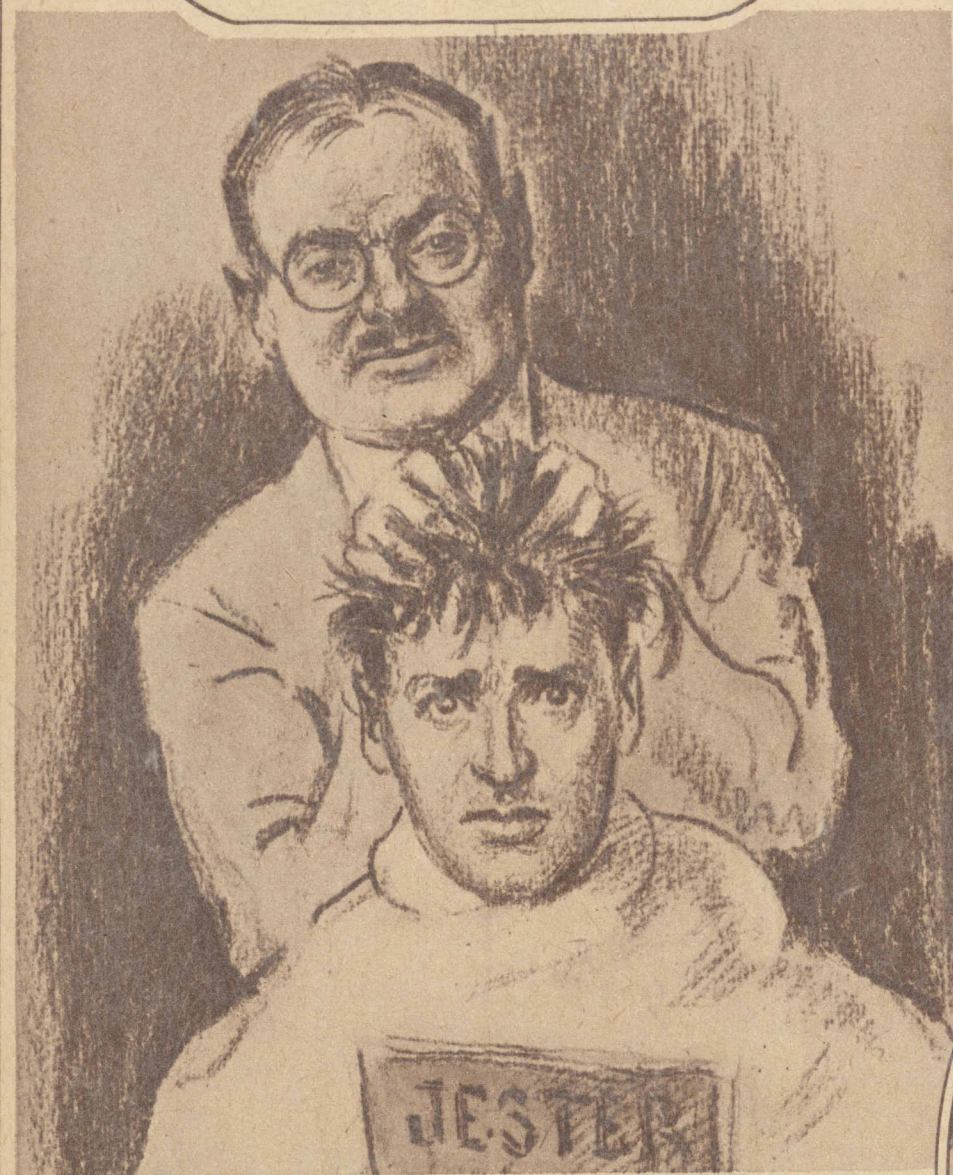


# Next!

By W. E. Hill

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Gus, the talkative barber, believes in being entertaining at all costs. He's telling a shampoo client all about his vacation—how it rained steadily all one week; how his wife came down with gastritis, and how his sister-in-law lost the wrist watch her friend gave her and cried all week, and how he was poisoned by canned salmon, etc., etc. "Anyhow," adds Gus, "I had one good day's fishing out of it."



