



MR. CHARLES H. NUDD OF AUBURN.

WISH—for this is my wishing day—that I could get caught in the rain
 When Nudd goes thru, in his big choo-choo, a'doing good to Maine—
 It's a kind of rain, I beg to explain, peculiar to Charlie Nudd;
 For it cures your ills far better than pills and never turns to mud.
 You may note the air, so debonnair, with which he puts out the stuff;
 You needn't be told that it's solid gold—a look at friend Nudd is enough;
 But take my word for the truths I've heard—a square deal, as sure as you
 live—

That he has a quid pro quo, for every blow, that old Tough Luck can give;
 And when flat on your back, with a bitter crack and with the old wolf, at the
 door,

You'll bless the day you heard Nudd say "My boy, you better insure."

I'll bet—for this is my betting day—that if you had a broken limb,
 You'd never regret—and this is my bet—a-snuggling up to him;
 For he's one of the kind who doesn't mind a dollar, more or less—
 Since he'll give or lend, for the sake of a friend or to succor a man in distress.
 He's often seen, behind gasolene, a stretching the laws of speed;
 But he has to go—he was built just so; which is another name for "succeed."
 He has seen the strife of a strenuous life, and he's been pushed and elbowed,
 too;

But he has a knack of coming back and getting his honest due;
 And it gives him a heart for the People's part, a regard for the honest poor,
 Who can bless the day they heard Nudd say "My friend you better insure."