

BONEYARD

By T-bone Slim

The jury freed the minister on the ground he shot to save his own life when the lumberman, came to his private study—he wasn't ready to meet his maker and passed the buck to ye lumberman probably equally unready . . .

(Lumbermen generally are — — that a way). Now, there's nothing the matter with that verdict—quite proper—the man of the lord was scared and honestly thought the bull of the woods was going to chop his Life-line (Lumbermen are kind a ferocious looking especially in a private study intended for the consolation of frailer sex.)

Understand me right, editor, don't jump at confusions—I'm not trying to make it out that our nervous fundamentalist was afraid, to start for heaven—he simply wasn't ready . . . as I said.

Might as well ask a coal-barque captain to fall over board day before pay-day! Get me right, editor, you're way off-coal barque captains don't mind falling over board, but they insist that it be not earlier than evening after pay day. The responsibilities of a preacher require that he consider his flock of sheep—he aint like me or you that could start anking for the next world any minute—a good way to be, editor, because our visitors live longer that way and prepare themselves more fully for perpetual life.

So, as I see it, editor—the jury did perfectly right in considering the preacher's yellow streak (so strong that he adopted foxiness a better part of valor) and his total unreadiness to take part in the eternal—Jazz or—the big barbecue.

How dare you, editor—How dare you! How dare you think that I'm wrong?—and, yet, I admire your brave nerve.

The guts of those prosecutors are marvelous—they take the people's money and try to try ministers of the heavenly empire—Buggs! What chance have they to convict? None what ever.

Like Mr. Hugo would say: With one Roll of their Eye; one Wave of their Wing—they Return to their Congregation.

Might as well try to convict September-Morn! This, too, in the face of the fact that New York refuses to try perjurers because juries will not convict witnesses "lying for a friend"—and, thus it is that this great state is torn up with agitation for cut-rate punishment for "friends" (should be, too, for friends of friends).

Convictions are highly desirable, the Sing Sing is full.

The people will not rest till the last man has all the rest under lock and key—except preachers, they'll swing the key on the last man.

Toleration, wot!

Paraphrasing the Paradoxical Paralelegram—On the other hand, editor—taking a slant at it from this angle—not ankle—No, no, no! not angle, but hand—the other hand—it appears that Mr. Browning did not have peaches for dessert—applesauce—

We've been palpitating over Mr. Browning's tainted laundry for some time but durned if we can find anything in the basket that looks as if there'd been foul-play—in fact, we're highly pleased with Mr. and Mrs. Browning's performance so far as pulling and hawing is concerned and believe that those press-agent-hitches can't slip—especially are we gratified with Mr. Browning's interpretation of Flaming Age and, naturally we're on the *qui vive* to find out how he made out on the actual romance part of it—and did he have any difficulty in giving expression to his tenderest passion.

A statement from Browning at this time, being the older and, therefore, having keener insight into such things—that is, inside knowledge of things platonic (pronounced, play-tonic)—such a statement now would relieve the tension, the strain, the terrific uncertainty under which we wallow—maybe clarify the atmosphere enough to dispel the haze hanging over Washington dubbed, "arbitration" (a medium of going on record; establishment of precedent.) and cause good old Uncle Sam, Mexico, Browning and Peaches to Forget their Difficulties as the Quickest cure for Hallucination.

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