The Night Club
By W. E. Hill

"Give this little boy a big band," says the hostess of the Club Coo Coo, introducing Adolph P. Waterscree, the box spring magnate, to the crowd. A night club has to have a sprinkling of celebrities, and this is an off night at the Coo Coo. Movie stars and fight kings can't be on hand every evening in the year.

Meet Mrs. Marian Gold Panh, popular society leader from Oklahoma, a devotee of the Club Coo Coo. Many patrons mistake Mrs. Gold Panh for the hostess, which is natural these days, when society leaders copy night club fashions and business copy society leaders till you don't know where you are.

Hubert and his party are waiting to be let in at the Club Watlo. Hubert is one of those early-to-bed boys and hates the night life of a big city. His friends and relatives from the home town are always asking Hubert to show them around at the night clubs, so they can go back home and tell the folks how wicked the city is, and Hubert does his best, which isn't very good. Takes them to the wrong places, where they get put at terrible tables out near the serving pantry.

Grady and Delila, dancers de luxe from Olympia, Paris, France, are trying out their new creation, "La Waltz Executive," as part of the entertainment at the El-Buck Club. Later in the evening they do their celebrated "Dance of Verruchedness" in Spanish costumes, which is very dramatic. Mr. Delila stabs Miss Grady with a rubber dagger at the finale to the tune of "Dance March." Morrie, the night club waiter, adding up a woman's check, does some figuring. Two plus two equals five.

Mrs. Morris Finnegan, who carries on in the ladies' sitting room at Grady's, is reading her "Confessions" magazine during a lull in the festivities.

Give these little girls a hand, boys. They are the chorus from the Coo club and are doing a swell exit stage. Aren't they a wave in their new silksil costumes of midnight blue, for the "Blue Heaven" number?

Harry and his jazz band are going bigger than ever at the Club Watlo, and every night of the final year they broadcast over the radio from 11 to 11:30. Thirty-eight women are in love with Harry and Harry is true to seven of them.

Bobbie and Babe don't get out to night clubs very often, but when they do, maybe they don't run up and down the dance floor! They have been taking a correspondence course in the latest dances. Some of their steps are so new they won't be taken up by the crowd for months to come—if then. They are doing the Indianapolis stamp.

Mrs. Lottie Thud, gay widow from down Texas way, has a nice little income of $200.000 or so, and she is just able to pull through the year on it. Here is Lottie with her new dance, stepping out at the Club Coo Coo to the strains of "Gorgonia." Lottie met her boy friend two days ago—it was love at first sight—and they are deliciously happy. Friend finance is going to protect Lottie from the cruel world, and Lottie is going to take all her bonds and jewels from the safe deposit and give them to him for safe keeping, at his suggestion.