

BANQUET OF REGAL POMP GIVEN WILSON

British King Dines President at Palace.

ALL MOST BRILLIANT

Guests Eat From \$15,000,000 Worth of Gold Plate—Many Diplomats Seated at Festive Board.

London.—No more regal setting ever had been arranged in Buckingham Palace than that which greeted President Wilson and Mrs. Wilson when they were escorted to the banquet hall Friday night for the precedent-breaking state dinner. Every royal formality which had attended epochal occasions at the palace for 200 or 300 years was carried out before and during the banquet. President Wilson, with Queen Mary, led the procession into the dining hall, preceded by officials of the palace splendidly costumed, bearing wands and walking backward and making obeisance to the guests.

Immediately behind the president and queen came King George and Mrs. Wilson. They were followed by members of the royal family. At the head of the table 12 persons were seated, with King George at the middle. President Wilson sat at the king's right and Mrs. Wilson on his left. To the right of President Wilson was Queen Mary and then the French ambassador, Princess Christian, the Spanish ambassador and Princess Patricia, daughter of the Duke of Connaught. At Mrs. Wilson's left sat Princess Mary, the Italian ambassador, Princess Beatrice and the Japanese ambassador, in the order named. The American ambassador, John W. Davis, had the first place at a side rectangular table on President Wilson's right. Queen Mary wore a cream-colored gown of silk with a long train and a tiara of diamonds and many other jewels. Mrs. Wilson's dress was black with spangles and was made at the White House. She wore very few jewels.

The military and naval officers were in service uniforms and wore their swords. The ambassadors were in full ambassadorial uniform. President Wilson and Ambassador Davis wore formal American evening clothes. The British civilian guests wore court dress and the insignia of many orders. Prior to the dinner President and Mrs. Wilson were escorted from their apartments to the great white drawing-room, where the royal family had gathered with their other guests. These guests were presented to President and Mrs. Wilson and the dinner party immediately proceeded to the dining hall. The scene was one of splendor. In the dining salon was a great collection of solid gold plate and huge gold ornaments valued at \$15,000,000. These had been brought from the vaults for the occasion.

Food Drive Held Urgent. Washington.—Secretary of Labor Wilson has asked the governors of all states to co-operate with him in securing the observance of the week beginning January 29 as a national enrollment week for the United States Boys' Working Reserve. This organization, created during the war to furnish an additional agricultural labor supply, must be continued, the secretary said in his appeal to the governors, in order that food production sufficient for the requirements of the world may be secured.

Army of Ants Arrives. San Francisco.—A fight to the death is being waged on Pier 46 between an army of entomologists under the direction of the State Department of Horticulture and an army of Panama black ants. The multitude of the little insects arrived in a shipment of fruit a few days ago, have spread over the pier, and each one of the vast army is devouring 300 times its own weight in wooden building material each day.

Teuton Wealth Flies Out. Munich.—The Munich Post Saturday printed a startling charge that German war profiteers, unable otherwise to get their booty out of the country, have resorted to the use of airplanes. According to the newspaper several airplanes have taken securities of enormous value from Frankfurt to Switzerland. The Post urges the government to seize capital where it is available, especially in banks.

HUNS FIRE ON YANKEE FLAG

Riot Starts and 138 Germans Killed—Women and Children Suffer.

London.—Firing by German officers on an allied automobile carrying an American flag was the cause of street fighting in Posen last Friday, says a dispatch to the Exchange Telegraph from Copenhagen. The Germans were defeated in the fighting. About 138 persons, including a number of women and children, were killed during the rioting. The dispatch says: "There was severe fighting between the Poles and Germans in Posen Friday, which resulted in 38 women and children and about 100 Germans and Poles being killed. The affray originated as a result of a German officer firing on an allied automobile which was proceeding to Warsaw carrying the American flag. 'The Germans insulted the flag and the Polish guard was called out. The fighting lasted several hours and the Germans were defeated. A delegation from the British mission to Posen protested to the German commander in the town, General Schimmelfeng, but the German officer declared that he had no control over the soldiers.'"

