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 sunshing bair on her shoulders, hovered at the entrance of the dim and dusty place.

She carried a satchel in one hand, while the tingers 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 silland 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 algh stool and bent above a big ledger.

The dog, however, scented something

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 tomeat whose arched back, swollen tall and yellow eyes blazed defiance. "Ps-s-st-ye-ow!"

The rising yowl broke the sllence of the shop like a trumpet call. The little girl dropped her bag and seized the dog's collar with both hands.

to that cat-don't you dare speak to it!" @ "Bless me!" croaked a voice from

"Prince!" she cried, "don't you speak

the office.

The tomcat uttered a second "ps-s-st -ye-ow!" and shot up a ladder to the top shelf.

"Bless me!" repeated Joseph Stagg, taking off his eyeglasses and leaving them in the ledger to mark his place. "What have you brought that dog in here for?" He came to the office door.

"I-I didn't have any place to leave him," was the hesitating reply.

"Hum! Did your mother send you for something?"

"No-o, sir," sighed the little visitor. At that moment a more daring ray of sunlight found its way through the transom over the store door and lit up the dusky place. It fell upon the slight, black-frocked figure and for an instant_touched the pretty head as with an aureole.

"Bless me, child!" exclaimed Mr. Stagg. "Who are you?"

The flowerlike face of the little girl quivered, the blue eyes spilled big drops over her cheeks. She approached Mr. Stagg, stooping and squinting in | I'm gone, Chet." the office doorway, and placed a timid hand upon the broad band of black crepe he wore on his coatsleeve.

"You're not Hannah's Car'lyn?" questioned the hardware dealer huskily. "I'm Car'lyn May Cameron," she confessed. "You're my Uncle Joe. I'm very glad to see you, Uncle Joe, andand I hope-you're glad to see meand Prince," she finished rather fal-

teringly. "Bless me!" murmured the man again.

Nothing so startling as this had entered Sunrise Cove's chief "hardware emporium" for many and many a year,

Hannah Stagg, the hardware merchant's only sister, had gone away from home quite fifteen years previously. Mr. Stagg had never seen Hannah again; but this slight, blue-eyed, sunny-haired girl was a replica of his sister, and in some dusty corner of Mr. Stagg's heart there dwelt a very faithful meniory of Hannah.

Nothing had served to estrange the brother save time and distance,

Stagg again. "Bless me, child! how "He says that's what makes life worth did you get here from New York?" @

"On the cars, uncle. You see, Mr. Price thought I'd better come. He says | Stagg. you are my guardian-it's in papa's will and would have been so in mam- hand and took it from her. Instantly

ductor 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 | ticed the tall, shambling, round-shoulyou last evening. Uncle Joe? A 'night | dered man in rusty black, with the peletter,' 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 of town towards The Corners-where at night in our flat-after the Dunraven salled."

"But-what did this lawyer send you up here for?" asked Mr. Stagg. The question was a poser and Caro-

lyn May stammered: "I-I- Don't guardians always take their little girls home and look out for them?" "Hum-I don't know." The hard-

ware merchant mused grimly. "I-I guess we'd better go up to The Corners and see what Aunty 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 clanced 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 "Oh, mercy me!" squealed the little

girl, and she hopped off the trapdoor;



"Oh! Who is That Lady, Uncle Joe? but the dog uttered a quick, threaten-

widening aperture. "Hey! call off that dog!" begged a muffled voice from under the trapdoor.

"He'll eat me up, Mr. Stagg." "Lie down, Prince!" commanded Carolyn May hastily. "It's only a boy. You know you like boys, Prince," she

"Come on up out o' that cellar, Chet. I'm going up to The Corners with my little niece-Hannah's Car'lyn. This is Chetwood Gormley. If he ever stops growin' longitudinally mebbe he'll be a man some day and not a giant. You

stay right here and tend store while Carolyn May could not help feeling some surprise at the finally revealed proportions of Chetwood Gormley. He was lathlike and gawky, with very prominent upper front teeth, which gave a sort of bow-window appearance to his wide mouth. But there was a good-humored twinkle in the overgrown boy's shallow eyes; and, if un-

couth, he was kind. "I'm proud to know ye, Car'lyn," he said. He stepped quickly out of the way of Prince when the lutter started

for the front of the store. Once out of the shop in the sunlit street, the little girl breathed a sigh of relief. Mr. Stagg, peering down at her sharply, asked:

"What's the matter?" "I-I- Your shop is awful dark, Uncle Joe," she confessed, "I can't seem to look up in there."

