

Little Songs of Safety. First.

Lies slumbering here

One William Lake;

He heard the bell

But had no brake.

—Detroit News

At fifty miles

Drove Ollie Pidd,

He thought he wouldn't

Skid, but did.

—Rome (N. Y.) Times

At ninety miles

Drove Edward Shawn;

The motor stopt,

But Ed kept on.

Little Falls, (N. Y.) Times

Under the sod

Lies Deacon Hale;

He winked and drank

Some "ginger ale."

—Utica, (N. Y.) Press.

Here he sleeps,

One Johnny Founker;

He rounded a turn

Without a honker

Johnson City Record

This monument's

For Jackson Druck;

His Lizzie was lighter

Than the truck.

—Scrantonian

Down the creek.

Sleeps Jerry Bass;

The bridge was narrow,

He tried to pass.

—Wilkes-Barre Times-Leader

Neath granite slab

Rests Peter True,

He speeded a Ford and

Drank "Home Brew."

—Me-ow

Bill Boob and his girl

Would still be alive

If he hadn't tried

To spoon and drive!

—C. E. Gross

Underneath this sod

Reposeth Bill Bonner;

He gave her the gas

And then stepped on 'er!

—C. E. Gross

Jones put her in high

Where the road made a bend;

She made a quick jump—

And that was the end.

—C. E. Gross