

# WON BY A VICTORY BOND

By Elizabeth C. Hazelton

Author of "Love in a Victory Bond", "The Mantle of Anita", "The Wilderness Child", etc., etc.

For three days Victory bells had been ringing on the principal street corners downtown, flags and banners waving across the streets, and posters flashing from the windows. Every where was the same appeal—"Buy Victory Bonds."

Those three days Henry Osborne had avoided the city as his wife avoided a bee hive. In fact, he seldom went downtown anyhow, so he intended to stay away for the next three weeks. "The first and the second day, his indomitable spirit had, as usual, pushed his scrawny legs and shrunken form along the path bordering the eight-mile boulevard surrounding Evergreen Park—a piece of woods preserved to the growing city contiguous to the Pacific Coast. The third day he had circled Evergreen Park twice instead of once. For all that, he was back at the three-room apartment in time to help his wife, by preparing the evening meal according to a simple menu she had planned before she left that morning for Benton & Ludlow's store.

Alice Osborne, returning home in her accustomed cheerful temper, sensed a trace of irritability in her husband's mood. Ignoring it, she inquired interestedly about his daily walk. It appeared that more well-meaning people than common had stopped their cars each bearing an invitation to "Buy Bonds" and offered him a ride. Just as though he cared to sit in an automobile when he had trod two miles of cement sidewalk on purpose to get a chance to walk a few miles on the earth!

Dinner over, the couple who were approaching their china wedding, settled down for the evening. It was not easy to determine whether Alice was comparatively young or middle-aged, for a highly evolved or "old" soul imparts notable youthfulness to the body in which it dwells. Henry looked older than his years because of impaired digestion and reeked nerves. That there was disparity of years between husband and wife was true, although it was actually less than might be supposed.

Throwing aside the backwoods story he had finished reading, Henry's eyes wandered to his wife, then to her sewing. It seemed to him that she was everlastingly doing something. Whenever he advised her to rest, she intimated that after eight hours of adjusting suits to the slender or stout forms of fastidious women, real work was a rest.

"I wish you could buy a Bond for you," corrected Alice. In ten years her husband had earned twenty-five cents, and that had been forced upon him. On the way to Evergreen Park, a woman had hailed him and insisted that he help her carry a small trunk up some stairs. For this she had thrust a quarter into his hand. Alice had suggested that he buy a War Savings Stamp with that quarter. He preferred to keep it in his pocket.

"You always have to buy a Bond—it makes it hard." "It has put us in a tight place each time," assented Alice, "but we've always crawled through." "It's a message on your future earnings," he declared.

"Anyway, it's a patriotic mortgage—and we have the Bonds." "There was no half-heartedness in Alice's accents.

"If I'd had a show—" began Henry. His forehead got more puckered, his eyes grew daller and his pleasure in his cigar appeared suddenly to decline. "Too often had Alice heard from Henry how he had helped the "old man" make a farm out of the New Brunswick woods under promise that at twenty-one he should receive a deed to eighty acres, and had finally come West to earn over again his eighty acres, because the "old man" had gone back on his word. Henry did not have to tell her, she knew, that the working out of his karma in the new Canada he had won and lost

several hundred acres, and had lost more—his health.

Alice hastened to describe the mad noonday dash of a hatless man along Main Street, with policeman and a crowd at his heels. "Twice she had seen the policeman catch him, but he got away. The third time the policeman caught him at the entrance to a department store. Again he struggled out of the policeman's grasp, jumped into a waiting car, and shouted, 'Here's where you buy your Victory Bonds!'"

Henry smiled faintly at Alice's narration. "Everything's gone against me since I came West," he soliloquized. "And before," suggested Alice smiling. "If you hadn't come West you wouldn't have married me," she added consolingly, with a side glance. "Been better for you if I hadn't come West? He lifted his eyes to her in a deprecating way. "I've not been much good to you," he continued somewhat brokenly. Before she could reply, the words "You're all that's made my life worth living," came from twining lips.

Alice went over to her husband and kissed him. He detained her, then almost pushed her away, saying, "You never sit on my knee now, I know," dejectedly, "even a hundred and fifteen pounds is too heavy—for my thin—". Another kiss and an arm wound lovingly around him prevented further repining.

At half past eight Henry left his wife, and looking jaded, he must get to bed early.

