

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.

Leon J. Canova, head of the Mexican bureau of the State department at Washington, D. C., since 1915, has resigned because of ill health.

President Melendez, of Salvador, is seriously ill, the State department was advised Tuesday, and Vice-President Quinones is in charge of the government.

Not even the number of delegates to the peace conference has as yet been fixed, said an official note issued in Paris Tuesday denying various reports as to the make-up of the French delegation.

At a mass meeting in honor of President Wilson's visit to Europe, a resolution of welcome was adopted Tuesday and accepted by Hugh Grant Smith, councillor of the American legation at Copenhagen. Many prominent people were present and great enthusiasm was shown.

That Pope Benedict is prepared to abandon a custom of nearly half a century and no longer consider himself bound to remain within the grounds of the Vatican is the firm belief in several circles in Rome. Many incidents recently have led the public opinion toward this belief.

President Wilson will leave Paris Christmas eve and go to American general headquarters. From headquarters he will proceed to the American front. He will have Christmas dinner with the American troops, and not with the American commander-in-chief or other officers.

The former German crown prince at the outbreak of the revolution asked that he be allowed to remain with his army as a general, but his request was refused, according to the Deutsche Zeitung, of Berlin. He then offered to remain as a common soldier, but this also was rejected.

William J. Bryan took Mrs. Bryan to Johns Hopkins hospital in Baltimore Tuesday for a consultation with Dr. L. F. Barker. They came from their summer home at Asheville, N. C. Mr. Bryan said Mrs. Bryan had been ailing for six months and that he was there to find out if she could get well.

Seventeen men, members of the crew of the British steamer Larchgrove, lost their lives when that ship was sunk in a collision with the American steamer Hawaiian in the latter part of October in the Strait of Gibraltar, it was learned in New York Tuesday, with the arrival of the Hawaiian.

Dr. Sidonio Paes, president of Portugal, was shot and killed by an assassin shortly before midnight Saturday while he was in a railway station at Lisbon waiting for a train to Oporto. Advice from Lisbon reporting the assassination says that he was struck by three bullets. President Paes died within a few minutes after he was shot.

It is officially estimated that there are a million cases of influenza in the Dutch East Indies.

Government supervision over the steel industry and steel price fixing will end December 31.

The sugar grinding season in Porto Rico opened this week. The prospect is good for small quantities of new sugars to reach the refiners before the new year.

The Hessian Workmen's, Peasants' and Soldiers' council has been dissolved and will be replaced by the "Peoples' Council for the Republic of Hesse."

The value of the German mark has fallen below 42 to the British pound. Before the war the mark was worth approximately one shilling, or 20 marks to the pound.

Holding that the war may be over, but has not been fully paid for, Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo has sent an appeal to the twelfth district federal reserve bank to urge all owners to retain their liberty bonds.

Representatives of the troops which are to guard Berlin took an oath in the town hall at Steglitz, swearing absolute loyalty to the German people's republic. Independent socialists exhorted the soldiers to disarm, but they refused.



Carolyn of the Corners

-BY-
RUTH BELMORE ENDICOTT

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CAROLYN AND PRINCE MAKE THE ACQUAINTANCE OF AUNTY ROSE, MR. STAGG'S HOUSEKEEPER

Synopsis.—Her father and mother reported lost at sea when the Dunraven, on which they had sailed for Europe, was sunk, Carolyn May Cameron—Hannah's Carolyn—is sent from New York to her bachelor uncle, Joseph Stagg at The Corners. The reception given her by her uncle is not very enthusiastic.

CHAPTER I—Continued.

A voice calling, "Chuck! Chuck! Chuck-a-chuck!" came from behind the old house. A few white-feathered fowls that had been in sight scurried wildly away in answer to the summons.

Mr. Stagg, still looking at the little girl, set down the bag and reached for the dog's leash. The loop of the latter he passed around the gatepost. "I tell you what it is, Car'lyn May. You'd better meet Aunty Rose first alone. I've my fears about this mongrel."

"Oh, Uncle Joe!" quivered his niece. "You go ahead and get acquainted with her," urged Mr. Stagg. "She don't like dogs. They chase her chickens and run over her flower beds. Aunty Rose is peculiar, I might say."

"Oh, Uncle Joe!" repeated the little girl faintly.

"You've got to make her like you, if you want to live here," the hardware dealer concluded firmly.

He gave Carolyn May a little shove up the path and then stood back and mopped his brow with his handkerchief. Prince strained at the leash and whined, wishing to follow his little mistress.

Mr. Stagg said: "You'd better keep mighty quiet, dog. If you want your home address to be The Corners, sling small!"

Carolyn May did not hear this, but disappeared after the fowls around the corner of the wide, vine-draped porch. The pleasant back yard was full of sunshine. On the gravel path beyond the old well, with its long sweep and bucket, half a hundred chickens, some guineas and a flock of turkeys scuffled for grain which was being thrown to them from an open pan.

