The Man Whose Watchword's Wait.

- Great deeds,'' said Uncle Hiram, "I've observed, 'tween me an' you,
- For every man that does'em there are ten agoin' to do;
- There's lots o' men can sit aroun' an' entertain a crowd
 - With how they're goin' t' plant a field they've likely never plowed;
- MI Jones was such a feller, an' I used t' hear him tell
- Machinery could do the work—a man need never sweat,—
- But I find that William has n't set the world afire yet.
- "When Simpson's boy from college came, the family prophesied,
- Within a year or two, the world would view him open-eyed,
- and marvel at the wonders of improvement he'd
- Inscientific methods if he had but half a chance.
 He stayed around the town awhile an' worked
- quite hard, I jinks, it poundin' little rubber balls o'er what he called 'the links.'
- We've scientific problems still that makes professors fret,
- But I note young Simpson has n't set the world afire yet!
- "An' so," said Uncle Hiram, "future action does not count
- Toward betterin' of our present state to any 'great amount;
- A million 'goin'-t'-do-its' would n't balance one 'has-done,'
- hn' a pound of 'right-this-minute' 's worth 'to-morrow's,' half-a-ton.
- I've noticed in my lifetime scores of fellers, sad to state,
- Who'd have prospered if they had n't for their watchword taken 'Wait;'
- Fellers sure to do great wonders ere the next day's sun had set,—
- But I've noticed none of them has set the world afire yet!"

-Roy Farrell Greene.