Alice lived continuously in the future—future containing her husband, herself, relatives, friends, and even people she did not know. Occasionally, Henry also lived in the future. His future was a world composed of two—his wife and himself. His setting was back East—in that section of New Brunswick where there is no line except in imagination between the maple, spruce, beech fir and cedar of New Brunswick and of Northern Maine, far from land reclamation, irrigation projects and oil exploitations. For awhile, however, after she was left alone, Alice lived in the past, seeking illumination on the perpetual subject, her husband's health.

Henry fell asleep thinking of Alice. He was going to get well and work for her again. No one in the world was worth while except Henry. The next evening, husband and wife sat together as usual. Alice applied herself to sewing. Henry delved into a magazine. The article that caught his interest was about a man with chronic stomach trouble who took himself in hand after many doctors had given him up, recovered health by means of exercising and dieting, and lived to the century.

Having read aloud especially edifying paragraphs, Henry began his evening smoke in remarkably good humor. "I wish you would come downtown and hear the community singing," Henry coaxed his wife. "I wish you would come," she reiterated. "It would do you good."

"I can't sing." "You can listen, and get inspiration." "Inspiration! That means they want one to hand out the coin."

"I wonder, Henry, if you could not do something to help this drive!" "I'm sure I don't know of anything. I'm no talker." Alice turned her attention to a topic always acceptable to Henry, his daily walk. Irrelevantly, as she thought, he stated his opinion that boys were "much more impudent now than when he was a boy."

It leaked out, however, that he had in mind a couple of boys whom he had met in Evergreen Park. One of them had asked him if he was the game warden. Upon receiving a reply in the negative, the other boy had exclaimed, "Oh, he just comes over here to show himself. Think he looks good, I guess."

The incident amused Alice. It annoyed Henry. "Most likely the boys have often seen you. I suppose they thought you might be doing something more useful than walking around the Park every day." Alice paused to bite the end of her thread. "Really, they

were not so very far out of the way, Henry after all," she added in significant tones.

"What do you mean?" sharply. "Well, dear, if you cannot work, there are things you can do." "What things?" "You could help others." Her voice hardened a little as she went on, "you are trying to regain health, but you're going the wrong way about it."

"I do everything I know of," he retorted. "It's strange—all the doctors have said that my heart and lungs are strong, yet I don't get well. Doctors don't know anything, anyhow."

"You began at the wrong end, Henry, and you're still on the wrong tack. A convalescent who goes back to work too fast sooner than his doctor advises is more successful in regaining health than you are. Why? She fell her sewing, observed the first payment on her new car and left dangling on a street corner telephone pole attached to a placard announcing that "He didn't buy Victory Bonds."

There was much to tell Henry about the handsome floats in the parade, the patriotic community singing, and the slacker who was hung in effigy, and left dangling on a street corner telephone pole attached to a placard announcing that "He didn't buy Victory Bonds."

When Alice knew that night beside her sleeping husband, she asked for his knowledge of "the kingdom of God and His righteousness." Long before the dawn of the day, a glimmering of the existence of opportunities for service while asleep, on a plane other than the physical, she resolved to live up to the ray of light which she possessed. Her last thought, therefore, was a deliberate intention to help her husband during the hours of his sleep.

The second week of the drive opened. Alice walked with brisk step, for it was nearly half past eight, and the important business to attend to. Instead of going to Ludlow & Benton's, she went four blocks out of her way to the Victory Loan headquarters.

Alice knew nobody there. Indeed, the Osbornes knew very few people. So recently had they come from the cloud bank, that their name could not be found in the city directory. For years they had lived in an inland locality, but a doctor's prescription had sent them to the Pacific Coast—had promptly met with fulfillment. Because there was no betterment in his condition, Henry taboored doctors of every school.

