

BONE-YARD

By T-BONE SLIM

I'm in a terrific fix editor, I can't make up my mind which is the more entertaining, an ice cream social or a rummage sale—I leave it to you.

Wealth is a slick scheme to get something for nothing. %! Do I hear any opposed?

A Hi-Jacker's capital is his gun. Any objections? If not? So ordered.

Can it be? Can it be that afore-

said rummage sale, a religious ceremony . . . ceremony, is nothing but a depraved second-hand store sanctified with a blessing? Amen. So ordered.

To say that man is entitled to profits on the \$500 he has saved—that is, in a business way—is to say that he was not paid in full when he got the 500.

I concede the point.

He is entitled to profit—on them grounds—and, again, he isn't.

He should have got the amount of the profits in the first place, from the same place where he got the 500—not from every John, Hick and Larry. Fine set of social bookkeeping it would be if a man could leave part of his income behind and then start collecting from entire strangers! Bums, I calls 'em.

And, again, he is entitled to profits to a certain extent but that does not mean that he may run his \$500 into \$3,500,000,000, not by a damsite—and still keep on collecting.

Upon seventh thought, I've come to the conclusion that he should lose the \$500 for trying to tax innocent bystanders.

"WORKMAN IMPROVES AFTER SUSTAINING BROKEN RIBS"

Just as I suspected. It's unbroken ribs that's holding us back.

Possibly if his neck too was broken he would be a regular, whirlwind of a workman.

"Broke, jobless and cold, John Lucas, 22, Wilmington, Del., demanded the privilege of dying in an electric chair. . . ."

High-toned "buck," wasn't he?

Once upon a time, on a personally conducted excursion (or incursion) I too had the misfortune to project myself upon Wilmington—the B & O bull tight on my heels.

Although I didn't precisely insist on being executed, I couldn't help but wish that if ever again I visit Wilmington, I'll have no objections to being crucified.

"SOUTH FLORIDA STORM LOSS HITS \$200,000,000"

When anything hits dollars and cents it amounts to something!—and the papers are bound to mention it in a casual way. And, I think, our papers should point out to the palpitating public, especially to the nervous rebel girl whose heart is going twitter-twitter, and to the calm, ferocious male radical whose heart is repeating potato-potato that when zephyrs on the warpath "hits \$200,000,000" it also hits a millionaire or two, more's the pity.

Imagine a perfectly good millionaire being bowled along end for end over acres and acres of finest fruit land; a long lanky financier making revolutions in the air like a crankshaft, with one end loose from its bearing, and a big fat money king rolling along the terra-not-so-firma and land of the free, like a barrel of calcium carbide—imagine this and you lose all taste for the tilting doldrums of the Charlesdale "wrestling."

Imagine our own Johnny Rockefeller, the Dime King, doing a tail spin in a cloud of dust, dishpans and debutantes—imagine this and you'll wonder what's the world coming to.

More. You'll stand aghast—you'll be unable to wonder.

Yea. You'll blurt out "God! is there no safe retreat for our better people—our money men and their weather-beaten better halves?"

Discouraging outlook, true, but when we consider that money men don't risk their hide down there during hurricane season, we can dry our tears and view the fleet of cardboard houses (in the air) with a feeling akin to equanimity.

The human loss is not under discussion—we know God loves the poor—we're discussing dollars and cents. And the marvel is not that millions were demolished by a slight breeze (of about the same intensity as that of a Ford unhobbled). The marvel is that they stood all those calm days.

Several ships reported nasty weather.

Sailors must be getting neurotic!