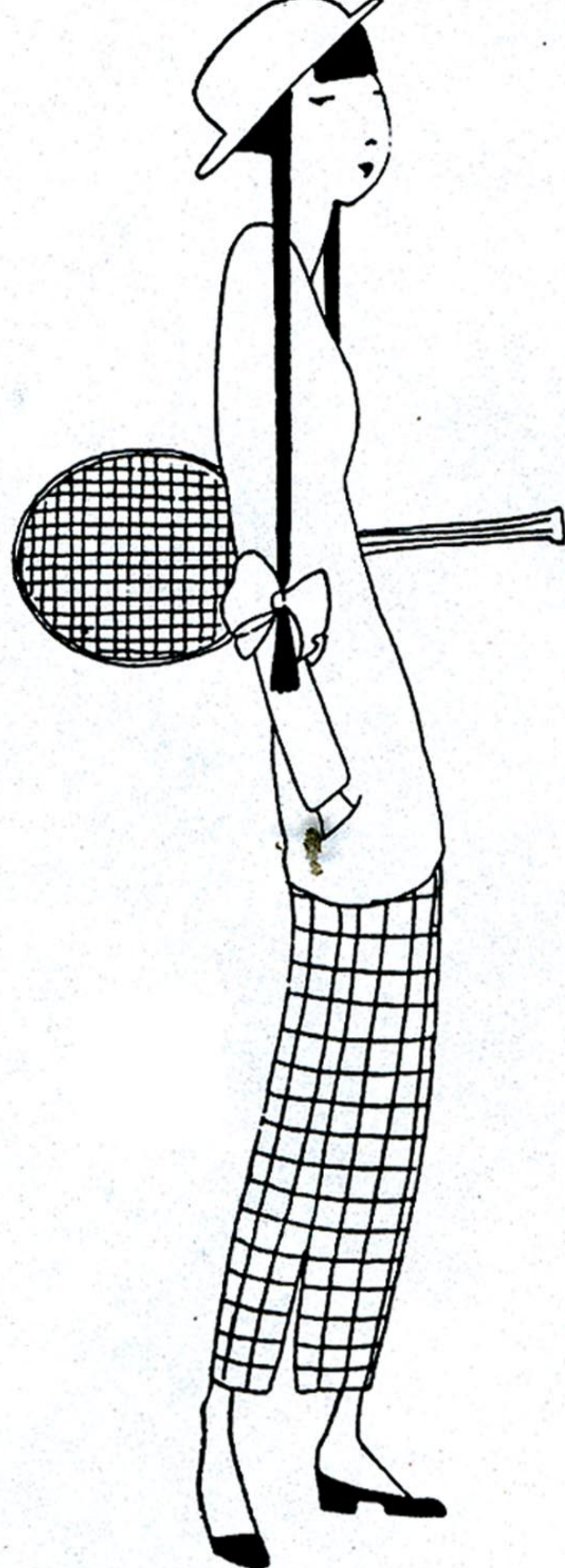


THE MELANCHOLY PASSING OF THE FLAPPER

Once the Pride of Piccadilly; and the Usurpation of Her Throne by "The Little Creature"



The Original Flapper, 1902 Model:—The rage of the River, and the belle of the courts. Men used to admire this now obsolete type

THE last Flapper was recently seen in Leicester Square. The appearance of this almost extinct *genus* excited enormous interest. Courteous persons jostled one another in their effort to have a look at her. The Athenian policeman at the Palace corner . . . Elsie Janis's Palace, not Buckingham . . . said "Go along now, please. Go along," but nobody went. "What is it? A Flapper! Oh, my hat! I thought they were all dead, long ago."

The Florrie that was causing the sensation could not have been a summer day over thirty-five. Her hair that lay along her back . . . as Rossetti would have remarked, could he have been there . . . was yellow like ripe corn. At the end was a large balloony black bow. It was one of the saddest types of Flapper.

