

## CHAPTER I

## THE MAD PRODUCTION MANAGER

"Rip, zip, bang! Pound your help on the back! You've got to boost your output! We've got to increase production in order to cut the cost of same. I want you fellows to bear in mind that this business is not a charitable institution!

"We are paying you fellows to deliver and it is up to you to ride the help and force it to produce. Rip, zip, bang! You fellows don't know a ripped thing about running this business, in fact, you are not supposed to know anything. I am here to do your thinking, and all you fellows need to do is to obey, and execute my orders. Now, go to your places in the factory and give her fire!"

Thus spoke Charles Killman, the mad production manager to his six understrappers and lowly hirelings sometimes called shop foremen and factory superintendents at their regular daily meetings instituted and presided over by "Red Biz" as the boys and girls in the factory had nicknamed Charles in the spring of 1919.

Red Biz had succeeded his father as factory production manager in April 1919. Henry Killman, the father, had managed the factory of the Wood Products Company for thirty-four years. When his sons returned from France, he felt proud of them and forthwith resigned his post as manager of the plant and conferred this noble and exalted honor on his eldest son Charles, while he, the father, retained the presidency of the company. The Wood Products Company was engaged in the business of manufacturing washboards.

The men were not quick to leave Red Biz's office when he commanded them to leave for their places in the factory. They were evidently chafing under the insolent whiffs blowed at them by their chief. They had something on their chests which must come off.

Ben Stahl, the long lean lanky foreman on the second floor of the big red factory, spoke up and addressed Red Biz in his slow drawling voice:

"Charlie," he began, "you are constantly accusing us fellows of laying down. You kick and holler at us for not riding the help harder. You tell us that we know nothing. Now, let me say this, you have never given us a chance to deliver. You are holding us back instead of giving us the necessary means with which to produce. You won't have the machines repaired, this item alone results in the loss of much time. Then you won't supply us with the needed help, you are constantly running us short of help. You constantly "ball up" production---"

"Shut up. I don't give a rip, zip, bang!" cried Red Biz, who would take God's name in vain every time he opened his mouth. He fairly boiled over with anger. Stahl had touched his tender spot--his egoism.

He became wild; his red face and red hair seemed to be growing redder; his bulging eyes seemed to be popping out of his head; his large bumped nose and weak chin made of him a sight seldom seen this side of Hades. In his quivering rage, he fumed and sputtered. His speech seemed to be affected; he was frothing at the mouth, it looked as if he was going worse than mad. His vocabulary of swear words saved him, however, they proved an "easy starter" to his faulty English.

"Rip, zip, bang!" he exploded. "Stahl, what in bang is the matter with you? You are always looking for some excuse, always citing some trivial matter to excuse your ripped inefficiency. I don't want to hear any more from you! Rip, zip, bang another excuse from you and I'll fire you!"

Stahl hung his head and gazed on the floor in silence. Stahl has a large family. He has six little hungry mouths to feed, and not having any other trade or profession to fall back on, he perhaps deemed it prudent to remain silent. To be sure, the unjust and wholly uncalled for tongue thrashing administered by Red Biz, had hurt his pride. "But, what of it," he reasoned, "as long as my family is properly cared for, I can and must stand it."

Red Biz loved to ride men burdened with the responsibility of raising a large family. The six men stood mute for a few minutes to permit Red Biz to cool a bit. Then, Herb Gates, Red Biz's order chaser and right hand man, pleaded:

"Well, now say, Charlie, look here, I want to say that Ben was short eight hands yesterday on the assembling floor, and you know that eight



hands can put through 500 dozen washboards on the automatic form in a day. Ben's tally sheet only shows 200 dozen washboards short of the necessary count for a full crew. Ben, to my mind, deserves credit instead of censure."

"What! What, what the rip, zip, bang are you trying to hand me, Gates?" sputtered Red Biz. "I don't care a rip, zip, if Ben had one or one hundred hands in his department, he must nevertheless, deliver the count. Rip, rip, rip, the count! It is the count I want and not your banged excuses."

"Now, see here," interrupted Bob Placard, a man about sixty-five years old who acted in the capacity of master mechanic. "You know very well that no living human can run Ben's floor and get the required count without the necessary help."

"What's that, Bob?" cut in Red Biz. "I can run that floor any day and get the full count."

"Oh, yes, certainly, certainly," retorted Bob, "you can, but then you're not human."

All present laughed at Bob's dig.

"Putting all jokes aside," wheezed old John Wasser, first floor foreman, "I've been working in this old plant for nearly fifty years. In the old days, with the old tools and machines, your father was glad to get a count of 500 dozen washboards a day. Now, by golly, you're not satisfied with 1800 dozen boards per day. What's eating this here young generation anyhow?"

Old John Wasser, who had passed his best days along the avenue of life making washboards, was a man of high integrity, honored and respected by all who knew him. In the old days he had had many a tilt with Red Biz's dad over the matter of production.

"Your father," he said, "would act crazy at times and go all to pieces, but he would occasionally reason with a man, but you, Charlie, you're too pig headed to reason with a man."

Production, production and more production, every one in the factory seemed infected with the production germ. Red Biz was production mad. It appeared that he had gotten an overdose of this irritable malady of the age.

After the six men had departed to resume their various duties, Harry Killman, younger and only brother of Red Biz, entered the office and complainingly remarked:

"Can't get the stock for the Goldsmith and Terry rush orders, seems that the orders going through the factory are hopelessly balled up."

"What, what, what's that?" sputtered Red Biz. "I've got to have their orders shipped to-day!"

"Can't be done," responded Harry, "you did not give those orders to Whittier in time so as to enable him to deliver the needed stock from the yard into the factory."

"Is that so?" howled Red Biz. "What in rip, zip, bang are you and Gates out there for, can't you fellows look after the stock and see to it that it is delivered to the factory in time?"

"Certainly," assured Harry, "but, the factory can't make, pack and load 1,000 dozen washboards in four hours. Your stock order should have been in Whittier's hands yesterday morning, instead of this morning."

Red Biz was beaten, but he would never own up to anything. He had purposely withheld the Goldsmith and Terry orders in an endeavor to stage a great last minute production stunt, but now he had delayed it too long and he knew that it would be foolish to set back the factory with these late orders, but what did he care, he was the manager and his word was law. As a final charge, he ordered Harry to do the impossible and said:

"Now Harry, go get it, go get it! Rip, zip, bang! Give her bang! Give the boys and girls the lash! Drive 'em, drive 'em! Crowd the Goldsmith and Terry orders through. Bull 'em through, Harry, bull 'em through!"

A mad production manager will often inject "go" into a sensible man regardless of the fact whether that "go" gets him anywhere or not.

Harry rushed into the factory and proceeded to drive those in charge of the various departments, but his efforts were futile. The stock wasn't in place, and the machines must be reset to accommodate the new order.

The many orders in process of manufacture were "hopelessly balled up," as Harry had previously reported. This, of course, was largely due to Red Biz's short notice policy and his great dislike for system. He hated system because others preached it and he was going to be original by being contrary. This business misfit was obsessed with the idea that



the less time a man was given in which to do a piece of work, the more work would the man do. It is true that he got a lot of action out of his "neiter skeiter" way of doing business, but the action was fruitless. The help worked their heads off and accomplished only about two thirds the amount of work their efforts called for. The waste of time and material was appalling. But, Red Biz liked his own system, which he proudly termed: "On your toes and on the jump every minute."

Harry returned to the office, threw up both hands and exclaimed, "Can't be done, Charles, half of the second floor crew is idle most of the time waiting for stock to finish remnants of some of the old orders."

"Stop production on the old orders at once," shouted Red Biz. "Drop all orders for the Goldsmith and Terry orders."

"How about the Wilkins, Carlson and the Williams orders?" queried Harry. "These orders are nearly finished and the cars are nearly loaded. You promised Wilkins, Carlson and the William's people, that you would ship their orders to-day. If we hold those cars over another day we will be obliged to pay demurrage."

"Bother your head about promises and demurrage," said Red Biz. "Drop their orders I say and push the Goldsmith and Terry orders."

Harry knew his mad brother. He knew that Red Biz could only see the last order on the books. Harry did not rant, rave, tear and swear as did his red brother. He was inclined to be quiet and lazy, and gave one the impression that he cared little whether school kept or not. He knew that father was rich and felt that father must keep him no matter what happens.

Harry quietly stole into a quiet part of the office and put himself at ease reading a novel.

Red Biz's "push policy" had so completely disorganized production in the factory that the Goldsmith and Terry orders were not shipped for several days after the day of the feverish hustle.

The mad manager usually eased up on himself and those under his charge at the close of the work day. He was very fond of and freely indulged in pleasures that are forbidden by the "Thou shalt not" decree. Harry likewise, was a big offender of the commandments. Both men had been married twice and divorced once, and another divorce was imminent.

Harry and Red sought each others company at the close of the work day, to discuss matters of importance concerning the desires of their corrupt hearts.

"What's on to-night, Charles?" queried Harry as he entered the former's office.

"Ripped it I know Harry, that consignment of booze hasn't got here yet and I feel a little nervous about the deal. How are you getting along in your quest for Miss Ross?"

"Nothing doing, Charles, she's a hard little girl to land. I've been chasing her for over six months now, but somehow she manages to slip away from me at the very moment when I think I've got her."

"Miss Harland is the hardest proposition I have ever had with the possible exception of that China town affair in San Francisco. And, of course, since Mr. Howell told father, there is no possible chance for me to make a date with her in the office."

"Miss Harland is, I believe, the prettiest girl I have ever seen, Charles."

"Me, too, Harry."

"Two years ago she won the swimming championship of America down in Chicago."

"Is that possible? She is the best stenographer in the city. I induced Stillman to trade stenographers, and after he consented to the deal, I paid her twenty-five dollars more per month than is paid to any other writer in the city."

"I understand that Mr. Howell had to offer her an extra bonus of twenty-five dollars per month to induce her to return."

"Yes, but he is paying her the bonus out of his own pocket."

"I know it, we've got to be very careful and mighty sure of our ground when we go after her in the future, for Mr. Howell would go wild if we made another fizzle of the affair, for she would never return if we did."

"You're right, Harry, we've got to win and get her outside of this office."

"I have a very good plan that I believe will get her."

"I'd like to make her my wife, Arline is getting worse. She broke a plate on my head this morning. I am not going to live with her any

longer."

Thus the reprobates planned and plotted to catch the unwary and the innocent.



## CHAPTER II

## FATHER AND MOTHER

In the merry month of June, 1884, on a farm near Oshkosh, Wisconsin, lived Ira Killman, his wife and their three sons, Henry, Charles and Edward by name. Henry, the eldest of the three brothers was twenty-five years old and was preparing for his marriage to his lovely sweetheart, Miss Martha Pilkington, a neighboring farmer's daughter. The Pilkingtons and Killman's lived within a mile of each other and were both neighborly and friendly. The wedding day was on the bride's birthday, June 4, 1884. She was just twenty-two years old. This made the occasion a great festive event. Martha Pilkington, of medium height and slender, with sparkling black eyes and hair of raven hue, had a sweet gentle disposition which made her a great favorite among the people in the immediate farm community.

Henry Killman loved his Martha and she loved him. But, owing to Killman's peculiar mechanical bend, he was not an ardent lover, in the theatrical sense. We might say, however, that the Killmans loved sufficiently to suffer each other for the rest of their lives.

Henry Killman had one bad fault, a sort of mental defect of which Martha Pilkington had not been apprized before their marriage. Killman was subjected to throwing violent fits of anger at the least provocation.

Thus it happened, that on the night of their wedding, Henry, in a most violent fit of anger snocked the finer senses of his bride at a moment when the latter was in a happy receptive mood.

It seems that after the knot had been tied, one of Henry's hated rivals for Martha's hand, took advantage of the occasion and boldly walking up to the bride, kissed her while the groom stood there as if dazed. In the merry round of kisses and good wishes, Henry had temporarily erased the incident from his mind. After the wedding party was over and the bride and groom had been left to their own sweet fate, the scenes of the kissing bee following the ceremony were again filmed on Killman's mind. He again saw the mental picture of his wife being kissed by his rival.

The demon anger prodded him unmercifully. He began fuming and sputtering over the incident. Martha, his poor bride, who needed his love and sympathy at this particular moment, (the most wonderful moment of moments) more than at any other time was severely snocked. Her fine spun soul had been bruised.

"Why, Henry," she sobbed, as though her heart would break. "What on earth has possessed you? Don't you realize the terrible snock your unmanly action has given me on this, our first night as man and wife?"

Henry calmed, burst into tears and for the first time told his wife about his weakness--his violent and uncontrollable temper.

"I shall try, my pet," Henry vowed, "never to permit my temper to snock your heart again."

Martha had been hurt by her husband's actions, but her wonderful love and sympathy overpowered her feelings for self. She put her arms around his neck, pulled his head to her injured breast and gently stroked his thick brown hair and said;

"Henry, dear, I shall do all in my power to help you to overcome your failing."

"Let us kiss," begged Henry, "and forget this awful night." And he gathered her in his arms.

The Killmans were apparently happy. Henry, however, was not satisfied with farm life. His father-in-law, Mr. Pilkington, had presented his daughter and only child with a beautiful eighty acre farm as a wedding gift. This farm was fully equipped with a beautiful home, barns, cattle, horses and implements. This gave Killman an idea. He would induce Martha to sell the farm, take the proceeds therefrom, and put them into a manufacturing business.

Henry forthwith put his plans before his wife. "Martha, dear," said he, "I have mechanical and business ability. I have always disliked farming. I would like to get into a manufacturing business in some good town. I have, as you know, several new ideas on how an up-to-date washboard should be made to make washing a pleasure, instead of a drudgery as it now is. I feel, that if I can induce some woodenware concern to take me in as factory superintendent or business manager, with an interest in the company and with a proviso in the agreement that I be permitted to gradually make my new washboards and introduce and place them on the market,



that we will become wealthy, live in a beautiful home and enjoy city comforts."

"I am wholly in sympathy and accord with your plans, Henry," assured Mrs. Killman, whereupon they decided to sell their farm put their money in manufacturing, live in the city and strive hard to become wealthy.

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Killman was a very self-willed and head-strong man. He had his own ideas about mechanics and business, and the person never lived who, by force of his superior knowledge, could convince Henry Killman that other men's ideas were better than his own. In this respect, we are sorry to admit that Killman was a fool, and yet, we must also admit that he proved a big success from a monetary standpoint. He was determined to have his way, right or wrong, he bulled it through somehow.

The Killmans sold their farm and personal belongings for \$5,000 cash. Killman immediately sounded the business world for a factory in a community where the cost of labor and material are reasonably low. We wish to explain here that Killman was looking for a factory that makes use of wood in its manufacture. Killman's washboards were principally made from wood materials.

He received many favorable offers from a large number of woodworking plants scattered throughout the United States. One communication from Saginaw, Michigan particularly attracted his attention. The last fifteen words of this letter read:

"We would concede much to get a good capable man with money into our company.

"With our best wishes, we are,

Very truly yours,

The Wood Products Company."

"We would concede much," were the four words in the Saginaw letter that so strongly appealed to the head-strong, self-willed Killman. Saginaw, too, lying in the heart of a great lumber district, offered both cheap lumber and labor, that very ideal foundation upon which Killman expected to build his fortune.

The Wood Products Company, a concern overburdened with a large number of small stockholders, who were trying to hold down their jobs and draw their pay, was petering out for the want of push and funds. The under-head wasn't earning enough to pay its overhead expense. It was feasting on its surplus capital which was nil. Its credit at the bank was as dead as a corpse. It was the same old story, "Lack of good business management is the creator of white elephants."

The many small stockholders of the Wood Products Company were evidently desirous of getting a good capable man with money in order to make their jobs secure.

Killman wired the Wood Products Company that he would arrive in Saginaw about three on the afternoon of September twentieth, 1884. The Products Company selected a reception committee to await Killman's arrival at the depot, "to properly receive him, show him every courtesy and escort him to our office" as their office man put it. Killman arrived in due time. There had been considerable speculation among the Wood Products fellows, as to how old, the size and personal appearance of their "savior" as they called him. Some tried to guess that he was one of those big overgrown farmers who had inherited a big bunch of money which he was about to give away.

The committee were surprised however, for they found him a young man of medium height and weight, of ordinary dress and brusque manner. Killman was business-like in manner.

A carriage had been ordered held in readiness to speedily convey the "savior" to the office. After the customary introduction and how-do-you-do's, Henry Killman further shocked his prospective partners by expressing a desire to wade right into business and look things over. He was a very keen observer. It did not take him long to discover, that the Products Company was bleeding itself to death, by eating off its own head--credit.

Killman was satisfied with the plant and its equipment. He figured that the plant could easily be transformed from a stock loafers joint into a hive of industry.



He bluntly informed the Products stockholders that it would be necessary that each member resign his position before taking up the matter pertaining to the business of his entry into the company. All the stockholders voted in favor of resigning and submitted to the "savior's" reorganization plan. Killiman's few thousand dollars looked mighty big to that hungry lot of stockholders.

"Gentlemen," began the "savior", "now that you have elected to resign your positions, I am ready to make you my best offer."

"Proceed," said the chairman, "we are only too glad to listen to your proposals."

"I will place \$3,000 in the bank to the Company's credit to be used as working capital for the Company, provided you make me your manager of both the office and factory. Then give me a free hand to reorganize the business my own way."

"Do I understand you correctly, Mr. Killiman? Is it full charge and control of the business you are asking for?"

"Yesir," replied the savior, much to the astonishment of the would-be-saved.

The chairman then asked the stockholders to express their views on Mr. Killiman's proposition.

"Mr. President, I would like to say a word or two in connection with the business under discussion."

"You have the floor, Mr. Siler," said the chairman.

"I am personally in favor of giving this man a chance to see what he can do. He is willing to invest \$3,000 of his own money and take a chance with us. I feel that we should be willing to take a chance with him. We have practically failed to make this business pay, why not try and save some of our money invested in this business and give Mr. Killiman a chance to show us what can be done."

Henry Silers little speech helped Killiman admirably. No other stockholder had anything to say for or against the proposition. The chairman put the proposition to a vote which was carried unanimously. Killiman then explained how it would be possible to make his new and easy washboards with only slight changes here and there in the factory equipment.

"I expect to retain a few of the stockholders on the payroll," said Killiman, "but the majority of you men will have to seek work elsewhere, until such time when our business is in better shape."

Killiman had, by a hard headed practical business stroke, put himself in a position in a single day, he had long desired.

He was very happy when he returned to Oshkosh and his home on the twenty-third day of September.

"Martha, my dear," he said, "those fellows in Saginaw sure are a simple lot. They have a good plant fairly well equipped, but there isn't one among the stockholders that has either push or vision. I've got a hold of the business in such a way, that it gives me a free hand and practically full control. I am certain that our fortune is as good as made."

"Oh, you darling," said Martha, "when do we move to Saginaw?"

"At once," said Henry, "or as soon as we can get away from here."



## CHAPTER III

## THE KICK IN BUSINESS

The Killmans arrived in Saginaw bag and baggage September 30, 1884. They immediately purchased a modest little home. Saginaw, at this time, was a real saw mill town. Logs, lumber, slab and sawdust piles were everywhere in evidence along the Saginaw river. Traveling men had spread its fame as a live town in which lived sturdy lumber-jacks and pretty girls.

Killman busied himself with his new duties. The plant and the business generally being in poor shape and as a result he had to work hard and put in long hours to get things lined up his own way. Killman retained four of the stockholders on the pay roll; these were, Elmer Chase, bookkeeper and general office man, Henry Siler, engineer, machinist and blacksmith, John Wasser, millwright and foreman, Robert Placard, saw-filer and general mechanic. The ordinary help was hired as cheaply as the Saginaw labor market would afford. During the winter months the saw-mills were idle and help was extremely cheap. Killman took advantage of this large supply of cheap help offered during the winter season.

The Saginaw valley had a large foreign population. This fact also jibed with Killman's ideal in business. Killman knew that the foreigner is slow and plodding when working for himself, but he also knew from experience with the foreigners in his native Wisconsin, that these people were attentive to their work in hand, both docile and agreeable. He knew that these foreigners could be speeded up with a little pinching and prodding. He reasoned that one foreigner was worth two quick thinking, quick acting "jack-out-of-the-box Americans, the former being steady and dependable, the latter could not be relied on, owing to their shifty characteristics.

"Well, Martha," said Killman one night after a hard day at the factory, "we can't help but win out and grow rich here, men, boys and girls, and even little children fairly beg for work this winter and we can hire them for whatever we are willing to pay them."

"That's nice, Henry," chimed Martha, "but you must be careful of the little ones lives and limbs, for it is horrible to think of having little ones in one's employ with chances of having them lose their fingers, hands, or having them have their bodies mangled in the machinery."

"Tut, tut, Martha, dear," cautioned Henry, "you can't afford to think about the lives of your work people, for it is up to them to protect themselves while at work in our factory. There is no law to compel an employer to protect his help."

"Yes, dear, that is true," said Martha reflectively, "but, I'd hate to think that we had built a fortune on the lives of innocent men, women, and children."

"Oh, you'll get past that stage soon, dear girl," laughingly remarked Killman, "why the sawmills are slaughter houses in this town. They have a surgeon in their employ by name of Dr. Rogers, who is so accustomed to seeing human blood, that he has acquired a mania for cutting off fingers and even arms and legs if these members are only slightly injured, and can easily be saved. I saw this doctor on a job at one of the mills yesterday.

"A young boy about seventeen, had cut his finger on a saw. The boy was in the office when Dr. Rogers alighted from his buggy, bag in hand, nastily stepped into the office, looked at the boy's injured hand and without a moment's reflection remarked, 'They've got to come off my boy.'

"The poor boy hollered so loud that the whole office force gathered around the injured lad. The doctor had his amputating tools in hand and whistling a lively tune, was preparing to cut off the boy's fingers. 'Just a moment, doctor,' interrupted Sloan the manager, 'you're not going to cut off the boy's fingers are you?' 'Why sure,' said Rogers, 'they've been cut too far to save.'

"Another man in the office said, 'You hadn't better cut off those fingers until you consult with the boy's parents.'

"You can save those fingers all right, said I to the doctor.

"Doctor Rogers looked at me and said, 'Well, perhaps I can save the lad's fingers, seeing that there is so many of you people present desiring it.'

"The doctor then dressed and bandaged the lad's hand and do you know, Dr. Rogers appeared disappointed because we had checked him in his bloody work."

"That is a horrible tale, Henry," said Martha who had listened intently to the gruesome details of that accident. "I am proud of you, dear,



for having interferred in the poor boy's behalf."

"Yes, I am certain the doctor would have amputated the lad's fingers had we not interferred. I understand that doctor has executed many similar operations in the past. Many workers are minus their fingers and limbs as a result of the doctor's insane desire to cut human flesh."

"Why don't the mill owners employ another surgeon."

"Oh, you see it is like this. When the saw mills asked for bids among the local surgeons, Dr. Rogers was the lowest bidder and he got the job. In other words, Dr. Rogers is a cutter by nature. First, he cut the regular fee charged by his fellow surgeons, and now he cuts his work short by amputation to compensate for his first mistake."

Mrs. Killman laughed heartily and replied, "Well, Henry, I am really surprised at you, for I didn't think it possible for you to joke about a serious matter."

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Killman had pounded away mighty hard through the winter. He had tackled a man's sized job, and like a man he filled the bill.

He had more faith in hard work than he had in God, and he lived by his faith to the point of exhaustion.

On the twelfth of March, Mrs. Killman gave birth to a son. Henry Killman was over-joyed to hear the good news. He was the father of a son.

"What a wonderful thing is nature," he mused.

The Killmans named the new arrival, Charles. Thus, is it here chronicled that Charles Killman, alias Red Biz, first saw the light of day on the twelfth day of March, 1885.

Henry Killman, the father, was a most determined man, even old Mother Nature bent to his wishes. He had often told his wife that he desired a boy.

Mrs. Killman, pretty, amiable and lovable, proved a splendid mother. The new arrival was unlike his parents in looks, he was decidedly homely. The parents, however, did not seem to mind their baby's looks, they dearly loved it and appeared to be happier than ever.

"As soon as business picks up," said Killman, "I am going to build a better home. I can see light ahead, Martha dear, my washboards are surely winning a place in the market."

"I am glad to hear the good news, Henry, but don't you think, dear, that it would be best to live in this six room house until we are in a position to buy and build a beautiful home in the more exclusive districts of this town?"

"Yes, I agree with you, because we want to live like the rest of the big business people."

Mrs. Killman knew her husband better than he did, in fact, Killman never thought of becoming intimately acquainted with himself. He figured that a passing acquaintance with himself was sufficient.

Killman was fortunate indeed, to have a real help-meet who pulled with him. She comforted and consoled him, whenever his hard business soul was submerged in the terrific whirlpool of business worries.

In the fall of 1885, Killman had succeeded in perfecting several styles of washboards which he believed would greatly outdistance the boards made by his competitors.

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There lived in the immediate neighborhood of the Wood Products Company a Mrs. Patrick O'Leary, a great, big, healthy, powerful woman. Mrs. O'Leary made the entire family's living pushing clothes down and pulling them up again on a washboard.

Patrick O'Leary, a small, skinny, little man was obsessed with the big idea that he was too smart to work. He firmly believed himself to be a student and a thinker. The thoughts of doing manual labor would make him sick. Thus, whenever Mrs. O'Leary would mention the word work to him, he would turn pale and suffer a sick headache, which proved "positively debilitating" according to his own way of describing his sufferings.

Killman had learned about Mrs. O'Leary's ability as a washwoman, and he decided to make her a call and induce her to try out his new washboards.

Killman left his office one day with a washboard under each arm. One board was of the heavy type, the other being light. He went straight to the O'Leary home, rapped on the door and was admitted by Mrs. O'Leary, who asked him to have a chair.



The O'Leary home was humble and sparsely furnished. Two little children were busy on the floor playing with paper, sand and tincans and were doing all in their power to make the house untidy.

Mrs. O'Leary, with sleeves rolled up, had a red, perspiring face, which plainly showed that she was engaged in some kind of strenuous work. Near a window sat a little man with black hair and a thin, clean-shaven face, who was perusing an old, worn-out dictionary. The little man was Mr. Patrick O'Leary, the scholar and thinker, according to his own statement.

"Pardon me, madam," began Killman, "I called to get your expert opinion on the worth of my new style washboards."

Pat laid down his dictionary, got up, looked at the stranger and his washboards.

"All right," said Mrs. O'Leary, "I can put them in the tub at once."

Killman and Pat followed Mrs. O'Leary into her kitchen, which was this poor woman's work shop. It was here that she rubbed out clothes to provide food and clothing for her family.

Mrs. O'Leary tried the heavy board on heavy coarse materials and the smaller board on the finer fabrics. She worked away at a lively gate for some time, while a smile spread over her face which denoted satisfaction.

Finally Killman asked, "Well, Mrs. O'Leary, how do you like my boards? Can you suggest any improvements to make them better?"

"The boards are fine, Mr. Killman. I am afraid that I could not improve on them, they are the best boards I have ever used."

Pat studiously examined the boards but said nothing.

Killman presented Mrs. O'Leary with a half dollar and the large washboard. "I'll be back soon with some other boards," said Killman and have you try them out for me."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Killman, call any time you wish."

Pat's eyes bulged when he saw his wife receive a half dollar for a few minutes work. He perhaps had visions of enjoying a few throat ticklers at the corner saloon.

Pat had been a student for many years, his wise-acre talk had netted him an occasional drink or free lunch at the corner saloon in the good old days, when democracy was in flower and free speech was oiled up with sharp liquor. Indeed, as a curbstone and saloon orator, Pat's so-called studies stood him in good stead. But, to the family larder, and as a help to his hard working wife, they had meant nothing.

A few days later, Mr. Killman again appeared at the O'Leary home with more washboards.

"Mrs. O'Leary," began Killman, "I am an inventor and as such, I, like all the rest of the lot, am a nuisance to sane folks."

Mrs. O'Leary didn't know how to take this remark, but Pat smiled sparingly, yet wisely.

"These boards are slightly different from those I brought here the other day. The metal and the crimp are different. Please try these out for me at your earliest convenience."

"Yes sir, Mr. Killman, I can try them out at once, I wash every day in the week."

"Is that possible? I can't understand how you manage to keep up under the strain."

Killman, hard-headed, practical and quick to see things, again observed the learned, but unworkable Pat, looking at the same old dictionary.

"I trust that I am not intruding, Mr. O'Leary, but what do you do to earn a living?"

"Just breathe and eat, which exercise forces me to study the arts, literature and the sciences of our great men," replied Pat. "Knowledge is power, as you no doubt know, Mr. Killman."

"Yes, yes, I realize that knowledge is power," acquiesced Killman, "but please tell me now do you utilize this acquired knowledge you speak of? How do you convert it into dollars and cents?"

"I advertise our business," retorted Pat with a wise look on his thin face. "The knowledge I have gained through my persistent study, has given me the power to impress upon the minds of the men in the saloon and on the street, that Mrs. O'Leary is the best wash woman in the city. Nature has peculiarly endowed her with a strong spinal column and a weak cerebrum. This language is Greek to the boys, but it nevertheless appeals to them. The results are, that they induce their wives to send their washings to the wife, which keeps her busy six days in the week, keeps the house going, besides giving me a chance to continue my studies."

Killman tried hard to suppress an outburst of laughter, for he was thoroughly tickled in every cell in his anatomy, listening to Pat's humor-



ous methods for advertising among his men friends to keep his wife busy.

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Killman," chimed Mrs. O'Leary, "it must be true what Pat says, for I am busy every day doing washings. I cannot understand Pat's praise for me to his men friends, when he tells them, that I am gifted with a strong spinal column and a weak cerebrum." It means, Pat explains, that it is my ability to rub the clothes sweet and clean and not destroy the fabrics."

Killman was so thoroughly amused at Pat's dry humor and Mrs. O'Leary's childish innocence that his erstwhile suppressed laughter burst forth in unrestrained profusion.

"I have it," he cried merrily, holding the large washboard high, "this large board which I recently invented will be named 'Spinal Column Special', and this light board, also recently invented, made especially for the finer and more delicate fabrics, will be called the 'Cerebrum Light Weight Washer.' Both of these catchy names should make these boards good sellers."

Mrs. O'Leary had pronounced the boards she had tested, "extra good". She had "never used such easy washers before", she averred.

Killman was in high spirits and in a tolerable good mood. He handed Mrs. O'Leary one dollar for her trouble. He thanked her for her good work and demonstration. "But above all," said he, "let me thank Mr. O'Leary for the good fun I have had here to-day."

Killman departed for his work shop, but we believe that the good laugh he had that day at the O'Leary home added materially to the length of his life.

Killman, on the whole, took life too seriously. His uncontrollable temper produced a poison in his system and we believe that the O'Leary laugh germ to a certain extent, neutralized the anger poison.



## CHAPTER IV

## BEHIND FACTORY SCENES

On returning to his office, Killman, who was extremely happy, told Elmer Chase, the office man about his odd, yet pleasant experience at the O'Leary home.

"Do you know, Elmer," began Killman, "that our prospects are beginning to look pretty good? I was over to that O'Leary woman's home just now. Upon testing these two new boards for us, she said that she could do her washings in less than half the time on them, than she must take on the old style boards."

"Very good, Mr. Killman," happily remarked Chase, "I just this morning looked over our books to get a rough estimate of the amount of business we handled during the past year and I find, that our business has nearly doubled since you came with us. Our cost of production and overhead is at least 68 percent less than it was a year ago. The credit side of our ledger reveals to me that we have made a clean profit of 37 percent."

"I am glad to hear that, old boy," replied Killman, "but, do you know that our work people are far from satisfactory? I am confident, that if our workers would work for all that there is in them, we'd soon have our business in fine shape."

Elmer Chase knew Killman's weakness--his uncontrollable temper, and his eternal dissatisfaction with his workers. He knew that Killman was a Killman by name as well as by nature. Therefore, Chase felt it best to try to sidetrack the subject that had chained itself so securely to Killman's mind.

"You say that you had lots of fun with Mr. and Mrs. O'Leary while at their house?"

"Well, yes," began Killman, his face showing signs of relaxation. "Laugh? Why say, Elmer, I never laughed so much in all my life. That Mr. O'Leary sure is a huge joke. He imagines himself to be a scholar. He spends most of his time looking through an old and badly worn dictionary. He has led Mrs. O'Leary to believe that his trained mind is responsible for the many washings sent to their home, which keeps Mrs. O'Leary busy six days in the week.

"O'Leary claims that the steady income from the washings make it possible for him to pursue his studies."

"Ha, na, doesn't he do anything at all besides pursuing his studies?"

"Why, certainly," replied Killman, "he is very original. He declares he practices the well known exercises, breathing and eating."

"Say, that's rich," Chase rejoined, "O'Leary sure must be some show!"

"Show! Why say, Elmer, if the show people knew that so good a comedian was at large they would never rest until they had engaged him. His dried up face and humor would make a sphinx laugh."

