

*Not For Old Fogies*

*THE*

# FLAPPER

November, 1922

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## Flappers Here to Stay, Says Colleen Moore

By GLADYS HALL, in the Chicago  
Daily News

One day, not so very long ago, Colleen Moore and I had luncheon together. I don't suppose I ever met anybody so enthusiastic as Colleen. Even about the subway, upon which — or rather, within which—she had been spending most of her New York visit, frequently getting lost, but gallantly persisting, none the less.

Flappers came up—in conversation, I mean—and I found Colleen as enthusiastic for the maligned misses as most doleful individuals are against them!

"Why," said Colleen, with her head slightly to one side, an alert little manner, sort of characteristic of a humming bird, "Why, I'm a flapper myself!" Colleen is twenty-one, correct flapper age, at any rate—but somehow, until she mentioned it, I really hadn't catalogued her as precisely that. Flappers don't generally do as much as Colleen, and they are more blase — about the subway.

"A flapper," Colleen went on, with wisdom, "is just a little girl



COLLEEN MOORE  
IN GOLDWYN PICTURES

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trying to grow up—in the process of growing up.

“She wears flapper clothes out of a sense of mischief — because she thinks them rather ‘smart’ and naughty. And what everyday, healthy, normal little girl doesn’t sort of like to be smart and naughty?”

“Little Lady Flapper is really old-fashioned; but in her efforts not to let anyone discover that her true ideal is love-in-a-cottage, she ‘flaps’ in the most desperately modern manner.

“Left to her own devices she would probably dance and flirt just as girls have always done — but honest, I don’t think she’d wear her skirts so short!

“She likes her freedom, and she likes to be a bit daring, and snap her cunning, little manicured fingers in the face of the world; but fundamentally she is the same sort of girl as grandmamma was when she was young.

“The chief difference is that she has more ambition, and there are more things for her to wish for, and a greater chance of getting them.

“She demands more of men because she knows more about their work.

“She uses lipstick and powder and rouge because, like every small girl, she apes her elders.

“She knows more of life than her mother did at the same age because she sees more of it.

“She knows what she wants and what she is doing, all of the time—and she meets life with a small and an eager, ardent hope. She’s a trim little craft and brave!

“The flapper has charm, good looks, good clothes, intellect and a healthy point of view. I’m proud to ‘flap’—I am!”

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