Overproduction in the U. S. A.

By W. E. Hill

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Craze. Here are two samples of the hot craze that infects the radio these days with red songs all about how "You make me拉升 when I think of the lies you told me," or "Why must you torment me with plies and sharp things when you know I love you?"

The giddy middle aged. More than enough is plenty, and there seems to be an overproduction of middle aged persons throughout this land of liberty who are doing "Bright Young Things." (These are drinking parties in the night clubs in the Southern states for women over 30 who are just indulging their pangs that they are "The girls who put the 'imp' in 'improper.'")

The Christmas Santa Class. Many people, looking back over the past Yuletide season, think something should be done next year to curtail the growing overproduction of Santa Clauses. Toy departures, bargain basements, and street corners were alive with Santas, and there was more red flannel consumed in the weeks preceding Christmas, 1930, than ever before. We show for your benefit two of the better class.

Sex appeal. There is, in these United States of ours, a growing tendency to gross overproduction in the line of sex appeal among married ladies who try, as hard to emulate single boys for their femininity. Particularly noticeable when the husbands of said ladies are stout and losing their hair.

Liquor market. There is intense rivalry among the bootlegging fac- tions this season—more than ever, it seems—owing to overproduction somewhere along the line. These two rival liquor dealers are carving epigrams at each other because one bootlegger has entered the other's territory, and that's a terrible thing to do.

The near champions. Just one of those facetious guns who get their names in the sport columns as heavyweights contenders. Live stock. Portraits of an apartment dweller, whose cat Mope has greatly overstepped the bounds of economic convention, trying to find homes for six lively kittens.

The antiquities. There seems no end to the early American and early and late Victorian antiques that are flying out of attics in New England for sale as "Fy Old Junkle Shoppes." "It's a fact," affirms the proprietor. "She is absolutely authentic. I found it in an old tumble down house in Rhode Island, and the old man who sold it to me swore it had been coming over in the Mayflower in a special shipment of antiques."

Abortion. Every one is any one—or who can't, for that matter—is writing an autobiography these days. And the men who can't spell or can't remember not to spell their infinitives are having biographies written about them by ghost writers.