King Alcohol Receives "Kayo" as Washington Celebrates Halloween Nigh

BOOZE AND RUM DONE AND GONE AND GOING SOME

Song of Arts Club Bidding Final Boodby to John Barleycorn.

Trouble, trouble, booze and rum,
Done and gone and going some;
Doleful gloom and no more song;
No more fun. Goodbye, so long.

Gordon, Jordan, Mountain Dew,
Gin and rum and juice of prune;
Scotch and Dutch and Irish, too;
Troolooloo, trooloo, trooloo.

This is the chant that was groaned in chorus at the Arts Club last night as the members mourned the "passing of things spirituous."

Each member brought a bottle of some kind of alcoholic inspiration to the party with him. This collection of donations was mixed together to form a fearful and wonderful decoction. According to good authority, it was made up of whisky, sherry, champagne, beer, creme de yvette, brandy, chartreuse, ale, benedictine and creme de menthe. Everybody enjoyed himself.

Revelers Were Mashed.

Practically all present were marked. Theer were witches and colonial ladies and Oriental houris; also pierrots, Mephistos aod Geore Washingtons. During the dinner several of the maskers performed grotesque dances. The Count de Lafayette obliged with a clog and a nimble Pierrot gave a clever pantomimic version of his terror at the sight of a ghost. Halloween jingles composed by Willard Howe were read, and Mrs. Bloch thrilled the diners with a ghost story ending in an anticlimax.

Witches, ghosts and goblins were in every corner. Corn stalks, pumpkins, autumn leaves and other gay decorations covered the walls.

Hostesses were Mrs. A. P. Gaynor, Mrs. Felix Garziglia and Mrs. Emma Praw, while Mr. Rudolph De Zapp composed the funeral chant of the passing spirits.

SIDELIGHTS ON THE FUNERAL

A woman tried to camouflage a bartender into selling her a drink. She went dressed as a man, into a Ninth street barroom and asked for an Old Jordon highball.

"Alright, scout I gotcha" said the barkeep. He winked his eye at several barflies and set down the glass with a spoon in it for the "man" to drink.

"Phew" she said and let loose a mouthful of salty water, colored with vinegar. "That's awful stuff, no wonder they are closing up. "'Alright sister" shouted the barkeep, "Merry Christmas."

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A man stood taking one long lingering look in front of Castelli's restaurant. "Those boys closed up early," he remarked mournfully, "I thought I was going to get one last drink in there tonight."

Just then a woman, evidently his wife, came up and said excitedly. "Webb, meet Miss Anderson, I was just telling her how glad you were to see all this horrid liquor go. She is one of the women who helped the bill to go through." The man swallowed hard and shook hands and said "yes" to everything Miss Anderson said.

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"I tell yer boysh, Imsh glad ash can be that thsesh shaloons are closhing," said one man who wore a high silk hat. He was standing with his back to a show window on Thirteenth street just off the Avenue.

"Looksh at me,' he went on. "Yes" said a bystander, "It is just for such as you that we all have to do without our booze.

"Yesh," said the drunk, "I guessh sho, but look at how many bartenders children feet I helped put shoesh on an' how many ownersh are riding in Fords on my moneysh? S'hell ain't it?"

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"Ah jes' cain't lib widout mah gin," said an old colored woman, who had just come from a large office building, where she had been cleaning up.

"Well," said her companion, another colored woman, "yo wasn't born wid a gin bottle in yo mouf, en Ah gues yo can do widout one now as yo sorely doan wan ter die wid one stickin' 'tween yo big lips."

"Lawse me," replied the other, "Ah neber thought ob dat. Mah husban' cain't hab no excuse elder fo not bringin' all his wages home, nelder. Tain't so bad aftah all, is it, Irene?"

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"Tomorrow night," remarked a grouchy individual, "all these people you see gallivanting around here tonight looking for some fun at the expense of the saloonkeeper, will be groveling along with their tongues hanging out looking for a drink."

"S'not as bad as all that," remarked his companion, a young flashily dressed man, "if you would take the trouble to investigate you will find out that these same people have been supporting several hundred liquor dealers and their families ever since there has been liquor in Washington, and, if they want to see one of their liabilities done away with, that is their lookout."

"Well," answered the one with the high hat, "I sold liquor here for six years. Maybe you are right."

