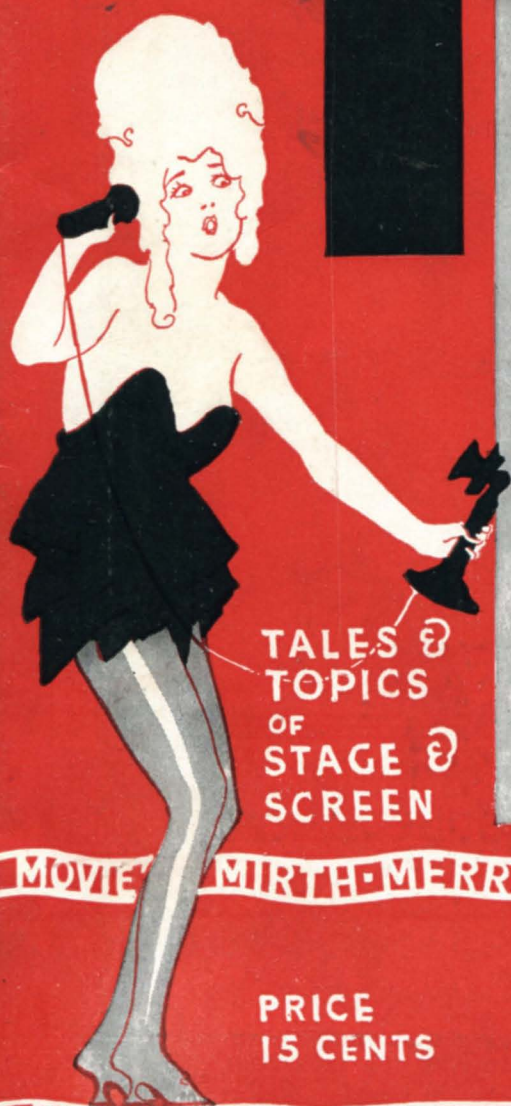


THE TATLER

DECEMBER, 1921

FUN FACTS



TALES &
TOPICS
OF
STAGE &
SCREEN



POLLY PLATT in the "Greenwich Village Follies"

Photo by Abbe

MOVIE MIRTH MERRIMENT MISINFORMATION

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See Here!

Why Not Give Yourself A Christmas Present ?

For just one little dollar you can have Santa Claus come to your door every month next year and leave a bundle of fun, beautiful pictures of stage and screen stars, gossip, fashion hints, etc.

Twelve issues of this wonderful, breezy monthly for one dollar.

Start the New Year right!

Start it with a laugh, and we'll keep you laughing all the year!

FILL OUT THE COUPON ON
PAGE 32 NOW!



Christmas Greens

THE only good excuse a woman can offer for wanting a divorce is that she is tired of living alone.

Our idea of a thoughtful husband is one who, when he comes home late, gets into bed backwards so that if his wife wakes he can explain that he was just getting up.

When a man raises his hat to a lady and discovers she is a stranger, it requires some tact to make believe he is only scratching his head.

The average size of the American family, according to statistics, is 4.14. The fraction probably stands for the husband.

It is hard work to keep your sons in check when they are young, but it is still harder to keep them in checks when they grow older.

When a rich old man goes a-courting his guardian angel lays down his tools and resigns his job.

A divorcee has no more opportunities than a married woman—but she's less likely to let any of them slip.

Some women lead such busy lives that a husband is little more than an interruption.

When a girl takes up horseback riding to reduce, it's usually the horse that loses.

The surest way to turn a screen star into an emotional actress is to cut her salary.

Speaking of Christmas greens, our favorites are mistletoe, holly and the long.

THE TATLER

Henry Waterson
President and Treasurer

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William Mendelssohn
Business Manager

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They tell us to perpetuate the race. Why?

Woman is as old as she looks before breakfast and man is as old as he feels after dinner.

WRINKLES—the “fretwork” made by the Jig-Saw of Time.

The question that invariably stumps us is the clerk’s “What color do you prefer, Sir?” when we’re buying a pair of garters.

Synthetic psychology and various forms of occultism are said to teach methods which make monkey gland operations unnecessary. The idea is to put an end to such operations for the reason that if they continue this world will be no place at all for a monkey’s wife.

When Love Is Not Blind

THE adage “Love is blind,” has passed entirely out of style. In those days when it was flourishing a bow-legged girl had some chance in the town in which she was born and many a face that would stop a clock landed the village’s bankers’ sons.

That was when love was blind or at least near-sighted. But now—

In New York state they are planning to forbid any man with defective sight from being married. The bill has been introduced in the legislature and it will create quite a flurry along dear old Broadway where a large percentage of the young men just past 21 are wearing bone-rimmed glasses.

We don’t know exactly the reason for the introduction of the bill but we believe there is something in its favor. If there is any time in a man’s life when he needs clear vision it is when he is thinking of taking a wife. He is entitled to a good look at the subject for he has got to sit across the breakfast table from her probably a great many years, unless he is in the theatrical or motion picture profes-

sion when the period is apt to be much shorter.

Yes, a man needs his sight then more than at any other period in his life for how can he watch his step without it?

The new law may be a little tough on the girls who are not possessed of great beauty but it is a case of the greatest good to the greatest number and the beautiful girls, of course, are in the vast majority.

And then, if the law forbids his marriage, the man with defective sight is going to be saved a lot of trouble.

Judging by some of the married couples we have seen, the vision must have been a little bit defective on both sides.

If they should pass a law to the effect that all women who marry must have perfect sight, there would be a lot of homely bachelors eating at one-armed restaurants who are now dining in their own homes.

But generally it will be regarded as tough luck for a man to be near-sighted, now, when there is so much to be seen.



Mary Eaton of Ziegfeld's "Follies." As a rule, girls as pretty as Mary choose the name of "June," or Jocelyn, or Marylyn, or Betty, but pretty Mary sticks to just plain Mary

Edward Thayer Monroe

A Story of Two Men

I

HE decided to go to the theatre.

He had to call up and see if it was all right.

He had to hurry home.

He had to eat a dinner out of cans.

He had to put on the soup-and-fish.

He had to struggle with the white tie.

He had to suffer with patent leather shoes.

He had profane and other difficulties with a standing collar.

He had to hook up behind.

He had to give assurance that a hat was on straight.

He had to hunt for opera glasses.

He had to wait a minute.

He had to wait quite a few minutes.

He arrived at the theatre a half hour late.

He was a married man.

II

He decided to go to the theatre.

He went.

He was single.

IN THE DIPLOMATIC SERVICE

NOT all the diplomats in the world are engaged in wearing gold braid or cutting red tape. There are lots of them who do not wear any distinguishing marks at all. They can be identified by their actions rather than their decorations.

In that class we include:

The girl at a tea party who makes a play for the chap who arrived at the wheel of a Rolls-Royce.

The chorus girl who lets Dun's and Bradstreet's—instead of her conscience—be her guide.

The wise hoarder with plenty of stuff in his cellar who can still retain his reputation for being a good fellow without parting with it.

The chaperone who can wink at a thing or two occasionally.

The widow who can wink at a thing or two occasionally—and does.

The fellow who can take a girl to a movie and get the same effect as though he had taken her to a three-dollar show.

The girl who gets on the stage on her nerve and stays there on her connections.

VAUDEVILLE ON THE ARK

IT occurs to us that Noah had the makings of a regular two-a-day in his well-known houseboat party. We don't know whether he had a booking office on board or not, but there is no reason why he couldn't have rigged up some good shows. Life on the ark could have been made far from dull, in spite of the dampness.

