

BONEYARD

By T-bone Slim

Brer. SENECA, Spaniard, wise man of Rome, whose duties among other things consisted of tossing a mean line of bull to NERO (it had to be mean, or Good Night SENECA!) was a man of great gift.

He had Nero swallowing it whole and hollering for more!

After convincing him that he, Nero, was the original copy of clemency SENECA pulls this gem:

"But, I do not call it clemency to be wearied of cruelty; true clemency, Caesar, is that which you display, which has not begun from remorse at its past ferocity" . . .

Them were the days—It had to be laid on thick!

Here's another one:

"Through poverty he is hindered to teach, how a commonwealth may be managed: but he teacheth that thing, HOW POVERTY IS TO BE managed." — (Ah ha! after all he is an expert in his line! Ah ha, oh ho and likewise Ho hom!—)

"Dear, o dear," the lispig-press salivates, (slobbers) "basket-ball is crooked."—

If that be so, I earnestfully beg the athletes to get away from those ignominiously-gainful endeavors and commence chewing snuff: a virtue that knows no end; lasting and not fleeting like the joys of dollars and cents.

Wot do you mean crooked?

In this age of \$100,000 black baskets, and 2,000,000,000-dollaraires crookedness must take tangible form else we shall nominate it essence of high emprise.

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"Your employer cannot keep your shop healthful unless you do your part."

(Somehow I like that statement.) (I'm always glad to get testimony like that). He can't keep our shop (not his, but ours) clean unless we do our part. Well sir, hereafter we're going to do our part—mebbe before here after? We're going to have health in our shop, or know the reason why . . .

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Daylight factories:

We need better light to work by. Aside from the fact that we turn out bum work in those dark holes, we get sick-headache and eye-strain watching the boss—which, in turn, calls for care of eye specialist and that in turn calls for attention from pay specialist—you see, the pay must be fixt first before the eye can be fixt; and if the eye ain't fixt first we can't see the pay or the eye specialist—you see, we're in a heluvafix!

All in all, I think, in view of the light we go by, the best way is have better light to go by and sprinkle phosphorous on the hands of the clock—so we can see it . . .

Note: Light should come from above (not from 'the top', the "spinning" slaverer, nor from heavenly Hughie, but from the roof) for be it observed, in our walks through life, there is no light that comes from beneath us, except reflections of light. Give it to us from the overhead.

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No favorable reports came my way about Mr. Henry Ford's intelligence during the so called Newberry investigation, or that court proceeding, whatever it was, and I was sorely depressed.

But I formed an opinion—I hate to spell it:

Henry may be "dumb" and all that, but so is Wall St.—I notice Henry still has his money even after the great Prentiss made a special trip to see him about reorganizing the plant. Mebbly Hank couldn't get the point? York State:

A "homoginizer" is used to "mix" condensed milk, "pure" milk, skim-milk and water, turns out what is acclaimed to be good milk, at Canastota and Mallina and . . . Reassembling, thus, the vital parts of milk good and true—truly the country is going dry.

Would it not be better to let the farmer pump the water in, in the first place, in his spare moments?

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New disease in Chicago:

Bacterium tularense!

The germ is named after Tulare Lake, California. Terrible, I'm sure! The "Sheikago" wictim contracted it handling rabbits . . . Oh wot a relief!

At first, I was stunned that he had captured it "taking on" some Harrison St. hootch.

Those rabbits certainly travelled some—like the farmer said:

"We farmers don't go off often, but when we do . . . when we do, o' oo! Heck, Heck! quit your joshing."