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The little Ford failed to ramble along last night for at the corner of Eleventh and Pennsylvania avenue northwest, Henry had become exhausted and stopped. Naturally a crowd formed and every one was giving instructions to the driver how to start it. The climax was reached when one of the Halloween revellers, taking advantage of the occasion, yelled in a deep base voice, "Dress it up like a Buick, everybody's doing it tonight."

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Along H street between Fourteenth and Fifteenth streets northwest, four girls, whose ages ranged from four to fourteen, were having a "bully time" all to themselves, as the street was practically deserted. They contented themselves by blowing beans at the windows of the fashionable shops.

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Two laborers on a Georgetown car discussing the prospects when John Barleycorn was ushered out, dwelt long on calling Congress many names that we can't print. Finally becoming tired of talking, one turned to the other and in way of a closing remark said, "This town never was much, now in aint nothing."

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Two negro women standing at the corner of Ninth and F streets northwest, waiting for a car, was dressed as a clown and the other was carrying her "party dress," which by the way, was made of paper, on a coat hanger. The clown turned to the one carrying the dress and made a wish that the car would hurry along. The party carrying the dress replied, "Deed, honey, I aint worried 'bout no car, I'm just thinking when I get this paper dress on and my man drops a spark from his cigarette. Deed honey I am afraid that I would get lots of flowers, but wouldn't be able to smell them."

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As the night wore on the youth of this city seemed to have gone bughouse in its observance of All Halloween, pranks taking almost every form of extreme, notwithstanding the beetle-browed-like admonition of the head of the police department to the contrary. The boys probably figured that Maj. Pullman, superintendent of the Metropolitan police, was a kid himself once upon a time and that his proclamation putting the kibosh on Halloween fun was more of a joke than a threat. Anyhow, it didn't seem to produce much effect, from all accounts.

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Along Pennsylvania avenue northwest, from Ninth street clear up to Fifteenth and around the corner into Fourteenth again, was the main center of attraction so far as the genuine article of merriment was concerned. To put it mildly, it was the "submarine zone" for pedestrians, and woe be unto any person caught napping along this thoroughfare, because it was the open season for one continuous round of pleasure for everybody in general and the youthful in particular.

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Away out on Fourteenth street, from Clifton to Park road especially, there was a perfect riot of sport, the affair developing finally into a full-fledged Mardi Gras, with bi-products on the side streets. Here staid and sedate couples, long in their affection for each other but shy on discretion, were shocked beyond measure by the rude interruption of door-bells or the fervent admonition to "pull down the blinds," and it is more than likely some gilt-edged romances were shattered by this process like unto the blighting of a blasted hope.

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Pathetic figures last night:

The ticket seller, a female of no uncertain bewitching qualities, at a Ninth street theater about 9:30.

The kid with mamma's hand in his, looking after the crowd of whistling young bloods.

The newspaper reporters, to whom it was all routine (?) business.

The cat which arrived at Ninth and the avenue at 10:35 after a fellow feline had absorbed a pint of spilled milk.

The lady in some masculine "one's" attire, when she unconsciously started for the powder puff—and paused with it half way to the shining nasal protuberance.

One little ragged kid in the gutter watching the crowds of befurred and bemuffed ladies accompany richly overcoated gentlemen into a certain large theater.

The gentleman who arrived from Virginia on a train four hours late at 1 o'clock—one hour too late.

The crowd which was at Ninth and the avenue at 10:30 turned to look at the cop who took a growler from the hand of a celebrator.

It was filled with light, foamy substance. To all appearances it was the liquid fruit of the malt and hops.

But when the cop threw it into the gutter a thin, sickly-looking stray cat made a bee line for the apparent beer.

Then, when one joy-intoxicated passerby hailed his companion to stop and look at the spectacle of the cat which would soon be "floating around with three sheets in the wind," the policeman broke it all up by saying, "Move on, please; it's only milk."

And immediately the crowd moved on, uninterested.

Such is the metropolitan police department's reputation for veracity.

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Two detectives were standing at the corner of Ninth and the avenue when a costumed spindled-legged reveler passed in skin-tight tights.

"There's a case for you," one of the detectives remarked to his friend, laughingly. "No visible means of support."

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Major Raymond Pullman personally mixed with his scores of trusties and was repeatedly recognized.

