

BONEYARD

By T-BONE SLIM.

That year and a day sentence to Atlanta's Somber Resort made poor Earl Carroll, Knight of Bath, think of his mother's grave—and suiting action to inspiration, he ankled over and dropped a few solemn tears o'er the sacred ground and memory. . . . We feel for you, Earl—but why, oh why, didn't you play the game, stand pat and say NOTHING. . . .

The same habits, customs still prevail, to the exclusion of all turpitudes, moral or dismoral, in giddy New York—but they're IMPORTED.

EXTRA!!!

Baseball will have one of its greatest years.

The National League pennant will be won by Freeport, Ill.—Brundage pitching.

The American League creep will end in a "tie"—all teams in front and stock still. The season will be stretched three times and will extend up to "do-your-shopping-early-week" when it will be called off as special token of homage to the pope. The stove league is expected to break the "tie" after "New Years." Above program is necessary in order to create interest for next year—for the great American pastime, what? Dollars!

Henry E. Huntington paid \$640,000 for a picture, in Europe—a picture I could paint with my feet without cramping my legs—had it been a pitcher of beer I wouldn't ain't it hell we ain't got no artists of our own in this country 'cept myself and 'cept the starving kind!

Mince Meat. 422 children were run down in New York last year by automobiles—guess that's cleaning 'em off to the tune "I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier"?

Now I have a preventive for all this: Get red-headed drivers. Thanks! Not only has my suggestion its inherent value but, if given publicity, carries blood-curdling prestige and will cut down the "run downs" figures from 422 to 22. Thank you ever so much—kind ladies!

Cease hiring drivers from the asylum—spelled b-u-g-h-o-u-s-e-!

Pay the wages and you can get red-headed ones, more speed, "anticipated danger" and maximum safety.

Kipling has had his innings lately on the strength of an immortal saying . . . —yes, sure, in the papers—"Woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke."

Power, what!

A smoke is only a smoke, but a woman is a—a—a cure for surplus energy.

Is that treason? Nothing greater! There is no substitute.

A good cigar? Huh! Who's got a cigarette?

Don't b'lieve Kip said it!—If he did, if he DID, I'll bet he picked up a butt on the Mojave desert when he flew off the handle!—

Ah, but we forget! Liberty is the watchword of benign governments; tyranny is the motto of business, their motivator.—Let us consider well the functions of economic power—versus financial — one of these powers is power—the other is promissory, and unreal.