Killman then told Elmer the story of Pat's spinal column and weak cerebrum, Mrs. O'Leary's seriousness and her child-like simplicity and innocence. Elmer nearly laughed himself into a fit when Killman finished.

"And do you know, Elmer," remarked Killman, after both had laughed heartily, "that the great majority of the buying public are gullible fishes who will swallow any sales tale or catch phrase bait given them by those who have things to sell.

"I told the O'Leary's that I would adopt the names, 'Spinal Column Special', and 'Cerebrum Light Weight Washer' for our new boards, but I have thought since then that such fancy names would be an imposition on the buying public. I figure that just a plain name printed on each board is both sensible and correct.

"We will name the large board 'Big Special' and the smaller board 'Little Wonder'.

"You are right, Mr. Killman," responded Chase, "and I want to congratulate you for your shrewdness and good sense for after all is said and done, 'good sense' should be the guiding light to good salesmanship."

.....

Year after year rolled round. The Wood Products Company was making progress. The factory was enlarged newer and better type machines had been installed from time to time. Killman was constantly preparing to take care of his growing business.

In 1889 another son was born to the Killmans. The parents were both proud as well as pleased.

"Sons," they proudly agreed, "are more desirable than daughters, for



sons perpetuate the family name."

The Killman's were very proud of their name. The competitors, however, were anything but proud of the Killman name, nearly all of them were beginning to feel the Killman superior business pressure from within and without. As well as the business prospered, Killman could not make himself satisfied with his work people.

"Martha," he said one night at the dinner table, "our work people are the veriest doughheads, shiftless, incompetent, lazy, laggards I have ever seen."

Martha knew him too well. She knew his failing; she knew his temper, his desire to become wealthy, and she knew too, that her Henry was human and had a heart, but that something can be whether demon or dragon, she must humor him and drive the thing out of his mind, at least temporarily.

"Henry, dear," she coaxed, "please do not think of those horrid work-people you have in the factory. When you are at home with me and your little babies, please do forget your factory, your trials and troubles there. I would suggest, Henry, that when you leave the office for home at night, just change your disposition like you would a suit of clothes.

"Leave the Henry Killman, factory manager, at the factory and bring home to your wife and babies the kind, lovable husband and father that you really are. Bring to us that higher self and good stuff you are made of."

"Martha, my dear little girl, you are a wonder," Killman replied sympathetically. "If it weren't for you, I don't know where I would be today, but, don't you know, Martha that I like to bring these troubles of mine at the factory to your attention, because I have no one I can confide in like I can you. Chase has a good head and is a good man in the office, but, whenever I speak to him about the workpeople, he immediately switches the conversation to some other topic."

"Well, dear," rejoined Mrs. Killman, "I believe I know why Mr. Chase does that. He wishes to give you something else to think about, so as to relieve your mind from its worries over the workpeople.

"I have been thinking for a long time, Henry, of a suggestion I would like to make, but have not had sufficient courage to bring it to your attention, fearing that it might upset and anger you."

"Well, well, my dear woman," Killman replied somewhat surprised, "your suggestions are as welcome as is your love, sympathy and tender kindness. No, dear Martha, no matter what the nature of your suggestion may be, I could not, and would not if I could, be angry for the world. Your goodness has given me a wonderful power, which is more valuable to me than gold or any other earthly possession, therefore, let me hear your suggestion!"

"All right, Henry, I have your promise that you will not be angry with me."

"You certainly have, my pet."

"The workpeople you have as you say, are very poor workers, incompetent, lazy, and so forth. I believe that if you hired a better lot of workers all around, you would get better results, naturally you could afford to pay the better workers higher wages, which could create a better feeling all around, and would, in all probability relieve your present burden and give you contentment."

"That suggestion of yours, my dear little girl, is all right. It is a good suggestion to make in one's parlor, at the club, or in church, but, the blamed thing won't work in business.

"My experience has been this, which is by the way just the reverse of your good suggestion: the less one pays his workers, the more and better work one is apt to get out of them.

"Let us for an example take that first winter we lived here. It was, to be sure a hard winter for the sawmill workers. The sawmills closed down early that season. But, wasn't it nice, my dear girl, to be able to hire the very best help for little or nothing? And mind you, that low priced help worked hard every minute of the day. Just think, Martha, the help came in swarms that winter and actually begged for work. The workers were in keen competition one with the other, it was an ideal situation, I say."

"Yes, Henry dear, the law of supply and demand affects our business as it does all others. Please Henry, my good dear, let us drop this horrid subject and erase it from our minds for to-night."

"Agreeable to you, my dear, I shall not mention my business again to-night."

Killman then commenced playing with his four year old son, and unconsciously began talking business to the child.

The very next day, while making his round at the factory, Killman saw a half dozen boys and girls engaged in a giggle and gabfest. He was



suddenly and without warning, seized with one of his extreme violent fits of anger. He jumped up and down several times at the same time waving his hands frantically, he pulled his hat off his head, threw it on the floor, trampled on his hat, pulled his hair, grabbed one of the boys by both shoulders and shook him violently and finally discharged the six offenders.

The six little boys and girls were visibly frightened. They turned deathly pale and stood in one place on the floor as if immovable.

"My goodness," said little Lena Ludwig to the rest of the little folks dismissed on leaving the office with their pay in hand, "Isn't that Mr. Killman a regular devil when he gets mad?"

"Well, I should say he is," replied little Rosie Finkle, "he nearly scared me stiff."

"Aw, dat's nut'n," rejoined little diminutive Fritzie Schnitzle. "I'm glad he fired me out of dat old slave hole."

"Slave hole," repeated the chorus.

"Gee," said Rosie Finkle, "that's a good name for that old factory."

Be it recorded here, that the Wood Products Company enjoyed the horrid reputation of being a "slave hole" for many years after the above related incident. Little Fritzie Schnitzle had really started something when he unthinkingly called the Wood Products Company factory the "slave hole".

Killman's anger fits were truly pitiful. Personally, we always felt sorry for the man. Many who saw Killman in the throes of an anger fit would laugh to see the otherwise serious and dignified person suddenly trample and press under foot and ride rough shod over his own dignity.

The names Killman, Wood Products Company and "slave hole", became synonymous terms which so strongly fastened themselves on the minds of the workers' families, that their little ones just able to talk would say:

"When I grow big I am not going to work in the 'slave hole'."



## CHAPTER V

## ROUGH EDGES IN BUSINESS

The Wood Products Company was just beginning to stand on its own financial feet, when in the fall of 1892, the great panic overwhelmed the American business world.

Thousands of business enterprises went to the wall! Millions of workers were thrown out of employment and thousands suffered actual want.

The Wood Products Company, like many other businesses in the country, was caught in the panic's financial pinchers and pinched unmercifully. There were no orders on the books, worse than that, the many outstanding accounts could not be collected. The company had used much money on extensions and improvements for the purpose of taking care of an ever increasing volume of business. Business like love often takes long chances.

Killman was sure in hot water. "Dun 'em, dun'em, Elmer," he would command Chase, "keep everlastingly after them, write 'em sharp letters for we need the money!"

Chase became very expert in writing "please remit" letters. Some of the letters seemed to have tears in them, but the jobbers and dealers were adamant. Occasionally, Chase would receive a check only to have same returned from customer's bank with the words on its face, "No funds". Chase wrote some very sharp and even rough in tone letters to some of their good old customers, but to no avail.

Many of their old reliable customers were in bad shape, not a small number had failed and had suffered business death. "Please remit" was the new General of the great American business army, but he proved inefficient, his command being ineffective, practically making no impression on the monetary conscience of the people.

Month after month passed. Business conditions seemed to be getting worse instead of better. Killman suffered the pangs of a living death. No business, no money, no credit!

Killman that strong self-reliant and courageous business man was now crushed in soul and body. He lay awake night after night, prodded by fear, worry and doubt, he would break down and cry like a child. Even Mrs. Killman's kind words of encouragement would not console him.

His factory had been closed down most of the winter of 1892 and '93, and it seemed to him, that his life's ambition to become a captain of industry was but a beautiful dream, which had been suddenly converted into a nightmare.

It is during times of industrial depression or financial stringency, that many men turn radical in thought and action. Thus, it happened, in the spring of '93, a radical Rudolph Koch, a German about forty years, busied himself spreading his peculiar doctrines. Koch had brushed with the German police during the Bismarckian anti-socialist propagation law in 1879.

Koch subsequently came to America and settled in the peaceful Saginaw valley. He was only a factory hand, but was one of the few in America during the early nineties, who was well posted on the subject of socialism and firmly believed in its principals of justice.

He had availed himself of the opportunity afforded by those stressing times to expound his socialist philosophy, as he called it, on the street corners, and in that one time great American forum of free speech--the beer saloon. It is needless to say that the radical Koch enjoyed good audiences, for idle men were plentiful everywhere and jobless men make good listeners.

One day, Koch's friends induced him to give one of his talks on the corner just opposite the Wood Products Company. Koch consented and forthwith mounted his soap box and spoke the following:

"Every able bodied man has sufficient labor power within him, which is fully equivalent to the present day value of a very rich gold mine. Just picture, if you can, the millions of idle gold mines walking the streets of this and other countries, begging to produce more gold in the shape of real life's necessities. Can you beat it, boys, in a world of wonderful supply? Yet, millions of worthy folks are in actual want of life's bare necessities. This condition is largely due to the fact that the work of the world is not properly organized and directed. Another fault with us lies in the fact that, we have placed a false value on dead things such as gold. We have injected a legal tender life into it and presto, this artificial god has more power than the son of man.

"Today, a country's gold reserve is its backing and this artificial backing determines the country's industrial life and credit. The live



brain power to direct, the labor power to convert, the raw materials into useful things is rendered inert and impotent when in justice and common sense, these live flesh and blood factors should determine a country's credit and industrial power.

"Brain and labor power, together with the country's natural wealth, should be the great determining factors. Potent labor power should be the backing of our money supply and not a dead gold god.

"A financial system sure is full of flaws when it brings us so many hardships amidst plenty. And lo! what do business depressions accomplish? They cleave society, they cause the ignorant poor to hate the ignorant rich.

"The ignorant working man turns red in thought, if he thinks at all. The ignorant rich turn yellow in both thought and action, the yellowest of these are the lenders and hoarders of money, who have withdrawn credit from business.

"The money hoarder is a criminal, because today money represents bread and butter. Today credit is the life blood of business. To withdraw credit from business is a yellow crime, but there is no law that prohibits the withdrawal of credit from legitimate business, and it is not regarded as a crime by many people, but I am confident it will be a criminal offense some day in the future.

"The working man turns red during a panic because he fears an empty stomach for himself and family. The business man turns yellow because he fears the loss of his business, his credit and his good standing in the community."

Koch then briefly told his listeners:

"Socialism means the collective ownership of all the means of production, and distribution. All those who work would share alike in the products of their labor. No man would be permitted to hoard wealth at the expense of his fellow man. No man would be allowed to ride to wealth and social position on the backs of others. Every able bodied man would not only have the right to work, but every sound man would be obliged to work in order to live."

"Pardon me, Mr. Speaker," interrupted a voice in the crowd, "do you mean to tell us that your socialism would compel every man to work?"

"Exactly," replied Koch.

"Shut up, Pat," shouted a man in the crowd.

Patrick O'Leary had interrupted the speaker, he had apparently listened until the speaker mentioned work.

"You shut up yourself," retorted Pat. "Mr. Speaker answer me this," queried Pat. "If a man is a student, would socialism compel him to drop his studies and force him to labor?"

"Any man," replied the speaker, "would be permitted to continue his special studies provided the state was satisfied that his studies would, sooner or later, redound to the benefit of all the people."

"Oh, Mr. Speaker," interrupted a voice, "pay no attention to Pat O'Leary. Pat merely studies to keep his wife busy at the washtub."

This jibe started a roar of jeers and laughter and Pat graciously departed for Dink O'Connor's saloon. Perhaps he felt the need of a bracer to drive from his mind that horrible socialist spectre called work.

Koch announced, "The meeting is an open discussion and if there are others in the crowd who desire to be enlightened on the subject don't be afraid to ask questions."

On the outer fringe of the gathering, stood Killman. He had stood there for a long time, listening to the discussion. He lifted his hand high over his head. Koch's keen eyes soon caught the uplifted hand and he immediately commanded the man to fire his question.

"How would," asked Killman, "your socialist administration handle the problem of financing business in times of business depression?"

"I wish to state," replied Koch, "that socialism means that the whole people would own and operate the banks as well as all other business enterprises. All the people would be partners in business and all would do their share to keep business and work going.

"Labor, equipment and natural resources are the country's true capital, but these are not so taken because our short-sighted financial system has placed a false value on labor and natural resources. The pulling in of credit has short circuited the business world."

"But," interrupted Killman, "your socialism is too deep for me. Let us get down to brass tacks, let us face the facts as they are. Let us take private business as it is carried on today.

"Don't you think that the complete control and ownership of the entire banking and financial institutions of the country by the United States Gov-



ernment would greatly lessen the severity of these industrial depressions?"

"Yes," replied Koch, "if the government could prevent or limit the hoarding and accumulation of large amounts of money, I am certain that business depressions can be almost eliminated. Another great menace to the country and its business welfare is the food gambler and the fly by night speculator. Business and the general public are robbed by that gentry. Their nefarious business should be outlawed."

Killman was visibly pleased to hear the speaker acquiesce in his personal convictions.

"Surely the financial system is faulty," he said to himself, "and is in urgent need of speedy adjustment so that it will run business in perpetual motion fashion. The speculator to be sure should be outlawed, he is largely responsible for bringing disaster to, and for making legitimate business unstable."

As for socialism, Killman regarded it in the light of a beautiful dream.

Killman returned to his office and found Chase still chasing debtors.

"Eternally at it, eh, Elmer?" queried Killman. "That's the stuff, show the hounds that we are still in business. Just picture this layout. The fellow across the street, talking to that big mob of men is painting beautiful verbal pictures of a wonderful utopia where all men will be partners in business, be as brothers and love each other. Gosh, but that's some mental diet for a man to assimilate, and here you sit in bold contrast, pounding away at this old iron writer, working yourself weary and sick, Elmer, in the hope that you will collect enough money from our brother customers to keep the ugly wolf from the door--the wolf, bankrupt."

"Is that what the fellow is talking about? That fellow is evidently wasting his breath, like I am wasting stamps, stationary and pounding the writer to pieces, trying to get money from our customers."

"That is true, Elmer. The only difference between ourselves and the soap-box orator, is that we had our dreams when times were good, and he is having his dreams while times are bad."

.....

Fear, Worry, Doubt, and kindred mentalimps were having a big time with the American people.

Killman was one of the many Americans with whom these little devils were having much sport. The terrible fear spectre would stealthily take possession of Killman's mental home, and after robbing him of every speck of courage, would say to him:

"Killman, you are going to lose every possession you have in the world. You are doomed."

Then, the child of Fear, that little life wrecking imp known as Worry, would take a whirl at his feverish mentality and paint a very gloomy and depressing picture on its screen. The poor fellow would often retain this terrible picture for many days and nights.

Then Doubt would rush in and say:

"Why, man, don't be a fool. Faith is a fancied delusion, you are too weak to harbor such a fantasy."

"Come with me," Hate would coax, "the world is full of fiends in human form all bent on doing you."

Killman suffered untold mental tortures, but he stuck it out like a man.



## CHAPTER VI

## BETTER BUSINESS

"Business is a beggar's game," said Killman to Chase one morning "when one is obliged to live from hand to mouth and cannot meet his obligations."

"Thousands of business men," replied Chase, "are worse off than we are."

"Yes, I know, Elmer, but why should we be in this tight fix? We have been careful, lived carefully, we didn't gamble, play the races, or own a lot of race horses, or in any other way, throw our money away. We spent no money on foolish or unnecessary sports. There's Gaffney of the Gaffney & Company, who lived high, sported the finest horses, spent fortunes on wines and dinners and entertained like a king. He is up against it, I know, but, I'll bet my hat, he is no worse off than we are."

"Yes, on the surface of things, that is perhaps true, but, I am absolutely certain, that your standing and credit is far above the Gaffney's at the bank or in town anywhere for that matter."

"Ah, ha, what good is standing or moral backing when these won't run a fellow's business? If these things would bring us money to carry on with, I would then admit that careful business methods are a good investment."

"I still believe they are, for I feel certain that our careful business methods are going to save us from going to the wall. Let me tell you my reason for my faith."

"Yesterday while at the bank, I overheard a remark dropped by Mr. Skinner the president. He was talking to a half dozen prosperous looking men. I don't really believe that he saw me, as he was facing the group, his back turned towards me."

"I heard him say distinctly, 'There's that fellow, Killman of the Wood Products Company, a first rate good business man. His present financial condition is no fault of his, and being a good, straight, upright fellow, I would like some good man to give him a lift financially, or go into partnership with him.' More was said, but that is all I overheard."

"By jingo, Elmer, I'll go down to the bank and have a talk with Mr. Skinner. You know, heretofore, I have held aloof from these so-called moneyed men, because I felt ashamed to unload my business troubles on others. But, what you have just now told me about Mr. Skinner and his talk to certain individuals, gives me hope and renewed courage."

"That is a good idea, I was going to suggest just such steps as you have decided on taking in the matter."

Killman, somewhat proud, detested telling his business troubles to others, but, now he dismissed his dignity and pocketed his pride and repaired to the bank to interview its' president, Mr. Skinner.

Mr. Skinner, a typical banker, slightly gray and bald, with a neatly trimmed beard and mustache, shaggy eye brows, with deep money lines in his face, was cultured, amiable and friendly, who, however, showed a large reserve in business as well as in his nature. He was so very conservative in his business dealings that, he had justly earned the fitting sobriquet of "Conservative Skinner" which his most intimate friends and customers had so graciously conferred upon this tight-wad money king.

Killman entered the bank and soon was called to Mr. Skinner's private office. He entered the presence of the latter with a smile playing around his tight business lips.

"Good morning, Mr. Skinner."

"Good morning, Mr. Killman, "what can I do for you this morning?"

"Oh, I just came over to get a little advice in regard to my business."

"Glad to give it, Mr. Killman."

"My business has got me up a tree, Mr. Skinner, and I need a little help to bring me down to earth again. The limb upon which I am perched is very weak and may break at any time and hurt me in the fall."

"Your illustration is very good, but there is no need of you going into details relative to your financial predicament, as we are well aware of that. I have talked to several good business men about you and your business affairs, and have succeeded in interesting a Mr. Arthur Howell, by name a man between thirty and thirty-five. Mr. Howell will call here this morning at 11:30. If you can wait here for a half hour, he may then drop in and I will be only too glad to give you an introduction. You see, Mr. Howell is desirous of getting your story first hand. Tell him all that he wishes to know about your business affairs. Mr. Howell is well born, highly educated and cultured and is the personification of candor and honesty."

"I am indeed glad to hear this, Mr. Skinner, thanks for the interest



you have shown in my behalf."

"That's all right, Mr. Killman. It is our duty as bankers to help our good business men."

Killman waited until the appointed time, and during the interval, he thought of Chase and his good faith.

"Chase sure is a loyal and faithful bookkeeper, here I am paying the bank a visit, oh, yes, I'll tell Chase all about this joke when I return to the office. I am paying the bank a visit, because that is all I can pay it."

While Killman so mused and entertained himself, a medium sized, light complectioned man, about thirty-two years old, entered the bank wearing one of those radiant success smiles. As this man passed along, he greeted everyone present with a cheery good morning.

He entered the president's office and said:

"Good morning, Mr. Skinner."

"Good morning, Mr. Howell. Mr. Howell, I wish to make you acquainted with our friend, Mr. Killman."

Both Messrs Howell and Killman gripped hands.

"Glad to know you, Mr. Howell."

"Same here, Mr. Killman."

Little did Killman dream that he was shaking hands, with the man who held the key to his success, Mr. Howell, wealthy lumberman, highly cultured, amiable, kind and just to all men. But, above all his good qualifications, shone his radiant personality. He was an extremely wealthy man, yet a persistent worker, who detested idleness. As an authority on finance, Mr. Howell could be classed as a genius.

Howell, in almost every respect was Killman's opposite. Both men were clean in their habits, neither used tobacco or liquor, both loved their wives, family, and homes. In a word, both men were morally good. But, in this respect, they differed: Howell was refined, cultured, and wealthy, a man with mental stability; Killman, being rough, easily angered, and comparatively poor. Howell had received a splendid education in the leading colleges of America. Killman had received an ordinary school education.

Killman had mechanical ability, and in many respects, proved himself to be a mechanical genius. Howell, however, was not mechanically inclined. The one rode rough shod to attain his ends in business; the other was sagacious, prudent and a diplomat in his business intercourse with the world.

Howell had heard a good deal about Killman and his "slave hole", but as he had been reared in the refined lap of America's most exclusive aristocracy, he felt that this name "slave hole" was given the factory by some mean, vulgar, discontented worker. Howell lived in one world; a world with a refined and pleasant atmosphere, while the workers lived in their world where the atmosphere is not always pleasant. Mr. Howell paid no attention to the many stories circulated concerning the "slave hole". He was eager to have a long chat with this rough and ready business man, who had been rendered impotent as a business force by the country's financial collapse.

"I would like you to come over to the club with me, Mr. Killman, and have lunch. I am anxious to have a talk with you pertaining to your business affairs."

"Certainly," eagerly replied Killman, "I will be very glad to enjoy your good company. It will give me a badly needed change of scenery."

Howell laughed and said, "We will go over to the club in my carriage immediately."

Howell's wealth was plainly visible when Killman stepped into the most beautiful horse-pulled coach he had ever seen. The beautifully groomed pair of bays and the stylish coachman showed evidences of exquisite taste and refinement. The two men soon reached the exclusive Saginaw Club and Killman was amazed to behold such beauty and splendor in the richly furnished and artistically decorated club rooms. He noticed many prosperous looking men apparently leading a care-free existence. To his mind, all idle men, regardless of whether they be rich or poor, are loafers. An apostle of work, he firmly believed that work in its various forms is mankind's true safety valve.

"Idleness," he would say, "is like a worm that eats its way into the vital parts of the tree we call civilization, which it finally destroys."

After having finished lunch, the two men repaired to the club's exquisite library where both seated themselves in easy chairs.

"Well, now, Mr. Killman," began Howell, "we are nicely at ease in this quiet room, and it would please me to hear your story of how you came to Saginaw and your connections here in a business way."

"I will gladly tell you the story, Mr. Howell, if you want to hear



and be bored by the story of my business career. It is not inspiring, I can assure you."

Howell at once discerned that this man was not a four-flusher and felt confident that he was for once, at least, to listen to a man who wasn't going to present a bold front, or one who sugar coats his story with lies and misrepresentations.

Killman quietly told his story as recorded in the previous chapters. Howell had listened intently to the simple story of this hard headed, practical business man. He was impressed and reasoned in his own mind, that all a fellow of Killman's ability required to make him a hundred per cent business force, would be a little financial salve.

"Mr. Killman, your story has impressed me. How much money do you think you will require to put your business affairs in running order?"

"Well, roughly speaking, I would say between twelve and fifteen thousand dollars. I figure that this amount will square us away with our creditors and start us doing business again on a small scale with our financially sound customers."

"Listen, Mr. Killman," interrupted Howell, "I have a plan that I wish to bring to your attention, and if agreeable to you, it won't be necessary for us to discuss the matter any further. I will send a business surveyor to your factory and have him survey all stock and equipment on the basis of its present market value. In the meantime, I shall drop in and look at your new washboards."

"Mr. Howell, I have no objections to your suggested plan of having the business surveyed, and you are entirely welcome to look at my newly invented washboards or anything else down at the works that you would like to see or investigate."

"Well, then, I'll call at your office about noon to-morrow."

"Good", rejoined Killman.

The men bid each other good day and departed for their respective homes.

On arriving home late that afternoon, Killman greeted his good wife with a merry twinkle in his eye. This was the first show of real happiness she had seen on his troubled face in nearly a year. The first thought to enter Mrs. Killman's mind, was: "Has the sorely troubled man taken to drink?"

Her fears were soon banished, however, when her husband told her in a joking way, that God had sent an angel to him with a large sack full of American dollars.

Mrs. Killman laughed good naturedly, and Killman continued without giving his wife a chance to reply, "No, mother, not exactly that, but I met a wealthy man at the bank to-day, a Mr. Howell by name, who, I am told has much money and judging from all appearances has good sense with it. He has interested himself in our cause or plight, as it really should be called. Mr. Howell is coming over to the office to-morrow and look things over, then he is going to send a business surveyor to our factory and have the business surveyed at his own expense, with a view, I hope, to give it the needed financial stimulus."

"Isn't that lovely, Henry dear," happily replied Mrs. Killman. "I was really afraid that your business reverses would drive you mad, but now I confidently hope we are going to get financial assistance and we will soon be happy again."

"Fine spirit, mother, fine spirit," enthusiastically cried Killman. "I wish I had such a wonderful spirit."

The next day at noon, Mr. Howell called at the office of the Wood Products Company. Killman noticed that his man had arrived on time.

"Well, Mr. Howell, you are here right on the minute of your appointment with me."

"Yes, I am a great believer in punctuality."

This remark pleased Killman immensely, for if there ever lived a man who had made punctuality a big factor in his business religion, that man was Killman.

Killman showed Howell several of his latest type of washboards. Killman carried a large number of washboards made by his competitors. He showed these to Howell with his own to make the contrast plain. This little piece of sales art revealed the other fellows product and its weak points to the layman Howell in clever fashion.

The demonstration over, Killman invited Howell to look at the yards, dry kilns, power plant and the general factory equipment. Howell was more than pleased with the general layout of the business and felt that his first impression of this man Killman had been correct. Killman's



business management, his past herculean task in putting his business house in order, all stamped him a business man of high caliber. Such a man deserved help, Howell reasoned. To let a man like Killman go down for the want of a little money would be a disgrace to the community. Howell was a man with considerable civic pride in his make up. He pulled hard for the city's progress and well being.

"Here was an industry," he thought "that Saginaw could not afford to lose. I am going to put a little of my money into it, devote some of my time looking after its business and save it for Saginaw," he said to himself.

The business surveyor finished his work in two weeks time. Mr. Howell perused the figures and studied all the data in detail. At the close of his examination, he decided that there was nothing wrong with the business. The business was all there, all that was needed was "slippery Jack", the dollar, to oil its machinery and set it in motion.

Howell called at the Wood Products office a few days later and informed Killman as to what he would do if agreeable to the latter.

"I would like to take charge of the company's office and financial affairs," said Howell to Killman, "while you, Mr. Killman, run the factory your own way. If this is satisfactory to you, I will invest \$25,000 in the business."

Killman was struck as if by some pleasant bolt out of a dark sky. It seemed to him that all the little imps such as, Fear, Worry, Doubt, and their kind had suddenly jumped out of his troubled mind. He felt so very light that he jumped out of his chair and over an old office table and grabbed Mr. Howell by the hand and in a shriek of quickened rapture, cried:

"You're on, old man, you're on!"



## CHAPTER VII

## JACK, THE DOLLAR

After all the necessary papers pertaining to Mr. Howell's entry into the business had been signed by the principals in the deal and filed away, Mr. Howell went to work to put his office in order and commence business in earnest.

Killman was happy, he had been relieved. A big burden had been removed from his erstwhile responsibilities. There was no more financial worries, no more racking of the brain and head scratching for him in the office now. His part of the business consisted in looking after production, factory organization and equipment. It now devolved upon Howell to furnish the "Jack" to keep business going.

Business was still far below normal throughout the country, but, owing to Howell's wise and efficient financial management, coupled with his ability to solicit business from the best jobbers and dealers in the country, the Wood Products business borometer kept steadily rising.

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It was during these stirring times in American history that a great army of unemployed was being organized in all parts of the country, for the express purpose of marching on to Washington and registering a protest there with the administration. A small contingent of this army arrived in Saginaw and camped on a large lot near the business section of the town and proceeded to voice its feelings towards the President, in particular and the government in general for the bad state of affairs in the business realm.

Rudolph Koch, Bob Placard and the unworkable Pat O'Leary were among the large crowd of spectators who had come hither to hear their government abused.

"Those boys are putting up an awful holler," remarked Placard.

"Yes, indeed," rejoined Koch, the radical. "They are a lot of poor, misguided fools, who have been taught to assail and abuse Cleveland and his government, but, I am positive that neither the President nor the government is responsible for the sufferings of the American people.

"In the first place, the people's present plight is largely due to their own ignorance and carelessness and no people can expect their government to be wiser and more efficient than they are themselves. The financial system is really at fault and is out of date and should be discarded. The people should attack their own financial system and not their government."

"I agree with you," piped the wiseacre Pat, "when you call these fellows 'poor misguided fools'. To hear a man kick because he can't find work, sounds uncanny to me, why say, fellows, I'd give a lot to get a wallop at the fellow who invented work."

Koch and Placard laughed. Placard said:

"I cannot understand, why you would want to exert yourself punishing the man who got up work. His creation has never troubled you."

"To be sure, on the surface that may be true, but his contrivance has placed me in an awful compromising position many times."

"When your wife gets tired of washing clothes," taunted Placard, "send her over to the factory, I can put her to work making washboards."

"Oh, no you won't," retorted Pat, "what would I be doing to get something to eat if the Missus were away from home. You know whe must prepare the meals."

"Why don't you prepare the meals," suggested Koch.

"What!" heatedly rejoined Pat. "Do you mean to insinuate that I am fool enough to fall into the trap of my hated enemy?"

"Not at all, Pat," laughingly replied Koch, "I admit that you have a perfect right to be lazy if you are wise enough to get your eats and evade work at the same time."

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As time went on the Wood Products Company was enjoying a continual increase in the volume of business. The Wood Products competitors, scattered throughout the country, were beginning to feel anew the business pressure of their Saginaw rival. Many competitors realized that it would be but a question of time, when they would lose out in the market and be compelled to discontinue making washboards.



In the year of 1896, the American people elected a change of politicians. The Wood Products Company made preparations to take care of the promised prosperity.

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It was in the year of 1897, that the noble hero of our story was born. Clyde Marlaw was born on the west side in the city of Saginaw, September 5, 1897. Both the boy's father and mother were school teachers who had married late in life, that is to say, they were older when they married than the usual run of folks are when they sign up for permanent attachment.

Mr. and Mrs. Marlaw were both descendants from sturdy backwoods parents who, in their youth, romped in the beautiful pine forests of Michigan. When they grew to maturity, they wielded the axe to help feed the many sawmills in the state.

Clyde's parents, as I said before, were school teachers, and as such, were exceedingly bright and clever. They had for many years practiced physical culture and now at thirty-five years they were as young and strong as are the select of the young folks at twenty.

Clyde Marlaw, the baby boy, was a prize baby, a real hundred percent perfect boy. The parents utilized their intelligence and actually commenced teaching and training their son many things of great value while yet a child. This mental and physical training made the child disease proof, and as a result, thrived and grew up to an agile, speedy and powerful youngster, who knew how to take care of himself when he entered school at six years of age. But Clyde comes into the story to stay later on.

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After the Spanish-American quarrel was settled, business revived. Mr. Howell had decided to buy up all the outstanding stock at par together with the accrued interest at seven percent per annum. The old stockholders were mighty glad to get their penny, which had long since been regarded as lost. Killman and Howell were now the rulers of their own business destiny.

Killman was like a bull in the ring, when in the factory. It appeared to those about him, that the more money he made the worse it was for the help. He hired and fired help every day.

John Wasser said one day, "Killman hires and fires more help than does the devil himself."

Help was plentiful and low priced. While Killman regarded this an ideal business accessory, he nevertheless abused it outrageously. Strange to say, his action did not materially disrupt his factory organization. His violent temper, his harsh treatment and ruthless methods, had so to speak, put the "fear of God" in the hearts of his help.

Howell was by nature and training, Killman's opposite and he never bothered his head about Killman's business, in fact, Howell never went into the factory. Killman, the books showed, was getting good results and that was all either man was after.

The flow of orders was constant and business had doubled and trebled in the past few years. Mr. Howell had given considerable time and thought to the idea of buying up some of their competitors.

"Chase," he said one day, "what is your idea in regard to our competitors? Which is the best method, run 'em out, or buy 'em out?"

"Well," replied Chase, "I've given the matter considerable thought since you and Mr. Killman talked about it here in the office. I feel that either method is very crude and unbusiness like. You know that there are any number of women in America who will demand the old type of hard-working washboards because they have always used them. Their mothers and their grandmothers have always used them, and if we made but boards out of gold, these women would still break their backs over the other fellows washboard."

"Your philosophy is well founded," approvingly remarked Howell. "Human nature has ever been thus, millions of men and women have lived and died the same religious and political faith, because their parents had so lived and died."

After a brief silence, Howell again opened the subject. "If you don't approve of either method, Chase, what is your plan?"

"I figure that if we could induce several of our largest competitors to join hands with us and form a selling combine, erect a large warehouse in Chicago, Kansas City or St. Louis, (any of those three cities will do) as our distributing point, provide large offices equipped and manned, together with a sales force. This is the cheapest and best way, I figure



to eliminate our thorny competition."