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Some plain-looking gentlemen on Ninth street were continually walking into a group of revelers and dispersing them with a few detective-like words.

Then a plainer-looking gentleman walked up to the two plain-looking ones and asked to see their badges. When he showed his and they could not show theirs, a mighty roar went up. And the two crumpled up.

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Every saloon in the city was closely scrutinized by the gaietous crowds as they made their rounds about the downtown section of the city. One bar, which rarely failed to win hearty laughter, was in Ninth street which was barricaded with barrel-hoops on which was lettered: "Closed on account of death."

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Several of the smaller booze parlors which lasted it out, were soon filled with their regular habitues and the doors closed save to those who desired to leave.

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It is doubtful if there was ever a funeral celebration which was attended by more mourning friends—or more jubilant enemies.

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Policemen were stationed at short distances on Ninth street and along the Avenue. The majority of them for once forgot to be brusque, and kept remarkable order simply by "jollying the crowd along."

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It was nothing for the rank and file of Gen. John Barleycorn's fading battalions to come face to face with some hideous creature remindful of other days, and upon more than one occasion there was a swift sweep of the hand across the eyes and the startled exclamation, "Thank the Lord, it's all over; I'll never get 'em again arter tonight!"

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One of the favorite forms of amusement among the kids was to give the saloons a good send-off on their down grade. This was especially true in cases where the proprietor hung on like grim death to a dead Indian and seemed eager to make all he could while the making was good. In such instances, wherever a light was found burning in the doomed liquor establishment on the principle that "wherever the light is seen to burn the vilest sinner may return," the boys acted like a lot of Apaches with a victim at the stake, dancing around in fiendish glee and pulling off all kinds of stunts at the expense of the one inside performing the Ajax act. In several instances the irate saloonman virtually took the bull by the horns and undertook to chase the boys away, only to be met with rebukes that placed the Sheppard bill in the piker class.

Good-by, John—We'll Miss You

By L. M. B.

Your death knell has sounded, John Barleycorn,
And perhaps 'tis better so.
You've slaughtered and ruined, John Barleycorn,
And it's time for you to go:
Yet you've lightened and cheered when things went wrong
And you made pleasant hours when coupled with song,
Though now that you're passing, regrets are but few—
So Good-by John, but—We'll miss you.

* * * *

You've been wicked and roguish, John Barleycorn,
And you leave a trail of woe,
You have broken up homes, John Barleycorn,
Before you were told to go;
But there was music in the tinkle of ice in your glass
And sighs come a-plenty, now, that you are to pass,
But it's written indelible, you can't start anew,
So, Good-by John, but—We'll miss you.

* * * *

As you cease for your sins, John Barleycorn,
We hope that you well know,
You're reaping your harvest, John Barleycorn,
For you have sunken low;
But there's been many times when our woes have fled—
And who will chase blues away now that you're dead—
But with your good fellowship, you've wrought sorrow, too—
So Good-by John, but—We'll miss you.

JUDGE ABANDONS NIGHT COURT PLAN

Mullowney Decides to Escape Jury Trial Demand.

On second thought, Judge Mullowny and Assistant Corporation Counsel Ringgold Hart decided not to have a night court. Not that they hesitated to spoil the fun of hundreds of Halloween celebrants, but because of the fact that one man, if he had been arrested for drunkenness, could have tied up the whole court procedure by demanding a jury trial, and then have his lawyer talk the jury to sleep.

Under these conditions, the whole legal machinery of the District branch of the Police Court would have been put in operation to try one case and even them with no certainity of finishing it before the law itself died. With these conditions probable it was just as well not to have court until this morning, with persons arrested last night for celebrating will be arraigned on charges of disorderly conduct or more serious charges.

KALLIPOLIS GREETS WITCHES AT DANCE

Balloon Dance Feature of Halloween Affair.

Goblins, witches and black cats held sway last night while 500 members of the Kallipolis Grotto, their sweethearts and friends danced to the syncopated airs of the jazz band at Rauscher's.

Ballet girls, geisha girls, Red Cross nurses, jockeys, tramps, negroes, all with the one thought of having a good time would have lead a visitor to think that the affair was one for all nations.

Throughout the evening many novelties were introduced, one being the balloon dance, when hundreds of balloons were released from the walls and sailed over the ballroom.

