



REPRESENTATIVE A. E. IRVING of Presque Isle.

IN Aroostook they're repeating once again the ancient fight,
 Where the vast protean forces are subdued by human might;
 Where only brain and brawn are counted in the measure of one's worth,
 And, Antaeus-like, new vigor comes from contact with the Earth.
 They have harnessed up the torrent; where were woods, the tuber grows;
 Wilderness has changed to homestead; deserts blossom like the rose.
 Better go and join the forces if you think you surely can
 Measure up to the requirements of a first class fighting man.
 You will find among the leaders one who has a happy lot;
 He is known to all in Presque Isle as the member on the spot.
 Representative's his title; much is crammed into that name;
 Doesn't matter much what's wanted, ever is the cry the same—
 "Irving is the man to fix it, if the thing won't go just right."
 He his tabernacle pitches in the thickest of the fight.
 Behold in him the people's champion, faithful in the hour of need,
 Wrestling back their rights endangered from the grasp of Corporate Greed.

Striving to adjust Taxation with a lighter, juster hand,
 That now rests, a galling burden, on the tillers of the land.
 He finds time for travel also, and for social duties too;
 In the Grange you'll find him working as a brother, tried and true.
 We just cite this good example, setting forth the general plan
 That to win out in Aroostook, you must be an "A 1" man.