

"STOMACHS ARE GRAVEYARDS"

BY T-BONE SLIM

This morning, in Clearwater, Kansas, while resting on side street curbstone, I saw a beautiful, colored bird swoop down upon a sparrow and begin to peck at its head and neck—ah, clear murder—evidently the bird was preparing the sparrow to serve as principal part of a morning meal.

I did not interfere because I did suddenly recall I too had not had my breakfast—fellow feeling, like—and, then, I reasoned, the bird probably was experienced and knew what it was doing.

Again, it may be, it placed the sparrow in same category as we would a horse thief and was administering plain justice, punishment, death—so who am I to interfere?

The erudite reader will, of course, read between the lines and recognize that we cannot get our breakfast in a manner set forth in the example of this colorful bird—besides, who wants to eat a horse thief?

Wobbly.

Quite right.

It may interest bird lovers to know that the bird which thus took the law into its feet, and executed the poor sparrow, was a Blue Jay.

Les' pray: my mistake—an ignorant "hand" contends the bird was a sparrow hawk and was following the happy pursuits of that respected family. To err is humorous—if I'd o'known that bird was one o' those low down, parasitical pharisees o' the floss and feather kingdom, a hawk, that probably sits down and says "Our Father who Art in Heaven" before he eats and pays his help \$3 for Thirteen Hours and Ten Minutes, I most certainly would have interfered with his reckless pastime.

Prairies may be lost forever,
Handed o'er to the combine;
Badlands, sloughs, ravines and sink-holes,
Always will be yours and mine.

Why should I, then, be discouraged,
Or surrender unto ghosts?

Why should I feel under nourished
When I've dined on empty boasts?