

# Anderson's Social and Club Life Makes One of That City's Attractions

## Small Gatherings the Rule This Season, with Much Activity in Literary Clubs on the Part of the Intellectual and Progressive Women

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

ANDERSON, Ind., Feb. 6.—Anderson, for the first time in many years, has been dull socially in a season that usually is replete with brilliant social events. There has been but one gathering during the winter that attracted unusual attention. That given by Mrs. Samuel J. Mack, wife of the superintendent of the American Plate Glass Works of Alexandria, was the one exception. It was a reception on New Year's afternoon and evening, to which two hundred guests responded, many being representatives of the sister cities of the gas belt. The quiet season is due in large measure to the death early in the fall of Mrs. Thomas N. Stillwell, one of the most popular leaders in the social events of the city. There are many of the ladies here who have not unpacked the handsome gowns that were purchased in the anticipation of a lively season. Thursday night of the week just past the Anderson Club was the scene of a pretty event which interested representatives of the clubs of the city both among the married and young ladies. A hundred leap-year invitations were issued to the gentlemen, who were shown all the sweeter attentions and courtesies at a dance that are usually showered upon the ladies themselves. The programmes were issued as drafts, signed and checked by the ladies. This was one event in which there were no "wall flowers" in evidence. The guests were showered with flowers, and a pace set which will be long remembered here. The reception committee included Mesdames C. W. Hoover, K. M. Burr, Edward Jones and Misses Mary Cring, Bertha Brown and Jessie Crampton.

Mrs. B. L. Bing has announced a series of receptions in honor of Mrs. Letter Bing, her daughter-in-law, to be given the latter part of this month, and it is expected that this will be but the renewing of social activities in Anderson. While the social energies have been dormant, expression has found vent in the club meetings, and Anderson is now prolific in clubs. The pioneer club socially is the Embroidery Club, which meets on the afternoon and evening of Friday every second week. Mrs. J. W. Lovett, Mrs. Judge Henry C. Ryan, Mrs. L. J. Burr and Mrs. R. P. Grimes are leading spirits in this organization. The ladies entertain their husbands at a 6 o'clock dinner each meeting and the husbands are all heartily in favor of this organization. Card clubs are quite popular and card parties are more frequent than during previous seasons. The West End Euchre Club, the E. G. L. Euchre Club, the Wednesday Afternoon Euchre Club, the Friday Euchre Club have large memberships and valuable prizes mark spirited contests, while occasional teas enliven the hours of pleasure. The Tuesday Afternoon, the Quality and the Anonymous Clubs each contribute much to the social side of Anderson. Prominent in these clubs might be mentioned as leading spirits Mrs. William M. Cron, T. M. Norton, Mrs. Fred Mustard, Mrs. M. A. Cox, Mrs. C. W. Orland, Mrs. D. E. Ralback, Mrs. S. C. Wilson, Mrs. Elmer Albright, Mrs. Percy Doyle and Misses Anna Shackelford, Myrtle Sears, Edith Layne.

The Hawthorne Club is one of the most progressive clubs and this year is under the direction of Mesdames N. P. Searle, M. M. Dunlap, W. R. Armstrong, George Lilly, and Charles P. Luce. Their colors are pink and green and their favorite flower a pink carnation. Their programmes are varied and include historical research, art discussions, studies of literature and world's current events. The Art Club is composed of ladies given exclusively to the cultivation of artistic tastes and their papers and exhibits have met with many flattering notices from distinguished artists who have from time to time lectured to the members. Mrs. W. J. Blackledge, Mrs. F. H. Smith and Mrs. O. C. Ritchie have been ardent promoters of this organization. Perhaps the most cosmopolitan of all the organizations is the Entertainers, which embraces a membership of more than a hundred members divided into literary, musical and art sections, each of which is represented on each programme and all is a part of a national federation. Senator E. E. Hendee is grand master of the Entertainers in this city. One of the interesting features of this society is that each member is the living representative of an author, artist or musician and it is the rule of the Entertainers that upon all occasions members shall address each other by their assumed names. The Tourists derive their name from the fact that their programmes embrace some discussion of travel, recently grave subjects have been assigned. Judge H. C. Ryan, W. M. Cron, W. S. Ellis, P. P. Foster, W. B. Campbell are among those who are intensely interested in this club. Their wives also are members and enter into the discussions as much spirit as their husbands. There is a "Show Story" club of young ladies, a Fortnightly and a Magazine Club, all having for their purpose the attainment of literary culture.



