Helen's Gift

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

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Helen realized when it was far too late that she had been entirely to blame in her quarrel with Hillary. She had been small and selfish and altogether unworthy the great love she had deliberately thrown away.

When Hillary had first signified his intentions of joining up with the British forces before his own country had gone in to fight, Helen had not even taken him seriously. Sitting back surrounded by every luxury and comfort that a human being could want, it was difficult for Helen to appreciate the fact that thousands of men were giving their lives that women such as she might live. It was all so far away and would soon be over. There was no reason on earth why her Hilary should go over and fling his life away for some other country when he was engaged to her and she loved him.

But Hillary was not the kind of man who could sit back while brother men were bleeding and dying and suffering for civilization and not offer to help them. Neither was he the kind of man to be guided by the whims of any woman, even though he loved her with all his great big heart.

And the Helen whom she had seemed to be was well worth any man's love. She was beautiful from her exquisitely poised head to the aristocratic arch of her dainty feet. Her shoulders and neck were famous for the exquisite texture of the skin, and her arms were just the fairest example of the Great Sculptor. Helen in evening dress was the envy of all women and the unbounded admiration of all men. Hillary often told Helen that he fell in love with her arms before he even looked at her face.

And now that big love affair of the social year had been smashed into the past. Hillary had sailed off to join the British flying corps, a free man to the world, but knowing that so long as he lived he would always love Helen—always want her.

All that had been two long years ago. Much happened to the world and a great deal to one human atom that was Helen Travis.

She had been stunned at first by the loss of Hillary, but had bravely faced the situation and in a way from the very start blamed herself, although feeling that she had been very much abused.

She had told Hillary that there were plenty of men to fight before he need go and that life would mean nothing to her when he was so far away. But Hillary wanted to be among the first and so he had gone with no word behind him. The engagement was broken and Helen had said finally that she never wanted to see him again. The smart had hurt—hurt terribly.

When the war came closer and clawed at America's gates, eating deeper and deeper into the heart of the country and taking away the finest of the lads, and the finest of the women were working with teeth set, Helen began to see things in another light.

In her heart she knew she could not have loved Hillary had he not gone, even though he had joined before America entered. She knew now that all men should have gone and that the war would have been over the sooner and that less homes would have been robbed of their dearest treasures had more men been made of the fine metal that molded Hillary.

Helen had quickly prepared herself for help among the wounded. She wished with all her heart she had taken a full course in nursing. She had spent an idle, useless life and now she could only sit by and watch other women don uniforms and sail away to fight beside the brave men.

However, Helen drove her own car in aid of the hospitals and found much to employ her ready hands. Fine and strong she was and capable of unlimited hours that did not bring her the least atom of forgetfulness. There were not many men who compared with Hillary and Helen found out that in her own heart there remained a love far deeper than she ever dreamed herself capable of.

But Hillary might have "gone west" with other brave men. She had heard no word from him since the day they parted. How often, how very, very often, Helen blushed with shame at the small part she had played and how she longed to make reparation, only she herself knew.

She hoped if he had made the great sacrifice that he had forgiven her and that he had not suffered. To think of Hillary suffering, wracked by pain and tortured by a crushed or mutilated body, made life unbearable.

She tried by every means at her disposal to find out something about him. It was difficult, since she knew little or nothing about the royal flying corps and had no idea even as to which squadron he was attached.

It was the saddest and perhaps one of the happiest days of her life when Helen, through a newspaper item, discovered that Capt. Hillary James was in a hospital in Canada and that only a miracle in the way of surgery had saved his life.

He had crashed down in his machine while in combat with a boche plane. He was badly burned about the face and much skin grafting was necessary.

Helen Travis left no stone unturned, lost no time in making her way direct to Montreal and to the hospital where Hillary lay with bandages over his dear eyes—eyes that might and might not see again.

She had had only one brief moment of terrible anguish when she had seen the man she loved lying so still, but she rallied and pleaded to be allowed to give as many inches of skin as were needed for Hillary's recovery.

That which Helen did she did in secret. In her heart she knew that Hillary would not consent to her sacrifice. If he so much as knew of her presence his protests would no doubt bring on a fatal fever.

When her skin was tested and found to be perfect Helen's joy was unbounded. She wanted to suffer; she wanted to feel just one-hundredth part of the same pain as that which Hillary was feeling.

