



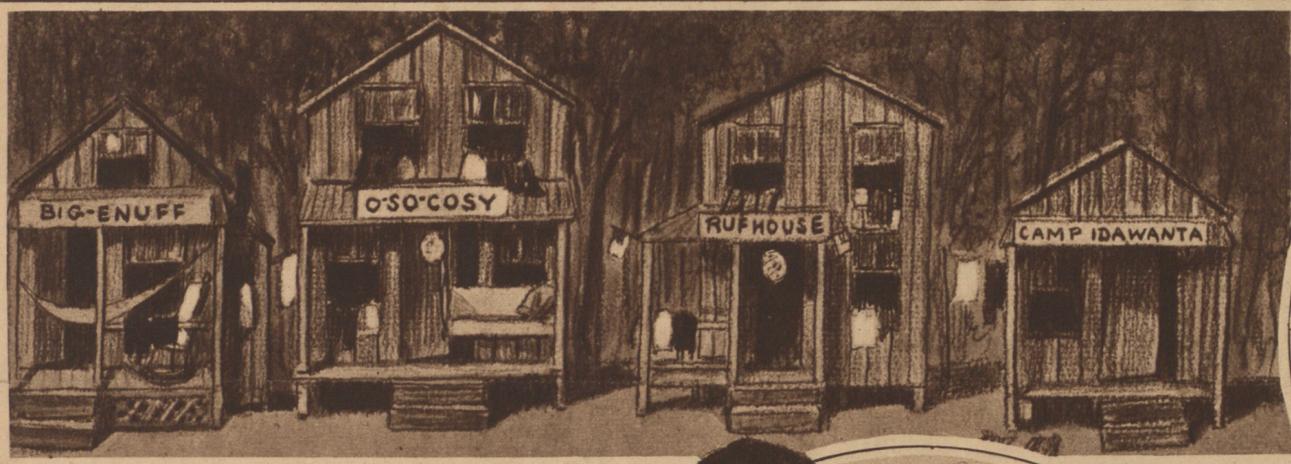
Charades at "Kamp Kilkare," where a little party is being given. Unfortunately, Mrs. Cubit's side numbers three outsiders who have never met before and who are no good at all at charades, or even thinking up words. Mr. Snick, after a great deal of hard thinking, has suggested the word "rancid"—that is, if any one can think of a way to act out the last syllable.

# Among Us Mortals Summer Cottagers

By W. E. HILL

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The corn roast, with the corn that won't roast.



The row of cottages, all appropriately named, on the border of Lily Pad Lake.



Mr. McCooey, up for the week, dwelt largely on the joy of going to sleep listening to the night sounds in the country. Mr. McCooey hadn't counted on the noises that come through the thin partitions of a bungalow.



Mrs. Siebbins, who comes around now and then to sell eggs and butter to the cottagers—as a great favor and only at a slight increase over city prices—thinks city people are just plain crazy, more or less.



Dragging the family dog down to the water's edge for a much needed bath.



"We never dress up at all at Kamp Kilkare" is Mrs. Rugg's slogan.



A shampoo on the lake.



Dodging the sharp stones on the way down to the water.