

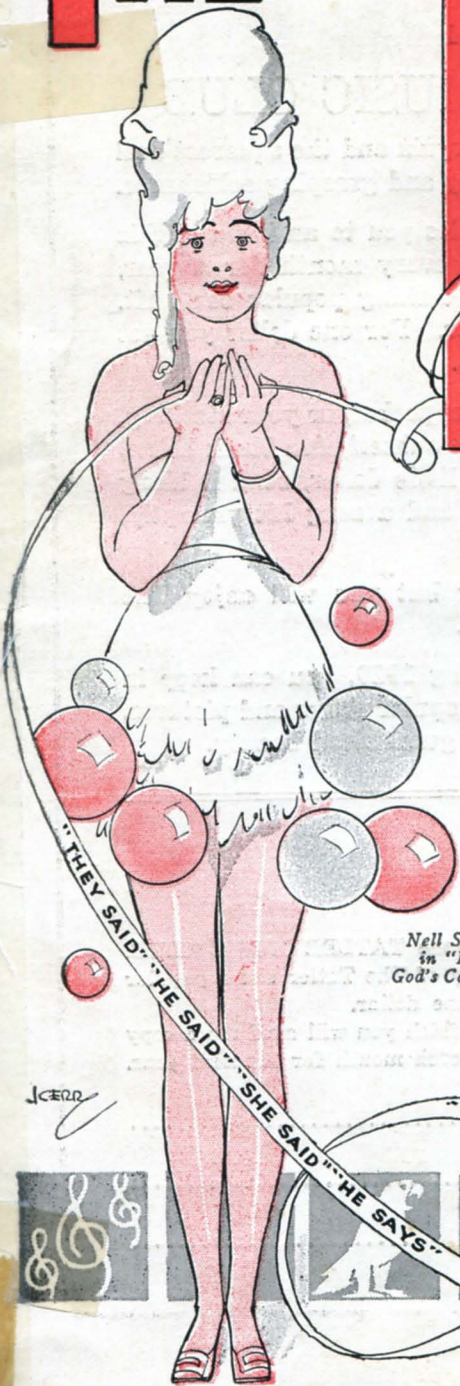
NOVEMBER, 1919

PRICE 10 CENTS

THE TATLER

TIPS
TALES &
TOPICS

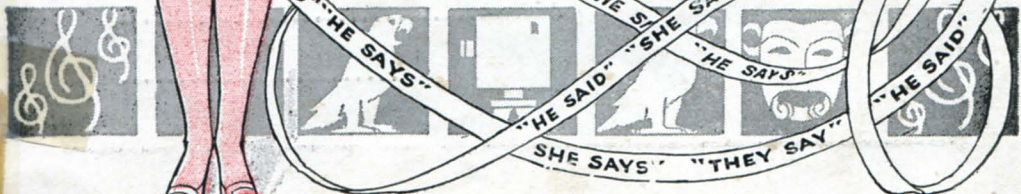
SONG
STAGE &
SCREEN



Nell Shipman
in "Back to
God's Country"



J.C. 1919



IMPORTANT !



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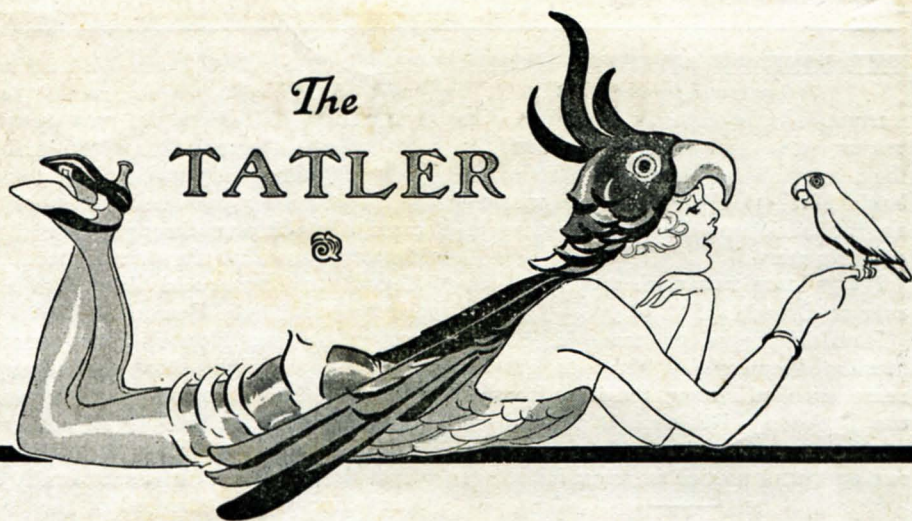
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.....



