

December 8, 1926.

# BONEYARD

By T-BONE SLIM

Catastrophe:

George Bernard Shaw is an innocent victim of a terrible tragedy. He's **shackled** with a Nobel Prize. He's crippled for life.

Why do they "pick" on an old man? Why don't they let him finish his outspoken career?

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Muzzle 'em ain't been shot at today.

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The first whiffs of Shaw's misfortune had no more than "took the air" when Balfour jumps into the "breech" and starts talking about equality and cooperation (as among the dumb-minions).

\* \* \*

It develops the kaiser has been over-abused as miscreant—didn't he just now get out of bed with rheumatism?

Why, that man's human, that's wot!

\* \* \*

Nobel Prize Shaw comes out in favor of "every schoolma'am having a baby.—"

man of



wot! \* \* \*

Nobel Prize Shaw comes out in favor of "every schoolma'am having a baby.—"

Careful there, George, a man of your age . . . that is, I agree with Mr. Shaw (in the essentials, of course). It's all right with me—but wot does Heywould Broun say?

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The fickle press after deserting the Peaches-Browning romance in favor of Hall-Mills murder trial announces that "In **some quarters** the accusation is voiced that the **alleged** Mexican **movement** has for its purpose the establishment of a Bolshevist authority in Mexico, thus placing a **barrier** in the way of American protection of the Panama Canal." (And Camel Cigarettes).—

I see. Would the press mind telling us in what "quarters" it was "voiced"? Was it the hind quarters and was it a horse?

Back to Peaches Browning and Pig Woman!

Well, it's bedtime—1:35 A. M.—Thanksgiving morn. When we wake up we shall open that tin of sardines for dinner, praise the Lord!

P. S.—What happens when a  
thoughtless

...praise the Lord!

P. S.—What happens when a strengthless body meets a weightless load. That's too deep for me, but I can tell why easy-chairs have springs: Contrary to common belief that springs are put in to receive you gently, they're there to give you a start when you want to get up.—See how easy it is to decipher the most mysterious sorcery?

The principle is "hurry-up, Lucas."

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