In the absence of Chairman Henry Lansburgh, C. P. Boss acted as chairman, and welcomed a delegation from visiting Grottos.

The committee in charge of the arrangements were: Lloyd J. Hinman, James Holmes, H. J. Simmons, William F. Gude, Fred Kramer and Victor Evans.

HUNDREDS ATTEND ELKS OYSTER ROAST

Dancing Is Feature of Big Celebration of Local Lodge.

More than 600 rollicking members and merrymaking friends of the Elks of Washington aided and abetted in the murder of John Barleycorn in the club rooms of that organization last night. The last oyster roast of the association at which the spirits of Bacchus were allowed to be present was a fitting climax to the predecessors of the entertainment.

While temperance organizations of the city were celebrating a victory over booze, the members of the Elks club cheerfully helped to put the often accused breaker of homes into everlasting oblivion.

The ball room was filled to capacity. The dining hall was taxed with hundreds of diners. And the rathskellar, scene of many happy days for many happy individuals, overflowed with happy pall bearers.

Beginning at 8:30 o'clock the merry making lasted till the witching hour. Many late comers were turned away.

Creamed oysters, steamed oysters, roasted oysters, oyster cocktails were on the menu.

The crowd was a typical Halloween crowd. Hallowe'en and frivolity with all the synonyms were in the air.

This will not end the oyster roasts of the Elks. They will continue. But doubt is expressed whether or not, so cheerful a crowd will ever again pack the hall as filled it last night.

BARLEYCORN IS BURIED

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE.

attained a bond of liberty, in that which he saw last night as a calamity. We hope so.

Harvey's Sticks It Out.

Wearying of the chase we plunged into the mass of humanity and struggled toward Harvey's. And here we found it. John had lingered here until his banishment. We thought of other days, days when its founder had greeted those who came within. No, Harvey's would not be the same. But we will have left the famous "steamed oysters of its founder. We saw a deep hollow worn in the marble slab of the bar, silent testimony to the thousands who had paused there to quaff from the cup that cheers. And Harvey's made us think of old Kernan's next door, one time a theater packed nightly by the old guard, but with no lure under the modern tang. And we remembered that Joseph Jefferson in this house gave his first performance of "Rip Van Winkle." But lest the reminiscent strain carry us to further painful memories, we gave it up.

The chase was over. John had been found on his death bed. Your town is dry. Selah.

SURGEONS' MEETING COMES TO CLOSE

One hundred and twenty-five of the country's most prominent surgeons are today well on their way to their various home cities after the conclusion of the third joint meeting of the Railway Surgeons' Association of the Pennsylvania Lines in Washington for the past three days.

The convention came to a close yesterday afternoon with a scientific session. Addresses on the latest methods of the treatment of fractures were delivered by Col. William C. Borden, stationed at the Walter Reed Hospital; Dr. Frank Warner, of Columbus, Ohio; D. J. P. Hetherington, of Logansport, Indiana, and Dr. Budd Van Sweringer, of Fort Wayne, Indiana.

During the convention the latest applied methods of operation in delicate cases were illustrated by motion pictures.

ONLY FORTY ARRESTS MADE.

Hark ye!

Come with me.

Ye mourners of Bacchus, ye jubilant enemies of booze and all ye residents of Washington come with me to police headquarters.

See how this institution was affected by the several tragic hours last night before the death knell rang over the body of old John Barleycorn.

Police headquarters was the enemy of booze. The most effective enemy of that great Hohenzollern-like power, at the head of which Booze reigned—a veritable Kaiser.

At midnight a poll of the thirteen police precincts of the city found forty persons who had been arrested for drunkenness, or disorderly conduct, or both.

Eighteen of these were held at the First precinct, the remainder being distributed among nine other precincts, three of them having clean books.

New Devotees Appear.

The charm of the eventful night made them do it. They felt sorry, not for the passing of the new law, but for the well-known wretches who night after night have knelt to their conqueror, Booze, and have passed the night in cold cells.

And all the members of the police last night saw once more these old faithfuls to the deceitful power. And many new members joined the ranks of the old guard. For was not last night the night, the tragic hour, and offerings must be laid upon the altar of Bacchus.

So much for the part that police headquarters and the various precincts played in the biggest drama that ever hit Washington.

