



MR. HERBERT L. GRINNELL OF BATH

IF life were run on the College plan! Why! we'd have to elect a Popular Man.

The Poet, of course, would fall by lot; with unlimited license for writing his R-O-T.

The Orator! Pooh! A perfunctory choice! Curling hair and a beautiful voice! But the Popular Man! No fooling there! Neither a matter of voice nor hair; But the chap with a grip, on the hearts of men, is the chap they choose, again and again.

He is modest and gentle and hearty and true and always willing, his part to do;

He accepts the task and fits the place and faces the world with a smiling face. But what of this—you ask me well—in a matter of verse, for Mr. Grinnell?

Will you look at the picture and ask me then, if he doesn't rank with the Popular Men!

And what do you say, to a democrat who always wins in spite of that In staid old Bath where, since the year of one, the democrat has "simply run?"

He's filled all of the chairs in Masonic gift; he's made his way by force of thrift; I know him well; he has never pressed; the honors have come; he has done his best—

And I reckon, friends, I'm right in my plan to give him a place as a Popular Man.