



AMONG US MORTALS

Keeping a Cook Through the Summer

By W. E. HILL

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"These my sister's husband. These one his fadda." Ingar gets so lonely all by herself in the kitchen that Mrs. Brown has asked Ingar in with the family for the rest of the evening. Ingar is showing all her family photographs and Mrs. Brown is giving little squeals of delight. At the extreme right is the week-end guest, but the Browns are much too busy keeping Ingar from getting homesick for the city to bother much with him. Nowadays week-enders have to shift pretty much for themselves.



One way to keep a cook happy and contented through the summer is to let her bring one of her sister's children along—the younger the better. She can always get the family to do the dishes—if the waitress refuses—while she is upstairs getting the child to sleep.



If Mr. Biggs doesn't shut off the Victrola there'll be trouble. "I'm Sorry I Made You Cry" has just been set going, and oh, the memories of the city that it brings back to Alice the cook. Alice simply can't get on with the dishes for thinking of the last time she heard that tune. She was on the iceman's lap in the park. And all around on every bench was a fella and a girl, a fella and a girl—oh, it was grand!

Left—Mrs. Newton Knowles has a splendid plan for keeping Berta with her in the country right through the summer months. She is going to try a little matchmaking. There isn't that splendid! Right at the start she has bought two tickets to the church supper and is giving them to Berta and the milkman. It's not going to work, for Berta "isn't going out with no hicks!" The milkman, on his side, is a bit wary. None of them fly city gals for him!



Maltby is one of those heavy humorists—a business friend of the host who just had to be asked up for over Sunday. Maltby has turned out to be no end of a blessing in disguise, for Frances the cook has been cheered up considerably—Maltby's brand of fun being Frances's likewise. Maltby is out in the kitchen getting a drink of water. He is asking Frances what she makes the muffins out of, anyway—hay or sawdust? Frances is convulsed. It's a safe guess that Maltby will be asked up again.



On one side of the station platform is Annie, the Hates's ex-cook, waiting for the train to the city. And on the other is Mrs. Hate, likewise waiting for the train to town. Mrs. Hate is going to start all over again going the rounds of the intelligence offices. Annie and Mrs. Hate are not seeing each other.

Two week-end guests on the back seat with Mrs. Brown being shown the countryside. "You won't mind, will you, dear," said Mrs. Brown to Mrs. Weekend, "if we take Hulda along? She gets so lonely shut up in the kitchen all day." And Mr. and Mrs. Weekend are beginning to see that the afternoon's guest of honor is Hulda. "See, Hulda, see," Mrs. Brown is saying, "isn't that the dearest little farm over there—oh, Fred, do stop a moment and let Hulda see!"



Left—The gentle hint to the departing guests. "Oh, do just run out and say goodby to Lizzie the cook! She'll appreciate it so much."



Left—Mrs. Wallow is sneaking the newspaper that Mr. Wallow is looking for out to the kitchen. Annie, the cook, is so interested in the Stillman case and there may be something new.