

## A MESSAGE TO GARCIA (cont.)

work; and his long patient striving after "help" that does nothing but loaf when his back is turned. In every store, and factory, there is a constant weeding-out process going on. The employer is constantly sending away "help" that have shown their incapacity to further the interests of the business, and others are being taken on.

No matter how good times are, this sorting continues; only, if times are hard and work is scarce, the sorting is done finer—but out, and forever out, the incompetent and unworthy go. It is survival of the fittest. Self-interest prompts every employer to keep the best—those who can carry a message to Garcia.

I know one man of really brilliant parts who has not the ability to manage a business of his own, and yet who is absolutely worthless to anyone else, because he carries with him constantly the insane suspicion that his employer is oppressing, or intending to oppress, him. He cannot give orders, and will not receive them. Should a message be given him to take to Garcia, his answer would probably be—"Take it yourself!"

To-night this man walks the streets looking for work, the wind whistling through his threadbare coat. No one who knows him dare employ him, for he is a regular firebrand of discontent. He is impervious to reason, and the only thing that can impress him is the toe of a thick-soled number nine boot.

Of course, I know that one so morally deformed is no less to be pitied than a physical cripple; but in our pitying let us drop a tear, too, for the men who are striving to carry on a great enterprise, whose working hours are not limited by the whistle, and whose hair is fast turning white through the struggle to hold in line dowdy indifference, slipshod imbecility, and heartless ingratitude which, but for their enterprise, would be both hungry and homeless.

Have I put the matter too strongly? Possibly I have; but when all the world has gone a-slumming I wish to speak a word of sympathy for the man who succeeds—the man who, against great odds, has directed the efforts of others, and having succeeded, finds there's nothing in it—nothing but bare board and clothes. I have carried a dinner-pail, and worked for day's wages, and I have also been an employer of labour, and I know there is something to be said on both sides. There is no excellence, "per se," in poverty; rags are no recommendation; and all employers are not rapacious and high-handed any

more than all poor men are virtuous. My heart goes out to the man who does his work when the "boss" is away, as well as when he is at home; and the man who, when given a letter for Garcia, quietly takes the missive, without asking any idiotic questions, and with no lurking intention of chucking it into the nearest sewer, or of doing aught else but deliver it, never gets "laid off," nor has to go on strike for higher wages. Civilization is one long, anxious search for just such individuals. Anything such a man asks shall be granted. He is wanted in every city, town and village—in every office, shop, store and factory. The world cries out for such; he is needed, and needed badly—the man who can "Carry a Message to Garcia."

## KNOW OUR APPRENTICES (2)



**William George Paddocks**

Apprentice Electrical Fitter—1st Year  
Speer's Pt. born; Boolaroo and Central Schools

Having completed his probationary period, George is now indentured. He obtained his Intermediate Certificate at Central and is engaged in the Trades Course. Living in this day of electricity, he finds the work interesting and expects that opportunities for progress will be many.

## MENTIONED IN PASSING

Bus Conductor to people standing:  
"Pass farther down the bus, please."  
Small Boy (with old man): "It ain't father—it's grandfather."

Judge: "The police say that you and your wife had some words."

Defendant: "I had some, but didn't get the chance to use them."