

I'm not bowling you out, or you, or you, or you—how does it come I know so much about it?

Simple as falling off a log—I, too, have been deviated to duty.

My point is, preservation of the workingclass does not begin after you are in a grave; it begins here and now, while you are alive, young, strong and full of pep and vinegar...

The younger generation is making almost superhuman efforts, same as did we of the ~~the~~ soundough persuasion, of the past, to set up housekeeping under the identical economy that promises so much and blesses so little, proving in the end a dismal and stupendous failure with but few exceptions and fewer expectations.

How little we knew and then know that they and we were lied at the post before the start; that the race was a long one and that the first and last miles were slowest. We never know what will happen next—but we can expect the worst.

From time immemorial it has happened however that when they put a uniform on us we began to swell so much that we busted out in the seams and we had to step out and procure uniforms size one or two larger, or extra strong strong seams—for it would never do to circumscribe the natural expansion of our irrepressible, eternal youth.

The same thing might in all reasonableness occur did the workers dress themselves in the garments of the One Big Union; the fabric of freedom, and emancipation from all slavery other than self-imposed as a whole...

Some unions have already secured a form of industrial democracy in the sense that their isolated power and solidarity makes for a condition wherein their desires meet with favorable consideration in all minor requirements.

The employer set-up is chaotic in the extreme, a condition wherein the lesser and more backward of industries serve as a stooge for the greater and more ruthless of industrial chisellers and were it not for the tolerance of the workers the marvel of it is it continues to function in a fashion.