

Only minutes in bandage, all speed and wrapped in cloth.

A man smiling in the midst of his misfortunes is either witless or a ... philosopher. A broken leg is nothing to smile about. An empty pocketbook is no giggling affair. A cell in a prison is nothing to get comical about. An ingrowing stomach is hardly a suitable subject for laughter. A suit of B. V. D.s in February is nothing to grin over. Carrying the "banner" these cold nights is no occasion for great and prolonged mirth.

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Last year 40,000 Italians came to this country—53,000 went back. Fifteen thousand Americans, in the same period, had the temerity to commit suicide and dodge all prosperity, incidentally a pile of work.

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All our lives we have worked for "living wages, and no more." Now we can start to earn dying wages.

—T-bone Slim, Industrial Worker.
