

THE WOMAN WHO LOVES OUR FIGHTING MEN

Why Helen Gould Has a Warm Place in Army and Navy Hearts

VETERANS who wore the blue and veterans who wore the gray during the stirring days from 1861 to 1865 are growing pitifully few. How swiftly time wings its way! One is startled, almost, upon recalling that the Spanish-American War, our latest conflict, is now ten years in history.

Because of their experiences in camp and field, the men of '61 and '98 can never lose their interest in the fighting men of today. Whatever appertains to the welfare or advancement of our army and navy finds sympathetic advocates from ocean to ocean.

Few names appeal more strongly to the veterans of two wars, and to the American soldier and sailor of today, than that of Miss Helen Miller Gould. Not only through her wealth, but by personal service she has demonstrated her great interest in the two armed branches of our national defense; she is widely known as the woman who loves our fighting men.

AT FORT Leavenworth, Kan., last October, an honor was accorded this woman which was said to be unprecedented in United States history.

It was such an honor, indeed, as, in foreign countries, is usually vouchsafed only to queens. The afternoon sun blazed on the polished guns, the bright brass buttons and the uniforms of 3000 soldiers. While a dozen bands played stirring music the soldier boys marched in review, with alert, even steps, tricked out in their finest trappings, their heads erect, every man on the qui vive, eager to make the best showing. All the while, beneath a great new flag, a modest little woman stood, with glistening eyes, watching them intently.

Beside Miss Gould stood the Governor of Kansas, other officers in glittering uniforms. Then a salute was fired, a salute such as greets an important personage when reviewing the fighting men. The woman in the plain dress clapped her hands enthusiastically. Turning right and left during the review she operated a small camera. When it was over she made General Charles E. Hall stand at attention while she got his picture. Then she turned to discharge a rapid-fire gun, and then, laughing, ran off with a party of friends, to visit the sick in the hospital. Afterward there was a reception in the new Y. M. C. A. building, built by Miss Gould for the soldier boys at a cost of \$50,000. There the members of the twenty-four military organizations stationed at the fort shook hands with her and thanked her personally for what she had done for them. As she left the fort she was given cheers such as a writer declared, "had not been heard in the West since the Indian wars."

Miss Gould's net philanthropy in advancing army, navy and railroad Y. M. C. A. work.

"BEST-LOVED WOMAN"

Years ago—that is, comparatively speaking, for Miss Gould is only about 40 years old—she won the title of the "best loved woman in the United States." Today she may well be called the "best loved woman of the boys in blue."

Wherever a soldier may be stationed, almost, there is some evidence of the thoughtfulness of the elder daughter of the late Jay Gould. Wherever ships of the navy may sail, even on the farthest seas, the name of Helen Gould is certain to be spoken of with affection.

At Cavite and Olangopo, in the Philippines, and San Juan, in Porto Rico, soldiers and sailors listen to music played by phonographs given them by Miss Gould. At the naval stations at Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Norfolk, Newport and Valico, California, they read Bibles given to the men personally by Miss Gould. Way up in the far Alaskan north, on the Yukon river, there runs a beautiful Y. M. C. A. launch, the name of which is Helen Gould.

