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# Epigraph

## THE THINKER

Back of the beating hammer  
By which the steel is wrought,  
Back of the workshop's clamor  
The seeker may find the Thought—  
The Thought that is ever master  
Of iron and steam and steel,  
That rises above disaster  
And tramples it under heel!  
The drudge may fret and tinker  
Or labor with lusty blows,  
But back of him stands the Thinker,  
The clear-eyed man who knows;  
For into each plow or saber,  
Each piece and part and whole,  
Must go the Brains of Labor,  
Which gives the work a soul!  
Back of the motors humming,  
Back of the belts that sing,  
Back of the hammers drumming,  
Back of the cranes that swing,  
There is the eye which scans them  
Watching through stress and strain,  
There is the Mind which plans them—  
Back of the brawn, the Brain!  
Might of the roaring boiler,  
Force of the engine's thrust,  
Strength of the sweating toiler—  
Greatly in these we trust.  
But back of them stands the Schemer,  
The thinker who drives things through;  
Back of the Job—the Dreamer  
Who's making the dreams come true!

**Berton Braley**