

WORLD HAPPENINGS OF CURRENT WEEK

Brief Resume Most Important Daily News Items.

COMPILED FOR YOU

Events of Noted People, Governments and Pacific Northwest and Other Things Worth Knowing.

John H. von Hegermann Lindencrone, former Danish Minister to Paris and Berlin, is dead.

The British government has decided to increase war pensions, owing to the high cost of living. The increase will amount to 20 per cent.

William H. Taft announces he has decided to decline the offer to become a baseball commissioner to succeed the present National commission.

The United States army transport Sierra, with 35 officers and 1531 private and non-commissioned officers abroad, arrived in New York Monday from abroad. All of the men were wounded, but injuries of most were recorded as slight.

During the ceremony in the city hall Sunday in connection with the official entry of President Poincare, Premier Clemenceau handed to the Mayor of Metz the keys of the city, which the Germans failed to get when they captured Metz in 1870.

Notes were sent to Berlin and Vienna by the State department Tuesday, advising the German and Austrian governments that the United States desires to receive no further communications from them which should properly be addressed to the allied nations.

The navy's excellent health and low mortality rate during the war is attributed by Rear-Admiral Braisted, surgeon-general of the navy, in his annual report, largely to the increasing appreciation by commanding officers of the rules of hygiene and sanitation.

Captain B. B. Lipsner, who recently resigned as superintendent of the aerial mail service, appealed to Lawrence Y. Sherman, U. S. senator from Illinois, for a congressional investigation of proposed expenditures for the air mail service and of several recent appointments to the service.

Music and the day's news, both over the telephone, are to be provided by the Red Cross for every patient in the reconstruction wards at the Walter Reed hospital in Washington. If the system proves successful similar ones will be installed in all hospitals where soldiers are under treatment.

Mathias Erzberger, head of the German armistice delegation, announced Tuesday that the French government has requested the German army command to designate plenipotentiaries to confer regarding the prolongation of the armistice. The delegates will meet at Treves, in Rhenish Prussia, December 12 and 13.

Federal court decrees holding it to be within the president's power to grant exclusive fishing rights in public waters were upheld by the supreme court Tuesday in making permanent injunctions restraining the Alaska Pacific Fisheries from placing nets in the vicinity of the Annette and adjoining islands off the Alaskan coast.

Soldiers disabled during the war will be paid \$65 a month during the period of their re-education, which will be directed by the Federal board for vocational training, Dr. C. A. Prosser, director of the board, announces.

Victor L. Berger, socialist congressman-elect, of Milwaukee, and his campaign manager, Louis A. Arnold, were indicted by the federal grand jury on 16 counts involving alleged violations of the espionage act, during his senatorial campaign last March.

Captain Norbert Carolin made a flight in an army airplane from Pittsburgh to Washington Wednesday in one hour and 35 minutes. War department officials said the best previous record for this trip, approximately 200 miles, was two hours and 20 minutes.

The national War Labor board has asked the Cleveland Railway company to dismiss the 150 women employees within 30 days from December 3.

Restrictions on the purchase of sugar for consumption in homes and eating places were removed Wednesday night by the Food administration.

The French government has taken all necessary measures to insure the demobilization of all classes of the territorial reserve before the end of February, according to L'Ouvre.

SIX BILLION TAX PROPOSED

Senate Begins Debate on Measure for 1919 Requirements.

Washington, D. C.—Effects of the nation's transition from a war to a peace basis and of prohibition legislation on the present and future problems of taxation are outlined in the senate finance committee's report on the revised war revenue bill filed Monday by Chairman Simmons.

The report explains the steps taken to revise the house bill so as to raise by taxation next year \$5,978,466,000 instead of \$7,500,000,000, as planned by the house before the signing of the armistice and the enactment of prohibition legislation.

Proposed taxes in 1920 of \$4,000,000,000, the reason for fixing them at this time and the manner in which they will be raised, also are explained. The most distinct changes made by the senate in the house draft of the bill are noted by the committee's report as follows:

Elimination of the 6 per cent corporation tax on undistributed corporate earnings, fixing a 20 per cent maximum on bona fide sales of mines and oil and gas wells; elimination of the tax on new state and municipal bonds, substitution of a single war excess profits tax for the alternative plan; exclusion of individuals and partnerships from war excess profits taxation and reduction of the taxes on beverages and tobacco.

Senate debate on the measure will begin with a statement by Senator Simmons. A dissenting report on the plan to fix 1920 taxes in the pending bill will be filed by Senator Penrose, of Pennsylvania, for the republicans of the finance committee. Separate views also will be presented by Senators Smoot, of Utah, and La Follette, of Wisconsin, republicans.

A considerable part of Senator Simmons' report is devoted to the plan for reducing taxes in 1920 to \$4,000,000,000.