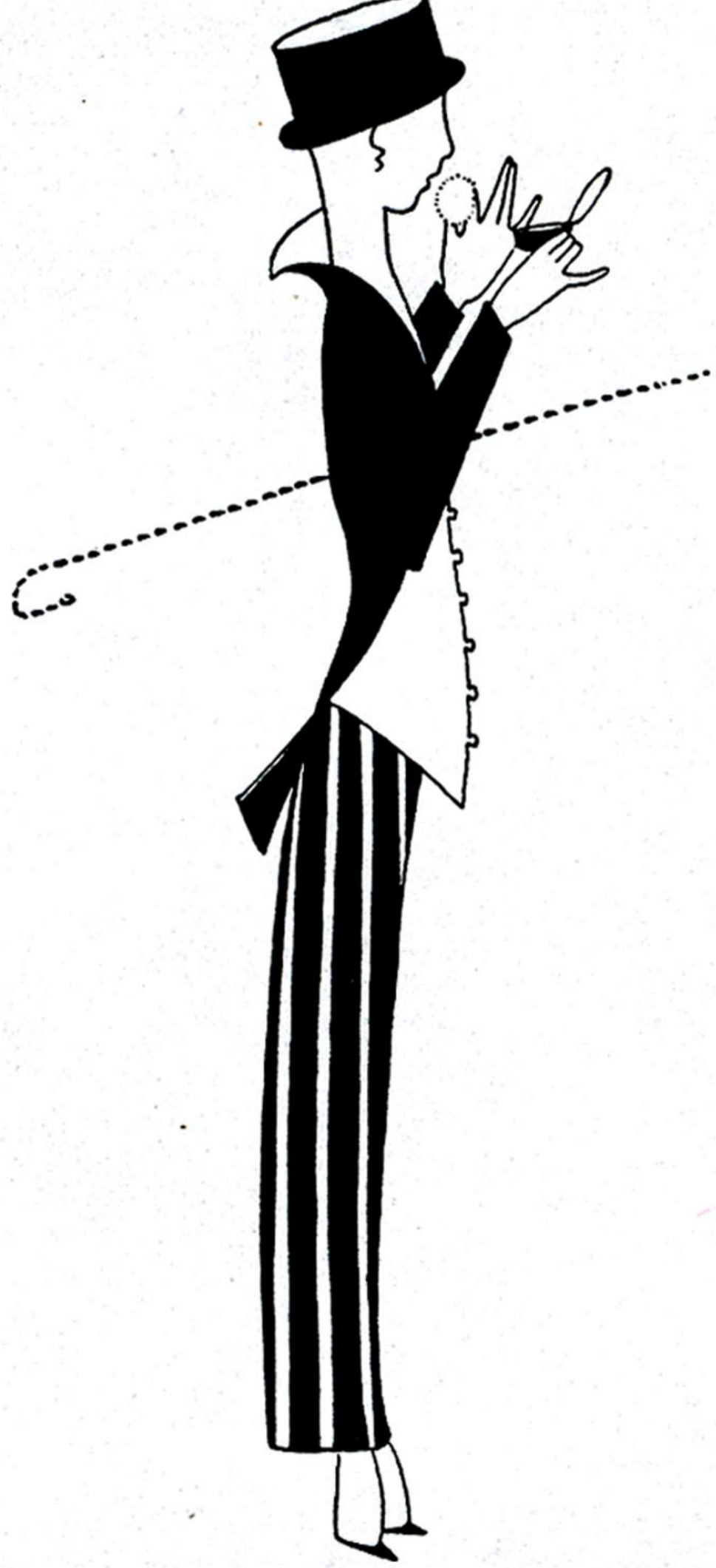
It was in the Autumn of the début of "The Spring Chicken" that flocks of a certain type of peach-skinned little English girls, with blonde braids hanging down their backs, began whirring into the Gaiety Theatre. They begged Mr. George Edwardes to let them learn to fly. "Please, Mr. Edwardes!" Can anybody refuse anything to a peach-skinned little English girl with her hair down her back? F-l-a-a-p! F-l-a-p! FLAP! went the feeble little wings.

"Hullo!" cried Lionel Monckton one day (Melodious Monckton of *The Geisha* and *San Toy*), "Hullo! Here come the Flappers!" . . .

The name was all over town in a minute. So were the Flappers. There were River Flappers, Cricket Flappers, Rink Flappers; there were Piccadilly Flappers, Soho Flappers, Strand Flappers, and Grill Flappers, Night Club Flappers, Table d'hote Flappers.

The Stage Flapper continued to lead, of course, in *chic*. Her dancing wasn't wonderful, her singing wasn't great, but no leading lady was in it with her.