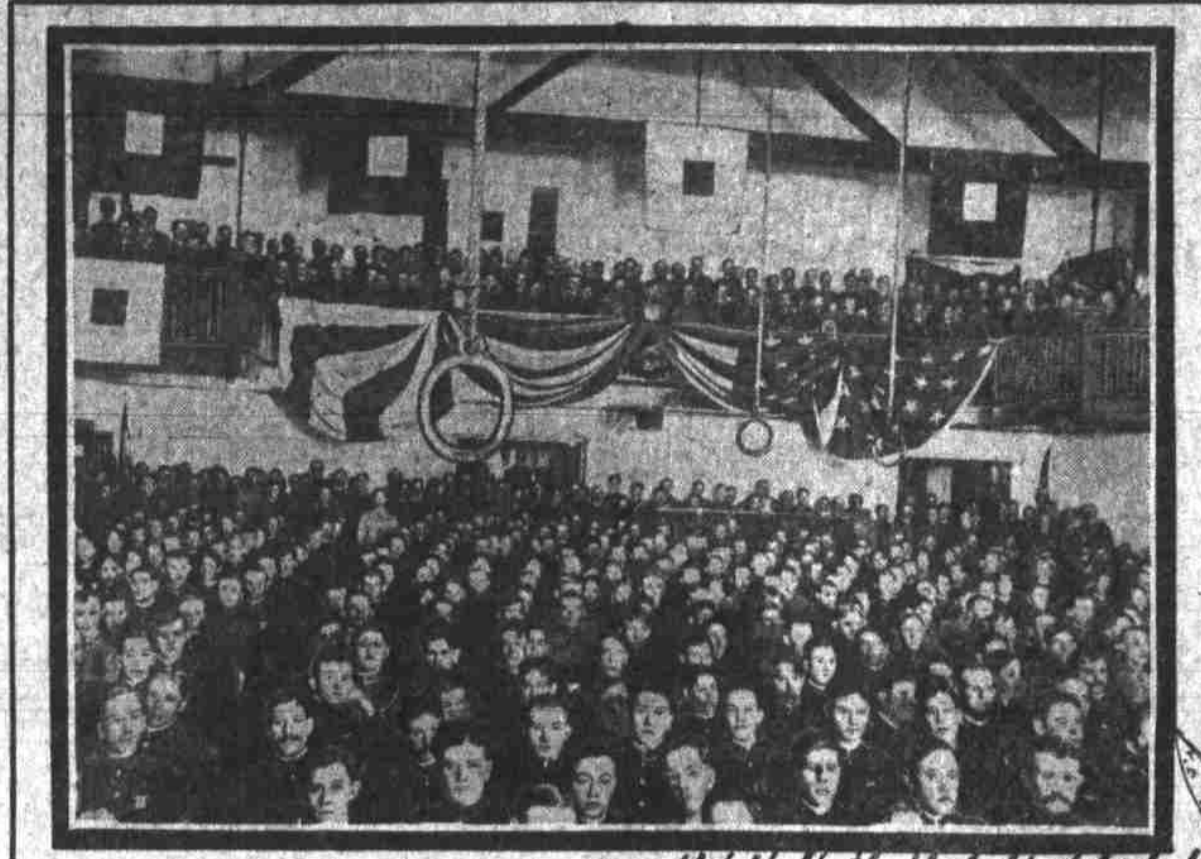
Since her notable work for the soldiers after the outbreak of the Spanish-American war Miss Gould has devoted her chief attention to work among sailors and soldiers.

Her name heads the list of contributions to Y. M. C. A. work in the country. Among her most noteworthy contributions to the cause are the Brooklyn Navy Yard Y. M. C. A. building, erected and furnished at a cost of \$500,000; the Fort Leavenworth Y. M. C. A. building, which cost \$50,000; the St. Louis Y. M. C. A. building, which cost \$250,000; the Mowbray, Mo., Railroad Y. M. C. A. which cost \$20,000, and buildings along the Gould line of railroads to which she has contributed more than \$100,000.

Most of Miss Gould's charity remains unknown—unpublished. Perhaps most of her contributions are given with injunctions of inviolable secrecy.

Inspired by the example of Miss Gould, Mrs. Russell Sage recently donated \$350,000 for an annex to the naval Y. M. C. A. at Brooklyn and \$25,000 for a house at Fort McKinley in the Philippines, while John D. Rockefeller has given \$300,000 for the naval branch at Norfolk, Va.