That pan was held in the plump hand of a very dignified-looking woman, dressed in drab and with a sun-bonnet on her head.

Aunty Rose's appearance smote the little girl with a feeling of awe.

There was no frown on her face; it was only calm, untroubled, unemotional. It simply seemed as though nothing, either material or spiritual, could ruffle the placidity of Aunty Rose Kennedy.

She came of Quaker stock and the serenity of body and spirit taught by the sect built a wall between her and everybody else.

"Child, who are you?" asked Aunty Rose with some curiosity.

The little girl told her name; but perhaps it was her black frock and hat that identified her in Aunty Rose's mind, after all.

"You are Hannah Stagg's little girl," she said.

"Yes'm—if you please," Carolyn May confessed faintly.

"And how came you here alone?"

"If you please, Uncle Joe said I'd better prob'ly come ahead and get acquainted with you first."

"First? What do you mean, 'first'?" asked Aunty Rose sternly.

"First—before you saw Prince," responded the perfectly frank little girl. "Uncle Joe thought maybe you wouldn't care for dogs."

"Dogs!"

"No, ma'am. And of course where I live Prince has to live too. So—"

"So you brought your dog?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Of course," said Aunty Rose composedly. "I expected you to come here. I do not know what Joseph Stagg expected. But I did not suppose you would have a dog. Where is Joseph Stagg?"

"He—he's coming."

"With the dog?"

"Yes, ma'am."

Aunty Rose seemed to take some time to digest this; but she made no further comment in regard to the matter, only saying:

"Let us go into the house, Car'lyn May. You must take off your hat and bathe your face and hands."

Carolyn May Cameron followed the stately figure of Aunty Rose Kennedy into the blue-and-white kitchen of the old house, with something of the feeling of a culprit on the way to the block.

Such a big kitchen as it was! The little girl thought it must be almost as big as their whole apartment in Harlem "put together."

The little girl took off her plain black hat, shook back her hair and patted it smooth with her hands, then plunged her hands and face into the basin of cool water Aunty Rose had drawn for her at the sink. The dust



"Child, Who Are You?" Asked Aunty Rose With Some Curiosity.

pre-supper ablutions, Carolyn May did not understand just what the woman meant.

"Ahem!" said Uncle Joe gruffly. "S'pose I ought t've read that letter before. What's come of it, Car'lyn May?"

But just then the little girl was so deeply interested in what Aunty Rose was doing that she failed to hear him. Mrs. Kennedy brought out of the pantry a tin pie plate, on which were scraps of meat and bread, besides a goodly marrow bone.

"If you think the dog is hungry, Car'lyn May," she said, "you would better give him this before we break our fast."

"Oh, Aunty Rose!" gasped the little girl, her sober face all a-smile. "He'll be de-light-ed."

She carried the pan out to Prince. When the door closed again, Mrs. Kennedy went to the stove and instantly, with the opening of the oven, the rush of delicious odor from it made Carolyn May's mouth fairly water.

Such flaky biscuit—two great pans full of the brown beauties! Mr. Stagg sat down at the table and actually smiled.

The little girl took her indicated place at the table timidly.

"Joseph Stagg," said Aunty Rose, sitting down, "ask a blessing."

Uncle Joe's harsh voice seemed suddenly to become gentle as he reverently said grace.

Mr. Stagg was in haste to eat and get back to the store. "Or that Chet Gormley will try to make a meal off some of the hardware, I guess," he said gloomily.

"Oh, dear me, Uncle Joe!" exclaimed Carolyn May. "If he did that, he'd die of indignation."

"Hub? Oh! I guess 'twould cause indignation," agreed her uncle.

Aunty Rose did not even smile.

"Bless me!" Mr. Stagg exclaimed suddenly. "What's that on the mantel, Aunty Rose? That yaller letter?"

"A telegram for you, Joseph Stagg," replied the old lady composedly.

"Well!" muttered the hardware dealer, and Carolyn May wondered if he were not afraid to express just the emotion he felt at that instant. His face was red and he got up clumsily to secure the sealed message.

"Who brought it, and when?" he asked finally, having read the lawyer's night letter.

"A boy. This morning," said Aunty Rose, utterly calm.

"And I never saw it this noon," grumbled the hardware dealer.

Mrs. Kennedy quite ignored any suggestion of impatience in Mr. Stagg's voice or manner. But he seemed to lose taste for his supper after reading the telegram.

"Where is the letter that this Mr. Price wrote and sent by you, Car'lyn?" he asked as he was about to depart for the store.

The little girl asked permission to leave the table and then ran to open her bag. Mr. Stagg said doubtfully: "I s'pose you'll have to put her somewhere—for the present. Don't see what else we can do, Aunty Rose."