As a specimen program for amateur night, the entertainment could have included a lot of the standard acts. For example:

Opening Remarks—By Noah (himself, not a movie).

Juggling Specialty—By the performing seals.

Wrestling Match—By the cats (scratch-as-cats-can).

Exhibition of the Tail Spin—By the apes.

Trunk Mystery—By the elephants.

Sham Battle—By the cats (best five lives out of nine).

Spots and Stripes Tableau—By the leopards and zebras.

"I Hear—"

Intimate Bits About People You Know, Have Seen or Have Heard About

THE spectacle of an unwed woman economizing to pay the huge-alimony bill of the woman she had displaced is one to move the gods to ironic smiles. It is causing many a smile on the street in which the said unwed woman is far from being popular.

Ann Murdock, beneficiary in chief of the will of the late Alf Hayman, has sent the adopted daughter of the pair, back to the institution whence she and Mr. Hayman had taken it. Their sumptuous limousine has been sold. These and many other steps of retrenchment she has taken because Mrs. Rose Morris Hayman's alimony must be paid. It was generous alimony, arranged for in the days when the late manager's earnings were at their peak. But for a year before his death there had been tremendous expenses. And his income had been curtailed in several sources, notably the \$25,000 a year which he received as executor of his brother, Al Hayman's estate. But Mr. Alf Hayman's will explicitly directed that the residue after all debts had been paid would be paid to Miss Ann Murdock. Mrs. Hayman's alimony is a continuous obligation.

Before she started on her tour of the world last month the widow repeated her determination to fight it out in the open courts and call a spade a spade if the yearly amounts were not promptly paid. She left a power of attorney with former District Attorney Jerome, who is her counsel. Her tour, which began with her sailing for London October 15, will include India, China and Japan. She will arrive in San Francisco in May and will spend the summer in visits along the Coast. I saw Ann Murdock looking regretfully at a handsome coat in a Fifth avenue shop window. Heard her say ruefully she wished she could afford it. But she did not go into the shop.

OLIVER MOROSCO sat in a stage box at the premiere of "Love Dreams" at the Times Square Theatre. Beside him sat a woman of strong blonde profile, who waved a huge fan of red feathers with a languid air. She was

By *THE TATLER*

Miss Selma Paley, formerly an actress in his management on the Pacific Coast, now a designer. Yes, the lady of whom Mrs. Morosco, in her suit last year, spoke in unmistakable terms. They stood together at a side door waiting for the exit of the crowd. A few blunderers started toward them, expecting to greet Mrs. Morosco. Then they remembered, flushed and fell back. The result was that the pair received no felicitations. The situation was marked and not enviable.

WHAT has become of the girl to whom Nat Goodwin bequeathed his furniture and the use of his name? Georgia Gardner is using his name, as she says he requested on his dying bed. The last record of a mysterious Miss Goodwin is that such a young woman greeted Lowell Sherman when he stepped from a train at Harmon, N. Y. This when Mr. Sherman was making his flight from San Francisco to avoid being "mixed up" in the sifting of the tragedy—that followed Fatty Arbuckle's party.

SCANDAL note: Fannie Hurst, author of "Back Pay," and her husband, Jacques Danielson, have been seen together oftener than twice a week this fall.

ATRIO of merry young wives of New York gives the old street cause for comment, likewise for cogitation. These merry wives are in the order of the term of their wifehood Elsie Ferguson, Irene Castle and Ina Claire. The reason for the comment and the cogitation is that the young wives aforesaid have waived their obligation to answer "Present" at the matrimonial rollcall. Elsie Ferguson goes world wandering without her lord. True, he gives his consent, but if he didn't Mrs. Thomas Clarke, Jr., would go anyway. "I must be free," she says, with a lift of her head and a becoming stretch of her lovely length of throat.

Irene Castle says that she had a pre-
(Continued on next page)

(Continued from page 5)

matrimonial pact that when she wished to leave the hearthside and obey an impulse to go globe trotting she might go without question or protest from her spouse. She has lived by that standard. If Irene is dining out with another man her husband sends orchids to grace and champagne to enliven the feast. At least she says so.

Ina Claire is seen oftener with other young men than with her husband. But not with any one young man. Numerousness she evidently considers a safeguard. Mr. Claire is a newspaper man and has but a slight margin of time for the society of his wife. Composing sentences to meet Mr. Medill Patterson's taste in epigrams levies a heavy toll upon her bridegroom's time. "It's an awful grind—newspaper work," she says.

"I feel as free as I did before my marriage," says Miss Ferguson, which perhaps sums the points of view of all these unfettered wives.

Women who wear so few clothes should know that half of the fun is in guessing.

WONDER when Hazel Dawn will tire of her role of providence for her family, named Tout, abandon the parts of young women for an article of whose wardrobe young men pursue a maddening search, and marry the Montana millionaire who has long been at her feet. Miss Dawn, who plays such incorrect parts, is a most correct young person. She is of Mormon extraction and obeys the Book of Wisdom, which discourages the drinking even of coffee.

Morality wears only two garments—swaddling clothes and shrouds.

FIVE failures by the Selwyns this fall. It is a strain even upon well-lined purses and goodly bank accounts of the enterprising and successful men who, Broadway says, were once bellhops. "Don Juan," "Sonny," "The Poppy God," "Honors Are Even" and a play of Edgar Selwyn's that debuted in Chicago have all been sent to Cains or are losing propositions. The "Circle," however, is gallantly going forward under their flag.

ALTHOUGH Marie Doro and her husband, Elliot Dexter, appear in the same motion picture, "Peter Ibbetson," it is significant that while she was opening in her play, "Lilies of the Field," in New York, her spouse was leaving Los Angeles for Europe. Looks as though the rumors of a reconciliation were rather forced.

The woman who doubts an honest man will believe every word a ten-cent fortune teller tells her.

WE see Lenore Ulric often. Always she looks bored. Or tearful. That two cavaliers, one of veal age, the other in the grizzled forties, are always seen with her and her chaperone, the widow of Clay Clement, may account for the boredom. One may have a great deal too much even of a supremely good thing. But as to the tearful state I hazard a guess that neither the young nor the elderly cavalier has touched her heart to the tear point. There's another and deeper reason, a semi-tragic one, for the sombreness in her dark eyes. Perhaps she will forget it when she slips out of the skin of Lenore Ulric into that of Kiki, the gamin, in her new play from the French.

Man is as old as his heart is, woman is as old as her art is, love is as old as your arteries.

THE middle-aged artist and father of three small sons whom Frances Starr married has been suffering from nervous depression. He was incapacitated for the pursuit of his profession, that of illustrator and magazine cover maker, for six weeks. His malady has abated and in his new studio he is picking up dropped threads and sending out Haskell Coffin sketches.

THE retirement of the president of one of the largest trust companies is not unrelated to a blackmail levy for \$200,000 which followed his participation in a gay dinner at Boston.

ARTHUR HAMMERSTEIN says no theatrical manager is happily married. Well, gentlemen?

(Continued on page 8)



A striking and beautiful photographic presentation of dainty Margaret Petit in the "Greenwich Village Follies"—by Francis Brugiere

(Continued from page 6)

PEGGY O'NEILL, with Joseph Moran, ample in form and fortune, ever in attendance, enjoyed her two months' stay in New York. Pretty Peg had marvelous dental work performed in the metropolis, the bill for which I have heard flung her into temporary hysteria. She paid two visits to relatives in Buffalo, assisted at the nuptials of a well preserved and comely aunt who had visited her in London, and whose match she encouraged, and gave presents lavishly to all her kin. Rumors come from London of the Lucullan style of living of the quondam dressmaker. A country house, six servants a car and the wardrobe of a princess are among the items.

