



HON. W. C. ATKINS, MAYOR OF GARDINER.

MR. Mayor! Please permit me! The weather's very hot,
 Will you kindly pass an order to cool it off a lot!
 Have you noticed, Mr. Mayor, that the crops are very late?
 Will you have your common council get to work and legislate!
 For the mayor is the party, who is bound to make the laws;
 If the people are in trouble and the mayor knows the cause,
 Why! He's got to get him busy and to soothe their aching pain
 Or he'll wish he hadn't ever been a mayor, up in Maine.

Mayor Atkins is a mayor on a very different plan—
 Unanimously was he chosen, by the people, to a man—
 And I fancy, in his city, there can be no aching pain;
 For I esteem it quite the fairest and the happiest in Maine.
 Quite a record for a youngster, are the laurels he has won,
 Seven years the city's counsel—at the bar, since twenty-one,
 In the councils of the city, with a purpose strong and true,
 In the social life, a factor; and, in business progress, too,
 He's a man of public instinct, with capacity to learn,
 And an honor to his city, that has honored him, in turn.