"Fine stuff, Chase," ejaculated Howell. "You bookkeepers are, as a rule, a very sedate lot, but you at least show signs of having an active brain. Come now, tell me how are we going to take these fellows into a selling combine without giving them the right or privilege as it were to manufacture our own patented washboards?"

"Oh, that is the sticker?" retorted Chase. "But, that's up to you, Mr. Howell, you are supposed to be smooth enough to sell them our plan and never permit the question of manufacture's privileges to enter the discussion or the agreement."

"Bright idea, Chase. I have it now. I'll induce our competitors to join the selling combine as partners in a new company. I will go down to Chicago soon and interview some of my good friends there, relative to this proposition and sound them out on the matter generally."

Mr. Howell divulged his plan to Killman, and in a few days after this talk with Chase and Killman, Mr. Howell had arrived in Chicago to interview some of his best business friends.

Two men, Walton and Long, Chicago friends of Mr. Howell, were taken up with the idea. The men saw big possibilities in an agency of this kind. Walton and Long intimated to Howell that they would immediately consolidate into the American Washboard Company. After the incorporation of the selling agency, he was to proceed to call on the competitors of the Wood Products Company and induce them to join the new Company.

The plan worked admirably. Walton and Long succeeded in interesting five of their liveliest competitors. These concerns recognized the value of a central distributing agency to themselves.

The manufacturers now dealt directly with the one great agency. The agency now handled all the business between themselves and the jobbers. The agency had eliminated a lot of office work and the usual percentage of bad accounts which the manufacturers had previously suffered.

The American Washboard Company as a selling agency, proved a big success. Its large warehouses and well equipped salesrooms together with its sales force made business hum for all the manufacturers who were stockholders in the American Company. Killman's superior boards were gaining in popularity and their sales grew larger and larger. It became evident that the American women were waking up to the better value of Killman's boards over all others. His "Big Special" and the "Little Wonder" were selling by the thousands.

Business was on easy street, so to speak, in 1905. Killman had become wealthy, his dream had been realized. He erected a beautiful home, a real palace on two acres of ground which was beautified by skilled landscape artists.

"Martha, my dear," he said after they had settled in their beautiful home. "Well, here we are in the lap of wealth, for which we have longed and worked for the last twenty years."

"Yes, Henry darling," rejoined Mrs. Killman, "all these things of beauty, comfort and security I thoroughly love and enjoy. Now, my only prayer is that you, my love, will get better physically."

"As your nerves need rest and medical attention, therefore, I pray you take life easy, consult a good specialist in one of the larger cities, hire a man to handle and deal with the factory help, make yourself comfortable, happy, and enjoy your hard earned wealth amidst ease and luxury."

"My dear Martha," Killman interrupted, "what in the name of common sense are you thinking about. You would have me retire from active business, to live a life of ease and luxury before I am sixty years old? I'd be a bankrupt man and perhaps on the way to the poor house. No, no, mother, not so, not so, I must stay in harness keep on working and fighting, never let up, or give up, until I am too old or worn out to properly manage my business affairs."

Mrs. Killman smiled in silence, and after a brief pause, Killman continued:

"Work, work, eternal work, that is man's best remedy. It is the saviour of all mankind and is civilization's great safety valve.

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In the year of 1900, our celebrated triangle beauties were born. Mr. and Mrs. Jeremiah Harland, a Presbyterian minister and his helpmeet, living on the east side of the city of Saginaw, were indeed lucky to be the parents of the wonderful Mary. Mary's mother was interested in, and practiced health culture.

Mary was born on the third day of May, 1900 and was the oldest of



the famed triangle beauties. Mary's father, who preached the doctrine of foreordination and predestination, had been somewhat loose on the matter of his health before marriage. He was not a hard headed man, he would at times listen to reason. Preacher Harland was indeed fortunate to get a real wife. Mrs. Harland, to be sure, had taken her husband for better or worse, and immediately after their marriage, this good woman started her campaign to make him better physically, she said of him:

"He could not become worse in this respect."

Her physical house cleaning had the beneficent effect of removing some ancient cobwebs from the reverend's mentality. His health improved wonderfully in a very short time. His live wire wife soon convinced him that a man has certain powers within him by which he may determine his own destiny.

Little Mary grew up to be a beautiful girl, with light brown hair and wonderful big blue eyes. She was built strong and well in proportion. She became an athletic marvel. We will tell you more about Mary in the succeeding chapters.

Clare Hansen, the blonde beauty of the triangle, was born on the fifth day of May, 1900, to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hansen, west side merchant. Clare, early in life showed remarkable initiative, she was the brightest star in a large family of lesser lights. Clare did not learn much from her parents, it didn't take many years and their Clare was teaching them some very fundamental truths. This marvelous girl had a natural bend for health science. The human body was to her, keen intellect, a great riddle which she tried to solve and understand. At the age of six years, Clare learned to know Clyde Marlow and they became playmates and the best of friends. In later years Clare became an ardent devotee of outdoor sports and exercises. We will tell you more about this wonder girl in the succeeding chapters.

Emily Bigsby, the beautiful brunette of the triangle, was also born and raised on the west side of the Saginaw river, on the ninth day of May 1900. Emily's father was a wealthy soap manufacturer who died when Emily was ten years of age. Mr. Bigsby left his wife and two daughters his entire immense fortune. Emily, though born and raised in the lap of aristocracy was, in character, a real democrat. When Emily first attended the public school, she met Clyde Marlow and the little six year old girl fell in love with the boy. She invited him to her home so often, that her mother also became very fond of him. As they grew older Clyde gave this lovely little girl her first lessons in health culture. But we are getting ahead of our story and must turn back again.



## CHAPTER VIII

## THE KILLMAN BROTHERS

Someone has said: "The sins of the father are visited on his children," to this we might add, "The sins of the children are visited on father's purse."

Charles and Harry Killman were abnormal boys, if anything. They caused their parents many a headache and much expense. The father's violent temper had no doubt left its imprint on the boys, but his severity when correcting them, was brutal in the extreme. It was said that his violent rage knew no mercy, and he often treated his own boys worse than he would the factory help. On the other hand was mother, kind, loving, gracious and sympathetic. In her extreme goodness she did everything in her power to shield the boys from their father's wrath.

The father's severity on the one hand, and the mother's goodness on the other, naturally caused the boys to grow worse instead of better. The result of this dual kingdom in the boy's home contributed largely to their villainous careers. Father's hard earned money had to be used to satisfy the law or some poor victim of the boy's sins and misdeeds. The father's defect, his bad temper, and severity, could not subdue his proud spirit. He would reflect, think of his name and listen to the pleadings of mother, (as he called Mrs. Killman) pay the bill, no matter how large, rather than have the boys go to jail or prison.

Killman had achieved wealth, fame and a good name in the business world after he had spent the best part of his life fighting Fear, Worry, and Doubt, along with his temper, and strange as it may seem to the reader, the more the boys learned as they grew older, the worse it seemed for father and his purse.

People wondered what Arthur Howell thought whenever they heard of the Killman boy's wrong doings. Arthur Howell, the Killman benefactor and prince among men, never let on to anyone what he thought, or even that he knew anything about the boys. Howell evidently did not trouble his head over his partner's domestic or factory troubles.

The boys had attended college, but it appears that both reprobates fell down there, either in their studies or they had trouble with the faculty. At any rate, they did not attend very long and the family kept the matter quiet.

In 1906, Charles gave his parents a severe shock. This time he had committed a cardinal sin by eloping with one of the family servant girls and marrying her. The girl, to be sure, was a good girl, but the horror of the deed lay in the fact, that she was a servant and far below their son Charles' station in life.

Charles Killman, homely, crooked and mean, nevertheless, had the power to influence poor girls to do his bidding, and many a poor girl can testify that she went with him, much to her sorrow. But now, he had fallen far below his sins.

The Killmans were sorely grieved. "Oh, the dishonor of his deed," Mrs. Killman would say to her fuming husband, "had the boy only hinted to us that he was about to take this awful step, we might have found means to prevent it!"

"Yes, mother," replied Killman, his anger somewhat subdued. "I am indeed sorry for you, to think how good you have always been to Charles, and now, he has repaid you by disgracing the whole family."

"Hush, father dear," interrupted Mrs. Killman, "time may heal this last wound, as it has all our wounds in the past, let us brace up and be as bright and cheerful as we possibly can before our friends and neighbor's faces. Let us wait, perhaps Anna was to blame."

Anna Martin, the Killman domestic, was a sweet little thing, eighteen years old. Charles, who fell in love with every new girl, thing or toy on sight, but soon tired of them, likewise fell head over heels in love with the chic little Anna, as soon as he laid eyes on her.

Charles' overpowering passion caused him to make speedy advances to this new little beauty in the Killman home, but being a bit smarter than some of her sisters who had been carried away by the impetuous love of Charles, she positively refused his advances unless he propose marriage to her, get a marriage license and a minister to boot.

To comply with Anna's condition was dead easy for Charles. He forthwith proceeded to procure a license and a minister, and they were legally married.



The elder Killmans fretted and fussed over this latest piece of Charles deviltry, but Charles was so extremely happy for a few days, that he never gave a thought to home, parents, or their grief. He didn't return to his home, he immediately journeyed with his bride to Detroit, where he sought a business acquaintance of his father, a Mr. Shepherd, by name, to whom he told his story of adventure.

Mr. Shepherd, being a great admirer of the elder Killman took Charles and Anna into his home for a time until he had found a modest little home for the newly married couple. Mr. Shepherd also put Charles in charge of a small department in his factory and paid him a liberal salary. When the elder Killmans had learned of Charles whereabouts they sent Mr. Shepherd a letter of thanks and expressed the hope that they could some day repay Mr. Shepherd for his kindness to their son. They never mentioned poor Anna.

Several months later, father Killman journeyed to Detroit to pay his boy a visit. He was very careful not to go to his son's home as he wished to keep his visit a secret.

The elder Killmans thoroughly detested Anna. They had quietly spread the news among friends, that the vile domestic had influenced their boy Charles to go away with her. Therefore, the elder Killman, who had come to Detroit with the express purpose to induce his son to leave his wife, naturally did not want his presence there, known to Anna.

Killman repaired to the Shepherd factory where he was cordially received by Mr. Shepherd, who immediately sent a messenger into the factory to inform Mr. Charles Killman that he was wanted in the office. Father and son embraced on meeting in the office, tears were visible in father's eyes.

"Charles, my boy," finally pleaded the elder Killman, "come with me to my hotel I wish to talk with you about your mother."

"All right, father," replied Charles.

At the hotel, father and son repaired to the former's room.

"Charles, my son," opened Killman, after both had seated themselves in easy chairs, "your mother has not been herself since you left home. Her mind is worried and her heart is heavy and I fear that if you remain away from her much longer she will not live many months.

"Your mother has been good to you. We are rich, you have every comfort at home, and we cannot understand why you do not return to our home. Mother imagines that that vile domestic has you fast in her hypnotic clutches. She believes you are innocent, and the girl responsible, in that she has influenced you to go with her and to leave your good home."

Charles Killman, who had listened intently to his father, was a base liar who only spoke the truth when it served his purpose. He had already tired of Anna and had actually broken his marriage vow a dozen times or more in the seven months of wedded bliss.

Therefore, when his dad said, "Your mother believes you are innocent and the girl responsible," his satanic majesty grinned and proceeded to make use of the lie that had been put in his mouth by father.

"Yes, it is true, father," returned Charles, "Anna would not let me alone. She kept at me constantly begging me to marry her, and as you know I am soft hearted and good natured, I--I--pleased the little beggar and hooked up with her much to my own sorrow."

"Hm, just as we surmised, your mother and I," responded the father. "How much money do you think the girl will settle for?"

"Why, 'er--'er," hesitated Charles, "I can't say, father, I must let you in on the secret. We expect a baby in a couple of months."

"That's her funeral," hastily replied father, "she has brought this on herself and now must bear the burden of her own folly."

"That's true, father, but why not let me question her and slowly draw her out as to what she would take to give me a divorce."

"That's an ugly word," shouted father. "Never utter that disgraceful word again, Charles. We must carry on separation proceedings in this city and keep it quiet. Pay the girl her price on condition and with the understanding that she remain away from your home town."

"I will agree to do anything you and mother wish, father," replied Charles enthusiastically, "I am in urgent need of a couple hundred dollars, right now, would you mind letting me have that amount as soon as possible, father, please?"

"Oh, why 'er, certainly, certainly, my boy. Let me write you a check for that amount at once."

Father wrote him a check for two hundred dollars, but father had little



thought of what it was to cost him for his son's divorce.

When father and son parted, that day, both seemed to be highly pleased at having seen and visited with each other. Charles had two hundred dollars, which he would use to buy a lot of fun and sport.

Poor Anna, busy with her domestic duties in her neat little home, little dreamed of the big conspiracy that was being hatched against her by her husband and wealthy father-in-law. Anna, of course, did not live very happily with her husband. He was mean and ugly to her, but she had experienced a new love in her mind's vision of a little one whose love would be genuine and all her own.



## CHAPTER IX

## THE DEVIL, MONEY AND THE GIRL

The day following his father's visit, Charles informed Anna that he had received instructions from Mr. Shepherd to look after the Company's interests in a deal pending in Chicago. This story was a lie, manufactured for the sole purpose of deceiving Anna as to his whereabouts. His intentions were to go to Saginaw to visit his mother and further go into the matter of his intended divorce from Anna.

Before leaving Detroit for his home town, Charles sought his bosom friend and pal, Ike Limpus, a young attorney who was world wise and loved wild sport. On entering Ike's suit, Charles immediately opened the conversation on what had recently come up.

"Father and mother want me to leave Anna," said Charles, "and I want you to do the planning and thinking to put this thing over for us so it won't cost a fortune."

"You surprise me, Charley, old pal," ejaculated Ike, "only last week you praised your wife's good qualities to me. Aren't you making a mistake?"

"Well, 'er, you see, Ike," replied Charles, "father is wealthy. He is growing older each day and he wants me at home and in the factory, teach me now to run the plant so that if anything happens to him, I can take his place. Mother is ill because I married Anna and went away from home."

Ike knew the whole story relating to Charles and Anna's elopement, but he must have time in which to work out a satisfactory case against Anna so that she be a real defendant. He felt that he could easily engineer the whole business so that Anna need not be paid more than a paltry sum. Ike figured that he could himself use father's money to better advantage than Anna.

"Well, I'll study the case from its various angles," promised Ike. "After you return to the city, I may have by then, decided on what action can be taken in the matter. Come to me as soon as you return."

"All right, Ike, old pal, I will," responded Charles, somewhat elated over the prospects of an easy divorce. The men shook hands and bid each other farewell.

Charles reached Saginaw in safety and immediately repaired for home and mother. Mother received him with open arms, a fond embrace and a shower of kisses.

She looked up into his booze pickled face and exclaimed, "Charles, my good boy, that self same good looking young man, that you have always been."

Mrs. Killman was just as natural as are the mothers of other boys. She could only see the good, the pure, the noble and the man, in her son's countenance.

Mrs. Killman, now thoroughly detested Anna for having induced her good noble Charles to go away with her. She had listened to father's story when he reached home from his recent visit to her own darling boy.

"Charles, my son," she opined, "you have a perfect right to leave that horrid creature without the resort to legal proceedings, simply stay away from her."

"My friend, Mr. Limpus, Detroit attorney, informs me that the step you suggest would in law, come under the offense called desertion and would be rather a risky as well as a very expensive undertaking for me."

"How much will this vile thing, you call wife, settle for to give you your freedom?" queried Mrs. Killman.

"I really can't say, mother, as Anna is in the dark, that is to say, she doesn't know a thing about this divorce talk of ours."

"Oh! Oh! Charles! Please do not mention that infernal word again. I can't bear it, I can't bear it," sobbed Mrs. Killman as though her heart would break.

Charles remained in Saginaw two weeks, the time he had told Anna the firm expected it would take to close the deal in Chicago. Anna had busied herself sewing tiny dresses and things with which she expected to clothe her new love. Anna had not been lonesome during Charles' absence. The neighbor ladies and girls loved Anna because she was a clean good mixer.

Many had guessed that the girl's married life wasn't a happy one, although Anna had never as much as hinted to anyone that her life wasn't a happy one.

"You're a cheery, jolly, good girl," said Mrs. Trumbull an elderly good-natured lady and Anna's next door neighbor. "You and your husband must get along pretty well?"



"Oh, yes," replied Anna, "Charles lets me have my way and I let him have his."

"That's a pretty sensible sort of way for two young people to live," rejoined Mrs. Trumbull.

.....

Charles, on entering the house, acted cold and indifferent. His face showed signs of having had hilarious good times. He looked more like a boiled lobster than a human being.

"Hello, kid," he snouted, "how are you?"

He did not kiss her, but this was nothing new to Anna as he had neglected this manly act long ago.

"Oh, I'm all right," replied Anna, "how are you?"

"Not feeling very well. Had a hard time closing that Chicago deal," lied Charles.

The following day, Charles repaired to the office, where the sporty Ike Limpus interpreted the law of the land. Ike had given the Killman case considerable thought and study. He liked Anna and knew her to be a good little woman. He knew that all the neighbors thought well of her. Ike also knew that Charles was far from being a man and he felt that Anna really deserved a real man as a husband.

He further knew that he could easily trick the girl, lead her into a trap as it were and cause her defense to look black indeed. Be it recorded here that said Ike Limpus was not above any low, vulgar, or criminal trick, if the trick promised a swag for him.

Ike, however, had a small smouldering spark of manhood left in him. Sometimes this little spark would flare forth and burst into a flame. It was during these times that Ike's manhood would reveal itself. Ike was in the throes of one of these manhood manifestations when Charles entered his office.

"Hello, Ike,"

"Hello, Charles."

"Fine day," ventured Charles, "what's the good news?"

"I've been studying your case from every angle. I can easily put the thing over for you, but, it would materially injure your chances of becoming a member of the White Flame Lodge next year, and Charles, old boy, I want you to become a member of that wonderful order. It is the best and biggest order in the world, most good business men belong to our order.

"A fellow's standing in the business world is really insignificant, if he isn't a member of the White Flame."

Charles listened to Ike's talk which meant so much to him, with fixed bulging eyes almost glassy in appearance. Charles was anxious to become a free man, and he also wanted to become a member of the White Flame order. He knew very well that crooked means must be employed to get rid of Anna, and to resort to crooked means to free himself would black ball him in the lodge which meant a man's business death.

"I've had my application in the White Flame for eight months now," said Charles thoughtfully, "and it looks as if they've turned me down."

"I can assure you this much," ejaculated Ike, "that your application has not been voted on as yet, as the committee is still busy investigating your character among friends and outsiders.

"I dare say that if you lie low and behave in a sort of a way, nearly like a decent fellow you will be elected a member of the order inside of five months. This isn't at all a long time to wait as I know several members of our lodge who waited three and four years before they were admitted.

Now keep this that I have just told you to yourself, because if the lodge is ever apprized of what I have told you, the penalty meted out to me would mean business death."

"I promised my mother," retorted Charles, "that I would get rid of Anna at once and return home."

"Why not return home in a few days," hastily answered Ike, "and inform your people that a sticker has bobbed up in the proceedings which will require some time before it is removed."

"Hm," grunted Charles.

"Another thing, Charles, that I wish to call to your attention," continued Ike, "you told me that you expected a little one at the house soon. Now I want to tell you straight, old pal, that in my humble opinion, a man who leaves his wife while she is in that condition is worse than a beast. My advice to you is to go slow if you desire to become one of us in the great White Flame."



Charles was in a quandary, but at any rate he must think the matter over and again return to Saginaw and unburden his heart to his father and mother.

A few days passed and Charles was again on his way to Saginaw. He had not intimated his intentions of going away to Anna. When he did not return that night and the following day, she went to the telephone and asked central to connect her with the Shepherd office, which the former did. She asked to be placed in communication with Mr. Shepherd. This granted, she said:

"Hello, Mr. Shepherd? I beg your pardon, but this is Mrs. Charles Killman and I would like to know my husband's whereabouts. He hasn't been home since yesterday morning. Could you tell me where he is, please?"

"He told me that he was again returning to Saginaw to extend his recent visit there," replied Mr. Shepherd.

"Recent visit," uttered Anna in surprise, "why Charles hasn't been in Saginaw since we were married."

"Oh, sure he has, Mrs. Killman," retorted Mr. Shepherd, "you would know unless you were away from Detroit as he only returned from Saginaw a few days ago after having spent two weeks there."

"Thank you," responded Anna and then hung up the receiver.

"Gee, but that redhead is an awful liar," said Anna to herself, "I must learn what that crooked stick is up to in Saginaw."

Anna was soon to learn what she was up against.

When Charles arrived home, he told his parents what his friend Ike Limpus had said to him.

"Why, Charles, your lawyer friend is ridiculous," replied Mrs. Killman, after Charles had finished his story. "Your father had already layed your case before our own attorney, Mr. Stillman, who wishes to interview you before his intended journey to Detroit."

Charles nodded assent, but said nothing.

"Money," continued Mrs. Killman, "no matter in what amount must buy your release from so vile a wretch as is that woman you call wife."

Father Killman had made an appointment with Mr. Stillman to be prepared to meet his son at the Killman home at 2 P.M. the next day.

Stillman arrived in due time and was warmly received by the family. Charles told his story to Stillman who carefully noted every word. After Mr. Stillman had gathered all the facts which were for the most part lies, he quietly stated his plan of action to Charles's father and mother. He would go immediately to Detroit and persuade the woman in the case to sell out.

Stillman arrived in Detroit immediately, got in touch with Anna and made an appointment with her at her own home. When he arrived at the Charles Killman home in Detroit, he was received at the door by the friendly and chic little Anna, who asked him to be seated and make himself at home. He was struck to note the girl's apparent good health and beauty and thought a man must be a fool to even think of leaving so attractive a creature and cozy little love nest provided for him.

Be it recorded here that Mr. Stillman had reached man's most dangerous age, that age noted for its peculiar influence on an old man to give him the desire to be young again. The age when the dimmed eye feasts on the beauty of youth. Yes, indeed, Stillman, the noted attorney had reached the age, that caused him to admire vibrant and verdant youth. He had accumulated knowledge, wisdom, power, wealth and fame, but, he often felt that he would gladly part with all of these in trade for a young inexperienced, but strong, healthy body. Stillman naturally admired the beautiful Anna, full of pep and graceful youth. He justly judged Charles a fool for wanting to part with such a lovely young girl.

"Aw, er, hm--er," began Stillman, "I have been sent by your husband to interview you on a matter that would give both of you your freedom," Stillman paused purposely. He looked into the girl's face to see the play of emotions.

"What is this you have come for?" queried the startled Anna.

The power of Stillman's few words had set to work within her that wonder artist called "emotion".

"That girl is," thought Stillman, "without a doubt, the most beautiful woman I have ever seen."

"I have come to interview you at your husband's request. He wishes to be divorced from you."

"My God," cried Anna, "isn't he man enough to do his own dirty work? You, you old fool! Get right out of my house and inform my husband to come



to me and tell me his pleasure. I won't talk to a go-between."

Stillman's line of sweet talk failed to interest the girl. She had shown him the door time after time, he tried hard to stick, but her ultimatum to Stillman was always the same.

"There's the door, please go, and tell my husband to be man enough to tell it to me personally."



## CHAPTER X

## WILD AND SERENE LOVE

Stillman, the noted attorney, had been chased by a sweet little girl. There was nothing else for him to do but to return to Saginaw. In his own little community, he was held in high esteem, and feeling the tremendous weight of his importance, he strutted around with a dignified and highly polished air. But, now his dignity had been ruffled and his polish terribly marred by this hot headed little girl. She had treated him worse than any person heretofore had, and he felt sorely ashamed of himself for the first time in his long professional career.

"What would his wealthy clients say?" he asked himself. Well, no matter what they would think or say, he had nevertheless performed his duty, and felt that the Killman's should be grateful to him for having attempted so nasty a task for them.

"It is the girl," he mused to himself, "that had married way below her station in life. She is evidently a noble girl of good character, while Charles Killman is the very scum of a character."

After Stillman had departed, Anna, had all manner of thoughts flying through her agitated brain. She put two and two together and, as if by magic, the whole story was unfolded to her by the pictures flashed on her mental screen. She thought of Charles' good pal and attorney, Ike Limpus.

"Why didn't Charles employ him?" she asked herself. "Perhaps Charles had tried to get Ike to do his dirty work, but Ike had refused," she conjectured.

A thought came to her as quick as a flash, she must go to Ike's office and lay her case before him. Ike had been to the house on several occasions in the past, but each time on Charles' invitation. She figured that Ike, as a man was not of much account, because he, like Charles openly boasted of their low vile deeds. She knew that Ike had a dark character, but, she reasoned that he would not do her harm, if she sought his advice, which was a matter of business and she was ready to pay him in cash for his professional services. She forthwith resolved to pay Ike a visit and get his know in the matter.

The following day, Anna and Ike were busily absorbed in the Killman case. Ike had told her everything and his advice to Charles. Ike felt very bitter towards Charles his erstwhile "rounder pal" for having engaged Stillman and sending him down to Detroit to perform a task that he could have performed much better.

"I warned Charles to go slow," said Ike notly, "now the fool has bungled the job by hiring a second rater, but, Mrs. Killman, with your permission, I will take your case at a moderate fee and I swear that I shall cause his family much worry, humiliation and expense for their childish folly. I will guarantee that you will receive greater compensation now, provided you are willing to take my advice and play a waiting game, then, you could possibly hope for, if you sold out to them."

Anna was happy to hear all this from Charles' best pal.

"I'll put the case in your hands," replied Anna with a triumphant look in her eyes, "but how am I going to get money from Charles to run the house?"

"You leave that to me," retorted Ike, "I'll see that you will live like a lady at their expense."

Anna was pleased when she returned home. She sank into an easy chair, closed her eyes and thought of God and said to herself, "What God do'eth is well done."

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The Killmans were anxious to learn from their attorney how he had managed the deal with their despised daughter-in-law. They had called Stillman's office by telephone several times on the third day after his departure for Detroit, but his help had in every instance assured the Killmans that Mr. Stillman had as yet not returned and promised to notify them as soon as he had.

But, like the devil, most evil doers look for constant action in their behalf, so it was with the Killmans, whose clouded mentalities demanded action no matter what the cost.

Stillman had purposely remained home and in seclusion for two reasons, primarily, he feared to face his wealthy clients and secondly, he felt that



his long absence would lead them to believe that his task was a difficult one and consequently made his stay in Detroit much longer than they had anticipated.

After several days in quiet seclusion, Stillman had woven a fine story of the many imaginary obstacles in his path to settle with Anna. He ventured forth to seek the Killmans and unravel his magic tale. The story worked well on the Killman skulls and behold, they actually lauded his skill, his polish and his ever present dignity among friends and neighbors.

Stillman admonished his clients to wait with patience. "Proceedings must be carried on very quietly and they must be well planned, he cautioned. Stillman was practically giving his clients the same advice for a handsome fee, that Ike had imparted to Charles gratis.

The newly rich and many of the old wealthy families like to pay well for simple advice. Professional men know this, and arrange their statements according. Stillman advised to keep the girl supplied with sufficient funds.

"Establish a weekly drawing account for her at one of the Detroit banks, I can easily arrange this matter for you."

The elder Killman proved himself a good sport and suggested that Anna's drawing account be made slightly in excess of her former weekly allowance granted her by Charles when they lived together.

"Your suggestion is a wise one," graciously commented Stillman. "This kind act of yours, Mr. Killman may prove a splendid balm to the girl and deter her from seeking legal advice."

The day following the Stillman-Killman conference, Anna received the following letter from the A. J. Stillman law offices.

A. J. Stillman Law Offices  
Saginaw, Michigan  
December 14, 1906

Mrs. Anna Killman  
2631 Clinton Ave.  
Detroit, Mich.

My dear Mrs. Killman:

Enclosed please find a letter of credit on the first National Bank, Detroit, which entitles you to a weekly drawing account of forty dollars. Trusting that this will meet with your approval, You have our best wishes,

Sincerely,

Signed: A. J. Stillman, attorney.

Anna was elated. She immediately repaired to Ike's office and showed him the letter and certificate. Ike was extremely tickled and joyously exclaimed:

"By jove, Mrs. Killman, they're certainly a decent lot of scoundrels. I rully intended writing them in your behalf to stir them up and endeavor to shake a weekly allowance of twenty-five dollars out of them, but I see they've gone me fifteen dollars better. This action of theirs is very timely and greatly in our favor, because they are still unaware of the fact that you have a legal advisor and we don't want them to know it for some time."

A month passed and lo! Anna's new love arrived, a baby boy. She had every comfort provided her by her good neighbor lady friends. Anna was now truly happy and thanked God.

Charles Killman had completely forgotten his wife and baby which he plainly demonstrated in his daily thought and action. His father had provided a place for <sup>KIM</sup>as well as for his brother in the factory and office. Charles had to follow his father through the factory to get wised up on how a factory should be managed. Whenever father barked at the help, Charles would also bark; whenever father threw a fit of anger, Charles likewise would throw a fit. If father examined a piece of work closely, Charles imitated him. Father would catch some worker off his guard and pounce like a tiger on his defenceless prey.

"What's the matter with you, Bill? Havn't you got any sense? When are you going to learn to do a job right? I have half a notion to send



you home."

Charles would likewise blurt something of the same sort to the same person.

"If you can't do as father tells you, I'll send you home."

Now it was worse for the help than it ever had been. Yet, the hands saw humor in the situation and would often laugh and joke among themselves over what they termed the "barking dogs of the nut house", or "the slave drivers of the slave hole".

But no sooner had father absented himself from the factory for any reason, when both Charles and Harry would seize this opportunity to fool and play games with the help or make dates with the girls. On these occasions the factory was a bedlam of jollity and boisterous hilarity. At this very time, Charles had been cast into the whirlpool of society, my how the belles flattered and showered their affections on this love pirate. Charles like his father, proved very awkward in society. They tried to brush off their rough manners by acting decent which was unnatural for them. The result being that they made many social slips and funny falls in the presence of America's refined caste.

Arline Grant happened to be a favorite of the smart set, was a nice creature and all that. Mrs. Killman loved Arline dearly and told Charles so and at the same time hinted that Charles and Miss Grant, the lumber dealer's daughter would make a splendid match, whereupon, Charles immediately made love to the lovely Arline in his rough impetuous fashion. The cave man was the ideal lover of the hour and Charles had no trouble making an impression upon the fair sex. Mrs. Killman was very happy indeed, when she learned that her dear son had captured a society favorite.

Arline's age was a hidden secret, she being an adept in the art of applying youth to the surface. She was at least two years older than Charles and possessed more brains. Many men had fallen in love with her, had loved her openly and secretly and she knew the tricks of the game as well as any woman. She knew how to play men and delighted in making fools of them. She believed in her own mind that all men are fools and she always adjusted her love net so as to catch her man and then make a fool of him.

She knew that Charles was like herself in character, she knew that he had traveled far to the bad. But, she reasoned that her superior wit would outwit him. She therefore put on her love act just as strong as he did, and then when she had him wild over her she would resist him. This simple trick of this world wise woman caused the light headed Charles to become madly in love with her. In his mad desire to have this woman, he proposed to her time and again, but she gently bade him wait.

He even begged his mother to intercede for him. The mother would plead with father to urge Stillman to settle with Charles' "vile thing" in Detroit. Stillman would go down to Detroit to see Anna but each time he would return and report "no business".

Anna, too, was anxious to become free and have her maiden name restored to her, but Ike who had by this time fallen into the deep well of love with Anna, which incidently had converted him to a respectful life, urged her to wait just a little longer as the price of settlement was growing ever larger.

"I want to negotiate the final deal between yourself and Stillman," Ike would way.

Anna's baby boy was now six months old and she cared little for other pleasures, her extreme joy and pleasure was to fuss with, and love her baby.

'Tis true that the baby's general features resembled his father, but Anna failed to see any of his father in him. Ike had simply told Anna that he loved her and would like to make her his wife.

"You would like me to jump from the frying pan into the fire," chuckled Anna.

"Not at all Anna, my love, I know that I have led a wild life. I've sowed my wild oats and am extremely sorry, but since I have advanced in the White Flame, I have seen a new light and your sweet face has given me new hope and Reverend Conklin's portrayal of the Christ has given me a new faith in life. I must have you as my own dear, come, won't you be mine?"

"I can't promise you anything until you have closed with Stillman," smiled Anna.

"All right sweetheart," joyously chimed Ike, "that's a bargain."

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The wild love that was being staged at Saginaw between Killman and Grant, and that little romance which was rounding out so nicely in Detroit between Anna and Ike, caused pressure to be brought on the pending negotiations.

Ike asked Anna to write Stillman and inform <sup>him</sup> that, "My attorney, Ike <sup>^</sup> Limpus, was ready to close the deal."

Anna obeyed, for she loved the new Ike dearly.

