

# NICKEL-PLATE HOUSE.

NEW AND FIRST-CLASS

F. M. PORTER, Proprietor.

Introductory Remarks)

ELKHORN, WIS., Feb'y 5<sup>th</sup> 1894.

Hawks Nursery Co, and  
Brother Salesmen.

Gentlemen,

I am dull at times  
and bright ideas do not always  
come to the front. However I feel  
happy in the assurance that  
there are some kernels of  
wheat sifted out of the Chaff.

I must say that I always have  
a Curiosity to know how my  
brother Salesmen advance,  
how many days they labor and  
how they rest at night. I had  
hoped that a pleasant exchange  
of views would be established.

"A little humor now and then  
is relished by the best of men."

I send in a few impromptu verses,  
You can print in Stanzas or in  
Double Lines. Arrange them so they  
bring no curses, I'll be content to call them mine.



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Monday Morning Message.

ELKHORN, WIS., Feb 5<sup>th</sup> 1894.

Worthy vice Pres. Ferguson,  
and fellow Salesmen,

Monday dawns so bright and fair,  
And days much longer growing here,  
I feel like one who is elated  
O'er great Success-anticipated.  
I therefore set my pen a humming  
Lord knows! I doubt, what is forthcoming.

Fellow Salesmen "On the road"-  
Who talk up trees among the farmers,  
Who, Virtues of their Stock "blow"  
Among the "Men-or-tother" Chammers.

We go abroad and dispel trouble  
From many homes full of despair,  
We cheer and make their <sup>Joy's</sup> redouble  
And make a welcome everywhere.

All know that Congress daily tinkers  
With a "Wilson bill" or other affairs  
And Politicians are ~~not~~ headed Sinkers  
On the ~~"Line of Labor" and on farmers' wares~~  
"Line of Labor" and on farmers' wares.



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The farmers grow morose and wary  
When sheep are valued for their hides,  
They feel the need of a "Missionary"  
Amid the ill's Free-trade provides.

"World's Fair Expense" is a household theme  
Which clouds the farm and every path,  
It forms the basis for a dreadful dream  
And sometimes for a daylight's wrath.

We meet these "Tillers of the Soil"  
In homespun suit or Sunday raiment,  
Demand no cash - and for a foil  
Count up the months of deferred payment.

How blissful 'tis when out in "pasture"  
Among the Cows, or in the wood  
To take an order from an "Astor"  
And place it where it does much good.

Our stock bears fruit and happiness  
- Those Russian trees and roses rare;  
Our grapevines always bloom and bless  
The farmer and his household fair



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(Pay on Delivery)  
We sell our stock on time; ~~and~~ Cash  
At selling time, is not requested—  
This "lightening" through your tongue should flow  
—How many months they're unmolested.

With my Hawks nursery, ~~Pittsburgh~~  
And my legs all oiled for walking,  
I never take a backward look  
But watch my turn for talking.

I know that benefits we confer  
Make us public benefactors;  
We ride our horse with whip and spur  
We drive our Chariot like "Ben Hur"  
And "Get there Eli," with a "whirr!"  
Then draw our pay like Actors.

Orders and wealth from these Conditions  
Rise.

"Act well your part, there  
all the honge lies."

Place this to private or to public use,  
But do protect me from the boys abuse.  
Yours—The Hawk-eyed Salesman  
Abram & Vanderpool