



EXODUS —FROM— PARADISE

You wouldn't believe, if I told that J. W. Wells Lumber Company has a camp out of Iron River, Michigan. Mind you, I do not say they have a camp—the company itself claims to have one. . .

It is about 3 miles walk and 8 miles of highway—which you ride whether you have a car (Ford) or no.

Steam heat, electric lights, showerbaths, dirty blankets, no board to speak or eat of . . . *"Give the boys all the apples they want—that's what they're here for,"* says Mr. Wells, having heard that "an apple a day keeps the veterinary away"—and keeps a slave cheerful (though lousy) upon having used Mr. Wells' (cool) Boil-up-System—and apples.

(Isn't there a danger that Mr. Wells' conversion to APPLESAUCE may cause another exodus from paradise?)

The discouraging feature in connection with this camp (*to incomers*) is the number of "packing-sticks" strewn along the highway between camp and town. It leads one to think that the traffic is great and that the camp is no good. (Some thoughtful lumberjacks, conscious of the fact that carrying-sticks tossed into the ditch would soon plug up the brook and cause the creek to choke-up in a REGULAR river jamb, have diffidently laid their shoulder-canes right on the GRAVEL THOROUGHFARE without considering the comfort of the gas-horse).

True, the traffic is great but that proves not that Mr. Wells' layout is no good—you can take my word for that!

Opinions will differ, of course—some will read those signs and say: "The men are fleeing a plague;" some will say. "There's the sticks of the men that went to town to eat"—and, "The mere thought of food to come, so much stimulated those travelers that they threw away their suitcase-crutches;" but I say unto you, these men are guiltless (gilt-less) and went into town merely for toothpicks and to get the horse-shoer of the village of Iron River to sharpen their molars so that they can drill through Mr. Wells' excellent, petrified, sow-belly breakfast bacon.

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Speaking about words, how different are the words of Iron Mountain's substantial citizen, Mr. M. J. Fox of the Van Platen-Fox Lumber Company:

Several accidents had happened at his camps, "the red-tabernacles," at Pori, Mich., (at the time of the great hardwood rush for Hank Ford) couple were killed:

"Be careful, boys," says M. J., "don't drink moonshine—in the camp." He added as an afterthought, "These accidents make me feel like going out of business," he confessed, and although he would, no doubt, bury you if you suffered a bona-fide death—it was plain to be seen that Mr. Fox could not see any fun in a funeral—the long expected goal of a present day lumberjack logging for pastime.

There! That's what I call a real human-teuch statement. Mr. Fox ain't no scissor-bill, with his line—and, he makes speeches quite frequently to the "Jacks."

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But if I were to express my opinion of the Wells outfit, our mailing privileges would be shanghaied. I-dassent even point out that Mr. Wells' boasted steam heat—aided by stoves and dirty blankets, are not enough to keep one warm lest upon retiring he puts his feet into a makinaw jumper and wiggles his toes all night—and uses his mackinaw coat for a blanket. His shower-bath has a capacity of hot water for one; warm water for two; cool water for three; cold water for four—and ice water for the rest—still it's a shower bath, and there's no denying that! Parking space is at a premium! *"Give the boys all the apples they want!"*—canned apples!

On the other hand, Mr. Fox' motto evidently is, "Eat harder, work harder (and a little longer)—and we'll leave the wages as they are."

Ontonagon district, just now, is mildly "inspected"—nothing serious.

P. S.—The food question has been eliminated—in the camps. High-power gas and high-frequency (freak-quenchy) moonshine has the floor. The ideal that "Ham and eggs ain't good enough," has been lost. In fact, anything gots now-a-days, and jacks are patiently waiting for a tree to fall upon 'em.

P. S.—"What do they do with the men that get killed in the woods?" inquired a motor-logger from Clarion, Iowa.

Oh, they bury them at the switch—just dig a ditch and dump 'em in—a couple of gyppos make their snuff money that way," volunteers a serious-minded lumberjack very soberly.

"Yes, but sometimes they cheat on the job," avers another one; "only last night when I went out after my 'wash' I fell over the leg of one of them sticking out of the grave. . ."

"But that's against the law, ain't it?" insists the Iowa logger.

"Law? Hell, there ain't no law this side of Spreadeagle, Michigan!"