

THE AUT(NOT)TOMOBILE.

BY

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There's a serious thing in our country today
That's a libel on justice and worth,
For in the highways where we all have some rights,
You would think that it owned all the earth.

As soon as it's out of the cities' controll
It is recklessly whizzing through space,
Caring not for the safety of woman or child,
Throwing dirt on your clothes and your face;

Caring not for the beauty of landscape or glen
Or of sociable comment thereon,
But only to make of the zephyr a storm
In its mad rush to get there and gone.

Like a demon let loose from the regions below
You can dodge it perhaps if you may,
But if you're upset and your heads taken off
They are gone and there's nothing to pay.

Some think it fine sport while thus tearing along
To shoot at the dog or the chickens,
With their number concealed by a big cloud of ^{dust} dirt,
They think they can act like the dickens.

A civilian once said that a few good buck-shot
Through the bottom of one whirling wheel,
Might make a hog stop in his frantic career
And lower his bristles and squeal.

But that is not all, now they want you to build
An expensive macademized track,
So's to push you so far with your horse and your debt
That you never will live to get back.

How gladly I'd find some good points to inspire
But my thoughts on such drivings congele,
No one with an impulse of beauty or right
Could endure the aut(not)tomobile.