The Rise of "Ivory" Jones

By ROY K. MOULTON

Synopsis of preceding chapters: Alvin Jones, a half-starved song-writer, nicknamed "Ivory," got his first real start while playing a piano and singing in Mike Moriarty's saloon and dance hall on the Bowery, near Chatham Square. His song "You're All The World To Me" aroused the attention of Angela Winthrop, an heiress who was with a slumming party. Her interest in him continued during the various stages of his career. He finally was given the opportunity to write three songs for a musical comedy, which was being produced by Dicky Davenport, a well-known but not always successful Broadway theatrical plunger. On the opening night the show went badly but the songs Jones had written were instantly successful.

CHAPTER V.

IT was another sleepless night for Jones. He stayed up for the morning papers. There probably never was a composer in the history of theatricals who did not do that same little stunt. When Jones obtained the papers, he tore at them feverishly and read the criticism of "The Cafe Girl" while standing under an electric light. When he had devoured the last word, he was content to seek his hard couch in Mrs. Pringle's theatrical boarding house.

Almost unanimously the critics had damned the new production with faint praise. Invariably they stated that the audience had been roused from a state of patient fortitude only when three interpolated songs, written by Alvin Jones, the new composer, had been sung.

Early next morning Dicky Davenport, the owner of the show did three things. He engaged a book and lyric

writer to revamp the story and the lyrics, he engaged Alvin Jones to re-write all the music and he informed the company that there would be daily rehearsals until further notice.

Locked up in a suite of rooms and to all intents and purposes chained to their desk and piano under the kindly but unflagging watchfulness of Davenport, Dan Kellogg, the new book-and-lyrics and Jones, the new composer spent three grilling weeks.

The show staggered along and Davenport, resolved to try something that hadn't been done on Broadway before, up to that time, announced that he would present an entire new edition of the piece under the same name and in the same theatre within five weeks.—this allowing two weeks rehearsal of the new edition while the old edition was still in progress.

The first night of the new piece was

THE RISE OF "IVORY" JONES

(Continued from page 1)

a triumph for everybody concerned. The critics were this time unanimous in their approval. The piece was excellently acted and sung and the music—ah, the music was the product of an inspired genius.

Ivory Jones was made and made forever on Broadway.

Royalties began to come in, he accumulated enough of these to get his name enrolled among the depositors of the Broadway National Bank and invitations to write the music for numerous operettas poured in upon him.

It was eleven o'clock and the night life of the gay metropolis was just beginning to sit up, rub its eyes and take notice.

Hector's was only sparsely populated and Hector's was the giddiest of the Broadway cafes of that period. Hector, himself, had been a part of the thoroughfare, in fact, an institution for more years than he cared to remember. From a small establishment given over to catering, he had gradually built up the show place of the Great White Way and was one of the first to introduce the then new idea of a cabaret show, including dancing for the patrons.

After eleven, the brilliantly lighted palace began to fill up. Theatrical people, from stars to chorus girls trickled in at the big front door and consigned their wraps to the tender mercies of Hector's checkers.

The name of every prominent theatrical person entering the place was whispered among the groups at the tables. The entrance of Hector's was cunningly arranged. Inside the front door there was a slight elevation, leading down to the main restaurant by a series of steps.

Upon this platform, the people of the theatre posed for a moment and surveyed the room, only to be surveyed by the occupants, many of whom were from out-of-town.

A brilliant throng surrounded the

tables. A hundred expensive modistes had vied with one another, unconsciously perhaps, to furnish the most beautiful gown at Hector's that night—and it was only an ordinary night. Night after night, year after year the same sophisticated after-theatre throng gathered in Hector's—to drink the drinks that only Hector's experts could devise, to eat the food that only Hector's chefs could prepare, to see Hector's magnificently apparelled midnight show, to exchange gossip of the Rialto and to while away the hours until the first streaks of dawn broke through the high cathedral windows which, through some freak of fancy Hector had chosen for the east wall of his palace.

It was bordering on midnight when Jones, escorted by the experienced Kellogg approached this palace of mirth and melody. He had asked Kellogg to lead him to a good restaurant and Kellogg being a seasoned Broadwayite with several shows to his credit and as many exploits to his discredit, could think of no other place than Hector's.

As they neared the big doorway, Jones balked.

"This is no place for a mutt like me," he said.

"Of course it is," returned Kellogg. "You're a celeb now and you might as well be dead as not to appear regularly in these joints."

"But—," began Jones.

"Come along," ordered Kellogg. He had already given his hat to the checker. Jones followed meekly. At the door of the main dining room they found a heavy silken cord stretched across the door, which cord denoted that the place was full.

There was an anxious crowd waiting for seats. Kellogg followed by Jones, elbowed his way to the silken cord where he was met by Charlie Gordon, the genial major-domo of the place who knew every Broadway celebrity.

