

# BONEYARD

By T-BONE SLIM

Modesty forbids me to keep still—and, although my writing may be inaudible and quiet I shall push along in a dignified manner; while others, and greater men, are building castles in Spain, and bridges behind them; while some are building Rome and still others conquering the World I shall continue consequentiaing inconsequentials . . . you bet. Who's got a chew of snuff?

Yes sir, as I was saying, the Hearst papers, that look after such matters, tells all and sundry that "TWO WARSHIPS SENT TO NICARAGUA"—This is serious—wait till I get my breath: I hope they had the presence of mind not to send them by water! Why, a hot tempered overheated fireman may get grieved and, losing jurisdiction over himself, take one of those gigantic tack hammers that they use to crack particles of coal powder and toss it into the coal bunker and put a yawning gash right into the side of the ship—besides losing the hammer—and that darn thing is cast-iron, it'll never, never come up . . .

My kind reader will say "crap"—

Not at all—just gentle constructive criticism.

Nobody ain't got no snuff?—Well, they can understand my grief—a man can't live on coffee alone (he's got to have some one with him) a parrot, for instance. D'ye ever hear a parrot trying to mimic one of those radio primo-donnas? Well sir, a parrot's got 'em beat—he's more sincere and twice as melodious—especially, in the sad parts and arpeggio, whatever that is—in fact, a radio is practically worthless without a parrot to forecast, and re-broadcast the finer points that you may miss—besides, improving long cadenzas, ad lib., when the radio is having hysterics . . .

A parrot may get profane, but hysterical never.

An emergency exists the crown is without snuff (the crown of the tooth) and if day don't break soon, so that I can step out among the criminals (to get some) I shall grow morose, malapert, macaroni, malevolent, martial, misanthropic, monstrous, morbid, moribund—ah that's the word I was looking for, moribund—and shall declare a moratorium on metonymy.

Attention: whenever you see me soupline so many words you may be sure I'm tearing a leaf from the dictionary; or, whenever you see me using the SKYSCRAPERS (heavy-lead) you may be sure the words are Jacob's but the LETTERS and spirit are MINE.

Well sir, if you fellows are out of snuff you certainly have my warmest sympathy, darn the luck . . .

Moratorium starts here.

P. S. Editor, what have you on the Sacco Vanzetti case?

The mere fact that Massachusetts continues to hold those innocent men goey far to prove that it is unable to keep up with the passing times. Its industries have fallen off; it's politicians (Butler) tumbled down—can it be that in the changing events its judges too will have to make room for uptodate people? Of course, Capt. Coolidge is doing his best to save the pieces. Especially, in Butler's case—but that is no remedy. The remedy is: **Wipe off the slate occasionally.**

Let not your mistakes glare at you year after year!