Mrs. S. J. Mack



Mrs. Clarence Leih

# They Learn Fancy Dancing, Do Many Maids and Matrons

## It Is for Aesthetic Purposes, However, and Seldom Are Their Friends Allowed to See Them Exercise Their Skill

HERE has never been a winter when dancing was more popular in Indianapolis, and the number of dances, little and big, formal and informal, which have taken place during the season is without precedent. Not only young people have danced, either; there have been dances for children, dances for young married people; and while no dances have been announced for the older married people, they have been very much in evidence on the floor at all the parties not exclusively for the younger set. "I have stopped being surprised at the number of elderly women who come to me for private lessons," says one dancing teacher, "and really they themselves have ceased to apologize for the fact of their coming. The utmost explanation that any stout matron now makes for asking my assistance in waltzing or two-stepping, is that she is going to chaperon a college party somewhere or another and she doesn't want her boys to feel that mother is a back number, and uses obsolete forms in dancing when she steps out on the floor. But most of those that come to me come because they wish to come and they offer no more explanation than the younger women."

Connoisseurs in dancing say that there is considerable difference between the familiar dances as they are danced here and as they are danced in the East. Most Indianapolis dances seek smoothness rather than fancy dancing. The study of the graceful dances, indeed, is worthy of some name other than lead, for it is the surest method of developing grace and poise—qualities desired by every woman who has the inevitable hankering after beauty—and of developing the body evenly and symmetrically. The more violent exercises of the gymnasium which the up-to-date girls have strength and poise, but a good dancer, indeed, they frequently tend toward the more graceful. The study of the aesthetic dances on the contrary gives strength only in a moderate degree, but ensures grace and poise. The study of the two latter qualities are really more excellent things in women than the power to swing big Indian clubs or to lift heavy weights.

Those women who study aesthetic dancing normally always have some gymnastic work of the lighter sort in connection with it; and on the reverse side many gymnastums teach a few courses of aesthetic dancing, which insures them a freedom of movement which the straight gymnastic exercises do not give.

The society women who enter the classes simply for the pleasure of dancing and do not take any other serious work, however, have nothing of the "heavier" work in connection with the graceful movements of the arms and body and the steps. Studied even in this way the dancing gives a grace of carriage which is very well worth while. The graceful, flowing movements of the body and arms give grace and suppleness to the figure, and the pretty, often intricate steps of the ballroom, castanet dances, fancy dances of various kinds are given to the class in connection with all the steps the "point-the-toe" which is the shibboleth of most physical directors, is one of the other points in the foot movements that like the other, are essential points of the dances, goes to make up a liberos and freedom of movement which is soon apparent in all motion.

"Why do the society women study these elaborate and difficult dances?" somebody asked one pretty girl who was known to be a charming dancer herself. "They never permit any one to see them exercise if they wish to entertain their friends with pretty dances they hire a professional dancer; if they wish to study they acquire a knowledge that benefits no one and gives no pleasure."

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Mrs. Frank Johnson

Miss Frances Stein

# Tommy Wiljohn and His Ten Dollars

## How He Started Out to Spend His Hard-Earned Money for a Bicycle and Changed His Mind

By F. Fox

THE world was bright to Tommy Wiljohn as he took his way down the street, his Norfolk hunched in wrinkles about his waist, for his hands were thrust to the wrists in his knickerbocker pockets. In the right one, snugly incased in a chambray purse, which they made fat, were ten one-dollar bills. Tommy had put his savings into one-dollar bills, because bills were anything, from ones to fifties; and the roll in the purse looked and felt impressive. The \$10 represented Tommy's savings from a summer of berry picking that began with strawberries and ended with dewberries. Any boy, who knows anything about berry

price is high; but when you have that same article to sell, the market value is disconcertingly low. As for Billy, a wonderful tenderness had been expended upon his upbringing, and his disposition was perfect. He never took advantage of the rear of little boys, and his mottled sides were groomed with a nicety that made little girls hug and kiss him. Mrs. O'Shea always ended up the family wash by drenching Billy with the warm soapuds; she didn't blue him, but otherwise Billy was as clean as the snowy stretch of linen on the O'Shea clothes-line. The buckles on his harness twinkled in little diamond lights and the blue wagon shone in new paint. Up and down the pavement he jerkily trotted, and Tommy found an exhilarating boyish delight in balancing on the board that was the front seat of the goat wagon, holding the lines at which Billy daintily jerked, touching him up now and then with the whip from the holder, and an encouragement that Billy resented with nervous little switches of his small tail. Tommy rode, and he rode, and he rode, and the more times the little crowd of boys went up and down the pavement the more Tommy desired Billy. Were not ten one-dollar bills and one goat outfit an even exchange. Moreover, a live, personal acquaintance always has an advantage over a mechanical one, inasmuch as it is alive. "Tim," said Tommy, finally, "I'll give you five for him."