"Come in, Mr. Kellogg, there is a table for you," he said "— and ah, Mr. Jones. Come right in."

(Continued on page 4)

The Modern Crook Play

BUZZ-BUZZ!!!

The chilled-steel drill of the burglar drones its way through the door of the safe. The burglar puffs calmly at a cigarette as his valet turns the drill.

Gurgle-gurgle!!!

The "soup" is poured into the hole in the safe. The burglar and his valet step back.

Glub!!!

That is the explosion, which has been deadened or muffled by many blankets.

T-w-e-e-t!!!

Curses! It is the police whistle. They are discovered.

Tap! Tap! Tap! Tap! Tap!

The burglar and his valet hasten away across the tiled floor to slide down the fire-escape.

Honk-honk!!!

The police motor wagon arrived, loaded with reserves.

"— — —, — — —, — — —."

Remarks of police upon discovering that the criminals have escaped.

Ding-ding-ding-ding-ding!!!

Town clock in the little village of Weedville strikes the hour, which is 5 o'clock.

Bow-wow-wow!!!

Farm dog discovers a stranger hiding in the straw stack. It is none other than our hero, the burglar, who has lost his valet in the hurry of leaving the city.

Sniff-sniff-sniff!!!

Rosy-cheeked milkmaid walks by the straw-stack weeping because Amos W. Goldfoogle, the village Shylock, is going to foreclose on the farm that day and drive her widowed mother out.

"There, there, kid."

Burglar comforts weeping girl who cheers up immediately and invites him to breakfast.

Swish-swish!!!

Burglar getting away with the codfish gravy and Java.

Click-click!!!

The knife bangs against his teeth.

Plop!!!

A string bean falls off his knife.

Rap-rap-rap!!!

Enter Amos W. Goldfoogle with ouster writ, followed by the constibule.

Squeak-squeak-squeak!!!

Burglar turning good, after years of crime. He hauls \$59,999 from his pocket and pays the \$200 necessary to save the farm.

Crunch-crunch-crunch!!!

Amos W. Goldfoogle and constibule beating it down the gravel path.

Splash-splash-splash!!!

Mother and daughter weeping for joy.

Smack!!!

Our hero and the daughter of the house decided to be married that morning and she kisses him.

Smack-smack-smack!!!

Then the burglar runs out of the house and toward a high hill.

Clank-clank-clank!!!

He throws away his valuable kit of burglar tools.

Ding-dong!

Listen to the wedding bells.

"Aye."

Our hero being elected president of the Weedville Bank.

"Aye-aye-aye!!!"

Our hero being elected superintendent of the Weedville Sunday School.

THE CRYING ROOM

Out in Kansas City is a wonderful moving picture house, owned by W. L. Shelton, which has a "crying room" for babies. Any baby who suddenly takes exception to anything on the screen, or who discovers a new tooth on the way, or who gets the idea that they're holding out the grub on him and who starts to assert himself in the characteristic way can be taken to the "crying room" until he has regained his poise.

As soon as a child starts to interrupt the "silent drama" the line is flashed across the screen, "Will you please take your child to the 'Crying Room.'" Peace is once more restored, and as the audience files out later they shake hands with Mr. Shelton.

THE RISE OF "IVORY" JONES

(Continued from page 2)

The cord was unfastened and they stepped into a place that seemed like fairyland to Jones. He had stage-fright. He could not grasp the magnificence of the place and for one brief moment he wished himself back in the dingy dance-hall in the rear of Mike Moriarty's place where he could feel the friendly ivories of the old piano.

"How did he know me?" he demanded, referring to the major-domo's salutation.

"He knows everybody," replied Kellogg. "And everybody knows you—and, anyhow, I telephoned an hour ago that we would be along."

They stood for a brief instant upon the slightly raised platform just inside the door where they could survey the scene. Both were faultlessly dressed, Jones having made the acquaintance of a Fifth Avenue tailor when he received his first royalty check.

"Oh, Mr. Jones," said a young woman in an attractive picture hat and dinner gown, who sat at a table near the entrance. It was one of the \$30-a-week chorus girls in his own show, Marguerite De Vere, who was born Mame Devery and was a French importation from Second Avenue.

The name was enough to start a buzz of excitement in the neighborhood. There might have been several thousand Joneses in the world but there was only one Jones on Broadway at that moment and that was the blushing young gentleman who stared at the young lady and bowed perfunctorily.

The name fled from table to table and soon there was a slight ripple of applause which soon grew in volume until Jones was unable to conceal his embarrassment.

"Ah," commented Kellogg. "The king has come into his own. This is your your kingdom, Jones."

"Not mine," returned Jones—"Not on your life."

"That's what they all say," replied Kellogg and, as the applause continued

he waved his hand toward Jones in a friendly way and told Jones to bow.

