

BONEYARD

By T-BONE SLIM

Day by day, more and more, horse radish tastes a la turnip—rutabaga:

Owing to the class consciousness of the tennis courts, I dare not say that "big business" has doublecrossed "little business" by "putting out" butter in quarter-pound packages.

Why months ago little business could get 52 cents a pound for common wrapping paper, by weighing it with the oleomargarine. . . .

They'd tare "off" a chunk of paper, big enough to "paperhang" a room, deftly insert about a quarter pound of butter in the center of it, throw the weight of their personality upon the scales—and grin most hyennaually—"Three-quarters of a pound." 49 cents.

Then they wonder why college students commit siouxsie.

Alas! (after Tracy) alas, good health is not so much a matter of diet as it is something to diet with.

Can't diet without ingredients—not with our greedyence!

Tracy can "alas" most feelingly—he's the champion alasser!

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The one great trouble with the intelligent "worker" is not so much a fault as a lack of virtue—he wants the thicker-headed fellow worker, the very one he despises, to do all the heavy work, the organizing—(while he, HIMSELF, is preoccupied with "problems.")

Wurra! Wurra—and likewise Woe and CorRupTion!

Want is served both.

This ingenious author is no exception to the rule established in intimate remarks immediately above.

Our belly has been too full to "organize," the past three years.

The next three it will be empty—in fact, we'll have "bellies," nothing else but—too many of them. . . .

Wurra, Wurr. . . .

I'm somewhat an alasser, too!

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Us men—what would we ween, where would we welter, without woman's warnful whimper, "Don't Act Silly——!"

That's not all that keeps us sensible!

That's all that keeps our aplomb from crumbling.

—

Getting Ahead.

American people don't know what hard work is. . . .

They fail to recognize it.

That's why so many of them get tangled up in it—and perish ahead of schedule.

In reality, there is no such thing as hard work. . . .

When work gets to the point of being called hard, it changes its name—it's called half-wittedness.

Just like the Missouri river—it's Missouri all the way down to St. Louie, then it's Mississippi.

Work is the same way—it changes its complexion—skin—a sort of Dr. Shekel and Mr. Hide—especially the hide—technically speaking.

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Are you suffering from half-wittedness, or are you suffering half-wittedness to cause you suffering?

Do you suffer meekly and suffer the suffering to multiply into a litter of sufferings?

You have my simpathy!