

BONEYARD

By T-BONE SLIM

The spokesmen: They're liars, that's wot they are; people do not cheer a price-fighter because he's murdering his adversary. They simply appreciate the adversary's genuine surprise at getting a "push in the mush," and the suddenness of the delivery finds the god-fearing audience unprepared to withhold within its bosom its (as it proves to be) unconfined joy and great and resonant eclat. (Laugh that off).

The embarrassment and atmosphere of inquiry connected transforms that dignified operation into a screaming farce—people will always laugh at a good joke, and encourage high class deviltry.

Equally ready to sneer, to jeer, to cheer or drop a tear, as the case may be.

"The talking picture of the future will be educational."

Art Brisbane says: "The great surgeon will perform his operation on the screen, (screan) explaining it as he works."

So? He's gonna make a speech while carving, is he? Well, I would much rather have him do more surging and less talking, or carve up on someone else—the students, for instance.

I'm firmly convinced talk has killed more patients, and patience, than all the hordes of christendom or flu. Methinks the pictures won't paramount to much—like the auto, soon a dodo as pleasure congestion.

Babe Ruofs' reputation is all made and country wide. He needs not worry. After he gets so he can't see the ball, he can hire out as an umpire—or a judge.

wlw

Stevens' job at the Yankee Stadium on hot days, Huggins, is to shut the water off on the drinking public. (Past—keep this quiet, Hug!)

That reminds me, Col. Jake Rupert: since those good old dry days the admission price reposes in my pants.

Got drunk reading Heywood Brown in "Nation." Completely pollutificated. Tossed a coin in the air to uncover if 'twas the will of gods "to be or not to be" Scotch stew or Irish stew—and a great calm enveloped my soul for the "price" went up, then down, and never did come up again to its righteous owner and now is, by all laws of probability, spent for degrading "buns" and coffee a la eastern.

While not yet fully recovered, persuaded myself (judging on evidence of wonderful photos of beauty prize winners) that Queens ran Heavily to Legs—which is good and proper—the more legs the merrier.

A dark and tortuous insinuation has gone forth that labor is at the bottom; that labor is the underpup, you might say; and, in fact, these broadsized hints have gone so far

that coffee an' radicals wave their palsied fingers in their hair and insist they, are pointing the fact out for the 'steenth occasion. (John D. Rockefeller Junior Brand of Coal-Oil in their washwater would have a tendency of keeping their hands and hair apart—dandruff).

Attention, gents!

By using this certain tooth putty you save three bucks a year. With this a man may buy a good pair of gloves, a hat or necktie; a woman may buy silk stockings, handkerchiefs, etc. O Lord! Why is it they dress a man from top down (gloves, hat, necktie) and woman from bottom up (silk stockings, garters, unmentionables or tearnets) I ast yer?

On two 50-cent tubes of molar-mulsion I can save \$3 per annum?

What kind of economics is that!

That annum must come five times a year, huh? Or am I supposed to be doing nothing but polishing my fangs night and day?

NOTE: The reader may be puzzled as to the whyfor I touch upon this subject. Let me explain:

Starting the woman from (as I said) bottom, leaves a sub-inference of something low, and "impressionables" gasping, gulping imitation salaciousness: whereas, addressing a man safely above the waist line leaves that boob high and dry lofty as an imbecillie liberal that can find no more problems to solve and damn little tenderloin to absorb.

An absorbing topic! But let us build no permanent residence upon it.

The age of substitutions is here. We have substitutions for everything. Not only one or two, but dozens: The Gem razor blades are rapidly taking the place of Hood's Sarsaparilla in drugstores.

Bedtime stories by sports writers takes the place of ballplayers on the diamond, and that honored pastime, in turn, has drafted the best wrestlers from the padded—rug—beef.

But why clutter the column—

Organization work too has its substitutions: dances, entertainment, slumber, hootch, sexecution, art, etc.—that "etc." probably is worst.

All these, far, far from the point of production—woe is me—saddest of the sadists mimicing half-wit. Yip, yip. . . . !

I do not choose to classify these; let each take his pick—enough there to pacify the most militant supermen and superior women.

Some will prefer to dance.

Some giggle.

Some may insist on a diet that is one-half forbidden fruit.

Still others will buzz around art and higher ideals or capitulate to the demands of playful idiocy. . .

As for me? If we're to show our preference for substitutions:

Give me hootch—far, far from the point where men toil and women sulk—an indefinite holiday—a feast of varnish—a festival of Moroniana.