

BONEYARD

By T-bone Slim

Twenty-four Hours:

(I like to quote Arthur Brisbane, he is so suggestive and sometimes "sloppy"—provokingly suggestive) —
"It must be remembered, however, that while broker works from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m., he worries from 3 p. m. to 10 a. m...."

Correct as hell, monsieur—he often worries the chorus girls, sometimes whole choruses and sprinklings of flappers not so chorus or decorous—night clubs, and pulchritudinous police up in the **lipping-eighties**....

That gent sure worries, Art, just like a convincing poker player or race track prophet.

He worries the life outen 'em!

From 3 p. m. to 10 a. m.—making it a 24 hour shift. (How's dat for fade-out?) Yesterday was fishday and Fry-day. Today people are more brainy, including A Brisbane and Ourselves.

"Shaw Attacks Press Agents."—

It's a shame, that's wot it is—to attack defenseless publicity moulderers. Tex Rickard should be awakened to make note of George Bernard's style and estimate whether Maloney, Delaney and Tunney in mass formation, each bringing his own crutches, could stand in front of this latest white hope, Irishman and hopping zephyr—or, satyr is it?

Sing Sing is full.... — (Tearfully, gents) **O, wot a shame!—S'posing some unoffending, sweet and innocent criminal should desire to honor the place with his presence—not only to get out of de rain....**

Supposing the pure and holy "bulls" desire to transport some depraved, non-principled and onerous "nature's nobleman" into the "pen"!

What then? Wot then?

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"Countess Palm Fogstrottin on her arrival in Waterford, Ire., said she (she's a she) is "finished with the Count."

She may need the count, again?

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I see where Hearst had the presence of mind to wash his hands off of our latest Hamperialist Crusade, practically completing a gentleman's treaty with the Lily-white England... Hearst is one of our sole diplomats! But, fellow workers, there was no need of all that cleanliness on the part of the impeccable Hearst—he coulda let his hands go for another six months or six years—there will be no war—we're too tired—why, we're too tired to wash those dishes even, say nothing about a fight!

I know not how the ladies feel, but as for me: Give me time or take my life! Is it worthwhile? Or is it Hearst-while—

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The erstwhile, holidaysical Cicero, the great Roman "Kidder" who had the happy faculty of putting into conversational style all the main facts of the great philosophical truths as understood by the scrub-ladies of his period, and I, the present day nearest approach to greatness, are in perfect agreement—**neither of us admit that a cat is cleanly.** Cicero, of course, didn't say so—because he fairly hated to qualify his remarks—I must.

Ignorance shall perish!

Ignorance shall die an ignoble death right here in our hands—peace to its ashes.

Dumb creatures behold the cat "cleaning" itself and they braid their legs, roll their eyes reverently and squirm: "O, why can't our cabinet members be as cautious about their appearance!"

"O, why doesn't Landis take a lesson from the cat and white-wash the "lively-ball" game!"

"O, why... O...!—O...!—Oh!—"

Oh Crap!!!—

The cat ain't clean. He's smeared from end to end with spit—the filthy creature!—you wouldn't call me "clean" if I took a bath in a spittoon, would you? Cicero would have said, if asked—"fish is a brainfood" (editorial diet), but Cicero, too, would have opined, "it's a brainfood not because it's fish but because you dassent swallow it without chewing it thoroughly, so's to dodge the bones."

That's why I dug up Cicero's grave this morning and let him speak for hisself—He had good eye-sight.

T-bone Slim.

P. S.—Editor, the nub to paragraph depicting Cicero's skill, rich with philosophy and not poor with speculation, lies in the contrast, of today: We say it with Flowers and Bubbles—save in the case of our humble self. Although we cannot wring the truth from scrub-ladies, as of yore—we sincerely delve in the pay-dirt of the 17 souls of every male slave. We hold nothing back, intentionally—even if we have to postscript all we know!