Never had Helen loved him so much as when under the excruciating pain of having those inches of skin removed from the wonderfully smooth white arms. She smiled, knowing that the was perhaps to save Hillary's life.

"He must never know it," she kept repeating to herself as she had repeated time and again to the surgeons and nurses in charge of the case.

And Helen's will had ruled. There was not a moment during the painful process of skin grafting when Hillary had even suspected that it was a woman who had gloried in her sacrifice and given to him the skin from her lovely arms. She smiled, knowing that the large, ugly scars on his face and neck were healing wonderfully, and there was more than a chance that his eyesight was returning.

As he began week by week to take a more definite interest in life and his recovery Hillary questioned his nurses and doctors, but could get no satisfaction.

"It was a young lady who wanted to feel she had done her bit in the great war," they told her; "she had led a selfish useless life, and she pleaded so desperately to be allowed to do one good turn in her life that we let her make the sacrifice. She called it a great privilege."

And that was all Hillary could learn even to the day when, weak and little like the big Hillary of prewar days, he traveled from the hospital to pick up the threads of New York life again.

It was with no mild surprise that society watched the return of Helen Travis into evening clothes. At all the great functions given for heroes and to celebrate peace, Helen appeared invariably in gowns that even a prude might term overmodest. Those glorious arms that the feminine world envied and masculine adored were concealed beyond the hopes of men.

Whereas all womankind was reveling in creations that the breaking of a bead strap might bring disaster upon, Helen graced the ballrooms in her nunlike garb, distinctive in its rarity.

"Which convent are you entering?" and "When do you get your seventh veil?" were some of the questions flung at her, and Helen clasped her secret close to her heart and laughed with them. The scars beneath her chiffons were far more precious than all the lovely gowns in the world.

And somehow from out the chaos of her life Hillary came back to a full realization of his love for Helen. An inward something told him that she was his—that nothing could rob him of a love such as theirs had once been. She had not realized his man's duty at the time of his leaving her. He would seek her and win her again.

Hillary had brought down five boche planes on the battlefield. He had attacked always without fear, for, after all, the worst would be physical death. But now, if he failed with Helen, it would be death to the soul—at least that is the way Hillary felt about it.

But when Helen looked up and saw Hillary standing before her, she just crumpled into his arms and cried—cried so that her body shook. Hillary's arms held her fiercely. He had no words and he was none too steady as he soothed her.

In a gesture quite beyond her control Helen's hand went up and soft as rose petals her fingers caressed the cheeks and neck of the man she loved.

Something in the way her fingers lingered on the faint scars—or perhaps it was the tremendous inner radiance of love—told him. Whatever the flash, Hillary knew; knew that Helen had bound herself to him by ties greater than any he had forged. He knew, too, the agony she must have endured while the skin was being removed from her wonderful arms.

"I couldn't let anyone else be so dear a part of you," when later Hillary tried to find words to express his feelings she spoke through the glow of happiness that suffused them both, "now, could I?"

Wiping Out Predatory Animals.

During 1918 hunters of the United States department of agriculture killed 83 gray wolves in New Mexico, 34 mountain lions, 15 stock-destroying bears, 1,860 coyotes, and 350 bobcats, we are told. These animals were killed at a total expense of $24,860, and the saving effected by their destruction, on the basis commonly accepted by stockmen, amounts to $215,950 annually. Hunting during the spring period destroys many young, and thus prevents increase. Many coyotes not accounted for in the figures given were destroyed by poison. The killing of these animals marks a long stride in extermination of gray wolves and other predatory animals, and the saving is cumulative for years to come.

Pass the Salt!

Two reporters were boasting of the speed of their shorthand writing.

"Whenever I am reporting at a meeting on a warm evening, all the people try to get near to my table.

"Why?" asked the other.

"Because," said the pen pusher, "my hand goes so fast that it creates a current of air like a fan."

"A mere nothing," said number two. "I always have to report on wet paper, or else the current of air caused by the movement of my hand would blow it away. Besides the paper has to be wetted every few minutes, because the friction caused by the rapid movements of my arm would set fire to it in no time."

The Knightly Pledge.

"W'ats this Knights Commander of the Bath decoration they're hanging onto our generals over in England?" asked one wounded doughboy of another.

"Huh!" exclaimed his companion from Tennessee. "Reckon that must be th' prohibition division of the British service. All they gets to drink is the two well-known waters—hot and cold."

STAMP CONVERSION IS NOW AUTHORIZED

Treasury Department Offers Through Banks and Post Offices Savings Certificates in Large Denominations.

