

BONEYARD

By T-BONE SLIM

WAR—NING!

Do not start that canal digging in Nicaragua, just yet. Hold your shovels! "But," you say, "if we don't start it, Nicaragua may build it herself and then we'll look like monkeys for having built the Panama ditch!"

True enough, brother, but supposin' we do build it, and afterwards discover that a canal through Mexico will make monkeys of us for the second time.

Are we 'gonna' be monkeys all our lives? Ain't there no evolution?

That's why I say, don't sink your shovels in the soil, till you find out where you're at . . .

And, fellow countrymen, most earnestly I propose that we give Panama canal and its famous cuts and slides to Brazil or Czecho-Slovakia for a Christmas present (they might find use for it) and look over the possibility of sluicing our ships across the grain fields of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta in the King's Dominion of Canada (anywhere but the United States) and leave 'em there—till we regain the use of our brains.

Why am I writing with such touching regard for pessimism?

Ah, editor, the blunders of our great men simply "breaks me all up."

They'll crack my heart yet!

But there is a consoling feature about us "canalers," I'll recite it, editor, for your benefit—to prevent you getting unduly discouraged and committing mayhem—ahem: Kindly fate dissuaded us in building the Panama canal down in Brazil—that's a feather in our hat!

If we'd sunk our canal in Roosevelt's Lost River our ears never would've cooled down.

Anyhow, I'm exceedingly sorry that the muchly touted "Panama" is now a has been. I mourn the myriads of mosquitoes that gave up their lives (on the altar of yellow fever) so that Panama might be a fit place for a democrat to live in. And, finally, my heartfelt sympathy goes out to Gen. George Washington Goethals, the great digger, who only recently curled-up and died as a result of hearing that Uncle Samuel had switched his affections to the Nicaragua canal site—Rest in peace! His sickness dated from the time the first doughboy kicked the bucket. Canalitis was the disease.

I think he died fully conscious that he pulled a bone in "laying down" the Panama and was reconciled to death—especially so since he must have entertained apprehension for the safety of the continent; what, with Sam toying with a shovel?

P. S.—Why don't they consult with the workers?

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Mr. Hotelling, Michigan, gets religion, goes out and murders a child, becomes a deacon. Murders another child, gets sanctified and is promoted to high office of elder. Feels the urge again, and cuts up a little girl. Hm—Given a little more time he would have made a saint of himself and started chopping up the heavier citizens. But no, Michigan sends him to Marquette for life. "Ferocious judge weeps because he can't hang him."

New York papers, too, moan because the man gets "life" only. Now let me suggest the judge and N. Y. papers be sent to Marquette for life—so that they may form a true opinion as to the relative merits of hanging and being hung-up in Marquette for life—and, I further suggest, that Michigan present each prisoner with six feet of good $\frac{3}{4}$ -in. rope, to be hung up in the cell—merely as an ornament.

You'd be surprised!

After a while the population of Marquette would consist of New York papers and guards. A gas line would be in order.