



LEWIS A. GOUDY OF PORTLAND.

WHAT! You don't know Goudy—Lewis A! That storm cloud in the western sky;

That goad upon the ox's flanks; that small pestiferous, pesky fly;
That keen, incisive restless man; that worker for the people's cause;
That butter-in, that troublous man; upsetter of the settled laws;
That fiery prophet of the times; that uncompromising foe to graft;
That "person" whose opponents swear is simply agitation-daft?

Such estimates you freely hear in mixed opinions of the man;—
Which only go to show that he's not built upon the common plan.
My notion is, that, when a cause appeals to him, as just and right,
No power on earth can Goudy keep from boldly joining in the fight;
And when he's in it, to the neck, and walloping the other chap,
They'd like to tackle Lewis A. and simply wipe him off the map.

He's had a bout or two you know with corporations and with rings,
He's mixed it up a bit at times with water-works and other things,
He's entered protests for the "folks," when deals monopolistic were
In hazard of the people's rights and every time, as I infer,
The critics of his course would pass the merry ha-ha and revile.
But in the end, the ha-ha's changed and Goudy wears the smile.

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When such a man in such a time pipes such a helpful tune
It strikes me that he fits a place in men of our cartoon.