

# BONEYARD

By T-BONE SLIM

All right editor, 'tis not all "bull" wot the preacher say (when all puffed out on sacramental wine) about "how women fall"—they do editor, they do, I admit, (though I'm not much of a woman admirer in these days of long pants) they do—they fall for a lot of things even like unto a chip or stone or market or Rome. But it is said they fall for brassbuttons, stripes and uniforms?—(Trusting souls!)

'Tis a LIE, editor. 'taint so!

The reason ladies prefer uniformed men is:

First, simply "Because".

Second, because they know such men have passed government inspection and found not wanting. Give the girls credit—don't always insinuate they are carried away by esthetic instinct.

(This ad not paid for.)

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Word reaches me that Calvin Coolidge confessed, "I have no shoes to run".—That reminds me of my visit to my physician:

He diagnosed my ailment as— — HOPTOPCYCHOLORRHUM . . .etc. I was struck dumb (that is, dumber than before.)

"Well," says I, after I got my wind, "which is it, a sprained wrist, or a broken fetlock—I want to know, so's to know what to do! If it's a bad wrist I can't fight and if it's a bum ankle I can't run—and will I have to be innoculated with a dose of Claptonasturdhum before it can be cured?—

"There's nothing the matter with you," says Doc., "but ought to be and will be if you don't leave this office."

Professorial Economics, Eh, LLD.

Shortage of "Jack" (medium of exchange) among the workers is not caused by the low hourly rates of pay — (such as 50 or 90 cents an hour.)

Those figures have no bearing on the case, it can be seen, if examined with tolerant eyes.

The trouble with the almost universal scarcity of ready cash (among producers) is the failure of the regular two weeks' pay to arrive twice a week and once a day on legal and extra-legal holidays. Plain, isn't it, eh?

Now that all the hideous mommels have won beauty prizes, let Wall St. pull itself together and hold a booty-contest.

Now is the time of year when the official O. K.'ers of the capitalist system warn us Watch Out for Pickpockets.

Ha, ha, haw! a good joke—just as if anything reposed in our pockets. That's a good one, Look out for Pickpockets . . .

But hush—mebbe the warning is for the bosses?

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Well, that's a horse of another collar—the horse is on us—but nevertheless, doesn't that warning show partiality, huh?

But hush—after all—mebbe the warning is pure and sweet, mebbe it means that we should watch the gentlemen that pick our pockets before we get a chance to fill'em? Hurrah—my faith in human nature has returned. Watch Out for Pick-pockets—the pilferers (pillars) of society.

Society men? Sociable sleight o' handers . . . Next!



They want to know what art is—  
let me define:

("It's a cinch that it isn't something undefinable").

It's something that cannot be made to "look natural" — without spoiling the darn thing.

It's—if I didn't have a sore thumb, I'd define it.

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Anyhow, it's superfine at the same ratio as supermen are super-swine—pedigreed hogs. Ex: "A weatherbeaten" Civic-Virtue shows no signs of sunburn (bronze) but retains the whiteness of one that had just climbed out of BVD's—unreal, phoney.

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New York World "throes" an editorial "fit" about Turkey changing the name Constantinople to Mustafa-Kemal and quite forgets that WE (during the World-Disturbance) wuz going to change the name of Bismarck, North Dakota, to "Liberty Cabbage"—and German-Carp to "Sewer-Trout".

Turkey isn't alone, with a soft head—and a—a—a soft—heart.