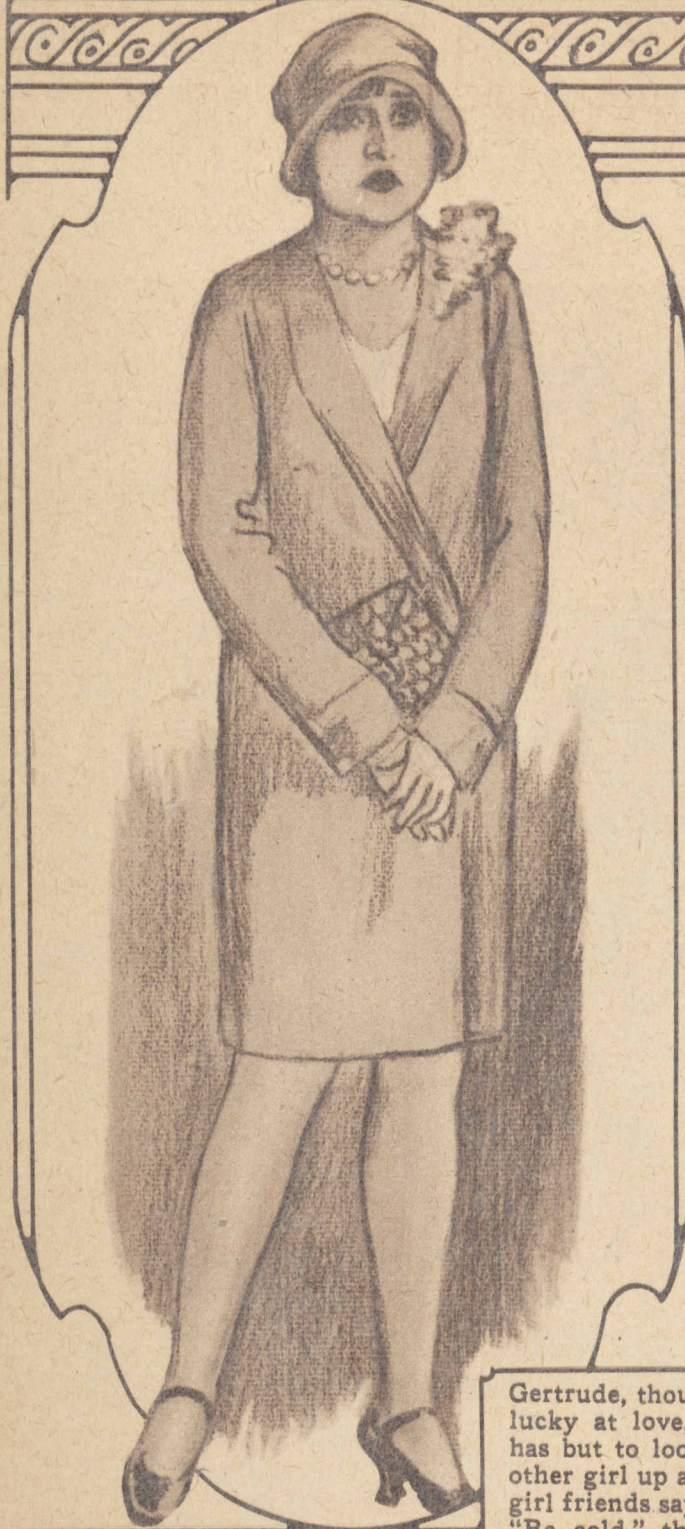


Unlucky Folks

By W. E. Hill

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Mrs. Maude Beebe Dribling (in the spotted scarf) does have the worst luck in the rotogravure sections and the society papers. They are always omitting her name from the group photos snapped at Piping Rock, or the Lido, or Santa Barbara. At least twice a month Mrs. Beebe Dribling has to write the head of some editorial department. "In last Sunday's paper," Mrs. Dribling will complain, "my name was nefariously omitted from the group taken on the beach at St. Joe, and the name G. B. George substituted. Will you see that this is corrected in next Sunday's issue? Otherwise," etc., etc. O, it's a hard life, girls and boys!

Meet Alonzo P. Miggs, who is consistently unlucky in business. If Mr. Miggs buys Oregon Catnip at seven and a half it will be down to minus ten by tomorrow. If he sells, it will jump twenty points ten minutes later.

Gertrude, though warm-hearted, is unlucky at love, it would seem. Gert has but to look at a swain and some other girl up and marries him. Other girl friends say she is too affectionate. "Be cold," they tell her. Gert has never walked home from a joy ride, although she has often been asked to. "Kid, if you don't let me alone when I'm driving we'll run off the road," said the last man at the wheel. "You gotta calm down or get out and walk home!"



Poor Francie! Don't you feel sorry for her? She did have the worst luck anybody ever heard of. Francie so wanted to make a good appearance before the other girls and boys and wear pretty clothes like the rest, as any normal girl would. And when she started in keeping company with Bennie Bouncemitz it seemed as though she couldn't stand having Bennie see her in the same dress she'd worn once before at the steamfitters' picnic, and that she just would die of shame if she had to wear her last year's slave bracelet to another roadhouse. So, with this in mind, she poisoned her father, mother, brother, baby sister, and burnt up one second cousin and an uncle by marriage in the furnace. Would you believe it, the insurance premiums on every one of them had lapsed some time back, and all that fuss for nothing! Francie could have screamed for mortification. Her lawyer is going to base his plea on Francie's extreme youth.



Howell is one of those unfortunate boys who does almost permanent jury duty. Some one told Howell that if he didn't vote last year they wouldn't get him; so he didn't, and right away he was called. And this year a friend said if he *did* vote, why he probably wouldn't be called. So he voted, and right off the bat he was summoned for jury duty. Doesn't seem to work either way! His wife thinks that because he reasons so well the judges want him on all their juries.



Bebe is all dressed up for the Ritz, but no such luck. Her new boy friend will know of a quaint little out-of-the-way place called "Ye Olde Time Woodchucke Hole," with the waitresses all dressed up like woodchucks and a dollar dinner with choice of soup or shrimp surprise. In a cellar, probably. Poor Bebe.



Luck is agin Harold, the sophomore English stude. Three out of four exam questions are on just what Harold forgot to study up. It's going to be terrible if Harold fails to pass. Because then his family won't let him take Prof. Eaker's course at Yale next year.



"Morrie, what's he done, do you suppose? Why do you suppose she's trying to choke him?" Morris and Adelaide are very unlucky in their movie going. Early or late, they invariably arrive in the middle of the feature picture. Then they have to wait for the first half of the next showing to find out what it's all about.



Mr. Glickmore, the commuter, is having a streak of bad luck. Seems as though there were a jinx on the 8:10 into town. This is the third morning he's shared a seat in the smoker with a talkative neighbor. The neighbor has been telling at great length all about his wife's mother's impacted wisdom tooth. How it had to be chiseled out. All about how it bled. And how next morning it bled some more.