

# Two Weeks' Vacation

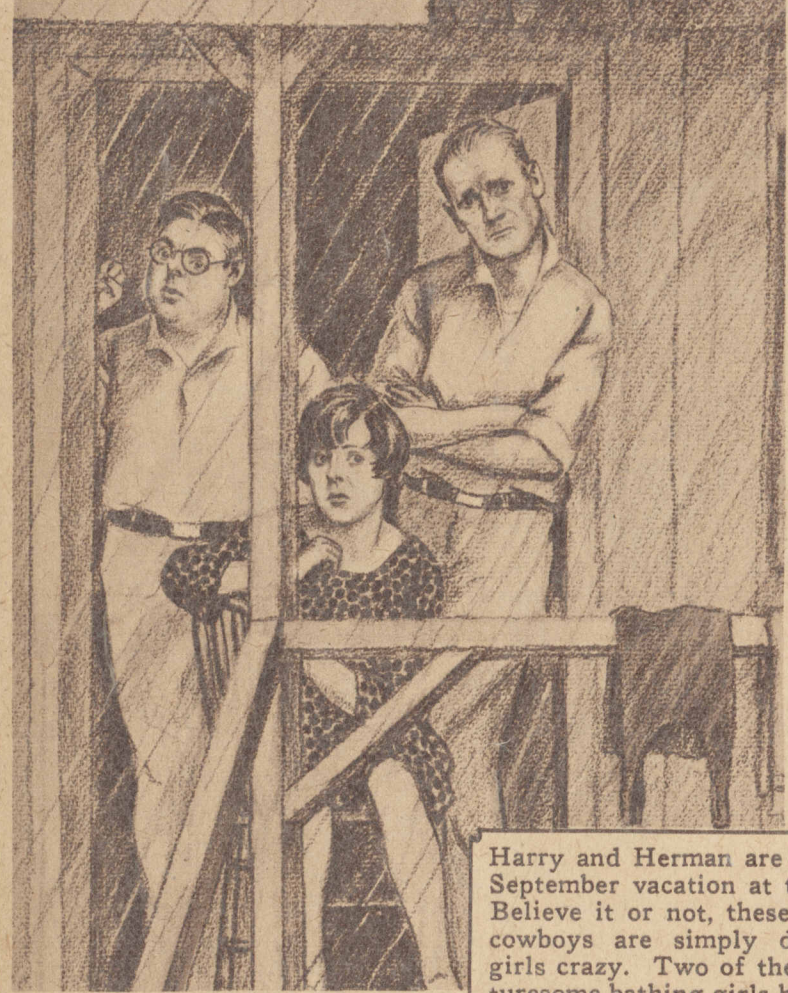
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By W. E. Hill

