

Our New Apartment

By W. E. Hill

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The cleaning lady. You'd never guess, now would you, that Mrs. Tille Eulenspiegel had just got out of the service elevator. For Mrs. Eulenspiegel has an air of melted hauteur that places her instantly as some one who rightly belongs in the front elevator among the Italian renaissance decorations and the gold torchere. Mrs. Eulenspiegel is related to the janitress and has seen better days—O, my, yes, much bigger and better! It nearly kills her to ask the new tenants if they want any cleaning done, and it nearly kills them when they see how she does her cleaning.



Meet Halburton Murphy, elevator attendant of the Hollywood Arms apartments. Halburton is substituting for Miss Flitz at the telephone switchboard while Miss Flitz is powdering her nose. Halburton is whistling "There Must Be a Silver Lining" very feelingly. He's reading "What Happened to Justice" in his favorite news sheet.



The first callers. People of a sluggish temperament should never call on friends who have just moved in until the heavy pieces have been definitely placed. Otherwise they will be asked to help move a corner cupboard or a baby grand across the room "just to see how it looks." Many a caller, too polite to say "No," has gone home to nurse a wrenched kidney or a bruised duodenum back to normalcy in consequence.



A batch of new tenants giving and receiving what are known as covert glances while waiting for the elevator. Covert glances are next door to looking askance, which, as everybody knows, is a pretty terrible way to look at anybody. ("Well," couple No. 1 will probably say about couple No. 2, "so that's what the people we hear through the wall look like!")

Here's Mr. Flannery, the renting agent, with the better halves of five new lessees in the background. Renting agents lead charmed lives. If they didn't, they could never live through the first two months of leasing, what with the harsh words hurled at them by angry lady tenants who found the extra shelves hadn't been put up or the floors scraped!



Bertha, the part time maid, is so called because part of her time (about nine-tenths of it) is her own, and let any one try to take it from her! She's glued to the window this morning. Can't make out whether it's a speak-easy down the street or what. Such a queer looking bundle being delivered there! "Ooh! Maybe there's a cut-up corpse in it! Ooh!" thinks Bertha, who is a very imaginative girl.



One of those pale young men with the sad eyes you see around town so prevalently this fall. It's fresh paint poisoning, brought on by the little wife, who is creating a kitchen beautiful with a can of blue paint.

Just a lovely paperhanger drawing something for posterity to marvel at before the walls are papered over.



The kitchen menace. All over these United States housewives are busy with cans of paint fixing up kitchens that ought to be full of food into blue and white and pink inglenooks for bridge and dinner guests and what not.