

AMONG US MORTALS The Dry Cabaret By W. E. HILL



No one, unless he has been right on the spot, has any idea how hard all this prohibition is on the cabaret chorus. Oh, how hard they have to work, exerting charm to the limit, screaming and squealing, in order to get any attention from even the ringside tables! A double Bronx used to lend a certain glamour to the ladies of the ensemble that it seems impossible to get with a glass of ginger ale or root beer as a stimulant.



The man who is always given the worst table in the place. Whenever Mr. Clackner appeared the head waiters seemed to know by instinct that he would order a cheese sandwich and a glass of kumiss, and they would lead him to a nice little table off near the kitchens, or behind the stand where the "bus boys finger the butter. Prohibition has changed many things, but Mr. Clackner, leading light of Maco, Tex., is still getting the worst table in the room. Here he is, facing a pink calcium used in the cabaret revue.



"Keese me—keese me—ah-gain," as sung by Mme. Emma Tuttle, used to be so effective in the good old days that very often as many as three young men, toward closing time, would have to be forcibly restrained from going right up and "keesing" Emma. But now Emma can wander all over the cabaret and be perfectly safe.

Some may argue that a restaurant cabaret entertainment is a pretty tame affair, what with prohibition and everything, but Aunt Norma, from Oswego, knows better. She is seen here standing up in order to get a good look once and for all at the terrible things going on—and especially that awful East Indian dancer without any back to her dress.



It's odd how much more interesting other people's conversations usually are than one's own—if you can overhear enough. The man behind Joe and Elsie is telling all about how if you go in and wink at the bartender and ask for root beer you'll get something that isn't root beer, with an awful kick to it, etc. If Joe can only get a line on the address—



One of the most terrible phases of the restaurant cabaret under prohibition is the song "Goodby Licker—Goodby Booze," with the chorus all nicely fixed up to represent soft drinks, being welcomed in the background by Columbia. Just as no self-respecting cabaret last year was complete without a Joan of Arc and a martyred Belgium, so it is with the prohibition farewell drinking song this summer.

The comic young man who used to think "Wilson—that's all" a great line. He is just about to convulse the hat check girl with the old one about the two youths staggering out of Huyler's.



It's getting harder and harder for Leo the waiter to get away with mistakes in the change since the country went dry. And the tips they give! At this rate Leo will never get the new tires for the flivver paid for.



Jennie's flowers aren't going awfully well lately. So many of the patrons used to have Jennie fix them in their buttonholes—and Jennie can't understand the slump in business.



Eloise was always known as the life of any after-theatre party, and all the boys from the office used to be crazy to take her out. "Give Eloise a couple of Tom Collinses and she's the cutest little entertainer there is!" Unfortunately a cup of black coffee does not seem to produce the same effect.