"'Look up?" repeated the hardware dealer, puzzled.

"Yes, sir. My papa says never to get In any place where you can't look up and see something brighter and bet-"Hannah's Car'lyn," muttered Mr. ter ahead," said Carolyn May softly. living.

"Oh, he does, does he?" grunted Mr.

He noticed the heavy bag In her

Price put me on the train and the con- | 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 througed with shoppers. Not many people notite figure of the child and the mongrel dog passing that way, though a few fille shopkeepers looked after the trio in surprise. But when Mr. Stagg and his companions turned into the pleasantly shaded street that led out was the Stagg homestead-Carolyn May noticed her uncle become suddenly flustered. She saw the blood flood into his face and neck, and she felt his hand loosen as though to release her own. The little girl looked ahead curiously at the woman who was approaching.

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 ook at Mr. Stagg, nor did Mr. Stagg look at her.

"Oh! who is that lady, Uncle Joe?" isked 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 helf 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

"There's lumber camps all about. Mebbe they'll Interest you, Lots of building going on all the time, too." He fold 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, milistuffs, 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!" ex-

the carpenter, Uncle Joe?"

A tall old man, lean-faced and close ly shaven, with a hawk's-beak nose straddled by a hoge pair of silverbowed 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 Jed Parlow-and he wouldn't ing growl and put his muzzle to the 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 Par lows 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 shell tered 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 crossroads stood the Stagg homestead—a wide, low-roofed house of ancient appearance, yet in good repair. Neatness was the keynote of all about the

"Is this where you live, Uncle Joe? asked Carolyn Mny breathlessly, "Oh what a beautiful big place! It seems awful big for me to live in!"

Mr. Stagg had halted at the gate and now looked down upon Carolyn May with perplexed brow, "Well. we've got to see about that first," he muttered. "There's Aunty Rose

Carolyn and Prince make the acquaintance of Aunty 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 ma's will, if she'd made one. Mr. her released fingers stole into his free the things she doesn't say.

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Mothers of France

Mothers of Franco-we send our sous to The ships go out from morn to even-Bearing with them the hope of our young That they may stand in battle side by With these, your sons, who die so wall for France.

with patient hearts we pay the price you And wait our sons-but some will not

Remember us-for we are mothers, too-When fair peace gilds your land, and popples grow Over your battlefields. Do not forget

Our sons, whose allen graves we do not Tend thou our homeless dead-mothers of -Anne Bunner, in Everybody's Maga-

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 This did not matter so very much

when these craft were quite small, with a correspondingly small radius of But when larger undersea boats came to be built, the provision of prop-

erly 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 moder-

ate-sized cupboard, where the cook has just room to stand in front of his doll's house stove. This latter is electrically heated, in order that the already oppressive air may not be further vitlated by smoke or fumes. 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

ea attends to its salting for them.

\$**~\$~\$~\$~\$**~\$~\$~\$\ HINTS FOR POULTRY GROWERS

The beginner and the careless The care is extensive, the loss weather then will help him. Winter ters. hatching pays best for the experienced

fall fairs. Also, it pays to hatch, if birthday arrives he will be ready." you can do it successfully, some of the large, slow maturing breeds, such as Cochin or Brahma, in January, These, if not hatched until late April or May, seldom come into laying until the next April-unless their owner knows how not grumble if you get but a half of a skirt near his car seat. 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 you must have warm winter quarters irregular in their habits." for your chicks. Poultrymen who sell eggs for hatching purposes quite often have all their own flocks hatched some time before the call for hatching

Total Value of 1918 Food Crop in France Falls Below Amount Produced Last Year.

eggs comes in, which is often not un-

til in April.