Where she will spend eternity does not cause a woman half so much anxiety as what she will wear to church.

AFTER matrimony's fitful changes Lillian Russell stands well. While her fourth husband, the proprietor of a Pittsburgh newspaper, approaches her popularity as nearly as the glow worm approaches the evening star, she has concluded to label him her best matrimonial bargain. After ten years he is still on the counter, whereas her previous mates were placed quickly on the shelf. A reason for this is that his political activities permit him a look-in at official life. Thus, although he can not secure social entree, he provides his actress wife new interests and amusements by these political contacts. By reason of his activities in his Pittsburgh newspaper he and his wife have been guests at the White House.

Why is it a dressmaker always laughs when she hears some one pulling that bromide, "Figures never lie"?

THEY who listen to Lou Tellegen's well-aired confidences say that he says with his still heavy European accent: "Most of the loving was done by the lady who was my wife. She was the more in love." An inept way to secure the monetary settlement he openly desires.

His hearers look toward Ellis Island and wish this country would exercise a greater stringency in the restriction of immigration.

STOCKHOLDERS of the Oasis, a women's club with headquarters on Forty-seventh street, opposite the Ritz-Carlton, were surprised to receive circular letters announcing that the club had been forced to close. The slump in business, the circular stated, prevented the earning of dividends. In other words, the club has "gone bust." The club's founder and president is Helen Tyler. Miss Tyler's name is well known in the theatre district. She had been a stenographer for the Selwyn Brothers and while in their employ had become interested in Bayard Veiller's play, "Within the Law." That much-traveled and oft-rejected drama inspired her faith. She begged her employers to give it a trial. The firm yielded to her pleading. The play vacillated, then settled to a jog trot on the way of success. Surprised by the vitality of what they had thought a dubious property, the Selwyns bestowed upon Miss Tyler a generous share in the play. With a part of this capital she founded the American Play Company. John Rumsey purchased the company business. Miss Tyler leased the Park Theatre and produced the play "Polygamy." She also produced "The Dummy." Thereafter her luck changed. Her health is broken. Those ventures in which she has embarked since she made over the lease of the Park to Lawrence Anhalt have gone the same rough road as the Oasis. Margaret Wycherly is one of the unfortunate stockholders.

Why can't those reformers who say "No" to this and "No" to that keep their "Noes" out of other people's business?

LYNN FONTAINE, the star of "Dulcy," and Alfred Lunt, who sprang to prominence in the name role of "Clarence," are seen threading Broadway crowds and those of the contributory streets together. One meets them at teas and special matinees. Gossip says the Swedish star and the English one would wed but for his loyalty to the family obligations imposed upon him by a widowed mother and two small sisters. True, the English luminary is quite capable of paying her own rent and modistes and grocers, but old standards inhere in the breast of Alfred Lunt, whose friends call him Bill. "A man that's worth his salt will support his own wife," says Mr. Lunt. Hence the deadlock for the present.



Lou Gorey, of the "Greenwich Follies." If the Seven Sutherland Sisters could see this we bet they'd tear their hair.

Photo by Abbe

Dont's for Christmas Shoppers

WARNINGS are always issued about this time by the police who think it wise to caution Christmas shoppers against the increased activities of crooks who try to make merry at this season at the expense of others. Great care, of course, should be taken to safeguard ourselves from the ravages of these thieves. For instance:

Don't carry your purse in your muff. It might drop out and fall on some gouty man's sore toe.

Don't fail to take off your diamond rings and lay them on the marble wash basin in the public wash-room. This will enable some one to have a very merry Christmas.

Don't tell any one you had your pocket picked if they know where you usually carry your purse.

Don't leave your pocketbook in the taxi. It might cause the poor chauffeur to lose a couple of hours trying to hunt you up.

Don't put your money in several pockets. It bothers the "dips," and, besides,

if they cut open pockets for easy access, the more they cut the more they will damage your suit.

Don't fail to leave your bureau drawer unlocked when you go out. Otherwise the burglars will scratch the varnish and veneer all off with their jimmies.

LOST MOTION

IT was the hour of the wedding. The bride, the bride's father and mother, the bridesmaids, the preacher, the best man, the ushers and the kind and loving friends were all there—but the groom was missing. Minutes went by.

The organist played over everything she knew twice, waiting for the signal to strike up the wedding march. The preacher's collar began to wilt and the bride's mother to do likewise. The best man telephoned to all the groom's former hang-outs—without success.

Amid audible sobs from the near-bride, the wedding was officially called off.

"It's not so much the humiliation," she sniffled, as they led her from the church, "but to think that for six months—every night and every morning—I've been practicing getting in and out of bed gracefully."

open and you will lose your money and have the handbag destroyed. Leave the handbag open and set a small steel trap inside of it.

Don't worry. You won't have a cent by Christmas, anyway!

Right off the cable, all sizzling, comes this information from Paris: "Muffs for the legs are worn by the women. A fur-lined silk muff is pulled on over each foot. It reaches above the knees. These are removed in the cloak room with the opera cloak."

Who wouldn't be a cloak-room boy?

In Batavia, N. Y., there is a man who dislocates his jaw every time he yawns. He has dislocated his jaw five times during the past three days.

The gentleman is married.

When you hear a man telling about the good old days, he usually means the nights.



*Ann Pennington
in "Scandals"*

*La Petite Mar-
guerite in "The
Last Waltz"*

*Olive Block, soon to
appear in a new mu-
sical piece*

Ira D. Schwartz

A trio of Broadway terpsichorean favorites in semaphorean poses

Hints to Lady Voters

WOMEN are voting quite generally throughout the country now. They call it a privilege, but as this is a serious article, a joke like that should be frowned upon. There is, as everyone has heard, a state of bliss. Women do not vote there. Naturally, they cannot, since a state of bliss is a state of mind, and woman changes her mind so frequently she cannot stay in one state long enough to acquire a legal residence.

But for such of our fair ladies (and the others, too), as intend to cast their ballot this year, our political specialist has prepared, at a great cost of imagination, a few little rules to aid them.

If you are really in doubt, ask your cook to ask her policeman friend to tell her, so she may tell you, who you should vote for.

Do not leave your initialed handkerchief in the voting booths. We know a man who found one and took it home in his pocket. His explanation at home hasn't been satisfactory to date.

It is not necessary to sign your ballot at the bottom, "Yours Sincerely, Emaline Smithers," or whatever your name may be.

If you chance to pass near the voting place while out in your electric runabout, do not get out. Ask the clerk to bring you out a ballot, market it plainly, and ask him to drop it in the ballot-box for you. This is against the law, but the law evidently was not made for women.

Neighbors who chance to be voting in adjoining booths must not match ballots. That's all right for dress goods and household anecdotes, but the election commission won't stand for the other thing.

If you are new to the voting game, approach the best looking precinct officials with a coquettish smile and say, "For whom shall I vote, please?" This never fails to impress these officials with the importance of the woman's vote.

If you see a name on the ballot of a candidate you do not like put a big black cross right against it, just to show your dislike for him.

If you are afraid some election official will tamper with your ballot, you can very easily fool him by folding it up and taking it home with you, where you will be sure no one changes it.

Do not ask which ballot is cheaper. None of them has been marked down; there are no bargains.

If you have no pencil with you, just stick pins in the ballot against the names of your favorite candidate.