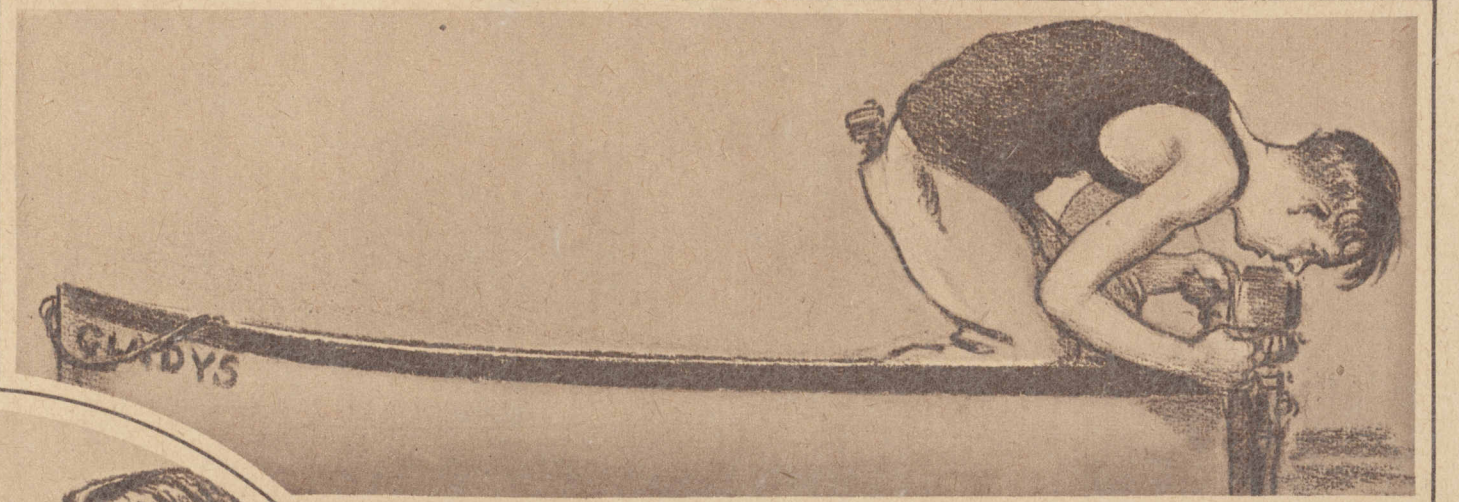


"Come on, Emma; we've seen that. We gotta hurry!" The two weeks' trip to Europe and back for the man who can't leave the preferred and common stocks, and the dividends, for longer. They've managed to crowd the chateau country, Holland, a piece of Belgium and a corner of Germany into their time on land. They're doing Ann Hathaway's cottage as a windup.

## CAMP OSOCOSY



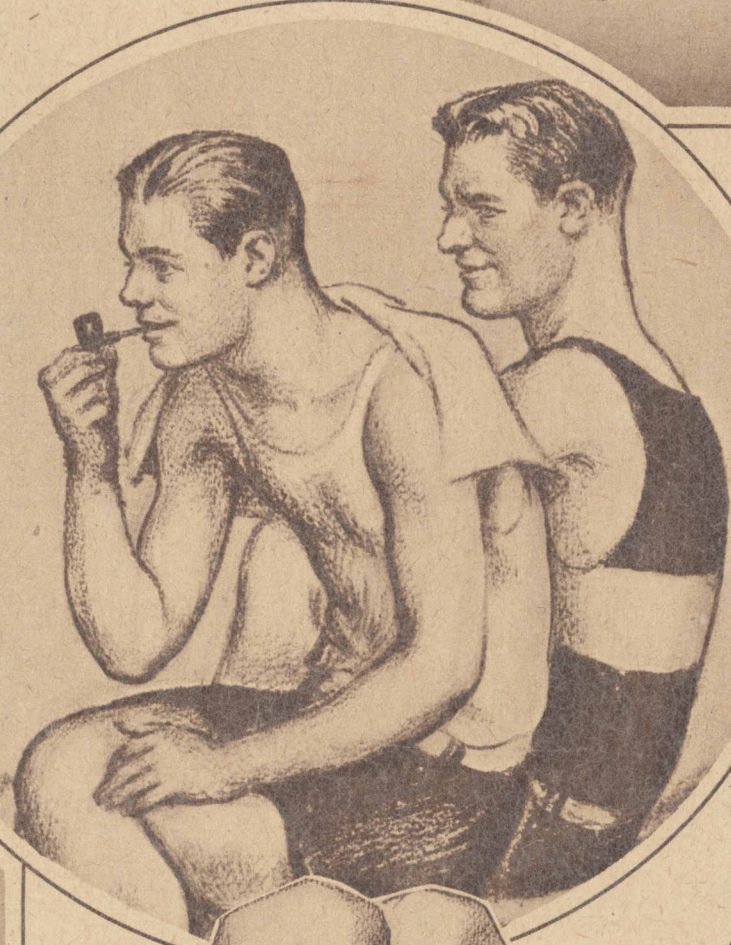
The tired business boy is spending his annual two weeks of rest and recuperation "with the folks out at the lake." He's doing a little distilling this year, and, because green ginger ale bottles are just right for bottling the home made wine, a lot of ginger ale has to be drunk in the home circle. The family is getting to hate ginger ale!