"The country has a right to know how soon and in what degree the burden of war taxes can prudently be reduced," the report says. "During this period of reconstruction business, particularly new business, is entitled to go forward without the burden of an 80 per cent tax on war profits. In time of peace the existence of an 80 per cent profit would be an absolute evil, for the perpetuation or continuance of which no sufficient reason has or could be given."

BURLESON'S SEIZURE OF CABLE PROTESTED

New York.—The Commercial Pacific Cable company, allied with the Commercial Cable company, asked for an injunction in the federal court Monday restraining Postmaster-General Burleson from further control of its 10,000 miles of cable between San Francisco and China, Japan and the Philippine islands.

Violation of international law by Burleson is charged in the complaint, which asserts that the United States had not obtained consent to the seizure from the nations upon whose territory the cables land. It is further alleged such consent would be unconstitutional without a formal treaty approved by the senate.

This contention is upheld, the company declared, by information from its London office that a department of the British government has instructed the Commercial Cable company representatives there to make no changes at the direction of the American postmaster-general without first submitting them to that department for approval.

Big Tank Gun Perfected.

Washington, D. C.—An eight-inch gun, self-propelling on its caterpillar track, and prototype of a fleet of similar monsters that was being constructed for the American army when hostilities ceased, was demonstrated here Monday before a large group of American officers and engineers. Gun and machine alike had successfully passed the firing tests at the ordnance proving ground before Monday's test, which was under direction of Pliny E. Holt and Colonel J. B. Dillard, the designers. The tractor-gun drove its 55,000 pounds of bulk up a 45-degree ravine wall, developed a speed of four miles an hour on a level surface and demolished large trees with the same ruthlessness that its war brother, the tank, showed in action in France.

Belgians Score Dutch.

Paris.—There is much feeling against Holland in Belgium because of the attitude of the Dutch government in permitting armed German soldiers to pass through the Dutch province of Limburg, according to a dispatch from Brussels. The Belgians are said to be indignant that Belgian automobiles interned in Holland were used by Dutch authorities in carrying the former crown prince when he fled to Holland.

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 toment whose arched back, swollen tail and yellow eyes blazed defiance.

"Ps-sst—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!"

"Bless me!" croaked a voice from the office.

The toment uttered a second "ps-sst—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, 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-frooked 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 the office doorway, and placed a timid hand upon the broad band of black crepe he wore on his coat sleeve.

"You're not Hannah's Carlyn?" questioned the hardware dealer huskily.

"I'm Carlyn May Cameron," she confessed. "You're my Uncle Joe. I'm very glad to see you, Uncle Joe, and—and I hope—you're glad to see me—and Prince," she finished rather falteringly.

"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 memory of Hannah.

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

"Hannah's Carlyn?" muttered Mr. Stagg again. "Bless me, child! how did you get here from New York?"

"On the cars, uncle. You see, Mr. Price thought I'd better come. He says you are my guardian—it's in papa's will and would have been so in mamma's will, if she'd made one. Mr.

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 Dunravens called."

"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.

"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, threatening growl and put his muzzle to the 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 urged.

"Come on up out o' that cellar, Chet. I'm going up to The Corners with my little niece—Hannah's Carlyn. This is Chetwood Gormley. If he ever stops growlin' longindinally mebbe he'll be a man some day and not a giant. You stay right here and tend store while I'm gone, Chet."

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 uncouth, he was kind.

"I'm proud to know ye, Carlyn," he said. He stepped quickly out of the way of Prince when the latter 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 better ahead," said Carolyn May softly. "He says that's what makes life worth living."

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

He noticed the heavy bag in her hand and took it from her. Instantly her released fingers stole into his free

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 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 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 saved 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-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 Jed 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.

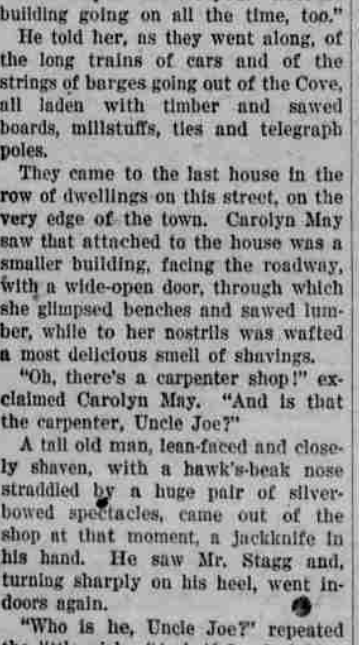
In one corner was a white church with a square tower and green blinds. In another of the four corners was set a big store, with a covered porch all across the front, on which were sheltered certain agricultural tools.

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 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 place.

"Is this where you live, Uncle Joe?" asked Carolyn May 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 Aunt Rose—"



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.

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 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 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 falls 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, LeRoy, 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.

Over 350,000 pounds of various herbs are used annually 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.

Every utensil and tank that comes in contact with the medicine is sterilized and as a final precaution in cleanliness the medicine is pasteurized and sealed in 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 been restored to health by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound which we are continually publishing attest to its virtue.