Richmond, Va.—The War Loan Organization of the Fifth Federal Reserve District has been advised that hereafter War Savings Stamps may be converted into Treasury Savings Certificates of $100 and $1,000 denominations according to a new plan of the United States Treasury Department to afford greater convenience to holders and purchasers of War Savings and Thrift Stamps.

The development of the savings idea is one that has been urged for some time in order to attract larger investments. The holder of a sufficient number of Thrift Stamps may now exchange them for a $5 War Savings Stamp and in turn the holder of twenty of the $5 War Savings Stamps may convert them into a $100 Savings Certificate, or the holder of two hundred of the $5 stamps may in turn turn them in for a $1,000 Saving Certificate.

Conversion may be made at all first and second class postoffices and at all incorporated banks and trust companies that have qualified as agents of the second class. The Treasury Savings Certificate will be issued in registered form and will bear the name of the owners. They will yield four per cent compounded quarterly as do the War Savings Stamps. The limit of the individual investment for the 1919 series of stamps still remains at $1,000.

The new Treasury Savings Certificates should prove particularly attractive for the investment of the funds of fraternal societies, labor unions and other civic, social and religious organizations because the interest is added to the principal automatically each quarter, the entire amount being payable at maturity.

HOW FAMILY INCOME MAY BE DISTRIBUTED

Every Home Should Have Own Personal Household Budget If It Is to be Successful.

Every household is a corporation with certain definite obligations and a more or less certain income, and it should, therefore, have a definite budget.

No general budget can be so framed as to fit the needs of every family. Families differ, even when identical in size, number, sex and general situation, but no family can thrive and progress without sound and sane financing; without arrangement of a reasonable financial margin; without regular saving and investments, such as are offered by Thrift and War Savings Stamps; and only intelligent adherance to an intelligent budget can be trusted, under ordinary circumstances, to bring about the desired results.

Methods of appropriation, however, differ; a method which proves feasible in a given family would be worse than useless in another; but certain cardinal principles may be safely laid down.

The amount of possible savings should be set apart definitely, and rigidly adhered to. Other allowances may be variable or they may be held within hard and fast limits. One plan after another may be tried, if liked, until the best one suited is found.

All things considered, the most easily efficient budget usually is that which allows a certain share of the income for each budget head listed, holds rigidly within the items of appropriation, and wisely applies any balance or surplus to the savings or recreation account.

The hen that lays an egg a day is a gold mine for her owner. Take a lesson from the hen! Lay up for your future by investing regularly in War Savings Stamps.

The cornerstone of tomorrow's success is founded upon today's thrift. Any postman can lay the cornerstone for you with War Savings Stamps.

Some one is saving what you spend foolishly. Who is depositing your dollars? Invest them in W. S. S. and save them for yourself.

WHAT REAL THRIFT WILL ACCOMPLISH

Successful Men Began By Saving Their Money As a Matter of Fixed Habit.

Abraham Lincoln was a notable exemplar of the value of thrift of time. We can picture him trudging forty miles to borrow a grammar. We can see him prone before the pine fire at night after a hard day's work logcutting, reading and re-reading the statutes of Indiana, the only book he owned, or learning to write and figure with a piece of charcoal on the back of a wooden shovel, as he had no paper or ink.

Another example of what a boy can do who does not waste time is that of a Milwaukee man, Nels Anton Christensen, recently appointed by the United States government, through Secretary of the Navy Daniels, on the inventors' staff of the new United States Naval Board, which includes the greatest inventive minds in the nation.

Born in Denmark, Nels Christensen's school days ended at 14 years. After that he worked in a machine shop days and attended a technical school in the evenings. From his savings he defrayed the expense of a course at the Copenhagen Technique Institute, from which he was graduated at 21. Previous to that he attain national prominence as an engineer, having designed, when 19 years old, the Danish lighthouse at Hanstholme, one of the largest in the world.

During the three years he spent on an English steamer engaged in Mediterranean trade he learned enough English to secure a position with an English manufacturing concern. Since coming to the United States he has invented many compressed airbrake starters for railroads, aeroplanes and fire engines that have brought him world-wide fame.

Thomas Edison began to save before he began to invent. The successful magazine editor, Edward Bok, started saving on a salary of 50 cents a week. Grover Cleveland's wages for his first year of work totaled $50. Garfield could not have become president had he not saved early in life. Horace Greeley and Cooper founded their careers on saving.