Despite an increase of 25 per cent in wheat production, the total value of the 1918 crop of cereals, beans and potatoes in France is less than that of last year. This has been disclosed by M. Boret, the French food controller of the chamber of deputies, in an address.

"It should be stated clearly," said M. Boret, "that the total nutrition value of the 1918 crop of cereals as well as beans and potatoes in France, is below the total nutrition value of these products for Jast year. The wheat crop fortunately is larger and of better quality, but the maize, barley, oats, beans and potato crops are considerably smaller.

"The potato situation is particularly grave, for whereas the averages for the last ten years is 12,000,000 long tons, this year the potato crop will not exceed 7,500,000 long tons. Despite this shortage, we must supply the allied troops fighting in our land. We cannot possibly refuse this indispensable food to English and American troops who are constantly increasing in numbers."

The Latest Flag.

The latest addition to the flags of nations is the standard of the new Siberian republic. It is plain white and green, symbolizing the country's snowfields and its virgin forests.

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 sen scout says: "One fairly good cook is worth more than Eat less meat, also take a 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 We shall not be less brave than you have or steamed 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 bu-Nor shall we over know where they are man life and essential to human happiness and efficiency.

Even in so simple a meal as the quarter of a pound of meat and two potntoes 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.



Scouts Carrying Apparatus for Signalling in the Field.

A GOOD SCOUT TROOP GONE.

It is not often that there is pleasure in the preparation of an obliuary 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. Mafor of Chicago, Ill. :

"Troop No. 312 of Chicago will not should never attempt midwinter hatch- be registered this year. Every one of the boys but one are in the service, great. One old in the business de- This was a troop of older boys, and clares that the beginner should put off when they come back they will all be hatching until April and May, and the scoutmasters or assistant scoutmas-

"The one who is not in the service poultryman who lives close to a good is not quite old enough to get his par- "spliced" to no fewer than seve paying broiler market, or the fancier ents' consent, but is going to techni- ent husbands, and is the proud who wants show birds ready for the cal school, so that the minute his

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 push pullets into laying successful- to escape is to poke his nose into his ly. If you hatch in January you must newspaper when he hears the rustle

Don't Live Up to Appellation.

"The trouble with lots of 'regular fellows," observed the almost philsome manner. If you hatch in winter osopher, "is that they are oftentimes

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are used anually and all have to be gathered at the season of the year when their natural juices and medicinal substances are at their best. The most successful solvents are used

to extract the medicinal properties from these herbs.
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contact with the medicine is sterilized and as a final precaution in cleanliness the medicine is pasteurized and sealed sterile bottles It is the wonderful combination of

roots and herbs, together with the skill and care used in its preparation which has made this famous medicine so successful in the treatment of female ills. The letters from women who have

peen restored to health by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound which we are continually pub-lishing attest to its virtue.

Salts before cating breakfast.

Uric acid in meat exciteneys, they become overwe sluggish, ache, and feel like The urine becomes bladder is trritated, and y obliged to seek relief two times during the night. kidneys clog you must belp t off the body's urinous wast be a real sick person shortly you feel a dull misery in it region, you suffer from backs headache, dizziness, stomach tongue coated and you feel twinges when the weather is

Eat less meat, drink lots also get from any pharms ounces of Jad Salts; take a ta ful in a glass of water before for a few days and your kid then act fine. This fatour made from the acid of graps on juice, combined with little been used for generations clogged kidneys and atimo to normal activity, also to the acids in urine, so it no l source of irritation, thus endi

der wenkness. Jad Salts Is inexpensive, jure; makes a delightful of lithia-water drink which should take now and then to kidneys clean and active. here say they sell lots of Jac folks who believe in overc ney trouble while it is only

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Hard to Beat This. Women seem to be more giv 'marrying habit" than men. woman named De Boer h her grandchildren number w

Therefore, Be Cheerful Depression, gloom, dark these are the worn stones in scent to the inferno of incom helplessness, delayed victory, ultimate defeat. This, we l true evermore in our individ struggles. It is just as true

tions.-William Allen Knight.

Daily Thought. Ill can be rule the great that reach the small.-Spencer.

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