

# BONEYARD

By T-BONE SLIM

Many bitter words were spoken at Judge Thayer's lapse of sense of proportion. Indeed, he is credited with serving himself, serving Wall St.—and the Law.

Who was he serving?

Was he like our professors during the war hysteria?

(Who ran certain propaganda only to repudiate it after the armistice?)

What could have been the object of giving this country a black eye, in the eyes of the world—at just this time?

Surely not a hate of anarchism?

Certainly not a love for Wall St.?

Can it be that it was not hate for Sacco and Vanzetti; so much as it was an active hate for this country?

(Results count! We have the shame!) Those are the questions the people will have to answer—and keep on answering.

Quite a quandary, eh?

If that second last question is pertinent, what show did Sacco and Vanzetti have?

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Yes, yes—the forty unknown immortals, imperishable!

Murders are getting so scarce in N. Y. C., owing to Bum's Law, that policemen are beginning to do them.

(It is to be hoped metropolitan papers haven't bribed them to furnish reading matter.)

Personally, I took a trip to Catskill Mountains, so as not to be incriminated before my time—safety first.

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No, no, no, not the ape—the apple, Silly!

Philosophy:

The man who “wants what he wants” when he wants it and don’t give a dam what it costs when it costs, is a man who is traitor to every human being excepting his dealer—and faithful, only to his wish-bone. He’s one of those gentlemen that leaves the battle for others to fight.

He deserts the front, permits the enemy to entrench, thus handicapping others that will fight—a crime than which there is no greater: BETRAYAL OF CONFIDENCE. He doesn’t “lay down”—he was never up!

NOW!

Now that we’ve got MUST and MUSTN’T and DO THIS AND DON’T DO THAT, a way ought to be found to force this here now, William Gibbs McAdoo to take the presidency of these here United States.

He’s been resting long enough . . . Look at this here Levine now—he don’t rest—no more than he gets through jumping the Atlantic (the papers say) “Levine Attends a Big Dinner”—yum, yum,—that’s what I call industriosity.

The size of the number 3333 Belmont, Chicago tells all the skeptics that “Chicago” means Chicago, Illinois.



And it means U. S. A.

And it means North America.

But, you wouldn't need that much address:

A letter addressed General Administration of the I. W. W. would reach the right party without resort to Jography—we're well known people. In fact, we're the very "publicus" you've heard so much about. Thanks.

It's painful if not downright pitiful the way smaller towns fail to follow the rules of robbing the customers: In New York City they faithfully assess one an extra nickel for an ice cream soda—same for finishing nails—whereas rural districts like Albany and Buffalo charge only ten cents for chocolate soda made from real cream—whoever heard of cream in ice-cream? Fie!

(Above has bearing on general

health of victim—the less a man is robbed the higher he kicks.)

War is over. Never again!

The airship has put the kibosh on any further efforts to put democracy in a safe—or dictatorship, for that matter. No more glory. No medals. No nothing. Oil; oil! oil!

Thinkest thou that a financial buzzard will declare war against Mesobatavia for its failure to dish out 17 per cent?

Not so you can notice it!

He gets up at the **de-wreckt-ers** meeting, tosses a withering eye at his co-leagues and warbles: "Feller Skinners: Go slow. S'posing some Mesobatavian flyin'-fool drops a stink bomb down our necks?" "Hear! Hear!" yowls the rest of the promoters, "we better tell the Daily Sun and Evening Moon and Morning Star to kill those atrocities of the low life Mesobatavians and we may as well fire our diplomats we can't use 'em—too risky, and life insurance going up all the time."

Neat way to end war, ain't it?

**Just one flying fool can put the fear of god in the hearts of our brave parasites!**

**Cooked Food for Cows Produces More Milk—**



Ah! Us cooks needn't worry about a job—Even if the citizens do quit eating. And if the cow's stomach goes back on her, we'll cook for sows.

Ours is a sure job! Steady. Warm. Congenial. And if the sow dies we'll cook her too.

An illustrious oat company advertises the FAMOUS flavor of its oats . . . .

I can see it coming (like the prophets of old). Since the auto took Dobbin's job away and Dobbin starved to death, they're going to feed Dobbin's rations to sovereign citizens (to keep them from following Dobbin) and make them like it.

I can see it—I can see it. Any minute, now, I expect to see a man come along with a halter and start putting a saddle on my back just as plain, editor—draw the curtain, please.

Pull the shades down.—T-b S.