

Are you still watching the majestic flow of the river; the one big union of waters. The river is fat—plenty there. And do you know there are individualists that think they are the spring that makes it go and you can't convince them they are merely an ooze from the rocks soon lost in the parched sands were it not for the millions of rivulets. Personalities are nothing; union is all.

Whether you come from far or near your mite accentuates the flow of the mighty river.

Lots of people are of the opinion one big union of workers is a chimerical objective and dread its unwieldiness in the speculative. Nothing to it. Big machines are possible; are in existence today. Engineers have provided for every requirement, joints, connections, reciprocating elbows, eccentric gadgets, self-oilers and thing-um-bobs—and there is no limit.

Little does the raindrop in the mountain's dream that one day it will be carried to the sea on the shoulders of its fellows.