Next!
By W. E. Hill

Gus, the talkative barber, believes in being entertaining at all costs. He's telling a shampoo client all about his vacation—how it raised steadily all one week; how his wife came down with gout, and how his sister-in-law lost the wristwatch 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 awful about flappers who don't know that woman's place is in a corset of a barber shop. A patron of twenty years' standing at this shop, he is waiting for Bennie, his favorite barber.

A nice 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. I knew what he says to me. He's a real man. He'll try to be shy. Miss Agra, he bawled me out when I take your hat to my own dressing room? Imagine! The noise of him saying that to me! Miss Agra, the lovely cashier, is confiding over the phone to a girl friend something that bores no good to some boy.

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

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

Polly, the 'vey manicure at the Hotel Poughkeepsie, is all out of sorts this morning. "I guess she saw something last night," her dear alma would explain were she here to do so. Polly is being very quaint with Glad, the fresh pastoral expert at chair No. 7. "Oh, go on away," she is saying, "you lower the neighborhood!"

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 Mima that it would make the greatest difference imaginable in her looks if she had her last 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.