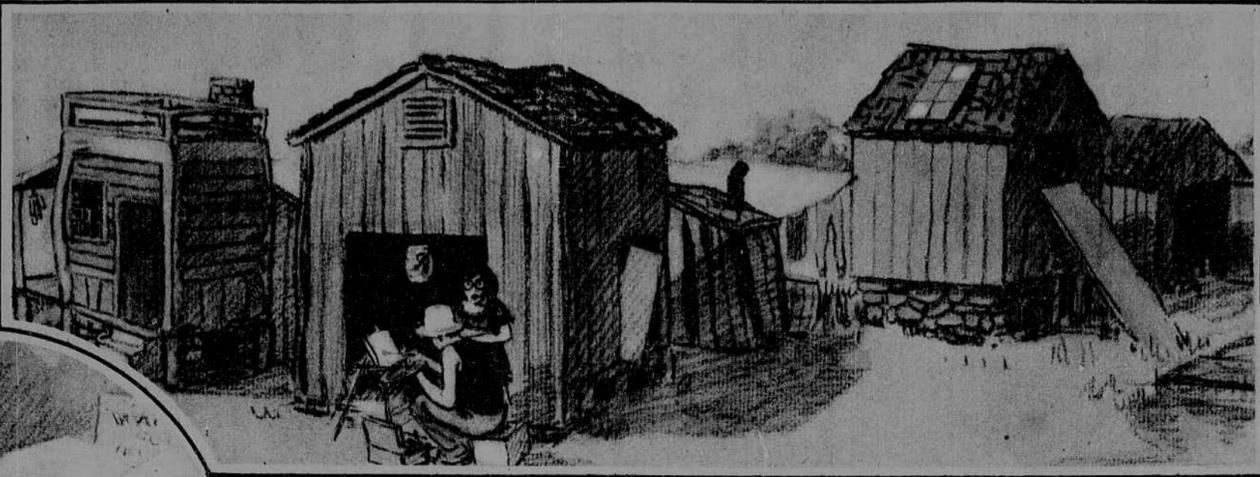


Among Us Mortals In the Good Old Summer Time

By W. E. Hill
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The Filipino village style of summer villa, including a guest house, studio house, tool house, etc., beloved of those self-made architects who can never set eyes on a deserted ice house or band stand or chicken coop without wanting to remodel it into a summer bungalow. When the ice house, chicken coop, or whatever it is, has been painted white with green trimmings and a skylight added, one can always rent it to artists. They aren't particular, you know.



There's nothing like sleeping outdoors in summer—nothing like it! Especially around 5 a. m. when the sun begins to strike your couch and the flies wake up and want to play with you.



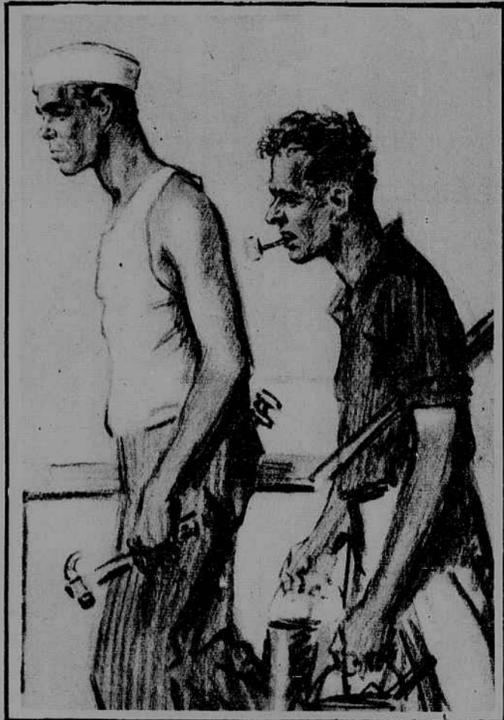
Mrs. Elbert Darrow, the village postmistress, does so enjoy the Smiths' Sunday paper. The Smiths can't understand why the paper always comes a day late and have written the newsdealer again and again.



Above—The snapshot to send home. It's such a pretty pose that Mrs. Beasley is planning to send poor, dear, hardworking Fred in the city. (This was just before the field mouse ran along the fence.)



The much too dressy week-enders who were told to bring nothing but outing clothes. The host is a little afraid to show them to the villagers.



"Marsh" and "Bud" have spent the entire week working over the motorboat and when Sunday comes they will provision their larder for a twenty-four-hour run, and start off. That's all they will do—start! The engine will give up about a quarter of a mile from the landing and they will row back. Next week they will give the boat another good overhauling.



Left—Mattie, the only wash lady for miles around, has gone back on her job. The lodge has elected her delegates to the convention and the neighborhood's wash will have to get along without Mattie for a while.

Right—"We just thought we'd drop in on you and give you all a big surprise." The motorists who arrive just in time to get asked to Sunday dinner. "Oh, no," they say, "we wouldn't think of staying for dinner. We'll just have a glass of water and be off!" Then they say they'll just sit down and watch while you have your dinner. They end up by eating everything in sight.



Right—Miss Lizzie Dibble is out canvassing on subscriptions to The Church and Chapel Investigator. If Miss Lizzie can worry seven more subscriptions from the summer residents she will get as a premium her choice between Great Solemn Souls in Anguish: a Book for the Pure in Heart—or The Wonders of the Yellowstone.



Left—The four-mile ride from the station in the local taxi driver's 1909 model. The fare will be \$5—unless there are two passengers aboard—then it will only be \$4.75 each.