Bobbed Hair and Maiden Names for Wives! That Might Be Adopted as the ...
By HELEN M. WAYNE.

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pg. 77

Bobbed Hair and Maiden Names for Wives!

By HELEN M. WAYNE.

I have a little thought for the other day, to find myself at a meeting of the Women's Freedom Congress, but certainly held me there. As I look back at my program I observed that there had been a morning session at which Henrietta Hulan, Helen M. Wayne, Juliette Joynt, Rose Schneiderman, Elizabeth Garley Fleming, Thorne M. Kinkel, Jessie W. Hough and other Greenwich Village notables had spoken, and I was sorry to have missed the fun. Still, knowing as I did that each speaker was either an avowed Socialist or anarchist, I could be sure that each one had used her particular hobby or grievance—so the case might be—to urge Socialist measures of improvement. I therefore listened regretted and settled down to the enjoyment of the moment.

Rarely had I seen such a large gathering of the faithful as on that day. Mixed in with the usual bobbed-hair types (oh, pretty ugly types—we are more ugly for the bobbing!) and the aforementioned uplifters were some clear cut, gentle-faced, women with that air of fine bearing and breeding which rarely if ever is found in the militant type. Charming are the agitators, I own it, a rule, and the sincere ones among them courageous and fine in their way; but pretty—never! What then were those five well-dressed little women doing in this assembly?

Just then there was a little bell, during which I overheard a conversation between two women immediately ahead of me. The middle-aged one with the bobbed hair was saying to the middle-aged one with long hair:

"The middle-aged one with bobbed hair was saying to the middle-aged one with long hair—"

slavishly in love with her husband, spends her entire life taking care of him and his children and never accomplishes a single thing."

There was a little pause, after which the other woman said quietly:

"Perhaps that's why the race has survived."

"Heaven!" remarked Short Hair scornfully; "you talk like a conservative."

"Well," the long-haired lady rejoined, "maybe so! But I tell you it takes a type of social relations to be even a little conservative in this wild days."

Bobbed Hair had the grace to smile at this and said, "I know, I have said something cutting and clever, but just then a lady two rows ahead called out very loudly:

"I want to hear the speaker and they're jabbering back of me."

Evidently there had been called on the platform while the two ladies had been engaged in their little controversy. Now they tried to look unconscious and listened in silence.

She announced herself as a "romantic monogamist."