Votesses should get ready to go to the polls by 10 A.M., for it should be remembered that the polls close at 4 P.M.

Never wear the same suit at the same voting booth twice. If you prefer to cast all your ballots at the same booth, be sure to secure a complete change of outer garments on each occasion.

By this time you should have learned exactly how to vote. If you are not certain, however, be sure you get your instructions in a plain envelope, with no witnesses present—and look out for **MARKED BILLS.**

Some women are no more genuine than their blushes while others are as true as their freckles.

If time is money, and economy is wealth, and haste makes waste, and riches are dross, where do we get off?

The way of the transgressor may be hard, but he can generally afford to pay for new tires.



Marjorie Rambeau in
"Daddy's Gone A-Hunting"

Abbe

Betty Linley in
"Six Cylinder Love"

It has been remarked that the wise virgins these days know how to keep their lamps trimmed. Marjorie's and Betty's look as though they had been cast in the same mould.

The Precocious Pony

In some parts of Upper Burmah the native women wear only a girdle of straw; in fact, their dress is scarcely less attenuated than the feminine fashions of today.

HE was riding on his pony,
 (It was a Pegou nag),
 And in his meerschaum smoking
 A mixture known as "shag."
 If you know this tobacco,
 You will be quite aware
 Its perfume is quite fragrant,
 And luscious on the air.
 While jogging through the jungle,
 A native maid he met,
 Who—'tis their wont—was smoking
 A long green cigarette.
 She sniffed the odor, then she stopped,
 And gave a huffy pout,
 For she perceived her cigarette
 Had suddenly gone out.
 She turned, and spoke some gibberish
 He could not understand,
 But, knowing what the matter was,
 He beckoned with his hand.
 She came, put up her cigarette,
 And soon sucked up a flame,
 When the Pegou pony thought he might
 As well be in the game.
 The little beast made just one grab,
 And tore the straw away,
 Which left that bashful native maid
 As naked as the day!
 She gave a shriek, fled like a bird,
 While the pony chewed the straw,
 And the man leaned on his saddle,
 And gave a loud guffaw.
 And then he thought, "Well, I don't know,
 And I wouldn't like to say,
 But, considering the fashions,
 Would our maidens run away?"

—*La Touche Hancock.*

.....

The man who starts religious arguments, the man who rocks the boat and the man who doesn't know it is loaded were arguing over which was the biggest fool when the bigamist came along, whereupon they salaamed and departed in deep chagrin.

SINGULAR SIGNS

In an eating house.—"Politeness is like air in an air cushion. It costs nothing, but it does lessen the jars."

At a dancing hall.—"The directors have a right to refuse admission to any lady they think proper."

In a library.—"Only low conversation allowed."



*Marjorie
Chapin
Johnston*



*Geneva Mitchell
Edward Thayer Monroe*



*Florence
O'Denishawn*

Alfred Cheney Johnston

Times Have Changed

DOES anyone know what has become of the old-fashioned "ladies' parlor" in a hotel? It used to be a quiet, secluded, hard-to-locate room, with lace curtains at the windows and lace doilies on the onyx-topped tables.

It was usually in some distant corner of the lobby, and you never went there in search of anyone more exciting than an aunt or a second cousin.

The "ladies' parlor" used to be the hiding place of sedate, elderly women who had to be in a hotel—and gosh, how they dreaded it.

Nowadays, if you are going to meet a dame in a hotel, it's a different story. You never look in the direction of the ladies' parlor—because she wouldn't be there.

You generally find her right out in the middle of the lobby, with her legs comfortably crossed, occupying one of the chairs which were formerly patronized by puffy gentlemen and traveling salesmen.

She's out there because she doesn't want to miss anything.

And the puffy gentlemen and the traveling salesmen are in the same vicinity—for the same reason.

HOW LONG!

WHEN you ask married people how long they have been that way, they are more apt to tell you how long it seems than how long it is.

Actions speak louder than words, and you can generally arrive at an accurate estimate of the period in harness by observing certain little details.

For instance, if you see a couple walking down the street, and he is carrying all the packages, they have been married two weeks.

If she is carrying half of the packages, four weeks.

If she carries all the packages, two months.

If he reads aloud to her, one week.

If she reads the riot act to him, three months.

If he insists upon staying home every evening, one month.

If he insists upon going out every evening, six months.

If she insists upon keeping him home every evening, one year.

If he would like to go out every evening and can't, two to thirty years.

If she talks clothes and he listens, five months.

If she talks clothes and he has ceased to struggle, more than four years.

If he calls her mother an "old dear" and her father a "brick," not more than eight hours.

TATLER DEFINITIONS

LAUGH—The funny noise a woman makes when she is embarrassed.

FRANKNESS—A woman of forty admitting she's thirty-five.

HAPPINESS—Something almost within reach from the cradle to the grave.

BRIBE—An insult to be pocketed.

MODISH GOWN—A dress worn next to nothing.

AGE—A quality that improves the taste of wine and morals of people.

KISS—Something that always costs more than it is worth, even if we get it for nothing.

WIT—The funny things you say after the guests have gone.

FARMER—The boob that makes hay while the son dines.

MONEY—Something that circulates without the aid of a heart.

JUSTICE—Making the coal barons here pay for all the coal hereafter.

SWEETHEART—Some one you think you cannot live without.

WIFE—Someone you think you cannot live with.



Peggy Shaw
in "The Divine Gift"

Johnston

Corinne Griffiths, Vitagraph star

Johnston

Gloria Swanson in Famous Players Pictures

Monroe

Reel Beauties, Chatelaines of the Silver Sheet, who never fail to delight the eye



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The favorite of two continents.

False notions and old-fashioned methods of hair dyeing have passed away, thanks to the discovery of Dr. Emile, Physician-Scientist, Pasteur Institute, Paris.

Today, women of refinement consider Inecto Rapid, with the same frank acknowledgment as they do other articles on their toilet table. There is no more prejudice against Tinting with Inecto Rapid than there is against the use of face powder.

Women praise INECTO RAPID instead of being secretive about it—because this method of hair tinting is truly a scientific and a fashionable success.

INECTO RAPID is sold under the following specific guarantees:

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3. To maintain a uniform shade over a period of years.
4. To be harmless to hair or growth.
5. Not to make the texture of the hair coarse or brittle and not to cause breakage.
6. Never to cause too dark a color through inability to stop the process at the exact shade desired.
7. To color any head any color in 15 minutes.
8. To be unaffected by permanent waving, salt water, sunlight, rain, perspiration, shampooing, Russian or Turkish Baths.
9. Not to soil linens or hat linings.
10. To produce delicate ash shades heretofore impossible.

Inecto Rapid applications are made at the leading hairdressing salons throughout the world. In New York you will find it is used exclusively in the Plaza, Commodore, Biltmore, Waldorf-Astoria, Pennsylvania and other leading salons.

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Gentlemen: Please send me at once your "Beauty Analysis Chart" (Form N.2) and full details of INECTO RAPID.

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Just fill out coupon and mail today. We will send you full details of INECTO RAPID and our "Beauty Analysis Chart" to enable you to find the most harmonious and becoming shade for your hair.

