A guest, anxious to make a good impression, registering polite interest culminating in frantic delight, over a fifteen minute anecdote.

"Next time you tell rough stories, Ed, you gotta stick around and see 'em through. I had a helluva time explaining what you meant to those visiting guys from Whitney's Point!"

"I'd rather join the Hannamaria
Than any other club:
I'm happier in Hannamaria
Than any other club—"
and so on for nine more verses. Guided by Cheer Leader Irving R. Routum, the loyal members of Hannamaria (our local service club, which meets every Tuesday noon in the old rose ballroom of the Hotel O'Toole) are making the very welkin ring, and how!

Service club membership being composed more or less of "one man and his competitor from each line in a given city," we have here, from left to right and from top to bottom, two druggists and two jewelers. Druggist No. 1 is, for the time being, trying not to remember that druggist No. 2 (drat him) has been selling magnesia at a prohibitive cut rate.

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Many a little wife has wondered what the husbands talk about when they get together at a service club lunch. Well, here's a group of them, over their coffee and cigars, discussing almost to a man what to do about neuritis, Hoover, and Al Smith, golf, and business as usual.