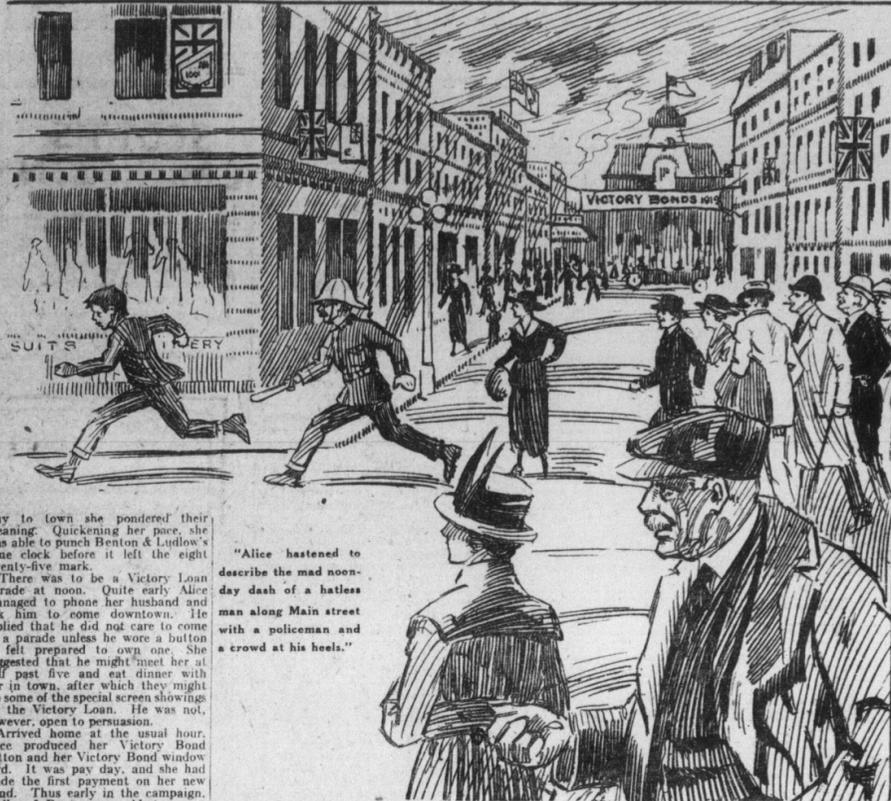
The machinery of the Victory Loan headquarters was in motion. Near a heavy stool the district chairman, who came forward to greet Alice, "I understand you have a Shock Division."

Our Shock troops begin operations today. You know someone who needs a shock—someone who won't subscribe according to his financial rating?" inquired the chairman pleasantly. "I know someone who might—someone a shock might bring to—but not in just the manner you mean. He can't do any of those things, but even one Bond—he would if he could," she added quickly.

"I thought you might—perhaps you might show him some way. He could help this drive—with an appeal in his voice." "Can he talk well, sing, write—?" "He can't do any of those things specially well," disappointedly. "He can walk," she ventured in a hopeless way.

The chairman's slight smile did not escape Alice. Intuitively, however, she knew that there was benignity behind the smile, and for the first time she confided fully, though at first hesitatingly, to a human being—and that human being a stranger—her viewpoint concerning her husband's condition. The chairman promised to respect her confidence except so far as necessary to make use of it in order to give the slight shock. In the course of the interview, he mentioned the nature and place of her employment, and learned that the chairman and Mr. Farmin (Ludlow & Benton's manager) knew each other well.

Alice felt no compunction when she punched the time clock twenty-five minutes later. Her first conviction of opportunity she sought Mr. Farmin, and explained to him that business concerning the Loan had detained her. With such kindness did he comment upon its being her first lateness that before she realized she found herself reciting the details of the conversation she had had with him. Hitherto, the manager had known Alice only as an experienced saleswoman, an efficient employee. The new minutes' conversation showed her in a new aspect, which in no wise



"Alice hastened to describe the mad noonday dash of a hatless man along Main street with a policeman and a crowd at his heels."

deducted from her business value. Mr. Farmin offered to speak to the district chairman and urge that the shock treatment be given as promptly and as tenderly as possible. Believing that his interest would help matters, Alice gladly acquiesced.

Just as soon as Alice got home from work, Henry began to unburden his mind. "I knew those Victory Loan fellows were looking into some people's bank accounts, but I didn't know they were prying into everybody's business. It seems they are."

"How—how do you know?" "Why, Irving talked Victory Bonds, Henry talked logging. He was carried back to the winter days in New Brunswick when he shaved shingles, took out cut and got out logs, to earn money for the clothes which the farm never provided. He talked faster and smiled oftener than Alice had known him to for many a year."

First at one camp then another, the hikers devoured beans, bacon, and flapjacks piled on long tables ranged between forest giants, and tumbled into bunks from which they glimpsed weird shapes in the night-fall. Henry began by dreaming that he was "falling" a tree in the New Brunswick woods, and he finished by actually falling one in the North-western forest. The lumberjacks discovered that "he knew more about falling trees and working them up than any city guy they had ever run up against," and at once they yielded him respect and cordiality. The trees, especially the older ones, recognized in him a friend and responded with a welcome. In the distant city, a woman continually generated and sent out to him loving thoughts, thereby creating for him an atmosphere of protection.