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818 Sixth Ave., New York

Seasonable Fashion Hints

By BETTY GRANT

Tortoise Cigarette Cases—Leather Veil Cases—
Coiffure Combs—Glove Handkerchiefs
—Lucky Pieces

THE Christmas season, along with its good cheer, peace on earth and good will to men, and all that sort of thing, also brings its worries and perplexities. The problem of gifts is a perennial one, and always presents the same vexing intricacies. The wise one of a thousand wives discovered that there is nothing new under the sun. Were he poking around the shops these days trying to fill those thousand stockings with acceptable remembrances he might repeat his now famous observation. Yet changing fashions and American in-

(Continued on next page)



This evening gown of apricot colored silk crepe is deceptive in the extreme, for while it turns a bare back on the world the bodice reaches to the neckline in front. Jeweled panels that combine jade green, yellow and turquoise blue fall at back and front and the same embroidery outlines the bodice.



Dinner gown of white lace over black satin, proves how youthfully smart black and white can be. It will be noticed the skirt is longer than has been the case to date.



Paquin coat of tan wool with collar and cuffs of brown Turkish fox shows an interesting treatment of the waistline which is gathered on a drawing string. The sleeves are cut wide and full and are only slightly narrowed at the cuff.

MODELS FROM
FRANKLIN SIMON & Co.

(Continued from page 19)

ventiveness are bound to bring out some novelties that please, and this season finds its quota of different and somewhat "new" things that Christmas givers will eagerly pounce upon as an answer to the puzzling question, "What shall I give her," or "What shall I get him." Of course, it's the "hers" that we are most interested in.

To begin with, the cigarette is fast coming into its own in feminine circles. In fact, you might say that it has arrived. Therefore a dainty tortoise shell cigarette case and holder to match, such as one Fifth avenue store is showing, makes a novelty worth while. The monogram is generally put on the case while the holder displays just one initial. If tortoise shell is too expensive, celluloid is almost as effective. There are also shapes in gold, silver and French enamel.

The straight line dress seems to be here to stay, for a while at least. Any woman would appreciate a belt of Galolith to be worn with the straight frock. They come in very pretty color combinations and are an attractive and practical gift.

A Fifth Avenue store is showing a combination vanity and writing case in leather for travelling. It is one of the best novelties I have seen in a long time. It is compact and extremely useful and the price is not exorbitant. If you want to surprise some one with a real novelty here is an opportunity.

Veils are very popular this season, maybe because they are so attractive. A nice gift would be a leather veil case containing two or three nice veils and a pretty veil pin. Square and fancy shaped veils are in great demand. These drape very prettily over small and medium sized hats. A very new draped veil has the novel idea of cabochons as part of the trimming. Veiling by the yard seems to favor the French dot, a great many of them in two tone. A navy and henna is a very good combination in a French dot.

The newest coiffure is rather plain and quite flat at the sides. The hair is looped into a roll and worn quite high at the back. It is fastened at either side with matching pins or combs. Pins and combs

always have and always will make acceptable gifts. They never have, however, been quite so beautiful as they are now.

A knitted scarf for winter sports might be acceptable. The new ones are made in the gayest of colors and are extremely wide and heavily fringed. They have no belts, but are wrapped around one, "mummy" fashion.

Gloves, of course, are always in order. There are a great many novelties. One particularly charming pair, made of white kid, gauntlet style, were stitched with gray and white, and the cuff was lined with gray suede and could be turned back or not, as the wearer prefers.

Speaking of gloves makes me think of the glove-sized handkerchiefs which are becoming very popular with the well-dressed woman. The glove-sized handkerchief is about half the size of the ordinary handkerchief and fits nicely in the opening at the palm of the glove. A line of Madeira glove handkerchiefs features the rose point scallop, instead of the plain scallop.

There are a great many different shapes and materials in collar and cuff sets which are always acceptable. The Puritan shaped collar and cuffs are very popular and are made of flannel, broadcloth, linen, kid or a sort of oilcloth. These models are distinctly tailored.

Epaulette sets are distinctly new. They also are tailored and are made mostly in pique or linen and are generally hemstitched or finished with a narrow edge of filet or Irish lace.

As the name suggests, the epaulette collars are slightly widened over the shoulders and narrowed at front and back. There is quite a variety of cuts to choose from, some rounded at the shoulders and some squared and others notched.

There are all kinds of charms and lucky pieces to be worn with sports costumes. In fact, they are so popular they are even worn with evening dress. Each one has its own luck attached to it, and therefore must not be removed. I hope each one of my readers gets a lucky piece and that it will mean real luck for the coming year.



*Justine
Johnston*

*Ruth Colby
Studio*



Elsie Ferguson

(C) Victor George



*Virginia
Lee*

Schwartz

They are seen and heard, off and on, first on the Screen then on the Stage

More Censorship

By Our Own Board

CUT out all references to increases in salary. Not true to life.

Cut out all references to landlords. Too mild.

Cut out all scenes showing actors taking a drink. There are too many people trying to get into the movies as it is.

Cut out scene where man kisses girl on departure. Should have kissed her on the lips.

Cut out mention of man's suspenders. His trousers are supposed to be self-supporting.

Cut out word "lingerie" in sub-title. People who read the titles out loud can't pronounce it anyhow.

Cut out references to chorus girls. Chorus girls don't have to have references.

Pinches the Flesh

REMEMBER how we used to cling
To mother's skirt so wide,
As through a crowded thoroughfare
She'd glide?

Kids can't cling that way nowadays
Since mothers wear short skirts,
'Cause every time a kidlet grabs
It hurts.

Q · R · S
(Trade Mark)
Registered

PLAYER ROLLS
are Better

For Sale by All Music Dealers



Margaret
Arthur

Guryn
Stratford

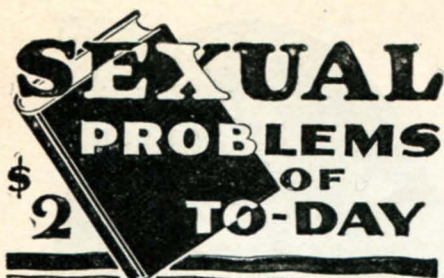
Photos by
Edward Thayer Monroe



Mme.
Lydia
Lipkowska



This season we are hav-
ing the revival of the
fittest, among them
"The Merry
Widow"



SEXUAL PROBLEMS OF TODAY

\$2

Every married man or woman or those intending to be married *must* read this remarkable new book on the sex problem.

"SEXUAL PROBLEMS OF TODAY" is written by Dr. William J. Robinson of New York, a scientist of World Wide reputation and the foremost authority on sex problems in all its phases. In this book he *answers* the intimate sex questions that at one time or another confront every man or woman. This book by Dr. Robinson will give you information that has never been publicly printed before.

One person writes: "If I had this book before I was married it would have saved me a life-time of misery."

Only Part of Contents

The Relations Between the Sexes and Man's Inhumanity to Woman	No Danger of Race Suicide
The Double Standard of Morality and the Effects of Continence on Each Sex	Four Absolutely Infallible Means for the Prevention of Conception
The Psychology of Sex	Women Defending Their Honor
The Woman at Forty and after	A Wife and Her Husband
The Limitation of Offspring	The Dangerous Age
The Woman Pays	My Sex Propaganda
The Wrecking of Human Life and Happiness	Barrie, Unfaithfulness and Forgiveness
For Young Men	The Gospel of Happiness
The Price of a Kiss	The Duration of Our Passions
Torturing the Wife When the Husband Is at Fault	To Lighten the Burden of the Illegitimate Mother
The Wife	Separate Beds
Any <i>one</i> chapter is alone worth the price of the book.	

"Sexual Problems of Today"

contains 350 pages consisting of 76 chapters of vital interest and is printed on fine paper in clear type and beautifully cloth bound.

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TRUTH PUBLISHING CO.

1400 Broadway Dept. 14 S. P. New York

Your Rhythms!

