

Our Drinking Girls

By W. E. Hill

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The before dinner cocktail is very hard on those mature ladies who learned in their youth never to look upon the wine when it was red, or white, or even faintly spirituous, and now, with everybody serving a pick-me-up beforehand, dining out is becoming more and more hazardous. (These two lovely matrons are feeling the second cocktail and are trying not to relax too much. Or maybe it's the heat of the room.)



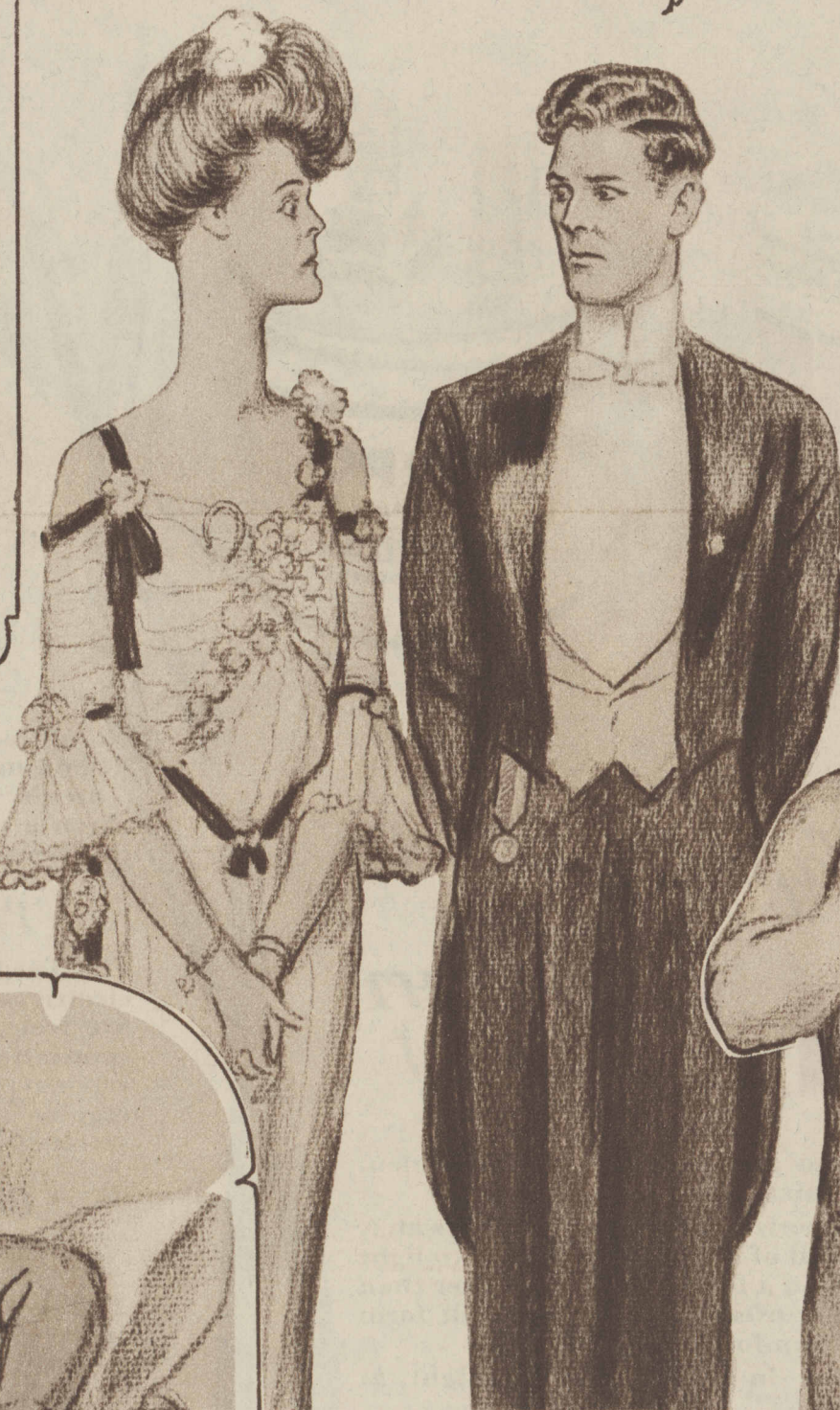
"Say, who is that man over there? I don't like his face. I'm going over and tell him I don't like his face!" Josephine is one of that great army of girls with an unborn sense of humor. And when in her cups, it shows itself in strange obsessions and violent impulses that sometimes have to be suppressed. Josephine will, before the evening is over, want to build a bonfire in somebody's living room, play leap frog on Main street, or call up the mayor and ask him how he gets that way, so that she will need a lot of looking after on the part of her escorts.



Just a Bronx or two, and Ada gets awfully warm hearted to all the better looking men in the room. Likes to sit in a corner and tell the listening male about how her husband never did and never will understand her. "Do you know, you're the only person I've ever been able to really talk to," she will say, looking big eyed; "you seem to understand women."



Mrs. Button and Mrs. Kraus have met by the merest chance in a five and ten, whither Mrs. Button has gone to purchase cocktail glasses, and whither Mrs. Kraus has repaired to purchase liqueur glasses. "Oh, yes, I'm still a prohibitionist," explains Mrs. Button, "but everybody is making whoopee now, so I'm going to serve just a little quinine tonic to our guests, before dinner. Only mildly intoxicating, you know, and anyway it's just a tonic!"



"How dare you, Horace! You've been eating Sen-Sen tablets to disguise the fact that you've been drinking and I want never to speak to you again!" Lest we forget the old dead days, here's a lover's quarrel of thirty years ago when grandma, bless her, was a Gibson girl who swore that lips touching liquor should never meet hers.

Mrs. Lucullus Lovejoy didn't want to come to this party one little bit. What with her neuritis, the new cook threatening to leave if Junior wasn't kept out of the kitchen, a spot the cleaner failed to remove from her evening gown, and worrying over whether Babe's tonsils ought to come out, Mrs. Lovejoy was just tucked out by five P. M. Well, the Smiths are starting their dinner party with a few rounds of their bootlegger's best and by the end of round two Mrs. Lovejoy will be pretty certain she is the best dressed and maybe the prettiest woman in the room, will be full of affection for everyone in sight, and darned glad she came.



"Listen, Martha, I do hope I didn't do anything, or say anything out of the way last night,— Just one of those next morning apologetic ladies calling up her hostess.



Liquor is a great remover of inhibitions and more and more girls who used to think they were too big and husky to be cute are going the limit after a few little drinks, and are curling up like wee kittens on the big overstuffed sofas. Some of the stoutest girls will even warble "Singing in the Rain," in baby talk after the third round.