Ex-Governor Ferris of Michigan, now a college president, a life-long advocate of thrift, tells of his own thrifty training: "In my youth if I had a toy, I made it, and made it not to suit myself alone but it had to suit my father as well. His examination of my work and his insistence that I should put the best there was in me even into my toys put into my back a spine and sufficient lime to last a lifetime."

Thrift was the keynote of success in the life of the late James J. Hill. He was one of the country's most consistent exponents of thrift, one of the greatest examplars of what this virtue combined with energy and high purpose, can do. He preached always that the man who cannot save money will be a failure; that though he may have education, talent and ability, without thrifty habits he cannot succeed.

HONEST PEOPLE IN MAJORITY

Experiment Made by New York Newspaper Would Seem to Prove Fact Beyond Dispute.

A widely known New York newspaper some time ago had one of its representatives take twelve pocketbooks, each containing a nominal sum of money, some checks that were to all appearances perfectly good, a few papers of legal nature, apparently valuable, and the address of the owner. At different sections of the city, including the Bowery, the East side, the lower West side, business localities, residential sections; all kinds were included—he would slip one of these purses out of his pocket and walk briskly along about his business.

Everywhere he went, someone would either pick the purse up or call his attention to it, but by perseverance he succeeded in "losing" the entire twelve without being noticed.

During the next week nine of the twelve were mailed to him—contents intact! Yet some of us immediately mistrust a man who kicks about a balance of $4.50.—From System.

NO HALT IN 'Y' WELFARE WORK

Will Remain With the Soldiers Throughout Demobilization.

EFFORTS OFFICIALLY PRAISED.

Women's Labors for Doughboys Receive Special Mention.

ONE of the brightest pages in the history of the titanic struggle which terminated in the wreck of the German war machine is that upon which is inscribed the accomplishments of the welfare organizations of the United States. And among these several organizations, which labored to ameliorate war conditions among the fighting forces of America and her allies, none played as important and conspicuous a part and over such a wide stretch of time and as broad a territory as the Young Men's Christian Association.

The "Y" was "on the job" from the very beginning of hostilities in Europe, and it ever amplified its activities as the need for its assistance increased. It was in the mobilization camps, ready for service when the first United States troops were called to the colors. It welcomed the first contingent of American troops to reach the shores of Europe. It remained with the doughboys until the last shot was fired, it still is active wherever our soldiers or sailors are to be found today, and it will continue as a welfare agent among the nation's men at arms until the last of these is mustered out of service. It was in 1914, when war was declared, that the "Y" representatives in Europe began their war service by co-operating with the English authorities in mapping out a plan of welfare work among the soldiers and in the prison camps of the allies and also in Germany. And the work begun at that time has been continued without intermission, increasing demands for service usually being anticipated.

But the period for the complete demobilization of the American fighting forces is approaching, and rapidly, and as the time nears when the war activities of the Young Men's Christian Association will no longer be necessary the praise for its work and its accomplishments from those who occupied places of authority and in exceptional positions to observe actual conditions continues to be made public.

Thomas W. Gregory, formerly Attorney-General, who has just returned from France on a mission for the government, in a statement concerning the activities of the "Y," said:

"Recently I have had an opportunity to observe the work being done among the American soldiers abroad to insure their happiness and comfort. I have seen many of the men and women who are devoting their time to the welfare of the soldiers and what steps they are taking to assure their happiness and physical and moral welfare. I have been particularly impressed with the work American women are doing. Now that the incentive of battle is over, the doughboy wants to come home. Our women are doing their best to bring America to him. They attend to his creature comforts. They brighten him up with entertainments, and they dance with him in the 'Y' huts. They are with him in the leave areas where he goes for pleasure and rest. They provide his amusement.

"I left Paris on the morning of March 31st. We not only covered the immediate area of fighting between the German and allied lines, but we went behind both the German and the American lines at various points, observing conditions. We found the First American Army encamped as a general thing behind the old French lines, south of the devastated area, and in most instances rather comfortably situated. We found the 'Y' there. The Third Army was along the Rhine in German territory, and it was generally reported to me as also being comfortably housed. Here also the 'Y' was with them.