By Lisle Bell

A TEACHER of esthetic dancing can get almost as much publicity by talking for publication as she can by draping for public exhibition. It's a question which brings the quickest results: breaking into print or breaking into sprints.

One of the gang decided the other day that she needed a little free advertising, so she got it by discovering that rhythmic dancing is a wonderful sedative for the nerves of the tired business man.

Her idea seems to be: "You said a mouthful when you sedative."

At any rate, she recommends a course in esthetic motion as a cure for insomnia, business worries, and income-taxiphobia.

Whether or not rhythmic exercises will put the tired business man to sleep, there can be no doubt that they would keep the rest of us awake, just to watch the fun of seeing the tired business men going through them.

We have never regarded business men as especially built for rhythms, but perhaps we have wronged them.

But just think of the scraps of conversation you might overhear in the smoking compartment, if the stock brokers, and the insurance agents, and the real estate dealers and the bankers really take up with the idea.

"You know, I didn't sleep so well last night. I guess it's because I cut out my bacchanale and substituted a dying swan."

"That so? Well, personally, I've found it doesn't agree with me to mix the rhythms. I stick to Chopiniana myself, with an occasional pirouette as a nightcap."

"I say, have you tried the new valse caprice? They tell me it has cured Jenkins of Insomnia, with sleep-walking complications."

"You don't say? No, I'm not familiar with that form of motion. Give me the plain old divertissements for mine. There's nothing better to buck you up after a hard day in Wall Street."

"I find that an occasional Greek frieze soothes me. It's so cooling."

"Well, see you later, boys. I'm off to get into my seven veils."

"Ta-ta! I'm sitting in at a gavotte myself."

A lot of ballet rot eh?

Peeping Behind the Screen

What Your Film Favorites Are Really Doing And Saying in Hollywood, The Hub of the Movie Universe

AFTER living apart for several months, Gloria Swanson and her husband, Herbert Somborn, at last have announced their separation officially—the public statement being made, curiously enough, on the first birthday of Baby Gloria. According to present plans, neither contemplates divorce—though one can never tell what tomorrow will bring—in Hollywood! Coincident with their “official” separation comes a most startling suit against Gloria and her mother, Mrs. Matthew P. Burns, filed by relatives of the late Mr. Burns. Charges are made that the beautiful star and her mother paid a Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hayes \$100 for the introduction and then “contracted” a marriage with the wealthy shoe store proprietor; that the gentleman fell in love with Gloria first, but as she was then married to Wallace Beery a marriage with her was impossible, so he took the mother. Further charges claim that Gloria promised they should all live happy-like under the same roof—in fact, it is even hinted that Gloria promised to shower upon Mr. Burns even more than a daughterly affection. The marriage occurred in 1918 and Mr. Burns died in August of this year, leaving the bulk of his estate to his widow. Gloria and her mother stoutly deny all charges. But the suit promises to become a sensational one.

Gloria, in a recent interview, was quoted as saying, anent the suit against her and her mother: “It’s ridiculous, and if I could think of any other words strong enough, I’d use them, too.” Wonder what suddenly happened to Gloria’s memory? She certainly thought of enough “strong” ones the other day when she had a tantrum because some one on the set broke a mirror and she thought it might bring *her* seven years’ bad luck! For glorious Gloria is *very* temperamental—she was quite incensed because a magazine published a picture of her *below* one of a less famous star.

JACK PICKFORD is worrying me. Every new sun brings Dame Rumor forth crowing a fresh heart-interest for

Jack. Now it’s Mildred Harris. I do hope Mildred holds him a week at least—I’d like to get a little rest!

THEY say Jack Dempsey is going to marry Bebe Daniels. Well, Bebe has done peculiar things in her life—such as getting arrested. But I wonder what that blondined lady of middle age, Jack’s favorite boulevard partner, is going to do? She resorted to the drug-store beauty-counter when she saw the champion’s interest waning. One wonders what form her next efforts will take?

JANE NOVAK secured her final decree of divorce lately from Frank A. Newburg. But those who hoped for an early announcement of her marriage with William S. Hart were disappointed. For prior to leaving for the East, Mr. Hart said that the affair was all off. No explanations were given, but it is known that where Bill goes sister Mary must follow and that Jane believes one mistress of the household would be sufficient. Jane has ideas of her own and wouldn’t take orders from Miss Mary about how to fry her husband’s eggs, no siree! But Jane and Bill are so generally well liked and all Hollywood hopes that, with due respect to Miss Mary’s claims, a solution of the problem will be reached whereby two real lovers may be reunited.

MANY an Eminent Author has proved to be but Imminent! And some of them didn’t even get that close to it!

Mary Miles Minter was arrested four times in one day recently—twice for exceeding the speed limit and twice for not having her license handy. Now, now, Mary, don’t pull that old one about the cop asking you, “Are you old enough to drive, little girl?” Anyway, her fun cost Mary \$40.

WHAT happened to the suit filed a year or so ago by the wife of Frank Mayo, naming Dagmar Godowsky as co-respondent? It must have died

aborning or something. I think she dropped it and went back to England. Anyway, Frank went down town the other day and got one himself, claiming his wife used to get intoxicated and throw lamps and things at him. Once at a cafe, he said, she drank a glass of liquor, then threw the empty glass at him. No wonder he got mad! But what if she'd thrown the glass—full? Then maybe there wouldn't have been any suit! He promised to pay alimony of \$150 a week. The day after Frank got his decree he and Dagmar eloped to Tia Juana, just across the border into Mexico, and got a preacher to make them one.

“**W**HAT chance has an ambitious girl to get into the movies?” I asked a noted director.

“Depends on how badly she wants to get in!” he replied. “And whether or not I like the way she kisses!”

GAY and gorgeous parties figured in the Charles A. Kenyons' divorce suit. It appears from the testimony that Charles attended parties and imbibed too freely and said his wife wasn't attractive enough to hold him, that all men were untrue to their wives—and, vice versa, that Elsa deserted Charles and threw him out of the house and things like that. Charles says he paid an income tax last year of \$20,000. My, how play-writing is picking up! But he says this year his income will not exceed \$1200 a month and that he received but \$1.50 in six months as royalties from his “Kindling.” Anyway, Elsa gets the decree and alimony of \$75 a week.

BARBARA CASTLETON secured a divorce from George W. Zimmerman, claiming that as a husband he was a fine “charger” and that she got tired of paying his bills. But the decree was granted on the grounds of cruelty.

ROBERT ELLIS has joined his wife, May Allison, in her Beverly Hills home, thereby setting at rest rumors of his affiliation with Allen Cassidy. Incidentally, he is playing the lead with Katherine MacDonald in “The Infidel.” Which is a pretty good thing for May, as she has said many times recently that she will “have to go back to work soon at any price if something doesn't turn up.” May's “vacation” has been due to the fact that she refused to sign a new contract accepting a reduction in salary. It is known that May's resources have been dwindling and the advent of Robert Ellis in a good-paying leadingman role may have a rejuvenating effect on the household.

THE wife of Abe Stern, treasurer of the Universal Film Corporation and recipient of a thousand dollar a week honorarium, asks a divorce on the ground that Abe loved his sister too much for the peace of their home. She was told, she says, that she must love sister as well as Abe. But she'd rather have a divorce than make a family affair of it.

HOLIDAY DEFINITIONS

MISTLETOE—The perfect alibi for the pretty girl; the last resort of the homely one.

Holly—The only Christmas decoration that the manufacturers of greeting cards are acquainted with.

Holly Berries—The part of the holly which always falls off before you get home with the wreath.

