

Service Club

By W. E. Hill

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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!"

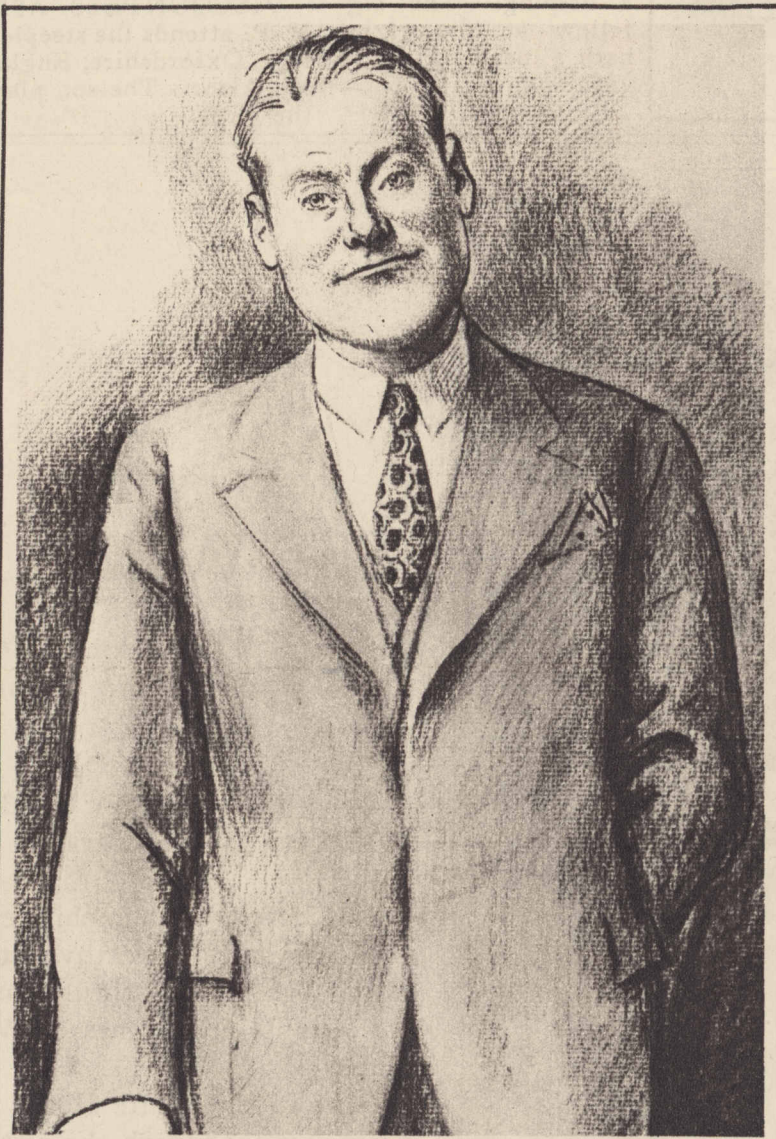


The president of a service club, all worked up about something. It may be he's worried about the Bolsheviki, and then again it may be just the chicken cutlet and the tutti-frutti ice cream that have upset him.

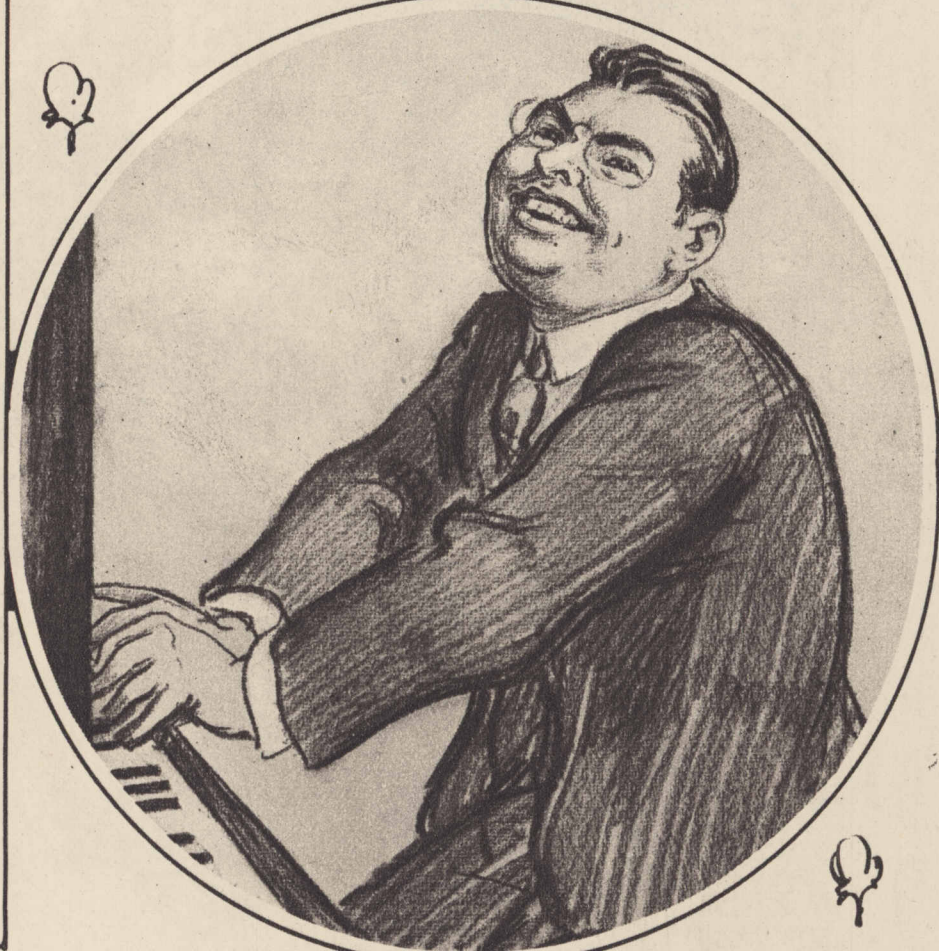


"I'd rather join the Hannamaria
Than any other club;
I'm happier in Hannamaria
Than any other club—
I'm crazy 'bout the fellows—"

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!



Each week the members of the Hannamaria invite some one to come and talk to them. Somebody famous if possible. This week they have none other than Clayton P. Lack, of the Ipso Facto Cracker company, who will trace for them the progress of an oyster cracker from its most primeval stage in the factory to where it emerges all ready to be chewed up. "Cracker makers," concludes Mr. Lack, "are all of them service club members in spirit if not in actuality, because their aim is to aid mankind by making crackers and milk possible."



Roy, the gay entertainer, is doing his pianologue for the service club boys. First he will sing "Mother Machree" as it should be sung, then he will do it the way an Irishman imitating an Italian would do it, and then he will render the song the way the Italian would render it if he were imitating an Irishman. And as an encore Roy will imitate an Esquimaux with a hare lip singing "Dixie." Roy has done his pianologue three times this year for the Rotary club, twice for Kiwanis and six times for the Exchange club, so you can see how big his stuff goes.



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.



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.