

THE CON'S CONFESSION

The farmers banked on silver pure,
Then the world got wise to the Keeley Cure;
An ill wind arose, was the next we heard,
And blew down the nest of another Bird.

We stayed down there and blew our wads,
And met with more financial gods,
Until things came around to par;
Then took a chance, and here we are.

You've a land up north that can't be matched,
And the best of all, it's hardly scratched.
There are diamonds there (which is talking
some),
Including hints of radium.

We are always on for all big schemes,
And often make success of dreams.
We have con-nections around the world;
Each page of our cable code is curled.

'Twas ever thus—that same old ruse—
Heads I win and tailings you lose.
It's true the world wouldn't go at all
If it wasn't for mining folderol.