Jones replied by fleeing precipitately down the four steps and toward the only person in the place he knew, Corinne St. Clair, the beautiful young leading woman of his own show.

He had seen her at rehearsals a hundred times and had brushed by her on the stage as often without seeming to have recognized in her the handsome creature that she appeared to be on this evening.

Jones was out of his element and he wanted somebody to talk to. With the singer was the dancing star of the piece, Denise Morrison. In a moment it transpired that Kellogg and Jones were expected and it took Jones less than half that time to discover the fact that the dancer was a particular friend of Kelloggs.

If there were any of the witching wiles of womankind that were not brought into full play on Mr. Jones by his fair partner, Miss St. Clair, history will never state what they were. They danced together, they chatted together on commonplaces and they whispered together tremendous secrets about the show and about the future of Mr. Jones.

The meal which was served to the four was faultless. The drinks came regularly. Jones mentioned something about wine three or four times and was gratified to see it appear instantly and then disappear with the same promptitude.

This was not Jones' picture of himself at all. He had pictured himself as a hard-working young composer with no thought of anything but his art. He had painted for himself a life of unremitting toil and abstinence and there he was—well, there he was. Mr. Jones was to wake up later but for the time being, he was in a trance. The old Broadway go-and-get-em- had got into his blood and for the evening, at least, Broadway had got Jones.

"We're going out to Belmont Park

(Continued on page 6)

The Breezy Side of Broadway

A PROMINENT Broadway song-writer, who is also a singer, was invited to sing at a funeral. "Who is going to be buried?" he asked over the telephone. "A music critic," was the reply. "I'll be pleased," said the song writer "and if you'll bury a half-dozen of them, I'll sing all day."

A composer who hangs out in the vicinity of Times Square declares that, so far as he is concerned, prohibition is a failure. He has always been fond of ginger ale but since prohibition set in, he hasn't been able to get a glass of ginger ale anywhere without a stick in it.

The actor's strike was the only strike in history that didn't cost the ultimate consumer a cent.

A burglar broke into the apartment of a song-writer on Broadway recently and before he finally made his escape, the song-writer had his watch and chain, his pocketbook and overcoat.

Anybody can write a song. It is no trick at all, but it is a mighty smart guy who can get one published.

An actress of national repute has started a fund to help the poor chorus girls but, where is she going to find a poor chorus girl?

A gang of laborers were laying some street car tracks near Longacre Square the other day and making a terrific din with their sledge-hammers. A music publisher, in his office up street asked: "Who's jazz band is that? It's the best one I've heard in a year."

Ted Lewis, the famous jazz leader canned one of his players last week. The fellow had, quite by accident, hit the right note.

One of the roof queens has prepared for a long, hard winter by placing three of her cars in storage and using only four.

One prominent playwright is going to take a desperate chance. He is going to write a play without a bedroom scene in it.

A song-writer advertised for an apartment as follows: "WANTED—A furnished apartment by couple with no children until November 1.

Seven different nationalities are represented in one Broadway chorus. They call this chorus the Leg of Nations.

Caruso has made a trip to Mexico but it's a cinch he didn't do it for a song.

A Broadway manager rehearsed his company to play a musical show. He sent his director after some second-hand scenery. The director came back and said all the scenery he could find was a set for "King Lear." "All right," said the manager, "We'll play 'King Lear,' " and they did.

THE RISE OF "IVORY" JONES

(Continued from page 4)

tomorrow to the races," said Kellogg. "Go along, you two?"

It did not seem strange to Jones that Kellogg should so nonchalantly pair him off with the beautiful Corinne. Nothing seems strange on Broadway.

"Oh, I should love to go," exclaimed the lady. "We will say it's settled, then."

Jones tried to stammer an apology, but he was too late. Corinne had clinched the matter.

"Dan is a fiend for the races," said Denise. "He almost never loses. He makes as much that way as he does with his writing. I don't believe much in gambling, though."

"If you're going to talk about gambling," returned Kellogg, "horse racing hasn't got a thing on the show business."

"They're going to run the Futurity tomorrow," said Corinne.

"We must be ready to start by one o'clock sharp," added Dan. "How about it, Jones?"

Jones made no reply. He was several miles away from Hector's at that moment. He had seen someone across the room who reminded him strangely of the sweet-faced young woman of his dreams, Angela Winthrop, who had appeared strangely in his career from time to time and whose influence had given him the courage to raise himself above the station in which she had found him—the back room of Moriarty's saloon. Jones thought of his own station and then of her's. He thought of the mansion on Park Avenue which she had described to him as he lay in the hospital. Then he murmured: "Aw, what's the use?"

"What's the use of what?" demanded Kellogg.

"Nothing at all," said Jones confusedly. "I was only thinking."

