

ON PLYING THE BRAKES.

The dusty wheels of progress do
Not move at all exceedin' fast:
Dame Nature finds it safe t'aus,
Judging from evidence long past.

In circles of small magnitude
We turn, decreed by circumstance,
And when a lever's near at hand
We deem the opportunity a chance
To ply the brakes most vigorously,
If only for a little fun—
To hear the wheels give forth a squeak
Before the last lap home is run.

If *en route* your old "flivver" stops
Because you did not jam the brakes,
Get underneath the hood and see
What sudden turn the trouble takes.
Perhaps your grimy knuckles hit
A rusty nut as dry as punk.
If so becalmed apply your vise
And pinch the stubborn piece of junk.

When the parochial cogwheels
Are moving swiftly, round and round,
And your parishioners like bees
Are "buzzily" bizzing without sound,
When the Archdeaconry speeds up
To start a mission in your realm,
Or Board of Education tells
You how to port your weather helm,
The impulse comes upon you then,
Unsullied by this strange romance,
To ply the "brikes" and view results
With very saintly countenance.