

GILBERT HENRY.

Gilbert Henry was a plumber, and oh how he could plumb.
 He worked three weeks this season, and hence saved quite a sum.
 His high-brow daughter Milli, and his sporty son Ab,
 Said Dad you'd better loosen up, its time a car we've had.
 You can never lead society, if behind on feet you lag.
 So Dad who wished to be a leader in true 400 style,
 Bought a compound Maxwell, guaranteed steen thousand miles.
 It had shock absorbing spark plugs, and a compensating reactor,
 Giving 90 miles to the gallon, which was quite some power-factor.
 The meter was equipped with a shunt and series winding,
 In order to impede the ohms when bent on hill climbing.
 The valves were of the latest type, the Fleming rectifier,
 They worked in one direction only. Brother! you should hear the back-fire.
 The pistons were laminated and, of course, that helped to coulomb.
 You could run all day on second, honest I aint foolin.
 The cylinders had synchronizers to keep them all in step.
 And an audien bulb in the carbureter added considerable pep.
 The ignition had hysteresis, eddy-currents and flux,
 Turning the engine over sounded like a flock of ducks.
 The rear axle had a drop of 40 millivolts, you could run over a hair-pin and
 never get a jolt.
 The wheel-base was shorted by the low resistance of the springs,
 But that didn't phase the honker, which was equipped with collector-rings.
 The transmission was selective, with a double Peltier effect,
 Regenerating an e. m. f. to keep the car in check.
 There were alternating headlights, with two-stage amplifiers,
 Giving 40 candle-power or perhaps a little higher.
 And a grounded wind-shield to damp out all the draughts,
 Gilbert Henry had some boat, it was built to stand the gaff.