The Saturday morning waiting line in one of those de luxe barber shops where they specialize in plain and fancy bobbing. The gentleman of the old school on the right could give you an earful about flappers who don't know that woman's place is outside of a barber shop. A patron of twenty years' standing at this shop, he is waiting for Bennie, his favorite barber.

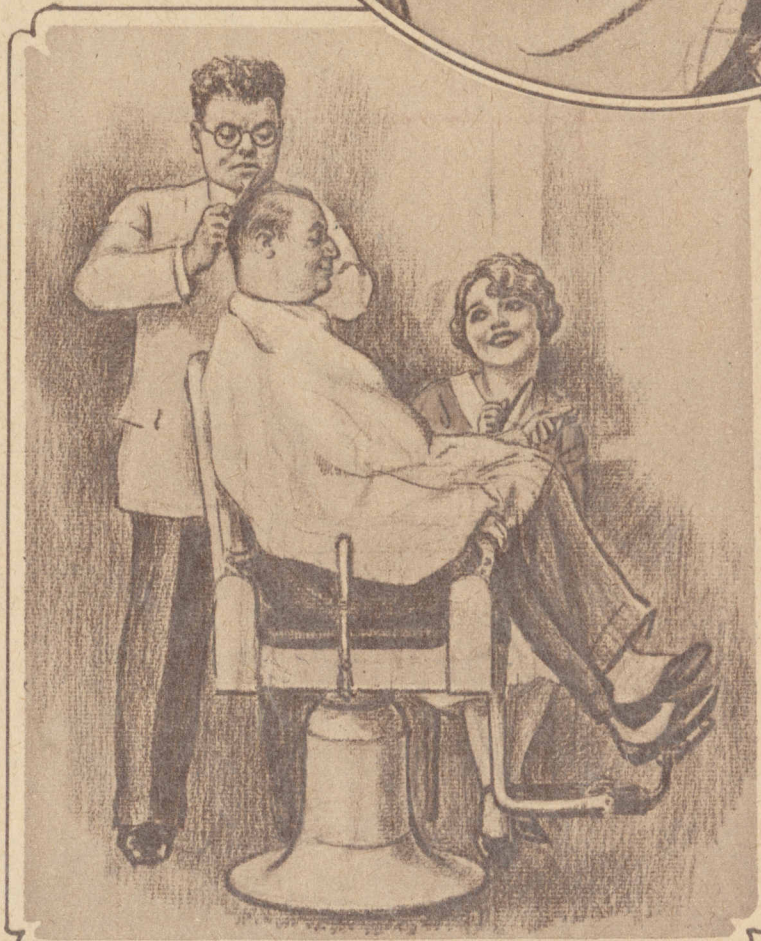


A face massage, or a facial, as they say in the grander barber shops, includes an electric vibrator applied not only to the face but to the ribs as well. This is a terrible ordeal for a ticklish man, and barbers should be warned against it.

"Like fun I'll go out with that boy again. Y'know what he says to me? He says: 'Don't try to be fluffy, Agnes; be bandboxy when I take you out in my car.' Imagine! Imagine! The noive of him saying that to me!" Miss Agnes, the lovely cashier, is confiding over the phone to a girl friend something that bodes no good to some boy.



