

# BONEYARD

By T-BONE SLIM

Knows-it-all:

"As much as you criticize the boss you've got to admit he's a man of his word, keeps his promises, pays you in full—that he's as honest as the day is long."

Bitter-ender:

"I wouldn't go that far. I'd say he's as square as a goose egg. . . . Otherwise, you are right about the day being long—only labor is short."

wlw

Calling a man a jackass is all a mistake—in fact, viewing men and women from the "Open Air Elevated," one can't help but feel and see it's criminal libel to call a man a mule and women a jinny—nothing less.

Unfortunately there is no way the jackass can bring it up in court—jackasses frequent them.

Exhibit A: A jackass holds his head up, white man doesn't—that's how to tell 'em apart.

Exhibit B: A jackass has no hump—isn't even round-shouldered. In this respect white man resembles a camel, but talks more freely.

wlw

Physician Dies, Victim of Dope.—Headline.

That's nothing. Many proletarians die victims of hope—dope doesn't seem to save 'em.

Half-mast the flag!

Doctors and bootleggers should be more cautious about sampling their own wares of trade.

On the other hand, proletarians might try expiring in despair, for a change—the change will come—any kind of a change is better than no change at all—no change, may I say, is inconvenient; a discomfort beyond the realm of personal umbrage or embarrassment.

I know.

I've wrestled with hope.

I too have sat in Union Square and gave myself over to hope—I wished and wished and wisht till the concrete sidewalks began to crack from the agony of my concentration.

Sure I got my coffee an'—the wages of hope.

I'm a wreck—a coffee an' wreck.

wlw

"Why do they call it American Legion?"

"Well, sonny, us Yankees like to acknowledge and identify everything ours no matter how low, degraded or rotten the thing may be."

The above heart-felt sentiments I heard on Father Knickerbocker's 42nd St. ferry the day S. S. Leave-me-at-'em sailed.

I stood aghast, where I sat—like one gassed.

Just to think! Think that that great corps of officers and sprinkling of loyal privates should come under the head of being something less than something to be proud of and more than something to be ashamed of—for the inference was there.

And, O, I was mortified—in fact, mortification set in immediately, or sooner.

wlw

One hundred fifty-nine thousand nine hundred ninety-nine citizens of our fair republican country attended the Dempsey-Tunney mauling exhibition—actual count, editor, from the ringside at Hoboken, Nu-Zerxes. You didn't know there were that many millionaires in the republic, did you? Neither did I, till I counted them.

By the way—the best way to stop breeding millionaires is to take the wherewithal away from them in the form of wages, according to lawr.

Back to the ringside: I wonder what they were fighting about—in three-minute shifts?

I can appreciate and am in favor of rest every fourth minute, but I can't comprehend any sense or tail to so much labor between leisure. And I was thinking, editor, that perchance the same arrangement could be foisted on restless labor—make 'em drop their tools and stagger to their corners every fourth minute by the clock; with additional privilege of clinching (with toil) as often as inspiration dictates, during working moments.

That would actually cripple our willing and speedy workers.

That actually would—wouldn't it?

wlw

And now, editor, my heart fails me—I begin to suspect there's something wrong. Why it is, I asts yer, that Tunney gets a million dollars for fighting and I get only black eyes and thirty days—is he better looking than I am?

A problem, wot? The pair of 'em swinging like a country gate?

wlw

Governments "set examples" in 'lectrocuting and locktrocuting prisoners with the result that Simple Simons afflicted with superiority calmplex, get into trouble every time

they experiment on their fellow citizens. . . .

It never occurs to them that extermination is destruction of private property . . . sacred stuff. Disestablishment of intimate vitals. In other words, governments say: Don't do as I do—nor nothing like it—but do as I whisper. . . .

No following suit!

There are to my cognosense only four perfect men in this world. First come the two judges, one on "the coast," Hon. Beezik, the other, Hon. Thayer, of the blithering East—they never err like humans.

They are more than human.

Like God who viewed his handiwork and "found it good", these two magistrates are capable of passing on their own work and find it can not be improved upon.

Next comes number three, a Jew—his name I disremember—who said: "I never make mistakes."

Last, but not least, comes Kaiser Bill, our friend of "Me und Gott" fame. 'Tis a pity we ain't got more like 'em!