"You were talking to yourself," said Corinne. "That's a sure sign that you're in love."

"Rubbish," snapped Jones. "I'm in love with my profession—my art—that's all."

"If I could only believe that," whispered Corinne, as she found his hand beneath the table and pressed it warmly.

Jones said nothing, but it would be a distortion of the truth to say that he entirely neglected to return the pressure.

At this point Kellogg and Denise said their good-nights and disappeared.

A moment later the waiter laid before Jones the net result of his evening's entertainment—a check for eighty-seven dollars. He looked for Kellogg but Kellogg had left no traces of his whereabouts.

Jones was learning rapidly.

The mild air of the early autumn morning fanned their cheeks as the car sped up the Drive. They could see the shimmering Hudson in the early morning light and Corinne, as she nestled close by his side and held his hand murmured: "Isn't it wonderful, dear?"

Jones hardly noticed the term. It seemed perfectly natural. In fact he noticed nothing but the fact that he was comfortable and happy.

"It must be wonderful to own a car," she said. "Have you ever thought of buying one?"

"No—no!" replied Jones firmly. "Not I. The only experience I ever had with a car landed me in the hospital. I will never buy a car as long as I live."

"Good-night, dear," said Corinne, when they had reached her apartment house. "I'll see you tomorrow."

"Good-night," said Jones, awkwardly. He liked this girl, but—

For years Jones had actually starved for feminine society. Corinne represented in a way, that very society he longed for. All the way back in the taxicab he thought of the wonderful evening.

"But," he said, as he unlaced his shoes that night in his room at the boarding house. "I shall never buy a car."

And, in order to prove this assertion to his own satisfaction, the first thing Jones did next morning was to go out and buy the zippiest, reddest and fastest automobile that he could find.

(To be Continued)

Mame and Mag of the Chorus

"WELL, I finally had to give that bird the air, Mag. He annoyed me something scandalous."

"You got the right dope, Mame. If I'da been you, I'da crowned him with a champagne bottle long ago. He was all jazz to me. I thought he was a sky pilot."

"Henry was sure the original porous plaster. I couldn't be annoyed. He didn't think any more of a nickle than he did of his madulla oblongata. Imagine him getting sore and wiring me to Peoria about that shoe salesman! Who tipped him off? That's what I want to know."

"Don't look at me. Maybe it was the Pinks."

"Pinks? Why say, if detectives was retailing at six for a quarter for a whole month's service, Henry wouldn't engage one long enough to look for a cootie. He's that tight—why, do you know he never even sent me that gray squirrel coat, that \$400 one I wanted. Now I ask you—"

"Not even that? Why, the old Russell Sage."

"I couldn't be annoyed. What's one little squirrel coat between a couple of people who expect to get married? I ask you —"

"Did you expect to get married?"

"No, but he did. He expected it enough, for both of us. He wanted to send me a ring but I was afraid he would go to Woolworth's so I got one myself and sent him the bill for it and, honest, you could a-heard him yell from the Atlantic to the Pacific. What he said in New York, the hams were quoting all along the Pantages circuit an hour afterward."

"But, Mame, Henry is a fine little parlor entertainer. I almost laffed my head off that time in Rochester when —"

"Yes, parlor entertainer—not restaurant. Do you know when that guy was with the show he used to eat in the

one-arm and then come into the hotel cafe with me and say he wasn't hungry and wouldn't order anything? Honest, he nearly had me talked into reducing. Me — imagine. Now, I ask you — I wouldn't marry the best man in the show business or out of it."

"You're covering a lot of territory, Mame."

"That's my specialty. I jumped from Winnipeg to New Orleans once."

"Henry used to tell us he was a broker."

"Well, that's right. At any rate I never saw a broker man than he was. I wired him five times about my birthday being on the seventeenth and he sent me his photograph for a birthday present. Now, I ask you—"

"Somebody is at the door, Mame."

"See who it is."

"It's a telegram, Mame, for you."

"For me, Gee! I'm all a-flutter and I look like a fright. Wait till I powder my nose. I wonder what's in it? Heavens, maybe Henry's sick. I wonder what it is."

"Why not try reading it, stupid."

"Aw right — Oh, it's from Henry. Gee! He's going to meet the show in Bucyrus. Dear old Henry. Ain't that just grand?"

"What — that piker?"

"Don't you sass my sweetie. He's the most wonderful man in the world and I'm going to marry him the minute I see him. Dear old —"

"What—marry that egg?"

"Now look here, Mag. I know friends is friends and all that but there is such a thing as stretching friendship too far, I want you to lay off Henry. If you say another word about him, I'll make that ice-water pitcher fit you like a skull cap. Get me?"

If The Tatler doesn't look quite so good this month, please bear in mind it was gotten out under difficulties because of the damn printers' strike in New York. You're lucky to get it at all. — Ye Ea.