Anna's letter fell like a bomb shell in the enemy's camp. The idea of Ike Limpus in the role of Anna's attorney even caused Charles to forget his cyclonic love affair momentarily with his serpent minded Arline.

Stillman was immediately ordered to go to Detroit, negotiate with Ike, and endeavor to buy Charles' freedom at the lowest possible figure, the limit being fixed at fifty thousand dollars.

Stillman arrived and repaired to Ike's office at once. The former tried the horse trading game on Ike, this caused Ike to show his hand, he said:

"Our price is fifty thousand dollars, or no deal."

"A preposterous sum," shouted Stillman.

"The deal is off," retorted Ike, "henceforth our price is sixty thousand dollars."

Poor Stillman had again botched the job. He used all his learned cunning and powers in an endeavor to persuade Ike to settle for fifty thousand, but to no avail.

"I am no piker," said Ike, "sixty thousand dollars is our price."

Stillman was compelled to call father Killman on the long distance <sup>\*</sup> telephone, to get his decision in the matter. Killman was after some delay reached by telephone.

"Limpus won't settle for less than sixty thousand," said Stillman.

"Pay it," cried Killman, "Charles wishes <sup>\*</sup> to wed at once."

Stillman returned to Ike's office a badly beaten man.

"Here's your check for sixty thousand dollars, please sign these papers," blurted Stillman.

Ike rushed to Anna's home with all haste, the happy germ of joy being his principal motive power.

"Ah, here you are my girl, the boss asked me to be kind enough to bring you this - your pay check."

Anna looked at the figures on the check and exclaimed, "What? Sixty thousand dollars? Gee, but that's a big check for a working girl to receive. How did you manage to get such a large amount?"

"I held out and never showed signs of giving in and I bluffed Stillman to a finish," replied Ike.

"You're a darling, Ike, please accept this kiss for your good work," joyously chimed Anna.

"And with the kiss goes this prize package which I hold firmly and securely in my arms," triumphantly whispered Ike.

"So shall it be my love," promised Anna.



## CHAPTER XI

## NATURE'S POWER

Ike and Anna had fallen in love with one another, and they were very frank about the new and marvelous sensation experienced by both. Ike held Anna in his arms and said:

"I am certain, dear girl, that God sent you to me that day you were in trouble and alone. He knew that I needed a new hope to give my new faith the needed stimulus. The sweetness of your dear face, coupled with the fact that the cruel and the unjust were trying to take advantage of you, and you alone in the world and in need of help, so stirred my heart and soul, that I took a solemn oath before God in the quiet of my room, and promised Him, that I would do all in my power and more. I promised to give my own life, to fight your battles to a triumphant finish."

"Yes, my dear, Ikey, I believe that God sent me to you, and further I believe that He answered our prayers. I also asked Him in the quiet of my room, "to make Mr. Limpus a better man for I feel that I am going to fall in love with him." And do you know Ikey dear, that 'every day in every way, I loved you more and more'."

Ikey and Anna laughed heartily and greatly enjoyed each other's love.

The following day, Ike got busy with the divorce business and a few days later notified the Killmans through Stillman that Charles was now a free man.

Charles and Arline were happy. Their wedding was announced in press and pulpit. The wedding day finally arrived. Charles Killman and Arline Grant were united in the holy bonds of matrimony amidst social pomp and trills. The wedding had received much valuable space in the newspapers, who heralded the occasion as a big social event. The climax to a real honest to goodness love affair.

Charles, the impetuous cave man lover, immediately began showering his burning love on Arline. After a fortnight of mad love, Charles began to show signs of becoming normal again by acting natural. He again made appointments with factory girls and vamps who cater to his kind.

Soon, there were heard loud rumblings in the social atmosphere. The Killmans began spilling their affections by the wayside. Arline didn't seem to mind Charles' infidelity, she immediately retaliated in kind. She openly sought the company of her erstwhile lovers. Society was shocked. The father and mother were sorely grieved.

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After Ike Limpus had finished the Killman divorce business and received Anna's promise to become his bride, he told her his plans. To be sure, Anna was somewhat disappointed when Ike said:

"Now, my dear girl, I want to let you in on a little secret. I am not physically fit to marry a good girl like you, sweetheart. 'A bruised body derileth the soul.' I for one, have been very careless with my body. I have drawn upon its one time marvelous powers in a most shameful manner.

"God in his infinite goodness had given me a splendid mind and body, and I like a fool squandered both on the devil's altar. Yet, I must consider myself fortunate in the fact, that my wild life has not seriously crippled me. I am slightly bruised mentally and physically and I feel that a few months stay in nature's repair shop will completely restore me.

"The White Flame Order have a wonderful retreat in the quiet and beautiful fastness of the Sierra Nevada mountains on the California side. It is a veritable garden of Eden minus women, which of course, makes it fool proof. Only members of the order know about this retreat and only two members know the trail, which leads to this wonderland. I have made up my mind to go there and spend three or four months and do all in my power to bring back to you, dear girl a pure, clean, new man."

"Ikey dear," pleaded Anna, "I cannot imagine you to be a sick man. You look all right and I really need your companionship since I have fallen so deeply in love with you."

"I realize that, honey, it is just as hard for me to leave you here alone as it will be for you to be without my companionship, while I am away, but, we must learn to sacrifice at least for a time, that which seems dearest to us--our love, for the sake of a better life and a better family. I would only be too glad to have you and the baby go with me, but the White Flame has decreed that no female or non-member shall tread on the sacred soil of their hidden paradise.

"But, dear Anna, I am sick and I know it. I am filthy and need



cleansing. I am six years your senior, which means six years more experience in life than you have had, and remember my dear girl, I am taking this step to regenerate myself for your sake more than mine. I hold that it is a sacred duty which by the way we do not only owe ourselves, but we owe it to our family and future generations."

"Well, than, Ikey, if your journey to the White Flame retreat is going to be of benefit to our family, I am willing to await your return and then can we enjoy the pleasures of life and live happy ever after."

"Ikey laughed at the girls attempt at humor and said:

"You bet I'll go to the retreat and bring back to you the real love and joy that only a clean mind and body can give to its mate and do not forget the children. All children have the inalienable right to be well born, all children deserve the love and guidance that only a clean father can give them."

Thus, Ike Limpus, the one time world wise reprobate, but now reformed through the teachings of the White Flame Order and Anna's love, departed for the American Garden of Eden, the White Flame retreat which lies hidden in the Sierra Nevadas.

The Detroit Order had furnished Ike with a pass together with detailed instructions as how to find the guide. Ike had no difficulty in locating the guide, but the guide had a hard time leading Ike over deep canyons and chasms on narrow mountain ledges and over dangerous precipices.

After many hours, consisting chiefly of hazardous descents and climbs the guide safely landed Ike in the magic garden of the gods.

"This is," said the guide, "the White Flame retreat which is operated by Dr. Nature. Stop here please. Before a member is permitted to step over the line onto nature's sacred soil it will be necessary for him to divest himself of all clothing which we store in the house you see on your right. Clothing is taboo in the retreat. All members of the White Flame must commune with God and nature free from the filthy dress of civilized man."

After Ike had removed his clothing the guide said, "Now plunge into that bubbling mud bath."

The mud bath over, Ike was told to partake of a warm mineral bath, and after the warm bath, Ike was ordered to take a cold plunge in a pool of clear sparkling water. After the cold plunge, Ike was informed that he now stood on nature's sacred soil.

"Dr. Nature has you in hand now, brother," said the guide, "you cannot see him, but you can feel him. He will not tell you when you are cured, but he will let you feel it. Dr. Nature conveys all his health messages through our sense of feeling. You will know when the doctor has put his O.K. on your bill of health. It will be a time for rejoicing for you will be a clean new being."

The guide then proceeded to show Ike this wonderful paradise. Ike saw scenes which are beyond the wildest dreams of man's imagination.  
 x Beautiful groves of Californian pines, clear babbling brooks and swift running mountain streams, hot mud and mineral baths, cold water swimming  
 x pools, several geysers that belched forth hot steam.

Beautiful snow capped mountain peaks could be seen no matter in which direction one looked. The pure soft white snow on these lofty mountain peaks suggested the great white way to health and purity, a striking contrast to the city's white way which causes many people to travel the way to ruin.

The brilliant sun rays poured over the snow clad mountain peaks into this great health retreat and gently warmed the purest air on God's earth.

"This pure air," said Ike, "should alone have sufficient healing power to drive out devils,"

"No member is permitted to leave this retreat until cured both mentally and physically," replied the guide. "It is here where the White Flame gives its members the highest, purest and most healthful degree obtainable under the sun. Nature's best facilities are concentrated in this little health bowl, to assist man in acquiring a new body and soul."

"Gee, but I am tickled to hear that, brother, I have a sweet girl in Detroit who is deserving of God's best in man."

"Another warning, brother," said the guide, "never permit so much as a vain, even though harmless thought to enter your mind, because it may have the effect of destroying the good Dr. Nature has already accomplished in you."

"Golly, but nature is strict here."

"In this retreat nature is clean, pure and undefiled by civilized man, if you will practice thinking of that which is pure and good and



follow our instructions to the letter you will speedily benefit."

Ike and the guide had walked through groves, orchards and vineyards and finally arrived at the White Flame temple built of logs and the hotel or sleeping quarters for the retreats guests.

In the large court which lay stretched out in front of the temple and the hotel could be seen many men playing out door games while others were taking it easy permitting the pure sunlight to shine into their bodily homes.

Finally the thought occurred to Ike that the guide had not asked him to take an oath.

"Everytime we advance to a higher degree in the city lodges," said Ike, "we are obliged to take an oath. How is it that you let me enjoy the benefits of this the highest degree in the White Flame without the necessity on my part of taking an oath?"

"Because nature's laws should be known to every person under the sun and obeyed. Nature plays the game square with man, she does not demand an oath, she does not believe in fetters or chains, she wants her children to be free. To enjoy her bountiful supply."

It was laughable to see Ike in the act of trying to put his hands in his pockets. For a short while he hankered for a smoke, but even this trouble vanished from his mind, as he felt the ever increasing power of nature.

As time went on, Ike increased in mental and physical power. Ike has been away from Anna nearly four months when the great and only physician, Dr. Nature put his O.K. on Ike's bill of health. Ike informed his guide and asked if he could leave for home.

"Certainly, brother," replied the guide, "come with me to the wardrobe and I will give you your clothes."

The clothes had been cleaned and pressed nicely, but to Ike's smooth clean skin it felt like coarse sack cloth. Ike felt awkward and unclean in his clothes now.

"What makes my clothes feel so coarse and musty?" queried Ike.

"Nature," replied the guide, "has in the proceeding four months given you a suit that cannot be improved on by artificial means. Your skin is finer than silk, but when you go back to Prude land, you will again become accustomed to its artificial life."

The guide then escorted Ike back to man's civilized highway where he again rubbed elbows with artificial man. Ike returned to his little prize in the merry month of June, and on washday which is blue Monday for those who must wash on a washboard.

Rub-e-de-dub, rub-de-e-dub, rub-it and dub-it-off, was the clean tune played on Killmans washboards on that beautiful Monday morning by millions of American women. It was in June, 1908, and was at that time, the sweetest, cleanest and greatest chorus in the world.

Anna was bent over her washboard on this very morn, rendering her share in the great rub-tune chorus.

A knock at the door caused Anna to leave her washboard and answer the door. And, behold, there stood her new Ike. He had no more than entered the house when she found herself tightly held in the new giant's powerful embrace.

"My, but you look just wonderful Ikey, my dear boy," exclaimed Anna.

"Yes, and I feel wonderful."

Anna was amazed to see the great change nature had wrought in Ike's appearance in a short four months. The poor girl seemed to be happier than Ike, she worshipped him like a god.

"You look so fresh, so much younger, red cheeks, clear eyes, nice live hair, square shoulders and mm, such sweet clean breath, my, mm, mm," Anna remarked kissing him again and again.

Ike was happy, but he wasn't overjoyed in the sense that Anna was. Civilization with its huge piles of ugly brick and mortar, its noise and mad rush seemed as strange to him now, as it had been familiar four months ago.

"Anna, sweet girl," he said, "I've got to become accustomed to the rough and crude ways of civilization before I can hope to find my bearings. I have been in God's wonderland where all is clean, quiet and serene. I have, as promised brought back to you, that which I sought a whole, clean, man."

"Let's get married at once," coaxed Anna, "before you again become accustomed to civilized life, I'd hate to lose you now."

Ike smiled good naturedly and replied, "All right dear girl, we'll wed today and then go on our honeymoon through the glorious west."



Anna immediately fired the Killman washboard, bundled up her little son and away they went to get a license and a preacher to complete the job.

This happy couple immediately prepared to leave on a four months tour through America's golden west.



CHAPTER XII

BEGINNING OF RED AGE

In the year of 1913, Harry Killman and Maud Delroy, a society debutante of Boston, were married. Miss Delroy being highly cultured, detested factories and smokestacks. Therefore when she came to Saginaw to live, she didn't like the place one bit. Living conditions were way below her high brow station in life. This girl became so embittered that she developed a dislike for anybody and everybody connected in any way with a factory. She naturally learned to despise the horrid Killmans. Maud asked Harry to move to Boston with her.

"Impossible, I must help father run the factory," replied Harry.

"You immodest prevaricator," exclaimed Maud, "your father recently informed your mother that he had managed his business much better before the boys had come in to help him."

"Even so," retorted Harry, "mother wishes us boys to stay here and as long as father is willing to pay me a good salary, I'm going to remain in Saginaw."

"Good," responded Maud, "I will nevertheless return to my native city of intellectual light and propriety."

Maud forthwith turned her back on the Killmans and departed for Boston, Massachusetts, never to return. Harry afterwards procured a divorce. Thus, have we Harry again running loose which made him no worse than he had been while living with his wife.

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Boom, millions of booms, were heard in Europe in the summer of 1914. The worlds most tragical period had been inaugurated with sword and gun. The great World War marked the beginning of the great Red Age on this little troubled earth.

Millions of men were sacrificed on the alter of Mars. Millions of people on all the opposing sides prayed to the same God imploring Him to be good to their country and their kind, but, it appears that the devil had the situation well in hand and he no doubt laughed up his sleeve as he observed this great tragedy of mixed characters and emotions.

It was during these stirring times, the first half year of the World War that Clyde Marlaw had become a great all round athlete. Clyde, a marvelously well proportioned and developed boy was now seventeen years and was the idol among his school mates.

Mary Harland, now fourteen, attended the East Side High School. She showed unusual promise, athletics also being this girl's hobby. She had wonderful powers of endurance, her quick thinking brain had given her instructors many a pleasant surprise.

Clare Hansen attended the West Side High School, a good and true friend of Clyde Marlaw, because she had always liked him. This girl showed great initiative powers. She was always there to do and try no matter how great the odds against her. Clare was fourteen years old at this time.

Emily Bigsby likewise attended the West Side High School. This girl was also a good friend of Clyde Marlaw, she like Clare had always loved him. Emily's exquisite charm and her talent for music made her a great favorite.

Mary Harland only knew Clyde Marlaw as an opponent and powerful enemy of the Saginaw Eastern football aggregation. Mary admired this Arthur Hill speed marvel because his plays were spectacular and thrilling. No one could help but like Marlaw on the field of sport, he always acted the part of a true man and a good sport.

Clare Hansen and Emily Bigsby were proud of this boy because it was largely due to his great work that Arthur Hill High had humiliated the pride of the Saginaw Eastern High.

Mary Harland did not like this defeat at the hands of their hated rivals on Thanksgiving day, but somehow she could not help but feel a warm spot in her heart for that dashing Marlaw boy.

"Why can't Saginaw Eastern develop a marvel like Marlaw?" queried Mary.

"Haven't got the material to select from," earnestly replied the athletic trainer.

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By 1915, the laws of the State of Michigan had slowly, yet gradually given more and more protection to factory mill and mine workers. The state



factory inspectors who were employed to see that the owners and operators complied with the state law in regard to the proper safe guarding of life and limb, had in their travels visited the Wood Products Company and inspected its factory and safety devices. These inspectors had observed many weak and defective safe guards in the factory and as a sequence, made certain demands on Killman to provide proper safety devices on its many machines that offered many open traps to the busy operator.

Henry Killman, hard headed and stubborn, did not like to be dictated to by anyone. When the inspectors had informed him of danger here and there in his machinery and at the same time giving him instructions as how to proceed with the making of and proper fitting of the safety guards, he flew into a violent rage and informed them that he was running his factory and no state official could dictate to him.

Time went on until one day a boy was caught in a machine which would have killed him had it not been for his quick acting partner, who threw the belts off the pulley just in the nick of time.

All the factory hands had heard about the accident and being naturally interested in the incident, the help gathered around the machine in question at the noon hour. The men were all agreed that Killman should be punished for so flagrant offence against the laws of the state. The state department was notified by one of the men, who this man was no one was ever able to learn.

The officials immediately responded to the workman's call and thoroughly investigated every detail connected with the accident. This again cost Killman a pretty penny for his stubborn policy. Guards made of heavy woven wire were now fitted around the dangerous places to protect life and limb. The state law further demanded that children shall attend school up to the age of eighteen years. This again enraged Killman.

"The state politicians and reformers are going crazy devising new and silly laws," said Killman.

The state inspectors watched Killman pretty close and whenever a machine was seen that was not properly guarded, or a child was found in his employ below the school age, they would get right after him and cause him to comply with the law.

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Mr. Killman and his good partner Mr. Howell, had for a number of years sported America's best makes of automobiles. The advent of the automobile had furnished great sport for the Killman brothers. Wine, women, and automobile parties were the combination upon which the young Killmans feasted. But, the incorrigible devils would always run their wild pleasures into some snag that would eventually touch their fathers purse.

At one time it would be disorderly conduct in some questionable resort. Then, it would be an automobile accident. At another time some poor misguided girl had traveled the pace with them too far, to her own sorrow, and while in court seeking justice, her tears would fall heavily on Killman's purse.

Father and mother really did not care for the money they paid out so much, but it was the dishonor, the disgrace, that these sons had so heavily neaped upon their aging heads, which caused both to age prematurely.

In the year 1915, Charles and Arline who were still smiling and happy with the world, not because they cared for each other, but for the reason that they loved life itself, had planned a trip to the San Francisco and San Diego expositions. Perhaps both had the same thought in mind when Charles proposed this tour into the golden gate. Each had for a long time tried to figure out some way to get rid of the other without the use of poisons or divorce proceedings. Charles had promised his dear, good mother and his hard father that never again would he disgrace the good family name in a divorce court. Therefore, there is every reason to believe that both Charles and Arline had the same good thought in mind that perhaps the prospects out west may be such whereby one could lose the other.

Both were indeed shallow minded. Neither had been west of the Mississippi river. Thus, in September 1915, this ill matched couple started out via rail to San Francisco, that sturdy busy town of golden gate fame.

The Killmans engaged two lower pullman berts from Chicago through to San Francisco.

The rough and rugged scenes through Wyoming, Utah, Nevada and eastern California interested our travelers. When they arrived in the Sierra Nevada mountains, Charles remarked:

"The scientist say that all these mountains were thrown up out of the earth during a great upheaval."



"Exactly," replied Arline, "just as you and I were thrown together in a mad love upheaval."

"Then you are sorry?" responded Charles.

"Yes, we are both sorry," chimed Arline.

Charles began whistling, got up from his seat beside Arline and repaired for the smoker where, with other men he enjoyed a smoke. Arline smoked cigarettes but only on rare occasions or when in the congenial company of her lady friends who, like herself indulged in a smoke.

They arrived in San Francisco on a beautiful, bright, and sunny day. Market street, San Francisco's great wide, live, thoroughfare appeared like a perfect stream of humanity.

Charles had, several months before their arrival, made reservations at the Palace Hotel. After the Killmans made the needed changes in dress for the street, they decided to take in the sights via sight seeing cars.

Golden Gate Park, seal rocks, the vast expanse of the great Pacific, the baths, the Presidio, China Town and Barbara coast, proved extremely interesting. The exposition grounds with its many high classed features also occupied the visitors attention.

The most peculiar part of their trip, the first two weeks away from home, was the fact that they had not lived so near and close one to the other since the days away back in 1908 when a few weeks after their marriage, love had been short circuited and burnt out by their own folly.

But now, they were alone among strangers and naturally they sought each others companionship simply because they felt lonely.

The Killmans then journeyed down to San Diego, California where they took in the sights. Later on they crossed the boarder and saw a bull fight in Mexico.

Charles soon tired of sight-seeing and expressed a desire to return to San Francisco. His mind was gradually recalling a pleasant scene he had observed on his first visit to China Town.

In a large Chinese souvenir shop he had gazed upon a little Chinese beauty who strangely had recalled to his mental vision, his one time chic little beauty, Anna Martin. Arline was herself in love with San Francisco's gay life, and naturally both agreed to return to that city immediately.

Again in San Francisco, Charles would absent himself from Arline for hours at a stretch. His growing coldness towards Arline indicated to her that her loving husband was being vamped, but this time it was Charles who was playing the role of a scamp.

The neat, little quiet Chinese beauty, Jose Toy, little dreamed as she stood behind her show cases of bric-a-brac that she was being watched and pursued by an occidental reprobate. Charles had conversed with Jose many times for he had bought liberally of her wares.

Jose, by the way was a native of San Francisco, American born, schooled and fashioned. She was a girl of clean moral habits and high intellectual attainments. Charles was amazed when he first listened to her musical voice and her perfect English. Perhaps this is one reason why he did not try to force his charming personality on this oriental beauty as he had done heretofore on his occidental girls.

Jose had a good chance to read Charles' character at short range and it appears that she had read him rightly. Charles had visited her counter every day for two weeks now, and each succeeding day proved himself a bolder man. He smiled and bowed, his red hair, red face and his huge bulging eyes made him look like a smiling devil in his worst disguise. Charles carried flowers, candy and jewelry to her in true occidental fashion. Jose accepted all graciously and thanked him in business style, that is to say, she evinced no outward emotion.

One day, Charles, who felt that he was pretty sure of his ground, proposed to this staid little oriental maid.

"Jose, I have fallen in love with you," began Charles. "You are the prettiest and sweetest little girl I have ever seen. Jose, little girl, come, let us run away and become as one."

Jose, in her true oriental character, showed no emotion.

"Mr. Killman, your ardent proposal of marriage cannot be accepted at this time. I will, however give it due consideration and will be glad to give you my answer to-morrow."

Thus had Jose encouraged the corrupt heart of Killman. Jose had long ago informed her young Chinese lover of Killmans unwelcome attentions.

Koy Loy, a stalwart Chinese-American youth and Jose Toy were sweet-hearts and like true Chinese, they talked little, but thought a great deal. Jose, however, imparted knowledge of importance to Koy and he reciprocated in kind. After Charles had left Jose, the latter immediately left to seek



Koy and get his advice in the matter. Koy operated an underground gambling den. Jose knew the secret underground passages that led to Koy's gambling rooms.

"Koy," whispered Jose, "that terrible pop-eyed, red-faced, wild man, has proposed to me today and I promised to give him my answer to-morrow. I am afraid of that man. You must do something to rid me of that nuisance."

"Yes, Jose," quietly replied Koy, "as you wish it, so shall it be rendered unto you."

Jose understood Koy and quietly departed for her usual place behind the bric-a-brac show case.



CHAPTER XIII

THE CHINESE HELL

Ike and Anna Limpus by October 1908, had spent as both agreed, the sweetest, most lovely honeymoon possible for any couple anywhere on this earth. They had spent many days touring Yellowstone Park and marveled at its many freakish and magnificent wonders. They visited many places of interest in the Canadian Rockies and in the Canadian northwest beyond the Rockies and in the beautiful Cascades. They had visited every National Park and every large city in the west and northwest.

October 1908 again found Ike, Anna, and their baby boy, Roy Killman at their home in Detroit.

"It is impossible for me to let you have your peace, Ikey dear," Anna would say teasing and loving him. "I never dreamed that I would ever love a man as much as I love you."

Ike smiled happily, and said, "Well, I sure am glad of that. It is a good thing to have love ripen gradually like an orange on its tree, which has received the full quota of its sunshine and pure air. The ripened fruit may then be picked and eaten and its delicious sweetness enjoyed."

"That is just what we have done, Ikey. Our love grew on the same tree, and like an honest orange grower, we allowed our love to ripen thoroughly before we picked it."

"And now, Anna, my girl, we constantly enjoy the sweetness of our ripened fruit which in our case is genuine love."

"Mm, mm, mm, my but you are sweet Ikey," cried Anna as she kissed him again and again.

Ikey surely had won this girls deepest and most sincere love. The White Flame retreat had made him a real true man of high moral principle and purity. Any normal, healthy girl would have fallen in love with a real man like Ike.

The dirt, noise, rush, and push of Detroit seemed strange to Ike and Anna now. They had fallen in love with the glorious west. They had agreed and subsequently decided to leave their Detroit the following spring. They disposed of their properties at a good figure and departed for their new home, San Francisco, California. They purchased a beautiful home and settled down in the city of golden gate fame.

Ike soon made the acquaintance of the officers and members of the local order of the White Flame. The members assisted Ike in many ways to become established as an attorney.

One member remarked, "We sure are in need of good honest lawyers in our city."

"Yes, you can bet your life we are," said another.

"Oh, certainly, of course, there is always room for a good man on top of a corrupt pile of lawyers," cynically retorted a third member.

Ike got started in his own business very nicely. He learned soon that the Chinese had great and powerful secret societies which had caused the San Francisco police more or less trouble. He further learned that the Chinese held the White Flame Order and its members in high esteem.

Ike, therefore decided to make a first hand study of the San Francisco Chinese, their language and customs during his spare time. He was introduced to many Chinese business men and others of high standing by a White Flame brother, who never failed to hint that Ike had successfully graduated from the order's highest degree. This knowledge seemed to please the Chinese, whenever it was imparted to them.

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Jose Toy and Koy Toy, Chinese sweethearts had carefully prepared the trap for Charles Killman, should he be foolish enough to again annoy this charming little Chinese girl.

The next day Charles felt light headed and happy, he loved the Chinese girl and she had practically accepted him(?) He wasn't even planning his runaway trip, "It would be foolish," he said to draw on one's brain power to arrange so small a matter as a runaway."

He dropped into the Chinese bric-a-brac store at the usual time and smiling his best smile, he walked to where Jose stood. "Well, what's the answer, little girl?" queried Charles.

"Will you please step to the rear of the store, Mr. Killman?"

Charles chuckled and rubbed his hands and answered, "You bet I will."

Charles followed closely behind the chic little Jose as she led him into a rear apartment of the store. This part of the building was used



for storage purposes. Jose Toy led the way and Charles joyfully followed her far to the rear of the building. Charles hopes ran high and his love temperature raised to 105 degrees fahrenheit.

"I'll be jiggered," he said to himself. "Jose wishes to make love to me before we run away."

When Jose reached a dark place in the building, she paused and whispered to Charles, "Please stand right here while I switch on the light."

Jose pressed a button. Click, pluff, chug, down went Jose's victim into a dark hole. Charles landed on a tightly drawn net, such as is used by circus performers. He rolled off to one side of the net and landed in a slippery spiral chute, down and around which he did wind in cork skewer style, until, finally he lit on a bed. Charles lay on the bed temporarily dazed, but soon began to recover and asked of himself all sorts of questions:

"Where am I? How far down in the bowels of the earth? This must be the Chinese Hell they tell us about."

He thought of home, mother, father, brother, and even of Arline. He thought of his good times in the past and of his recent adventure, his love for Jose Toy, the unemotional oriental chic little Miss and the trap into which she had quietly led him.

He cried, kicked and squirmed, but he was too far removed from the range of human hearing to make himself heard. He lay on this vermin infested bed for several hours, when he detected a sound as if some one or something was moving downward towards the dungeon. There was a pause, a trap door opened and a candle could be seen burning on a dummy waiter elevator. A large plate containing meat, potatoes, rice, bread, butter, coffee and pie was on the elevator and a note which read, "Eat, drink and be merry, when you finish the meal please place dishes on elevator."

We might state while passing that this elevator was too small for a man to get on in the hope of escaping from the rat and lice tortures of this Chinese Hell. Charles was hungry and eagerly helped himself to the well prepared food.

"By golly," said he, "if this is the Chinese Hell, the devils at least know how to provide for their victims."

The dungeon was as black as night, save only when a short lighted candle was sent down the dummy with food. Arline had a good time at the magnificent Hotel, busy with society functions, she did not give Charles a thought for several days after his disappearance. Her motto ran like this: "What is meat for the gander is sauce for the goose."

After Charles had not shown up in a week, Arline began to wonder, if he had really lost himself purposely or if he was just having one of his usual big wild times.

Time went on until two weeks had elapsed since his disappearance. Arline fretted and worried a bit, her money was running low, for she had not provided a drawing account for herself. A whole month passed and Charles was not heard from.

"He must have met with foul play," said Arline to herself. Inquiring telegrams poured into San Francisco from Saginaw. The Killman family had not heard from Charles in a whole month and they were getting anxious to hear from him or his whereabouts.

Finally Arline wired the Killmans that she had been unable to locate Charles. They immediately wired Arline that they were leaving for San Francisco by first train.

Arline in her desperation had the following add inserted in all the San Francisco and Oakland papers:

Lost:-A husband, in San Francisco, one month ago. Of medium height, slightly stooped shoulders, red hair, red face, large humped nose, small chin, protruding light blue eyes. Finder please bring him to the Palace Hotel and receive liberal reward.

Signed;-Mrs. Charles Killman.

All San Francisco read the add and laughed. "Here's a woman," said many, "evidently thinks as much of her husband as she does her dog."

The San Franciscans had not guessed rightly, Arline thought a great deal more of her pet dogs than she did of her lobster-faced Charles.

Jose had seen the add, but she evinced no outward signs of emotion. She knew that Charles was down in the Chinese dungeon and was being well fed and provided for. Charles had run around with Chinese justice and was serving his sentence, that was all.

Both Ike and Anna had seen the add and pondered over it the first



evening of its appearance in the papers.

"I knew the Killmans were in town," said Ike, "but I didn't care to mention it to you Anna. Killman caused you many a sad and weary hour in your young life, and I didn't want to shock your heart with the knowledge that the beast we hate is near our happy home."

"You are just splendid Ikey dear," responded Anna, "but to tell you the truth, your love, your kindness and above all, your splendid manhood has so fully occupied my heart and soul that I've given that red devil but little thought."

It seemed that Ike and Anna had from day to day become more and more attached to each other. In fact, Anna was always the aggressor in their heavenly love feasts. In the six years that they had lived together, they had been blessed with two beautiful little girls, Irene and June, five and three years respectively. For the sake of the little girls and the family name in general, Ike had arranged for Roy to receive the Limpus name. Ike had in his five years residence become a noted San Franciscan. He had established himself firmly in the hearts of both high and low and was loved by all who knew him.

The leading Chinese business men knew him perhaps a little better than they knew any other other white man. Ike had learned much of Chinese customs and their language.

He went to his office the following morning and as he was in the act of unlocking the door, he noticed that a piece of paper had been inserted under the door. He picked it up and read:

Palace Hotel

November 28, 1915

Dear Mr. Limpus:

"I sent a messenger late to-night to place this note under your door or in your mail box so that you would get it the first thing in the morning. Please call me over phone soon as possible as I wish to confer with you over a matter of utmost importance."

Mrs. Charles Killman

Ike grinned and said to himself, "Well, I'll have to listen to her story, it may be interesting. He accordingly telephoned Arline and the following conversation resulted:

"Hello, Mrs. Killman, this is Mr. Limpus talking."

"Oh, Hello, Mr. Limpus, glad to have you call me. Last night, while a number of friends and myself were discussing the disappearance of my husband, a Mrs. Cunningham, who said that she knew you well, advised me to get your good council and legal advice if possible in the matter. When can I see you personally to place my case in your hands?"

"You may come to my office any time you wish, Mrs. Killman."

"Thank you. Good bye."

Arline entered Ike's office about one hour later, dressed in the height of fashion. She presented a picture of the elite's taste and beauty. Arline did not know Ike at all. Charles had mentioned Ike's name to her several times about the time they were married, but she had entirely forgotten the name as well as the incident connected with it.

She was invited to a chair in Ike's private office.

"You see, Mr. Limpus, my husband disappeared suddenly about a month ago. I don't know if he met with foul play or simply ran away from me, but if he had done the latter, his parents would be hearing from him, and they have not. They are frantic over his disappearance and are coming to San Francisco in a few days in the hope of finding him."

"Well, Mrs. Killman, your case should be in the hands of the police department. I am not a detective."

"I understand, Mr. Limpus, your power and influence among the Chinese may help us in clearing up Charles whereabouts."

"Power and influence with the Chinese? Who told you this? In what way do you consider the Chinese involved?" asked Ike.

