

# The Police Ball

By W. E. Hill

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Retired Officer McMud hasn't stepped out on a dance floor since gosh knows when, and, boy, the way these young girls dance nowadays, shaking and shivering and getting their hair in your eyes! Officer McMud is blushing for the first time in fifteen years.



Just a couple of lovely officials' wives holding court in the balcony and looking very queenly and beautiful withal.



The police quartet, during a lull in the festivities, is going big with "There Must Be Somebody Kissing My Baby." Traffic Cop O'Hara, second from the left, is off key, maybe because his eagle eye has sighted the girl friend up in the balcony with a fireman.



A police matron, fresh from the beauty parlor, all dogged out in a new baby blue canton crepe and doing very nicely, thank you, with a second helping of chicken salad.

Mrs. May Gosshawk and Mrs. Adele Winterbottom are police widows living on pensions just at present, though rumor has it that Mrs. Winterbottom is keeping company again, come what may. "A police ball isn't what it was in the old days when Michael was alive," comments Mrs. Gosshawk; "I can remember when half the people on the dance floor would go home with black eyes and broken jaws. And many's the time I've seen the patrol wagon drive off to the jail with every member of the committee in it, fighting and cursing something terrible!"



"You can't talk to the commissioner now! Him and his wife are busy competing in the black bottom contest!" Officer Lensberger is taking a phone call for the commissioner. It's another woman who wants her husband lifted bodily out of a poker game.



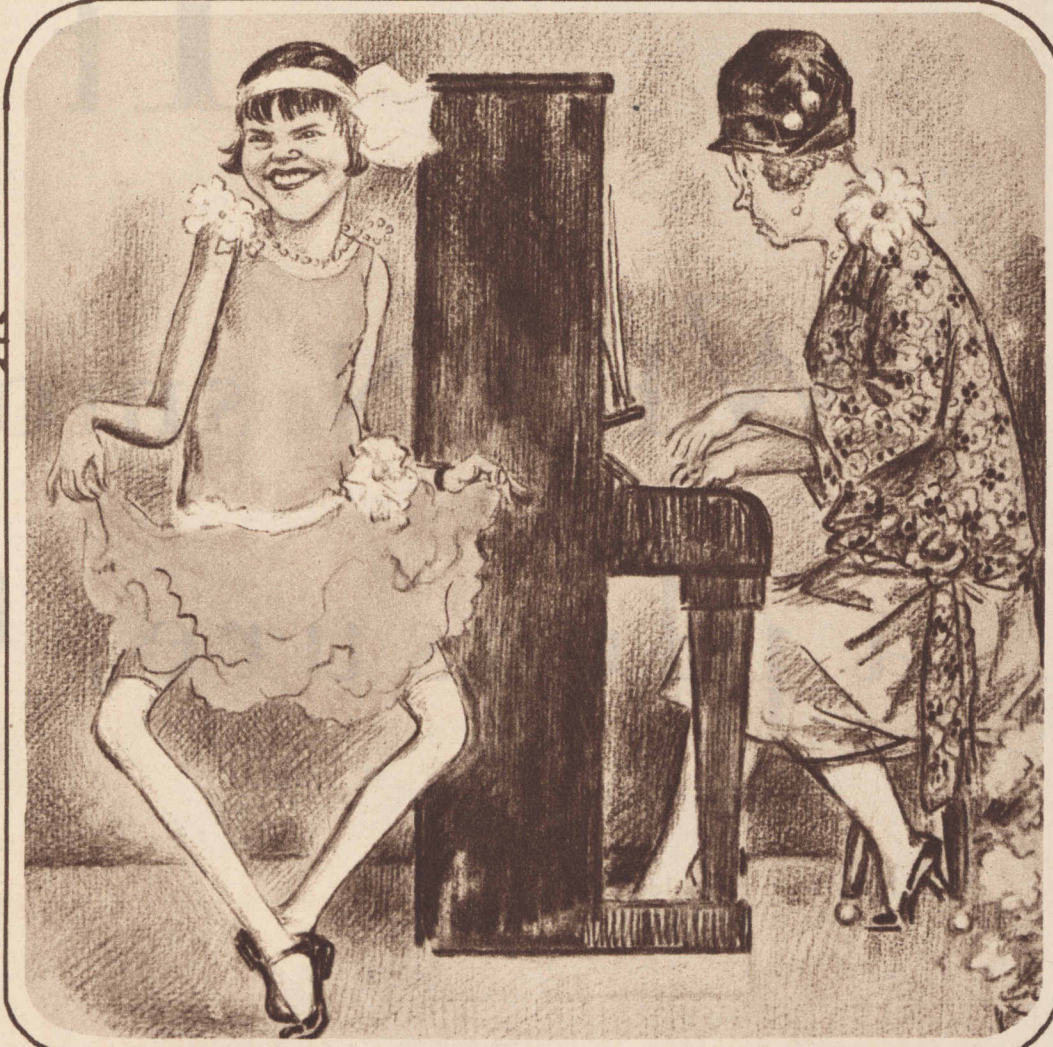
Bernie is a swell dancer and the politest man on the floor, hardly ever bestowing more than a kick on the shin in retaliation for a stepped-on toe. You'd never think that only yesterday he called a truck driver names that made him blanch with mortification. Bernie's girl is, you'll notice, carrying her purse around with her. She doesn't trust a police ball.



The sheik of the traffic squad causing no end of flutterings and palpitations in the heart of a lady acquaintance. She doesn't know whether they're doing the fox trot or the Portland fancy!



"One, two, and one-two-three!" Alderman Handelberg and wife are doing just a few steps of the tango and many are the admiring glances cast in their direction. Very light on their own feet, though apt to come down hard on other people's.



Little Ethel-Alma O'Day is part of the entertainment provided at intervals during the evening by a lavish floor committee. Ethel-Alma, who is none other than the niece of Officer O'Day, specializes in refined buck and wing and can do the black bottom if requested. Ethel-Alma's Aunt Nellie does the piano accompaniment.