100% Co-operative

By W. E. Hill

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Practically everything in the new Bologna Arms apartments is 100% co-operative except a few tenants who don’t get the 100% idea. Take Mrs. Tiven and Mrs. Glewitt. Mrs. Tiven and little Payton Glewitt stop Ina Tiven for no reason at all. There was nothing to do but for Mrs. Tiven to write a note to Mrs. Glewitt about how badly brought up Payton was. Naturally, Mrs. Glewitt, who is, every one says, a wonderful mother, reacted Mrs. Tiven’s attitude, and told Ina’s mamma that Ina was a bold, vicious child and had taught Payton several bad words. So now there is a coolness on the fifth floor.

“Arthur, dear, what shall I do? The electric dish washer is all frost covered and the refrigerating system is leaking hot, soggy water. I think I must have connected something I shouldn’t.” Almost everything in the modern own-your-own apartment is sterilized except the maid service and the tenants. Some day, perhaps—!

A very staid tenant is Miss Jupp. Strange clothes come out of the dumb-waiter and the in-door bed, and nearly frighten her out of her wits. She has two clothes, three bolts, and a couple of Yale locks on her front door.

Meet the girl from across the hall who has to run in and tell you about it or hush. It was like this. You see, this man from California had been seen in a long time called up and said could be taken up, and, dear, not thinking, she said yes, and then later she remembered that Harris was coming up that evening, and, O, dear, what should she do? They’d both be perfectly cross. She also tells everything her mother doesn’t want told.

A man who pounds on the wall for the music to stop getting all ready to pound.

Mr. and Mrs. Howell Hiss of apartment 6-E. In our 1920 cooperative building (a development most call it) are very wary and absolutely refuse to co-operate with anything or anybody. By 10 a.m. in an average day Mrs. Hiss has complained both loud and long, via telephone or in person, about the children across the hall, the radio overhead, and the baby underneath. They have been over to the real estate man to complain of the family in the apartment house next door, and, and the family in Mrs. Hiss’s bedroom window. Mr. Hiss spends the evening writing long letters to the newspapers about the abuses to residents in co-operative apartment buildings, such as the rattling of milk bottles early in the morning and the pilfering of the twentieth call from a bag of riffles on the dumb-waiter.

Mrs. Trenchant of the seventh floor is forever getting up petitions to be signed by the other tenants for protecting the view, or for keeping undesirable children off the sidewalk in front.

This is Elza, the superintendent’s darling little daughter, who won’t take any bush talks from any one. Ask Elza please not to scream quite so loudly in the front hallway, and Elza, quick as a wink, will answer, “Apologies.” That’s Elza, always the sunshine.