Berlin.—The Lokal Anzeiger's Posen correspondent says there was street rioting in Posen Friday evening. German soldiers marching through the town are said to have hauled down entente flags. A company of Polish civilian soldiers proceeded to police headquarters for the purpose of raiding the premises. German soldiers with machine guns dispersed the Poles, who are said to have suffered severe losses. Quiet was restored at night.

President Wilson Visits Home of Ancestors

Carlisle, England.—President Wilson, accompanied by Mrs. Wilson, came to Carlisle Sunday in rain and a cold, penetrating mist to visit the girlhood home of his mother. But the warmth of the greeting of the people of the town and the thousands of strangers from the surrounding country more than offset the dreariness of the weather. Large crowds lined the streets and cheered the presidential party lustily as it drove from the station, where the president was received by Mayor Bertram Carr and local notables, to the Crown and Mitre hotel, where the president signed the free man's roll. The president visited Annatwell street, where the site of his late grandfather's chapel was pointed out to him and the house in Cavendish place that was built by his grandfather. Later he attended services in the Lowther-street Congregational church. Here during the services the Rev. Edward Booth, pastor of the church, requested the president to come into the pulpit and address the assemblage. This the president did, delivering a short speech in which he touched simply but eloquently on his mother.

"Slackers" Show Caliber. Chicago.—The "slacker marriages," performed by thousands in the early days of the selective service law are "beginning to bear fruit in the form of deserted wives and children," according to Judge William N. Gemmill of the court of domestic relations. The judge, disgusted by the many tales of woe related by war brides, who have baled slacker husbands into court, announced that he would see that as many as possible of the culprits are sent to jail. "When the selective service act came, these fellows hurried to get a marriage license and then pleaded that they had dependent wives. Now they are showing their real caliber by deserting the women who kept them out of war."

School to Be Compulsory. Boise, Idaho.—A bill providing that all persons over 16 years of age who cannot read and write the English language shall attend night school for a certain number of hours each school year until such knowledge is attained and making financial provision for such schools in all districts was unanimously endorsed by the members in attendance upon the conference of superintendents and principals of the executive board of the Idaho State Teachers' association at the closing sessions Saturday.

Liquor Seizure Is Large. Denver, Colo.—Whisky, wine and champagnes valued at \$4500 were seized in an automobile driven by George Knorr, in front of his home here Monday night after a policeman had fired several shots at him. A second automobile filled with liquor drove up and also was captured. The police say a search of the Knorr home revealed contraband liquor valued at from \$10,000 to \$12,000. The arrest is the first under the new bone dry law.

TO PROTECT TRADE FLEET

U. S. Shipping Board Will Open Permanent Offices Abroad.

Paris.—The United States Shipping board has decided to create a permanent world organization for the purpose of handling the government's trade fleet with the greatest effectiveness. "We will open at once offices in London, Paris and Rome," said Edward N. Earley, chairman of the board. "From these centers," Mr. Hurley continued, "will be directed 10 or 12 other offices, such as Shanghai, Yokohama and Bombay, in the east; Genoa, in Italy; Buenos Aires, Valparaiso, and Rio de Janeiro, in South America, and at Rotterdam and Antwerp. Take, for example, vessels bringing supplies to Belgium or France. It is of the greatest importance that we have a quick turn around. It may be of advantage to reroute a vessel on this side to India or to South Africa. "The London, Paris or Antwerp offices would have precise information and be able to consign a ship without delay for its most efficient use. The subordinate centers are essential properly to direct our national fleet. They will be managed by practical shipping men who will be assigned to their posts from the United States. "There will be no interference with the War department's handling of ships. The service of supply has really done its work admirably and we shall not have any changes to make in that. Our business will be with the trade fleet." Director-General Rossiter has received instructions to proceed at once to put the plan into effect. The French, Belgian and Italian governments, it is understood, will welcome representatives in their capitals with whom they can deal direct.

Prominent Russian Denies Czar Nicholas is Murdered Warsaw.—"There is no doubt that the Czar and his entire family are alive. I am positive of this," was the declaration made to a correspondent recently by Michael de Tchitchaef, a nephew of General Skoropadski and who has just escaped from the Ukraine after a recent trip to Petrograd, Dvinsk, Vilna and Povo.

