

# T-BONE SLIM

DISCUSSES

## MEDICAL SUBSTITUTES

Lumberjacks are not in the habit of sitting down very often and when one does so do and sits down on a log, for a few minutes, he will brag about it for months and months afterwards.

But it happened once't that one of these lumber workers sat down on his axe as he was carrying it home to re-sharpen—to grind.

Now, as it happens, the bit of an axe, even one that needs grinding, is not the softest seat in the world—so we sent for a doctor; our idea being to have the man stitched up so that he could sit down to his meals.

The doctor came and charged the man ten dollars—doubling his usual fee; on account of the patient not being a horse, and consequently being a greater strain upon his medical knowledge. We took up a collection and donated it to him, and invited him to call again.

The next day he didn't show up—not having had time to spend, the ten—nor the next, nor the third.

So we sent for him again. This time he charged fifteen dollars, having heard that we took up a collection to raise the ten. Then he suggested that we pay him 50 cents apiece per month; same as the company pays him—over 100 men, so we told him no; considering that he hadn't earned the first "ten" nor the second fifteen, and we told him, he needn't call again—lest he be tempted to raise the ante up to twenty.

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We held another consultation and it was decided: home was the best place "for the man" and so, in order, we took up another collection to send him there. Man not being able to walk, the "railroads' Christian spirit" had to be bribed with sundry bills that had reposed in a drawer leg all winter. . . .

On the way down, the man suffered so that we had to take him into the same doctor's office that had already soaked us twenty-five dollars, and we asked him if he would take a look at it—at the cut.

"Sure," he would.

He gazed long and thoughtfully (ten dollars worth) at the terrible gash and then said:

"Young man, the thing . . . where do you live?—the best thing for you to do is to go home and see a good doctor.

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Being a company doctor he was fully qualified to pass on this.

And again: . . . the doctor said: "Seven ribs broken, and an arm—he won't live twenty four hours." He didn't.

And again: His leg was broken; was being transported back to civilization in box car, a partly unloaded hay car—lucky boy, he worked for a railroad outfit. We done all we could; we asked him if he wanted another blanket . . .

And again: His leg was crushed—on sleigh-haul, this time—boss had cutter-sleigh hitched behind ten loads of logs; bundled him in sleigh (quite unconscious of the fact that the man, in his agony might roll out) boss was going to send him down without caretaker, Mr. Four-Horse skinner drives up just then: "You going to send him down alone, that way, he inquires.

"Sure, he's alright, replies the boss.

"Here's the lines," says the skinner, "make out my time. I'll see that he gets down alright." Just then the boss felt what Karl Marx would call an economic twinge and busied himself about getting escort for the injured—they're a pretty harmless bunch, these our overseers. They need a twinge every now and then to help them think of something besides profits.

And again: He dropped dead in the camp after three days illness.

And again: Corpses of lumberjacks have been kept in an ice-house till the company had leisure to haul them to town.

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"This is the work that is the lowest paying of all dangerous work. I might say that it is the most hazardous of all work outside of war (and pays about the same). That is why I say (in conclusion) from among the lumber workers the fools have been all killed off—and the rest can be organized on the platform of more wages, shorter hours, more arnica and better living conditions.

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Then again: They say it wasn't a "hay-hill"—but the "sand" had been put on the "top" on loose snow. The sleigh went around the "curve," at the bottom, like, "drunk lightning". Off went the "teamster," and four logs "over him" . . . the logs weren't worth picking up; the teamster, finally landed . . . in a hospital. Peace has its casualties no less than war.