

HOSPITALITY IN THE FLAT

An Old Fashioned Virtue Which Does Not Flourish in New York Homes.

The reason some plays are popular, said a dramatic critic recently, "is that the life of a city is so complicated that one can find certain qualities and virtues only on the stage."

Perhaps hospitality is one of these. Of the country friend who takes the speciously worded invitations of her city friend as evidence of a genuine desire to return her own hearty hospitality and who with little warning makes a longed for trip Manhattanward to stay a few days with



"WHEN YOU WANT A REAL SWELL DINNER IN THIS TOWN, WHERE DO YOU GO?"

Certain it is that life in a New York flat, where space is restricted to the mere need of the dwellers, tends to destroy that fine old-fashioned virtue. After living a certain time in a flat the arrival of a guest would seem to be looked at much as an intrusion.

dear Clara. Clara has of course intended that the "some time" so diplomatically referred to in her invitations shall be no time, but the almost simultaneous appearance of country friend and letter announcing the visit prevent an explanation. The family, who already fill the apartment comfortably, are called upon to discuss ways and means.



"TWO MORE DOWN STAIRS."

The best bedroom must, of course, be given to the guest, which compels the usual inhabitants thereof to find other quarters. One, it is decided, may sleep on a shake-down in another room; the other on a narrow couch in the dining room. Wardrobes are relieved of gowns, which are packed away in boxes and put in obscure corners, where they cannot be found when needed, and bureau drawers are cleared out.

blocks up the narrow passageway and the other occupies a fine position in the small drawing room, already filled to overflowing with old-fashioned furniture, three sizes too large, which belonged to grandmother, and a plethora of bric-a-brac.

Country friend is not at all upset by the confusion she has created. She has the good natured tolerance of one whose stay is temporary. She asserts over and over that she does not mind being inconvenienced, and views the various members of the family who spend the greater part of her visit on all fours dragging out shoes, hats, gowns, &c., from underneath buffets, sideboards, sofas and chairs as if she had determined not to be surprised at anything that city folks might do.

She allows it to be understood that she has come to be entertained. One does not visit New York every day, and there are a great many points of interest she has heard about. She mentions incidentally the Statue of Liberty, the Bronx Zoo, the Aquarium, Brooklyn Bridge and the Metropolitan Museum, where she thinks a whole day might be spent profitably. As to the theatres, she is ready for any or all.

Clara remembers with horror how at the end of a busy season she had enjoyed the quiet hospitality of the country home, allowing days to slip into weeks and weeks into a month, never realizing the interest on that investment of health and strength she would be called upon to pay.



THE 3:00 A. M. MAN.

ling of painful subjects like the Bronx Zoo and the Statue of Liberty. At a woman's luncheon recently one of the party expressed herself to Clara and she had always visited in the usual country way without sending any word. She was quite surprised to discover that cousin had moved and still more surprised that she did not know where to find her.

"I had to keep her over night, for I did not have the heart to turn her adrift, and the next day and the next I traveled about endeavoring to locate the relative who rejoiced in the unusual name of Mary Johnson."

"I don't for the life of me see how people sleep on those things, but they say if you once begin you prefer 'em to beds. The couch was the only one that was available while aunt stayed the awakened sleeper failed to appreciate any latent sense of humor concealed in the statement."

"When I lived at the club," said the man about town, "the question of a guest was an easy one to solve, but I've had my experiences since I took a bachelor apartment. A bachelor apartment isn't designed for guests."

"I had only two bedrooms, one of which was used as a den, sitting, sewing, anything and everything. That was cleared and cleared. I didn't have an income that lent itself readily to unforeseen emergencies, but, on the other hand, I didn't have a father come to see me often. I went out and purchased a carpet, bed and belongings thereto, with the usual appearances of a guest room, and fitted up the place as attractively as I could. Remembering his restless nature and his habits, I even bought the books he liked and the kind of tobacco."

"I liked him at the train. He had not been in New York for some time. He seemed much impressed, and after the long ride across the city to Brooklyn, where I live, he looked about the cover interior of his room and said, patting me on the head:

"This is a great town, little girl. I've just made up my mind to stay over night." And he did, had only intended to stay an hour or two. But no coaxing could make him stay longer, and he started West the next day."

"People talk about the ingratitude and selfishness of servants," said another housekeeper. "I have no such fault to find. I believe my Irish Nora is deserving of wages. The places that poor child has slept in, for I am one of those who relatives live in nearby suburbs and swoop down on one without warning. Sometimes they get weather bound; sometimes they are taken ill; sometimes they want to be put up just for the night, and say how nice it is to have some one so convenient in the city."



THE FAMILY PREPARING FOR BED.

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I came in one afternoon to find a dear old lady installed in my tiny apartment. "When she was here five years before she had a cousin who lived in that house, whom she had always visited in the usual country way without sending any word. She was quite surprised to discover that cousin had moved and still more surprised that she did not know where to find her."

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WEALTHY NEW YORKERS FLEE THE CITY AND SEEK COUNTRY HOMES

Wealthy New Yorkers are showing a growing tendency to live out of the city. A favorite topic of conversation among fashionable folk is ways and means to secure a convenient and desirable all-year-around establishment in the country.

many entertainments given by the Goulds during the winter take place. George W. Vanderbilt finds life on his Biltmore estate in North Carolina more congenial than anything New York has to offer, and year by year W. K. Vanderbilt spends more and more time, when in this country, at his Long Island house, which both he and Mrs. Vanderbilt speak of as "home" and not as "our country house."

provided the place is easily accessible, and I mean that my home shall be near a railroad station and not more than two hours distant from New York. Then by having a suite in New York I can run in whenever I feel inclined and my husband and I can give our usual dinners much more easily at a hotel than we can give them now, and with no more expense.

in the residential district. It started in, in fact, soon after the Thirty-fourth street car line was put through and the big brick house on the southwest corner of Fifth avenue, occupied by Mrs. Astor was razed to make way for the huge hotel which is now there.

possibility of business creeping above Forty-seventh street on the west side of Fifth avenue, for the reason that that block, as well as some others near there, is Columbia University leasehold property, and consequently more or less restricted.

place to spend it. Fifty chances to one he comes to New York to settle down and enjoy his fortune.

On Nov. 2 last year Edward Steiert suggested to a number of friends in New York that a bottle containing his card and address be thrown overboard, just to see what might become of it.