"I cannot reveal where the Czar is, because he does not wish it," he added. "He does not care to be bothered and he wants to be left alone. "His whereabouts is known to the allied governments. It is in a neutral country. Accounts of his murder at Ekaterinburg were manufactured by Trotsky and Lenin for propaganda purposes. "It took much money and time and also the lives of many officers to accomplish his escape. Among the officers killed was Count Tatischev, the Czar's former personal military attaché, who was shot instead of the Czar. Documents describing the Czar's escape were in the hands of German Consul Koenig at Petrograd, who forwarded them to Berlin."

"Go to Hell" Says Hoover. Washington, D. C.—Food Administrator Hoover, in Europe, arranging relief for the people of the war-devastated territories, has refused in emphatic terms to discuss German food conditions with Baron von der Lancken and Dr. Rieth, who sought a meeting with the food administrator. In answer to a message for a conference, Mr. Hoover sent this message: "You can describe two and a half years of arrogance toward ourselves and cruelty to the Belgians in any language you may select and tell the pair personally to get to hell with my compliments. If I do have to deal with Germans it will not be with that pair."

Noisy Welcome Given Tars. The vocal welcome came later when the rugged, weather-beaten tars who manned the ships debarked and, with Secretary Daniels and Admiral Mayo at their head, marched down Fifth avenue in the country's first great victory parade. Leading civilians in the cheering were wounded soldiers returned from France. With the memory of their own first anxious voyage still fresh in their minds they paid unstinted tribute to brothers in arms who had guarded them across the Atlantic.

French Death Roll Large. Paris.—Announcement was made in the chamber of deputies Saturday that France's losses in officers and men killed up to November 1 of the present year aggregated 1,071,300, divided as follows: Officers, 31,300; men, 1,040,000. The number of dead, prisoners and missing was given as 42,600 officers and 1,789,000 men. The missing aggregate 2000 officers and 311,000 men. The prisoners still living total 446,000.

Carolyn of the Corners

BY RUTH BELMORE ENDICOTT

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CAROLYN'S SUNNY DISPOSITION BEGINS TO HAVE ITS EFFECT UPON AUNTY ROSE.

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. Carolyn is also chilled by the stern demeanor of Aunty Rose, Uncle Joe's housekeeper. Stagg is dismayed when he learns from a lawyer friend of his brother-in-law that Carolyn has been left practically penniless and consigned to his care as guardian.

CHAPTER IV—Continued.

Therefore General Bolivar charged with outspread wings and quivering fan. His eyesight was not good, however. He charged the little girl instead of the roistering dog.

Carolyn May frankly screamed. Had the angry turkey reached the little girl he would have beaten her down and perhaps seriously injured her. He missed her the first time, but turned to charge again. Prince barked loudly, circling around the bristling turkey cock, undecided just how to get into the battle. But Aunty Rose knew no fear of anything wearing feathers. "Scat, you brute!" she cried, and made a grab for the turkey, gripping him with her left hand behind his head, bearing his long neck downward. In her other hand she seized a piece of lath and with it chastised the big turkey across the haunches with vigor.

"Oh, don't spank him any more, Aunty Rose!" gasped Carolyn May at last. "He must be sorry." With a final stroke Aunty Rose allowed the big fowl to go—and he ran away fast enough. "Your dog, child, does not know his manners. If he is going to stay here with you he must learn that fowl are not to be chased nor startled." "Oh, Aunty Rose!" begged the little girl, "don't punish Prince! Not—that way. Please don't! Why, he's never been spanked in his life! He wouldn't know what it meant. Dear Aunty Rose—" "I shall not beat him, Carolyn May," interrupted Aunty Rose. "But he must learn his lesson. He must learn that liberty is not license. Bring him here, Carolyn May."

She led the way to an open coop of laths in the middle of the back yard. This was a hutch in which she put broody hens when she wished to break up their desire to set. She opened the gate of it and motioned Prince to enter.

The dog looked pleadingly at his little mistress's face, then into the woman's stern countenance. Seeing no reprieve in either, with drooping tail he slunk into the cage.

