Our New Apartment
By W. E. Hill

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's Must Be a Silver Lining" very facetiously. He's reading "What Happened to Justice" in his favorite news sheet.

The cleaning lady. You'd never guess now would you, that Mrs. Title Eustatiegigel had just got out of the service elevator? For Mrs. Eustatiegigel has an air of maddened hausfrau that places her instantly as some one who highly belongs in the front elevator among the Italian Renaissance decorations and the gold fences. Mrs. Eustatiegigel is related to the amanuenses and has spent better days. Oh, my, yes, much bigger and better! It nearly kills her to edit the new tenants if they want any cleaning done, and it nearly kills them when they see how she does her cleaning.

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

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 nineteen-tenths of it) is her own, and let any one try to take it from her! She's glad to the window this morning. Can't make me whether it's a speak easy down the street or what. Such a queer looking bundle being delivered, queer looking bundles being delivered there! "Gosh! Maybe there's a cut up carcass in it! Oh!" 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.

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 little nooks for bridge and dinner guests and what not.