

HUMOR

SPEAK!

Ther's many a tender sentiments
That Lovers would conceal,
What violets or hoss-mints
Bloom may perfectly reveal.
In presence of yer best girl
It's hard ta state yer case—
But the red rose says, "I love ya,"
Any time or any place!

The message sorta gets her,
She knows it aint no joke;
It's just the thing she wants ta hear,
Tho' not a word is spoke.
I might go on discoursin'
On this pleasant theme for hours,
Fer there aint no sweeter way
Than sayin' it with flowers!

O' course there's other methods
Of conveyin' our desires,
And the fertile brain will measure
Up ta what the case requires.
Fer instance, durin' winter,
When there aint no flowers in bloom,
I've saw a wink convey a thought
Across a crowded room.

It may be a note of warnin'
Or a signal born o' thirst,
Or a wish to see ya privately
And let ya know the worst.
There's nothin' beats the radio
If ya wanta be in style,
But the bestest way o' talkin'
Is ta say it with a smile!