

BONEYARD

By T-BONE SLIM

A scientific gentleman has discovered that each person has two brains—one of them located south of the liver in the solar plexus region. The scientist neglected to prove it, so I, having nothing to do, will endeavor to, and do prove the presence of two brains, in good working order, in each one headed person.

Now, just suppose—just suppose that you are riding in a railway coach, your back broke in two from sitting in one of those straw jackets used for a seat—you see your eyes in desperation up toward heaven and your eye lights upon your knap-sack that you carry along for just this kind of an emergency. You pull it down from the rack. You place it next to the window. You take off your coat, double it for a pillow and lay it on the window sill. You turn sideways in the seat, raise your feet and poke them through the arm of the seat into the aisle, heave a sigh of relief, say a prayer, and go to sleep.

All that was accomplished by the use of the brain in the upper story—top floor. All of a sudden the train hits a curve, leaves the track (as a result of bum tamping done by the milkers employed by the company). My God! The train is tipping over! It is going over to the side on which your head lies. It looks bad. Your feet are higher than your head. Gee whizz! Train runs smoothly a moment—you seem to float.

Bang! There's a sudden jar. Right truck of car has struck a rock. Car suddenly jerks to left. You slide to right. Your head goes through the window and is clipped off . . . clean.

All that happened so quickly that you had to finish your thinking with your stomach.

FURNISHED ROOMS

Thirty-sixth St., 7th Ave., (Hotel York)—Single rooms, with running water, \$14 per week. With private bath, \$18; Large outside double rooms, with running water, for two persons, \$21 per week; with private bath, \$25.

What wages do you get?

"Ah, but I can get cheaper rates than that."

So you can—they expect you to live like a hog.

How about demanding and getting the best?

No? Yes?

What am I offered?

Anent starchless collars, "trade comment points to growing sanity of American males."

Years ago the stiff collar was considered an accessory to respectability—even I, T-Bone Slim, would don such two bladed choker, and sit for hours in front of a mirror and just respect and respect myself.

Paper opines the change from collars with starch attached to collars with starch detached and shirts attached "amounts to a revolution."

Huh! Let's see.

In the first place, isn't it possible that soft shirts do not indicate sanity; that laundry bills drove me crazy and caused them and collars to lay down? If so, the move, certainly isn't a revolution!

Merely a full retreat—rout!

"In Remembrance of the Officers and Men of the Merchant Marine Who, in the World War of 1914-1918, Without Fervor of Battle or Privilege of Fame Went Down to the Sea and Endured All Things."

You said it; they endured all things. They did more.

They stood for EVERYTHING—aye, like a sheep in the hands of a Receiver.

Bum health, editor, bum health.