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 stoppt,
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.”
—Meow

Bill Boob and his girl
Would still be alive
If he hadn’t tried
To spoon and drive.
—C. E. Gross

Underneath this sod
Reposes 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