

# SILENCE IS GOLDEN

By T-BONE SLIM

Paper says "British are anxious to see Al Smith."

Can't be very anxious or they'd come over and have a look.

(Possibly they want Al to pay the freight?)

Let me think . . .

Ha, I have it! The paper is making a courageous, outrageous guess; or exercising its power of prevarication.

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Another paper bursts forth, thusly: "Now plowing forward at a fast pace the Utah (Hoover's yacht) today was about 1,200 miles due west of Key West, Fla., and about 1,500 miles south of Hampton Roads, Va."

First time in the history of U. S. a battleship has succeeded in being in two places at the same time.

We're coming along!

I wonder how the Utah finds the highways in Mexico?

Assuredly the paper is not lying, and the government should be more cautious about sending heavy ships into such hilly countries.

Now, if it was a submarine . . .?

Oh hell—maybe the paper is only guessing and thinks Mexico is due north of Ireland and south-by-east of Mesopotamia.

(Now John, if you ever feel like telling one—don't do it, you'll only be caught; and you'll disgrace us truthful story tellers.)

Note: If I were a judge, one of those broken down solicitors, dumb, but honest, I would hail those newspapers into court to show cause why a man, though a half-wit, should pay three cents to read a lot of guesswork, advertisements and prophecies of a bunch of blithering scientists—came near saying idiots—beg your pardon!

Papers fail to state that Hoover's good will tour went down both coasts, simultaneously—and met at Rio Janeiro; making it unnecessary for the Pacific Tour to touch in Central America, Mexico or Cuba . . . East. Papers are silent also as to whether Col. Lindbergh's good will tour was for the purpose of breaking the ice for this latest good will excursion—they cling tenaciously to the theory that Lindbergh was promoting aviation . . . and defeathering the eagle. Now, seeing as we are paying 3 cents a copy for those disgraceful sheets it is no more than right that they be compelled to print a complete assortment of lies in regards this smoldering question.

Bigger and better lies!

Love me with thine lies—so's to say . . .

Now, John! Shame on you!

I'm not jealous of 'em—I could lie all around 'em—because there's nothing the matter with my head—and these few painful words are not the outpourings of a jealous soul—let 'em practice.

Give 'em time—15 years to life.

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P. S.

The greatest lie a soul can wield,  
Is sparkling truth—when it's withheld.

Suppressing the news—an artifice  
olden,

Is pregnant with cues, and

Silence is golden.

\* \* \*

I'm forever telling myself to shut up!