HARD TIMES
By W. E. Hill

"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. Snick, who sells insurance, is saying, "a man I know died of a terrible illness 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."

Ensemble girls have been terrifically 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 see it with black ties and plumes, but the present Yuletide will see her playboy friend hunting for nothing but the "silver" variety. (Third from the left in this pretty grouping is lovely Leolia Gragg, about to mince out on some clever team work, having sighed a silver half dollar rolling down the center aisle.)

A more harrowing 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 handouts back. You'd be surprised at the misunderstandings that arise.

Here's Mr. Bernard Bys 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 discomfiture. Mr. Arthur Clingeone, his mother-in-law, and his wife are listening to Dr. Abert's boy Lawrenz telling a hard luck tale for a purpose. Whether the purpose will be fulfilled remains to be seen, because Mr. Clingeone is not being left alone one minute by said mother-in-law and wife.

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