With one hand clutching her frock over her heart, Carolyn May's big blue eyes overflowed. "It's just as if he was arrested," she said. "Poor Prince! Has he got to stay there always, Aunty Rose?" "He'll stay till he learns his lesson," said Mrs. Kennedy grimly, and went on into the garden.

Carolyn May sat down close to the side of the cage, thrust one hand between the slats and held one of the dog's front paws. She had hoped to go into the garden to help Aunty Rose pick peas, but she could not bear to leave Prince alone.

By and by Mrs. Kennedy came up from the garden, her pan heaped with pods. She looked neither in the direction of the prisoner nor at his little mistress.

Prince whined and lay down. He had begun to realize now that this was no play at all, but punishment. He blinked his eyes at Carolyn May and looked as sorry as ever a dog with drooping ears and an abbreviated tail could look.

The peas and potatoes were cooking for dinner when Aunty Rose appeared again. There was the little girl, all of a dewy sleep, lying on the grass by the prison pen. Aunty Rose would have released Prince, but, though he wagged his stump of a tail at her and yawned and blinked, she had still her doubts regarding a mongrel's good nature.

She could not allow the child to sleep there, however; so, stooping, picked up Carolyn May and carried her comfortably into the house, laying her down on the sitting-room couch to have her nap out—as she supposed, without awakening her.

Aunty Rose came away softly and closed the door and while she finished setting dinner she tried to make no noise which would awaken the child. Mr. Stagg came home at noon, quite as full of business as usual. To tell the truth, Mr. Stagg always felt bashful in Aunty Rose's presence; and he tried to hide his affliction by conversation. So he talked steadily through the meal.

But somewhere—abrupt at the picnic course, it was—she stopped and looked round curiously. "Bless me!" he exclaimed, "where's Hannah's Carolyn?"

"Taking a nap," said Aunty Rose composedly. "Hum! can't the child get up to her vitals?" demanded Mr. Stagg. "You begin serving that young one separately and you'll make yourself work, Aunty Rose." "Never trouble about that which doesn't concern you, Joseph Stagg," responded his housekeeper rather tartly. "The Lord has placed the care of Hannah's Carolyn on you and me and I'll do my share and do it proper." Mr. Stagg shook his head and lost interest in his wedge of berry pie. "There are institutions—" he began weakly; but Aunty Rose said quickly: "Joseph Stagg! I know you for what you are—other people don't. If the neighbors heard you say that they'd think you were a heathen. Your own sister's child!"

"Now, you send Tim, the hackman, up after me this afternoon. I've got to go shopping. The child hasn't a thing to wear but that fancy little black frock, and she'll ruin that playing around. She's got to have frocks and shoes and another hat—all sorts of things. Seems a shame to dress a child like her in black—it's punishment. Makes her affliction double, I do say."

"Well, I suppose we've got to flatter Custom or Custom will weep," growled Mr. Stagg. "But where the money's coming from—" "Didn't Carolyn's pa leave her none?" asked Aunty Rose promptly.

"Well—not what you'd call a fortune," admitted Mr. Stagg slowly. "Thanks be you've got plenty, then. And if you haven't I have," said the woman in a tone that quite closed the question of finances.

"Which shows me just where I get off at," muttered Joseph Stagg as he



He Charged the Little Girl Instead of the Roistering Dog.

started down the walk for the store. "I knew that young one would be a nuisance." Carolyn May, who was quite used to taking a nap on the days that she did not go to school, woke up, as bright as a newly minted dollar, very soon after her Uncle Joe left for the store.

"I'm awfully sorry I missed him," she confided to Aunty Rose when she danced into the kitchen. "You see, I want to get acquainted with Uncle Joe just as fast as possible. And he's at home so little I guess that it's going to be hard to do it."

"Oh, is that so? And is it going to be hard to get acquainted with me?" asked the housekeeper curiously. "Oh, no!" cried Carolyn May, snuggling up to the good woman and patting her plump bare arm. "Why, I'm getting acquainted with you fast, Aunty Rose! You heard me say my prayers and when you laid me down on the couch just now you kissed me."

Aunty Rose actually blushed. "There, there, child!" she exclaimed. "You're too noticing. Eat your dinner, that I've saved warm for you." "Isn't Prince to have any dinner, Aunty Rose?" asked the little girl.

