

CLUB ACTIVITIES

By W. E. Hill

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Service club. Meet W. O. Tinslee, all set for a good, rousing lunch with the Rotarians, or the Lions, or maybe it's the Kiwanis boys.



The ladies' literary club. Mrs. Harvey Strophe and Mrs. Mabelle Mull, recording secretary and chairman of the refreshment committee, respectively, are representative of the Corylopsis Drama club. Mrs. Mull is, if anything, a little more so because she has big drawing rooms that can accommodate all the club members on occasion. You'd be surprised what the Drama club gets through during a winter season. So far it has done Brieux, Shaw, Strindberg, Schnitzler, and Ibsen, and has compared one with another both singly and in the huddle system. And next week all the members are going to do "Strange Interlude," so that they can compare it with the plays of Tchekhov, which they are going to study shortly.



The athletic club. This is the tired business men's class going through a neat routine of calisthenics after a hard day in the office. Business men who are all worn out at 4:30 p. m. from trying not to see insurance agents, or from nervous indigestion brought on by the stock market, or from one thing and another, are taken in hand by the physical instructor and made to bend, sway, and rise on their toes till, by 5:30, they are completely made over into something the little wife will be glad to welcome home.



The tough social club. The Baloney Social club, sponsored by One-Ear Maginnis and his gang, is really a political club, because around election time One-Ear and his cohorts are hired to shoot up rival voting factions. However, the big blowouts the Baloney club stages from time to time are purely social in their nature. A Baloney club party becomes very intimate in the early morning hours, and black eyes, dislodged teeth, cuts, bruises, and knockouts ensue.



The country club. New additions to the club membership are very apt to run wild for a week or so in the sport clothes departments of our leading emporiums. Naturally this just about spoils the looks of the eighteen hole course and is a great annoyance to nervous golfers. Here are Bob and Edna, going around for the first time, clad in the latest hint from Paris and London via the local department store. Edna's hat is labeled "Hollywood Charm" and Bob is wearing the new "Peek-a-boo" golf hose.



The art club. The Pen, Pencil and Eraser club has for its motto, "Nihil Sine Labore," which is Latin for "The Door to Success Is Labeled Push," or something as good. No person except maybe a nonresident sustaining member can join the Pen, Pencil and Eraser unless he or she does something artistic, like taking photographs of cute children in color, or painting telephone stands, or managing a gift shop. So that almost everybody in the Pen, Pencil and Eraser is a celebrity. At every get together evening gathering some one interesting delivers a little address on some worldwide topic. At the last meeting a delightful man high up in the diplomatic corps gave a half hour's talk on "Diseases of the Scalp."



The conservative club. Mr. Dillworthy's club had its heyday in the middle '80s, and nothing within the clubhouse has changed since then. The members hold a very poor idea of modern days and ignore them as much as possible. They still mention the blizzard of '88 and speak reverently of Lilly Langtry's beauty, "The Bohemian Girl," and Rice's "Evangeline."



Night club. Any one who can convince the boy at the gate that he's not a revenue officer can join this club. Even the police.