The Renting Season
By W. E. Hill
(Sharpsville, 1927; By The Philadelphia Inquirer)

Just a plain but well-meaning young husband trying to draw the plan of an apartment from memory. The wife isn’t going to think nearly so well of the arrangement.

Howard and Francie are looking for a larger apartment for the same money, a state of mind which is very depressing to a real estate office, particularly in September and early October. "You see," Howard explained to the realtor’s young man, "we expect an addition to the family this winter." Wherupon the realtor’s young man tried to blush, and Francie looked daggers at Howard. It certainly was an awkward way of saying that Francie’s mother was to live with them.

Mrs. Olaf Helstingford is the lovely wife of a janitor in one of those little apartments in the elevator—not a running apartment house. Mrs. Olaf (née Hettie Bingham) likes to be spoken of as the caretaker because, you see, Olaf is really above a janitor’s job and only took the job so little Eugene could be sent to best school. Olaf will tell you all about it.

Mrs. Blythe, the prospective tenant of Apartment 3B, is asking Mrs. Trudge for a good, honest low-down on the building. Nothing could give Mrs. Trudge more pleasure, because for the last six months she has been carrying on a sort of guerrilla warfare with the renting office over the bathroom fixtures. "And, my dear," concludes Mrs. Trudge, after dwelling at some length on the black soul of the landlord, "if we have misgivings straight through the winter! I think there’s a stagnant pool in the cellar."

Mrs. Ovilia Bente is thinking of re-testing, provided, of course, that all her demands are recognized. She’s going to wreck the real estate office unless something is done right away about redecorating the entire apartment, putting in parquet floors, overhauling the people above, and getting rid of the superintendent.