

Methods of Man and Woman in Tackling the Old Moving Problem

NEW YORK, Sept. 21.—The man decided to move on Tuesday. On Wednesday he was settled in his new abode.

The transfer was effected thus: The house where he had lived for ten years was to be torn down to make room for a skyscraper. He thought bitterly on the subject as he chewed his morning cigar. A fellow couldn't be let alone in New York if he wanted to be. It was a restless age and a yellow generation.

He looked at his breakfast, the same kind that had been served to him for a decade, a juicy chop, hot rolls and aromatic coffee. Then he brooded gloomily on the changes and chances of this transitory life.

"What's the use, anyway?" he said aloud as he tried to interest himself in the reading of the automobile accident.

Then he called Mary.

Mary was a Hibernian, a fanitress and of warm hearted proclivities. She wept into her blue checked gingham apron as he told her of the impending calamity. It was bad enough, she sobbed, to lose the roof off the house, but to lose him, too, was more than she felt was right.

It was the day he always tipped Mary, and it was five minutes past the time. Everything was subservive. He'd be late at the office, too, and that had never happened before. This moving problem made life a nightmare.

He overtopped Mary and gave her directions. "Have the things ready at 12," and, as an afterthought, "you'd better go along with them and see that they get settled all right."

Mary clutched her coin, wept anew and asked, "Where're ye goin', sorr?" "I don't know yet"—he hadn't got as far as that in his decision—"but the men'll tell you."

On the way to his office he stopped at a real estate office. The blond youth who met him at the railing noted at a glance his close shave, immaculate, a diamond ring, \$14 Panama and the latest thing in waistcoat buttons, then said:

"Bachelor apartment below Forty-second street or in that neighborhood? Yes? A quiet house where you won't always be meeting people coming in and going out? I presume you want like something about thirty-five, say, a month, with janitor service and breakfast in the morning extra if you want it? Yes?"

"We've got just what you want. Exposed plumbing, up one flight so that you won't need an elevator, although there's one right there if you want it—and they sometimes do, you know. The walls are so thick you couldn't hear a man if he had delirium tremens in the next room. There's light all day, except early in the morning.



HIS WAY.

downstairs he hears the squeaky tones of the blond youth:

"Two rooms and bath—exposed—green and red—beautiful light for pictures and so quiet that without an alarm clock it is probable that—protection, absolute, with a year's lease or longer if you wish. You can go right in now in less than half an hour. Four restaurants and six boarding



HER WAY.

dumbwaiter, gas range, and the agent's a perfect gentleman."

She determines to give up the middle man and look for herself. Meantime the landlord of her present abode telephones her that he must know her decision regarding her plans—is she going to stay another year or is she not? She finally loses her temper and tells him she wouldn't stay anyway and he tells her that is exactly what he thought.

After that she sits down and cries. She didn't want to give up the dear little apartment in which she had been so happy and about which will always linger the sweetest, saddest, tenderest memories of her life.

So the search begins anew, the monotony of her days broken only by the inopportune visits of prospective tenants who come to see her apartment either before she has risen in the morning or after she has retired at night.

She has determined to move somewhere near Broadway. At the end of another week of incessant search she has acquired three items of positive knowledge. One is that there are plenty of comfortable bachelor apartments, reasonable in rent and with every convenience for a happy home, but they are not for the sex which she believes herself to honor and adorn. There are apartments which answer her most fastidious requirements, but they are absolutely beyond her means, and there are plenty of places in which she cannot live for obvious reasons.

Having digested this information, she moves her sky line and decides that she will go anywhere so long as it is not farther north than Eighty-sixth street or west of Amsterdam avenue. Later on she moves the sky line again, studying subway facilities.

Four days before the end of the month she has reduced the problem to three pos-

ibilities, an apartment in which not one piece of her furniture will fit properly and not one curtain or portiere will meet the requirements, one which is \$15 a month more than she will pay and a third which is exactly like the one she is to leave, having the same number and location of rooms, with the same landlord and agent, but on the next street.

She takes the one that is beyond her means. By referring to the notebook she has kept she learns that it is the first one she looked at, and, counting up, discovers that she has averaged fifteen hours a day for three weeks in her search.

The woman had always dreamed of moving into an apartment which would be in perfect order. This is the dream. The reality is that she moves out the same day that another family moves in and moves on to a family which has been occupying her residence to be. When she takes account of stock she finds herself the possessor of three strange bits of mahogany and she has lost her couch, desk and a tabourette.

During the next ten days strange men come in with plumbers, carpenters and papering outfits. They tap the walls, tear off bits of paper here and there, brush paint



HIS PROBLEM.

A Parallel for the Earle Case

THE Earle case, in which Mrs. Earle surrenders her husband so that he might wed his affinity, finds a historic parallel in the celebrated case of John Ruskin.

