

A DELILAH OF THE WEST

By HELEN GUTHRIE

"Women's Sphere" in the West is large enough, and full enough and round enough, to take in almost everything. The circumference is elastic, the radius limitless.

Consequently, when, a short time after coming West, it became evident to me, that my husband's hair was growing as quickly as his wheat, I, at once, recognized the advent of a new duty. Another field to conquer—or, at least, to reap! And the harvest was abundant.

In accordance with this state of affairs, I, one bright summer's day, led forth my victim. My heart bleeds now, when I remember what unwavering confidence he had, in my powers. Poor man!

My tonsorial outfit was simple and primitive, consisting of a huge apron, a capacious bowl, a generous towel, and a pair of bright glistening scissors, but homely weapons are often the most potent, and I trusted to my skill in manipulating them. My husband, also, trusted to that skill. He is so trustful!

Placing the patient on an island of newspapers, on the broad verandah, and enveloping his manly shoulders in the towel, I at once began operations. You have heard of the "bowl-cut"? Well, so had I! and I now proceeded to a performance of that time-honored cut. Pressing the aforesaid bowl gently, but firmly, down over the head, regardless of struggles, (I am very strong!) I cut a quick, decisive, uncompromising swath right around the neck, the pretty love-locks blowing indiscriminately over the prairie as I did so. I was rather afraid that I heard execrations beneath the bowl, but, as they were necessarily muffled, I hoped for the best, and never paused until the entire distance, from ear to ear, had been traversed.

Alas! then, I had to pause, for, at this juncture, my husband, yielding to a vast impatience, wrenched himself free of my detaining touch, and instantly, my much-prized pudding bowl was shattered in a thousand pieces on the verandah floor. Men are so self-assertive!

This caused quite a delay as you may suppose, and also some unpleasant feeling, but when I had applied vasaline to the wounded nose, and soothaline to the lacerated feelings, my Liege Lord again resumed his seat on the newspaper throne. He is a very sweet-tempered man, and amenable to reason.

He then advised the addition of a comb to my tonsorial paraphernalia, and I, always willing to learn, conceded. According to his directions, I combed the hair up, and while yet in the comb, snipped it off in layers. He assured me that this was the true, professional scheme, so, if his head behind, presented the appearance of a series of badly clipped terraces, it, certainly, was not my fault, was it? So I told him!

By this time, he was, plainly, losing some of his confidence in my powers. I felt this keenly, as it was owing to his own suggestion that the result had not been, so far, as pleasing as it might have been; so gently patting into place the towel which he had indignantly jerked off, and applying more "Soothaline, I proceeded to make a final effort. Haply, the crowning glory of the top, might make up, in a measure, for the not altogether professional-looking back and sides.

"Now, dear, look pleasant," said I, in a woeful attempt at playfulness. "The finishing touches are going to transform you into a veritable beauty!" with which boastful words, I gathered the remnants of lacerated locks into the comb, and boldly cut it from temple to temple, a la Pompadour. This, having been duly rounded off at the corners, with a very barberic touch, was really marvellous in an amateur, and was all that

the heart of a "Tommy Traddles" on a self-respecting Porcupine could wish for. Alas! My husband was no natural Porcupine!

Gathering up the towel, flicking away any remaining wisps of hair from the shirt-collar of my first tonsorial patient, and brushing the Pompadour up, and the terraces, down, I pronounced my work complete. "And it looks marvellously well, dear," I added, "considering that I was not brought up in a barber's shop!"

Dear me! How vain men are! Do you know, he wouldn't take my word for it, but must needs go upstairs and gaze at himself in the mirror. Long and anxiously did I wait for his descent! At length he came—a sadder and wiser man! He looked pale, but resolute—he kissed me quietly, and then went out on the wide Prairie to think. I saw a gopher looking intently and inquisitively at him, and then make, precipitously, for his hole.

They say that "Pride must have a fall," and when one imagines one self more handsome than one is, that fall is certain. My poor husband has been wiser and more humble ever since.

Since then, I have cut many heads of hair, and reduced the self-esteem of divers of the sons of men, but being now proficient in the art, I am not above telling the world about my day of small beginnings—In the hope of helping some amateur, I unpobosom myself of my first failure in the noble Tonsorial Art.

Struggle on, little Sister, of the West, work away! It will hurt neither you nor your husband to learn a lesson of humility, only perhaps it would be wiser that your bowl should be of granite-iron. —Helen Guthrie.

It Means Money To Every Boy and Girl

TO BE PROPERLY EDUCATED

for business life. For those who are backward, or have not had the advantage of regular schooling, we have a Preliminary Course which will fit them for any of our Commercial or Language Courses. We teach English Grammar, Writing, Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Shorthand, Typewriting, Advertising, Salesmanship, French, German and other languages.

Out of town students can enter our college at any time. Write for our "GUIDE TO STUDIES"

The
Modern Business College

W. ERNEST CLARK, Principal

Traders Bank Chambers

WINNIPEG