NORA
KELLY



CAROLYN
ERWIN



BELLE
BAKER.

MAE
WEST
Abbe
Photo.



FRANK
HURST.



KEEGAN
&
EDWARDS



ANNA
HELD JR.

"That's Worth While Waiting For"

Here's a song that has been "worth while waiting for," just the song you've been looking for, a song you'll be hearing for months to come.

Chorus

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a chorus with the following lyrics: "She's just the kind of a miss— That's worth while wait-ing for— She's got the kind of a kiss,— That's worth while wait-ing for,— She's al-ways bash-ful and shy,— —But when you whis-per 'good bye,'— She puts that 'prom-is-ing look'— in her eye, that's worth while wait-ing for; She's got that won-der-ful smile— The smile that you a-dore,— She lets you squeeze her a while,— Then makes you beg for more,—". The score includes a piano introduction and accompaniment.

THE COTTER'S CRADLE SONG

Lullaby, lullaby, little one!

The gold is gone

From out the sky;

The drowsy note of cattle-bell,

The call of wildfowl on the fell,

The slumbrous tales the bracken tell,

Shall be thy lullaby!

Lullaby, lullaby, little one!

Though sweet dreams throng

Thy cradle nigh;

Can any vision of thy sleep

Be half so sweet as one I keep

Deep in my heart, so warm, so deep?

Little one, lullaby!

—G. H.

(Musical rights reserved.)

FILMING THE BIBLE

Nearly all the "best sellers" have been put onto the screen, and now comes the announcement that the greatest seller of them all, the Bible, is going to be filmed from cover to cover. It is proposed to transcribe the ungarnished Bible story, exactly as it is, into the universal language of motion pictures and to present these visual sermons to some 100,000,000 persons each week.

To be sure this will be a tremendous undertaking, but try and imagine what wonderful pictures they will make. The company planning to do this should get enough pictures out of the Bible to last a whole generation.

"Poor Little Butterfly Is A Fly Gal Now"

Chorus (with spirit)

Poor lit-tle But-ter-fly, has learned to roll her eye, And when she shim-mies she's as
p-fa tempo
 cute as she can be; Say, when this ba-by shakes, She's got just what it takes,
 To keep her sail-or boy from go-ing out to sea. She knew the 'Ball-in' Jack!
 Was bound to bring him back, She learned to do an Or-i-ent-al dance and how; wow!
 wow! You ought to see, You ought to see, the way she shakes her Ja-pan knee, Poor lit-tle

Here's the greatest combination of fun and melody of the season. You all remember "Poor Butterfly." Well, here is what finally became of her. This sequel will be as big a hit as the original.

Words by Joe Young and Sam M. Lewis. Music by M. K. Jerome.

Who They Really Are

ONE of our subscribers, one of our many thousand subscribers we should say, wrote to us the other day asking if we could tell him the real names of certain stage celebrities. We can and we will. Always glad to be of service to our customers.

Believing that all our subscribers will be interested, we print here the names of the actors and actresses, mentioned in the subscriber's letter and their real.

honest-to-goodness names. Some of 'em are funny, ain't they?

David Warfield	David Woolfeld
Nance O'Neil	Gertrude Lamson
John Barrymore	John Blythe
Sarah Bernhardt	Rosina Damala
Andrew Mack	William McAleen
Hazel Dawn	Hazel Tout
Law Dockstader	George Clapp
Elsie Janis	Elsie Bierbower
Robert Mantell	Robert Hudson
Lillian Russell	Helen Leonard
Julien Ettinge	William Dalton
Mau'e Adams	Maude Kiskadden

"Help! Help! Mr. Sennett, Help!"

I'm Drowning In A Sea Of Love



THAT bevy of blooming, blonde and brunette bathing beauties of Mack Sennett's would make the Sultan stagger and make Brigham Young yearn. When these girls go into the sea the fish come in schools and, believe us, they learn something. When Sennett films a scenario with these dainty amphibians

in it he always engages camera men who are over eighty years old. And the taking of the picture has to be done with great care or else some of the girls might be shown over-exposed.

The talented Ray Perkins saw them cavorting on the screen one day and he immediately sat down and wrote this clever and popular song about them. The pictures on this page are copyrighted by Mack Sennett.



"Hippity Hop"

Chorus

"Oh! it's hip-pi-ty hop I'll nev-er stop 'till I land, — ov-er in Ire-land, —
 — ov-er the sea; — I'll be tick-led to death to get a breath of my land, —
 — (And if I should drop I would-n't get sore, I've tak-en a drop or two be-fore;
 In the sea I'd fall and get up and walk, I know I could float cause I'm from Cork;
 And if I should fall I would-n't get sore, I fell for the lad-ies once be-fore;
 I'd fly all ov-er the sky, To meet my Mol-ly O, — Just to bid my
 dar-lin' top of the morn - in' Oh! it's hip-pi-ty hop, I'll nev-er stop 'till I land —

You'll lose \$40 worth of fun if you don't get this song. Better than "Where Do We Go From Here, Boys?" Conservatively speaking it's a riot.

