Unlucky Folks
By W. E. Hill

Mrs. Maude Bebee Drilling (in the spotted scarf) does have the worst luck in the photography sections and the society pages. They are always missing her name from the group photos snapped at Piping Rock, or the Lido, or Santa Barbara. At least twice a month Mrs. Drilling has to write to a travel editor department. "In last Sunday's paper," Mrs. Drilling will complain, "my name was carelessly 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. "It's a hard life, girls and boys!"

Gertrude, though warm-hearted, is unlucky at love, it would seem. Gertrude has just to look at a suitor and some other girl up and marries him. Other girls say she is too affectionate. "He cold," they tell her. Gertrude has never walked home from a party, 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 Francis! Don't you feel sorry for him? Since he has the worst luck anybody ever heard of. Francis so wanted to make a good appearance before the other girls and boys and wear pretty clothes like the rest, as any college girl should. So when she started in keeping company with Renée Bouchenica it seemed as though she could not be gladder. But just having Renée see her in the same dress she'd worn once before at another dance was enough to make her feel she could have done better. Francis would do anything, if she had to wear her last year's slippers, to another dance. It's been said that she poisoned her mother, sister, brother, baby sister, and burnt up one second cousin and an uncle. By marrying in the farm. Would you believe it, the insurance premiums on every one of them had lapsed some time back, and all that time for nothing! Francis could have screamed for mortification. Her lawyer is going to base his plea on Francis's extreme youth.

Bebe is all dressed up for the Ritz, but no such luck. Her new boy friend will know of a quaint little cut-of-the-way place called "Ve Oila Times Woodchucks Club," with the waitresses all dressed up like woodchucks and a dinner with choice of soup or shrimp surprise. In a cellar, probably. Poor Bebe.

Mr. Glickman, the commuter, is having a streak of bad luck. Seems as though there were a jinx on the 8:45 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 improved wisdom tooth. How it had to be drilled out. All about how it bled. And how next morning it bled some more.

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

Hawley is one of those unfortunate boys who does almost permanent jury duty. Some one told Hawley 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 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.

"Hware, what's he done, do you suppose? Why do you suppose she's trying to shoke him?" Martie 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.

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