

### Why I'm Glad I Bobbed My Hair

By AILEEN PRINGLE

**D**ON'T suppose any other girl ever had her hair bobbed for the same reason that prompted me to submit to the barber's ministrations. When one has reached womanhood and has been several years on the stage and before the screen, appearing in various characterizations but always with her feminine "crowning glory" in the length and abundance that Nature intended, for one to expose one's locks to the shearing process is a step to be taken only after profound and prayerful consideration.



I hesitated for a long, long time, I considered the subject pro and con, consulted with friends, directors and mere acquaintances, listened to all the stock arguments that have ever been advanced, both for and against, and weighed the question from every conceivable angle. Hamlet's problem, "to be or not to be," could not have been of greater concern to him than was mine—"to bob or not to bob"—to me, and I exercised my feminine prerogative and changed my mind often.

Even after reaching a final conclusion it was with fear and trembling that I approached the barber's chair. But the experience equipped me to impersonate Marie Antoinette on the screen and I kept the opportunity may one day be mine. I know now how she felt when she went to the guillotine.

It was less than a month ago that I suffered the shears to touch my locks, but already I'm glad I did it. I'm a convert and my conversion was complete. It "took." Mr. Figaro may count me among his faithful customers henceforth.

But, I repeat, I joined the bobbers for a reason peculiarly, even uniquely, my own. Long and patiently as I listened to the arguments that were poured into my ears, and carefully as I considered them, I was not in the end awayed by any one of them in giving my individual consent to the bob. I don't want to be understood as trying to influence any other girl. I am speaking for myself only, and without the reason that I shall reveal later—please be patient just a minute or two, girls—I am not sure that I should have let my tresses go.

Most girls who bob do so, I suppose, because they want to look younger than they are, or because it happens to be the style, or because they are lazy. Now, I'm not a thousand years old and I have no desire to be or to appear a day younger than I am—really! So wipe that consideration off the slate.

And I am not such a slave to fashion that I feel bound to adopt every passing craze, every whim and fancy that affect others. It's easy enough to follow the crowd—if you're willing to be just a fol-

lower. But distinction comes only to the leader of the crowd, and the girl who is individual enough to be independent.

As to being lazy—listen to this! If I were that I shouldn't be spending long, weary hours in the studio or on the production lot while the director orders scenes to be shot over and over again. There's romance in film work, and entertainment and fun, but, most of all, hard, relentless work.

Of course I know, too, that short hair is a comfort in dancing. It stays put. While you are whirling about you are not in constant terror lest your permanent wave is at high tide and is casting its spray over your partner's shoulders as well as your own. But it wasn't even that that determined my decision, nor yet the assurance of some of the pro-bobblists that bobbed hair prevents congestion of the brain. I struggled along several years without cutting my hair, and, as far as I was able to judge, suffered no impairment of my mental faculties.

Now, at last, to tell you why I did sacrifice my locks. It was partly because I was getting a reputation as a screen vampire, and I have a perfect horror of that. My hair, you see, grew very long, and to part it in the middle and brush it down on both sides seemed the only way to dress it. That, of course, is the severest of forms and it accentuated the "vamp" impression.

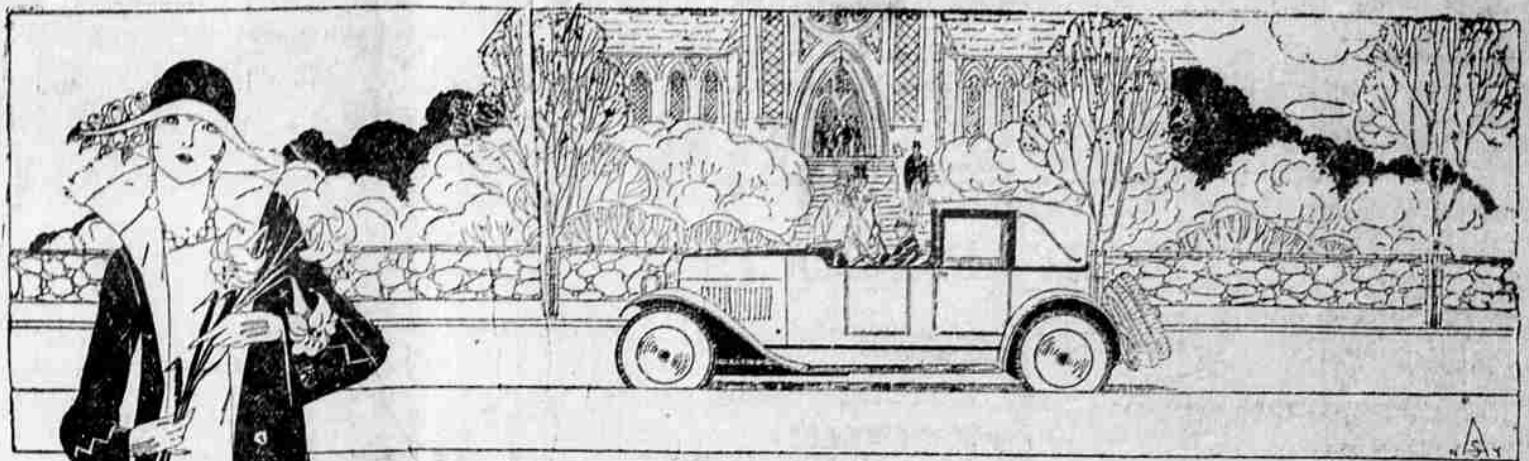
When I wasn't being mistaken for a vampire I was described as "statuesque," and here again the plain, severe dressing was partly responsible. Now, I am not a Doric or Ionic creation. I am not monumental in any sense. And I recoil quite as much at the idea of being pigeon-holed in pictures, of being typed, as at the thought of being made a "vamp." I feel that my range is sufficiently broad to



