The Bungalow Guests
By W. E. Hill

The careful relation. Aunt Thibe is stepping at Coosie Elzith's bungalow for the sooted term, and is in exquisities of the food and drink. "Edith, I won't taste of the tea," Coosie Thibe will inform the supper table. "Wouldn't it be terrible if we all got pronounced way out here on the late?" Coosie Thibe washes the well water. Only the other day she saved a Louise bag and a rug for a long walk in a glass of well water.

Bride and bridegroom. Bungalow dwellers, even those who never far off from civilized homes, should bear in mind that a recently coquettish meal still cause much embarrassment of close quarters, even with the thickest walls. Hence, the meal must be a light and amusing one, without the least taint of Fleisch oder so. And that has been known to put artisans making in most halls, after watching Coosie Thibe's behavior.

The last. Just one of those healthy, bungle-formers who can be heard distinctly miles away, and a great trial in a small bungalow. Usually leaves a screen door open, thereby allowing the bees, wasps, and flying insects in the house without.

The delicate male. No summer bungalow season is complete without the visitor who is a prey to red ants, mosquitoes, wasps, and beetles. Always scratching, for some case or other, and hungering at antides.

The too-appreciative girl. Some girls are too energetic and too up-and-at-em for a small summer bungalow. Grace is one such. She loves everything to death, is simply mild about the weather, the bungalow, the people in it, those near to it, and everyone. "Some sun, boys, kids!" is the most monotonous phrase. Sometimes at noon.

The literary guest. A visitor with a great love of good literature sounds like a splendid addition to a summer bungalow, but there is just one drawback. Never the rose without its thorn, you know. Such a guest, even the most well mannered and well spoken, will follow you around from room to room, from door to door, from window to window, and all over the house, while one reads from the latest biography. "Do listen to this," he or she will sing. "Isn't it choice, what Martin Luther said to the wife of the bishop of Meissen when she accused him of somnambulism?"

A Hungry Fire fan. A radio fan as a bungalow guest is all very well. But a close follower of Louise and the band should never be encouraged, even in the advisories of a summer bungalow. He will delight in following you around all the halls, and asking, in the most opening of voices, what happened to the five last night and why.

The girl with letters to write. Some guests, the very minute they are installed in a bungalow colony, begin to write letters home, which, of course, requires a stamp or two. And stamps are the last items to be found in a summer bungalow. Such a guest will, of necessity, spend much of her visit wondering from bungalow to bungalow, clutching a coin, saying plaintively, "Can you let me have an air stamp?"