

## HAVE YOU A SAND PILE

I observed a locomotive in the railroad yard one day;  
I was waiting at the round house, where the locomotives stay;  
It was panting for the journey, it was coaled and fully manned,  
And it had a box the fireman was filling full of sand.

It appears that locomotives cannot always get a grip on their  
Slender iron pavements, 'cause the wheels are apt to slip;  
So when they reach a slippery spot their tactics they  
command,  
And to get a grip upon the rail they sprinkle it with sand.

It's about this way with travel along life's slippery track—  
If your load is rather heavy, and you're always sliding back;  
If a common locomotive you completely understand,  
You'll supply yourself in starting with a good supply of sand.

If your track is steep and hilly, and you have a heavy grade,  
And if those who've gone before you have the rails quite  
slippery made,

If you'd ever reach the summit of the upper tableland,  
You'll find you'll have to do it with a liberal use of sand.

If you strike some frigid weather and discover to your cost  
That you're liable to slip upon a heavy coat of frost,  
Then some prompt, decided action will be called into demand—  
And you'll slip 'way to the bottom if you haven't any sand.

You can get to any station that is on life's schedule seen,  
If there's fire beneath the boiler of ambition's strong machine;  
And you'll reach a place called Flushtown at a rate of speed  
That's grand,

If for all the slippery places you've a good supply of sand.

—Ex.