"People tell me that you are on very good terms with the Chinese, that's all I know about it. I believe that my husband became enamored with a Chinese girl. My reasons for so believing are, that he often spoke to me about a pretty little Chinese girl he had fallen in love with. My husband was very open about his love affairs, he very seldom hid them from me. I don't remember of ever having seen the Chinese girl, he loved, but I faint-



ly recall to memory now that he once hinted that she worked in a Chinese bric-a-brac store. I never paid much attention to his many love affairs, as he went his way and I went mine."

"Your husband then, is rather loose in his morals?" ventured Ike, while closely scrutinizing every move and twitch in Arline's face.

"Oh, I don't know, Mr. Limpus, I come in daily contact with men just like Charles, who are enjoying a good reputation and are highly honored and respected in their homes, clubs, and among their friends. The trouble with Charles is this-he doesn't try to conceal his little immoralities as do other men. He openly enjoys the rich man's license. You understand, Mr. Limpus."

Arline smiled one of those smiles that Ike had seen many times in days long past when he and this woman's husband had frequented the underworld. Ike was anxious to rid himself of this ugly sight and immediately proceeded with the business in hand.

"I shall place this matter in the hands of the very best detectives in China Town, that is about all that I can do for you at present."

Ike had a splendid way about him that Arline admired but she must come again and again she told herself for this man would fall for her like all others had whom she desired. She tried to be sweet and nice, but her voice was squeaky and shallow.

So when she said, "Mr. Limpus, I would like to call again or you may call at my suite at the Palace," Ike said nothing but gave her such a piercing stare that almost froze her.



## CHAPTER XIV

## MIXED EMOTIONS

Ike had unmistakably convinced this woman that he didn't care for her kind. The power of this man's eyes without a word of gesture told her more than any man had ever dared to tell her, that she wasn't wanted.

Ike went home that evening and told Anna what had transpired and what this loose woman had told him about Charles and herself. After he had finished the story, Anna said:

"Well, well, this thing is getting pretty close to home since they have engaged your services."

"It really is," responded Ike, "but I have been thinking since the Killman woman interviewed me, that it is possible Charles got into some mix up in China Town, and they've locked him into one of their underground dungeons there to suffer the penalty of his misdeeds. I'll go to the Chinese magistrate, Kick Sin, and get what information I can. Kick Sin is a wise Chinese and he usually knows who's who in his underground domain."

"Would you plead for Charles' release," asked Anna, "if Kick Sin told you that he was their prisoner?"

"I don't know, dear," replied Ike, "you see it depends upon circumstances. The Killmans will be here in a few days and no doubt they'll be offering a large reward to the person or persons who produces Charles body dead or alive."

"Well, Ikey dear," retorted Anna, "I hope you won't have to deal personally with that proud Killman tribe, for it grieves me to think that they are still riding on their high horse, when after all these years of grief and trouble that their sons have caused them, they are still haughty, arrogant and defiant."

"Yes, 'tis too true, my Anna," rejoined Ike, "Wealth, exalteth, poverty humbleth," some folks. It is the Killman fortune that causes them to hold their heads high and despise and treat with contempt any worthy person who measures below their pile of gold. And the only thing that would force these people down to the bed rock of good sense would be poverty."

Ike was warming up and added, "It is persons like these that would sooner go to Hell with their proud heads and names held high, than to bow in humble submission and say, 'God, I am a wealthy sinner, please give me strength and courage to assist our unfortunates.'"

"That is true, my good boy," said Anna softly, "but where is there a good rich man who will humble himself to the extent you suggest?"

"Why, my dear girl," retorted Ike, "God is the biggest institution in the universe. He has made all man possible, no man is too big, (save in his own fool mind) to humble himself before his Maker."

The next day, Ike sought his wise Chinese friend, Kick Sin, the magistrate. He told Kick Sin the entire story just as Arline had related it to him on the previous day.

The Chinaman listened and looked wise. Ike had finished his story, yet Kick Sin remained silent. After a long and almost painful pause, he replied, "Yes, we have a red faced devil in one of our dungeons. Do you want us to release your man?"

"No, not at all, Kick Sin," Ike replied, "you have told me all I want to know. This Charles Killman is a bad actor, who has caused his parents heaps of trouble. His people are coming to the city, in an attempt to find him. His father will likely offer a large reward for his body, dead or alive, and knowing his proud parents as I do, we can collect the reward and donate it to charity."

"That is a good idea," replied Kick Sin. "We intended to keep him in the dungeon another month, but if we can help the cause of charity with his parents gold, we can release him anytime on condition that he leave San Francisco at once."

Ike left the wise Chinese and was glad to have been so successful in locating the culprit. He now awaited developments. The Killmans arrived and soon got busy hiring sleuths and at the same time made public an "offer of \$10,000 reward for their sons body, dead or alive."

Soon after the notice of the reward had been made public, Mr. H. Killman was called to the telephone.

"Hello, Mr. Killman? I am a Chinaman. Your son was bent on wrong doing when we locked him up for disorderly conduct. He has still another month to serve in our dungeon, but if you will deposit the reward of \$10,000



which you offer, in the Bank of California and place the amount to the credit of the Chinese Charity Society, we will release your son immediately."

Killman was too proud to tell his advisors what he had heard over the telephone. He went to the bank and complied with the order as given him over the telephone. Half an hour later, Charles was seen in his room discarding his prison garb for a new and complete outfit. He was happy to see his parents, brother and even Arline. The Killmans were too proud to discuss Charles' troubles and imprisonment.

The entire party hurriedly checked out at the Palace and departed for home on the first east bound train. At home they again occupied their minds with their various duties.

Father and the reprobate, Charles, it appeared, had decided that the factory help must pay Charles' "folly bills". Whereupon they proceeded to drive the help in slave-like fashion. Ike had learned all the facts pertaining to Charles escapade in China Town. Jose Toy, and her sweetheart Koy Toy had told Ike their story in detail. That very night at home, he retold it to Anna who listened with eager attention to the drama in which her former husband had played such a thrilling part.

When Ike finished, Anna said;

"My goodness, that man will never learn anything. Isn't he just awful?"

"Well, my dear," retorted Ike, "what else can one expect from one who hasn't been taught in his childhood, he, like thousands of other men are "skirt maniacs" because they weren't taught the first lesson in sex hygiene in their youth."

"Oh, I don't know about that," interrupted Anna, "I really believe that Charles inherited much of his sex madness from his parents, you know that his father has a very violent temper."

"Even so," ejaculated Ike, "I firmly believe that education along the right lines just prior to his reaching the age of puberty, Charles might have developed therefrom sufficient mental strength to control his weaker nature, but, as it is, his weaker or animal nature dominates his entire being."

"Yes, Ikey," replied Anna, "when Charles and I lived in Detroit, I often felt sorry for the poor fool, in spite of the fact that his wicked abuse of me caused me much anguish."

"Our shameless ignorance and prudery," replied Ike "is responsible for the crime of crimes, which is silence. Take me for an example. My parents told me that the naked body is obscene, debased, vulgar. It must be covered with clothing and hidden from view, they sent me out into the ocean of life, like one would a piece of driftwood, I being fully as stupid as said wood in respect to sex hygiene and propriety."

"I myself," rejoined Anna, "met with a like fate, my girl friends were as ignorant as myself and I laugh now, when I think of the many silly things we believed, my, but it is awful."

"Now," said Ike, "we are coming to the point. This ignorance and prudery we speak of will come right home to us, if as parents we neglect our most sacred duty and deny our children the right to learn from us the "biggest know" in human relationship.

"I was fortunate to visit the White Flame retreat where Dr. Nature lifted the scales from my eyes and the heavy fog from my mind. The doctor refused to do anything for me, while my body was covered with filthy clothing and behold, a wonderful change took place in both my body and mind, so that, within the short period of four months, Dr. Nature had cast out the many devils that modern civilization had planted in me.

"I immediately taught you the good lesson I had learned from Dr. Nature and we know the result. We have a splendid home, healthy, happy babies, our love for one another grows warmer from day to day instead of colder as it does with so many people. In a word, we are God's most happy children in San Francisco and it is our sacred duty to Him and His glorious piece of work--humanity, to impart our knowledge to others.

"God is not ashamed of His most glorious work which is the clean, pure naked body of man. It must be His temple because I feel that He resides here," (pointing forefinger to his head.)

"Fine stuff," enthusiastically replied Anna, "my, but you are a wonderful man. You have made me the happiest woman in the world, and I promise that our children shall be fully instructed in sex hygiene when they reach the danger age."

"You are my wonder girl," said Ike as he lifted his beautiful and vivacious Anna into his arms, "and again I repeat--the White Flame gave me light, this light showed me the love in your sweet face. My love for



you showed me the way to God and God gave me faith-and faith has supplied me with an abundance of good things which we fully enjoy."

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Time went on. Charles and Harry Killman tried to make their Dad believe that they were in earnest to follow in his footsteps and become great captains of industry. But they couldn't fool father one bit, he being far more alert than were the boys, naturally he caught them in the act, as it were, time and again.

Now father had a violent temper and acted as if he was serious and a dignified being, but, we believe the old fellow had a sense of humor in his makeup somewhere. On various occasions, we know that when father saw the boys fooling he turned his head and looked the other way. This to our minds, showed that he really had a sense of humor.

Christian Bitts, the factory song and dance man and all around comedian, said one day, when he saw Mr. Killman in his unusual role of looking the other way from where "funny stuff" was being pulled off:

"Someone has discovered father's humor gland and injected life into it."

After this joke became well circulated around the factory many other jokes were fashioned out of "father's humor gland".

The truth of the matter, however, is this: Father's nerves had become so very shaky and jumpy that his good wife begged him to consult with a great nerve specialist in New York.

Dr. Hitz, nerve specialist, at both ends of his business, i.e. he had the nerve to tell his patients what he thought of them and he had the nerve to present them with his huge bills.

Killman was ordered to strip and lie down on a couch. This done, Dr. Hitz sounded Killman for his nerves, turned him over and over. The specialist pressed into service, every device know to modern medical science with the exception of the device known as common sense which he put into use as a last resort.

Dr. Hitz failed to find anything radically wrong with the patient. Killman had by the end of the day, suffered an eight hour diagnosis which by the way, had not diagnosed his illness.

Dr. Hitz gave Killman one of his "nerviest" looks with his classic professional eyes and said:

"Mr. Killman, you are not sick <sup>or</sup> troubled with "nerves" as far as I am able to discern your trouble must be in your head. That is to say, you imagine that your nerves trouble you."

Killman laughed aloud and replied, "Well this thing sure is a joke, I've dropped my business to come a thousand miles to consult with America's highest priced, if not most eminent nerve specialist and he, after an eight hour tortuous ordeal has the audacity to tell me there is nothing wrong with me."

"Well, my good man," hastily replied Dr. Hitz, "you are far from being a sick man. The diagnosis has revealed no radical derangement in your system. Kindly tell me where and when you are attacked with nerves."

Killman then went into lengthy detail describing as best he could his nervous attacks. The doctor had closely observed the man while he related his terrible sufferings. Dr. Hitz soon told Killman what was ailing him.

"You, Mr. Killman," he said "are one of these modern production fiends whose nervous symptoms are known to medical science as 'productophobia'. My advice is that you remain away from your factory for one year, don't go near your factory."

"My good God man," shouted Killman, "you don't want me to let my business go to the dogs, do you?"

"Oh, bosh," retorted the doctor, "if you died to-day, your successors would run your business and you would soon be forgotten. Keep away from your factory one year, I say, and enjoy life."

Killman paid the specialist a handsome sum and departed for home. This explains why "father" tried hard not to permit every little fuss to disturb his mental equilibrium.

During the winter of 1917, Killman and his wife toured the sunny south. The Killman brothers were in full charge of the factory. We can assure the reader that the entire factory crew had an enjoyable time.

It was during this time that Christian Bitts, the factory comedian, organized the famous Washboard dancers. Bitts selected eight boys and eight girls from the factory crew and taught them songs and dance steps during the lunch hour. The washboard dance as taught these boys and girls by the clever Bitts, was really good, clean, stuff; a dance of rhythmic art



and beauty. In later years dance critics agreed that the Washboard Dance as a strictly American institution was in a class by itself.

Mr. and Mrs. Killman returned from the sunny south the following spring, which suddenly terminated the fun at the factory.



## CHAPTER XV

## CHAMPIONS MEET

In the spring of 1917, America entered the World War. It proved to be one of the greatest events in American history. The great American family became as one person. Rich and poor rubbed shoulders at the thousands of Red Cross and bond sale gatherings that were staged throughout the country. It was America's happiest day when all the people felt and acted like they pulled for the one purpose and lived on the same plane.

Charles Killman with several of his rich friends enlisted in the officers service and departed for an officers training camp. Later, Harry was called in the army draft. Many of the factory boys responded to Uncle Sam's first call for help. Both Charles and Harry were paid their monthly salary by the Company. Mrs. Killman grieved considerable, but father seemed quite happy, that the boys were away from his factory.

"Mother dear," he would say consolingly, "the army is a good thing for our boys, it may make men out of them."

But, father's hopes were soon blasted, his boys were just as bad away from home as they had been at home. Father had to foot the boy's "folly bills" or "fool bills" contracted by them during their camp life in America.

Father was indeed sorely grieved. One day when he received word that Charles had while under the influence of liquor driven his machine in his reckless way and collided with a fellow officer's automobile.

Father journeyed down to the camp and paid a large sum to square his boy. He then, for the first time, talked to Mr. Howell about the trouble his boys had given him.

"Arthur," he said, "I was in the hope, that army life would be the means of making Charles and Harry real men, but they seem to carry on there pretty much the same as they did while at home."

"I am sorry, Henry," interposed Howell, "let us hope that they'll see the folly of their ways and soon turn about face."

"I don't know, Arthur, seems as though it can't be done. You know my hair and that of their mother has been turned white by their misdeeds."

Howell looked down on his desk with a sorrowful expression on his kind human face and silently shook his head. Killman left the office, his sorely grieved heart had, under a terrific strain placed a sob in his throat which choked him so that he was unable to continue the conversation.

Killman, like many thousands of other employers eased up on his work people during the war, he acted real civil and good natured. He raised the wages of the help time and again without the later having demanded an increase in wages. Many said jokingly: "The old man must be in his dotage."

But Killman was a wise captain of industry, he knew when to humor his work people. The fact of the matter is, that the war period proved a blessing not only to his work people, but to his own health as well.

Dr. Hitz's advice had made him more careful in his actions around the factory. When he saw that any of his help was engaged in some tomfoolery or humbug, or whatever be its nature, father would try hard to rorce his head the other way so that he would not see it. He would perhaps feel the old pot boiling within him, but the poor old man would make every effort to suppress its galling fire. He was seen to enter the factory, and when he came to a place where a mistake was being made, or perhaps a dozen boys and girls were engaged in a talkiest, he would turn about face, go to his private room in the office and try with all his might and main to conquer all his devil anger. To see him suffering the tortures of Hell boiling within him was indeed a most pitiable sight.

Christian Bitts suggested that a collection be taken among the factory boys and girls to raise a sufficient sum to buy and present father with a pair of blinders.

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During the summer of 1917, the great American athletic tournament was staged in Chicago. Many communities chose one or more of their best amateur athletes and send them nither to compete with America's best in this great contest. Saginaw sent one representative to this historic meet, her name was Mary Harland, all around star athlete.



Ann Arbor picked her best all around athlete and sent Clyde Marlaw, the best balanced man both mentally and physically in the State of Michigan.

Mary Harland, a beautiful flower of young womanhood was now in her seventeenth year. Young Marlaw, who had attended the Ann Arbor University for two years was in his twentieth year.

The large Chicago athletic field presented to the visitor and spectators one of the most glorious sights to be seen on this earth. Here was assembled the cream of America's speed, power and beauty. Literally hundreds of God's finest creatures were in competition one with the other in a supreme effort to "bring home the bacon".

The final outcome of that historic contest was that our own Mary Harland had won the swimming championship of America and Clyde Marlaw was proclaimed the champion of the all around athletes.

It was a great day for Mary and Clyde, not alone for their great victories on the field of peaceful battle, but also that they had discovered each other in their hearts. Clyde and Mary became fast friends in Chicago each thought the other very interesting.

"By the way, Miss Harland, have you recently become a Saginawian?"

"Oh, no, Mr. Marlaw, I was born and raised there, have lived on the East Side all my life."

"Isn't that strange? I was born and raised on the West Side, lived there all my life up to two years ago when my folks moved to Ann Arbor, where I have attended college, but I never heard of you Miss Harland, while I lived in Saginaw."

"But, I not only heard of you," replied Mary sweetly, "I met you face to face the year you starred on the Arthur Hill football team. It was a bitterly contested game that Thanksgiving day, Arthur Hill had the edge on our team. The Saginaw Eastern High team gave up its lost ground grudgingly, they fought like Trojans, but you, Mr. Marlaw were a thorn in our side. Time and again you shattered our hopes by your timely and brilliant plays. Finally when that last great play was executed by your boys and just prior to it, you were within a few feet of me along the Saginaw side lines.

"A dozen of our High School girls, myself included, tried as a last resort to rattle you with our taunts, 'Mr. Marlaw has lost his nerve,' we cried wildly." You looked up and right into my face, smiled like a victor and said, 'That's right, Miss, we can win without our nerve.' And so you did which caused a pall of gloom to spread over our camp and befriend us for several days thereafter."

"How very interesting, I presume the entire East Side High School outfit developed a feeling of disdain and contempt for me."

"Not at all, Mr. Marlaw, like a friendly enemy, we openly praised your wonderful work and I, for one, felt proud that Arthur Hill had produced such a wonder player for Saginaw."

"That's a fine spirit, Miss Harland, personally I have always held the highest regard and admiration for my opponents, provided they produced their best and played the game like good, clean sports."

"Oh, how true of you, Mr. Marlaw. Your name has won everlasting gratitude in the hearts of those of our townspeople who admire good, honest, clean sport."

"My, but you know how to puff a fellow up, but never fear, Miss Harland, I am "puff proof"."

"Ditto, here," rejoined Mary.

"How long do you intend staying in Chicago, Miss Harland?"

"I leave day after to-morrow for home."

"May I have the pleasure to accompany you home? I would like to visit my friends and relatives in Saginaw before I return to Ann Arbor."

"Certainly, Mr. Marlaw, it will be just lovely of you to come to Saginaw, and escort me through the victory arch which the reception committee have erected in the vicinity of the town clock. Here is the telegram I received from mother." Let me read the telegram aloud: 'Your victory over all contestants at Chicago has made us supremely happy. All Saginaw is wild with enthusiasm. The ovation committee have constructed a floral triumphal arch near tower block for you. Signed: Mother.'

"That's just ripe, Ann Arbor may have made similar arrangements to receive me, but they will have to wait until I get through in my own home town."

"Are you familiar with the train schedule, Mr. Marlaw?"

"No, I am not, but I believe that the fast train called the "Wolver-



ine" leaves Chicago for Saginaw around ten A.M. but, then, I'll make all the necessary arrangements with your kind permission."

"The pleasure is all yours, Mr. Marlaw,"

"Where are you stopping Miss Harland?"

"At the Y.W.C.A. headquarters."

"And, I'm stopping at the Y.M.C.A. headquarters. I am very fond of taking a long walk early in the morning these fine summer days, what do you say, Miss Harland that we have a long walk along the lake shore promenade out Lincoln Park way to-morrow morning?"

"Fine, I am also fond of walking. When will you call at the Y. for me?"

"I can call there any time you specify, Miss Harland, because I am an early bird by nature."

"Well then, call at 6 A.M. and I'll make every effort to be ready to leave with you by that time."

The happy pair remained in each others company until 9 P.M. Clyde escorted Mary to the girls Y and he went to the boys Y. On his arrival there, the clerk handed him many telegrams most of which were congratulatory in nature from friends, school mates and home. Two messages, however attracted his attention. One was from the Anna Arbor citizens committee and the other message had been sent him by the citizens committee of Saginaw. Both messages congratulated him on his noble victory, both asked him to state definitely when he intended to leave Chicago for his home town, "at our expense". "We are anxiously waiting your home coming, etc.,etc. Clyde smiled. He had never thought of Ann Arbor as his home town, but it was nevertheless true. He answered all messages he had received. The message he sent to the citizens of Saginaw read:

"Thanks for your kind invitation. Expect to leave for Saginaw on the "Wolverine" Wednesday morning."

Signed: Clyde Marlaw

The message Clyde sent to the citizens of Ann Arbor read:

"Thanks for your kind message. Expect to leave for Saginaw Wednesday morning. Will wire you from there when will depart for Ann Arbor."

Signed: Clyde Marlaw

The following morning this young couple walked and chatted merrily mile after mile. With only the purest motives in their hearts, each seemed to attract the other as does a powerful magnet its affinity.

It is no exaggeration to say that this wondrous couple, kissed by the fresh morning dew and the pure rays of the sun while on their jaunt through the beautiful park and along the beach, represented that which is highest and purest in mankind. A clean character, pure blood, strong, beautiful bodies that were capable of performing seemingly impossible feats with ease and grace.



## CHAPTER XVI

## VICTOR'S HOME COMING

Chicago had royally entertained the large number of contestants that had participated in this great historic meet of speed power and beauty. Clyde and Mary had been specially honored, enthusiastic merchants had donated liberally towards the prizes fund. Naturally the prizes received by Clyde and Mary were numerous, in the shape of rings, pins, wearing apparel and athletic paraphernalia.

Both were obliged to purchase a large trunk to safely and conveniently carry all their new and handsome trophies. Many enthusiasts accompanied Clyde and Mary to their train that beautiful Wednesday morning.

The cheerful cries of, "Good luck to you," and "Remember us," etc., rang loud and long in Clyde and Mary's ears.

The athletic enthusiasts had tacked a large cloth banner on either side of the coach on which was printed in large red letters:

## "MICHIGAN'S PEACHES"

A large crowd of citizens had gathered at the Saginaw M.C. depot to receive the victors. Three bands, several beautiful floral floats, electric floats and flag displays, soldiers, boy scouts, fraternal societies and school children were there by the thousands to take part in the parade and celebration of Saginaw's greatest event in her history.

Both Clyde and Mary were lifted high on the shoulders of their admirers and carried to an automobile specially decorated and fitted up for "our champions" as the banners read that had been fastened to this automobile.

The great throng cheered and cheered all along the line of march, both Clyde and Mary were modest in the extreme, but neither was bashful.

"It does me good, Miss Harland, to see the people enjoy themselves in their wild and noisy praise of us, but to tell you the truth about this affair, I really don't like this sort of show in my behalf, quiet honor and respect is to my mind more appropriate."

"Yes, I feel the same as you do, Clyde. But listen to the crowd crying, 'Our Clyde and Mary', so please call me Mary, and pardon me for being first to call you Clyde."

"Good stuff, Mary, do you know that I experienced a peculiar feeling in the diaphragm whenever you addressed me as Mr., my God, thought I can it be possible that I have grown so old and dignified in this girl's eyes to be called mister."

Mary laughed at Clyde's good humor. The procession was now nearing Saginaw's old landmark, the town clock where stood the beautiful floral arch.

"Well, Clyde, I presume we'll have to suffer this thing through, this multitude of noisy demonstrators won't have it any other way."

"Yes, the worst is yet to come, I presume after we have passed through the victory arch, they'll stop our car in front of the clock and demand a speech and then it will devolve upon us to politely thank these kind and generous people for their jungle antics in our behalf."

"I am merely going to say that I am glad to be home again, had a splendid time in Chicago and kindly thank our citizens for their support and appreciation."

"That will be plenty, Mary."

The vast throng had now gathered on the town clock triangle and were wildly crying, "Speech, speech, give us a speech, our own Clyde and Mary."

The chairman silenced the throng's cries, spoke a few words extolling the prowess of Clyde and Mary and forthwith introduced Clyde as America's super man. Clyde arose amidst noisy cheering which lasted for ten minutes and said:

"It is but natural for admirers to cheer and applaud the victor, personally, however, my heart and sympathy is with the vanquished because they spent much time and money in training, they put forth their best efforts, their cleverness, speed and power was of the highest order. It caused us to extend ourselves to the utmost and only then, win by a small margin. There was so very little difference in the abilities of the vanquished and victor at the Chicago meet, that I am going to ask you, in the name of good sportsmanship to give three cheers to the vanquished."

The great crowd stood there as if hypnotized for a few seconds, then, quick as a flash they seemed to come out of their stupor. The effect of



Clyde's speech was electrical on the great throng. First the unusual talk had stunned it, then as if aroused by a live wire, the cheering was spontaneous for the vanquished.

Clyde thanked the people, bowed and sat down amid wild cheers. Mary was next introduced as the "Michigan Peach". It seemed that the crowd was cheering itself mad, in fact, Mary had to sit down to quiet the demonstrators. When the cheering had ceased, Mary said:

"Mr. Marlaw has expressed my sentiments and I wish to thank you for your kind appreciation."

The chairman then informed the throng that a banquet was being given by a Saginaw Club, at the city Auditorium, in honor of the victors. Clyde and Mary protested this latest move on the part of the citizens. But the committee politely informed them, that they being the city's honored guests, it was both improper and impolite on their part to protest any part of the program.

Clyde and Mary laughed good naturedly and Clyde said, "Well, then, if that's the case, we are at your service."

At the banquet, Mr. Civic Pride, whose inflated chest was much in evidence retold the same old story that the citizens had been burdened with on many previous public occasions:

"Our champions," said Civic Pride, "are a splendid example of our wonderful public school system, etc., etc.;" Both Clyde and Mary listened to this spread with equanimity.

They knew better than anyone else in all the world where their sterling characters had been molded, who had taught them the most essential things in life. They knew who it was that had trained them correctly, who it was that had given them their real start in life. They knew that Mr. Civic Pride was a strongly public spirited man, who, because of his big public spread often failed to take cognizance of the little things that really make big things possible.

The great Michigan dailies, the following day in like manner eulogized, "Michigan's champions".

Clyde and Mary were busy talking and visiting at Mary's home. It seemed impossible for either to get away from the other. That powerful urge within each seemed to attract and hold the other. Both felt that they had made the greatest discovery of their lives. Each had found the other in their hearts. Both were firm in flesh, sentiment and common sense. Neither one cared for mushy love or any of the jungle fun and amusements indulged in by the wisny washy in the great Red Age.

Both were in possession of a spotlessly white character, both had a high and finely trained mentality, that soared high and demanded the purest and best in art and literature. Both had a keen sense of humor, which the well trained intellect possesses. In a word, Clyde and Mary were the embodiment of the highest type of American man and womanhood.

Clyde Marlaw had many friends and admirers on the west side of the Saginaw River. He persuaded Mary to go with him while making his calls there. Now Mary, for the first time, was introduced to Clyde's most intimate friends and former schoolmates. Emily Bigsby and Clare Hansen, both beautiful girls of noble quality and high character proved themselves very interesting to Mary, the result being that all three girls became fast friends.

Emily and Clare had known and been very friendly with Clyde since they first started school, naturally these two beauties bored Mary when they openly showered their affections on Clyde. But Mary soon got over it, she refused to let jealousy enter her mind.

Clyde had spent a week in Saginaw. He wired Ann Arbor that he would arrive there Wednesday afternoon. He went to Mary's home and said to her:

"I am going to leave for Ann Arbor to-morrow, but you don't know how much I've enjoyed your companionship and I want you to know that I appreciated you and the good times we had since we met in Chicago will linger long in my memory."

"I am sorry that you are leaving, Clyde. You must know that I think much of you, but knowing that you must go and having high hopes that you will return, I want to say that I am truly happy for having had the pleasure of meeting you."

"I will write to you as soon as the big splash is over at the University and I will ask you to drop me a line occasionally."

"I certainly will answer all your letters, Clyde."

Clyde left the next day for Ann Arbor and its' citizens received him with as much noise and show as had the citizens of his native Saginaw.

Clyde was home two weeks when Jack Wayne, Clyde's chum, suggested they join Uncle Sam's air service. Clyde talked the matter over with his



parents and all agreed that to serve Uncle Sam in his hour of need was the best service indeed.

Clyde and Jack, forthwith, applied at an air recruiting station in Detroit and both passed Uncle Sam's strict and rigid examination. Neither boy had any flying experience. They were sent to an aerial training station down south where both Clyde and Jack quickly learned the art of military flying. In the winter of 1918, Jack and Clyde went overseas to try their fortune in the role of air warriors.

Clyde and Mary had kept their promise one to the other. They had started a lively correspondence and had kept it lively by the injection of live words that tug and pull at the heartstrings.

Emily and Clare likewise were in constant communication with Clyde, for these two rivals realized that they must continue shooting love missiles at the heart of their dream's most urgent desire if they wanted to keep him. Thus, in the year of 1917, have the mighty triangle beauties started the most relentless war on the heart of one man, known to history.

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Charles and Harry Killman were sent overseas and for some unknown reason neither man was called on to fight. They had a fine time in London, Paris and other places in France far removed from the big noise. Perhaps these two rich men belonged to the money spenders regiment. Their good American dollars being considered of more value to the allies than their fighting powers.

The Killman boys were now farther removed from "father" than ever before, yet their sins reached "father's" ears and his large bulging purse.

In the spring of 1918, the Wood Products Company distributed a huge war bonus among its employees. The old employees were dumbfounded as well as elated. John Wasser, Bob Placard, and Henry Siler, the Wood Products' oldest employees in point of service received two thousand dollars apiece. Other employees were paid in like ratio, - to the years they had served and their usefulness to the Company.

Christian Bitts, the factory comedian, who received seven hundred <sup>dollars</sup> as his share of this liberal war bonus said:

"As father grows sane, we grow richer and happier."

Many others who had been driven like slaves for years by Killman, the slave driver, could not figure out this great deal of unknown generosity. Others felt ashamed of themselves for having called the factory a "slave hole".

The better paid employees suggested that a collection should be taken for the purpose of buying and presenting father with a floral bouquet. All the help contributed liberally towards the floral fund. And lo! One bright spring morning, father was greeted by two large and beautiful bouquets in vases on his office desk. We don't know whether father appreciated the compliment or not, but we do know that the employees did not get another bonus.

Temporarily, the name "slave hole" was forgotten and the employees enjoyed themselves like human beings. The great war proved another fact, that labor has not been educated to stand the snock of abundant prosperity.

Many of the skilled workers remained loyal to father, but the majority of the ordinary labor became lax and indifferent workers who met father's good treatment with derision and contempt.

One Saturday, father asked the help to work on the usual half holiday to finish a rush order. Did the help remain? No, only the skilled workers remained. Killman felt hurt, as any man would and predicted that the old days would soon return and then this "rich and independent" help will only be too glad to work on Saturday afternoons.



## CHAPTER XVII

## THE GANSLANK BOARDERS

Christian Bitts, the factory fun genius had room and board in a private boarding house near the factory. Mrs. Ganslank, a short, fat woman was his boarding mistress. Her husband, Mr. Ganslank, a long, lean, skinny man worked in the Wood Products Company factory.

It appears that this Ganslank couple was not well matched, yet, it seems they had in their youth, fallen in love and forthwith hired a wedsmith to weld them into one. It seems to us that the wedsmith bungled the job, for the weld didn't stick very well. The result being that year after year this ill-mated couple would have a long falling out and rarely if ever a short falling in during a brief armistice.

The Ganslanks had quarreled and battled for twenty long years, and then, as if by magic, hostilities had suddenly ceased. The boarders noted a change in the Ganslank attitude. They were almost pleasant one to the other. The long drawn domestic battle had come to a stop. The boarders naturally commented on this noted change in the Ganslank attitude, from their lively infelicity to their recent dull felicity.

One beautiful summers evening, Christian Bitts together with five regular boarders sat in chairs on the big boarding house veranda.

"Bitts the wits," as Mrs. Ganslank called him, had long ago named this regular boarder's outfit, "Ganslanks hammer orchestra".

Miss Carrie Calhorn, a sweet girl of forty, opened the great subject before the "orchestra".

"I think," said she, "the Ganslank attitude is merely a calm preceeding a storm."

"Oh, I don't know," ventured Mrs. Shilt, an ideal widow, "love sometimes recovers its shipwrecked hearts."

"Well, well," retorted Bitts, "our orchestra seems to be out of harmony. Miss Calhorn played a pessimistic note and our lovable Mrs. Shilt tooted an optimistic note. Now, who is the one with the happy medium note?"

"I am," cried Clarence Simpson, a young man with big ideas. "Take a young person like me, full of life and on the lookout for excitement. I love fight. Why? Simply because my blood is overflowing with many little, very much alive red corpuscles. These little live corpuscles are the vim agents of the human body and brain. They stimulate action and give their owners a strong desire to fight. Now take my case again, before I make my point. Alice Karly and myself think a lot of each other, we freely shower our love on each other. She thinks that I am the only kid this side of Heaven. We fight, love and fight like real fellows. Alice is full of vim and I am full of pep. We love to love and we love to fight. Why? Simply because we've got live corpuscles stirring in our blood."

"Here's where I make my point. Take persons around forty or beyond let us say, that they had plenty of fight and pep in their younger days, say their lives alternated between fits of love and fight. These exciting fits or spasms caused the blood to run wild. After twenty or thirty years of violent push and rush, these little fiery corpuscles racing through the blood vessels and arteries become worn, their rough edges are knocked off and they become smooth as if polished, they become less irritable and vim giving."

