

Our Sunday Callers

By W. E. Hill

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"I can't understand why Gertrude should have such poor teeth, her father being a dentist. You'd think it would reflect on his business." Aunt Nettie and Aunt Rhoda call once a year on a Sunday afternoon. Once a year is enough, considering the things they say afterwards.

When friends motor all the way out to the suburbs to make a Sunday p. m. call it doesn't necessarily mean they are crazy about you. It's just that they have to go somewhere, so why not to you!

"You must come in and see Aunt Sarah, she's asked particularly for you, Robert!" If Sunday callers knew what it means to pry a man away from a soft couch on Sunday afternoon they would do their calling on week days only.



Mildred dearly loves to draw people out. "Do tell me about your composing," she will ask of an engineer, or "Do tell me something about your construction work," she will beg of a musician from the opposite end of a room full of talking people and radio jazz.



Hulda is trying to read her Moon Mullins, but how is a girl to keep her mind on literature with constant interruptions from callers, drat 'em. If the madam wants any tea she can get it herself. Hulda is using a nail in place of dental floss, because, you see, a bit of roast lamb has lodged in a cavity.



Shirley is a great book borrower and always returns a book in due season, to some one, though not always to the right party. Mistakes will happen. This Sunday afternoon Shirley is returning "The Forsyte Saga," which was too long to finish, and is taking "Gentlemen Marry Brunettes."



The bachelor friend of the family who makes very long calls. Awfully surprised to find how late it is when Sunday supper is announced. Very jovial.



Here are the cousins from way off the other end of town and their darling kiddies, namely, Enid, Edna Junior, and Earle. They're coming to make a Sunday afternoon call and won't we have fun. Enid and Junior will get into the artificial ice machine and put it completely out of running, and Earle will render a radio and a player piano useless between noon and dewy eve. Their papa and mama think they are such happy, healthy children ("Now, Earle, don't shoot your toy pistol right in cousin Margaret's face!"), but some there are who dub them "perfect little fiends!" O, well, you can't please everybody.



People who call on friends living in city apartments are great stayers. This is really not because they are waiting to be asked to Sunday night supper, as so many hostesses erroneously suppose, but because all the oxygen in the room gets used up and guests have not the strength to leave when they should. This gay roomful comprises, from left to right, the couple with the charming children, the rich relatives, the girl friend from down the block, and the couple who hoped for cocktails but are completely disillusioned. The girl friend has a swell line in the right crowd. You can say anything to her and she will answer "You'd be surprised" or "And how." The rich relatives are very aloof. The hostess, on the extreme right, is wondering and wondering, "what have we got in the ice box!"