

TO BOB OR NOT TO BOB

BY ANNE ARCHBALD

DEAR SALLY-BACK-HOME:

You may be Interested to learn that I am, on the eve of taking a most important step. "Matrimony!" you exclaim at once. No, my dear, not matrimony, though it resembles that estate in being almost as irrevocable. Ceasing to be mysterious, Sally dear, I am going to-morrow to have my hair bobbed!

"Fancy! At your time of life!" I can hear you say. "With not even an artistic career, or a room in Greenwich Village as an excuse!" As a matter of fact, years have little to do with it. Two of the very smartest-looking women in New York society, who know the last word in the art of dressing, have worn theirs bobbed for several years—the Baroness de Meyer and Miss Elsie de Wolfe. Both must be under forty, and as you know I am still several years away from that. Their hair is completely gray, too, but their skins are young and fair, and they look perfectly lovely with their rows of curls round the head. Like French marquises. I've seen them both.



A HALF-WAY BOB, WHEN YOU CUT ONLY THE SIDES

Bobbing has been in my mind for some time, you know, because of the immense convenience of it—and because it's so hygienic. My artistic friend, Callie, believes that every single woman of us should have her hair

bobbed because of those two reasons, especially the latter. She says the modern woman hasn't the time to devote to keeping long hair clean and cared for, and a friend of hers who is here in New York studying to be a trained nurse, agrees with her. They both say they, think there is some-



THE ALICE-IN-WONDERLAND BOB, WITH THE CIRCLE COMB

thing distinctly unhealthful, now that we know so much about antiseptics and hygiene, in carrying round these superfluous masses of hair that collect dirt and germs. You can't be washing them all the time. We had a tense discussion (you've no idea how much there is to say on the subject) at tea one afternoon, and the two of them so brought me over to their point of view that I was going to take the scissors to my hair right then and there.

Fanny dissuaded me, however. And after all I have to live with Fanny.

"I agree with what you say about the hygienic side of short hair," she said; "but I don't agree about its being universally artistic or becoming." As a matter of fact, Callie and Friend Nurse hadn't touched on that aspect of the question. "It's all right when you're young, with a fresh skin and youthful contours. But how would you like to see a double or a sagging chin going around with a youthful bob?"

"Perfectly," responded Callie cheerfully. "If you objected it would

simply be the result of faulty associations. When every woman was bobbed you wouldn't think of such a thing. Take men, for example. Does your esthetic vision protest against the wavy gray pompadour of your dear eighty-year-old grandfather, because brother Jack down from New Haven has a blond one too? And that's a silly argument about the chin, because no woman nowadays has a right to have a double or sagging chin, no matter how old she is."

And as a last clinching instance for her argument Callie cited the two women I have spoken of, the Baroness de Meyer and Miss Elsie de Wolfe.

Though there Fanny rather had her. "But those women look charming bobbed because each is individual, in the first place. The bob happens to suit their faces and skins. And more important still because each has the money and leisure to live up to it. For after thirty the bob does have



AS WORN BY THE BARONESS DE MEYER

to be lived up to. You can't wear just the average dresses and hats with it. like Frank Stockton's famous story of the fire-screen, you must go and re-furnish the whole house to match it. In the excitement of the moment and under your influence Polly may think all she cares about is hygiene and convenience, but as a matter of fact,