"The result is that age creeps into the body, the love full of fight and fight full of love dies, and the great ally of stagnant blood and death creeps into our system. Good behavior, an affable disposition, congeniality and benignant love are symptoms, and a warning to those ~~is~~ afflicted, that they have stepped out of the glorious arena of youth. When men and women, boys and girls, enjoy the real thrills, that love, play and fight gives to them, it is a good sign that they have plenty of life giving red corpuscles, still in the rough running as if mad through their circulation. The Ganslanks have apparently lost their old time vim giving corpuscles."

"Nonsense," shouted Bitts, "your red corpuscles theory would make us older people afraid and ashamed of life. Let us hear from someone who has less sense and more talk, pardon me, I mean more sense and less talk."

"Just the same," opined Lorna Kushking, a nice prim little miss and one of the stars in the Washboard dance, "I am of the opinion that there is a lot of sense in Clarence's blood theory. Many people I know, who profess love for their religion and many other foolish things, act like old people eventhough they are still young in years. I firmly believe that life in its various stages is determined by the condition of a person's blood. Perhaps Mutt and Jeff have stopped fighting largely because



of the aging condition of their blood."

We beg to explain here that the boarders often referred to the Ganslanks as Mutt and Jeff.

"We haven't got the long and short of the Ganslank ruptured infelicity as yet. Ye of little knowledge should brush up on current events," exclaimed Bitts.

"I have been an interested listener to your debate on the probable causes of Mr. and Mrs. Ganslank's changed domestic relations," said the suave, goatee'd, narrow-faced Dr. Merrill, "I believe that many so-called unhappy marriages are entirely due to ignorance. The boys and girls are not taught now to choose a life partner, they permit their hearts to do the choosing. The heart blindly leads its victims to the altar. Desire is born in the heart but the mind should decide.

"The marriage problem will never be solved until it is handled in a scientific business like manner. But pardon me, for temporarily evading the subject under discussion. I have met couples like the Ganslanks who led a cat and dog's life for many years, finally quit their quarrels and fighting and settled down just as if both had invested in a new disposition, and live as amiably as a pair of lambs. Henceforth, you will note, that the change is invariably brought about like this: they quarrel and fight until they become accustomed to fighting. After they become accustomed to fighting, somehow, the scraps lose their novelty and they demand a change and there you have it. They mutually tolerate each other now, because they have become accustomed to living together."

"That's pretty good, doc," applauded Bitts, "but here's my opinion of this particular case of healed domestic relations. Mutt was always on the long end of his pay envelope before the country went dry, that is to say, Mutt was on the long end of his pay until he stepped into the Electric saloon where his pay was short circuited and greatly reduced. Mutt's thirst was like a camel's and after the filling up process had satisfied his desert soul, he would go home and hand the short end of his pay to Jeff who was plainly shocked at the small share allotted her. A verbal combat ensued which as a rule lasted from one pay day to the next. Since Uncle Sam has closed the saloon, Mutt carries home his full pay envelope to Jeff, the result is, that Mutt feels better since he doesn't tank up, Jeff feels better because she gets Mutt's full pay. That, I believe explains the situation."

"Very good," complimented Dr. Merrill, "now for a change of subject. How's the old "slave hole" getting along these days?"

"Oh, everything is lovely over there. "Father" tries hard to be good, but some of the help is devilish mean and tries to take advantage of "fathers" new and better nature. If all the help would endeavor to humor father, pitch in and work like blazes, attend to their business every minute of the day, he would, I believe remain just and humane."

"Well, Bitts, your talk about Killman's better and new nature," replied Clarence Simpson, "convinces me that his corpuscles have become old and worn and as a result, have lost their one time slave driving pep."

"Bah," cried Bitts in derision. "Your corpuscles have turned into bugs, and have affected your brain. What is it, Miss Calhorn?"

"I think it just wonderful the way Mr. Killman has changed for the better. The poor fellow fairly struggles to suppress his ever rising anger. I do hope that Charles and Harry have seen the error of their wicked ways, and if God should grant them their lives and a safe return, I pray, that they imitate their father and become good, honest men."

"I don't," ejaculated Lorna Kushking, "for Charlie to become tame and sane would be nothing short of a tragedy. Just before he enlisted, he acted like a crazy bed bug."

"That funny little Tillie Hopkins on our floor walked up to him one day and said: 'Say, Charlie, you must be the nut wagon of this nut house, because you deliver the goods.' Charlie seemed so flabbergasted at Tillie's brazen gall, that he smiled, turned on his heel, and headed for downstairs. We girls have had more fun telling about the many funny stunts pulled off by 'nut wagon Charlie', than we could hope to get out of a bushel of monkeys."

Ganslank's hammer orchestra laughed loud and long at Miss Kushking's funny story.

"By the way," said Bitts, "you and Tillie will have to limber up and practice dancing. You know that many towns like Bay City, Flint, Lansing, and Kalamazoo have petitioned me to specify conditions and arrange dates to show our Washboard Dance in their towns the coming winter. 'We beg you to honor our community with your wonderful Washboard Dance next winter',



is the way they invariably put it in their letters to me. You see, the whole state is crazy to see it and we will have to get all our boys and girls together early next fall and practice hard every noon hour and at least two nights each week."

"Gosh, I wish me and my Alice were eligible to join your opera troupe," said young Simpson, "I bet we would demonstrate to the public the power and efficiency of real live corpuscles."

"Ha, ha, well,--I'll be jiggered. You are the limit kid, you and your Alice and your red corpuscles would pray for the curtain if you faced an audience for thirty seconds. I bet that if you two beauties got behind the footlights, your red corpuscles would desert you and hide somewhere in the region of your diaphragm and turn you deathly pale and sick."

"Yes, you can bet your boots, they would," interposed Miss Kushking. I will never forget the night we faced that large Detroit audience, I felt pretty nervous and really feared that I would be seized by stage fright. I just managed to wiggle through the dance, and I know that I never danced poorer in my life than I did that night."

"Yet the audience went wild," exclaimed Bitts, "we had to respond to no less than eight encores that memorable night."

"Won't Mr. Killman object to your practicing your theatrical work in the factory?" queried Miss Cainorn.

"No," replied Bitts, "father has secured the services of his younger brother Ed. Killman, who will take full charge of the works while "father" is on his vacation. He feels that he should stay away from the factory at least six months. You see the rub is here: He went to much trouble and expense to consult a New York nerve specialist, who exacted a big fee, and gave "father" small advice. That is to say, simple advice. 'Stay away from your factory a year', ordered this New York "nerve tamer". Very simple advice, isn't it? Any of his humble workers would have gladly given him such advice gratis, but he actually paid this New York nerve manipulator a fee of \$200.00 for eight hours work."

"Father's nature is extremely contrary. He bucked the doctor's orders as we all know, he tried to throw off the devil's shackles by the power of his will, but it wouldn't work. The acts of his devilish boys caused him to fret and worry, and again go to pieces as it were. "Father" is still contrary, he has decided to stay away only six months. Mrs. Killman is going with him."

"Ed. Killman is a prince and a gentleman. I am personally acquainted with Ed, and I know that he would be the last man in the world to object to our noon day rehearsals in the factory."

Miss Cainorn walked into the parlor, sat down by the piano and played that fascinating fox trot, "Smiles" while Clarence Simpson and Lorna Kushking, Dr. Merrill and Mrs. Shitt, danced merrily on the veranda.

Bitts chased through the house trying to locate Mrs. Ganslank as a partner for the dance. Finally he spied this portly little boarding mistress in her husband's embrace and heard her say:

"Freddie, dear, prohibition is a wonderful thing."



## CHAPTER XVIII

## MARY'S LOVE

On October first, 1918, Mr. and Mrs. Killman departed on their six months sojourn through the sunny south. Christian Bitts got busy at the factory to line up his theatrical troupe for rehearsal and the practice of new songs, dances and acrobatic comedy stunts.

On November eleventh, Saginaw received the good news that men had agreed to quit killing each other, - temporarily. The populace went insane with delight over the good news, most everybody pocketed their street dignity and acted like so many circus clowns.

Horace Pippis, Saginaw's wisest sage standing on the corner of Genesee and Washington Streets and taking in the passing show remarked, "I wonder what the devil is thinking about as he looks down on this mad people? I bet he is happy for he sees a lot of new recruits for his red cause."

Perhaps old man Pippis had spoken a great truth, for it seems to us at this late date that the people were celebrating the advent of the second period of the great Red Age instead of God's peace. The world rejoiced that the murder carnival was at end.

The elder Killmans rejoiced because they felt in their hearts that their boys would return to them whole and perhaps better men. Mary Harland, who had attended a business college was now engaged as a stenographer in the A. J. Stillman law office. Mary likewise rejoiced for she believed that the purest and finest man in all the world was coming back to her. She had received scores of letters from him and every word in them was alive with interest. Mary would read them over again and again.

One letter of absorbing interest to Mary read:

Somewhere in France  
October 25th, 1918

My dear Mary:

I have witnessed unimaginable horrors in this devils land, politely referred to as "No Man's Land". But, Mary dear, I would not for all the world write one line depicting a scene to you or anyone else whom I love, honor and respect, of man's most pitiable exhibition in the history of the world.

I am proud to relate, however, that while I have done my duty to my country as an air scout, I have nevertheless purposely avoided maiming or killing anyone. The enemy is retiring very rapidly and most everyone predicts that the war will soon be over.

While far removed from you, my good little Mary, I nevertheless feel your presence in my heart. Please accept my love and best wishes and remember me to our friends and relatives.

Trusting that my love has found a permanent place in your heart, I bid you farewell until we meet again,

Your friend,  
Clyde Marlow.

Neither Clyde or Mary were prone to splash their love on each other. Their parents had taught them that mushy love was bad for the nervous system. Strong emotional love usually results in disaster to those who play with its fire. Unrestrained, wild, and quicksand love remains on the surface, it soon spends itself and dies an ignominious death.

"Love is the most potent force in the universe," they had been taught. The pure in heart and mind consecrate love. The corrupt and voluptuous desecrate love. The mind should select its mate and endeavor to build its temple of permanent love deep in the heart.

But that letter dated October 25th, 1918, sure had taken Mary's heart its temple of love and all, by storm. She read the letter again and again. It seemed that this beautiful young woman could not drink in enough of the wonderful letter so alive with love for her. Yet she knew in her mind, and felt in her heart that both had built their love temples in each other's hearts from the moment one had discovered the other, - when they met in Chicago.



Mary said to her mother one day, "I do hope Clyde returns soon because I have a longing to see him."

"I know how you feel, Mary," said Mrs. Harland, a very young looking woman or fifty, "but you must wait with patience, and when he arrives, do not permit your heart to sway your head, act natural of course, never cold and reserved."

"Oh, mother," rejoined Mary, "you know very well, that I could not act cold and reserved with Clyde near, he is too interesting for that."

"I believe Clyde to be one of the finest young men I have ever had the pleasure of knowing," remarked Mrs. Harland.

"Mother, I know," responded Mary. "Clyde is a natural born gentleman. He could not, if he were called on to act, the part of anything but a gentleman."

"Your father is very proud of Clyde. He admires Clyde's good sense, and says that his manliness is superb."

"That's very true, dear mother," rejoined Mary, "and I am not neglecting myself in the matter of physical fitness. I have intensified my physical exercises at the Y, in the hope that I am in the very best condition possible when Clyde returns. Clyde will demand a real mate when he decides to wed, and I am doing all in my power to "deliver the goods"."

"So you fear outside competition," jokingly taunted Mrs. Harland. "It sure would become an interesting love affair if some other girl equally as well equipped in health, strength and beauty would attract Clyde and endeavor to win him away from you!"

"No, mother," said Mary, "I am not afraid nor jealous of real honest rivalry. That is the reason I take special pains to keep myself mentally and physically fit. I am making every effort to eliminate the possibility of all competition among my girl rivals before Clyde returns."

"Now, if your Clyde has become enamored of one of those little French girls, marry her "Over There", and then bring her to America as his better half, you would not attempt to steal him from his lawful wife, would you?"

"Never fear, mother. I am not expecting French rivalry. Clyde detests loose women. In one of his letters he tells me about the abominable looseness of the French women. I anticipate American competition, however, because it is here at home, where several girls are making preparations to attract Clyde.

"There's Emily Bigsby and Clare Hansen, west side girls, whom Clyde has known and admired since childhood. Both Emily and Clare are stunning beauties, they like myself are athletic, both firmly believe that physical fitness is woman's magnet to attract men, and those girls are leaving no stone unturned to make their physical magnet as powerful as possible. My advantage over my girl rivals as Clyde himself has indicated, lies in the fact, that, like him, I have been fully instructed by my parents in the so-called secrets of life, and I--I--I do not wish to be boastful, but Clyde told me one evening before he left Saginaw that he regarded my personality the brightest light in the feminine firmament."

"My, my," exclaimed Mrs. Harland, "then your Clyde poured some of his sentimental rubbish into your heart. Beware of men's sentimental bosh or flattery of any kind, never take men seriously, my girl, until you have lived with them, and even then, a woman must be very careful what portion of his verbal dose she may swallow as the truth."

"How about father and yourself?" queried Mary, "would he lie to you, and how much of his love story did you accept as the truth?"

"Oh, well, ahem! That is decidedly different. Your father always was a man of high integrity. I dare say that I always trusted him because of my implicit faith in his unquestionable veracity. Your idea of keeping fit to win the man of your heart is admirable. Both father and myself have adhered to a system of physical culture since our marriage and up to the present day. We know the power of physical attraction and the power of mental attraction and all this knowledge my wonder girl, have we, your parents taught you."

"Yes, dear mother, I recognize the great value of all that you taught me. I appreciate your teachings beyond the power of any words at my command to give proper expression to my gratitude. But coming back to the real issue, that of having implicit faith in a man's word, your faith in father had no bounds, my faith in Clyde has no bounds. Why have we women unbounded faith in the men of our hearts? The answer is very simple, dear mother,--love. Clyde's mentality, his physical body are as clean and pure as the rays of the morning sun and to my heart and mind he is like a God."

Mrs. Harland beckoned Mary to come to her side and said, "Sit on my



lap, my wonder girl, I want to love you, press your heart to mine as I have for many years in the past.

.....

Christian Bitts had worked hard during the fall to line up his show people. Bitts, himself, a good comedian, discovered that he possessed undreamed of latent abilities. He was an organizer, a teacher and a manager, all in one. He had taken factory hands and converted them into singers, dancers and comedians of high caliber. His show was still known as the "Washboard Dancers".

Bitts played his first winter date at Bay City, Michigan, the show taking that town by storm. The papers and critics praised it and referred to the shows "spicy cleverness" as being "greater than any Broadway production we know about."

Next Flint was thrilled and tickled by the Bitts show. Lansing, Jackson, Grand Rapids, Kalamazoo were entertained in order named. Bitts fame had spread to the larger centers, St. Louis, Missouri, Cleveland, Ohio, Chicago, and even New York petitioned him to book with them for many months runs. The youthful Washboard Dancers had become famous over night as it were.

As the curtain raised, the orchestra played that now famous washboard tune--Rub-e-de-dub, rub-e-de-dub, rub-it and dub-it-off.

The eight girl dancers dressed in typical wash women garb, appeared on the stage, bow to the audience and take their places at the washtubs. The eight boy dancers then appeared, each impersonating an Irishman with a snort clay pipe in their mouths. The boys bow to the audience, then walk to a large round stove around which stood eight chairs, each boy sat down and place their feet on the iron railing around the stove. The orchestra at this juncture strikes up that famous old tune:--"Everybody Works But Father", the girls are in the act of rubbing the clothes vigorously, in time with the music, while the boys quietly sit by the stove smoking their pipes of clay. Then followed the great Bitts song, in which all the boys and girls take part, entitled: "My Lazy Man and My Washboard." After the song, the gingerly steps of the Washboard Dancers delights the spectator.



## CHAPTER XIX

## LOVE'S MEDITATION

The war was over, the second spasm of the Red Age was in full swing. People were growing devilish happy and apparently losing their reason. Most everybody was long on compensation and short on service. Music, song, dance, literature, culture and almost every thing known to art, unconsciously fell in line with the red procession, the result being that humans and things materialy deteriorated.

In the month of April, 1919, Mr. and Mrs. Killman, the father and mother of our story, returned from their six months trip in the sunny south. Both looked the picture of health, father being slightly tanned and mother's cheeks were aglow of nature's red, her pure white hair and her soft sympathetic brown eyes made her a picture of health and superb loveliness. Nature had made her a new beauty after thirty-five years of married life.

Charles and Harry returned from overseas about the fifteenth day of April, 1919. Both looked healthy, yet, that rawness which is the result of dissipation was plainly to be seen in their faces. Charles had "had a hilarious time 'Over There'" he boasted. This man would willingly go into details and relate his criminal misdeeds with a freedom that was positively galling.

Clyde and Jack Wayne returned about May first, 1919. Both boys went to their respective homes in Ann Arbor to visit their parents and both parents were overjoyed to see their boys again. The boys looked splendid, neither lad showed signs of self neglect. Even tobacco had been taboo with them.

Clyde had thought of Mary a good deal since Armistice Day. He had planned how he would lift her high into his arms and carefully press a seal of love to her sweet lips.

"Ah! The joy of love's anticipation," he said to himself.

Mary was to be the first woman other than his mother whom he would embrace and kiss.

"How would Mary receive him?" he asked himself. "Will she respond in kind, and shower her affection on him, or will she be offended at his rude behavior? I don't care what she thinks or says about me kissing her," he said. "Of course we are both opposed to promiscuous kissing, it is filthy and unhealthy, but I can't figure out how a fellow is going to get a "kick out of love" without a kiss."

So our dashing young hero had with the connivance of his higher self conspired to force his powerful love on our dear, defenseless Mary. But here's what Mary had been planning on doing, "when we meet."

"I can't think of love without a kiss, it isn't complete without it," she reasoned. "If Clyde doesn't kiss me, I shall kiss him without fail."

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Charles Killman became ambitious, it seems when he returned from France.

"Father," he said, "~~he said~~, "being an officer in the army has taught me good business sense. I would like an executive position in the firm, for I believe that I can make good."

Father Killman, who by the way, had more love for "good business sense" than anything else in all the world, was highly pleased to hear this from his erratic son.

"I am very glad, Charles to hear you talk like that, and I am going to resign as production manager in your favor. On the first day of May, you take charge of the factory."

Charles Killman was now the production manager of the Wood Products Company.

Arline and Charles had lived very happy while apart during Charles' stay in France, but now, they were obliged to live in the same house for the sake of appearance. Both Arline and Charles had grown harder of heart, and of feature, and our ill-fated Charles stepped onto a real battle field when he entered his own house. It seems that during the time of Charles' vacation in France, Arline had practiced throwing household articles around the house.

Thus, one morning, after a vicious night before this good couple got into a "free for all" and Charles emerged badly bruised. Arline had thrown half of her dishes at him. She had aimed for his head and had been successful in bouncing her china on the conspicuous red mark. Charles sought the good council of the learned A. J. Stillman.



"I've got to get away from Arline," he cried, "she nearly wrecked me this morning."

"Oh, nonsense," said Stillman, "go home and make up. A divorce is impossible. Just think of the scandal divorce proceedings would cause."

Just then Mary Harland entered the office and took her place at the typewriter. Charles looked into her beautiful face and became very interested in what he saw. Mary's sweet "Good morning," strangely affected Charles.

A bright idea entered his mind, "I must get that girl to work for us," he said to himself.

Charles invited Stillman for a walk down the street. Stillman accepted the invitation, and when the two men reached the street, Charles said, "Mr. Stillman, we find it difficult to get a good stenographer, how is that girl you have in your office?"

"Fine, none better. I believe that she is the best stenographer in the city. She is quicker than chain lightning and as accurate as time itself."

"How much are you paying her?"

"One fifty per month."

"That is rather high isn't it?"

"Oh, yes, but Miss Harland is worth more money than I am paying her or can afford to pay her."

"We pay our Miss Hilton \$125 per month. Personally, I think Miss Hilton would do well in your office. Let me suggest that we trade stenographers. We must get a faster girl to do our work and as an inducement to your Miss Harland, I'll offer to pay her \$175 per month."

"I am game, Charles, but you must send your Miss Hilton to my office and I shall talk to Miss Harland about your offer of \$175 per month."

"All right, the deal is on."

Charles repaired to his office, overjoyed at the prospects, his heart was fairly bursting with a new love.

"Miss Hilton," he said, "I spoke to our friend Mr. Stillman this morning. He wants me to trade stenographers, that is, he thinks that if he had my stenographer he would get better results. Quite a nice compliment, Miss Hilton, so I said, 'Well, I'm a good sport, Mr. Stillman, I'll ask Miss Hilton if she cares to leave our employ and make the change. Mr. Stillman is a very nice man to work for and he will pay you \$150 per month.'"

"Oh, you flatter me, Charles. I am anxious to earn more money so will accept Mr. Stillman's offer. When am I to start at the Stillman office?"

"To-morrow morning, Miss Hilton."

A. J. Stillman talked to Mary like this:

"Mr. Killman, manager of the Wood Products Company, is in want of an A-1 stenographer. I told him that I have a first rater, and he asked me to trade stenographers with him on condition that he pay you \$175 per month. I understand that the Killmans are good Business people and if you wish to learn and earn more now is your opportunity."

"Thank you, Mr. Stillman," cheerfully responded Mary, "if you wish it, I shall be glad to make the change."

Miss Hilton and Miss Harland changed places the next day and the devil chuckled with glee.

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Mary Harland, Emily Bigsby, Clare Hansen and a number of boy friends had received word simultaneously from Clyde that he was coming to pay his Saginaw friends a visit.

Mary's heart leaped with joy. Emily's heart leaped with joy. Clare's heart leaped with joy. All three girls in joyful anticipation were visibly thrilled in the thought of meeting Clyde. All three beauties well equipped mentally and physically and as pure and lovely as the lily in the dell, were at this time, nineteen years, only a matter of a few days separated their respective birthdays; a most remarkable co-incident.

Clyde had, however, told Mary in his letter that he would drive his car from Ann Arbor direct to her home. Emily and Clare had not received such information from him.

On the sixth day of May, 1919, Mary received a telephone message from her mother asking her to come home immediately. Mary complied with her mother's request and as she ran up the veranda steps, her whole being was thrilled, for she had guessed it.

She quickly opened the front door and ziii! Mary was raised off her feet, pressed to a man's breast and held tightly and a sweet kiss pressed to her lips, even before she realized what had happened.



Mary felt as if dazed, then she heard that most wonderful voice of her Clyde. She quietly burst in tears, her arms clinging about his neck, while still in Clyde's powerful embrace who caressed her most tenderly.

"My good, sweet Mary," said Clyde after a long pause, "we are serenely happy because we are of one mind and of one heart."

"Yes, dear Clyde, our God has equipped us with keen faculties that we may not only enjoy His greatest gift to mankind, but that we may appreciate it as well."

"Right you are, Mary. God's greatest gift to us poor mortals is--- love. He has given us the light that goes with real love, the light that makes it possible for me and you to fully appreciate His gifts. But in the light of recent events, there is much distorted love and inferior light abiding in humanity's mental realm."

Mary's mother entered the parlor where Clyde and Mary sat in close embrace.

"Well, Mary," she said tauntingly, "I was the first to kiss Clyde in this house, which may prove a bad omen and may-----"

"Oh, mother, please keep quiet," interrupted Mary, "you're always saying discouraging things not because you are mean, but simply because you are fond of teasing me."

Clyde and Mrs. Harland laughed good naturedly. Mrs. Harland had previous to Mary's arrival blurted out a lot of Mary's secret plans to Clyde. She told him how Mary had prepared to overcome and eliminate all possible competition. Clyde had listened to Mrs. Harland's tell tale with interest and after a short pause had informed Mrs. Harland that he, like Mary, had done everything possible to keep his body clean and in good condition.

"It is like this, Mrs. Harland," explained Clyde. "A man usually demands absolute purity and cleanliness in his mate regardless of the fact whether his own body be contaminated or not. My claim is that such a man's demand is unjust, not only to his mate, but to his offspring and the human race as a whole."

Clyde had just finished, when he saw Mary approaching the house. He quickly stepped to the front door where he launched a surprise attack on the idol of his heart.

After Clyde had spent a day at the Harland home, he told Mary that he must call on some of his west side chums, relatives and friends. Mary felt just a slight tremor near the region of her heart when Clyde mentioned calling on his west side chums for that meant none other than Mary's friendly rivals, Emily Bigsby, Clare Hansen and Mary had been fast friends ever since Clyde had introduced Mary to his childhood girl friends. It was during the days of Clyde and Mary's athletic victory celebration when these girls became acquainted and a fast friendship resulted. All three girls attended the Y gymnasium classes regularly, all three aimed high, their target being superb physical fitness, their goal being the heart of God's nobleman-- Clyde. All three had quietly and secretly planned a vigorous campaign in an endeavor to win the prize of their hearts.

Clyde bid Mary good bye when he departed for the west side.

"Be sure and return to me, Clyde," said Mary, "and please do not stay over there too long."

"I should be back here to-morrow night Mary unless my friends have have planned a lot of parties, and so forth."

Clyde, after having called on some of his boy friends and relatives on the west side, repaired for the home of his childhood playmates. Miss Emily Bigsby, a wonderful young woman, whose only weakness seemed to be that she was deeply in love with a clean, pure man. Her family were among the wealthiest in the city, and above their immense wealth, stood their good name, highly honored and respected in the community. Clare Hansen, a beautiful blonde of good family, neither rich nor poor, is a true and persistent "go get 'em" sort. She has always been a winner and saw no reason why, she should fear failure in her quest for her heart's desire. She will play the game clean, but then she figures that after all fair means have failed, she may resort in all justice to Clyde and herself, to a trick or a trap of some kind and safely land her prize.

Mary's specialty is dancing. Emily's specialty is music and Clare's specialty is singing, yet, these three wonder girls are adepts in many lines of endeavor and we are extremely sorry that God made only one Clyde Marlaw, for it is our humble opinion that each girl had attained the qualifications deserving of the man, Clyde.

The battle for a man's heart is on!



## CHAPTER XX

## IN LOVELAND

Mary had now worked in the Wood Products office two weeks and all the male and female fixtures in the office had fallen in love with her. Old Mr. Killiman, Elmer Chase, the bookkeeper, Mr. Howell, the finance manager, Harry Killiman, salary sponger, Ed. Killiman, buyer, Charles, Morewater, draftsman, Herb Gates, order chaser, Edith Brix, telephone operator, and Leona Fitzpatrick, assistant bookkeeper, all loved Mary way down in their hearts.

Mary had a rare personality, so radiant and purely divine was she, that her employers and co-workers treated her with the utmost courtesy. Even the ill-mannered Charles who had by now earned the sobriquet of Red Biz, given him by a factory employee, smiled upon her loveliness benignantly, but he was slow in forcing his attentions upon her. He would attempt to spread an angel-like smile over his red face, which was a ludicrous sight owing to its devilish mien. It reminded one of a pickled lobster. Red Biz, however, harbored the delusion that he was handsome. He was a huge joke and yet, had been responsible for many a tragedy.

Mary was well trained. She knew when to, and when not to, respond to a man's smile. Red Biz was more cautious than he had ever been before in his mad game of love. He had actually retained a vivid picture in his defective mentality of Jose Toy, her deceitful trick and the trap she had led him into, and that terrible Chinese Hell in which he landed down a cork screw chute. How the rats and the terrible vermin had been his companions. How these had sported with him and showered their affections on him for a whole solitary month.

"On, the hideousness of that dungeon," he would say, whenever he told this story to his friends. This sinful paradox even loved to relate his misfortunes. But, now he felt it best to play his game cautiously and in time slowly win Mary to his corrupt heart.

Both Emily and Clare had made elaborate plans to receive and entertain Clyde. Emily with great wealth and luxury at her command outshone both Mary and Clare in this respect. Emily was a musician of high standing. She was a splendid entertainer. Her beauty was greatly enhanced whenever she stood on her feet while playing her wonderful violin. The combination was divine. Clyde called at Emily's home after he had spent a few minutes at the Hansen home.

Emily answered the door and when she saw that the caller was her own Clyde, she quickly opened the door and flew into his arms and kissed the man she loved better than all else on earth. Emily and Clyde had been fast friends ever since they had been little tots. Clyde and Emily had always thought much of each other. Emily's mother also embraced Clyde, and invited him to make himself at home. Emily had arranged a party in Clyde's honor and she was careful not to extend an invitation to either Mary or Clare, her friendly rivals. In this respect, at least, we are sorry to say that all three rivals proved themselves a trifle selfish, neither one would invite the other to their parties or social gatherings when Clyde was being entertained by one of them.

"Clyde, you must visit with us a week," said Emily, "you know that we haven't seen each other for a long time."

"I would like to, Emily, but I promised Mary that I would return to her home in a few days."

"No, no, Clyde, you can't go back to Mary for a week at least, because I have made arrangements with my farm relatives to pay them a visit with you as their honored guest. I have received favorable replies from my aunts. They write that they are making preparations to receive and entertain us. You can't refuse their invitations, Clyde, for you remember the good times we had on their farms, and in that beautiful pine grove and that sparkling brook where we caught twelve splendid fighting trouts, we were mere children then, but now, we have both arrived at the age when we can better enjoy life in each others company."

Clyde placed his head in his hands, apparently thinking hard. He knew Emily like a sister and Emily always talked to him like a sister. After a long pause, Clyde said:

"Emily, I appreciate your efforts in my behalf and I will accept your offer to visit your farm relatives, but before we leave for the country, I must see Mary and tell her that I am going on a trip with you to visit your country folks."



"You needn't call on Mary at all, why not speak to her over the telephone?"

"Mary wouldn't like that," rejoined Clyde.

Emily's cheeks flushed and this beautiful brunette looked more charming than she ever had. Clyde noticed this, and was delighted to see this beauty showing signs of an internal storm. Emily, however, was a past master in suppressing internal storms, after a short pause she said,

"Why not drive over to the office and tell Mary about our intended trip? I am sure she will not be averse to our plans."

"Fine, Emily. I'll drive over to the factory at once and speak to Mary."

Emily knew that she was dealing with a real man in every particular. She knew very well, that if she intended to win him over, she would have to act the part of a real woman, no half way or slip shod methods could possibly make an impression on such a man. She had long known that wealth and social influence had no power to attract this man.

Clyde arrived at the factory office and asked "information" if he could speak to Miss Harland.

"Certainly," was the reply.

Mary soon appeared before Clyde and he told her Emily's plans and that he would go to the country with Emily, "if you, Mary, have no objections."

"Certainly not," responded Mary, "have a good time for God knows that you are deserving."

"Thank you, Mary, good by."

"Good by, Clyde."

Red Biz had accidentally dropped into that part of the office where "information" is seated. He got a good look at the tall, handsome and athletic youth who had called to speak to Mary. Many thoughts floated through his mind that afternoon, "was this her brother?" and so forth, until his thoughts had completely unnerved him.

Clyde returned to the Bigsby mansion and smilingly informed Emily that Mary had voiced no objections to the fulfillment of their plans.

"Mary is a dear," ejaculated Emily, "I love her with all my heart and soul."

Clyde flushed slightly at this remark and Emily immediately switched from Mary to the good times she anticipated on the farm. Mary had entirely sunk herself too deeply in Clyde's heart. She must not mention her name again in Clyde's presence. That name, Mary, she told her mother one day, "is a positive joy killer. Don't ever mention the name, Mary in Clyde's presence, mother."

"How can I help it," replied Mrs. Bigsby, "your sister's name is Mary."

"Well, even so, avoid saying or speaking the name, Mary, for I have an idea that Clyde has a softer spot in his heart for the name, Mary, than he has for the person."

Emily's mother laughed good naturedly and replied, "Clyde must be like a buyer in the market place, who buys the name on the wrapper instead of the article. Your father knew human nature to be such, that he always managed to keep the name of his product, in very large type, before the public. I would suggest that yourself and your sister Mary exchange names."

"Oh, mother, cut the humor. I am determined to win Clyde with my own name and personality."

Emily knew in her own heart that merit and merit only, would win, for Clyde was exacting.

She asked Clyde if she could drive her new car, a \$10,000 beauty, to the farm.

"Certainly," responded Clyde.

Emily's heart jumped high in anticipation, "her dream would come true," she told herself, "she would drive this man to "loveland" and win him with her loveliness."

If Clyde had but known what he was going up against, what this young woman had planned to do with him, had he but the slightest inkling of her golden dreams, he might have excused himself and avoided the trap, but "ignorance is bliss" without a large amount of ignorance there would be very little fun in life.

Emily felt light and joyous of heart as she drove her car over the Dixie Highway to her uncle's farm. Clyde sat beside her and what more could she ask for. Clyde complimented her on her good driving and she appeared supremely happy. He was thinking about rambling through the forest and catching a few "live wire" trout.

