

# Nobody Ever Had an Aristocratic Looking Moving!

By O. O. M'INTYRE.

The other day I moved. It was just from one floor to another, but I never knew how poor I was until it happened. You may have the most expensive looking what-not in the world but wrap an old quilt around it and see what happens. No cat could drag in anything so terrible.

After I had assembled our belongings in boxes, trunks, grips and flower pots I wanted to call in the junk man and have him make me just an offer. If he had gone more than a dollar and a quarter I would know he was not on the road to become a Junk King.

Isn't it funny how you dislike to throw things away when you move? I pondered for a half-hour over tossing a pair of moth-eaten garters into the wastebasket. After all I might need them some time in a hurry. If there is anything you ever need in a hurry a garter is it.

I sneaked up a back hall stairs with my arms loaded down with clothes. Just before I got to my new quarters a group of fashionably dressed young girls stepped out from the elevator and came toward me. Now these were perfectly good clothes—dresses from Paris and suits from Fifth avenue—let me brag a little—but I felt like Moe, the Ole Clo' man.

### Avoided Like a Plague.

The way they walked around me one might think I was carrying a brand new bundle of typhus germs. If I had stumbled I know there would have been hysterical wails. Why is it everything looks so shoddy when you move? I don't believe Louis the something or other could have had an aristocratic moving out of the palace at Versailles.

The true test of domestic cordiality is revealed in moving. I just want to see the married couple who can move without a tiff. They don't belong in this world. Movies could be written about them.

I started out with the second load and my wife called me back. Wives will call you back, boys. "Better take this," she suggested. Both arms were loaded so she hung



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a laundry bag filled with pictures around my neck. I was all right on a straight path but making a turn was something else again.

The laundry bag got in between my—are they calling them limbs? I said "dang, dang," or something like that and a little boy playing in the hall thought I was trying to amuse him. He got hold of the ends of the laundry bag ribbons that were hanging down my back and cried: "Did up, horsey!" That innocent child does not realize how nearly he came to a great catastro-

phe. I almost forgot I was a horse and if I did not kick back like a mule it shows I still have self-restraint.

Then as a crowning humiliation a bright young fellow—who had never met me socially or otherwise—passed and gave birth to this amazingly brilliant discovery: "Well, I see you are moving!" I wanted to say: "No, indeed, kind sir, I am picking oysters for butterfies," but the laundry strings were choking me beyond the speaking age.

Going back for the third trip my sympathy for strikers reached high tide.

### Honeyed Words.

"I don't care if we never get moved," I said. "I've been made a pack horse for the last time. Somebody else can do the dirty work."

"But, dearie," said my wife—and whenever she says "dearie" it means I've got to do something I don't want to do—"surely you won't let porters and bellboys carry these things and perhaps break them. Here, like a good boy"—and she handed by a Chinese vase that is either of the Ming or Sam Lee period, I don't know which.

"I'll take it," I said, "but not another thing." So I lifted it to my shoulder and started out the door. This time there was another wise cracker. He was walking with a lady.

"Ah," he said, "Diana at the well!"

I never wanted to bust a fellow in the face with a Chinese vase so much in my life. I hope some day he has to carry a stuffed bear from Columbus circle to the Battery, the big whatyoumaycallit.

Well, to make a long story longer, I made about a dozen more trips and we began to unpack. That, men, is where the real trouble begins.

"Where is my typewriter?" I inquired, diffidently. "I want to go to work."

From another room came the reply: "It is in the bottom of the trunk—the big one." And then began the hunt for the trunk key. It had completely vanished. I stormed up and down—searched through every pocket and went back to the other quarters for a complete search. It was nowhere, so we sent for the locksmith—and those birds place a high value on time. He came with enough keys to sink the Leviathan.

### Domestic Felicity.

He found the key in the trunk lock. Then he departed and I opened the trunk.

"Did you find the key?" asked the Mrs.

"No," I said in my sweetest tone, but with just a faint tinge of sar-

casm, "we opened it with a shoe horn."

"O, you did, did you," she said with just as much sarcasm, "well, look what you are sitting on." It was an open box of candy and the day was hot.

"If you would just go away and let me alone. I could do this moving," I said with vigor. She left, and there I was paying the penalty of those who speak in haste and repent in leisure.

My landlord willing, I never expect to move again. It has been two weeks now and every day something is missing. If moving from one floor to another could cause such a rumpus I don't see how it is possible for a New Yorker to move to California.

Just yesterday I was reading the evidence in a divorce trial. The judge asked the husband when the first marital difficulty developed.

### He Knew How It Was.

"Well, Judge," he said, "last spring when we were getting things ready to move"—I didn't read any more. I know how it all came about.

I am wondering just who it was started this moving business anyway. Whoever he was he certainly spoiled a lot of happy homes. He is the original home-wrecker, and I know where he is now and I hope they never let him move.