Irving gathered in the money so rapidly that his supply of buttons gave out. He knew that the men in the remaining camps would clamor for their buttons on the spot, therefore he must go to the second largest settlement in the district—a town of some three hundred inhabitants—and send a long distance emergency call for buttons. It was difficult to locate Henry that time, and when Irving did find him he was sawing as though his life depended on it. Irving advised that they would start immediately, and he became impatient at Henry's delay. Most regretfully, the foreman relinquished his new helper. Into Irving's hand he jammed some crumpled paper, with the injunction "Be sure to come and help out again, and Henry will be better." Irving did not wait long to examine the crumpled paper—his earnings. Neither was he long deciding what to do with them.

"How the deuce do you suppose they happened to light on me?" Henry asked his wife. "Perhaps those boys in the Park told them," she speculated. "You will go. It was a question that a command."

"Go? How can I? I have to help you—there's dinner to—" "Alice assured and reassured him that she could attend to her own wants. Repeatedly she urged that the change would be beneficial to him. At last, she insisted that it would be ungracious to refuse the New Brunswick man's invitation.

That was how it happened that the third week of the Victory Loan drive Alice returned each evening to a lonely apartment. Meanwhile, an apathetic guest motored with Irving to the district that had less than a dozen post offices, not more than a dozen and a half schools, and a population below four thousand. They struck the principal town when its four hundred souls were slumbering, and before all of them were awake, Irving and his partner were skimming toward the mountains. Between rows of immature pear, peach, and cherry trees; herds of sheep and goats amidst underbrush; and a jumble of stumps on logged-off land; they sped for miles to the silver spruce, western

red cedar, soft pine and western hemlock. Then they left the car and scoured the country afoot. It was not till then that Henry Osborne's interest awakened. Believing that his interest would help matters, Alice gladly acquiesced.

Just as soon as Alice got home from work, Henry began to unburden his mind. "I knew those Victory Loan fellows were looking into some people's bank accounts, but I didn't know they were prying into everybody's business. It seems they are."

"How—how do you know?" "Why, Irving talked Victory Bonds, Henry talked logging. He was carried back to the winter days in New Brunswick when he shaved shingles, took out cut and got out logs, to earn money for the clothes which the farm never provided. He talked faster and smiled oftener than Alice had known him to for many a year."

First at one camp then another, the hikers devoured beans, bacon, and flapjacks piled on long tables ranged between forest giants, and tumbled into bunks from which they glimpsed weird shapes in the night-fall. Henry began by dreaming that he was "falling" a tree in the New Brunswick woods, and he finished by actually falling one in the North-western forest. The lumberjacks discovered that "he knew more about falling trees and working them up than any city guy they had ever run up against," and at once they yielded him respect and cordiality. The trees, especially the older ones, recognized in him a friend and responded with a welcome. In the distant city, a woman continually generated and sent out to him loving thoughts, thereby creating for him an atmosphere of protection.

Irving gathered in the money so rapidly that his supply of buttons gave out. He knew that the men in the remaining camps would clamor for their buttons on the spot, therefore he must go to the second largest settlement in the district—a town of some three hundred inhabitants—and send a long distance emergency call for buttons. It was difficult to locate Henry that time, and when Irving did find him he was sawing as though his life depended on it. Irving advised that they would start immediately, and he became impatient at Henry's delay. Most regretfully, the foreman relinquished his new helper. Into Irving's hand he jammed some crumpled paper, with the injunction "Be sure to come and help out again, and Henry will be better." Irving did not wait long to examine the crumpled paper—his earnings. Neither was he long deciding what to do with them.

"How the deuce do you suppose they happened to light on me?" Henry asked his wife. "Perhaps those boys in the Park told them," she speculated. "You will go. It was a question that a command."

"Go? How can I? I have to help you—there's dinner to—" "Alice assured and reassured him that she could attend to her own wants. Repeatedly she urged that the change would be beneficial to him. At last, she insisted that it would be ungracious to refuse the New Brunswick man's invitation.

That was how it happened that the third week of the Victory Loan drive Alice returned each evening to a lonely apartment. Meanwhile, an apathetic guest motored with Irving to the district that had less than a dozen post offices, not more than a dozen and a half schools, and a population below four thousand. They struck the principal town when its four hundred souls were slumbering, and before all of them were awake, Irving and his partner were skimming toward the mountains. Between rows of immature pear, peach, and cherry trees; herds of sheep and goats amidst underbrush; and a jumble of stumps on logged-off land; they sped for miles to the silver spruce, western

red cedar, soft pine and western hemlock. Then they left the car and scoured the country afoot. It was not till then that Henry Osborne's interest awakened. Believing that his interest would help matters, Alice gladly acquiesced.