After an hours drive they pulled up at the Willowack farm. Mr. and



Mrs. John Willowack received them joyously with open arms.

"Come in the house, Emily and Clyde, and have dinner with us," invited Mrs. Willowack.

All partook of a sumptuous farm dinner, old fashioned, but genuine. The day was a glorious one. The sun poured its warm beams into Emily's heart and she said to Clyde:

"Let's dress for the woods and rough it this afternoon."

"All right, Emily," said Clyde.

Clyde and Emily struck out for a large, beautiful pine grove, through which an enchanting brook runs, whose babbling waters seem to sing a song of love. On reaching this lover's Heaven, Emily opened the great subject of nature, speaking of its wondrous beauty, its significance, and glorious power.

Emily knew that Clyde was a student of nature and that he would dwell on its wonders for hours at a time. Clyde became interested in the subject at once, and as he looked into Emily's pretty brown eyes and farther up at the beautiful pines and down at the foliage and the babbling brook, a thought struck him as quick as a flash, which was this: "My grandparents must have made love in a place like this."

He again looked into Emily's bewitching eyes and said, "Emily, I was just thinking when I looked into your beautiful eyes and the surrounding beauty in this grove, what a wonderful paradise nature has created for man. Yet, man prefers artificiality to the real thing."

This seemed to be too sudden for Emily, who had misconstrued Clyde's meaning. Emily was completely knocked out. Clyde had told her that she had "beautiful eyes," and had mentioned, "paradise", she was thrilled and yet, "had she understood him?" she asked herself.

Emily's tactics showed cleverness, she knew that she must imitate nature's beauty and serenity to win this man's heart. She would not force her attentions on Clyde only as a last desperate resort.

The next day, the pair went horse back riding. Emily, always acting the part of a good pal, permitting Clyde to do all the talking, for Clyde had interesting things to tell her about France and his thoughts on the war.

They fished for two solid days, both enjoyed the sport landing the sporty trout. After this, they spent two days at the Cornwall farm, where they were royally entertained.

Mr. Cornwall, Emily's uncle, loved to "torment people" as Mrs. Cornwall referred to his taunts.

"Say, Emily," he said one day, "you and Clyde are the most magnificent couple I have ever seen, what say, we get the splicing papers and a sky pilot to hitch you up, celebrate the wedding in the Cornwall home and go back to mother, plead for her forgiveness, get her blessing, live happy ever after. What an honor! What a beautiful romance!"

"James! James!" shouted Mrs. Cornwall, "you ought to be ashamed of your devilish ignorance. Have you no sense? Why torment the young people we both like? You are only driving them away from our home. Shame on you James."

The corpulent and jovial Cornwall laughed quietly to himself, for life to him was one sweet song. Clyde and Emily were visibly scorched under the rapid fire of Cornwall's taunts.

Clyde and Emily had spent nearly a week in the country and Emily realized that she must make a supreme effort to win Clyde. Emily could plan wonderful things, but her weakness lay in their execution, but in this case, she reasoned her weakness might prove her strength.

Emily drove back to the Willowack farm to spend another day in what she called "loveland". She had made up her mind to do the talking on their last day in the country. The day was another "love ringer". Emily drove her car along the road to the pine grove.

When they arrived in this most bewitching spot, Emily at once opened the most thrilling subject of her heart. She placed her right arm about his neck and her left hand on his left hand which lay in his lap, and said in a most charming manner:

"Clyde, dear, we have known each other since we first attended school together, we have always been the best of friends. Four years ago you told me that you loved me, and I - I have always loved you.

"I am a woman, Clyde, with a woman's weakness,--which is love. I ask you to forgive me, Clyde, dear, for permitting my weakness to assert itself, but I ask you in the name of that weakness, in the name of a woman's love, to promise me that you will make me happy."

A slight tremor in her voice had given it added charm. Her pleadings were perfect, her beauty seemed perfect, her heart and mind as pure as the



lily in the dell. Clyde appeared beaten, Emily had completely thrown him off his guard, he had never dreamed of this from Emily. But, Clyde, always a man, soon collected his senses and said:

"Emily, it is true that I love you--but as a sister, and I presume that I shall always love you as such, but please, do not ask me to promise to make you happy in the permanent sense of the term. You must give me time to think it over."

Clyde then pulled this lovely creature into his strong arms and kissed her, which made Emily supremely happy.

"I am willing to wait a long time for your answer, Clyde dear," she said, "if you will be good enough to call on me frequently."

"I will only be too glad, Emily, to call at your home whenever possible," assured Clyde.

She drove her "beauty of the road" with reckless abandon. It seemed that Clyde's magic embrace and kiss had given the car added pep.

They reached Emily's home in fine spirits. Emily was radiantly happy, every fiber in her body seemed to send its vibrant message of triumph to her brain.

It had been a most trying day for Clyde. He was happy because of the fact, that he had retained his mental poise under the red hot fire of a real lovable woman's pleadings.



## CHAPTER XXI

## CLARE FEEDS HIM

Clyde was a man in every sense of the word. He had a real man's nature, a real honest to goodness nature, which merited the confidence of all those who knew him. He was a man ready and willing to sacrifice himself, his pleasures and his all in the cause of the weak and the innocent. He had the highest regard for the rights of others and his moral courage was inspiring.

The triangle beauties certainly admired and appreciated this boy's sterling character. All three rivals had implicit faith in him, they loved him dearly and they were very frank about the matter. They did not only tell him alone, that they were in love with him, but they told their most intimate friends and relatives how their hearts were pulling for Clyde. Each one of the triangle knew that the other loved Clyde.

"I must now finish the round," said Clyde to Mary and visit the Hansen folks. Clare and her good mother feel slighted, I know, because I have not called on them sooner. They have waited a long while for my promised visit, and I am very sorry for having delayed calling on them. The Hansen folks have always been good to me, in fact, they have always treated me like one of the family."

Clare, like Emily, had known Clyde since childhood. Clare had grown to beautiful womanhood. She was a lovely vivacious blonde, with a heart as nappy and as pure as a babe. Like her beautiful rivals, she possessed a charm all her own. Her personality was distinctly different. She was more talkative, seemed to be more sociable than either Mary or Emily. Her whole being radiated "a welcome to you" sort of feeling. She was extremely nappy and gay, but not flippant. She loved open air exercises and her health was a hundred percent good.

"Now, mother," said Clare, "when Clyde comes to visit with us, we must prevail on him to make his visit with us for at least two weeks and longer if he will. I have the large front room all fixed up for him. We must make things as comfortable and sweet as we possibly can and keep him an interested guest. I have arranged parties in his honor."

Mrs. Hansen dearly loved her charming girl, and she had great faith in her daughters ability. Clare usually succeeded in anything she undertook to do. Clare's wonderful initiative easily made her the star of the family. In this home the mother, as well as all the rest of the family were the obedient servants of Clare, and she ruled as a real mistress in the house.

Clare was proficient in domestic science. What this girl didn't know about foods and their relative value, their respective worth as producers of human steam, was really a closed book to man. Her clever food concoctions have been the means for keeping the entire family in A-1 condition the year round. Her food preparations were far more effective than a druggist's pills in sickness. She entirely stripped the doctors of their usefulness to man whenever people made it a daily practice to prepare and eat foods in accordance with her formulas.

Clare's motto reads:- "Eat to keep well."

"I am going to be in the kitchen during Clyde's visit with us," Clare informed her mother.

"You then intend reaching Clyde's heart through his stomach," ventured Mrs. Hansen.

"Merely reaching his heart won't suffice. I am determined to capture his heart, pumps, beats and all while it is in good working order. I will prepare my food in a manner that will not only surprise him, but it will make his heart feel like it were in Heaven, then, mother, will Clyde capitulate and he'll never want to leave his happy home. 'Food won the war.' Food will win my sweeties heart," Clare asserted with an assurance of supreme confidence.

Clyde was in high spirits when he reached the Hansen home on the west side. Mrs. Hansen answered the door bell, and behold, she looked upon the handsome young giant that her daughter had planned to make him her son-in-law. Mrs. Hansen immediately called Clare to come to the door. Clyde entered the vestibule. Clare's quick advance was plainly heard and as Clare saw him, she made a long, flying leap into his open arms. It is indeed a pleasure to us to relate that they hugged and kissed each other. We are human ourselves and we feel, that no live man, no matter what his creed might be, as it regards filthy and promiscuous kissing, could possibly resist the allurements of our charming, vivacious, flying beauty.



"Carry me into the parlor," she whispered, "as you have often done before when we were playmates."

Clyde carried her into the parlor, Mrs. Hansen following closely behind Clyde, with an expression of great joy on her healthy face. The trio entered into a long joyous conversation about the good old days when Clyde and Clare were little playmates.

All three became very enthusiastic at the tales of innocent joyhood, that Clyde and his hostesses had been completely enveloped heart and soul in the sweet reminiscences of the past. Mrs. Hansen, after having caused Clyde many fits of laughter proceeded to show Clyde to his room.

"My, my," exclaimed Clyde, "you have certainly extended your good selves to make me comfortable."

"Nothing is too good for our Clyde," rejoined Mrs. Hansen, "you know that we haven't seen you in a long while, we want you to make yourself at home and make us a long visit. You know, we always regarded you as one of the family."

As Mrs. Hansen and Clyde returned to the main floor where Clare had busied herself in the kitchen, Mrs. Hansen was still insisting that Clyde should make his visit a long one. Clare heard Clyde say, "But, I promised Mary-----"

"There, there, ta-ta-Clyde," interrupted Clare. "You are now our guest, and as such you are both honor and duty bound to respect our good hospitality!"

Clyde looked at Clare with a surprised stare and after a short pause, said, "Your oratory is wonderful, Clare, it is no wonder you are a good singer. You may depend on me, however, that I shall not only honor and respect your good hospitality, but I shall obey your orders to the letter."

"Fine, good stuff," shouted Clare.

The trio laughed good naturedly.

The Hansen home was a veritable haven for a jolly, good, clean time. A person must be dead if he or she failed to respond to its joyful spirit.

Clare had on her kitchen garb when she appeared before Clyde and said:

"I am the cook, the doctor, and the joysmith combined in this house. My food combinations have the entire family nopping around as lightly as though propelled by air. I am going to feed you my celebrated food concoctions and after you have eaten out of my hands as it were, for a few days, you won't care to leave your happy home."

Clyde laughed at the good humor of his one time little playmate. He was fully aware of the fact that Clare represented the very highest in art, not merely in poise, grace and beauty, but in her accomplishments as well. Clyde knew that Clare was a clever cook, but he wasn't aware of the fact that, this vivacious girl had carried home the highest honors from the National food exhibition held recently in Battle Creek.

The man who is fortunate to meet his sweetheart and future wife in the kitchen should be very thankful indeed. It is dead easy to fall in love with a parlor beauty, but to fall in love with a kitchen beauty is much better because a man's stomach is safer and the love so gathered is far more permanent. It is well for the girls to remember that modern man is but a polished brute, therefore let your motto be: "Let us feed the brute."

Clyde did not know that Clare had invented certain disease preventing food combinations. He did not know that some of her food conglomerations healed certain diseases that man, the glutton, falls heir to. He simply regarded her statements of facts in the light of a joke. Clare was a joke-smith to be sure, no one knew her to be serious, naturally no one took her seriously, yet all those that knew her, admired and respected her.

Her father, mother brothers, and sisters knew when to take her seriously, however, she fed them her "pepful" foods and she made them step lively whenever the emergency or occasion demanded. No one dare shirk his or her duty with our blonde beauty in command.

Clyde had from early childhood, known the art and value of proper mastication, but had only in recent years read a number of articles on the value of proper food combinations, advanced by certain so-called food scientists.

When Clyde sat down at the table with the Hansen family, he had little idea that our kitchen beauty had prepared food ammunition designed to force his heart to capitulate. This charming kitchen wizard also waited on the table, she being proficiency, efficiency and sufficiency organized.

Of course, Clyde enjoyed the meal, a god would have enjoyed it, had he partaken of it.

The meal over, Clare ordered the family to clear the table and wash the dishes. Clare entertained Clyde in the parlor, sang a few of the latest love songs in her own inimitable manner. Clare's beautiful singing, com-



bined with her exquisite charm, would have sufficed to win the most exacting of men. Clyde's head and heart were beginning to feel the effects of our kitchen wizard's food and song.

Let us for a moment analyze the nature of the three arrows used by the triangle in their endeavor to hit and capture their heart of hearts.

All three beauties used the arrows known as physical and mental attraction, they were about tied on this score.

In the art of cleverness and good acting, Clare had the better of Mary and Emily. Clare was as fascinating in the kitchen as she was in the parlor. Clare knew Clyde too well, however, and was prone to overdo her act.

Emily, a superb parlor beauty, whose arrows of loveliness hit Clyde's heart with telling effect. Her love pleas came direct from the innermost chamber of her heart. A deep, sincere love - at once her greatest strength and her weakness. Emily's wonderful love pulled mightily at Clyde's heart-strings which he found hard to resist. Owing to their long acquaintance, both Clare and Emily seemed like sisters to Clyde.

Mary possessed the beauty, grace, poise and charm of her friendly rivals. Her wonderful speed, power and beauty which she had so adroitly exhibited at the famed Chicago athletic meet, was her arrow, that had plunged itself so deeply into Clyde's heart. Somehow, Clare and Emily found it difficult to remove Mary's arrow.

After Clare had finished her songs of love, she went over to where Clyde was seated, put her arms about his neck and kissed him copiously.

"My old sweetheart," she exclaimed, "we have always loved each other, haven't we dear?"

Poor Clyde was in an awful fix. Here sat this giant among men, in the mighty throes of this enchanting beauty, who attempted to take his heart by storm.

Let us look at these three beauties once more. They were practically the same age, practically built along the same delicate lines. Perhaps a fraction in the difference of their respective heights and weights. Their age being nineteen years, their heights ranging between five feet, six inches and five feet, seven inches, their weights between one hundred thirty and one hundred thirty-two pounds. Could Heaven be more inviting to a good man than were these charming girls? Had Solomon's wisdom ever been tested by a problem as weighty and interesting as was Clyde's?

After a short pause in Clare's siege on this youth's heart, during which time Clare sported with his heavy, brown hair, massaged and pinched his face, Clyde said:

"Clare, you are a splendid girl. It is true that I have always loved you and perhaps I always shall - like a brother."

"That's all right, Clyde, please do not think me forward, whenever I play with you, for I am overjoyed to have you near me again. To my mind, you are still the same kid you were in the days when we played in the sand and made mud pies."

Clare staged parties and outings. Her large circle of bright young friends gave added zest to her entertainments. After a week of fun and jollity, Clare called Clyde into the kitchen one day and gave him a wonderful lecture on the relative value of foods, their action on the body, and the body's power of assimilation, how certain foods, when combined, blaze the way to health, strength and beauty. Clyde was amazed at Clare's presentation of so great a subject.

"Food," she said, "when properly prepared and eaten, makes men out of human pigs and gluttons."

Clyde was thoroughly astonished to say the least. This girl, <sup>thought he</sup> he thought knew more about the human's chemical composition and its requirements than he had ever heard or read about.

She was truly interesting and he was glad to be near her and learn. Clare had put a "kick" into foods without the use of dopes or alcoholic stimulants. Clyde was beginning to feel lighter, more buoyant and even stronger, "since he had eaten out of her hand", as she had put it. Clare's initiative and her brilliant versatility was gradually winning Clyde. Unconsciously he had fallen into Clare's love net. She now played the part of a teacher, instructing her heart's desire in the hidden mysteries of her food science. Clyde loved this great food study. Clare took advantage of her opportunity. She sat beside him for hours each day, instructing very carefully.

There is no question in our minds that this vivacious, charming beauty was driving her love arrows swiftly and deeply into this man's heart.



The terrific onslaughts of cupid's darts which this clever young girl shot at her mark was gradually dislodging the arrows of her rivals. She had successfully assailed his heart from all sides, she had reached his heart through his stomach and now she had captured it through the mind. Clyde was on the verge of capitulating when the telephone rang. Clare was victorious, she actually felt it.

Mrs. Hansen who had answered the telephone, said:

"Come to the telephone, Clyde."

Clyde went, and picking up the receiver said, "Hello."

"Hello, Clyde."

"Hello, Mary."

As Clare heard Clyde say, "Hello, Mary," she buried her head in her hands and exclaimed:

"My God, all is lost."



## CHAPTER XXII

## LOVE'S DESTINY

When Clyde returned to Clare, he told her that Mary had called him over the telephone on matters of utmost importance and that she wished to see him that very night without fail. Clyde's nerves appeared restless now, and Clare noted a change in his attitude. Clare realized that nothing in the world could possibly prevent him from going to Mary.

"Why not see Mary to-night and then return to me?" suggested Clare.

"I have been thinking of doing the very thing you suggest, Clare, but then, not knowing the nature of Mary's predicament or desires at this time, it will be impossible for me to promise anything."

It was impossible to beat Clare it seemed, for she was full of bright thoughts and suggestions. She put her pretty arms around Clyde's neck and looked into his eyes and said:

"Clyde dear, you must promise to call me on the telephone at least twice each day, while over at Mary's. Now don't you dare say you can't promise."

Her radiant beautiful smile, her magnetic gaze fixed on his eyes, and her characteristic method of assailing his heart, forced Clyde to promise Clare that he would call her over the telephone twice each day.

Clyde hastened to Mary's home that night for he was very anxious to see her now since she had called for him to come to her aid. He didn't know but what she might have met with an accident.

When he reached the Harland home he found Mary well and apparently happy.

"I called you, Clyde dear," she said, "to talk to you about a matter which is both strange and offensive to me, naturally, I am hurt over what has transpired and I called you to get your good advice and council in the matter."

Clyde was now thoroughly aroused and replied, "Mary, my good girl, I am very sorry to learn that your feelings have been hurt, I have come to render you any assistance possible, within my power."

"I know it, Clyde, and I consider myself fortunate indeed, at this time, for having so good and true a friend as you. I will now tell you what has been troubling me.

"Charles A. Killman, the production manager has been talking a lot of nonsense to me, here of late and his advances became so terribly offensive that I refused to return to my desk."

"Good girl," interrupted Clyde.

"I have remained home for three days and the Company have fairly begged me to return. Mr. Howell is a perfect gentleman, he has urged and urged me to return, he doesn't know what's wrong and I haven't the heart to tell him. Old Mr. Killman and his brother have always treated me with the utmost respect and so has Charles and Harry until recently."

Clyde was fairly boiling and interrupted Mary at this juncture:

"Well, Mary, tell me what are these dogs saying to you. Are they insulting?"

"No, not exactly insulting, but I have every reason to believe that both men would be insulting if a girl would listen to some of their trash. Charles Killman started by telling me the trouble between himself and wife. He said, that Arline as he calls her, is heartless and cruel in the extreme. She smashes dishes over his head, she goes on sprees and flirts with other men. Charles actually shed tears when he told me this. I didn't say anything, for I was stunned at his foolish audacity to relate his domestic troubles to an employee. Miss Brix the telephone girl, had overheard his story to me, and when we went home that night, she related many criminal deeds perpetrated by this fiend in human form.

"The very next day Charles whispered to me, 'If only I had a girl like you, I'd be happy,' and all day long he called me 'sweetheart', 'honey,' 'sweetie', and 'dear', and my goodness, Clyde, I was terribly frightened and embarrassed.

"The following day, me, poor thing, greatly unnerved by this strange stuff, had to listen to his brother Harry who likewise related a tale of domestic woe and oppression. Both of these miserable men have been married twice and divorced once. I understand that their devilish deeds have caused two girls, mere children, mind you, to commit suicide, and several others are going through life with the shadow of their wickedness to darken their young souls."



"Have these dogs ever received punishment for their crimes?" queried Clyde.

"In a way, yes, but, they have always managed to have their father buy them out of trouble. Miss Brix says that someone had told her that the Killman boy's crimes and misdeeds has cost their rich parents \$200,000."

"Well, that is no punishment for the evil doers, a rich man may punish his wealth and buy his son out of trouble but that doesn't punish the son. The son must be punished and not the father."

Just at this juncture the door bell rang and Mr. Harland, who had been busying himself with work on the second floor came down stairs to answer the door. The stranger, an amiable friendly gentleman extended his hand which Mr. Harland grasped and said, "Come in."

"My name is Arthur Howell of the Wood Products Company. Could I speak to Miss Harland, please?"

"Mary!" called Mr. Harland, "come to the door."

"Good evening, Mr. Howell," bid Mary, "come right in and meet my friend, Mr. Marlaw."

After the customary hand shaking and exchange of friendly salutations, Mr. Howell said that he would like to converse with Mary in private.

"You may say or talk about anything you wish to me and my friend," responded Mary. "Mr. Marlaw is fully informed as to my business affairs."

Mr. Howell looked at Clyde and nodded genially.

"I called again to see if I can't induce Miss Harland to return to our employ," said Mr. Howell.

Clyde replied to Mr. Howell and said:

"Miss Harland has just been telling me why she has left your employ. She tells me that the Killman boys have been trying to force their attentions on her and in many other ways have made life disagreeable for her in your place of business."

"Is that possible?" replied Mr. Howell, plainly astounded. "I promise nowever, that if the young lady returns I shall personally see to it, that she is never molested. Further, I shall speak to Mr. Henry Killman to warn his boys and further, I shall pay her a yearly bonus of three hundred dollars out of my own pocket."

"Well, what do you say, Clyde," said Mary, after a short pause. "How does Mr. Howell's proposition strike you?"

Both Mr. Howell and Clyde seemed a bit surprised to have Mary ask Clyde a question concerning her own business. Clyde wasn't slow to reply emphatically and with vigor.

"Your proposition, Mr. Howell is fair and a good one, but in the event Miss Harland is molested by those Killman boys, I'll warrant you they will receive rough treatment at the mercy of these--(stretching forth his powerful hands)-- my bread winners."

Mr. Howell nodded in the affirmative, he seemed to understand, but refrained from making further comment. Mary exhibited a feeling of inward pride, there was a merry twinkle in her eyes that told volumes. Clyde's demonstration thrilled her, she knew that her boy's hands are real conquerors.

"You will return to us then, Miss Harland?" pleaded Mr. Howell.

"Yesir, Mr. Howell, on condition that you do your part as you promised."

"You may rest assured, Miss Harland that I shall do everything in my power to make life as pleasant and safe for you in our office as it is here in your home."

"I shall report in the morning."

"Fine, glad to have you with us again," Mr. Howell was elated. He had won back what he considered the best stenographer in the United States.

Mr. Howell shook hands with Clyde and Mary and departed with a cheery good night.

"He certainly is a fine man," said Clyde after Mr. Howell had departed.

"Indeed," responded Mary. "Mr. Howell is not only a real gentleman, but he is refined and cultured and he is an authority on finance."

"Business sure makes queer bed-fellows," retorted Clyde. "How'd Mr. Howell ever fall in with such a rough shod bunch?"

"I really know very little about it myself, Clyde, but Mr. Chase, our bookkeeper said one day while several were commenting on the Killman fortune that Mr. Howell had come to Mr. Killman's rescue when the latter was facing utter ruin and despair. A great business panic which ravaged this country long before we were born brought these men together."



"A case of a hungry wolf meeting a fatted lamb," jokingly replied Clyde.

"Exactly, only that in the Killman-Howell case, the lamb sent the wolf into the factory to chase and drive other wolves while the lamb guarded the snekels on which it waxed very fat, as did the wolf."

"Pretty clever," cried Clyde, "now I'm going to tell you how the lion is going to guard his lamb. I am going to teach you the art of boxing and many quick grips and holds for defensive purposes, so that if ever you are accosted by a cur in human form you may route him with a single blow or foil his attempt with a painful hold."

"Fine," responded Mary enthusiastically, "but where are we to practice? The basement is not a fit place neither are any of the rooms in the house."

"Oh, that doesn't worry me, my dear girl, I am going to fit up the garage for the purpose. We can leave the cars out doors this nice weather. Besides, you won't require much training to put you in the sleep producing class."

Clyde became very interested in his new duties, he actually forgot all about Clare and Emily. After he had converted the garage into a gymnasium, or fistic parlor, he gave his heart's protege her first lesson in the great art of self defense. They practiced for only half hour the first evening, and Clyde cautioned Mary not to exert herself, "take it easy," he said, "until you learn how to land a blow."

It didn't take Mary many evenings to learn to land a "head rocker", in fact she proved a far more apt pupil than Clyde had anticipated. He was simply overjoyed at the progress this East Side beauty was making.

The next day Clyde went over to the west side to pay Emily and Clare a visit. When he arrived at Emily's home, he found himself in the embrace of a hearty welcome and try as hard as he might, he couldn't get away to call on Clare. Emily permitted him to talk to Clare over the telephone which she termed a liberal concession, but she warned him not to commit himself and make foolish appointments with Clare.

Emily had quietly planned to induce Clyde to stay at the Bigsby home until the next day and then invite him for a spin in her "road beauty" bound direct for Loveland.

At five o'clock Clyde begged to be excused as he wished to leave for the Harland home. He didn't like to tell Emily or anyone else that he was training Mary in the art of self defense.

"Oh, please do not ask me to stop over night," he pleaded with Emily and her mother, "I promised Mary that I'd be home with her for dinner."

"You were always a big hearted boy, Clyde," replied Emily, "please do not try to lead us to believe you are anything but the friendly, good natured Clyde you have been in the past. Call Mary over the telephone and tell her that I said that you must stay with us until to-morrow night."

Clyde laughed good naturedly and said, "All right, I'll do that," whereupon he went to the telephone and talked to Mary as Emily had instructed him. Mary simply told him to have a good time, but deep down in her heart, she felt different. She, like her friendly rivals, felt that Clyde should now become a permanent fixture in her heart.

Both Mary and Clare were disappointed, they feared the lovely Emily.



## CHAPTER XXIII

## THE GREAT BATTLE

There is no record in the annals of history of a similar battle of love, in which three nineteen year old beauties of high and noble attainments, well balanced and extremely clever, who happened to be in love with the same youth, and did not resort to some form of either secret or open warfare. Evidently, our triangle beauties were too well trained mentally and physically to resort to uncouth methods in their endeavor to land their heart's desire. These friendly rivals relied on their own individual merits to win. They played the game fair. They proved themselves to be game. They knew the man they were playing for, that is he was game, honorable and fair. Clyde was a true apostle of fair play.

Emily was supremely happy. Her entire being radiated joy as she kissed her mother good by and drove away to her so-called love-land with Clyde by her side. Emily tried very hard to persuade Clyde to promise her that he would make her permanently happy, but in this she failed for the second time. Nevertheless she was thrilled, she had the supreme joy of nestling in his arms and have her lover press a sweet kiss to her pretty lips. It is very likely that, had Emily been the only young woman in quest of this man's heart, she would not have gotten half the thrill she now did. She knew that others wanted him. Take the element of chase away from man, and you're taking away the best part of his life. We chase the dead inert dollar just as if it promised everlasting life. Our only reason for chasing dollars and piling 'em up is that our neighbors are doing it.

Let us hope that the monkeys will never attempt to imitate man for we know that they will become very unhappy if they do.

Emily and Clyde returned that afternoon. Again she thanked him very kindly for his kindness to her.

"Please don't stay at Clare's or Mary's too long, Clyde. I want you to call on me more frequently than you have in the past."

"I will go to Mary's home for a few days and then I shall call on the Hansens and spend a day or two there after which time I shall again visit your folks."

"That will be lovely," rejoined Emily, "now please do not take Mary's and Clare's lessons so to heart, for I always find it harder to open your heart after you have listened to them - the little flirts."

Clyde laughed heartily and replied, "That's rich, Emily, in fact, I am of the opinion that there exists a conspiracy among you three good girls to eventually make me unhappy."

"Keep away from Mary and Clare, Clyde," retorted Emily in a most charming manner, "and your happiness will be assured here." (pointing to her heart)

Clyde bid good by to Emily and her mother and immediately repaired to the Harland home. Try as he might, his heart seemed to compel him to seek Mary's love. His heart was Mary's, but somehow, his mind could not be influenced by the mighty pull of his heart. His mind being divided between Clare and Emily. Clyde's heart and mind were urging him to take a mate. But, a battle royal was being waged within himself between his heart and mind. Most humans are influenced by their heart's desires. But, owing to the good training Clyde received in early boyhood, his heart could not influence his mind when it came down to a final decision.

At times he felt suspicious of his heart. Was it tricking him to love Mary? Was its power really affecting his better judgment? His heart was telling him this constantly, "You won't make a mistake if you take Mary for your mate."

When Mary opened the door to admit Clyde, she smiled sweetly, his heart responded in kind which sent a wonderful thrill through his entire being.

"Lord," he asked himself, "will my mind remain strong enough to resist the terrible onslaughts of my heart?"

Mary knew in her own heart that she had long ago captured his heart. She had implicit faith that his heart would eventually dominate his mind. She knew or at least surmised, that her rivals were making a strong impression on his mind.

"Mary," said Clyde as he held both her hands and looked into her pretty blue eyes, "I presume you are glad to see me here again."

"Well, I should say I am.. I have never been so anxious to see anyone as I have been to see you, Clyde."

Clyde's mind nearly capitulated, he was on the verge of proposing marriage to her. The mind, however, recovered itself sufficiently to say:

"There's no need for rush. Remain calm and level-headed old man. Re-



member you promised to call on the vivacious Clare and the lovely Emily."

His heart was an opportunist and believed in striking while the iron is hot. It kept urging him:

"Go get her, young man, she's the finest girl of the three. She's a real mate. I know what I am talking about for she has been in my bosom ever since that Chicago event when you and my sweetheart won the world's championship."

Again the mind would caution him saying:

"Have a care old man, please consider, meditate, sift, reason with your higher self and do not permit your blind, foolish heart to lead you into dark and uncertain happiness."

Mary was indeed fortunate. Clyde asked her to seat herself facing him so that he could hold her hands in his and look into her eyes. Mary saw plainly in the coloring of his handsome, noble face the great battle that raged within him. Clyde could not say much while this battle lasted, but, Mary could tell when his heart urged him. He would hold and press her hands tighter and fairly pull her off her chair, his face would color magnificently, and his eyes sparkle with joy and gladness when his heart pleaded with him. But, when his mind, that master of his being talked to him, he would assume an attitude that was at once sublime and majestic.

Mary adored this latter attitude, the contrast being immense. These various moods and emotions played on Clyde's face for many minutes much to Mary's delight.

Clyde could not propose to Mary this night, his mind had gained the upper hand in the struggle. Had Mary openly showered her love on him as had Emily and Clare, we believe that Clyde would have capitulated. Mary permitted Clyde to do all the loving which wasn't anything to speak of. He wasn't stingy with his love, his love was all there, it was alive and fervent, deep, but not showy.

Mary had practiced boxing in Clyde's absence and she surprised him with her speed and accuracy in foot work and punching. She landed him a clean blow on his jaw, which rocked his head. He threw up both hands, walked over to her, put his arm on her shoulder and said:

"It is all right to punish my head, Mary, but in the name of Heaven, don't land a blow like that on my heart, for, let me whisper - my heart is a very good friend of yours. He kissed her and said, "Let's go."

Clyde, a past master of the entire art of self defense, showed Mary some remarkable stunts. But, Clyde had taken the punch out of Mary when he had whispered that, "My heart is a very good friend of yours," and had subsequently kissed her.

"Clyde, dear," said she, "I can't fight you now, your kiss has robbed me of my punch."

Clyde laughed and said, "Well, that being the case, I'll return the kiss and with it the punch."

Clyde had been on the verge of proposing marriage to Mary several times, when his mind would interfere and thwart his heart's intentions. He paid Clare another visit, she again interested him in herself and her food studies.

"No use talking," said his mind, "this girl has got them all beat. She can teach you, entertain you, keep your stomach well, your spine and nerves young and strong and prevent that wicked heart of yours from leading you astray."

"Nonsense," responded his heart, "I refuse to permit her, I am a closed snop to all girls, but my sweetheart, Mary."

Thus Clyde's heart and mind battled. He again called on Emily after Clare had reluctantly parted with his company. Emily was in high spirits, so wonderfully fascinating was she, that Clyde remarked, "I believe that you are growing more beautiful from day to day, Emily, for every time I see you, your looks show improvement."

Emily blushed, said nothing. A tear was seen in her eye and smiled beautifully. This, her most wonderful emotion, presented a marvelous picture to Clyde.

Emily stepped beside Clyde and in her most humble way said, "I am glad Clyde dear, that you see improvement in my looks, you don't know how I've worried since you were at Mary's and Clare's."

Clyde put his arm around her shoulders and pressed her to his heart.

Again his mind said:- "Take this girl as a compromise. She will make you a good, loyal wife. She has great wealth and social position. She can make you permanently happy."

"Not on your life," replied his heart, "I am the love guardian, no one can enter my home without my consent."



Thus the battle raged within Clyde while at Emily's home until his heart's urge became so strong for Mary that he was obliged to see her without delay.