In Theater Lobbies.

Now come with me, ye same persons, out into the streets and see what the police and other members of the strong arm of the law are doing.

Around the big theaters we go. You wouldn't think that there was such a cold metallic thing as a policeman in that fway throng of well-dressed men and women strolling about the lobby, would you?

No, you wouldn't, but there he is and he has his eye on you and also every other human being in the lobby And these men are everywhere in the theaters.

You wouldn't think that 2,000 of these automobiles that you see speeding so swiftly about the city carry plain clothes men of the police department, would you?

2,000 Autos On Job.

But, that is true. Maj. Pullman last night commandeered approximately 2,000 automobiles from the various departments of the District government, and these machines patrolled every inch of ground in the National Capital.

In his big house on upper Massachusetts avenue, Representative Morris Sheppard, Texas, the originator of the bill that so greatly affected the National Capital, is sitting before an open fire with a smile of satisfaction on his strong face.

Twelve o'clock draws near—the hour when a simple tick of the clock all saloons and wholesale liquor establishments in Washington will cease to exist. He stretches. The clock strikes twelve.

The phone bell rings and Mr. Sheppard says, "Hello." And while a guard of policemen are dutifully patroling in front, in back and on both sides of the house, he answers many rapid-fire questions hurled at him by a reporter on the other end of the wire.

Mr. Sheppard's Comment.

"Yes, I think it is the greatest thing that ever happened to the District of Columbia," he says to the reporter. He bangs down the receiver and goes upstairs to bed.

What do you think the police did last night to punish those who became drunk? You know they abandoned the proposed night court.

Court officials were not anxious to have this known, for they expected a Bacchanalian revel when the fact that there would be no prosecutions for drunkenness leaked out. But leak out it did.

Night Court Abandoned.

The whole idea of holding night court to prosecute cases under the Jones-Works law expiring at midnight, was a tentative plan which was played up by the newspapers. When Judge Mullowny decided to abandon it the things was kept quiet for the above-mentioned reason.

No case of drunkeness, of course, would be prosecutable under the new law today if the misdemeanor were committed last night.

In cases where drunkeness prompted last night the offenders were arrested and placed under arrest on a charge of disorderly conduct.

Kerensky Stops Death Penalty for Soldiers

Petrograd, Oct. 31.—Imposition of the death penalty on troops at the front was finally and definitely abolished today by a special executive order from Premier Kerensky.

The situation at the front, as well as internally, is greatly improved. The German drive on the northern front is generally regarded as ended and actual warfare in Russia is not expected to be revived until spring.

JUBILEE MARKS END OF BOOZE SELLING HERE

John Barleycorn Is Burned with Ceremony at Central Union Mission.

A jumble of husky voices from the throats of wrecks that once were men joined with those of better clad and firmer-featured men and women, rising in a chorus at the end of the funeral oration of old John Barleycorn at the jubilee services of the Central Union Mission last night.

"We are gathered here tonight to bury an acquaintance of many among us," said William S. Ramsay, beginning the services. "This perhaps will be the happiest 'wake' we have ever attended. No tears shall be shed. We bury old John Barleycorn with smiles and thankful prayers."

Gove Johnson Speaks.

Gove. G. Johnson, of the Immanuel Baptist Church, delivered the principal address.

"It was meet that we should make merry and be glad," was the text upon which Mr. Johnson spoke.

Starting his sermon with a prayer, he asked the grace of God for those who would be hurt by the closing of the bars and voiced the thanks of those present for the law which goes into effect today, making it unlawful to sell spirituous liquors in the District.

Solos by Miss Fleharty, of the Immanuel Baptist Church choir, and Mr. Vail were deeply appreciated. Harvey Chawn sang "I have money in the bank and a carpet on the floor and the saloons are not going to get my nickels any more."

Many of those present rose and told of the grip whisky had upon them and their fight against the habit. A grizzled veteran, who has been at the mission for years, told of how he had come there and conquered the habit: "Come to Me and ask and ye shall not want" he quoted. "Ask God for help and you'll get it."

N. Y. TAX BUDGET COMPLETE.

New York, Oct. 31.—The city tax budget for 1918 as passed by the fusion board of estimates and apportionment today amounts to $340,519,858.18, an increase of $29,495,721.36 over 1917.