



J. W. BRACKETT of Phillips, Maine Fish Commissioner.

HE comes from up in Franklin, where they grow this kind of men—
 Say "Jim!"—just plain and easy: you won't have to call again;
 For he isn't very fussy; he's just plain and every day—
 Didn't grow to quills or bristles; for he wasn't born that way.
 Beneath his jurisdiction, the "Maine Woods" has had its birth,
 Devoted in each issue to the fairest land on earth,
 The lakes and hills and rivers, in the breadth of her domain
 His, the pen to tell the story of the summerland of Maine.
 With full affiliations, he has walked a long way "east,"
 And the "rough road" that he's traveled, hasn't sored him in the least.
 You may hike with him thru woodlands where they lure the gamey trout,
 And you'll find the Fish Commissioner knows just what he's about.
 It's a very finical office or, at least, so I should think
 To keep directories of fishes that are swimming in our drink;
 But if Brackett had to do it, there is one thing, safe and sure,
 He would have the record perfect and he'd keep the record pure.