

DRINK, DOPE FLOOD HALLS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE)

form causes even the most riotous to moderate his conduct. But hip pockets bulge, and the men's room in the rear is next to the girls' dressing room, and bottles can be passed from the window of one into the other. The stuff is more palatable when poured into a bottle of "hine" or such-like drink. Then, disguised by the innocent pop bottle, the girls can leave their drink on the shelf, and come in between dances every now and then and sip at it. "You need something to keep you going," they say.

It is only the habitues who know that the policeman is after all a figurehead. Most of the customers are transients, salesmen, sailors and boys from the army and navy, high school boys out seeing life. But there is a goodly number of low-browed young men, dressed in the most dapper styles who hang about the dance hall every night as they would about a pool room. Some of these are the "steadies" of some of the girls, although one steady may have belonged to Marie last week and Sadie the week before. Some of the girls have "husbands" who profess themselves to be very jealous of their wives. The fellows who look as though they made an occupation of "steading" the girls, do little dancing, but lean over the railing, talk to the musicians, and escort their girls home. And woe unto the girl who dances, however innocently, with the steady of one of the others. Forthwith there will be a battle royal in the dressing room, and then the stream of filth and obscenity can be heard on the streets below. The girls of sixteen outdo the "girls" of thirty-five. The younger they look, the more hard-boiled they seem.

It was one of these steadies who gave us an inkling of the policeman's position in the dance hall. The steady had proved himself objectionable New Year's night, refusing to go home. The policeman shouted at him and he shouted back. They swore at each other, quite oblivious of their listeners. "You're nothing but a louse," yelled the steady. "And what's more you're a damned liar."

At this we expected to see him turned out, but the policeman retreated, vanquished by the superior shouting power of the other.

Jerry, New On the Job
Jerry, which seems to be the policeman's name, has been at the Arcade only for the last six weeks. Before that he was required only on Saturday nights. "Oh, yes, I have lots to do," he replied to our inquiries. "They keep me pretty busy around here." And although he said nothing farther, he chuckled as though in reminiscence of some strenuous job.

We were welcomed, the second night, with glances of hostility, by some of the girls, and with friendly overtures by the more assured and successful ones. However popular we might prove, the latter have a steady clientele, who come night after night and send their friends when they are out of town. For it goes without saying that only traveling men or soldiers and sailors spend their money in these places. The steady ones who hang over the railing know that you can spend more in one of these dance halls than you can at a cabaret or a dance hall where they can bring a girl and where admission is charged. You can spend a dollar in exactly ten minutes, and if you are too drunk to realize that a hundred dances means a hundred times ten cents, you will wake up the next morning wondering where your money has all gone.

If the men complain of the shortness of the dances, the girls are instructed to say that they were late in starting to dance—they didn't get on the floor when the music started, and that's why the dance seemed so short.

If we had been dancing for our living we would have considered it our good fortune that second night, to have been picked on by an especially drunken sailor who was intent on learning to dance. With him was a tall, serious-faced sailor lad, who explained to all who would listen, that he did not believe in dancing himself, but that he was going to see to it that his friend learned how. Time after time he went to the cashier's desk and bought a dollar's worth of tickets which he gave to his friend, one at a time. On the ticket is written the words, "Good for one lesson," and the girl tears off half which she keeps herself, and gives the other half to the keeper at the gate. The tickets which she collects, she keeps in the palm of her hand, held there by some elastic bands. Most of the men decline to pay for checking their hats, and the girl holds this for them while

they dance. Sometimes, if she has been having nips from a bottle in the dressing room, she wears the hat herself.

Wild Scramble for Partners

When the dance is over, unless she thinks she can get another dance from her partner, each girl makes a mad dash towards the cashier's desk, and stands there ready to be taken for the next. The holder ones elbow their way to the front, shout at the lookers-on, taunt the men into dancing, grab hold of the more timid ones before they have a chance to express their choice of girls. If they don't get that dance, they stand at the gate swaying their shoulders and hips suggestively, looking with meaning eyes at the men around. Or if they have been standing around too long, they dance with each other exhibiting their various steps and movements, all the while with their eyes on the long line of men watching them.

The railing extends all the length of the dance floor, and from ten thirty to twelve, the crowd of onlookers increases until the men are standing, crowded three and four deep, peering over each other's shoulders, elbowing to get a point of vantage. On good nights there are probably three hundred or so men in the hall, and you would think that thirty girls would not find it hard to make a living. Only the girls themselves know what a scramble it is.

Jackie Coogan Is Feature of Big Bill at Loew's

A well mixed bill of music and mirth filled with laughter and what could be called a bill of all headliners opened the week at Loew's Crescent theatre Sunday. Every act was one of high calibre and kept the audience either spell bound or in continued laughter. The feature is Jackie Coogan in "Long Live the King."

Eddie Cook with his weepy, creepy talking saxophone and the Shaw sisters, two beautiful girls, playing the piano and violins backed with an artistic scenic effect, were effective.

Ward and Bohman with a line of chatter and songs kept the audience in a continual laughter. Their song, "Oh, How She Lied," brought them several encores.

The Geraldine Miller Trio, two men and a woman, presented an act of posing and difficult acrobatic stunts. Every feat was an original one.

The next act was presented by Grant and Feely. Mr. Grant, a composer of popular songs, Miss Feely has a clear and sweet voice.

McDevitt, Kelly and Quin in a clever playlette entitled, "The Piano Movers and the Actress," in an act of witty sayings, songs and dance consumed 15 minutes of laughter.

The feature playlet, "Long Live the King" featuring Jackie Coogan, gives plenty of excitement, thrills and entertainment. Jackie was never more lovable than in his latest play.

Gordon Pianist Is Hit at The Strand

Phillip Gordon, eminent American pianist, is greeted with a burst of applause and warm appreciation at each appearance at the Strand, where the artist is offering a series of piano concerts in association with Philip Werlein, Ltd.

The flawless technic, perfect intonation and deep understanding of the artist have won for him an unchallenged position among America's foremost artists. The pianist's splendid interpretation of Saint Saens' "Concerto in G Minor," one of the numbers included in Mr. Gordon's program this week, reveals one of the finest and colorful renditions heard in the city's musical circles.

Mr. Gordon plays at all de Luxe performances at the Strand, where "Name the Man," the screen version of Hall Caine's famous story of a woman's sacrificing love and a man's honor, "The Master of Man," is being presented with the added units of entertainment, including the Strand concert orchestra's musical offering.

The United States holds in reserve more than two-thirds of the world's gold.