justify me in claiming versatility. I even have an ambition to play in a comedy role one day.

All things considered, it seemed to me that to part with my long hair would be a step toward the complete attainment of my goal—to be an all-around woman in pictures, fitted for any part. Opportunity came when I was asked to play the lead in Vitagraph's "Wildfire." There I had the role of just a real American girl—neither "vampish" nor "statuesque," and I felt at once that my bobbing was vindicated. So—I'm glad!

Perhaps bobbed hair has other real merits than the one I have indicated. I haven't meant to make light of the reasons that prompt other girls to use the shears. I merely brushed them aside because of that one reason that was uppermost in my mind. It is conceivable that even without the ambition that controls me I might still have become a bobbee. Possibly. Who knows?



# E A S T E R

Easter—official harbinger of spring, has long been recognized as the one day of the year on which people show their joy at coming of the summer season by appearing in new and beautiful clothing.

This store, long a shopping center for those discriminating women who demand the best, is peculiarly in a position this year to again serve that same clientele.

Fortunate buying has put us in a position to offer you those things on which Dame Fashion has placed her stamp of undoubted approval.

Prices are of course most reasonable, a thing you have learned to expect at Hector's—The Fashion Center.

### New Coats For Easter

Prince of Wales—so much desired at present in the popular mannish cloths. Tailored in detail to emphasize the proper idea of the mode. Sizes 16 to 40. Prices

**\$19.50 to \$28.00**

### Novelty Dress Coats

In beautiful shades of coral, henna, rose wood, greys, tans, etc., Price

**\$15.00 to \$45.00**

### If You Have Waited for you Easter Gown

We can appear you—for we have received a smart lot of Canton crepe, flat crepe, satin crepe, etc. All the bright shades included with a liberal showing of browns, greys and black. Sizes 16 to 53. Prices

**\$10.00 to \$45.00**

### Kayser and Holeproof Hose for your Easter Gown

Kayser hose in the new shades, full-fashioned **\$1.50 and \$3.00**

Kayser or Holeproof chiffon in new shades, also gunmetal black. **\$1.95**

### Kaysers New Silk Gloves

All new styles in pretty shades and newest modes, tan, grey, black and white combinations, etc.

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### Select your Easter Bonnet Here

—Where style and price will meet your approval. Recent shipments brought many new clever models in large and small shapes.

To give a true description of these hats would be impossible.

You are invited to look over the entire lot we have provided and it will be a pleasure to assist you to select a becoming style at a price you wish to pay.

**\$5.00 to \$7.50**

Exclusive patterns

**\$12.50 to \$18.00**



### ALGOMA

Mr. and Mrs. V. Deaver and family left for Chiloquin Sunday where they intend to reside.

E. J. Grant of the Algoma Lumber Co., has been up from Los Angeles the last few days on business in connection with the lumber business.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Baker have moved to the woods for the logging season.

Mrs. John R. Hagelstein and baby returned from the hospital Saturday to their home near Algoma.

Chas. Woelk and children of Hilbrand visited with relatives here

last week.

J. E. Cleek has moved his family into the house formerly occupied by the Deavers.

Mrs. Fred Hagelstein attended the meeting of the Lutheran Ladies Aid at the home of Rev. and Mrs. Geo. W. Hoffmann at Klamath Falls, Wednesday.

### ARRIVES IN CITY

Mrs. Perrin Returns From Visit in Los Angeles

Mrs. H. R. Perrin arrived in Klamath Falls Wednesday from a nine week's visit in Los Angeles, where she spent some time visiting with her sister.

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1/2 and 1/2 two bits  
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