

"Next"

BY GEORGE W. WALTON, '24

"Why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"—With the return of spring one is apt to become quixotic. We seize the wings of the morning and impatiently wait for worlds to conquer. Spring's luring lutes and enchanting sprites intoxicate us with fantastic ecstasy. The spumescence of life dominates the commonplace, and latent vanities exhibit resurgence. Such was the quotidian that came over me as I wended my way to the gentleman's cosmetic parlor. The vernal hues that adorned mother nature had challenged me to look my best and I sought a barber shop to give vent to this insatiety. I do not wish to appear atavistic in my lamentations but gone are the good old days when man's freedom extended even to the barber shop. Perhaps we are to blame for had we prevented the gaze of the fairest sex into our parlors with screens or opaqued windows we would have no cause for lamentation. But

Man wants little here on earth
To supply his daily needs,
But woman, bless her little heart
Wants everything she sees.

Psychologically speaking women are envious. The zenith of their vanity was reached as day by day they were privileged to gaze into the parlors of artificial restoration of man's beauty. They became acrimonious because they were excluded from its fellowship. But fashion and style are against us. Along comes the inventor of bobbed hair and woman interposes man's haven of refuge.

Imagine my surprise, or rather contempt, when after my arrival several of the bobbed hair aggregation burst in complacently chattering and chewing their gum with an air of self manifesto. They glanced around for a place to sit and roughly sandwiched me in with the end of the bench.

Inferiority creates humor. From then on I was the victim. "Next," came the

call. Horrors of horrors I must now prepare for the ordeal before such an audience. Take a man's collar off and ruffle his hair and his vanity is blown to the winds. The mission for which I had come to accomplish was here thwarted. I had come to soar in the eyes of the world but fell terribly. Such was my condition as I climbed into the chair. I suffered much and spoke but little. My only comfort came from my big heart in the thought that at least I was making others happy. I endured the hair cut with such a spirit of bravado that I was able to command. Shave next. A much worse punishment than the former operation, and yet they smiled. "Would I like a shampoo?" was the next question. It was not the question as to whether I would like one, but was it possible under those circumstances? Could I accept? Had I not suffered enough? Imagine me standing on my head in a wash basin while they looked on. Not today, thank you. "A little something on the hair?" Here was my escape. I had refused the other dainties and must atone for my apparent stinginess. With a vigorous rub and a generous sprinkle the process began. All went well until the excess tonic trickled down my face and into my eyes. Alcohol is all right in its place, but that place is not in my eyes. My squinting would have been taken for flirtation but thanks to my attendant who came to my rescue with a hot towel. I was glad when the end came and I could don my collar and tie and escape from further embarrassment. Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud? And all this because this is a day of equal rights. What this country needs is men who will champion the cause of our Akron brothers and deprive the ladies of such a privilege. For who knows whether some day you will be the victim to carry home on your apparel a stray hair from the bobbed sect picked up in a gentleman's cosmetic parlor.

FUNNY BONE TICKLERS

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER

McGregor, a superintendent of a Sunday school in a small town, was running for the position of vice-president of a well-known local organization. His only opponent was McCarthy, a former bartender.

The day before the election friends of the latter strung across the main street of the town a large banner reading:

"Vote for McCarthy. What does McGregor know about vice?"

The surgeon plied his knife and saw,
His face lit with elation,

AFTER CHAUCER

—a loud way

Whan ata parte ina Scoupen Fisha,
And slipp an oister from the cocktale
disha,

And it behaves very quite contrary,
And landes inside yore veste, you still bee
merry.

Yore girrl mae not have sene the acci-
denti,

Or knows that you cud not the dede pre-
venti.

She may have one herself upon her lappie.
Which she will hide, and than bee very
happie.

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