



## Night, Bonus and Henry

What is man working for; why does he labor? This twin question entered by "being" just as I left the supper table, just as the evening shadows were gathering—just as I was entering a period of REST-TIME, Night. What is man working for?

For a living?—and does it take him all day to make a living? Is that so? and is he the only animal that spends all his waking moments in making a living? Hm! It don't take a squirrel that long to look after his needs. He's got time to do a little visiting among the lumberjacks and at times he stands flirting his tail for hours at a time, calling the loggers all kinds of uncomplimentary names, laughing in the most rasping manner and altogether disporting himself in a way unbecoming to a Gentleman.

The less said about the above the better, and we will move on to "bonuses"; that are like the "letter that never came." *Nothing will be too good for you if you stay until spring*, says the foreman, and proceeds to emphasize his remarks with additional remarks. "I will pay you a dollar a day bonus for every day if you stay with me till spring." (He could well afford to pay this and he could well afford to pay more).

Let us study this bonus business from its brightest side, from its favorable angle: If the wages are \$60, the dollar a day bonus raises them to \$90—agreement to "stay." Now \$90 is an agreeable figure compared to \$60 and men will unlimber themselves in a surprising manner when their mouths are watering for the extra \$30—they will have resolved to let nothing come between them and the "grand prize" the boss is offering. In six months the bonus alone will buy a second hand "Ford;" an ambition of every true patriot and slave.

But as I was saying about the letters that never came, the boss doesn't lose a cent by his noble offer—towards spring he can make things so miserable that men will not wait for bonus. He could just as well offer \$10 a day bonus—that would be \$300 extra per month—for all the good it would do us. I'm but slightly exaggerating when I say *no man ever collected a bonus!—in any country.*

A bonus is offered (never given)—and is intended to deceive those that still believe skill of hand, fleetness of feet and diplomacy (S. H.) is a solution to their economic troubles.

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Wherever a piece of rock sticks out of the ground in a rough way, men call that place Iron Mountain, Michigan—a fact we cannot dodge. It is here. The town boasts of four important personages, and three industries. The industries I will not mention out of consideration for the fairer, if not gentler sex.

But the personages will come in for a line or two of advertising. Among these four persons, endearingly referred to by the natives, Henry Ford stands head and shoulders over the other three; two man-catchers, and Mollie the Mother of the district. Each of these gentlemen are mentioned about the same number of times and vie with Mollie for the honors of the town. Did I say this is a lumberjack town and that the mancatchers keep a fervent eye upon the spectacular progress of the woodsman with the purpose of catching him at a psychological moment in a frame of mind "to ship out." Talk to a citizen an hour and before he leaves you he will be sure to inquire "Are you working for Mr. Ford?"—they call him Mr.

Henry has a plant here—if anyone else owned it, it would be a sawmill, but it is a plant and it looks like one from the distance.

Great credit is due Henry's slaves in Detroit for making it possible for Henry to start logging from the top instead of working from the bottom up—as the rest of us did. You know Henry never swamped a day in his life. His lumberjacking has all been done from the top down—sort of licking the cream "right off the jump" and Detroit motor-mechanics made all this possible, (as Victor Hugo would say). Yes I believe Henry goes to bed over the "head-panel." Henry does everything so different! Here we've been taught to start from the bottom and work up—and Hen. jumps in at the top and seems to make a success of it—at least already, Ham & Eggs cost 65 cents in Iron Mountain. That seems to prove it. Fifty cent beds cost \$1.50.