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somewhat suddenly. In October the pair set up housekeeping, and Ruskin fell with fury on complaining his "Seven Lamps," which occupied him the winter of 1848-49. So much of his time was devoted to writing that his wife tired of her husband.

She craved the social life, while London and society bored and irritated the author. He once took her to a ball at Venice and to court at Buckingham palace.

In the summer of 1853 J. Everett Millais stayed with the Ruskins and painted both. One day the wife left her husband and returned to her parents. A suit in the Scotch court for nullity of marriage was brought by the wife and was not defended by the husband.

Euphemia Gray then married the brilliant painter and was well-known as the Lady Millais in the world of London, while John returned to his parents and remained with them till their death.

Neither the marriage nor the nullification of it seriously affected his habits or his books.—St. Louis Republic.



THE CHARM OF THE POST CARD.

You can pay one month's rent in advance, or give proper business references and have a lease for a year."

The man looked at his watch. He must be at the office in ten minutes. It was all right, of course, but the idea of the lease bothered him. He told the blond youth so.

"The lease is for your protection, not for ours," was the answer to this objection. "If you don't take a lease, what then? Like as not before the year's out you'll find yourself married. It's for your protection, ain't it? You can't take a wife in a bachelor apartment to live and you won't break a lease if you're a man of honor, so there you are, ain't you? I've had young fellows come in here and thank me with tears in their eyes for their leases."

There was just two minutes left for the man to decide in. He could think of but one objection. He voted it.

"I suppose it's rather foolish to dicker about trifles, but I've been living for along time in a red room with a green one adjoining. Blame it, I've got so used to those two colors that I'll feel lonesome. I expect, in any other kind of decorations, I don't suppose you've got any green and red in stock?"

"Green and red? Why, of course. We ain't got nothing else. We've got green and red rooms to burn—I mean there are fire escapes front and rear. You can have the parlor red and the bed-room green or vice versa. Cheerful colors, ain't they? Green goes with everything and red's all right; there ain't anything the matter with red. You have a red room and you won't be lonesome if your girl goes back on you."

He hands the lease through the bars; the man signs it and hands it back. Then he takes his check book from his pocket and makes out a check for the first month's rent. The process has been short and satisfactory to both sides.

"The place'll be all ready for you at 12 o'clock," says the blond youth. "I know you'll like it; ain't never had no complaint. You'll find the lease a great protection."

Then he turned to the next in line, a young man in a brown suit and green tie, ten shoes and stockings, who carries an alarm clock and a suit case in either hand and under his arm an oblong picture, through a gash in the wrapping of which the figure of a ballet girl in scarlet and gold is easily discernible. As the man goes

houses right around the corner, Thank you."

At 6 o'clock the man changed his collar in the office and went to dinner from there. Late that night he separated from his companions and started for home.

As he turned the corner down the familiar street something about the old house struck him as being strangely new. Then he discovered the reason for the phenomenon—the roof and four sides were missing. He thought it over. They were certainly on the night before. Then he re-

membered, and, walking to the nearest light, took a card of the real estate office from his pocket, congratulating himself on his foresight in having taken down the address of his new home.

In ten minutes he was standing in the red room, with green adjoining. Everything was in place, just as it was in the rooms he had before—table, chair, chest, bookcase south, and in the other room, chifonier and bed opposite. His four pictures were hung; his set of Shakespeare and volume of "Man and Superman" in place.

Only the head of the bed was turned the wrong way. He adjusted it with laborious jerks. He was greatly annoyed.

"That's the trouble," he said as he fell asleep, "with New York. All sorts and conditions of things arise to which a man must get accustomed. Never anything alike two days running. I don't wonder that people get tired of city life and go to the country to live."

The woman decided to move for so many reasons that to catalogue them all is inadvisable. She didn't decide all at once, but her state of indecision rendered the latter part of her summer outing unprofitable, and she came back to the city a week earlier than she had intended in order to give proper attention to the matter.

The first two weeks of her return she vacillated. All things considered, wouldn't an apartment hotel be better than a flat? The studio idea obsessed her for a time. She visited an agent and her experience there was duplicated fifty times in other places.

She is one of a roomful of women who

contemplate moving and when her turn comes to look through a grated window at a haughty young woman with a peacock waist, a pompadour and pearl powder, she hears this speech:

"I don't think we've got anything to suit you, Children? That's a blessing. We might do over one or two of the rooms, but not all. Yes, I know about the color of your draperies, but of course, we can't help that. Yes, four flights, rear, easy stairs, I guess. I never go upstairs myself. Yes, it's in a very convenient locality if you like that part of town. Oh, yes, you have to take a lease. If you can afford to get married, you'll find the place plenty large enough for two. There's an icebox,

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