Timmy turned astonished eyes on Tommy. "Ten," said he. "I'll give you seven." "Ten!" "I'll give you eight and a quarter." "Ten!" Timmy's last ten was vigorous. Tommy was petting Billy, and Billy nibbled daintily up and down the rough cloth of his Norfolk. He had never known before that he wanted a goat, but now he saw in Billy the most alluring object in the whole wide world. In the end, he took his bills out slowly and counted them into Timmy's grimy little hand; then he and the other boys scuttled into the blue wagon and drove off. Before the handsome stone pillars of the Wiljohn residence the outfit drew up noisily. The three boys were discussing in an animated manner the mooted question as to whether goats were hitched, or whether they were left simply upon their honor not to stray and look upon the grass plot when it is green. In the middle of the clamor Billy stood and jerked his small head about and looked at them impatiently from his moss-agate eyes; then he fell to snuffling about the pavement.

In the midst of the strenuous argument the hall door of the Wiljohn residence opened; stepping lightly out to the veranda steps came Mrs. Wiljohn. "Tommy," she called, regarding the goat curiously, "whose goat have you there?" Billy looked at Billy and didn't answer. Howard spoke up for him, however. "He's Tommy's now, Mrs. Wiljohn. We just bought him of Timmy O'Shea." "What?" gasped his mother. "Tommy—have you bought that goat?" "Yes'm." "Have you really paid your \$10 for it?" "Yes'm."

"That's all right," said his mother, gently but very firmly, "then, Tommy, you may take it right back to Timmy O'Shea, and tell him to give you your money back. You have forgotten that we have no place to keep it, and I won't have a goat around. Go take it back, Tommy, and hurry, for it is nearly tea time." With which maternal ultimatum she left them for the day. Mrs. Wiljohn had confidence both in her training and in Tommy. As for Tommy, he stood looking blankly at his purchase. Curiously enough he had forgotten in the infatuation of the moment that in the rear of his home there was no stable, only an ornamental excuse for a woodhouse. Billy wagged his ears at him goodnaturedly and chewed, with the spasmodic little chews with which goats masticate. Billy was a handsome little specimen of his kind, but for the first time the brisk, penetrating goat odor assailed Tommy's nostrils; for the first time he saw in Billy, not a companion, but a rival. The other two boys looked at him sympathetically; they could not imagine maternal love being so severe. "Say, the way he chews," said the eldest, "is just like mine."

"Of course I am," he said bravely. "Don't I have to?" He turned Billy's head about, and off they trotted. The roll of bills was in Tommy's pocket, and he went doubtfully to confer with his mother about the advisability of returning the bill. But as the possessor of the O'Shea family income was derived from the Wiljohn weekly wage, Mrs. O'Shea saw the matter philosophically; the goat and the bills again changed hands and Tommy went on his way alone to Joe Bidlow's.

A half hour later a boy in a wrinkled Norfolk and dusty stockings, with his spandrels pedaling up the street towards the Wiljohn residence, Tommy had never ridden a bicycle before, but he was born with an uncanny instinct for keeping his balance, and he was about to enter the building when a man said: "Here, sis, here's the place for your letters," pointing to the box on a post. No doubt the man knew, but try as hard as she might, it was impossible to push the package through the narrow slit. She pulled and pulled at the string until it broke. By standing on her toes and pushing hard, she managed to get them all in. Then she ran back to school as fast as she could. "Why, Josephine, you have been away a good while," said Miss Lester. "Yes'm," said Josephine, "I could hardly get them in."

The teacher, paying little heed to what the child said, gave the matter no more thought. "That evening when the mail carrier opened the letterbox in front of the postoffice, he was much surprised. The letters came tumbling out and the box seemed to check full. He went into the office laughing and saying he guessed there'd be plenty of valentines to-morrow. The clerks gathered round him smiling and examining the missives. They were all addressed in a Chicago Post. "Yes, father, I'm in love." "Marry, my son; marry as soon as you can," was the reply. "I feared you might object to an early marriage." "Not at all, my boy. I've reasoned it out this way: Woman is a problem and business is a problem. While you're trying to solve one you're not going to have much success with the other, so the sooner you discover that the woman problem is unsolvable the quicker you will get down to hard work at the other."

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Mrs. H. C. Ryan



Miss Louise Lovett



Mrs. George Lilly

# No. 2's Tangle on Valentine's Day

THE schools of the city had for some years observed St. Valentine's day by the pupils bringing pictures of any sort, some cut from papers or magazines—and depositing them in a box, the teacher distributing them later, so that no one would fall to get a valentine. No. 2 of the Lincoln (colored) school was going to use a somewhat different plan this year. The children were to bring the pictures on the 15th to Miss Lester, who would inclose them in envelopes addressed to each child, leave them in the principal's office over night, send them and distribute them the next morning. By so doing it would make them seem more like real valentines.

