



HOW THE MEX DID IT

The text for day's sermon is taken from the 'steerth chapter of Paddy's 'Pistel to the Mexicans and Bulgarians, and sounds as follows:

"Pity the employment sharks—don't pity yourself."—Now is the time to pity them as they never before were pitied—pity them early and late and let not thy heart harden towards them. If you have a spark of pity for these pink-fingered grafters trot it out now when they are sinking in the slough of despond (just a minute till I wipe away my tears and I will tell you the wherefore of my magnanimous sorrow).

The sharks have lost out with the *crool* railroad companies. Oi, oi, oi. (Again I am overcome). But, *I will be brave*. I will brokenly and brazenly between sobs, bring out the whole truth (as well as pieces) with all the trimmings if you will give me a chance.

For a long time the employment sharks (who also pose as commissary companies) have been maintaining the most rotten conditions in the camps for extraordinary gangs, as well as for the ordinary gangs, *and the workers in these camps stood for it*. The sharks of course, when they undertook the feeding of these men, knew very little about that art;; with the result that their experiments with pig snouts and cow's lips proved costly to the companies.

Men, full of sauerkraut and pig-snout would dash out on the track; full of life and vigor they would grab the tools—alas—only to go stale about 9 a. m.—ever have sauerkraut for breakfast? The HAVEN'T! Hm.—well then, you cannot understand why the crew leans on their shovels from 9:30 to noon. Men would stay one day, two days and the more *hardy* would stay four and a half days—while the commissaries were making themselves indispensable (as sharks). They forgot that men used to "stay" months and years, before the sharks started feeding—and the railroads knew it; because it was on the books. Here's where the tearful part comes in—The railroads, being none too bright themselves didn't know what to do in a case of this kind. But they said, "*let there be a change; it cannot be worse.*"

Thus it was that Mexicans (and Bulgarians) come to take the places of the Old Timers who had refused to make better the conditions under which they labored, intermittently.

With their "short stakes" the old timers finally aggravated the companies into activity. Not one single effort was made by the men, or company, to ameliorate the cause and frequency of "quitting"—and history will record them as Champion Quitters—it never occurred to them to organize.

But what did the Mexican do? Did he improve the conditions? No. He *removed the conditions!* He brought along his own cook and feeds himself. That's where the tears come in! The company pays the cook. (The money that formerly went to pay two man-catchers now goes to pay the cook). And the men stay six and seven weeks at a lick, (not that it is an ideal condition).

Prepare to shed your tears. The dear employment sharks, whom the old-timers courted with lasting love and Havana cigars, is no more. In a short while the old gandy will be no more. But, until then, the old timer will beg and borrow three dollars to lay at the feet of his friend; who will ship him around the block to a wrecking job, but to a railroad job NEVER.

That is what happens to all those that refuse to organize.

Moral: Never leave a rotten condition, until it is as sweet as the first kiss of boyhood. Stay by her. Organization will make or break any condition. That's how the Mexican did it and that's how we all must do it. Organize.