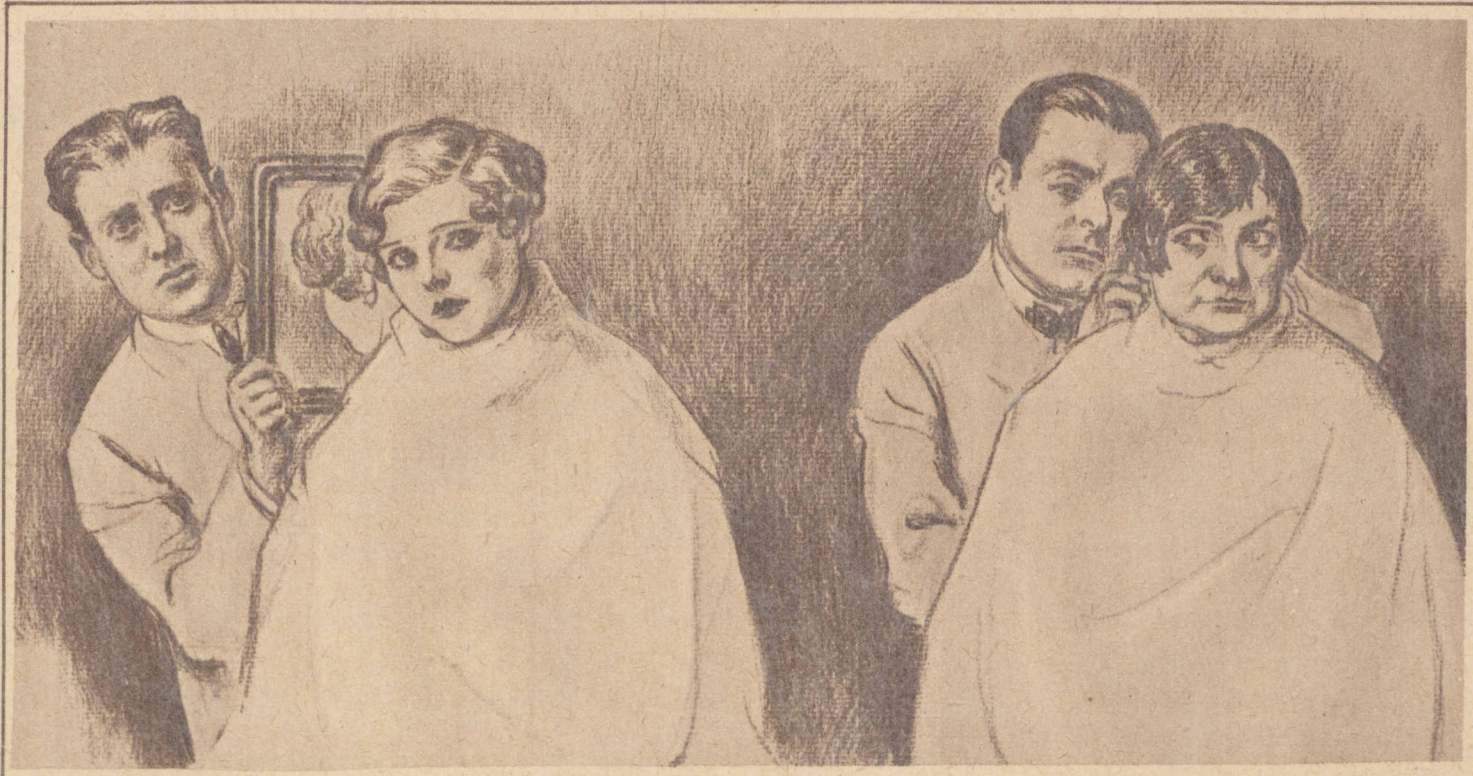
Polly, the ritzy manicure at the Hotel Pounce-uponham, is all out of sorts this morning. "I guess she ate something last night," her dear mama would explain were she here to do so. Polly is being very caustic with Olaf, the fresh tonsorial expert at chair No. 7. "Oh, go on away," she is saying, "you lower the neighborhood!"



"Listen to that, will you! 'They didn't have any eggs, so the ship lay to.' Say, that's rich!" So says Miss Winifred, the beautiful manicure girl, after a period of uncontrolled merriment. The out-of-town buyer has landed a merry jest that did service while Grant was President, but Miss Winifred has a kind heart.



"Not too much off the sides, and don't, for goodness sake, give me that club-headed look so many girls are wearing!"



Alma and her Aunt Bertha always sit in adjoining chairs, if possible. Then Aunt Bertha can peek every few moments to make sure that the barber is doing right by the back of Alma's neck, and Alma can, in like manner, keep watch over Aunt Bertha's rear view.



The family told Marion that it would make the greatest difference imaginable in her looks if she had her hair bobbed. She did, and you can see that it has. Straight from the barber's, she's on her way to buy a smaller head size at the milliner's.