Postman—The holiday Cupid.

Santa Claus—A man who stands on a street corner ringing a bell and looking as if he should be sent to a dry cleaner.

Reindeer—The one-night flivver for immediate delivery.

Chimney—One-way thoroughfare formerly used by Santa, but now taken over by burglars and visitors who wish to make a quick getaway when the husband returns.

Christmas Cheer—Formerly a bottle; now a memory.



Your Face Is Your Fortune

The world's greatest facial remedy will restore ruined complexions to the beauty and purity of youth.

If YOUR blood is impure, if you have pimples, freckles, wrinkles, blackheads, redness of face or nose, a muddy, sallow skin, or any blemish on or under the skin, you need

DR. JAMES P. CAMPBELL'S SAFE ARSENIC COMPLEXION WAFERS

These marvelous beautifiers of the complexion and the skin are wonderfully effective, and are absolutely safe and harmless. The prescription was first used 36 years ago by Dr. Campbell, and he has made countless thousands of women and men happy in the possession of a pure, spotless complexion.

Mailed in plain cover on receipt of \$1.00 from RICHARD FINK CO., Dept. 35, Kens. Sta., Brooklyn, N. Y. C. Every druggist can get this remedy for you from his wholesale dealer.



Helen Lee Worthing
in the Ziegfeld
"Follies"

Monroe



Mildred
Keats
in "Bombo"



Irene Castle Treman
Alfred Cheney Johnston

The Grand Tear

THE opera season is on.

This is a simple statement, but it implies a lot of complications.

For instance, it includes:

Baritones who warble a bare living in bare knees.

Tenors who leave their shirts unbuttoned at the neck, and their vocal cords unstrung.

Sopranos who can tip the scales in a coal yard even if they can't in an opera house.

Contraltos who labor under the impression that it's in their contract to raise the roof.

Opera fans who yell "Bravo" and emit a garlic breath.

Opera fans who borrow your libretto and fail to return it.

Ushers who lead you to the wrong seats.

Friends who lead you to the wrong operas.

Persons with big laps who sit in aisle seats.

Singers who sing classic roles in what appears to be nightgowns.

Singers who sing modern roles in what looks like couch covers.

Libretto sellers who are artistic short-changers.

Opera lovers who sit behind you and talk all the time.

Opera haters who sit beside you and doze on your shoulder.

Opera hats which your wife insists upon your wearing.

Pretty Good Logic, at That

"**H**'M," said Mr. Brown, "here's a strange story in this paper. It appears that a man advertised for a boy and the same day his wife presented him with twin sons. If that doesn't show the value of advertising, what does it show?"

"It shows that if he had confided his business affairs to his wife, as he ought to have done, he might have saved the expense of the advertisement," replied his wife.

A Difference of Opinion

THE idea of holding written examinations for prospective brides and prospective bridegrooms may have its advantages, but it would surely reveal how far apart the sexes are on some of the vital issues.

It would soon become a question of calling off the examinations or else calling off the marriages.

Can't you imagine the difference of opinion on some of the familiar queries:

Question: Name the marriage vows.

Her Answer: To love, honor and obey.

His Answer: To love, honor, obey, rake and scrape, fetch and carry, hand over your salary every Saturday; never stay out later than eight o'clock; foot all the bills; button up her dresses in the back, and provide a home for mother-in-law.

Question: What is the ideal husband?

Her Answer: There ain't no such animal.

His Answer: The first husband of a widow who has re-married.

Question: How long is a honeymoon?

Her Answer: Not at all.

His Answer: Until the first of the month, when the bills begin to come in.

Question: How far can a husband be trusted?

Her Answer: A distance which is too small to be visible to the naked eye.

His Answer: Owing to the fact that no wife has tried the experiment, the answer is unknown.

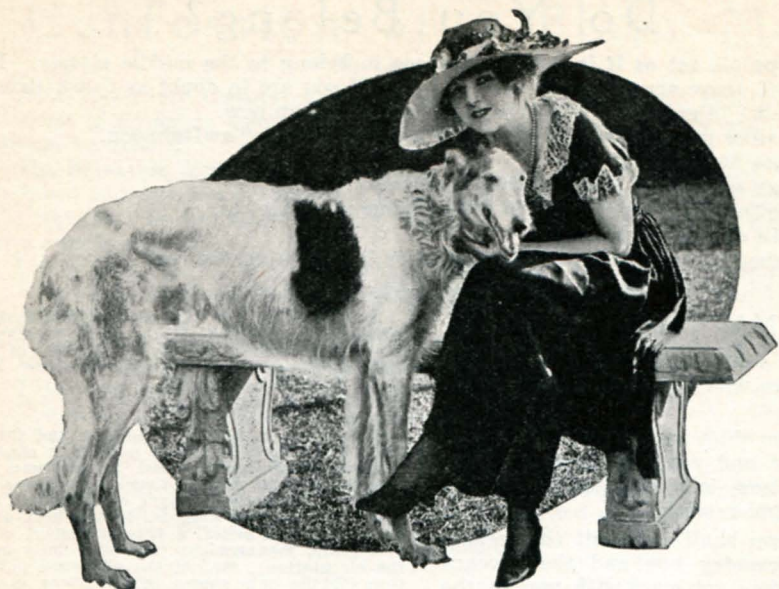


STRAIGHT FROM PARIS

Art studies in full color by famous French artists. Beautiful reproductions of Classy, Snappy, Zippy Saucy girl pictures.

Models of the Studios The Pretty Midnettes

Each of the above are assortments of 6 studies all in color, post-card size, and all that could be desired by a connoisseur. Price 60c. each assortment. Send 25c. for sample study of the most beautiful model in Paris.
GRAPHIC IMPORT COMPANY
Box 667 Cleveland, Ohio



Kay Laurell has emerged from the silences to appear in "Lonely Wives." Kay is a student of Dr. Rawson's work on the utilization of prayer for the attainment of one's soul's desires. In Paris she entertained a mixed party all of one evening by telling how her newly adopted spiritual life had lifted her out of the slough of despond, had even spared the hand that had been raised against her in suicide. She is doing nicely at present writing

Advance Fashion Notes

SOME senatorial togas are being worn stained.

Crepe effects will continue the rage in aviation circles.

Manufacturers of food products will continue to wear diamonds.

At receptions given by customs officials in honor of those returning from abroad, diamonds will be worn by the guests in the right shoe heel or in the hollow of a left upper bicuspid.

Stripe effects will be worn by bank cashiers returning from Canada.

Changeable effects will remain in vogue with cooks.

Wash fabrics will not attain any degree of popularity in hobo circles.

Salomes, serpentine dancers and other stage exponents of the poetry of motion will wear pleased expressions.

Hempen scarfs about the neck will be noticeable at certain Southern exclusive functions.

Don't sing that song again, my dear, about the "Falling Dew."
 You've sung it now until, in truth, I'm feeling rather blue;
 For although you do not know it, you are bringing home the facts
 And reminding me most forcibly about my income tax!

Every mother thinks there is no baby in the world like hers, and all the other mothers are mighty glad of it.

A preacher does not always take it is a sign of approval when he sees members of the congregation nodding.

A collector in Paris has among his curiosities a Chinese god marked "Heathen Idol," and alongside it a gold piece marked "Christian Idol."

Do You Belong?

SOME people act as if it were a disgrace to belong to the middle classes. Even at that, there are quite a few of us left. If you are in doubt as to whether you are a member in good standing or not, you can check up now.

A member of the middle classes says afternoon—not "awftahnoon."