"You may be sure, Joseph Stagg, that her room was ready for her a week ago," Mrs. Kennedy rejoined, quite unruffled.

The surprised hardware dealer gurgled something in his throat. "What room?" he finally stammered.

"That which was her mother's, Hannah Stagg's room. It is next to mine and she will come to no harm there."

"Hannah's!" exclaimed Mr. Stagg. "Why, that ain't been slept in since she went away."

"It is quite fit, then," said Aunty Rose, "that it should be used for her child. Trouble nothing about things that do not concern you, Joseph Stagg," she added with, perhaps, additional sternness.

Carolyn May did not hear this. She now produced the letter from her lawyer.

"There it is, Uncle Joe," she said. "I—I guess he tells you all about me in it."

"Hum!" said the hardware man, clearing his throat and picking up his hat. "I'll read it down at the store."

"Shall—shall I see you again tonight, Uncle Joe?" the little girl asked wistfully. "You know, my bedtime's half-past eight."

"Well, if you don't see me tonight again, you'll be well cared for, I haven't a doubt," said Uncle Joe shortly, and went out.

Carolyn May went soberly back to her chair. She did not eat much more. Somehow there seemed to be a big lump in her throat past which she could not force the food. As the dusk fell, the spirit of loneliness gripped her and the tears pooled behind her eyelids, ready to pour over her cheeks at the least "joggle." Yet she was not usually a "cry-baby" girl.

Aunty Rose was watching her more closely than Carolyn May supposed. After her third cup of tea she arose and began quietly clearing the table. The newcomer was nodding in her place, her blue eyes clouded with sleep and unhappiness.

"It is time for you to go to bed, Car'lyn May," said Aunty Rose firmly. "I will show you the room Hannah Stagg had for her own when she was a girl."

"Thank you, Aunty Rose," said the little girl humbly.

She picked up the bag and followed the stately old woman into the back hall and up the stairway into the ell. Carolyn May saw that at the foot of the stairs was a door leading out upon the porch where Prince was now moving about uneasily at the end of his leash. She would have liked to say "good night" to Prince, but it seemed better not to mention this feeling to Aunty Rose.

The fading hues of sunset in the sky gave the little girl plenty of light to undress by. She thought the room very beautiful, too.

"Do you need any help, child?" asked Mrs. Kennedy, standing in her soldierly manner in the doorway. It was dusky there and the little girl could not see her face.

"Oh, no, ma'am," said Carolyn May faintly.

"Very well," said Aunty Rose and turned away. Carolyn May stood in the middle of the room and listened to her descending footsteps. Aunty Rose had not even hidden her good night!

Like a marooned sailor upon a desert island the little girl went about exploring the bedroom which was to be hers—and which had once been her mother's. That fact helped greatly. Then she looked at the high, puffy bed.

"How ever can I get into it!" sighed Carolyn May.

She had to stand upon her tiptoes in her stuffy little bedroom slippers to pull back the quilt and the blanket and sheet underneath it. The bed was just a great big bag of feathers!

"Just like a big, big pillow," thought the little girl. "And if I do get into it I'm liable to sink down and down and down till I'm buried, and won't ever be able to get up in the morning."

Joseph Stagg is filled with dismay when he learns from a lawyer friend of his brother-in-law that Carolyn has been left penniless and has been assigned to his care. His frame of mind does not promise well for Carolyn's future happiness.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Patron Saint of Christmas



Christmas Superstitions in Homes of Our Allies

THROUGHOUT this Christmastide and Coming Year may we constantly give that greatest gift of love—Service—to the cause of right and justice, to our fellow man and to our Country. Thus giving we shall merit that joy which comes only to those of whom Christ said: "Well done."

My Teddy Bear
by George H. Louis

Oh, Teddy Bear, I'm glad you came, I like wild animals what's tame. I'm not afraid to squeeze you tight, 'Cause you won't snarl or snap or bite. I'll take you with me ev'ry day, Together we will romp and play. At night time, too my dearie Ted, You'll snuggle by me in my bed. If I am cross, you will not care, You'll always be my Teddy Bear.

Writes Out the Entire Bible

A remarkable achievement is the writing of the entire Bible, the work of Hugh Russell of Montreal. The volume is scarcely larger than the old-style family Bible, and every page has been written with the greatest care, requiring an infinite amount of patience and reverence such as would recall the work of the medieval monk.

Mr. Russell, who is a Presbyterian and a devout believer in the Book of

Books, began his work of transcribing the Bible into manuscript in 1894, and finished it on St. Andrew's day, 1916. The work was done in odd moments of leisure during these 23 years. The book in manuscript form runs to 1,097 pages and is written in a peculiar handwriting, almost half-printing. It is perfectly legible, and Mr. Russell says he would be willing to offer \$100 for any error or omission found in it.