Several years ago Mrs. Sage wrote: "One of the

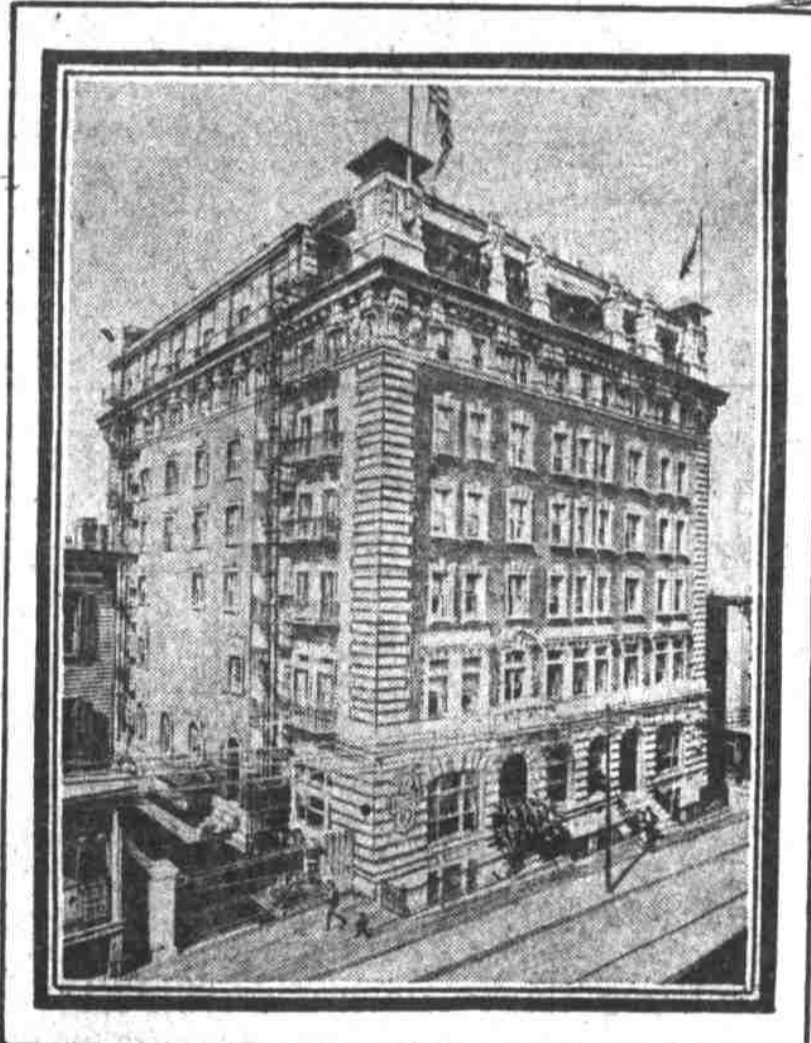


An Entertainment at the Fort Leavenworth Building

most commendable charitable works that has ever come under my eye is one that Miss Helen Gould may be said to have originated. It is the establishment of a haven for the sailors of the United States Navy—a home where they may really feel at home, one to which they turn with genuine happiness.

When asked how she became interested in this phase of Y. M. C. A. work, Miss Gould wrote: "When I was invited to become a member of the women's auxiliary committee of the International committee in 1897 I was glad to accept the invitation, on account of the very practical work they were doing for railroad employes through the railroad department."

"After the outbreak of the Spanish War I became identified with two or three patriotic societies, but they have discontinued their work, and of late nearly all my efforts for the benefit of the soldiers and



Y.M.C.A. Building at Brooklyn Navy Yard, Costing nearly Half a Million, the Gift of Miss Gould

sailors have been in co-operation with the Army and Navy departments."

"Miss Gould was never persuaded to do any act of charity unless with her own eyes and wise judgment she discovered the need," declared one of her private secretaries. Eight years ago, when visiting the navy yard at Brooklyn, the need of a place of refuge and amusement for the sailors was brought to Miss Gould's attention.

To get to the gate of the navy yard Miss Gould

was obliged to pass through a street flanked by saloon signs. There were legends such as these: "Entertainment Provided," "Amusements Going On," "Money Loaned," "Suits Rented."

In the saloons she saw scores of boys in blue, squandering their money. It was not seldom that the philanthropic young woman saw sailors reeling out of the saloons. But she did not blame them. She realized that the men needed recreation. It was not obtainable in the inadequate quarters of the old "club."



Miss Helen Miller Gould



the dining room is decorated with holly and mistletoe and gifts from Miss Gould are distributed among the sailors.

