

Carolyn of the Corners

BY RUTH BELMORE ENDICOTT

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LOOK UP!

You will feel better for having known Carolyn of the Corners. She is a lovable little girl, who not only preaches but practices the gospel of "looking up" and always making things "a wee bit better." To become acquainted with her is like letting in the sunshine and looking up at the blue sky. You will want to follow Carolyn through this story after you have read the opening chapter.

CHAPTER I.

The Ray of Sunlight.

Just as the rays of the afternoon sun hesitated to enter the open door of Joseph Stagg's hardware store in Sunrise Cove and lingered on the sill, so the little girl in the black frock and hat, with twin braids of sunshiny hair on her shoulders, hovered at the entrance of the dim and dusty place. She carried a satchel in one hand, while the fingers of the other were hooked into the rivet-studded collar of a mottled, homely mongrel dog.

"Oh, dear me, Prince!" sighed the little girl, "this must be the place. We'll just have to go in. Of course I know he must be a nice man; but he's such a stranger."

Her feet faltered over the door sill and paced slowly down the shop between long counters. She saw no clerk. At the back of the shop was a small office closed in with grimy windows. The uncertain visitor and her canine companion saw the shadowy figure of a man inside the office, sitting on a high stool and bent above a big ledger.

The dog, however, scented something else. In the half-darkness of the shop he and his little mistress came unexpectedly upon what Prince considered his arch-enemy. There rose up on the end of the counter nearest the open office door a big, black tomcat whose arched back, swollen tail and yellow eyes blazed defiance.

"Pss-st—ye-ow!" The rising yowl broke the silence of the shop like a trumpet call. The little girl dropped her bag and seized the dog's collar with both hands. "Prince!" she cried, "don't you speak to that cat—don't you dare speak to it!"

Price put me on the train and the conductor took care of me. "Who is Mr. Price?" the storekeeper asked. "He's a lawyer. He's written you a long letter about it. It's in my bag. Didn't you get the telegram he sent you last evening, Uncle Joe? A 'night letter,' he called it."

"Never got it," replied Mr. Stagg shortly. "Well, you see, when papa and mamma had to go away so suddenly they left me with the Prices. I go to school with Edna Price and she slept with me at night in our flat—after the Dunraven sailed."

"But—what did this lawyer send you up here for?" asked Mr. Stagg. "The question was a poser and Carolyn May stammered: 'I—I— Don't guardians always take their little girls home and look out for them?'"

"Hum—I don't know." The hardware merchant mused grimly. "I—I guess we'd better go up to The Corners and see what Aunt Rose has to say about it. You understand, I couldn't really keep you if she says 'No!'"

"Oh, Uncle Joe, couldn't you?" "No," he declared, wagging his head decidedly. "And what she'll say to that dog—"

"Oh!" Carolyn May cried again, and put both arms suddenly about the neck of her canine friend. "Prince is just the best dog, Uncle Joe."

Mr. Stagg shook his head doubtfully. Then he went into the office and shut the big ledger into the safe. After locking the safe door, he slipped the key into his trousers pocket and glanced around the store.

"I'd like to know where that useless Gormley boy is now," muttered Mr. Stagg. "Chet! Hey! you Chet!" To Carolyn May's amazement and to the utter mystification of Prince, a section of the floor under their feet began to rise.

hand. Mr. Stagg looked down at the little hand in his palm, somewhat startled and not a little dismayed. The main street of Sunrise Cove on this warm afternoon was not thronged with shoppers. Not many people noticed the tall, shambling, round-shouldered man in rusty black, with the petite figure of the child and the mongrel dog passing that way, though a few idle shopkeepers looked after the trio in surprise.

But when Mr. Stagg and his companions turned into the pleasantly shaded street that led out of town towards The Corners—where was the Stagg homestead—Carolyn May noticed her uncle become suddenly flustered.

She was not a young woman—that is, not what the child would call young. Carolyn May thought she was very nice looking—tall and robust. Her brown eyes flashed an inquiring glance upon Carolyn May, but she did not look at Mr. Stagg, nor did Mr. Stagg look at her.

"Oh! who is that lady, Uncle Joe?" asked the little girl when they were out of earshot. "Hum!" Her uncle's throat seemed to need clearing. "That—that is Mandy Parlow—Miss Amanda Parlow," he corrected himself with dignity.

The flush did not soon fade out of his face as they went on in silence. It was half a mile from Main street to The Corners. There was tall timber all about Sunrise Cove, which was built along the shore of a deep inlet cutting in from the great lake, whose blue waters sparkled as far as one might see towards the south and west.

Uncle Joe assured Carolyn May when she asked him, that from the highest hill in sight one could see only the lake and the forest-clothed hills and valleys. "There's lumber camps all about. Mebbe they'll interest you. Lots of building going on all the time, too."

