

# BONEYARD—

(By T-BONE SLIM)

We have many laws in the statute books that are not enforced, and many that lie in the books and bloom unseen, unknown.

This deplorable condition is caused by the legislators' failure to expose their wares, display their product and demonstrate their acts.

Therefor: People having the freedom to break laws subject to penalties provided by law, and

Whereas: They cannot very easily break a law when they don't know of its existence, or content, I suggest that: The lawmakers inform the people of such laws and remind them of laws they have forgotten—and describe in detail how to break those laws—so the people, who desire to break a law, can go about it in an intelligent manner.

Of course it may be, if the people are properly introduced to various laws, made acquainted, so as to say—they might not care to break many of the cruder ones. Even for art's dear sake.

Altho, I recognize that law is a factor that completely ignores my education along the lines of virtue and then when I err steps in and pompously sits in judgement over my efforts, I am charitable enough not to hold any grudge against it, or desire to break any of its part or piece—especially during this hot weather.

Others may not be so considerate—there for I suggest that the astute legislators start a campaign of dissemination of the law and point out the parts that can be broken most easily; in order that the freedom of the public may not in any way be hobbled.

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"A man is found dead in woman's clothes.—Served him right—he had no business in there. Probably looking for a shade—in this hot weather—and got sunstruck.

Let this be a warning to the "110 cats" on fields of burning lava.

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In turning-over new leaves, don't get discouraged when you come to the last leaf—even if the last leaf is only a five—turn 'er over. And then rise and get a new book.

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Will some kind or unkind reader lend me a couple of eggs till payday?

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"Rickard" (fight promoter) "Engaged To Former Actress."

That "ought to" make a good scrap! (If we had money we would bet on "Tex.")

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The city of Binghamton (Bingumton), N. Y., is advertising for a pint of GOOD whiskey and a RING-TAILED monkey.

The monkey escaped from confinement, sore at prohibition, and the whiskey is needed to lure him from his forest hiding place—it is figured that getting the monkey drunk will result in easy capture.—

Might be something to that?

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Between rounds worrying about women's legs and wondering if skirts are coming down or going up, the N. Y. press has time to report that Bill Leeds and several other spilihaires, unlike their yacht, (which was "dragged" ashore), were aided ashore—looks as if the "tub" was over-stimulated with "high-test gas and spirit of not-to-be-denied youth—when it struck Man o' War Rocks in the East River; part of HELL-gate and its truculent tides.

Rumor sayeth not if the Rock was sober. (Volstead, rest easy!)

Rescuers were "lucky."

Why, "that was Bill Leeds!"

"Bill," of course, had the bad luck to be "fished out."

## NO IRONY HERE—

This morning my failing eyes beheld a pushcart business man peddling cups, saucers and bowls to the bellicose housewives of strife-ridden Brooklyn, and I says in my anguished heart: This shall not be!

For, I take the position that if these warlike women smash their crockery and china on the ivory of their husbands, they should be manly enough to walk to a store for additional missiles instead of having the ammunition carried to them in pushcarts.

It seems that a "police permit" is not enough to deter these vendors from giving aid and comfort to the enemy; taking part in, and refusing to remain neutral in wars that do not concern them, and profiting accordingly.

Therefor: I, the tolerant T-bone Slim, demand that these peddlers be compelled to get a permit from the WAR DEPARTMENT—in order to put an end to this insidious uprising against sovereign husbands, fathers and affinities.

—T-bone Slim.