

in solemn Stillness and build a Fire and have a Fry—that was the kind of Outing for which he yearned, and yearned to no Effect.

Luella was dead willing to go back to Nature with him.

Collecting Leaves and Flowers, hunting up the Botanical Names, and then Pressing the Specimens in an unabridged Dictionary would have satisfied her utmost craving for Dissipation.

Very often they took imaginary Camping Trips, sleeping under the Stars, miles and miles from a Tea-Urn or a Macaroon.

Nevertheless, notwithstanding, and in spite of all these modest and sane Proclivities, every June saw them doing the Lock-Step out to a Summer Colony that was just as restful as the Firing Line.

If Mrs. Beezum pulled a Moving-Picture Show, then Mrs. Gazoontz gave a Vaudeville under a Tent, whereupon Mrs. Plazinsky would arouse herself and come across with a Water Fête, and then the Jinks-Brewsters and the Hooper-Fergusons and the Watts-Plummers would burst forth into a perfect Frenzy of Luncheons and Moonlight Dances and Tableaux Vivants, calculated to outdo and show up the unhyphenated Second-Raters.

Many a would-be Recluse found himself cutting Didoes among the Whirling Dervishes.

Chester and Luella tried to go along with the Steeplechasers, although they were pulled up lame about half of the time.