He told her, as they went along, of the long trains of cars and of the strings of barges going out of the Cove, all laden with timber and sawed boards, millstuffs, ties and telegraph poles.

They came to the last house in the row of dwellings on this street, on the very edge of the town. Carolyn May saw that attached to the house was a smaller building, facing the roadway, with a wide-open door, through which she glimpsed benches and sawed lumber, while to her nostrils was wafted a most delicious smell of shavings.

"Oh, there's a carpenter shop!" exclaimed Carolyn May. "And is that the carpenter, Uncle Joe?"

A tall old man, lean-faced and closely shaven, with a hawk's-beak nose straddled by a huge pair of silver-bowed spectacles, came out of the shop at that moment, a jackknife in his hand. He saw Mr. Stagg and, turning sharply on his heel, went indoors again.

"Who is he, Uncle Joe?" repeated the little girl. "And, if I asked him, do you s'pose he'd give me some of those nice, long, curly shavings?"

"That's Ned Parlow—and he wouldn't give you any shavings; especially after having seen you with me," said the hardware merchant brusquely. "The pretty lady whose name was Parlow and the queer-looking old carpenter, whose name was likewise Parlow, would neither look at Uncle Joe! Even such a little girl as Carolyn May could see that her uncle and the Parlows were not friendly."

By and by they came in sight of The Corners—a place where another road crossed this one at right angles. In one corner was a white church with a square tower and green blinds. In another of the four corners was set a big store, with a covered porch all across the front, on which were sheltered certain agricultural tools.

There was no sound of life at The Corners save a rhythmic "clank, clank, clank" from the blacksmith shop on the third corner. On the fourth corner of the cross-roads stood the Stagg homestead—a wide, low-roofed house of ancient appearance, yet in good repair. Neatness was the keynote of all about the place.

Mothers of France

Mothers of France—we send our sons to you. The ships go out from ports to even-lands, Bearing with them the hope of our young land, That they may stand in battle side by side With those, your sons, who die so well for France.

We shall not be less brave than you have been. With patient hearts we pay the price you paid, And wait our sons—but some will not come home, Nor shall we ever know where they are laid.

Remember us—for we are mothers, too—When fair peace glides your land, and poppies grow Over your battlefields. Do not forget Our sons, whose alien graves we do not know. Tend then our homeless dead—mothers of France.

—Anne Dunner, in Everybody's Magazine.

Nearly All Undersea Boats Are Equipped With Kitchens Where Cook Prepares Meals

In the earlier submarines no provision was made for cooking the men's meals. Everything had to be eaten cold. This did not matter so very much when these craft were quite small, with a correspondingly small radius of action. But when larger undersea boats came to be built, the provision of properly cooked hot meals became a pressing necessity.

So now, says a writer in Pearson's Magazine, all but the very oldest types of submarines are fitted with a small galley, no bigger than a very moderate-sized cupboard, where the cook has just room to stand in front of his doll's house stove.

The menu on board a submarine is not varied, consisting mostly of stew, with an occasional "mugup" of salt fish for a change, and plenty of strong, piping-hot coffee to chase away sleep from the tired eyelids.

Meals are eaten out of aluminum dishes in collapsible mess-tables when the vessel is submerged. When the submarine is running on the surface her crew usually prefer to take their plates of stew on deck, and the North sea attends to its salting for them.

HINTS FOR POULTRY GROWERS

The beginner and the careless should never attempt midwinter hatching. The care is extensive, the loss great. One old in the business declares that the beginner should put off hatching until April and May, and the weather then will help him.

Winter hatching pays best for the experienced poultryman who lives close to a good paying broiler market, or the fancier who wants show birds ready for the fall fairs. Also, it pays to hatch, if you can do it successfully, some of the large, slow maturing breeds, such as Cochins or Brahmas, in January.

These, if not hatched until late April or May, seldom come into laying until the next April—unless their owner knows how to push pullets into laying successfully. If you hatch in January you must not grumble if you get but a half hatch, and some of these will be too weak to live long against the time of year, but this you know—those that do live and grow strong and hearty must surely bring you profit early in some manner.

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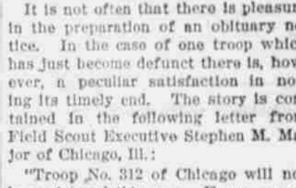
COOKING TESTS THE SCOUT.

The way to a man's heart is through his stomach. The path to an early grave lies along the same route. A scout who cannot cook can hardly claim to be a scout at all. As the chief sea scout says: "One fairly good cook is worth more than four sick carpenters."