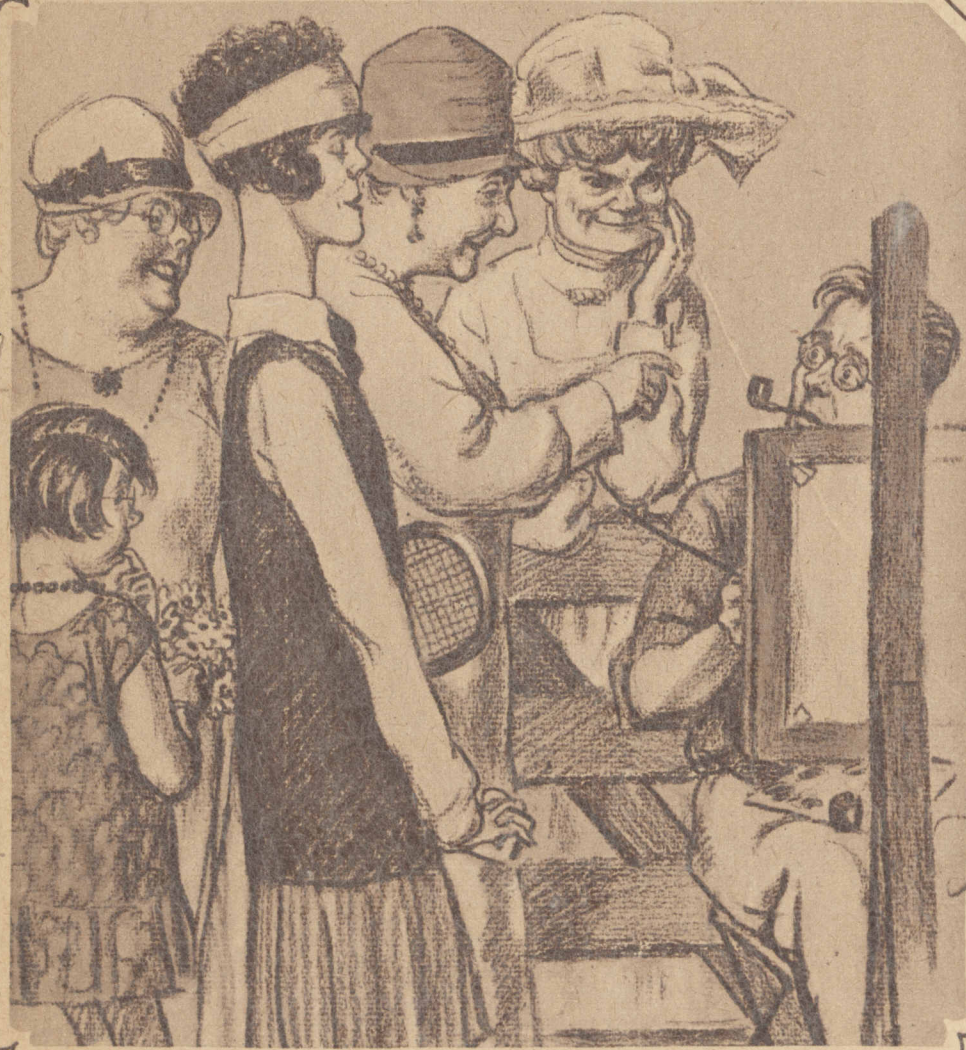
Winslow is having the swellest kind of a time out at the lake, wearing old clothes, going without shaving, and dissecting the motor on the motor boat. Every day he takes it all apart and tries putting it together new ways.

Just three highly strung, supernervous people, vacationing in a little camp bungalow with thin partitions, no plumbing, a one-burner oil stove in the kitchen, and plenty of rain outside.

Harry and Herman are enjoying a September vacation at the seaside. Believe it or not, these two beach cowboys are simply driving the girls crazy. Two of the more venturesome bathing girls have walked up and down, up and down in front of Harry and Herman for the last quarter of an hour. And nothing seems to happen. Which proves the truth of the adage: "September boys are hard to please; They look askance at bony knees."



Fisherman's luck, so to speak, is Milton's this bonny September morn, though nary a fish is in his basket. He's spied a clump of elderberries to bring home to the little gray still in the cellar.



Artists love solitude on their vacations. As soon as people find out that an artist who likes to be alone is in the locality, they come in perfect droves to see him and ask him why he paints the tree that queer pinkish shade of green when really it isn't that color at all, and isn't Greenwich Village a dreadful place and does he ever do batik.



Mrs. Frank Noise and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Laurence Racket, are up north for a brief stay. They are seeing all the shows and are doing the summer sales pretty thoroughly. When the mercury climbs to 105° in the shade they will say: "O, we don't call *this* hot! Why this is chilly compared to what we have in Texas!"



Mr. and Mrs. Walter Pastry and children are spending poppa's vacation right at home in the suburb—so poppa can finish painting the kitchen, for one thing. However, they take little trips to neighboring beaches. They will park the car, pull down the shades, and get into their bathing suits. The car makes a swell bathhouse, but even the most careful of bathers will track in sand and gravel, so getting dressed is pretty scratchy.