Words by Sam M. Lewis and Joe Young. Music by Walter Donaldson.

Kalmar's Kracks—Wise and Otherwise

BY BERT KALMAR

IF this country adopts the short skirt that Paris women are wearing, it is going to be a great year for oculists. Every man in the country will have strained eyes.

There are still many men who are anti-prohibitionists going around insisting upon "putting liquor down."

Now that the summer is over, the women are putting their furs in camphor and are getting ready their winter gearandies.

Many a man calls his wife "dear" when he really means expensive, and single men stop calling girls "honey" after they have been stung.

There's always two sides to a story, but only one side to a lie.

The only needle some women know anything about is the one that goes in the phonograph.

Some women go to church for the same reason that other women go to a fashion show

"The Perfect Lover"

Chorus Valse

Per-fect love, from a - bove, To my heart flies a car - ri - er
dove; With a mes - sage from o - ver the sea, From the one,
dear - est to me. In my mind you're en - shrined, 'Till my
star leads you home I'll be true; Tho' to - day, far - a - way,
Per - fect lov - er, I'll wait for you. Per - fect you.

They'll be selling this song for years but why wait that long to buy it? Get it now and start enjoying it right away. "The Perfect Lover" is a perfect song.

Words by Harry B. Smith. Music by M. K. Jerome.

Back to God's Country

SETTING the pace for every screen attraction of the year, "Back to God's Country," by James Oliver Curwood, is establishing new capacity records at every house where it is being shown.

The Tatler learns from First National that it established new records at the Adams Theatre in Detroit and knocked all previous records for the Garden Theatre at Washington into a cocked hat.

Millions of people in America are go-

ing to be told about "Back to God's Country," as the result of a tremendous campaign which the Hearst Newspapers are going to launch in behalf of this story and author Curwood. First National is spending thousands of dollars in every section of the country to exploit this picture and exhibitors individually are going the limit on boosting it.

It's mighty doubtful if there will be

(Continued on page 16)

On and About the Screen

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS is going to Europe. He is going to look over the battlefields which he raised so much money to keep our boys fighting on.

What is believed to be the largest organ in America has been installed in the new Capitol Theatre in New York, a theatre to be devoted to moving pictures, music and novelties.

It equals in volume and tone color an orchestra of 200 pieces. The smallest pipe is about the size of a lead pencil, while the largest could contain about 135,000 of the smallest size. There are hundreds of pipes of intermediary size. Over 15,000 square feet of lumber were used in making the wood pipes.

The organ contains many stops of new and novel character, among which may be mentioned the first violin, concert harp, xylophone and orchestra bells. The instrument is so tremendous in size that it was brought in instalments of car-load lots from the factory at Bellows Falls, Vt.

Reports from all over the country

testify to the fact that theatre admission prices are going up. In large and small theatres the price scale is being raised. Higher prices are a necessity to meet the increased cost of running the theatres and the heavier film rentals.

The exhibitors' house expenses are no small item. The layman often thinks that, just because the show comes in a can, the exhibitor only has to hire a hall, engage an operator and clean up. But the exhibitor has a large orchestra, maintains a music library, has from ten to fifteen men back stage to manage lighting and stage effects. He has soloists and he pays good wages to his operators. He has ushers and attendants. He has to keep up a certain standard of luxury which he himself established, but which his audience has come to expect.

And so quite aside from the fact that audiences should expect to pay more for the more elaborately produced pictures which they are now seeing, the exhibitor has good cause on his own part to receive an adequate return for the service that he provides.

November Releases for Biggest Song Hits

EMERSON PHONOGRAPH CO.

Daddy Long Legs.

IMPERIAL PLAYER ROLL CO.

That's Worth While Waiting For.
Meet Me Tonight In Bubbleland.

ARTO MUSIC ROLL

That's Worth While Waiting For.
Oh, What A Pal Was Mary.

CONNORIZED MUSIC CO.

Poor Little Butterfly Is A Fly Gal Now.
That's Worth While Waiting For.

BENNETT AND WHITE

Poor Little Butterfly Is A Fly Gal Now.
That's Worth While Waiting For.

OTTO HEINEMAN PHONOGRAPH CO.

That Tumble Down Shack In Athlone
That's Worth While Waiting For
And He'd Say "Oo, La, La, Wee, Wee."
Poor Little Butterfly Is A Fly Gal Now.

PIANOSTYLE MUSIC CO.

