

BONEYARD

By T-BONE SLIM

More praying was done years ago than today—in fact, they prayed so much that their knees got sore and they had to invent a prayer-rug . . .

Today the preachers' best argument for more wages is the claim our pants wear out at the knees so fast.

Have you seen those "bums" tearing around the streets with their knees sticking out of their pants?

Them's all ministers' pants—sure they are—ex-pants—the minister had made his exit.

In the Hall-Mills murder case, an old case, too infected to handle while fresh, a mistake was made when Senator Simpson was picked as prosecutor.

They should have got Samson!

The first barber's husband.

Murderers cannot be kept on the shelf too long—they sour like eggs.

When a person is drowning he does not need help—he can drown without help. He doesn't need help even to get saved.

The shape he's in—He couldn't do any part of the saving. If he's drowning he doesn't want help—what he wants is a complete performance of rescue. The nerve of these drowning people is the limit, conceited buggers—Help! Help! Just as if they was doing the job and needed but a pull here and a lift there . . . The next time a drowning man hollers at me, I'm going to point this out to him. When I pull people out of the ocean, I'm no helper—I'm the mechanic—And I want all the credit, or blame. Pass the medals, please.

If a man goes through life without pulling too many bonehead plays they call him Alexander the Great . . .

His support? O they're mutts! eh? Houdini was the Napoleon of Illusion.

The trouble with American airships is we're too ambitious; we pick out distances that are "just a little more" that we can do.

"No can do."

Our aviators should first try the subway and, if successful, "then" the surface lines; and, if still undefeated, then the elevated. By and by, by judicious use of deck-scows, to give aviators wind-legs, they could slip into an airplane and shave the house-tops mebbe as far as Bronx—starting from Harlem.

It begins to look as if 1000 individuals will have to demonstrate that airships are a going concern—and, I don't mean mebbe, or the second line trench of substitutes for good men . .

I mean mechanics—not strategists. I'm getting to believe that a rusty "Bulldog" engine, from a coal-barge, will push an airplane from Hawaii to Halifax and back without stopping for Socony •

• Standard Oil Co. Of New York.