"You may let him out, if you wish, after you have had your dinner. You can feed him under the tree."

whisker and clothing and hat as rusty as the hack itself held the reins over the bony back of the horse that drew the ancient equipage.

"I say, young'un, ain't you out o' yer balltwick?" queried Tim, the hackman, staring at the little girl in the Stagg yard.

Carolyn May stood up quickly and tried to look over her shoulder and down her back. It was hard to get all those buttons buttoned straight.

"I don't know," she said, perturbed. "Does it show?"

"Huh?" grunted Tim. "Does what show?"

"What you said," said Carolyn May accusingly. "I don't believe it does." "Hey!" chuckled the hack driver suddenly. "I meant, do you 'low Mrs. Kennedy knows you're playing in her front yard?"

"Aunty Rose? Why, of course!" Carolyn May declared. "Don't you know I live here?" "Live here? Get out!" exclaimed the surprised hackman.

"Yes, sir. And Prince too. With my Uncle Joe and Aunty Rose." "Pitcher of George Washington!" ejaculated Tim. "You don't mean Joe Stagg's taken a young'un to board?"

"He's my guardian," said the little girl primly. Aunty Rose appeared. She wore a close bonnet, trimmed very plainly, and carried a parasol of drab silk.

Aunty Rose climbed into the creaky old vehicle. "Are you going to be gone long?" asked Carolyn May politely.

"Not more than two hours, child," said the housekeeper. "Nobody will bother you here—"

"Not while that dog's with her, I reckon," put in Tim, the hackman.

"May I come down the road to meet you, Aunty Rose?" asked the little girl. "I know the way to Uncle Joe's store."

"I don't know any reason why you can't come to meet me," replied Mrs. Kennedy. "Anyway, you can come along the road as far as the first house. You know that one?"

"Yes, ma'am. Mr. Parlow's," said Carolyn May.

Carolyn May went back into the yard and sat on the front-porch steps and Prince, yawning unhappily, curled down at her feet. There did not seem to be much to do at this place.

She had time now, had Carolyn May, to compare The Corners with the busy Harlem streets with which she had been familiar all her life.

"Goodness me!" thought Carolyn May, startled by her own imagination, "suppose all the folks in all these houses around here were dead!"

They might have been for all the human noises she heard. "Goodness me!" she said again, and this time she jumped up, startling Prince from his nap. "Maybe there is a spell cast over all this place," she went on. "Let's go and see if we can find somebody that's alive."

They went out of the yard together and took the dusty road toward the town.

They soon came in sight of the Parlow house and carpenter shop. "We can't go beyond that," said Carolyn May. "Aunty Rose told us not to. And Uncle Joe says the carpenter-man isn't a pleasant man."

She looked wistfully at the premises. The cottage seemed quite as much under the "spell" as had been those dwellings at The Corners. But from the shop came the sound of a plane shrieking over a long board.

"Oh, Princey!" gasped Carolyn May. "I b'lieve he's making long, curly shavings!"

If there was one thing Carolyn May adored it was curls. Suddenly Mr. Jeddiah Parlow looked up and saw the wistful, dust-streaked face under the black hat brim and above the black frock. He stared at her for fully a minute, poising the plane over his work. Then he put it down and came to the door of the shop.

"You're Hannah Stagg's little girl, aren't you?" he asked. "Yes, sir," she said, and sighed. Dear me, he knew who she was right away! There would not be any chance of her getting a suit of long curls.

"You've come here to live, have you?" said Mr. Parlow slowly. "Yes, sir. You see, my papa and mamma were lost at sea—with the Dunraven. It was a mistake, I guess," sighed the little girl, "for they weren't fighting anybody. But the Dunraven got in the way of some ships that were fighting, in a place called the Mediterranean ocean, and the Dunraven was sunk, and only a few folks were saved from it. My papa and mamma weren't saved."

Carolyn learns why her uncle and Amanda Parlow are now so "mad" that they do not speak as they pass each other by. Read all about it in the next instalment.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

When Dame Fortune goes calling she utterly disregards "at home" days.