In the lobby of the building is a soda fountain, where tempting drinks are served, iced drinks, sundae in the summer and hot coffee, tea and bouillon in the winter. In the billiard room games can be played for 2 cents a cue. The association recognizes the influence of the home on a sailor's life and encourages the writing of letters. At the Brooklyn branch there are writing tables, and last year more than 90,000 letters were mailed from there.

There is an immense auditorium at the branch, which covers an entire floor. Almost every week entertainments are given. It was in this room that Miss Gould was presented some time ago—with the remembrance of 5000 sailors—a large loving cup, which the charming recipient received with moist eyes. It was a touching event, and told of the affection and regard of the boys in blue for the popular woman.

The new Y. M. C. A. building at Fort Leavenworth is a magnificent two-story structure. It was dedicated on the occasion of Miss Gould's visit last October. Last March the attendance numbered 1930, and the number of letters written at the place exceeded 1800.

Miss Gould has been the good angel of the Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. Among her most recent benefactions is a gift of \$25,000 for the equipment of a gymnasium for the new Rockefeller establishment at Norfolk.

Perhaps few phases of philanthropic work have done more good than this branch of the Y. M. C. A. Although the primary object is to give religion to the enlisted man, the medium for so doing is to give him home comforts while on shore leave.



Army Y.M.C.A. Building at Fort Leavenworth, Kan., Given by Miss Gould at a Cost of \$50,000.



Presented to Miss Gould by the Men of the Atlantic Fleet

Then Miss Gould gave the money to erect the new building—one of the most splendid edifices of the kind in the world. There were given the sailors all the amusements of the saloons—without liquor as can be attained by any ordinary human male who isn't a hereditary anything in particular.

That was the way the daughter of the leading earl of England decided her dilemma of love. Will she be happy? All the titled girls of Europe are hoping she will, while all the prudent dowagers are prophesying she won't.

The dowager's skinny, warning fingers have pointed, with one scornful accord, to the most notorious elopement of recent years—that of Louise Antoinette Marie, daughter of the archduke of Austria, and who was crown princess of Saxony.

On December 12, 1902, the Crown Princess Louise—who would have been a queen some day—eloped with the tutor, Baron, deliberately abandoning her prospect of a seat on the throne of Saxony.

It was not long before Louise was divorced by her husband, and not long, too, before Baron had married somebody else. Then Count Giacardini of Italy was sued by his wife for divorce because he paid too much attention to the repudiated crown princess, now simply the Countess Montignoso. Then the Countess Montignoso made haste to marry an Italian pianist, Enrico Toselli, with whom she has been living, as is obscurely as her notoriety will permit, in Florence.

Score one for the dowagers. But the spirit of romance that lives in the hearts of the daughters of nobility overthrew the bias of their own English royal Princess Louise, daughter of Queen Victoria, who married Mr. Alexander George Duff, Great Britain's ambassador in the United States.

But the princess had her royal, affectionate way for all the snubbers, and she was a mere gentleman, blue as was his blood and rich as was his prospect.

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England is still studying, with cynical concern, the married life of that lovely and brilliant woman who, as Lady Randolph Churchill, married Lieutenant Cornwallis-West, a lad no older than her own son.

If she should live it out happily, she will have repeated only the miracle accomplished by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, who, after half a century and more of continual proposals from the most distinguished men of England, married William Lohman Ashurst Bartlett, an American, almost young enough to have been her grandson, and died a quarter of a century later, so satisfied with him that she left to him all she could will away of the vast fortune which had been the wonder and the longing admiration of Europe.

At these headquarters the men are given private lockers, and the accommodations provided gratis surpass those of the cheap hotels and saloons—the boy in blue was wont to frequent.

An important feature of the work is the banking system, by which the sailors' money is cared for. This money is placed on interest. Last year the association cared for \$500,000.

What possibly appeals to the sentimental hearts of the jockies more than anything else is the constant thoughtfulness of Helen Gould.

Continually, Miss Gould sends gifts to the army and navy branches. Sometimes they are trifling, but show her regard all the more plainly. For instance, after a recent trip to Palestine, Miss Gould sent Bibles made in the Holy Land and covered with boards made from native cedars, to the various branches.