Several leading ladies of the present day, by

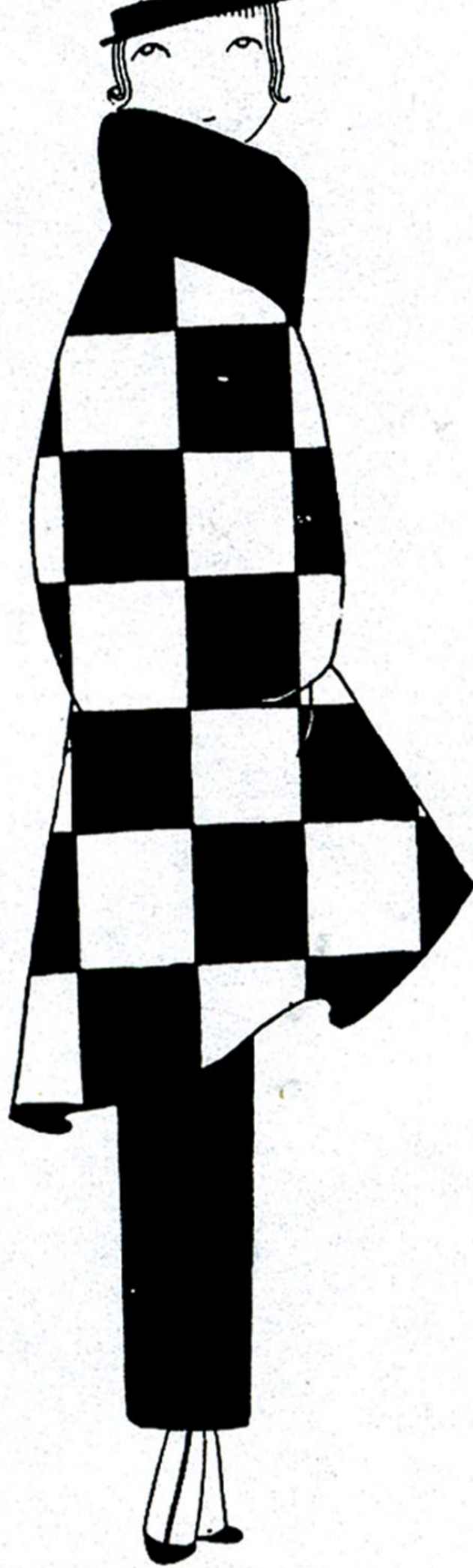


This is the Flapper's successor:—The Little Creature, 1914 Model. No fear of her not being able to fly! She is always the ornament of the Grills, the bright star of Piccadilly, the siren of The Savoy!

THE MELANCHOLY PASSING OF THE FLAPPER

the way, contributed to the vanished cult of the Flapper. Gladys Cooper was one of the famous Gaiety Flappers; so was Julia James.

The Flapper's successor is The Little Creature. Solomon in all his glory didn't begin to

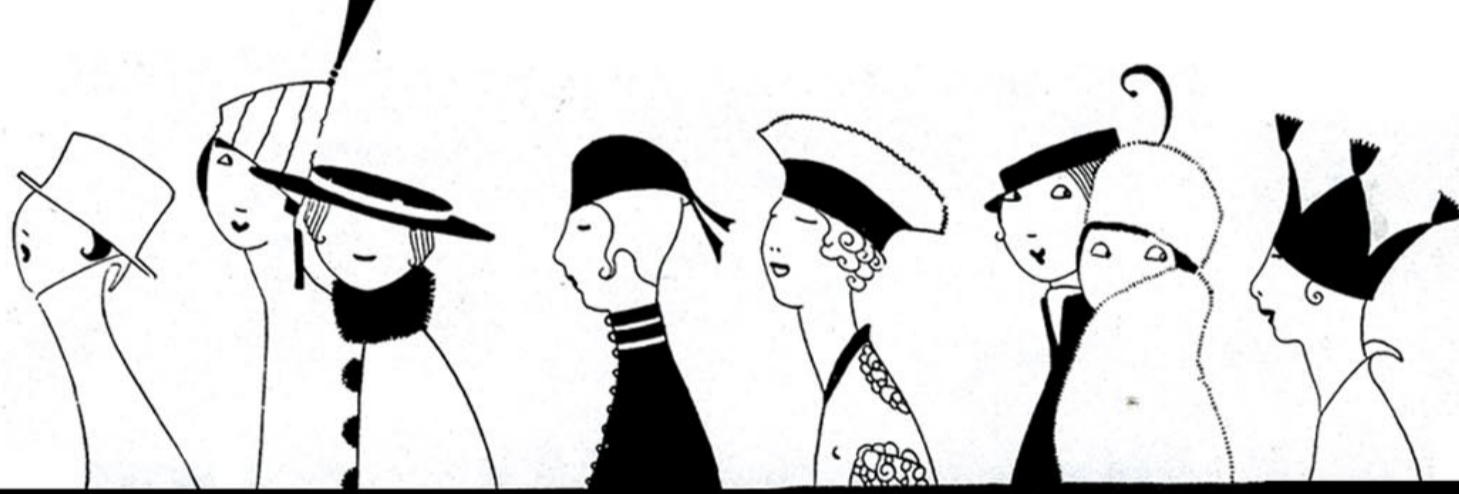


A very popular and prevalent type of The Little Creature is the so called violet-like or soulful brand

have her wisdom. She has a fine natural complexion which she takes great pains to render unnatural because it is smart to *maquiller*. She is *frétilante*, *pétillante*, *friponné*, *éveillée* . . . and all that sort of thing!

Clouds of Little Creatures, like restless butterflies, drift in and out of stage doors, restaurants, rinks, and grand-stands. Their delight is in shocking one by a studied worldliness. The Little Creature has her code, of course. She will not hesitate to powder her nose in the House of Commons if it shines . . . her nose of course. She likes to walk out of Prince's to her taxi smoking her cigarette. This shocks the British matron who is waiting for the bus to take her to her work for Queen Mary's Needlework Guild. The British Matron is glad *Her Girls* are not like that.

I recently came across a disillusioned foot-light Little Creature—at a most compromising moment. She was knitting crimson cholera belts for the Belgians and eating . . . what do you think? Sweeney's Perfect Toffee. I was disgusted. If you can't believe that women are what they seem what in Heaven's name *can* you believe?



"SISTERS UNDER THE SKIN,"
*Hark, hark, the dogs do bark,
The Creatures have come to town!
Some in plaids, and some with fads,
And all with eyes cast down!*

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