It seemed that he was happiest when with Mary. Mary had by now become quite expert in boxing and in the tricks of self defense. Clyde remained at the Harland home a week. He was satisfied that Mary could take care of herself in an emergency.

He decided to leave for Ann Arbor to quietly study and debate the deadlock his heart and mind had brought about in his quest for a mate.



## CHAPTER XXIV

## THE POWER OF FEAR

As Clyde entered his Ann Arbor home, he was joyously greeted by his parents.

The triangle beauties had given Clyde a merry chase through the entire summer, and he felt the need of a little quiet rest and study in his home, which he believed would materially benefit his judgment and subsequently hasten his decision.

Mr. and Mrs. Marlaw had been in constant communication with their son, and they were fully informed as to his whereabouts and his whirlwind romance. The story of the great battle of four hearts and Clyde's rebellious mind was indeed very interesting news for his parents.

"Well, my boy, I see by your letters that you struck a snag in Saginaw," ventured Mr. Marlaw.

"Yes," speedily interposed Mrs. Marlaw, "you told us when you departed for Saginaw last spring that it would be easy for you to pick your bride as she already lived in your heart."

"That is true, mother," replied Clyde, "but what's a fellow to do when his heart and mind don't pull together? My heart demands that I choose Mary. My mind tells me to be cautious. The mind tells me to select either Emily or Clare. That's the problem I am up against."

"Your mind is your monitor, my boy," replied Mr. Marlaw, "you will not go wrong if you abide by your mind's decision."

"Why, Clark," interposed Mrs. Marlaw, "you are not so sure about the mind's qualification. God has revealed his power in the heart as well as He has in the mind of man. You told me just prior to our marriage that your heart had influenced your decision when you chose me as your mate."

"Ha, ha, that is just it, Julia. I don't want my boy to make a similar mistake."

The trio joined in hearty laughter.

"I am going to Saginaw," replied Mrs. Marlaw, after a brief pause, "to call on some of our old friends and neighbors and incidentally call on the three girls and give you and your father the benefit of my opinion, Clyde."

"Fine, mother," retorted Clyde, "perhaps you are more competent to solve my problem than would be a Solomon."

"Solomon," ejaculated Mr. Marlaw, "why, say, this proposition would be no problem for King Solomon. He would simply marry all three girls and be done with the business. In Solomon's day there were only 1,500 good looking women in all Israel and Solomon married them all in order to prevent the young men of his time, having just such problems as you are now confronted with, Clyde."

All three laughed heartily at Solomon's wisdom. A few days later, Mrs. Marlaw was on her way to Saginaw to interview the triangle beauties. In the meantime, our girls were bombarding Clyde with missives of love.

On the twentieth day of September, Clyde received an invitation from the Chicago Boy Scouts asking him to come to their city and deliver a lecture on his experiences in the late World War. Clyde gladly accepted the Boy Scouts' invitation and forthwith journeyed to Chicago.

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It was at this time that Red Biz was causing things to happen in the factory as related in our first chapter.

The elder Killman who had long ago scented the approaching business depression called a council of war, between himself and his two sons, Charles, alias Red Biz and Harry.

"Now is the time to apply the lash to the help," began the elder Killman. "The war is over and we must revert back to old time business methods. We must cut wages to the bone. Fire all help which shows manifestations of being bossy and independent. We must show our hand and bring the help to its senses, that we are the boss. We must hire all new help below the Manufacturers Association standard scale for this city.

"Stop patting the help on the back, this policy was all right during the war, but now, it is more practical to apply the boot. Kick out the help that won't work. Drive the help that will work. Boys, all these so-called lovers of labor and friends of the work people are a positive danger to our country. Pay no attention to what you hear concerning the benevolent spirit of certain Detroit automobile manufacturers. The automobile people are making excessive profits. They are robbing the public. Our



washboards are a benefit, whereas the automobile is a detriment to the poor. Our product is low in price. The automobile is expensive. But, whatever you boys do now, or in the future it will be well to bear in mind, that your father was always persistent in his efforts to see to it, that the help worked hard for small wages. That is the secret of my success."

"Father," replied Red Biz, "I have a notice posted in the factory calling attention to the fact that wages will be reduced twenty percent, effective immediately. I have order<sup>ed</sup> the machinery speeded up and am busy cutting down the crew."

"Good boy," ejaculated father, "you are on the right track, all right. But speeding up the machinery will result in the waste of much lumber."

"Yes," I realize that," said Red Biz, "but while we are wasting say between \$500 and \$1,000 worth of lumber each week, the lowered cost of production will more than offset this added loss to us."

"The government has asked all wood users and manufacturers to conserve the timber of the nation for the benefit of posterity," interposed Harry.

"Rip, zip, bang with the government and posterity," shouted Red Biz, "we buy and pay for our lumber, and we don't ask a cent from the government."

"Sh! Charles," cautioned father, "Don't swear right out loud and don't let the government agents hear that we are wasting timber or they'll burden us with an obnoxious inspector around the plant."

"All right, father, I shall do all I possibly can to keep the wages down and the help on the jump, that's my system," said RedBiz.

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Several Saginaw Church organizations had, at this time, secured the services of a noted Evangelist. Mr. Wilbur Ball was the Evangelist's name. In his younger days, Mr. Ball had achieved both fame and glory on the baseball diamond. Mr. Ball at an early age became a great pitching wonder in the National League. His peculiar sharp breaking curves were named "kinky shoots" and as a result Wilbur Ball earned the now famed sobriquet of "Kinky Ball". Mr. Ball, the Evangelist, had retained the sobriquet, "Kinky Ball" as many of his admirers insisted that he be advertised as the great "Kinky Ball" of baseball fame.

"Kinky" had put many a damper on the aspirations of the leading batsmen of his time. Now the peculiar kinks in his language was causing the devil to fan the wind with persistent regularity. "Kinky Ball" was still very young. He was tall and handsome, and his person radiated cheer and hope wherever he appeared in public. Out of his eyes shone the light of the Christ and his soul was aflame with God's urge.

The churches had petitioned the factory heads to give permission to "Kinky" to lecture their workers during the noon hour. The Wood Products Company granted "Kinky" permission to address its workers.

He forthwith arrived at the Wood Products Company one noon and faced an audience of men, women, boys and girls. "Kinky's" ushers distributed little song pamphlets among the gathering. "Kinky" asked that all present join singing, "Onward Christian Soldiers."

On finishing this song, he delivered a very magnetic appeal, the kind that stirs men's souls and wins hearts. His splendid athletic figure, his masterly style and his original delivery, caused the gathering to listen with rapt attention. Among other things, he said the following:

"When Christ enters your heart, your heart is then in possession of a real man. Many good people are under the impression that Jesus Christ was too affable, too lady-like to be regarded in the light of a man. Others even go so far as to say that he was spineless and had a nature much like a jelly fish. But, listen my friends, Christ suffered and died for me and for you. Why? Simply because he was then - and is now, a man's man. Let us bow our heads for a few moments and enter into silent prayer, please."

All heads bowed in silent prayer, then came the wonderful appeal that pulled mightily at the heartstrings.

"Please-come-to-Christ. Come-won't-you-come-to-your-redeemer. He-died-for-me-and-for-you. He is waiting with open arms to receive you."

"Kinky" appealed to this "shop worn" crowd in this manner at length. Then the great Evangelist changed his tactics and said:

"Is there any unfortunate soul present who, having been bruised by the sins of others, is now ready to receive Christ's wonderful healing balm. Christ is waiting with open hands and heart to receive and heal you and make you whole again. Come, please, won't you come to Him?"

Footsteps were plainly heard amidst the silent gathering. The heads of the listeners were now erect.

"Who was that person going to meet Christ? Who is that going over to



"Kinky's" stand?"

And many other questions were quietly asked by those present.

The person had now reached the platform and the Evangelist had taken her hand and was congratulating her for her victory. The person was none other than the jovial Tillie Hopkins one of the stars in the famous Washboard Dance. It was a tense moment especially for the women and girls in the crowd, for most of these knew what had happened to the friendly Tillie. Many lifted their handkerchiefs to their tear stained eyes, when they saw the triumphant Tillie radiating her new found love. Tillie's story is simple. She had become too friendly with Red Biz.

Christian Bitts had lost a good dancer when Tillie Hopkins went to Christ. Bitts got busy to fill the gap left by Tillie. He had plenty of material to select from in the factory.

The Washboard Dancers were billed to give the seasons first performance in the local Auditorium during the latter part of October.

A very strange thing happened about this time. Red Biz had been invited to speak before the local Y.M.C.A. Red Biz was wealthy and had been an officer in the American expeditionary force, (of money spenders). Red Biz, on his return to America had masqueraded as the real genuine article with the name blown in the bottle. The Y officers had accepted him as a man on his uniform value.

Army clothes during times of strife makes a mighty impression (on some folks). Red Biz accepted the invitation, assumed a bold front and had the temerity to talk on the subject before the class which was: "What Made Me a Good Man." Can you imagine the devil talking to God's children on so delicate a subject? Every word that proceeded from his mouth was a lie. We have never been able to learn what effect, if any, his talk had on the class.

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Clyde's lecture on "My Experiences In The World War", was well received by the Boy Scouts at the Chicago auditorium. The great building was packed to the doors. A large delegation of the "Better Men" movement was also in attendance. We wish to explain here that the "Better Men" movement was holding its first convention in the windy city. The high and noble aim of the "Better Men" cause being exactly what the organization's name implies, - A better quality of American manhood.

Clyde's message was listened to with rapt attention for he was shooting a lot of "new stuff" from his "vocabulary gun". The great ovation given at the conclusion of his address lasted many minutes. His message received favorable space and comment in the leading newspapers of the country. Among many other things, Clyde said:

"While I was flying over the enemy lines one day, I saw a German aviator making straight for our lines. I veered my plane in pursuit of the enemy when suddenly I ran into a dense fog bank and immediately afterward my machine collided with the German plane. We were flying low at the time and it was our good fortune to fall on the top of a high hill. We were both stunned for a brief period, but neither one was hurt. The German was at least two years my junior, and although very young, he seemed to be well informed. I immediately made him a prisoner of war. His only weapon that I did not take from him, was a small bible.

"We stepped to the clear side of the hill, we paused, and behold, we plainly saw a gigantic battle in progress in the valley below. We saw the most tragic spectacle ever witnessed by human beings. The two great contending forces, comprising the best blood in Europe were being driven into Hell's thrash machines. Now, had the devil invented a huge grinding machine and had undertaken the pleasant task of grinding this young mass of flesh and blood into "Hell's Hash". I am certain that the old fellow could not have <sup>invented</sup> on man's own death dealing devices. We could see thousands of men writhing in indescribable pain and agony. "What force is behind this inhuman struggle?" asked the German in good English.

"I paused momentarily, and a thought entered my mind as quickly as a flash.

"Fear," said I, "is the demon force behind this inhuman struggle. Fear is the first cause. Fear drives sane men to do battle. Fear is responsible for man's criminal folly and wickedness. Fear is the devil's ally and the enemy of all mankind. Fear has compelled these men to do murder. Fear makes the master and the slave. Fear makes men liars and thieves. Fear is back of greed, lust, and selfishness. Fear constantly clamours for power. Fear is the parent of ignorance and superstition. Fear encourages jealousy, hatred and cowardice. Fear is the father of worry and



doubt. We fear one and the other for no apparent good reason. We fear privation amidst plenty. Our fears cause us to deprive our fellowmen of their just rights and privileges. Fear causes us to withhold from our neighbors that which is justly theirs. Fear is the first negative force born in the mind of man and its destructive influence is so great that its real power for evil, is beyond the ken of man.'

"How do you propose to combat fear?' the German asked.

"Develop the God within us,' I replied. 'God has no fears. The God within us is really the good in us. Let the thought of God enter your mind as you would sunshine into your home. Develop your good qualities in a measure so large that it will be impossible for the smallest devil to sneak into your mind.'

"The bible,' said the German, 'is full of threats and intimidations. The good book teaches us to fear God. You tell me to drive out fear with the power of God. How will you reconcile the two teachings i.e. to fear God to attract good, and to develop God for the purpose of driving out fear?'

"I cannot explain,' said I in answer, 'why there are so many contradictory statements in the bible. It seems to me, that someone has made a mistake. Personally, I love God, and I feel that it is impossible for me to fear Him. I firmly believe that God's love is the creative power in man.'

"You are right,' replied the German, 'God had implanted a love so wonderful in the soul of my poor Christian mother, that the first shock of this ugly war killed her.'

"Big tears freely rolled down the young man's red cheeks as he related his story of his one time happy home and fireside, and how the fiendish war had completely wrecked it.

"Now, boys, if you desire to keep your minds free from the devil, fear, go to a quiet place, sit down and meditate God. Get in touch with the biggest thing in you and develop it to a point where your mind will forget that there exists such a man killer as is fear. And, always remember that a clean, pure blood stream makes it possible for each one of you to build up a strong, healthy body and mind. Physical health and spiritual wealth are the most desirable allies of man. Brace up, buck up, and look up, are the three essentials in life and are really the first step necessary to fit yourselves to become better men."

After Clyde had finished his lecture, he saw a man approaching the stage from the audience. The man stepped on the stage and introduced his person as Ike Limpus, San Francisco, California. Our good friend Ike was visiting Chicago in the interest of the "Better Men" movement.

"Young man," said Ike, "your address was the best I have ever heard. We, of the "Better Men" movement urge you to come to the state of California. There is a big field out there for a man like you. Please consider this and give me your address as I wish to communicate with you."

Clyde gave Ike his address and thanked him.. Clyde was kept busy. Many organizations urged him to stay in Chicago for a few weeks and give their respective organization a talk. Clyde consented to their wishes.



CHAPTER XXV

LOVE'S DECISION

Mrs. Marlaw had an interesting time interviewing the triangle hearts. The girls were too clever for Clyde's mother. They simply put on their best disposition and the result being that she was just as much at sea as was her son. Mrs. Marlaw learned to love all three girls dearly during her two weeks stay in Saginaw. Mr. and Mrs. Marlaw always called each other by their first names when addressing one or the other.

"Clark," said Mrs. Marlaw after she had eased herself in her own home, "I called on Emily, Clare and Mary while in Saginaw, in fact, I lived with first one and then the other during the two weeks of my stay there. The girls are simply wonderful. 'Tis no wonder poor Clyde is divided in heart and mind. Either one of the girls will make Clyde a first class wife. I am unable to pick his bride from that charming trio. Emily, of course, has great wealth in her favor, but you know, Clark, wealth cannot influence Clyde."

"Ha, ha, yee," laughed Mr. Marlaw, and finally said, "I felt that you would fall down on your self imposed "wise Solomon" stunt, better send me to look 'em over, Julia.

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The scene shifts back to Saginaw and the throbbing hearts of our triangle beauties. Since Clyde had departed for Ann Arbor, all three girls sought each other's company, in fact they didn't seem to care to be in the company of any of their many friends. To all outward appearances, the triangle was now the very best of friends. They clearly demonstrated the fact, that love loves company, even of the enemy.

Each was anxious to learn what the other had to say about Clyde. All three were very careful not to mention his name. But, oh, my, how their minds were thinking about him. Their young hearts were fiercely pulling for the one man. Their minds filled with loves thought tried the bluff game. The girls were constantly discussing topics foreign to their hearts most urgent desire.

On the twenty-fourth day of October, 1919, the three rivals had attended a motion picture play on Clare's treat.

Our Washboard Dancers will appear at the Auditorium on the night of the twenty-seventh, I have purchased three tickets and I invite you girls to attend the play with me," said Mary.

"We'll go," rejoined Clare.

"Oh, thanks, Mary, I'll be glad to go," said Emily.

"Let us meet at the Auditorium at 7:30, the curtain rises at 8:00 P.M. sharp," said Mary.

"All right, Mary," said both Emily and Clare.

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Red Biz and his brother Harry had been very careful what they said to Mary at the office since Mr. Howell had talked to the elder Killman about the matter. The boys had, however, continuously plotted and planned as how they would take her unawares at some opportune time on the outside.

These fiends had watched their prey like a hawk would. They knew that Mary intended going to the Washboard Dancers performance.

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Clyde had now returned to Ann Arbor. The "Better Men" movement had lionized him during his stay in Chicago. Many hailed him as the noblest man among Americans. He related his success to his parents. The large audiences he had lectured to, how he had been inspired by the good influences of so many noble minded people. He had made thousands of converts to the cause of the "Better Men" movement.

He had met a great man from the far west, Ike Limpus by name, who had made him a splendid offer.

"Mr. Limpus, a wealthy man living in San Francisco, California has offered that he will finance any project that will teach boys and girls the great art of knowing themselves. He asks me to come to his city and assist him in establishing such an institute."

Clyde's parents were elated to hear the good news. After a brief pause, Mr. Marlaw said:

"Well, Clyde, my boy, your mother has failed in the "Solomon role", she went, she saw and all three girls conquered her."



"Great Scott," retorted Clyde, "how am I, a mere man, to pick my bride when my own mother has failed in her efforts to pick her for me?"

"It is up to you my boy," said Mrs. Marlaw, "to do your own choosing. All three are splendid girls, each has my O.K. I am confident that any one of the three will make you a first class wife."

"You see, Clyde, your mother was taken in by all three girls, same as you were," said Mr. Marlaw. "Girls have always been wiser than men. They pursue a man with their <sup>2004</sup> habits, but my, oh, my, after a fellow has signed away his liberty to the <sup>m</sup> they commence spilling some of their unpleasant habits on a fellow, and then the poor man awakens to the fact that he has married two types of women in the one."

"Why, Clark," interrupted Mrs. Marlaw, "how dare you make such statements in the presence of your son."

"Just giving the boy a little tip, Julia. I figure that a tip before marriage is worth nine tips after marriage."

"Quite true, father," replied Clyde merrily, "but in my case, I feel pretty safe in making my selection as mother has put her O.K. on Mary, Emily and Clare, I simply cannot lose in my choice, I cannot help but win."

"Oh, yes, you win as do most men before marriage, but after marriage my boy, then what?"

"Your father is full of funny gibes today, Clyde, my boy. Let him talk, but pay no attention to him," said Mrs. Marlaw.

"Yes, mother, but I love to hear father talk, he is always very interesting. His good natured humor is the spice of our lives. I must rely on God's love, guidance and wisdom. When I return to Saginaw, I have made up my mind to take her, whoever she is out west with me, to assist in my work of regeneration."

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Again the scene shifts to Saginaw. Bitts' Washboard Dancers were scoring a big hit in their home town. The Auditorium, a large building was crowded to capacity. Thunderous applause had greeted the "home product" performers. The old Saginaw also known as "sawdust town" in her younger days had turned out many good stage and circus performers. But, now, the new Saginaw had given to the world of art something new and original. Mr. and Mrs. Civic Pride were extremely happy and their frequent applause electrified the dancers and spurred them on to greater efforts.

Chrisitan Bitts, the famed factory comedian, was now doing his own act. He was executing his latest song and dance, entitled: "My Heart is a Product of Saginaw". As Bitts sang this wonderful song, he looked towards the right balcony and behold, he saw Saginaw's triangle beauties smiling sweetly down on this great gloom chaser. When Bitts finished his dance, the applause was deafening, he responded to encore time and again. Finally he stretched forth his hands to silence the applause.

Bitts stepped to the right of the stage and looked up at Clare, Emily, and Mary, who sat in the front row and could be easily seen by a large portion of the audience.

Bitts said, "Pardon me, young ladies. It is to be sure none of my business, but tell me, please do you three girls live in Saginaw?"

Emily and Mary lowered their heads and looked down, but Clare said: "You bet we do."

Bitts turned to the audience and said, "I have often wondered why, Mr. Civic Pride always speaks of this town as "the beautiful". I believe that I have just now discovered the source from whence Mr. Pride gets that "stuff"."

Bitts turned his funny face up towards the beautiful picture in the gallery and winked. The great audience saw and tumbled what the comedian was driving at. The applause was spontaneous and it seemed that Bitts could not bring the audience back to normalcy. Finally the applause subsided. Bitts then remarked:

"I am glad to know that this building was erected before the war."

Great applause. Then came the finale, the curtain dropped, the exits swung open and the great crowd of spectators left their seats.

As the triangle emerged from the building, it happened that Mary was a few paces ahead of Emily and Clare. Mary turned slightly to the left in an effort to see if her friends were coming. Mary felt a hand on her right shoulder and heard a man's voice say:

"Step in my car, Mary, I'll take---"

Ziff! shot out Mary's left for the intruder's jaw, the man reeled backwards striking his head on an iron post, but no sooner had Mary dispatched the first man, when another man with similar designs approached



her and was in the act of laying his hand on her, when she caught him with a swift right between his eyes and he reeled to the curb falling on the fender of an automobile.

The policeman at the exits saw the quick and accurate work of Mary. He approached Mary and asked, "What is wrong, young woman?"

"Those men," (pointing to two prostrate bodies) "insulted me," was the curt reply.

An elderly woman in the large crowd that had gathered at the scene of a woman's triumph said, "Arrest the culprits."

The policeman gathered up the fallen and forthwith called the police ambulance. Emily and Clare were plainly stunned for a minute. They had seen Mary waylay two men in the twinkling of an eye. Both Clare and Emily were now proud of Mary, and freely showered their affections on her. Mary had won her rivals hearts with two well directed blows.

At Police headquarters it was learned that the smaller man was badly hurt and had lapsed into unconsciousness. His head was split when he struck the post. The police immediately rushed this man to the hospital.

The taller man, still dazed, gave his name as Harry Killman and informed the clerk that the injured man is his brother, Charles.

"Put Killman in cell eight," ordered the clerk.

"Kindly permit me to call father over the telephone," begged Harry.

"All right, here you are," said the clerk as he handed Harry the telephone.

After a long wait, central connected Harry with his father's telephone.

"Hello, father, please come to police headquarters at once. Charles has been badly hurt in an automobile accident and is now in the hospital. They are holding me here as a witness."

Thus, were the sins of the Killman brothers still on the drawing end of father's large fortune.

The following day, the news of how a pretty young miss had with lightning despatch knocked out her assailants appeared in many papers in large headlines. Clyde saw the account of Mary's encounter in a Detroit morning paper. Clyde proudly carried the paper to his mother who happened to be busy with her house work and said to her:

"There, mother, read that article under the big head lines."

Mrs. Marlaw took the paper and read and as she progressed through the story of Mary's thrilling encounter her breast seemed to heave more and more. As Mrs. Marlaw finished the account she exclaimed:

"Why, Clyde, my boy, the heroine is our Mary."

"You've said it, mother. Our Mary is right."

A short pause ensued and then Clyde said:

"Mother, I am going to drive to Saginaw as fast as my automobile will carry me there. My mind and my heart are now working in harmony."

"I understand, Clyde," replied Mrs. Marlaw, "a little girl's punch has conquered three men, two bad and one good."

Clyde pulled up at Mary's home just before dinner.

The meeting of these consistent victors was magnificent. Mary had resigned her position with the Wood Products Company never to return.

"Let's go over to see Emily and Clare after lunch, Mary," suggested Clyde.

"All right, Clyde. My hands are very sore."

Clyde laughed and said, "I presume that last night was the first time in your life when you used your bare knuckles on men's jaws."

"That is true, Clyde, you never told me when you were teaching me how to box that I would have to use my bare hands in an emergency call."

Clyde laughed, he was very happy.

"Oh, never mind your sore hands. Sore hands only make victory all the sweeter. I'll attend to your hands."

After lunch found Clyde, Emily, Mary and Clare in the Bigsby parlor.

Emily and Clare were very enthusiastic in relating Mary's encounter with her assailants. Later in the afternoon, Clyde informed the triangle beauties that he wished to talk to them.

"You, Clare and Emily seat yourself on either side of me, and you, Mary place your chair directly in front of me, and sit facing me." This done, Clyde put his arms on Emily's and Clare's shoulders and said:

"I have known you two girls since childhood. You have always been good girls. You have always played the game fair, and since God has implanted his wonderful urge in us for two hearts to amalgamate, I am proud to say that you continued to play the game on the level. I must confess that you had me guessing. I really loved all three of you girls, and at



different times was on the verge of asking one of you to become my bride. It was a battle royal, I shall never forget. Now, Emily, Clare and Mary, I can choose only one of you as my mate and I am prepared to choose her right now. Let me hear from each one of you, are you all agreeable?"

"I am agreeable, Clyde," said Emily.

"So am I," said Clare.

"Me, too," replied Mary.

"Well, my triangle beauties this is a very unpleasant matter for me--"

Clyde paused, it seemed that he had lost heart in this supreme test. His mind and heart were as one for the one, but his wonderful nerve seemed to collapse.

"I'll choose," he said after a long pause, but a lump in his throat choked his voice. The long silence was appalling, here sat three anxious hearts beating as if mad, to learn their respective fates from the man, whom all three loved as they would a god.

At last, at last, Clyde uttered the name,—"Mary."

The moment was supremely dramatic. The long silence that followed Clyde's declaration was almost tragical. Even Mary, the lucky girl seemed stunned, her great heart felt sympathy was now being poured out on her erstwhile friendly rivals. The long silence was finally broken by that ever wonderful Clare:

"Clyde," said Clare, "my good old sweetheart, you are a wonderful man. I loath to lose you, but I am game and congratulate Mary on her thrid great victory."

Mary and Emily burst into tears on hearing the foregoing statement from their former vivacious rival.

Mary got up from her chair which incidently broke the triangular position the three rivals were in when Clyde picked his mate. She put her arms around Emily and held her in fond embrace. Tears were flowing freely, but tears were good, because they relieved the stressed heart.

"Emily, dear," said Mary, "I have always loved you and you know that Clyde has."

The two girls kissed most affectionately.

Clare, who had remained dry eyed and smiling was next to feel Mary's love and friendship. Mary and Clare were in fond embrace when Clare remarked:

"You little heart stealer. I had a hunch last night when you despatched those Killman bums that your punches would also prove a knock-out for me and Emily."

Clare's good humor had the good effect of relieving the tense situation.

Later the quartet enjoyed a sumptuous dinner in the Bigsby home. All planned on making Clyde and Mary's wedding a success.



## CHAPTER XXVI

## MAN, KNOW THYSELF

A week later found the wedding party in the heart of the Canadian Rockies. Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Marlaw, Emily Bigsby and Clare Hansen were thrilled by the majestic grandeur of the giant glaciers and deep canyons. The party was headed for San Francisco in a round about way.

They finally arrived in the city of the golden gate and soon found the Limpus residence. There were now five children in the Limpus family, three boys and two girls, all healthy and strong.

Ike Limpus closed his office for a week to entertain "the finest looking people Michigan had ever produced", as Ike put it. Clare and Anna (Mrs. Limpus), being two of a kind, became fast friends.

One night Clare told the story of the triangle love affair with the help of Mary and Emily. Clare's purposely injected humor fairly caused the party to quake with laughter.

Ike said: "Well, well, it sure is a very interesting love story. If I had known that you were having difficulty in Saginaw trying to land one man, I would have gladly sent some of our "Better Men" out there to give Mr. Marlaw the needed competition."

"Well, Mr. Limpus," said Clare, "we are here, send 'em around and let us look 'em over."

"Miss Hansen is just like you Anna," exclaimed Ike.

At another time Clare told the story of the Killman boys and how Mary had put them out of the running for a time. Both Ike and Anna congratulated Mary on her victory over those two fiends.

Then Anna told the story of her life and her marriage to Red Biz, etc. The story as told by Anna surprised and shocked the finer senses of the triangle, and Clyde showed emotion. Ike then related Red Biz's adventure in China town. This story created considerable merriment. Later Ike submitted plans for the new business project in which all present were deeply interested.

Emily and Clare had been induced by Clyde and Mary to join hands with them in the world's greatest project, which was being backed by the "Better Men" movement of America.

Both Ike Limpus and Emily Bigsby pledged large sums of money to promote its cause. The institute for boys and girls became a reality. Ike Limpus was made its president and business manager, Emily was made its secretary and treasurer. Clyde was appointed instructor for boys, Mary was appointed instructor for girls. Clare was placed at the head of the food department. They named the new institute, "Man Know Thyself".

Emily and Clare were soon discovered by their mates, who happened to be engaged in this wonder work of all time. Both girls married "Better Men". Emily married a young and handsome doctor, Winston Lawrence, by name. Dr. Lawrence is one of the leading lights in the "Better Men movement today in America. Clare married a physical instructor, Marcus Dale, by name. Mr. Dale's thick, dark, bushy hair and his classic features make of him a conspicuous figure around the "Know Thyself" institute.

Are the triangle beauties still in love with the one man, you will ask? No, indeed, each beauty loves her own man.

Lately, we have received word from Clyde Marlaw that the triangle had scored a real victory. They are now mothers, each in the possession of a big, healthy, baby boy.

The Better Men movement have honored Mary's baby boy (the oldest of the three babies) by having named him Lincoln Marlaw.

The Marlaws, the Lawrences, the Dales and Limpuses are putting forth every effort to bring up and educate their children to become leaders of men and women in the noble American cause, known as the "Better Men" movement regarded by many as the vanguard of the coming white age.

Arline made life very miserable indeed for her beloved husband. One morning, just prior to his disasterous introduction to Mary's well shaped fist, Arline broke several of her largest pieces of Chine ware on his head. This was too much for the abused man. Red Biz persuaded Stillman to prefer charges of cruelty against Arline. Arline, however, filed a cross complaint and the result was that she won out in court. Arline's victory fell heavily on "father's" purse.

The elder Killman's burdened by the weight of their troubled years, are beginning to feel the ravages of bitter experiences. They are both white and bent with premature old age. Their sons have filled their souls with grief and disappointment. But, owing to their immense wealth, and



their glorious name, their proud spirit has not been subdued.

Christian Bitts, the factory comedian, really found himself when he put forth his efforts as an entertainer. Bitts has become one of the greatest comedians in the show business.

Poor Red Biz hovered between life and death for several days after Mary's punch had bumped him. He recovered from his physical hurts, but did not improve as a man.

A nurse in the hospital is credited with telling the following story:-

"When Red Biz regained consciousness, he opened his eyes and in a loud voice exclaimed, 'Gee, but Mary hits an awful wallop, rip, zip, bang.'"

THE END



## AUTHORS NOTE

The superstructure of business rests on three great pillars.-----

The first pillar's name is "nerves" because it represents the great nervous element in the business world.

The second or middle pillar is called "sane". This "sane" pillar represents a large class of people, who are either directly or indirectly engaged in business. Millions not engaged in any business save that of teaching, preaching and working belong to this sane element, the main pillar in our business structure.

The third pillar represents the mad element, it is called the "mad" pillar. This pillar comprises that element which has no regard for the well known "Thou shalt not" decree.

Money is neutral. It is the manna and provides support to all three elements.

The characters in our story, "Red Biz", are true representatives of the three elements in the modern business world, and naturally these elements constantly clash.

Charles Killman, alias Red Biz, represents the mad element. Red Biz's father, Henry Killman, represents the nervous element. The cultured Mr. Howell, the reformed Ike Limpus, the marvelously developed Clyde Marlaw, and that wonderful triangle, who are as sweet and pure as the lily in the dell, represent the sane element in business.

The mad element constantly "rocks the boat". The nervous element injects both spice and anger into business. The sane element pillar is still strong enough to offset the bad effects caused business by the mad and nervous elements.

It is the nervous element that has created many peculiar creatures in the business and social world. The mighty pull of Jack, the dollar, has produced a sort of nervous tension in many of us that may well be termed, "dollar nerves". These so-called "dollar nerves" are often productive of a coarse mentality, which is often warped by the thought that a dollar or dollars can purchase anything, even to the higher attributes in man, such as honor, character, principle and convictions.

It is to be regretted that many noble minds have been influenced by the dollar who have sold their God given gifts for a mess of pottage as it were.

"Red Biz" is an extraordinary bad creature, who possesses the combined bad traits of a Nero, Napoleon and the erratic ex-Kaiser.

In the first chapter we show Red Biz in action in his office, on the twentieth of October, 1919. In the second chapter we push back the sands of time to 1884 to give the reader a peep into the past and the probable causes that produced this misfit character, Red Biz. In the several succeeding chapters, we tell the great business and social story of Mr. and Mrs. Killman, alias "father" and "mother", as the Killman brothers always referred to their parents, or properly speaking, "their main support".

Clyde Marlaw, that well balanced young giant and the well developed triangle beauties, stage a wholesome love affair which ends in a blaze of glory.

This wonderful quartet, sane and well poised are the true representatives of the coming white age in which day, common sense will reign supreme. Ike Limpus, the reformed star of the "Better-men" movement has given America a new light and hope in the great cry and slogan "America wants better men". We believe, that when men demand better women they will get them. This is equivalent to saying that when men make an effort to become better men, women will naturally rise to the occasion and give men better women.

Nature has implanted in woman the magnet of attraction. If the woman of to-day resorts to silly frills and artificial means to attract men, it is because men are ignorant of art. Men have not been schooled to demand the real thing.

For this reason have we our heroes at the helm of the "Better-men" movement, the vanguard of the coming white age.

Signed - ~~Robert~~

R. Hayn