

HARD TIMES

By W. E. Hill

[Copyright: 1930: By The Chicago Tribune.]



Bond salesmen just out of college are looking pretty worried these days. With all these rumors of bond salesmen being dropped from the pay roll on account of hard times, a college education seems almost a waste of energy.

"It doesn't seem as though unemployment really can be as bad as people make out. Because yesterday I went to my dentist and he said there wasn't a tooth in my mouth to be filled, and that hasn't happened in years, Elsie, dear!"

Hard times sales talk. "Only yesterday," Mr. Smack, who sells insurance, is saying, "a man I knew died of a terrible ailment and his wife and eleven children were left penniless to starve in the gutter because he had never taken out a cent's worth of insurance."



Portrait of a lady, who, fired with the spirit of giving, after reading about the hard times in the news sheets, has been to the Salvation Army with three straw hats, two pairs of sneakers, a pillow muff, six feet and a half of rubber garden hose, one-half pair of pajamas, and a copy of "Chafing Dish Tidbits."

Ensemble girls have been terribly hard hit by the present depression on the stock market. A few short years ago a girl could be reasonably certain that Santa Claus would say it with black lynx or platinum, but the present Yuletide will see her playboy friend handing out nothing more elaborate than the summer wolf, or maybe a bit of antique "silver" jewelry. (Third from the left in this pretty grouping is lovely Leelia Grasp, about to miss out on some clever team work, having sighted a silver half dollar rolling down the center aisle.)

A sure harbinger of hard times is the increasing number of girl friends who have to go to court in order to retain possession of presents bestowed by boy friends, who have felt the pinch of a money shortage and want their baubles back. You'd be surprised at the misunderstandings that arise.



Here's Mr. Bernard Bye of the local merchants' first aid committee about to deliver an inspiring talk over the radio advising every one to buy and spend lavishly in order to end the hard times.

The hard luck story. This heartrending scene will be enacted in many homes during the winter of our financial discontent. Mr. Alvin Clingstone, his mother-in-law, and his wife are listening to Cousin Abel's boy Lawton telling a hard luck tale for a purpose. Whether the purpose will be fulfilled remains to be seen, because Mr. Clingstone is not being left alone one minute by said mother-in-law and wife.

Saturday night in town, showing sad eyed farmer, who couldn't dispose of his apple crop because of nature's over-production, ogling the 10 cent apples displayed in a fruit vendor's window. It's a cruel world, boy!