"I noted at many other points the huts of the Y. M. C. A. So far as my observation went, they furnished the only real home atmosphere in this section of the country. I saw the boys come into the huts about 5 and 6 o'clock, weary and bedraggled. They stood in long lines, and were handed hot coffee and chocolate without charge, and sometimes there also were sandwiches and light refreshments. At all of the huts I found girls, distinctly American, who were doing work of the finest kind. It was perfectly evident that they were enduring hardships. I saw numbers of them trudging through the mud and the ruins of these devasted villages and towns. They were neatly and attractively garbed. They were without exception cheerful in their demeanor, they seemed to be unusually popular with the boys, and yet it was apparent that they were doing the work under very distressing conditions. But these had not lessened their morale, and in so far as I could observe, the work in every instance was being well done. A few days after returning to American it gave me great pleasure to state to the officials of the War Department the splendid work the Y. M. C. A. was doing."

Raymond B. Fosdick, chairman of the Commission on Training Camp Activities, who has made a study of the welfare work done for our fighting men both here and abroad, in a report to the War Department made public recently, discussed the work of the six organizations which served with our army on the other side. The report said the Young Men's Christian Association, handling 58 per cent. of the war work budget and with 6,000 representatives in France, was by far the largest.

The work of 2,500 young women serving under the Y. M. C. A. with the troops in France "is beyond praise," Mr. Fosdick also stated, the girls being far better adapted to the task than the average man. Viewed broadly, he declared, "the Y. M. C. A. deserves the appreciation of the army and the continued support of the public."

"After eight months with the troops in France," Mr. Fosdick said, "I am convinced that the average woman worker attached to a hut is worth four or five men workers. Certainly her effect on the morale and spirit of the troops is extraordinary. An 'Honest to God American Girl,' as the soldiers call her, can do more to keep the men cheerful and create an atmosphere of home than any other factor."

Not Exactly.

"Mother," said a small girl, after contemplating her baby brother for some time, "was I a baby once?"

"Yes, dear; we were all babies once."

"You and daddy, mother?"

"Yes."

"And grandfather?"

"Yes, of course!"

"What, mother!" exclaimed the child incredulously, "with that beard!"

Courtesy At A Distance

When we speak face-to-face with people we are naturally courteous, but for some obscure reason we sometimes become curt when we telephone. This may be the result of an effort to be concise, but it's well to remember that a smile tempers the conversation and becomes an important factor in keeping business pleasant.

Courtesy over the wires is fully as important as courtesy in face-to-face conversation.

THE CHESAPEAKE & POTOMAC TELEPHONE COMPANY

QUITE AN EXPERT BREAD MAKER

Twice every week this girl bakes a batch of bread. It is her ambition to take a prize at the coming fair. Until recently bread making promised to become a lost art but now it is becoming an accomplishment. Bread premiums are interesting many in the big New Timonium Fair, Timonium, Md., Sept. 1 to 6, inclusive.

CANNING ENCOURAGED BY THE FAIR

"Eat what you can; what you can't eat can," is one of the dictums of the Government. The revival of interest in canning is saving thousands of tons of food, and helping to lower living costs. That is why it is being encouraged through offer of premiums by the New Timonium Fair, Timonium, Md., Sept. 1 to 6, inclusive.

Corfu's Claim to Fame.

The island of Corfu claims a maritime history antedating that of Athens. According to tradition, this was the land of the Phaeacians, and here Ulysses landed in the course of his wanderings, and on this seashore that delightful story had its setting, which Homer tells, of how the hero received much-needed hospitality and kindness at the hands of Nausicaa, the daughter of King Alcinous—perhaps the most beautiful episode in all the "Odyssey." Indeed, to this day two islands close to the shores of Corfu dispute the honor of being the ship of Ulysses turned into stone.

Tough Luck.

Mottersby—Poor old Gumper's birthday present from his wife isn't doing him any good.

Gaffer—What was it?

Mottersby—She gave him a lounging coat and from the time he gets home till he goes to bed she keeps him on the hop.

Impressionable Fowls.

Sunshine seems to play an important part in the lives of fowls. There is no doubt that they lay much more regularly, and appear generally happier, when in the sunlight. The next best thing to sunshine in this dull old country is a light which gives to the fowls the impression that the sun is shining.

Fortunately the fowl is easily deceived, with the result that a great deal of success has attended the experiments of a well-known engineer who is building fowl-houses with a material similar to canvas, stained and varnished so that the house is always lighted in the daytime with light of a pleasant golden color. By means of electric light placed outside, the fowls can easily be made to think the sun is always shining; and so successful have been the results that a farm is being established on these lines.

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