He does not wear spats.

He does not regard suspenders as a disgrace.

He doesn't take much stock in monogrammed cigarettes.

He still drinks—if possible.

He never parts his hair in the middle or his name on the side.

CHRISTMAS COMMANDMENTS

I.—Thou shalt remember all thy rich relatives who have palpitation of the heart.

II.—Thou shalt be generous to the elevator boys and porters, most of whom will take new jobs right after making the Christmas haul.

III.—Thou shalt not omit the iceman and the laundry boy and the grocery boy, lest they get even with you in the days to come.

IV.—Thou shalt have a sprig of mistletoe to create household merriment, but be careful not to presume on it.

V.—Send to those that have sent to thee, and to those you hope will send to thee some more.

VI.—When in doubt, mail a Christmas card.

VII.—Remove all labels and price tags, unless you deem them of sufficient size to be impressive.

VIII.—Wrap all gifts in dainty holiday fashion, but endeavor to have the present look as if it cost at least as much as the tissue paper and the ribbon.

IX.—Do not begin to knock the presents you receive until after Christmas.

X.—Save the stickers, tissue paper and ribbons off your presents. They'll reduce your overhead next year.

If everybody lived in glass houses burlesque shows would have to go out of business.

Your Skin can be Quickly Cleared of

PIMPLES

Blackheads, Acne Eruptions on the face or body, Enlarged Pores, Oily or Shiny Skin. WRITE TODAY for my FREE Booklet, "A CLEAR-TONE SKIN", telling how I cured myself after being afflicted 15 years. \$1,000 Cold Cash says I can clear your skin of the above blemishes. E. S. GIVENS, 203 Chemical Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of THE TATLER, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1921.
State of New York } ss.:
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared William Mendelssohn, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of THE TATLER, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Tatler Publishing Corporation, 1819 Broadway, New York City; Editor, Mr. Walter E. Colby, 1819 Broadway, New York City; Managing Editor, Mr. Walter E. Colby, 1819 Broadway, New York City; Business Manager, Mr. William Mendelssohn, 1819 Broadway, New York City.

2. That the owners are: The Tatler Publishing Corporation, 1819 Broadway, New York City; Mr. Henry Waterson, 1819 Broadway, New York City; Mr. Walter E. Colby, 1819 Broadway, New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is (for daily publications only).

WILLIAM MENDELSSOHN,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September, 1921.

(Seal)

MAY H. IRWIN,
Notary Public, Nassau County, No. 24.
My commission expires March 30, 1922.

Confession of a Plain Man

By Carroll Everett

GOING down into Greenwich Village among the artists is like sitting down in a sheet of fly-paper among the flies. It's enough to do, but it's quite a problem after you've done it.

The Salvation Army says a man may be down, but he's never out. Well, I've been down and now I'm out and this is my confession of why I had to get out:

I went to a barber who cuts hair, instead of to one who spent his time painting cherubs on flower pots.

I only used free verse once, and that was when I ran short of profanity.

I failed to stand up when they played the national anthem, "The Fig Leaf of Freedom."

I don't know how to pronounce "bal primitif," let alone dress the part.

I'm not used to wearing my hair long and my collars longer.

I don't go wild over Art with a large "A" in a small shop.

I've never used a batik for a bedspread.

I can't sit on the floor and pretend I enjoy it.

I failed to construct a kitchen out of a skillet and a screen.

I am a firm believer in hot water as the foundation of the modern bathroom.

I am a firm disbeliever in hot air as the foundation of modern civilization.

Read 'Em and Weep

TEARS do not cut so much ice or melt so many icy looks as they used to. Where they used to sway empires and ruin kings, about all they accomplish nowadays is to sway matinee girls and all that sort of thing ruin complexions.

A man can no longer weep in his beer—not because his ducts are dry, but his cellar is. Why any man should have wanted to weep in his beer is a mystery, anyhow. He should have been tickled to death that it was within weeping distance.

Historically, the tear has fallen into disrepute. The so-called manly tear used to be quite the thing in the best circles, but in the twentieth century the boo-hoo is taboo.

Oliver Cromwell wept for eight

hours before he signed the death warrant for Charles I. Considering that it was Charles' head, and not Oliver's, which was to come off, this long cry seems a little out of proportion.

Imagine anyone in these days weeping for eight hours before signing a lease. And yet there isn't a great amount of difference between beheading a king and decapitating one's income.

On the stage the tear is making its last stand—though not necessarily a one-night one. With the Barrymores, and Jane Cowl, and the other experts, the tear has plenty of backers.

And there are still a few old-fashioned women in the world who firmly believe they feel better for a good cry.



Virginia Bell

Nicholas Muray

Heard Along Broadway

TWO actors met on Broadway. One of them was in deep mourning, and the other asked who was dead.

"My grandfather," was the reply; "we buried him yesterday."

The other actor murmured sympathy. "Many at the funeral?" he asked.

A gleam of satisfaction broke over the other's gloomy face.

"My boy," he exclaimed, "we were turning 'em away."

Life is full of disappointments. Look at some of the girls who took first prizes when they were babies.

FOOT NOTE

GEORGE—Didn't you notice that I pressed your foot at the dinner to-night?

MAZIE—Why, it wasn't my foot you pressed—. Oh, George, I wondered why mamma was smiling so sweetly at the minister!

Hungarian says that a man will live to be a hundred if he eats garlic with every meal. Not if his friends have a club handy.

LITTLE HENRY had a pain in his stomach, and his baby brother was much interested in the means mother employed to mitigate the said pain. Mother produced a hot-water bag and adjusted it to the spot that hurt. In a little while luncheon was announced, and Henry, feeling better, got up and put the bag aside. He had hardly reached the door, however, before a small voice called after him:

"Oh, Tommy, you forgot your tummy."

The cheapest looking thing at a bargain counter is a man waiting for his wife to get through.

"Your attentions to Miss Jones, George,
In office hours won't work,
For you are booked as a billing
And not as a cooing clerk."

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Mae Murray and David Powell in George Fitzmaurice's Paramount Picture, "Idols of Clay"

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The wonder, the thrill, the joy, the deep personal gratification of seeing your own thoughts, your own ideas, your own dreams, the scenes you pictured in your fancy, the situations sketched in your imagination, the characters you whimsically portrayed—all gloriously *come to life* right there on the screen before your very eyes, while you sit in the audience with that flushed, proud smile of success! **YOURS!** Yours at last. And you never dreamed it could be! You doubted yourself—thought you needed a fancy education or "gift of writing."

TO think of thousands now writing plays and stories who used to imagine they NEVER COULD! Not geniuses, but just average, everyday, plain, me-and-you kind of people. Men and women in many businesses and professions—the modest worker, the clerk, the stenographer, bookkeeper, salesman, motorman, truckman, barber, boiler-maker, doctor, lawyer, salesgirl, nurse, manicurist, model—people of all trades and temperaments deeply immersed in "manufacturing movie ideas," of planning scenarios, of adapting ideas from photoplays they see, of re-building plots, of transforming situations, or re-making characters seen on the films—all devoting every moment of their spare time to this absorbing, happy work! Turning leisure hours into golden possibilities!

And the big secret of their boundless enthusiasm, now *catching on like wild-fire among all classes of people*, is that many of them by reading some article, just as you are reading this, have discovered the wonders of a New System of Story and Play Writing published at Auburn, New York, which enables them to make such rapid

progress that they are soon transfixed with amazement at the simplicity and ease with which plays and stories are put together for the magazines and moving picture studios.

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