Poor Little Butterfly Is A Fly Gal Now.
That's Worth While Waiting For.
Meet Me Tonight In Bubbleland.
And He'd Say "Oo, La, La, Wee, Wee."
I'll Be Happy When the Preacher Makes You Mine.

Take Me To That Land of Jazz
Oh, What A Pal Was Mary.

STANDARD MUSIC ROLL CO.

Down By The Meadow Brook.
Poor Little Butterfly Is A Fly Gal Now.

COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH CO.

Who Played Poker With Pocahontas.
Oh, What A Pal Was Mary.
I'll Be Happy When the Preacher Makes You Mine.

PATHE FRERES PHONOGRAPH CO.

Oh, What A Pal Was Mary.
I'll Be Happy When the Preacher Makes You Mine.
Rainbow Of Love.

THE Q. R. S. MUSIC ROLL CO.

That's Worth While Waiting For.

AEOLIAN

Fatima.
Oh, What A Pal Was Mary.

VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO.

And He'd Say "Oo, La, La, Wee, Wee."

RHYTHMODIK MUSIC CO.

Poor Little Butterfly Is A Fly Gal Now.

REPUBLIC PLAYER ROLL CO.

I'll Be Happy When the Preacher Makes You Mine.
And He'd Say "Oo, La, La, Wee, Wee."
Poor Little Butterfly Is A Fly Gal Now.

EDISON PHONOGRAPH CO.

Take Me To That Land of Jazz
I'm Sorry I Ain't Got It Blues.

STAR

Music of the Wedding Chimes.

"What's the Use of Kicking"

Here is a song that will push the clouds away. It is a guaranteed wrinkle wrecking whistler. A peach of a tune, Frothing with fun.

Words by Sam M. Lewis and Joe Young. Music by Walter Donaldson.

Chorus

What's the good of kick-ing, let's go 'round with a smile, — And wait till the clouds — roll by: —

What's the good of pick-ing on that poor old land-lord; He'll help you out — at that,

Out of your co - zy flat. What's the good of frown-ing may-be af-ter a-while, —

Living won't be — so high; — Pork is ex-pen - sive, you can't keep it home, —
Shoes are now sell - ing at twen-ty a pair, —
Dress-es etc go - ing up high-er they say, —

But you can turn Jew - ish, and leave it a - lone; — So what's the use of kick-ing let's go
You don't have to buy — them just walk a-round bare; —
But you can see more — for your mon-ey to - day; —

(Continued from page 14)

anyone in America who won't have "Back To God's Country" stamped indelibly on his brain. And this reminds us pretty sharply that the "Back To God's Country," song number published by Waterson, Berlin & Snyder is going to make some wonderful records. The music is so good and the words are so great, they have translated the lyric into three languages to meet foreign demand.

The song is a fox trot with a swing that can't be resisted. The words are suitable for any sort of entertainment, and although the theme of the song number is based directly on that of the picture, it is of a nature that will stand on its own legs.

Paul M. Sarazan, an unknown, is the

joint-author and composer of the song number. Jack B. Weil wrote part of the words also. Evidently the publishers liked the song mighty well for they immediately accepted three other compositions of Sarazan's.

"Back To God's Country," has the record of having been taken further north than any other picture in the history of the silent drama. It deals with a romantic love tale of the Canadian wilds in which Dolores Le'Beau, a mountain maiden, experiences a number of most unusual and thrilling events.

The picture will open at the Capitol Theatre, New York City, where a special arrangements of novelties has been provided for it. As the star, the popular Nell Shipman has never done better work.

Christmas Shopping Made Easy

Holiday giving is going to be a tough proposition this year, everything is so high. Before Christmas comes you'll run your legs off and go broke. Here's a chance to save all that misery. Solve your Christmas problem by sending your friends a membership in

The Tatler Music Club

Send us one dollar for each of your friends and we do the rest. We'll send them each month for the year of 1920 an issue of this bright, breezy, valuable magazine and with each issue a brand new popular song hit by the most famous composers in the world. What could be a nicer and more welcome gift? A constant reminder to your friends each month that you thought of them at Christmas, and you make a dollar spread out over the whole year.

If we get your order before December we'll send them the December issue and an extra song, free. We'll write them a nice letter telling them that the Tatler and the twelve songs are a present from you.

Send along the money now for one, two, five, or ten memberships (with all names and addresses clearly written) and your Christmas shopping is done. We'll notify them all of your thoughtfulness and send them the Tatler and the music promptly.

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"DADDY LONG LEGS" as beautiful as THE HANGING GARDENS OF BABYLON
"OO LA LA, WEE WEE" as great as THE OLYMPIAN JUPITER
"WORTH WHILE WAITING FOR" is another LIGHTHOUSE OF ALEXANDRIA
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