

Overproduction in the U. S. A.

By W. E. Hill

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Crooners. Here are two samples of the hot crooners who infest the radio these days with sad songs all about how "You make me vicious when I think of the lies you told me," or "Why must you torment me with pins and sharp things when you know I love you so!"



The giddy middle aged. More than enough is plenty, and there seems to be almost an overproduction of middle aged persons throughout this land of liberty who are going "Bright Young People." (This gay drinking party is rife with brilliant wit and youthful satire. The healthy girl in the center has just informed her pals that she is "The girl who put the 'imp' in 'impetuous.'")



The Christmas Santa Claus. Many people, looking back over the past Yuletide season, think something should be done next year to curb the growing overproduction of Santa Clauses. Toy departments, 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 St. Nick.



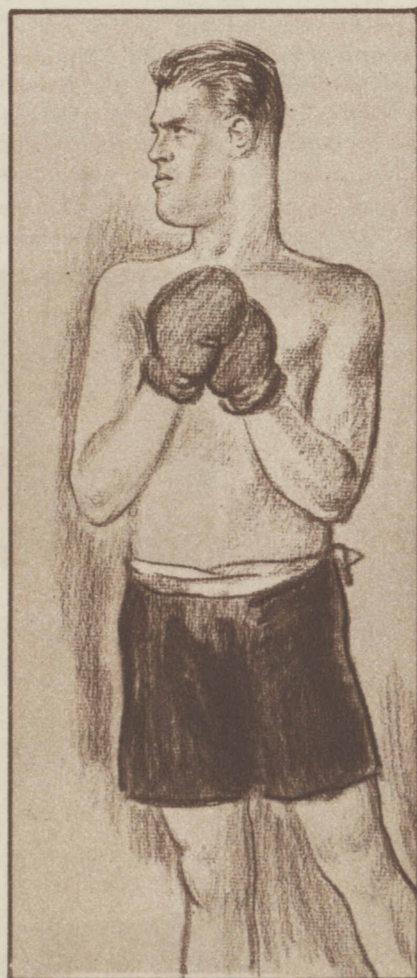
Sex appeal. There is, in these United States of ours, a growing tendency to gross overproduction in the line of sex appeal among married ladies who try, O, so hard to console single boys for their bachelorhood. Particularly noticeable when the husbands of said ladies are stout and losing their hair.



The antique market. There seems no end to the early American and early and late Victorian antiques that are dug out of attics in New England for sale in "Ye Old Jumble Shoppes." "O, yes," affirms the proprietress, "this 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 he remembered its coming over in the Mayflower in a special shipment of antiques."



Liquor market. There is intense rivalry among the bootlegging factions this season—more than ever, it seems—owing to overproduction somewhere along the line. These two rival liquor dealers are casting epithets 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 fistic boys who get their names in the sport columns as heavyweight contenders.



Live stock. Portrait of an apartment dweller, whose cat Maymie has widely overstepped the bounds of economic convention, trying to find homes for six lively kittens.



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