

T-BONE SLIM

DISCUSSES

ADDITIONAL TESTIMONY

He was a little fellow, about three and a half years old, we judged; a roly-poly sort of a youngster all bundled up and quite self-conscious and proud of his red-top gum boots.

"Murphy" we heard him called by a native who warned the lad "not to get hard." He seemed to take an interest in us timber beasts altho, we could see, he hated to open conversation. So we broke the ice and the following conversation ensued:

"Are you one of those lumber-jacks we've heard about?" we asked, but the lad never made reply; staring at us with a calculating eye.

"What camp did YOU work in?" we next inquired.

"I don't work," he admitted, unblushingly.

"What! Don't you work for a living? How very unethical — how do you get your living?"

"—I don't get it," was his modest comment.

—God bless the lad for those encouraging words—talk about wisdom from children—here was the whole encyclopedia and atlas combined—his mother, no doubt, had been stuffing him with camp sausages and oleo-margarine.

La Fond looked at me and I gazed at him and we understood. Is it any wonder that that night La Fond found difficulty in manipulating his way in the progressive young metropolis, Monico Junction? —I've known less offense to have caused men to take a drink.