

TENSION

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649288748

Tension by E. M. Delafield

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

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

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

www.triestepublishing.com

E. M. DELAFIELD

TENSION



THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
NEW YORK • BOSTON • CHICAGO • DALLAS
ATLANTA • SAN FRANCISCO

MACMILLAN & CO., LIMITED
LONDON • BOMBAY • CALCUTTA
MELBOURNE

THE MACMILLAN CO. OF CANADA, LTD.
TORONTO

115
Q333t

TENSION

BY

E. M. DELAFIELD

Author of "Zella Sees Herself," "The Pelicans,"
"Consequences," etc.

257671
15:5:31

New York

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

1920

All rights reserved

COPYRIGHT, 1920,
BY THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

Set up and electrotyped. Published, October, 1920

PR
6007
E3374

TO SUPPLEMENT
THE OFFERING OF A VERY EARLY AND
UNFINISHED REPORT, OF WHICH
THE DEDICATION RAN:
"TO MY MATERNAL PARENT"

TENSION

I

"AUNTIE IRIS has written a book!"

"A book!" echoed both auditors of the announcement, in keys varying between astonishment and dismay.

"Yes, and it's going to be published, and put into a blue cover, and sold, and Auntie Iris is going to make heaps and heaps of money!"

"What is it to be called?" said Lady Rossiter rather gloomily, fixing an apprehensive eye on the exuberant niece of the authoress.

"It's called, 'Why, Ben!' and it's a Story of the Sexes," glibly quoted that young lady, unaware of the shock inflicted by this brazen announcement, delivered at the top of her squeaky, nine-year-old voice.

"Good God!" said Sir Julian Rossiter.

His wife said, "Hush, Julian!" in a rather automatic aside and turned again to the herald of "Why, Ben!" now hopping exultantly round and round the breakfast-table.

"Did you get a letter from Aunt Iris this morning, Ruthie?"

"Daddy did, and he said it was a secret before, but now the publishers had accepted the book and everybody might know, and I said — I said ——"

Ruthie consecrated the briefest possible instant to drawing a sufficiently deep breath to enable her to resume her rapid, high-pitched narrative. "I said, 'Me and Peekaboo must come and tell you and Sir Julian, because you'd be so pleased and so excited, and so surprised!'"

"Is your little brother here as well?" said Sir Julian, gazing distastefully through his eye-glasses at Ruthie, heated, breathless, hopping persistently on one leg, and with a general air of having escaped from the supervision of whoever might have charge of her morning toilette before that toilette had received even the minimum of attention. Ruthie cast a look of artless surprise about her.

"I thought he was here. He came with me — but you know how he dawdles. He may be still in the drive."

A slow fumbling at the door-handle discredited the supposition.

"*There* he is!" shrieked Ruthie joyfully, and violently turning the handle of the door. "Ow! I can't open the door!"

"Of course you can't, if he is holding the handle at the other side. Let go."

"He won't be able to open it himself, he never can — and besides, his hands are all sticky, I know, because he upset the treacle at breakfast. Let go, Peekaboo!" bawled his sister through the keyhole.

"H'sh — sh. Don't shriek like that, he can hear quite well."

"But he won't let go —"

"Come away from the door, Ruthie, and don't make that noise."