

B. H. Stoddard went to Wimbledon yesterday afternoon in his automobile and his experiences with the machine while in that town are very aptly described in the following:

In the shade of the automobile,
Where the oil down his neck he
could feel,

And his hands they were black,
as the carburetor he'd attack
With a fresh show of courage
and zeal.

You can imagine just how he did
feel,

As beneath the machine he would
kneel,

With his hands cold as death he
would say 'neath his breath,

Oh how I do love an automobile.
He came home on the train in the
evening.