

# The Night Club

By W. E. Hill

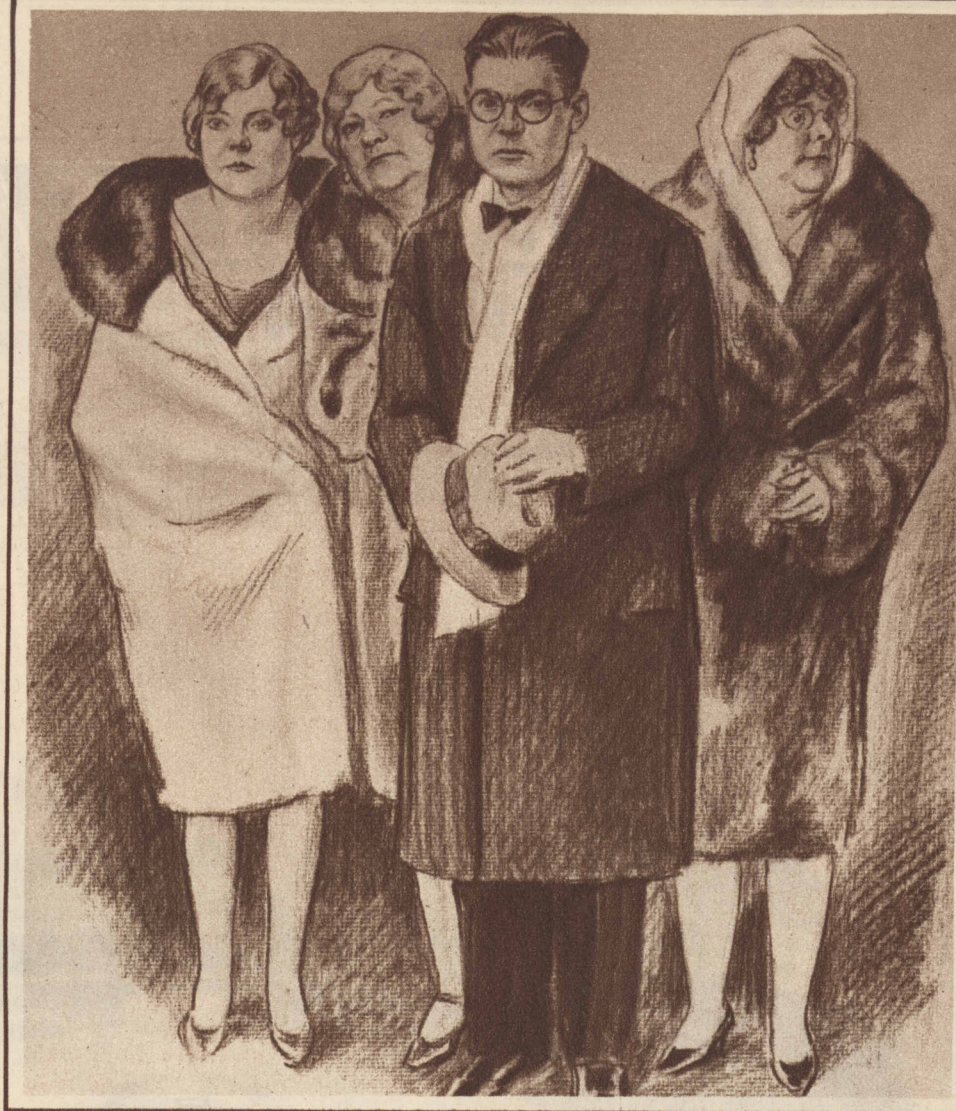
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"Give this little boy a big hand," says the hostess of the Club Coo Coo, introducing Adolph P. Watercress, the box spring magnate, to the crowd. A night club has to have a sprinkling of celebrities, and this is an off night at the Coo Coo. Movie stars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



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



Hubert and his party are waiting to be let in at the Club Wallop. Hubert is one of those early-to-bed boys and hates the night life of a big city. 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 Deliria, dancers de luxe from Olympia, Paris, France, are trying out their new creation, "La Waltz Excessive," as part of the entertainment at the El-Boob club. Later in the evening they do their celebrated "Dance of Wretchedness" in Spanish costume, which is very dramatic. Mr. Deliria stabs Miss Grady with a rubber dagger at the finale to the tune of "Danse Macabre."



Mrs. Nettie Finnegan, who carries on in the ladies' retiring room at the club Biarritz, is reading her "Confessions" magazine during a lull in the festivities.



Morris, the night club waiter, adding up a souse's check, does some figuring. Two plus two equals five.



Bobbie and Babe don't get out to night clubs very often, but when they do, maybe they don't romp 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 stomp.



Give these little girlies a hand, boys. They are the chorus from the Cosy club and are doing a swell exit step. Aren't they a wow in their new oilcloth costumes of midnight blue, for the "Blue Heaven" number?



Harry and his jazz band are going bigger than ever at the Club Vache, and every night of the fiscal 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.



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 fiance, stepping out at the Club Coo Coo to the strains of "Gorgeous." Lottie met her boy friend two days ago—it was love at first sight—and they are deliciously happy. Friend fiance 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.