

BONEYARD

By T-BONE SLIM

Bulletins:

It's a quiet world, after all. Positively nothing is happening all the time. Peace in plenty abounds and contentment o'erspreads the calm of our slackened, sacred, seared, hokum. Nothing transpires.

Action inanimate, inertia struts victorious. Repose, rampant, languishes in the throes of acute debilitation. Quiet. Silence. Relaxation. . . . Is that death?

No. That's United States.

Wages are cut—labor snores. Prosperity assails the populace. Newsboys wearing silk Sox. Satin cascades the supple lines of laboring ladies. Plush covers the observation thrones of Pullman cabozes. . . . Corn beef and cabbage still undefeated. Three million unemployed—the rest loafing. Forty freeze. Thousand starve.

Eight hundred petition Borah for sandwiches—nothing's happening.

I tell you—it's happening.

Soldiers take shots at the people, countrymen giggle. Citizens grin. Such a good joke, eh neighbor? Our boys learn to defend themselves, thataway—we've got lots of people suitable for target practice, eh neighbor? 117,000,000! Wot's vital statistics for anyhow, if not to keep track of "clean hits"?

"Just as if a hungry striker had any rights to be unreasonable," you say—

He should be cool and collected. Bread? Forget it! and think of next summer's watermelon crop.

Very undignified, I'm sure.

Never get rattled, like the army!

A sturdy-minded citizen just now remarked, "This country needs a cleaning up."

Is it, then, that we must build a new society in the hell of the old?

How ingenious!

—wlv—

Fashions:

Well Proportioned Garment Tends to Slenderize Form.—Headlight.

Yeah? So does low wages!

—wlv—

Mastodon's Fossil 35,000 Years Old Found in Seattle—

I suppose Post-Intelligentsia will soon pension him off.

—wlv—

An artist informs me "it's hard to find a woman who is true."

Just what do you mean? True to what? True to you?

You're asking the impossible!

She might prove true to about a dozen of your calibre—nothing less.

Low pressure women, are born no more! They simply will demand that their object-horrible be something more than an eruption of hot air—a reasonable requisition.

Bank your fires.

—wlv—

The people demanded wurst.

What did they get?

Faust—that's what they got.

H'aitch-H'e-Double H'ell, you spell it.—

—wlv—

1,117,000,000 dollars per year are spent to cure colds.

A pile of snot, ain't it?

One million doctors could just about live off the coughs alone.

—wlv—

"Complete Wire Reports of the UNITED PRESS, the Greatest World-Wide News Service."

Yes, yes—but why not print some of that "news" and let us judge for ourselves?

Still and all, hadn't you assured us, we would have gone right on thinking it worst. . . .

You have completely changed the grammar of our viewpoint.