There are professional movers who for so much a move promise to have everything in ship shape. Just turn over your stuff to them and they will do the rest.

Well, I tried that once. And it was just perfectly elegant except they moved me to the wrong address and I had to move all over again. So, if you have to move, there is only one way—do it yourself, but send your wife to the country, tra la la!

While I was writing this a friend of mine called me on the phone from Stamford.

"I'm moving," he said.

"How's the Missus?" said I.

"I don't know," said he.

"Whadda you mean, you don't know," I inquired.

"We are not speaking," said he. "I understand."  
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## THE CONDEMNED

(Continued From Page Two.)

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

a snarling bark. Again—again. Then a chorus came, excited, tense: "Quick! Grab that dog—grab that dog! That bull's going bad again!"

Jard Brace seized the snapping, yapping mongrel and ran with him out of the ring of elephants and men.

"Keep on going with him—take him over to the tent and keep him there!"

Back in the elephantcar, Rajah bellowed and raged. For he had seen! He had recognized a being whom he hated, bearing away the one thing in the world he possessed and loved!

Vainly they strove to enter the car. Then shouts! Steam shrieked from the whistle of the rear switch-engine. Then the engine began to pull, striving by main machine strength to throw the great beast to the floor and hold him there. But a new shout of warning sounded, a new milling of men:

"Ease up, there! This knot's slipping! This knot's—"

The switch-engine whistled in warning—at the jerk of the release of a heavy load. Rajah kicked and padded with his bleeding hind hoofs, freed them, then with one crash struck the side of the car with his full weight, and tore through!

In vain they strove to block his path with the other elephants. An opening showed, and through it he went, in a straight, rushing drive toward the one thing in the world he hated, just fading under the side-wall of the menagerie tent, still with Rags in his grasp.

The storm broke. The great tents swayed and bellowed, dripping figures clung to the guy-ropes. Planks crashed. Straight on Rajah went—on to the side-wall and with-

in. One thing stood before him, arms wide, face white, ghastly. The great trunk swung high and laced downward; hoofs stamped; long tusks drove deep, and yellow ivory dripped carmine. Again—then turned, at a frightened yelp. Above, something crackled; ropes gave way in the gale. A quarter-pole fell, then a second and third. The tent sagged; the center-poles began to sway.

Rajah wheeled and trotted to his little companion. He pushed at him gently with his trunk, and the dog crawled toward him. Then slowly the big brute first settled to one knee, then the other, and finally to a crouching position on all fours,

while the little mongrel crawled to the protection of his heavy breast and nestled there, whining no longer.

A center-pole crashed downward, against the thick-boned head of the elephant. But it did not touch the warm, fluffy little thing against his

breast. And slowly, softly, the canvas came down and covered them from the wind and lightning and slanting rain.

## When a Feller Needs a Friend

By BRIGGS.



Frederick Fortescue Fink, age 18, has decided to inform his father that school life has become insufferable; that he intends leaving it forthwith and entering at once upon a business career; that he will be master of his own destiny henceforth. . . . Fred is assuming a fiercely determined expression in order to convince his father that he means business, that nothing can alter his purpose!

The storm passed. Drenched workmen, hurrying to the rescue of the animals, jerked the canvas from a high-piled mound, to stand staring at a little dog sheltered beneath the bulky head of Rajah. Mathews, the superintendent, was summoned on the run. Then they heard:

"Don't you red-light me, Mason!" It was a high-pitched, frantic voice from somewhere beneath the canvas. "I had to hook that bull, I tell you! Don't you lay a hand on me—I'll kill you—I'll kill you!"

"Tear off that canvas! Quick!" Mathews knelt beside a torn, red-marked thing, whose eyes stared but saw not, whose foam-speckled lips repeated again and again:

"I'll kill you, Mason—I'll kill you!"

"Brace—what are you talking about?"

"The hook-mark's gone! They'll never see it—never know but what—tell 'em he's gone bad—bad—told Mason to leave me alone—had a right to beat Rajah—right—they'll nev—"

The voice ceased. Mathews rose. "That's all right, boys," he said tersely. "Go on with your other work. Guess I can handle this bull by myself."

Late that night the torches gleamed on the lot of the World's Amalgamated. Horses, hook-roped by the dozen to hub-deep wagons, struggled and panted and coughed, while down at the runs a great beast in a rope harness pulled wagon after wagon into place for the journey. Beside him walked a tired man who turned now and then to pat him. There was kindness in the man's voice as he spoke:

"Good old boy! That's it—take 'er away there. Take 'er away. That's the stuff—slack up now, old boy! Just a few more trips—then you'll hit for the hay."

Mathews walked on again, while behind him a great animal followed, faithfully, placidly, limping slightly, and still farther in the rear there trotted a cocky, fluffy little nondescript dog.

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