calling you and by?" inquires I.

I seen her look exasperatedly at the forleen.

"Why shud we be insooted by the gift of there old clothes?" shrilly demanded the American girl.

"Are ye xpicting the new wans?" inquires I, sarsarskully.

"No—no," ses she. "Let us not accept charaty at all. Let us have wages which will enable us to buy new artuciles."



paneul subject—all save wan—the gittle-man frum Japap, who has so shimmingly explained to you why wemen fail as mistresses because of there sex; but, noon the less, all the men sarvints in this cuntury—nearly who work onder these same ladies—are almost intirely from the proud race proclaiming the speeriaty of the mail sex. We cum at last to the reel quishun. Are mistresses, good, bad, or indifurrt? They are! The quishun is answered!

There was silence after me eloquant words. Then up rose the American girl again.

"Let us get down to bizness," ses she.

"Let us put several quishuns to the meeting and pass them. First shorter hours."

"That is decided," ses I, controlling the pertater masher.

"Scond," ses she, ignoring me. "The use of the parlor wance a week, already agytated by our frinds, the club ladies, to see our company in."

"What would ye be doing there?" asks I.

"And sure how many of you will occupy it at wance? Where will ye dance a quishun little jig, if ye've a mind to it, and where wud Mr. Moriarty or Bridgay Fogarty, or Minnie Carnavan there, be taking in peece her little nip of the chacrure itself?"

Minnie shtood up.

"No general housework!" she suddenly shtouted at the top of her voyce.

The forleen became historical. The Frinich musoo was weeping. The eyes of the American girl were flushing out of her hed. Up jumps the Frinich wan.

"Vunce," ses she, "Ven ze nurse was seek, I mind zoose awful leeble divils for three hours by my vatch. Mon joor! Me—a mussoo!"

The cam voyce of the American girl indvivured to make itself hurd above the hubub of other voyces.

"One work only for each girl," ses she.

All over the room now, from the men as well as the wimmen the cries broke out.

"Yes—yes—yes. One work only!"

"A cook," ses Bridgay Fogarty, "shall cook only."

"A waiter wait," pipes anuther.

"A nurse nurse,"

"Miss Presy-dint," ses the American girl, "may we ask that you kindly sit down these moshuns in order."

"Muser," ses I, "I'm turning to him perter to act as me suckecherry."

So Muser rote. Aich wan of us was to have a grand time indade, doing nothing all day but wan artucel of work, folding our hands betune times. Ivery family, rich or purr was to keep at least fire in the hip. "Whin," ses the forleen, "the work is properly devided and aich girl assined her proper work—doing not a thing else—we shall have come to the mile-endium."

"Yes," ses the American girl fevently, "whin general housewarkers is an on-knownn quoolity."

"At what," finilly inquires the forleen, looking at me cross-eyed, "shall we vote the fate of the wan who brakes the rools?"

"The scab?" ses Minnie savugely, sharring in me every face.

"She shall be torn to peeces—wiz our tungs!" I whispers the Frinich mussoo at the top of her voyce.

I shtood up. The trooth dound upon me. Here was I the Presy-dint and fownder of the union, a victim of a base conspirisy—for, among the hole boonch of ye shtriking was to be dum by me aloan. I gripiped titely hold of me faithful weppon, and shtarted for him. I shtosed out rite and left.

Bridgay Fogarty fainted dead away in the arms of muser—and she saying three hundred pounds. The forleen went into the room, the hole lot of thim folering her leed, fleeing for there lives out of reach of me pertater masher, there preshus rools, resiliations and moshuns moving wid thim.

I turned to Larry Moolvany, the only wan of the boonch left.

"The meeting," ses I, "has broken up in dishorder."

"The meeting," ses he, "wud ye mind calling the rool."

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