

# AMONG US MORTALS

## MOVING

By W. E. HILL

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Mrs. Fred Veal is one of those ladies who "just won't be bothered carting around a lot of junk from place to place. I just have a big bonfire whenever we move!" The bonfire, it must be admitted, exists for the most part in Mrs. Veal's mind, as it's an awful struggle for Mrs. Veal to part with anything. Annie is using a little mental telepathy on Mrs. V. while the latter decides whether or not to give Annie the last year's hat. Annie has just been favored with six Christmas cards that have hardly been written on at all.

Moving day is no time for comic stuff. Eddie has learned that much, anyhow. So far Mattie, the colored cook, is the only member of the family whose bed has arrived, and Eddie, who came home feeling awfully cheery and jovial, has just suggested that maybe "Mattie can take us in for the night" with poor results. Ethel has stopped work long enough to point out that those are just the kind of jokes men think are very funny!

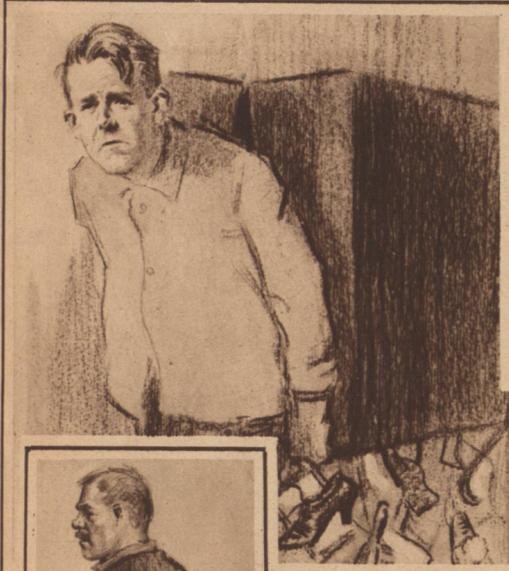
Mrs. McGratty has found "a great big e-normous water bug," and something drastic has got to be done or they'll move right out again! Mr. Rouse, the superintendent, will do his best, though the hurt look in his eyes shows plainly he thinks Mrs. McGratty brought the bug with her.



Ingebord, the janitor's cousin by marriage, who will tidy up after the movers for the modest remuneration of \$1 an hour.



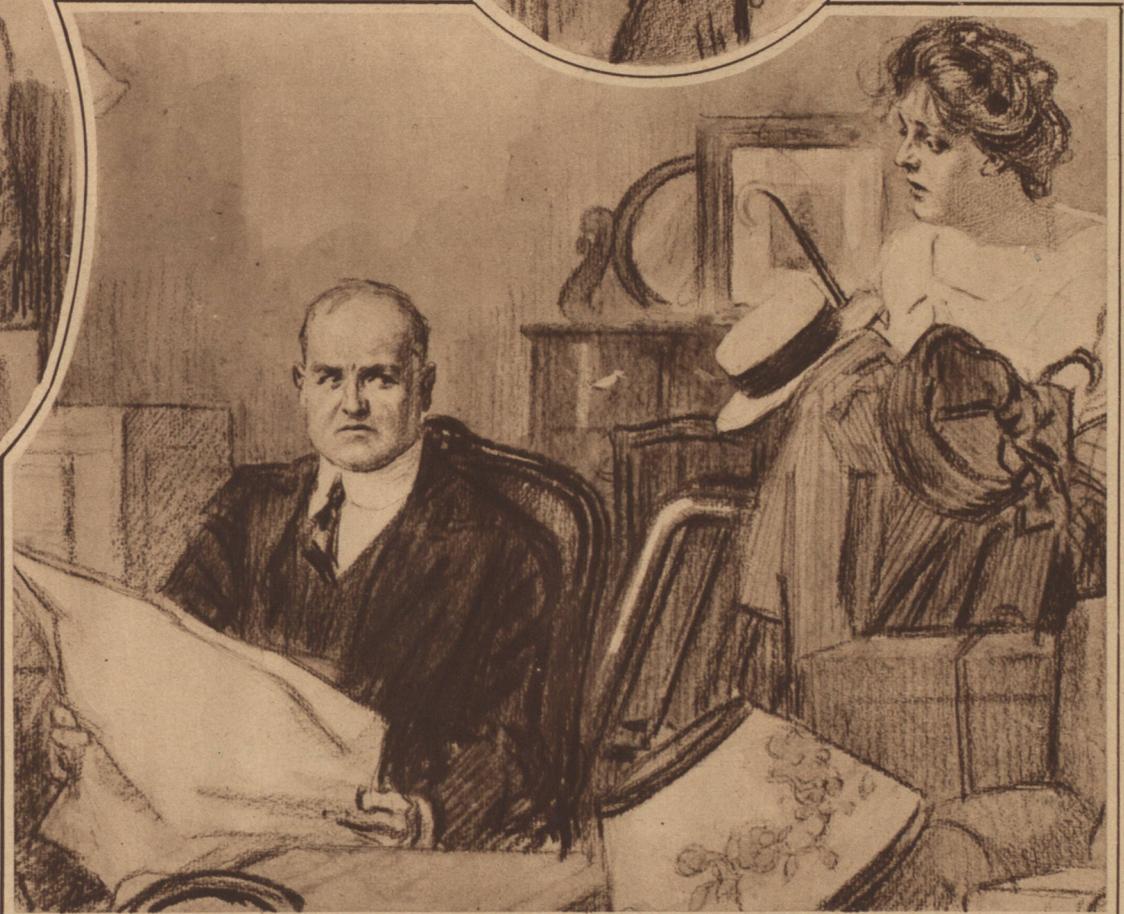
The last piece in the van load. Mover, with a tip in view, carrying an ironing board, oh, so gently and carefully.



The box couch that provided such a handy place for odds and ends that really didn't need much packing opens up at just the wrong time.



Joe, the packer, thinking over the glorious possibilities of the A. F. of L. as he deftly pushes a Venetian glass trifle between a bread board and a flatiron.



Three hours after the men promised to be on hand with the first load, and Mrs. Wiggins is still on watch.

The night before the vans are due finds Mr. Mulvey, who wanted a nice, quiet evening at home, convinced once and for all that women don't know how to manage these affairs. "Why can't you wait till the vans get here, and then just let 'em carry things out and load 'em up?" Believe it or not, Mr. Mulvey's opinion is that women like to fuss around with their things too much!



"G—!! —?" Gus, the mover, ready to quit for the day, has just received a measly little 50-cent tip.

