

Suppose, Mr. Speeder!

Supposing your child should leave its own yard
For a romp or in search of a ball;
If its mother were busy and had not the time
To step out and give it a call;
Supposing some speeder should race down your street,
As if he were taking a dare—
And crush the life out of your little girl,
Mr Speeder, do you think you would care?

Supposing your mother were crossing the street—
Your mother now feeble and old,
And some reckless driver should knock her aside,
Leaving her lifeless and cold.
Could you find an excuse for this careless act?
Would you really think it was fair?
Now putting yourself in this fellow's place—
Mr Speeder, do you think you would care?

Supposing a loved one you hold very dear
Were a victim of some speeder's game;
And lay in bed just day after day
All crippled and helpless and lame;
Supposing he never could walk any more,
No longer your pleasures could share;
Just lay there and suffered day in and day out—
Mr Speeder, do you think you would care?

How little you care for the other man's pain
In your reckless pleasure and greed;
How little you care what it costs someone else,
As you travel at dare-devil speed;
But just let it strike in your family some day
For you and your loved ones to share—
Then you'll slacken your speed and you'll take time to think,
And then, Mr. Speeder, you'll care.

—Boston Post.