Just as soon as Alice got home from work, Henry began to unburden his mind. "I knew those Victory Loan fellows were looking into some people's bank accounts, but I didn't know they were prying into everybody's business. It seems they are."

"How—how do you know?" "Why, Irving talked Victory Bonds, Henry talked logging. He was carried back to the winter days in New Brunswick when he shaved shingles, took out cut and got out logs, to earn money for the clothes which the farm never provided. He talked faster and smiled oftener than Alice had known him to for many a year."

First at one camp then another, the hikers devoured beans, bacon, and flapjacks piled on long tables ranged between forest giants, and tumbled into bunks from which they glimpsed weird shapes in the night-fall. Henry began by dreaming that he was "falling" a tree in the New Brunswick woods, and he finished by actually falling one in the North-western forest. The lumberjacks discovered that "he knew more about falling trees and working them up than any city guy they had ever run up against," and at once they yielded him respect and cordiality. The trees, especially the older ones, recognized in him a friend and responded with a welcome. In the distant city, a woman continually generated and sent out to him loving thoughts, thereby creating for him an atmosphere of protection.

Irving gathered in the money so rapidly that his supply of buttons gave out. He knew that the men in the remaining camps would clamor for their buttons on the spot, therefore he must go to the second largest settlement in the district—a town of some three hundred inhabitants—and send a long distance emergency call for buttons. It was difficult to locate Henry that time, and when Irving did find him he was sawing as though his life depended on it. Irving advised that they would start immediately, and he became impatient at Henry's delay. Most regretfully, the foreman relinquished his new helper. Into Irving's hand he jammed some crumpled paper, with the injunction "Be sure to come and help out again, and Henry will be better." Irving did not wait long to examine the crumpled paper—his earnings. Neither was he long deciding what to do with them.

"How the deuce do you suppose they happened to light on me?" Henry asked his wife. "Perhaps those boys in the Park told them," she speculated. "You will go. It was a question that a command."

"Go? How can I? I have to help you—there's dinner to—" "Alice assured and reassured him that she could attend to her own wants. Repeatedly she urged that the change would be beneficial to him. At last, she insisted that it would be ungracious to refuse the New Brunswick man's invitation.

That was how it happened that the third week of the Victory Loan drive Alice returned each evening to a lonely apartment. Meanwhile, an apathetic guest motored with Irving to the district that had less than a dozen post offices, not more than a dozen and a half schools, and a population below four thousand. They struck the principal town when its four hundred souls were slumbering, and before all of them were awake, Irving and his partner were skimming toward the mountains. Between rows of immature pear, peach, and cherry trees; herds of sheep and goats amidst underbrush; and a jumble of stumps on logged-off land; they sped for miles to the silver spruce, western

"Send me more buttons—more subscribers than we anticipated," repeated Irving slowly and distinctly. From his chair near the hotel window, Henry heard Irving, bringing out a fragment of telephone conversation. All at once he became interested, for Irving was saying, "Fine Fine! He's a great old scout. Mighty glad he came along, mighty glad. He's all right."

The last camp had been solicited, the last button handed over. At night two men poked their way along a ten-mile uneven mountain trail. Ahead tramped Henry, steering the course by means of a flashlight. Behind came Irving, bringing out the results of the expedition—fifteen thousand dollars in currency.

Alice left home early on Saturday, the last morning of the drive, and made straight for the church with the open door. The previous afternoon Mr. Farmin had called her way along office to tell her good news. He had heard from the district chairman that Henry who had helped for more buttons, had reported that "Osborne was a great old scout, and that he was mighty glad Osborne had come along. There was a link between Alice and the unobtrusive church, and within its walls her heart sank a song of thanksgiving.

A general half holiday was proclaimed for a parade, including those who had taken part in the drive, was to wind up the campaign in the afternoon. Henry phoned to the apartment building, Alice ascertained that her husband had returned, so she hurried home. On the small buffet lay an envelope on which was written, "Will be home to get dinner, Henry." Inside the window hung an additional Victory Bond card.

In step with the sprightly music marched men and women, each wearing a Victory Bond button. Some of them represented places in the province that had gone "over the top." Many carried Union Jacks and banners.

About the middle of the parade, a man of large frame but scant flesh bore a small banner different from any of the others. He was the "great old scout" of the logging camp trail. Only two people beside himself understood the full significance of his banner; one was a participant, the other a spectator—the district chairman marching in the front ranks, and Henry's wife standing on the curb. The banner read "Won by a Victory Bond."



"While Irving talked Victory Bonds Henry talked logging."



"There was much to tell Henry."

# Victory Bonds Help Your Country.