

## KING GASOLINE

When roses trim the garden fence  
And woods and fields are green,  
The world allegiance swears anew  
To gay King Gasoline.

The radiator is his throne,  
The horn his merry voice;  
His crown a rubber tire begemmed  
With auto lamps of course.

He is a gypsy monarch, too,  
A car is his abode,  
His subjects are a restless lot  
And always on the road.

All avenues lead out of town,  
Go get the old machine,  
And let us join the retinue  
Of good King Gasoline.

MINNA IRVING in *Leslie's Weekly*.