Photographs, books, writing materials and pool tables are received from the kind-hearted woman constantly. At Christmas she sends great boxes to the various branches, and there are presents for all the boys. Every member of a branch receives a Bibles from Miss Gould containing her signature.

Through these Bibles she has entered into correspondence with many of the jockies, and the gentle Christian admonitions written to the bluecoats from "the most popular woman in America" cannot fail to impress themselves on their lives.

For quite a number of years Miss Gould has been interested in the railroad work of the Y. M. C. A. In 1899 she set aside a sum of \$100,000 to assist in establishing branches along the Gould lines in memory of her father. To defray the entire expenses of branches she deemed unwise, and her plan invited the co-operation of the railroads.

At present along the Gould lines there are about twenty buildings, costing \$5000 to \$25,000 each. Half of the cost was defrayed by Miss Gould and the railroads; the other half by the members. Within six years Miss Gould donated twenty-eight libraries to railroad branches.

THOROUGHLY PRACTICAL

Miss Gould's undeviating rule of being practical was evidenced when, in 1904, she took a trip through the West to study the needs of the men. In her late father's private safe at Albany she took a volume of 1000 pages, completing it in twenty-three days.

Naturally, a woman so widely known as Miss Gould is the recipient of thousands of letters asking for help. In her charities, however, she carries out business methods as rigid and practical as those of her father. She is said to receive more than 1000 begging letters a week, most of which, of course, find their way into the waste paper basket.

In her daily mail are letters from "cranks," some of whom propose marriage, and letters from mothers telling that babies have been named after her. These letters are kept in an album, and today there are more than 200 "Helen Goulds."

Miss Gould's charities are legion. Among some of those nearest to her were Woody Crest and the Lyndehurst Club and Industrial School. Because of the financial stringency Miss Gould was compelled to close these last year. There many children from New York were given the best attention. The Industrial school was erected at a cost of \$75,000.

When Heart Outweighed the Coronet.



Queen Victoria's Daughter, Married Out of Royalty.



Lady Laura Cholmondely, the Countess of Suffolk, or the Princess Aline, or Flavia of Ruritania, and a man without title or rank came wooing? Would you permit the heart to outweigh the coronet? How



Louise of Saxony Gave up a Crown for Love.

YOU are here, in this corner of the drawing room, absently regarding the photograph of the rich young American woman that shows her in full dress, wearing the jeweled coronet she acquired by marriage. She's wearing

it because she can afford it and because it seems to her the highest distinction possible in life. But how if you were the one who owned the coronet and the coat of arms, and he were plebeian born, perhaps without a cent to bless him? How

if you were Lady Laura Cholmondely, or the countess of Suffolk, or the Princess Aline, or Flavia of Ruritania, and a man without title or rank came wooing? Would you permit the heart to outweigh the coronet? How

THE earl of Shrewsbury, who takes precedence over all the other belted earls of England—the head of the Talbot family, which is so ancient and honorable that it has passed into a byword with the humorists who satirize lineage—has an only daughter. Her name is Nellie, the Lady Nellie Viola Talbot. Lady Nellie is one of the most beautiful of a con-

spicuously handsome family. Full red lips, features that are regular yet delicate in their modeling, cheeks that have English roses blooming in them and wide eyes capable of the utmost intensity, as well as in softer languors of expression, a figure as seductive in its grace as her face is lovely in its outlines—Lady Nellie could boast almost as many proposals of marriage as fell to the agreeable lot of the late Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

But she had refused all of them. Some of her disappointed lovers thought it might be on account of her personal observation of the infidelity of her father and mother, who have been separated for years. Christmstime the beautiful and patrician Lady Nellie quietly eloped from the home of the premier earl of England and hereditary great seneschal of Ireland. She eloped with a common, ordinary, everyday mortal named Reginald Gore. Not Lord Gore or

Viscount Gore or Sir Reginald Gore, or even Hon. Reginald Gore—just plain Reginald Gore.

And yet, not so plain, either. Her Reginald is as good looking as her father or her brother, and his breeding is quite as excellent as theirs, and his position in English society is good as can be attained by any ordinary human male who isn't a hereditary anything in particular.

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