

the time, but the schools can't do it all. Every youth who intends to go into manufacturing pursuits should, while yet young, take a year or more in some factory or machine shop, or both, to get some elbow touch with work people and with that practical side of life that is so necessary to an easy start in life and to a successful manufacturer."

This is a timely and sensible

lesson. It should be taken to heart by legislators, parents and by the coming young man himself. The future is more full of opportunity than the past, provided we prepare ourselves for it. The day of the raw workman has gone by, and the man with skill has taken his place. Unless we get abreast in the race, the result will be our own fault.



HELLO, DEWEY!

Hello, Dewey!—Have a seat!
How're the boys? An' how's th' fleet?
Little weary?—Never mind!
You can rest when you're inclined;
Rest on laurels, if you please,
On a hero's couch of ease;
Not, however, till we've had
Chance to show you that we're glad;
Glad you're not now with the dead—
Glad you had a level head;
Glad you laid the Spaniard low—
Glad you proved a noble foe;
Glad you kept your record clean—
Glad we made you a marine;
Glad you bravely fought and won—
Glad for everything you've done.

Glad? By gad we're glad, my lad,
That George Dewey had a dad;
Glad he had a mother, who,
Loyal to Red, White and Blue—
Years ago, when he was young—
Taught him how to—rung by rung—
Mount Fame's ladder—never stop
Till, by grit, he'd gained the top;
Taught him when he won the fight,
How to stay there on the height.
Glad to see you, George, but—say
Don't get spoiled on Dewey Day!
Don't get "rattled at the noise
Made by millions of my boys,
Most of whom would "lead the dance,"
If, like you, they had the chance.

Words like these all men admire.—
"Gridley, when you're ready, fire!"
Keep that up!--Keep cool, my lad!
We'll raise Cain because we're glad;
You just "watch our smoke," my boy;
Note our overwhelming joy;
Don't get dizzy!—Calm content
Sometimes makes a president.
Hear that shouting, prolonged—loud!
George, the whole darned nation's proud;
Proud of what you did that day
In Manila's beastly bay;
Proud of you,—proud of a fleet
That knows no fear,—knows no defeat.
Of whom the wide world stands in awe,
God bless you, George! Hip, Hip, Harrah!!!