

BONEYARD

By T-bone Slim

Businessmen have lots of perspicacity, loads of perspicuity, but dam little perspiration—the sweat is ours.

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His Honor Black N. Y., wants perjurers whipped, in public—WOW! NOW! Now, liars, are you going to change your story?

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His Honor's proposal "smacks heavily" of revenge, more so than of prevention—and considering the extensive, fluent, yea eloquent, bunch of liars we have, wouldn't it be better to take the public out after breakfast, have it thrashed soundly, so as to kind of stimulate its memory, get the low-down on facts in court and save the trouble of beating him up after his imagination "kink" his testimony?

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"Musclelini Toils On Farm To Harvest Own Wheat".

Must have torn a leaf from Signor Calvin's bible?

Whaddaye mean, toil? Harvesting wheat is play—light exercise. Nevertheless, I would suggest that Benito follow it as life work—it beats holding the bag for autoeracy. In fact, harvesting wheat already is a vile and vicious form of democracy.

I hope Mr. Mussolini is not "hedging"! Why not try fishing?

Our own Cal caught seven shortly after his train left Hammond, Ind. Enterprising Associated Press!

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(What are "the chances"—10 to 1?)

Hey, Attorney General Sargent! True, Earl Carroll's sickness appears feigned (how do you pronounce it, feined?). But let us "thinkers" remember: sickness is more common than the assimilated variety! Kick him out! and ship him to New York—he'll never recover elsewhere! And, Sarge, New York will never be the same till Earl comes back—just think, think! Seven million people haven't had a bath since Carroll went away.

They demand bath! Don't let them die on our hands! He's suffered too much enough.

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Unusual! The Daily News has it all wrong 'bout the Volsteadian steadiness law. It isn't "legislative insanity"—it looks more like legislative impudence.

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My platform: A seat for every child in congress—beds for senators.

And when Governor Al Smith and Mayor Walker decide to exceed Slimbergh's speed limit and fly across Atlantic my \$7 goes on Al. (Here's where Mayor Jeems chases me over to Hobucken).

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New York:
"Crowded 5th Avenue Coach Turns Over After Hitting Light Car."

This should be a lesson to Ifving Cobb and Roy K. Moulton—don't bump into Slim Lindbergh.

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Buggs Baer may do as he pleases.

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Perth Amboy:
Greek restaurants are beginning to feel their oats.

The other morn, while in a daze, I went in one and ordered my favorite dish, ham sandwich on rye and coffee in a cup.

Just as I was parting my gold teeth for a bite, Venezélos the Prime Minister of the Dump says,

"Pay before eat".

I said nothing, and put sugar in my coffee.

"Pay before eat," rang his hopeful tones.

"Why," says I, bereaved of all sarcasm, "I always thought it was all right to pay for such things later in the day."

"Pay before eat," says he—so I tossed him a bill, spoiled the sandwich by taking one bite; picked up my change and walked out...

There are other restaurants in town, I'm not obliged to eat there. That spoiled sandwich will probably turn up in hash.

Dirty in front; dirty behind—pretty soon the sons of Athens will lose their monopoly on Spanish stew.

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Be it noted: the aforesaid restaurants are of the bourgeois and are obliged at times to scratch our sides climbing on our backs.

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The time is not yet come when labor will align (line) its forces with the bourgeoisie, should never come but will come.

On that day labor can go back and

start all over again, and again, and again, only to line up with the buzzsaws, lay down, die and be born again, again, again—no gain.

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One comforting feature about "a traitor to the working class" is this: He's a traitor all the way down the line. His treachery to the workers is not his original sin, merely his latest effort. Good stools, as we all know, are in great demand, and interested parties hire them young and pay them well—but we, of course, learn only the final stunt, grieve accordingly, while our magnanimous counter-mates grin happily, innocent of their own befouled underwear. That grin will drop—so, too, the offal will crumble.

Time is purification.

In the long run!

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'Tis not proper to drink coffee from a saucer—polite society is "sup"-posed to be too drunk to steady a saucer."

If you have no hot water bag, drink from the cup direct. Atta boy!

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"Now develops a mistake was made in fighting the world war over the Bagdad R. R.

Tough titty!

Now we'll have to fight it all over again, over airships and airship lanes.

Tough titty!

Might as well start another Grand Duck for Sarajevo!