

Why Bob Your Hair?

Corinne Griffith's
advice to girls.
Not a new depart-
ment—just a sug-
gestion.

By
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She has been said to resemble Lillian Gish, Constance Binney and Alice Joyce, but she is most like—Corinne Griffith.

Alfred Cheney Johnston

THERE is no doubt that this question is one that has puzzled scientists, mothers, flappers and other thinkers for centuries. Cleopatra may have considered it. The original Mona Lisa probably gave it more than a passing thought. More than any other question it has occupied a foremost place in the feminine scheme of things. Just now it is sharing interest with the Pickford-Fairbanks romance, the shimmy, and the slightly Einstein theory. And it has never been settled. We cannot settle it; we are not even going to talk about it—much. We have, we hope, too much common sense.

But the question is, simply, this (just among us girls): shall we, or shall we not, bob our hair?

The answer, according to Corinne Griffith, is one, decided full and round "No!" shouted, one might say, in ringing accents. Corinne knows. Corinne, unappreciative possessor of a head of long, thick, dark, luxurious hair, snipped it with the scissors. Corinne is sorry.

"Well," you might say to yourself in defense of Corinne's act, "Constance Talmadge did it, and Natalie; and Viola Dana and Dorothy Gish and Anita Loos and goodness knows how many more." But suppose you cut your hair, had a full day

of delicious Russian freedom, and then found out that in your next picture you had to play a dignified debutante, daughter of a Southern Senator, who would never, under any consideration, have bobbed her hair. Corinne, true to character, had to push her new short hair, a great thick bundle of it, under a smooth, tightly-coiffed wig; suffering as a consequence headaches innumerable. She found that when she went to her favorite photographer to pose for new pictures he gave one look at her shorn locks and refused to pose her until she let them grow again. She found finally that bobbed hair, unless it is curly, has to undergo treatment in connection with a curling iron every morning; also that when one is a busy motion picture actress one hasn't time to undergo daily treatment, etc. With the result that our heroine began to cultivate low tight-fitting hats, and never to remove them, no matter where she went.

She became almost a recluse. When on rare occasions she ventured out to a theater she would either sit with her hat on during the performance, running the risk of being asked to remove it or herself and braving an awful fire of hot language from the unfortunates in the row behind; or she would wait until the lights went down, snatch off her hat, crouch down in her seat, and slap her hat back on when the lights went up.



She is a sheltered, quiet, almost shy girl who hates personal appearances.

Altogether, Corinne was unhappy. At that, she looks better bobbed than any girl I ever saw; she could even tuck her hair under to make it look long. But she has had one great consolation through it all. She is going abroad sometime this summer and while over there she will let Nature take its course.

But one has to reason, if one knows Corinne, that the sight of all those chic Frenchwomen, reputed to be bobbed and wedded to the idea if to nothing else, may make her change her mind.

She likes pickles and pomeranians, pastel shades and pom-pommed hats. The Questions and Answers Man being relieved of the questions as to her preferences, may now consider this:

that her change of coiffure in nearly every picture is due, not only to her bobbed tresses, but to the fact that she believes the public will tire of her if she looks the same in every picture. A naive little girl. She will never tire of her work; she's not tied down as to parts. Never always the ingenue, or the vampire, or the emotional lady of many affairs. She has done all of them; she has quite a repertoire.

Her grandfather was a southern mayor; her family is very old and very good, and related to senators and first settlers. Her home-life is quiet. She goes about very little, bobbed or braided; she knows very few professional people. She is as eager as any young girl to know what Lillian Gish really looks like, and she undoubtedly read Theda Bara's "Confessions" in the June issue with more than ordinary interest.

Everyone will tell you—everyone who really knows her—that if she is a star, she never talked herself into stardom. That is one reason why she has always remained with Vitagraph. When her first three-year contract expired with this old and conservative organization, she was approached by three or more concerns, each of which promised her lavish advertising, among other inducements. Corinne shrank into her shell. She knew Vitagraph; Vitagraph knew her. She stayed—she has just signed a contract for three years more.

I don't mean by that she is cowardly. She is not afraid of her future, of her abilities, of herself. It is rather a curious thing that this sheltered, quiet, almost shy girl should be an actress in this most recent, most widely advertised and heralded profession. She hates personal appearances; but she is at present studying dancing with Kosloff so that she may, when she knows enough about it, dance for a year on the stage, because she feels she needs the experience. "I wanted to," she says, "long before it began to be fashionable in cinema circles."

She has eyes of a peculiarly misty blue, with thick black lashes. A nose which is doubtful (I can't tell it from a retrouse), a mouth that is sensitive and accurately measures her emotions; and hair that crinkles around her ears. She seems to have many screen faces. Sometimes she has the languor of a Lillian Gish; at other times, she is a piquant Constance Binney. Some people have suspected a resemblance to Alice Joyce. In reality she looks very little like any of these ladies, but suspiciously like Corinne Griffith.

The first theatrical performance this Little Eva ever saw was "Camille," with Cecil Spooner's stock company, when she ran away from her mother and nurse at the Texas watering-place where they had gone for her mother's health. She was only ten. She didn't know what it was all about, but she made a resolve that some day she would play a part like that. Today, she is asking for light comedy stories; she wouldn't play "Camille" if every one of her Middle Western devotees were crying for it.

She went to school in New Orleans. And it was at a Mardi Gras that she was discovered, aided by Nature and Rollin Sturgeon, director, who was the particular Columbus in question. Corinne went to California, passed the screen test, and was thrust into leading parts at once. She has never played anything but leading parts since—and never will.

She was Earle Williams' leading woman in three pictures, and Harry Morey's in several. The odd part about this is that these two male stars still speak well of Corinne and that Corinne still admires them. Her work was recognized, her abilities believed in; her name advanced to stellar lettering. She has never stopped working; never stopped watching other people work, particularly the old timers. She says, even at this advanced stage of the game, that she learned a lot from George Fawcett, that grand young man of the movies who directed her in "Deadline at Eleven" and played with her in "Gumshoes 4-B."