



## MR. HIRAM W. RICKER OF POLAND SPRING.

IF H. W. mans the broad-mouthed gun, it's so's to scatter shot;  
 For over there at Poland, they spread a man a lot;  
 He has to fool the Unions, in a most persistent way,  
 By working to the limit, eighteen hours to the day.  
 So the open-featured article that Hiram holds to view  
 Is a symbol, as I take it, that he has a lot to do.

There's the Water, that he bottles—why! if the very littlest germ  
 To, within forty miles of Poland, should industriously squirm,  
 H. W. calls his henchmen: puts the horrid thing to rout—  
 His to scout him and to flout him and to sterilize him out—  
 So, with business in the detail and business in the rough,  
 H. W. takes the burden and he never cries "enough."

But, not alone at Poland, has friend Ricker been of use  
 —Tho I don't believe the artist, that he ever killed a moose—  
 "State School for Boys," for instance,—he has served, it day by day,  
 With a zeal and honest service that no wage could ever pay;  
 While, on the hills of beauteous Hebron, Maine's Sanatorium thrives  
 Where he's given years of service to the saving of our lives.

I know he'll read the riot-act for what I've written now  
 But I'll go him one thing further, if I have to stand a row;  
 And I'll say that, for pure kindness, and the art of doing things,  
 He ranks with all the Rickers who entertain like kings,  
 And with all the other virtues, which the verse succinctly tells,  
 He has the family-art consummate—the running of hotels.