Polite Masque of Pageantry and Prohibition: Prunes and Prisms Also ... By HELEN BULLITT LOWRY. New York Times (1857-1922); Nov 16, 1919; ProQuest Historical Newspapers: The New York Times pg. SM3

Polite Masque of Pageantry and Prohibition
Prunes and Prisms Also Have Been Perfectly at Home at the First Bohemian Ball in the City of Dreadful Drought.

By HELEN BULLITT LOWRY.

NOBODY thought that he was a trifle of a man when he wasn't—which is ever prohibition's proud boast. The writer knows what the public have thought of him, and now, for she traveled to the first dry-fountain symbol in Alcow, with a waste in her eyes and a wicked curl of her lip, there are particularly correct and whose flask of rum had been removed, that he doesn't have a right hand poet of his medieval doublet-and-breeches. There aren't any responsible for the arrest of a woman," she told her firm. "I learned that the police will arrest any man who is a trifle of a man when he isn't; do you tell who's a policeman under all these clothes? They're wearing so many clothes this year," said the Doctor. He had been to some of last year's balls. A Cardinal passed—by the same who bang end-to-end every Sunday from that one up at Eighteenth Street down to Webster Hall. "I'm looking for Madeleine," he said. "You know Madeleine that used to wear orange colored mist." The Cardinal's voice was waftful.

"The theatre herald, in the circumstances, don't you—er—think it's just as well Madeleine's not here? It's all strikes and rows and bloodshed, you know. It is a Shakespeare play—Shylock and Marlowe sort of a performance." The restaurant returned, "es says the people might have brought along an Oriental slave or two," murmured the Cardinal. "There were no wrinkles in those days." He passed on mummerly, rummicing on the history of England from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century. But, you might somebody have brought along an Oriental slave or two. It little does me any harm, said the Doctor, and his partner danced. "It's fine having so much floor space, and the music is perfectly wonderful," proclaimed the Doctor. "And they are being social and generous with the dances, having two orchestras and all that."

"It is something not having to look at queerly designed figures all silvered over like a steam radiator," concluded the Doctor, after looking the game, too. "I went now that the morning after I'd find myself wondering if it were quite healthy to have those points with metal in them."

"Hello, there!" An excited young voice sounded in their ears. It was he Duke of Buckingham in his usual attire. "He has not changed since the time he was in school."

"I don't see any of the old faces or just as much a novelty."

"What's happening?"

"What a splendour!" exclaimed the Doctor, as his partner turned them in. "What a show!"

"You see, it's this way," said the Doctor's partner, who had grown philosophical as the evening advanced and as he related in the doctor's early English pocket continued untouched. "Do you remember that Spaniard that used to come last year experienced as a Chinese rascaler? Well, he wasn't all Latin. Half of him was descended from Miles Standish, only you didn't notice it at manœuvres. He's here tonight in evening dress—no, I don't mean the Chinese—and he looks as New England. Now, I'm not saying that New England parts aren't just as nice as Louvre ones but they're different. Listen now to what that chaperon ever there is saying."

"My dear!" was what she was saying, "I'm getting very tired, and I am going to leave, I'll explain to your mother. This is the kind of a dance where a chaperon wasn't needed.

"Do you see? The wicked marquise but it was no more dangerous any more. But the poor little debutante is dis-appointed to death. I've been watching her all evening, and she almost wept when the w Cedest was pointed out to her, and it was just a page in tights—and not tight all the way up, either."

Yet there were six protracted youth—quite like old times. Nobody known how they got that way, because nobody noticed them in the intermediate stages, but at 2 A. M. they were laid out on the floor of the most dressing rooms in neat little rows, where he ran over them might be.

"This is the way the Doctor read it: "This rotten stuff the Prohibitionists are ramming down our throats is poison—rank poison, it either leaves you flat in ten minutes or it drugs you. It's an outrage.'"

But there was another reading, too. Even the parties that evaded the mighty hand of the law were afraid to act as if they were having too good a time, lest the gods see and envy and smile. As for those others who may have partied in neighborhood studies, perhaps their abandon was restrained by the Christian charity which glows not less favorable mortals—perhaps by a sobering walk home after the feast. And just as that as it may, a visitor from Mars would have seen only a few hundred well-dressed people. With a more normal fox trot apparently with much enjoyment. Not our 'interpretative dance'!"

The ball closed at 4:30 A. M. Instead of at the dear old bedraggled hour of 7. They had the key to the dressing rooms. They were wearing party dresses in the neighborhood went there and did as they will, while the others of Bohemia was in an scrambled egg emporium, because..."
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“Jack’s” was closed. (They call it John’s since July 1.)

Anyway, those who give masquerade balls have got their cue, and a bid will be made for a “society” attendance. It will be just as if Washington Square North moved over and occupied Washington Square South. The Hotel des Artistes is going to keep on giving balls this Winter, but at most of them only the actors in the pageant will be asked to come in costume. The rest of them will be getting their atmosphere and their Bohême vicariously. If the first of these balls may be taken as an index, handsome evening gowns and the “conventional black” will flourish where once scantily clad nymphs and hand-painted fauns disported themselves hilariously.

However, there are rumors that in Jersey—where people still vote against prohibition—things are different. A Hal-oween party in a certain country club over the river dared to be a masquerade ball in which the thermos bottle was the only thing that did not wear a mask. It stood boldly on every table. Folks say that it was a nice party, and they’re building another tube to Jersey from chastened New York.

As for Webster Hall, its ball license has not been renewed this season. The Fakirs are still undecided on whether to risk the desert. The Kit Kats are going to try it out once, and so are the Pen-guins.

For a time—for a few brief years—America had a spontaneous Bohemia, that threw off years and conventions and garments and social strata and played in masquerade balls. Now she has remembered that her ancestors came over in the Mayflower, with spinning wheels and things.

But they were good while they lasted.