Miss Lester was addressing the envelopes, being careful not to miss one of the roll. The children, in all shades from yellow to chocolate or ebony, were alike in the broad smile adorning each face, showing rows of ivory teeth, and in the glittering of black eyes like so many beads set in porcelain. While Miss Lester was writing and assorting the pictures, there was much talking in pantomime. Each child was pointing to himself and nodding, then pointing to this and that neighbor shaking the head—which was to say: "I'm going to get one, but you ain't!"

The teacher, finishing the pile of forty-five "letters," said: "I wonder who will take these to the office?" meaning the principal's office. All hands went up, wriggling and jerking. Josephine, a little slender girl with dancing eyes, hands and feet, being so obviously anxious to do the errand, Miss Lester said, handing her the bundle of well-tied letters: "Well, Josephine, you may take them. You know where the office is?" "Yes'm," said Josephine, giving a triumphant glance over the room as she closed the door.

To be sure, Josephine knew where the office was, both the principal's—although she had never been in it—and the postoffice. Of course, letters should go to the postoffice. She threw on her wraps and ran the several blocks, passing one or two letter boxes, but the teacher had said "the office." Valentines were not common letters, and she would do as the teacher said. She was about to enter the building when a man said: "Here, sis, here's the place for your letters," pointing to the box on a post. No doubt the man knew, but try as hard as she might, it was impossible to push the package through the narrow slit. She pulled and pulled at the string until it broke. By standing on her toes and pushing hard, she managed to get them all in. Then she ran back to school as fast as she could. "Why, Josephine, you have been away a good while," said Miss Lester. "Yes'm," said Josephine, "I could hardly get them in."

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As the strength of this information the other two boys swung as a boy and linked arms with Tommy. In a row, taking up two-thirds of the sidewalk, they went down the street, eagerly discussing the purchase. "Ten dollars," said Howard. "What? Wonder what I'd do with that much money? Say, I'll tell you what—I'd get a battery and telegraphing outfit." Harold spoke up promptly, the imaginary owner of the roll in Tommy's pocket. "I'll tell you what I'd do. I'd get a goat—that's what I'd do with \$10. Timmy O'Shea has a Billy that he wants to sell—harness, wagon, everything—for \$10—gee!" It struck all the boys at the same moment what a curious coincidence this was. Here was Tommy Wiljohn with \$10 in his pocket, and there was Timmy O'Shea with a goat outfit for exactly the same price. "Boys," said Tommy, "let's all of us go round to Timmy's and see it."

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Back

picking, knows how work back-breaking, trying, thirty days of how back takes to have its equivalent—at 2 cents a quart—in ten one-dollar bills. As for Tommy, he had worked with a will that made heat and tired muscles as nothing, for he had worked with an object in view. The object was a bicycle, and the pleasures of anticipation sustained his flagging, aching little body through all the scorching days of toil. Ordinarily, \$10 may not buy much of a bicycle, but in this instance Tommy had an acquaintance by the name of Joe Bidlow, who dealt in bicycles. Joe was eighteen years old, very much in earnest in his first business venture, and from his working aspect in the little, dark, oil-smelling room, it looked as if what grime and grease were removed from his stock went back promptly into service upon his good-natured person. Joe took second-hand machines in partial exchange for new ones, and, after working them over, he turned them out into the well-known "just-as-good-as-new" article. At the moment, he had on hand a machine that suited Tommy's age and less precisely. It was shiny and new of enamel, burnished of handle-bar, a little worn about the tires, perhaps, but distinctly new in regard to its tan-leather racing seat. The principal beauty of this wheel, however, lay in its price. After Tommy had told Joe the extent of his summer earnings, Joe told Tommy, confidentially, that though the wheel was worth as many \$15, he would let Tommy have it for \$10. Tommy walked briskly down the street, kicking a stone along ahead of him by way of company and amusement. At the turning of a street corner he was greeted by two other boys. They were Howard Danbury and Harold White. These two boys were chums of Tommy's, and he could not resist the temptation of flashing before their eyes the hoard in his pocket. He drew his purse forth, pushed his cap on the back of his curly head, lifted his eyebrows, spread his feet and stripped bill after bill from the roll, while the bulk of it became smaller and smaller about the deceiving core of whittled pine. "Gee!" said Howard, "what are you going to do with it, Tommy?" "I might be going to buy an automobile," answered Tommy, mysteriously, "an I might be going to buy a yacht, or maybe a private car—but I'm not!" "Aw, now," Harold dropped his voice to a confidential pitch, "what are you going to get? Come on, Tommy, and tell."

"Bicycle!" confided the owner of the bills, briefly. "Joe Bidlow?" "Joe Bidlow."

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