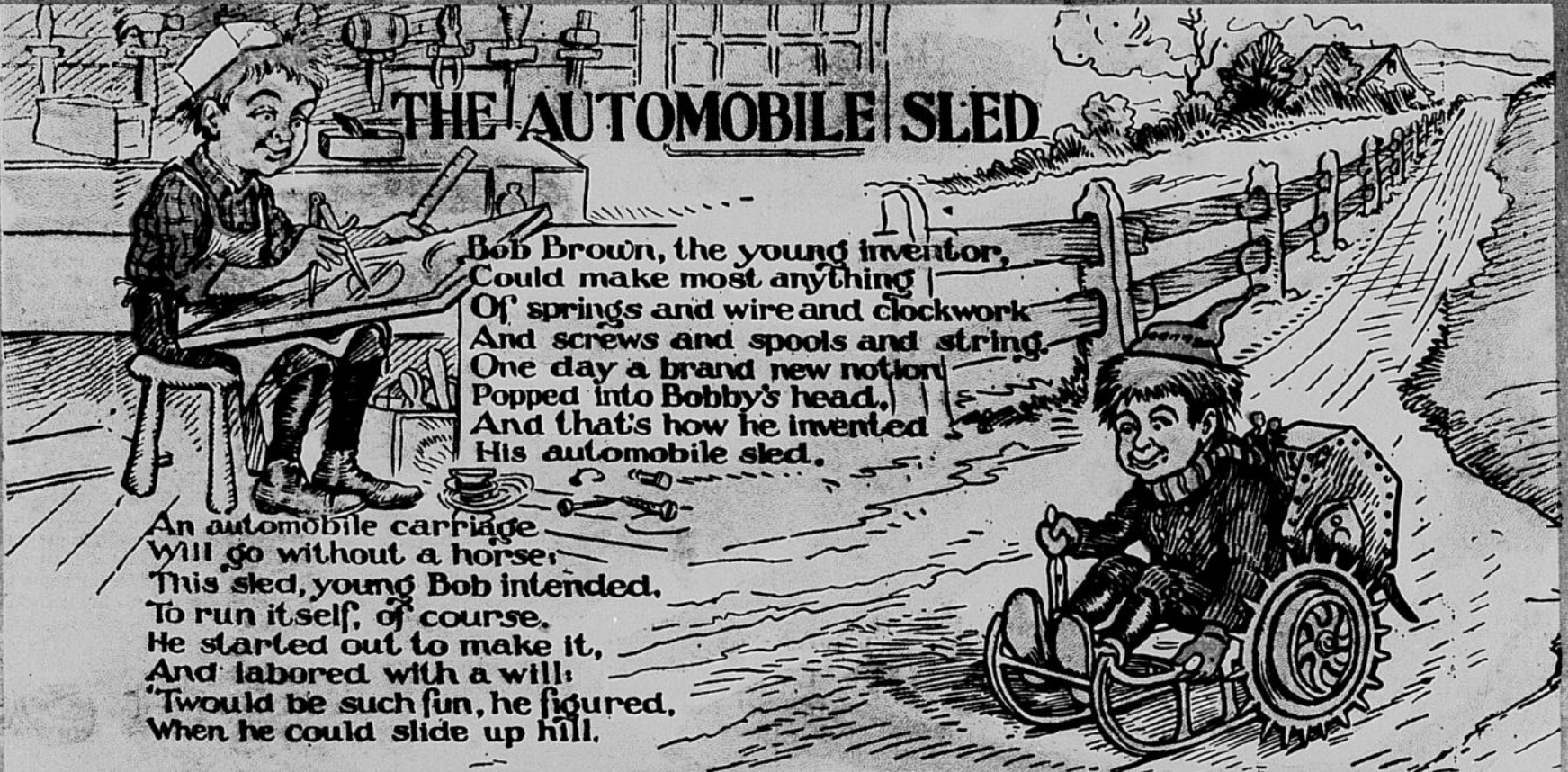


THE AUTOMOBILE SLED



Bob Brown, the young inventor,
Could make most anything
Of springs and wire and clockwork
And screws and spools and string.
One day a brand new notion
Popped into Bobby's head,
And that's how he invented
His automobile sled.

An automobile carriage
Will go without a horse,
This sled, young Bob intended,
To run itself, of course.
He started out to make it,
And labored with a will;
'Twould be such fun, he figured,
When he could slide up hill.



At last the thing was finished
And Bob, with greatest glee,
Put on his cap and mittens
And hurried out to see
How automobile coasting
Would seem, just for a change.
He started up the clockwork
And then came something strange.

For Bob had not suspected
Just how the sled would work,
But soon he knew about it—
It started with a jerk,
Slid up a hill like winking,
Clear to the very top;
Then Bobby tried to stop it,
But found he couldn't stop.

The wheels kept buzzing loudly,
As quickly on he flew,
Straight out across the country
Through scenes all strange and new
Past forests dark and gloomy,
Through many a startled town,
As fast as any rocket
Dashed frightened Bobby Brown.



Night came, but still that "auto"
Went racing on like mad;
Day dawned again, but no one
Could rescue that poor lad.
On, on he sped like lightning
Down dale and over hill,
And if he hasn't stopped it
That sled is going still.