

BONEYARD

By T-BONE SLIM.

Elections had been bought and sold.

Ballot boxes (turkeys) had been stuffed. Brainy men had quit voting.

The dumber ones began to miss their "Chances to vote."

A great share of the working class had been "disfranchised."

Not having votes, women were given that right. (now it lies between Italians, women and voting-machines).

And now—and now, I said—along comes the Workers Party and says, "we'll do it politically."

What travesty!—tragic travesty. **Did you get me?**

Politics on the way out, was buttonholed by the effusive Muscovites and detained: "Come back to me, sweetheart"—for a return engagement—and "leave me never more."—Delay? O, why delay decrepit "polly?" **Trying to use politics, is just like flirting with your own grandmother. Shame on you!**

"A hard headed businessman."— That does not mean that he is bone-headed, as they say—nor that he is ivory-headed—no matter how much bone or ivory may be in the "composition" of his cranium. (Cranium sounds like metal, doesn't it—that's where we get the saying "the hard-headed businessman was on his metal.") As I was saying, these terms used may sound like hell, but nevertheless, they may contain the most affable and worshipful idolatry of modern churldom—thus supplying a second meaning to the terms . . . As for instance, the word "business", itself, has two meanings.

And, insofar, as there may be a doubt as to it being called "employment," the various authorities refer to it as "occupation"—you see, there's a vast difference between employment and occupation.—Breaking and entering is an occupation—creating is employment. And so it goes.

So too, in the case of concentration or centralization, a gigantic almost catalysmic misconception has gone forth . . .

People thought, for instance, that the concentration of Industrial Unions under one roof was a form of centralization and highly desirable—and many were the arguments sincere and indifferent (that arose to skies) in favor of it. Now, let us not go into a seance as to whether it was beneficial or injurious—let us rather concede the benefit and that the move was good.

concede the benefit and that the move was good.

And, further, if it was centralization, and was good, let us further centralize, move all our branches under the same roof. "Ah" you say, "but that won't work!" Well then, centralization won't work—neither will decentralization—two extremes.

But I argue the moving of the branches (all under one roof) is not centralization as the congregation of Industrial Unions under one roof was not centralization—merely, may I say, a "mulligan" of effort.

JUDGES FAVOR WHIPPING
POST.

POST.

"The cat-o-nine-tails is best cure for moral defectives."—Judge Marcus Kavanagh, Chicago—.

I hope hizzoner doesn't speak from personal experience of actual contact with pussy-three-quarters-o-dozen-tails?—but, if so, I fear the evidence indicates the cure was a failure—seeing as how hizzoner smells blood so readily. But I'm game, and don't doubt the scratching ability of the cat, but holy gee—you could draw more blood by currying the defective with a brush made from ten-penny nails and piece board . . .

Patience, judge,—I offer this merely to inspire inventors to bring out something that would scratch a fellow in truly good fashion—skin 'em alive. And judge, your honor, in the interim—excuse the Latin—while waiting—I'm irrevocably opposed, to the "cat" being used on maudlin judges, the ertswhile fizzling barristers of yesteryear . . .

We got to draw the line some place! Many may disagree with the learnt and sincere judge; but when it is remembered that on top of trying to keep everybody else right, and correct those that ain't right, many of our judges find no little difficulty in keeping themselves right—especially in Chicago—it will be seen they speak not only as theoretical but practical men.

As for myself—very readily I see the judge's mind embodies no mean legislative ability as well as judicial, and I mourn because he isn't in Springfield where he could introduce the cat-o-nine-tails on the floor of the House—his constituents would take it good naturedly.

Springfield, Ill. Mch. 22.—Bert Gillen, eighteen, died in solitary confinement in the State Reformatory

after having been given the "water cure" for an attack on a guard . . .

What should we do with such a morally defective, and mentally unbalanced, "water brigade"?—Come to think of it, a death sentence seems pretty heavy punishment for mere attack on a guard—even in a REFORMATORY.

Guess the judge is right after all—the cat-o-nine-tails would have saved this boy's life and he might have grown up to be president of our fair republic . . .

Still, many people prefer to drown!