To many a boy the first experience in cooking comes through his preparation for the second-class cooking test. He may have roasted corn on a stick or stewed a few clams in a bucket or burned a few spuds in an open fire. But the scout cooking test, if properly emphasized, will help him to see that cooking is vitally related to human life and essential to human happiness and efficiency.

Even in so simple a meal as the quarter of a pound of meat and two potatoes of the scout test many mistakes may be made, and the scout should know how to avoid all of them. Many a professional cook fails utterly when asked to prepare a meal in the open without the kitchen equipment to which he has become accustomed. The scout must be ready to meet all emergencies.

LEARNING FIELD TELEGRAPHY.



Boy Scouts Carrying Apparatus for Signaling in the Field.

A GOOD SCOUT TROOP GONE.

It is not often that there is pleasure in the preparation of an obituary notice. In the case of one troop which has just become defunct there is, however, a peculiar satisfaction in noting its timely end. The story is contained in the following letter from Field Scout Executive Stephen M. Major of Chicago, Ill.:

"Troop No. 312 of Chicago will not be registered this year. Every one of the boys but one are in the service. This was a troop of older boys, and when they come back they will all be scoutmasters or assistant scoutmasters."

"The one who is not in the service is not quite old enough to get his parents' consent, but is going to technical school, so that the minute his birthday arrives he will be ready."

One Way of Escape.

"A woman marries a man who got up and gave her his seat in a street car." Then the only way for a man to escape is to poke his nose into his newspaper when he hears the rustle of a skirt near his car seat.

Don't Live Up to Appellation.

"The trouble with lots of 'regular fellows,'" observed the almost philosopher, "is that they are oftentimes irregular in their habits."

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE DOES IT.

When your shoes pinch or your Corns and Bunions ache, get Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into shoes and sprinkled in the foot-bath. Gives instant relief to Tired, Aching, Tender Feet. Sample FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Lenoir, New York.

THE MAKING OF A FAMOUS MEDICINE

How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Is Prepared For Woman's Use. A visit to the laboratory where this successful remedy is made impresses even the casual looker-on with the reliability, accuracy, skill and cleanliness which attends the making of this great medicine for woman's ills.



"Oh! Who is That Lady, Uncle Joe?"

Carolyn and Prince make the acquaintance of Aunt Rose, and the latter's attitude is not very reassuring to the lonely little girl. Carolyn's first experiences in her new home are told in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.) It is difficult to judge a woman by the things she doesn't say.

IF BACKACHE OR KIDNEYS BOY

Eat less meat, also take g Salts before eating breakfast. Uric acid in meat excites kidneys, they become overworked, sluggish, ache, and feel like lead. The urine becomes cloudy, bladder is irritated, and you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night. Kidneys clog you must help them off the body's urinous waste or be a real sick person shortly. You feel a dull misery in the region, you suffer from backache, headache, dizziness, stomach, tongue coated and you feel the twinges when the weather is bad.

Eat less meat, drink lots of also get from any pharmacy ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoon in a glass of water before for a few days and your kidneys then act fine. This famous made from the acid of grapes on juice, combined with lithia, has been used for generations to clogged kidneys and stimulate to normal activity, also to neutralize the acids in urine, so it is no source of irritation, thus ending der weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive, cathartic; makes a delightful effervescent water drink which should take now and then to keep kidneys clean and active. Here say they sell lots of these folks who believe in overeating, they trouble while it is only —Adv.

Baby Colds

require treatment with a remedy of tains no opiates. Pao's is mild and pleasant to take. Ask your druggist.

PISO'S Your Granulated Eyes

Eyes inflamed by use to Sun, Dust, quickly relieved by Eye Remedy. No Stinging. Just Eye Comfort. Your Druggists or by mail 60c per bottle. For Book of the Eye free write Marine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

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Are You Satisfied? BEHNEKE-WALKER is the biggest, most perfect Business Training School in the west. Fit yourself for a higher salary with more money. Permanent position assured our Graduates. Write for catalog—Fourth and Portland.

Hard to Beat This.

Women seem to be more given to "marrying habit" than men. A woman named De Boer has been "applied" to no fewer than seven different husbands, and is the proud and stepmother of 58 children. Her grandchildren number well over 300.

Therefore, Be Cheerful

Depression, gloom, dark brooding these are the worn stones in the path to the inferno of incomplete helplessness, delayed victory, or ultimate defeat. This, we know true evermore in our individual struggles. It is just as true of nations.—William Allen Knight.

Daily Thought.

Ill can be rule the great that reach the small.—Spencer. Cuticura Heals Eczema And rashes that itch and burn there is a tendency to pimples prevent their return by making your daily toilet preparation free samples address, "Cuticura," X, Boston. At druggists and Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv.

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P. N. U. No. 50, 1918