

BONEYARD

By T-BONE SLIM

What we call "the gains we have made", were not made through the influences of capitalism but in spite of them. Capitalism was, is a system to keep thieves in practice . . .

And always will be until it is no more!

In other words: So long as capitalism lasts, so long will thieves be skillful. This does not mean that capitalism flourishes because thieves are dexterous. Capitalism is merely the means that sanctifies unearned tributes as to the semi-parasites from men and women and children of the working class—and from one another, as between two parasites, so as to envelop the transaction in an atmosphere of moral dignity.

What! No one from Milwaukee?

(Rara-Avis, but delectable).

The New York World, struggling along, hands us the news that "Princeton University received its students this year from forty-six states, twenty foreign countries, the District of Columbia and Hawaii" . . . Quite an assortment, what? Gosh—then it is possible for nationalities to get along in peaceful pursuits?

Says The World further:

"New Mexico and Wyoming are the only states which have no representatives among Princeton's 2,485 students."

I wonder if that means that Wyoming and New Mexico are the only two with sense enough to send their youngsters to the Work Peoples College, Duluth, Minn.

Yeah—I think so too.

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"Wets" backward spells Stew—lots of it: Ho hom. Life is mostly dry angles and tight angles, to be square about it — ho hom — when Montana mavericks mimic the society "circles", the astute "ranchers" call the performance "milling". Nothing new. Inmates of insane asylums originated social circles — and they, in turn, got their technique from curt-seying-calves and rudderless-cows.

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Scandalous, if true:

Thank God that oil scandal is only an oil scandal—for a while we thought it was something serious, like libel or slander or stealing water melons or—or breech of p'p'-promise—or putting a wayward wife back on the straight and narrow path with a chunk of garden hose—so we did—indeed we did.

But s' long's it it only scandal, the Associated White-washer may as well put it on the back page and tell us the latest fashions in murder—we're getting cramps, so we are—indeed we are—although, true, we survived the terrible scandals of Jesse James, didn't we?

Indeed we did.

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Our beloved government and its valiant courts are showing a remarkable front of nerve jumping at Harold Ford Sinclair—I'm almost persuaded there's another millionaire in the woodpile and that interests conflict—I sort o' get a strong whiff in my ol' factory nerves.

Now, trot out the woman in the case! And all will be sweet.

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The country cannot hang on much longer, half Rockefeller and half Sinclair—I hope I'm wrong, but anyhow—let's run 'em for president and settle the case—Hank Ford to run vice for both. To prevent a tie (the public's feet being too sore to pilgrimage to the ballot box) let the cunning or cute Tex Rickard arrange the election—the loser to stand dessicated Ambassador Plenty potential—Airy to Bessarabia, that's an oil country, ain't it?

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No one loves a steamboiler no more, but its fruits—such is the appeal of oil and gas.

Even the superheated boiler is a heartily superhated oven . . .

Its erstwhile estimable steamina seems no longer to have the ardent stamina to conquer our finer passion.

Editor:—

What has become of that—I believe they called it—Civet Federation, that Sammy Gompers used to belong to? Yeh. The outfit—a scientific body—a body that used to be so deeply concerned about train-

ing citizens, yeh, and joshing with the workers?

Are they letting the pole-cat to do all the training . . . ?

Editor, you should keep track of such things—else you ain't a good trapper.

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S. Parkes Cadman, M. D., or Dr. Says Clergy Needs More Education. (That statement right there seems to indicate they already have some but not enough.)

" . . . it will enable them to cope with the modernists."

(Sake 's alive! What's the sense of coping with the modernists—the modernists are just as badly off. Yes, way off! Amen and hosiana—Hallelujah!) Oo-la-la!

"A new era has dawned. Our clergy must be trained so we shall have no reason to be ashamed." (Bravo, Dr. Cadman—this here being ashamed of our pastors is deucedly uncomfortable, don't you know—lately I've been blushing so that my friends started carrying me typhoid serums and other anti-intoxicants—yeh . . . but continue, Doc., attaboy!)

"One weakness of the clergy is that they are not sufficiently ripe educationally to meet questions."—(Tut, Tut Doctor! You don't mean to say they're green, do you?—here we've been thinking they give us a bellyache cause they're rotten-ripe—of course not, doctor, you wouldn't say that?)

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The one-armed hero pulled from his overcoat pocket a handful of nickels and dimes—counted them, so did I . . .

Then he pulled out four one dollar bills (someone had been liberal) and counted them.

(The coat too must have been a gift for it was built for a two-armed man and fitted him rather snugly.)

Apparently satisfied with his campaign, he fished out a jack-knife and applied himself to trimming his finger nails.

(How do they do it? (How hold the knife?) "Army training adds years to your life.")

Yes? Then why not splice a piece on this man's arm?

He laid away a suit of gray To wear a unionsuit . . .