

The Bungalow Guests

By W. E. Hill

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The careful relation. Aunt Thisbe is stopping at Cousin Edith's bungalow for the heated term, and is very suspicious of the food and drink. "Edith, this tongue tastes of the tin," Cousin Thisbe will inform the supper table. "Wouldn't it be terrible if we all got ptomaine, way out here on the lake!" Cousin Thisbe wants the well water analyzed. Only the other day she saw a Louise bug and a tadpole with a long evil face in a glass of well water!



Bride and bridegroom. Bungalow dwellers, even those who summer far off from civilized haunts, should bear in mind that a recently married couple will cause much embarrassment at close quarters. A hired man will do the chores indifferently, and a cook—a cold hearted Finnish cook at that—has been known to put vanilla flavoring in meat balls, after watching Honey chew the ends of Precious Lamb's fingers.



The lout. Just one of those healthy, bouncing boys who can be heard distinctly a mile away, and a great trial in a small bungalow. Usually leaves a screen door open, thereby allowing free access to the interior to all the bugs and beetles without.



The delicate male. No summer bungalow season is complete without a visit from the young man who is a prey to red ants, mosquitoes, wasps, canned shrimps, poison ivy, hay fever, strawberry rash, or sunburn. Always scratching, for some cause or other, and hunting an antidote.



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 mad about the weather, the bungalow, the people in it, those near to it, and screams, "Some fun, hey, kid?" at the most meager provocation. Oftentimes at none.



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 soft spoken, will follow you around from room to room, from sleeping porch to linen closet, with the firm intent of reading aloud bits and oddments from the latest biography. "Do listen to this," he or she will gurgle: "isn't it choice, what Martin Luther said to the wife of the bishop of Nantes when she accused him of autonomy!"



A Hungry Five fan. A radio fan as a bungalow guest is all very well. But a close follower of Louie and his band should never be encouraged, even in the environs of a summer bungalow. He will delight in following one around all the while relating snatches of 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, means 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 wandering from bungalow to bungalow, clutching a coin, saying plaintively, "Can you let me have an air stamp?"