

# AMONG US MORTALS

## Around the First of July

By W. E. HILL

This national prohibition movement is hitting the drama more than most people realize. Take the case of Teddie La Pearle, who is to be "The Spirit of Haig and Haig" in the new summer revue, "Have One, Homer," with a little verse all to herself—all about how she was "the spirit of drink; hear how the glasses all click," etc., and then along comes this July 1 stunt and they change her part to "The Spirit of Maple Nut Sundae." It was bad enough, "after learning all their lines for nothing," but the sad part of the whole thing is that the author can't think of any rhyme for Maple Nut Sundae, and Teddie is without any lines to say.

Eddie felt somehow, even though the cabaret had gone dry and was christened cafeteria by the management, he must do the honors between every dance or be dubbed a cheap skate by the waiter. Soft drinks and sundaes have proved to be a little too filling as a foundation for the dance. Here you see Eddie and the best little girl in the world doing what passes for a "shimmy" in their minds, after six banana splits and two chocolate malted milks.



As for Agnes, the cook, July 1 seems too terrible to be faced without a little extra preparation on the side.



The mark-down sale of wines and liquors has proved too much for Mrs. Deady and Mrs. Nut, who are explaining that the bottle of cognac in Mrs. Deady's arms and the Crème Yvette clutched by Mrs. Nut are for medicinal purposes only.



Everybody trying to figure out the working principle of the miniature "still" in the liquor dealer's window.



Liquor dealer looking up that little vacation outing he was always too busy to take.



The last "ball." A solemn moment shortly before midnight of the 30th.

Poor Joe Raty, who travels on the road for a corset house, has hit a dry zone twenty-four hours before the whole country goes dry, and can't get out!



It is late in the evening of June 30, and Mr. Bugle who is taking prohibition a little bit harder than some of us, is being escorted home by two friends. You see, Mrs. Bugle has not been in the habit of kissing her husband except to find out if he has been drinking, and Mr. Bugle, who loves his wife, figures it out that after July 1 he won't be kissed at all.