

Carolyn of the Corners

By RUTH BELMORE ENDICOTT

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CHAPTER VII.

A Sunday Walk.

Really if Prince had been a valn dog his ego would certainly have become unduly developed because of this incident. The Corners, as a community, voted him an acquisition, whereas heretofore he had been looked upon as a good deal of a nuisance.

After she recovered from her fright Miss Minnie walked home with Carolyn May and allowed Prince's delighted little mistress to encourage the "hero" to "shake hands with teacher."

"Now, you see, he's acquainted with you, Miss Minnie," said Carolyn May. "He's an awful nice dog. You didn't know just how nice he was before."

Almost everybody went to church and all the children to Sunday school, which was held first.

The Rev. Afton Driggs, though serious-minded, was a loving man. He was fond of children and he and his childless wife gave much of their attention to the Sunday school. Mrs. Driggs taught Carolyn May's class of little girls. Mrs. Driggs did her very best, too, to get the children to stay to the preaching service, but Carolyn May had to confess that the pastor's discourses were usually hard to understand.

"And he is always reading about the 'Beggars,'" she complained gently to Uncle Joe as they went home together on this particular Sunday, "and I can't keep interested when he does that. I s'pose the 'Beggars' were very nice people, but I'm sure they weren't related to us—they've all got such funny names."

"Hum!" ejaculated Uncle Joe, smothering a desire to laugh. "Flow gently, sweet Afton, does select his passages of Scripture mostly from the 'valleys of dry bones,' I allow. You've got it about right there, Carolyn May."

"Uncle Joe," said the little girl, taking her courage in both hands, "will you do something for me?" Then, as he stared down at her from under his bushy brows, she added: "I don't mean that you aren't always doing something for me—letting me sleep here at your house and eat with you and all that. But something special."

"What is the 'something special?'" asked Mr. Stagg cautiously.

"Something I want you to do today. You always go off to your store after dinner and when you come home it's too dark."

"Too dark for what?"

"For us to take a walk," said the little girl very earnestly. "Oh, Uncle Joe, you don't know how dreadful I miss taking Sunday walks with my papa! Of course we took 'em in the morning, for he had to go to work on the paper in the afternoon, but we did just about go everywhere. If you would go with me," the little girl added wistfully, "just this afternoon, seems to me I wouldn't feel so—so empty."

"Humph!" said Uncle Joe, clearing his throat. "If it's going to do you any particular good, Carolyn May, I suppose I can take a walk with you."

It was a crisp day—one of those autumn days when the tang of frost remains in the air, in spite of all the efforts of the sun to warm it. Here and there they stopped to pick up the glossy brown chestnuts that had burst from their burrs. That is, Carolyn May and her uncle did. Prince, after a single attempt to nose one of the prickly burrs, left them strictly alone.

"You might just as well try to eat Aunt Rose's strawberry needle cushion, Princey," the little girl said wisely. "You'll have a sorer nose than Amos Bartlett had when he tried to file it down with a wood rasp."

"Hum!" ejaculated Mr. Stagg, "whatever possessed that Bartlett child to do such a fool trick?"

"Why, you know his nose is awfully big," said Carolyn May. "And his mother is always worried about it. She must have worried Amos, too, for one day last week he went over to Mr. Parlow's shop, borrowed a wood rasp and tried to file his nose down to a proper size. And now he has to go with his nose all greased and shiny till the new skin grows back on it."

"Bless me, what these kids will do!" muttered Mr. Stagg.

It was just at that moment that the little girl and the man, becoming really good comrades on this walk, met with an adventure. At least to Carolyn May it was a real adventure and one she was not to forget for a long, long time.

Prince suddenly bounded away, barking, down a pleasant glade, through the bottom of which flowed a brook. Carolyn May caught a glimpse of something brown moving down there and she called shrilly to the dog to come back.

Carolyn May said with assurance, as the dog slowly returned, "Prince never barks like that unless it's a person. And I saw something move."

"Somebody taking a walk, like us. Couldn't be a deer," said Mr. Stagg. "Oh," cried Carolyn May later, "I see it again. That's a skirt I see. Why, it's a lady!"

Mr. Stagg suddenly grew very stern-looking, as well as silent. All the beauty of the day and of the glade they had entered seemed lost on him. He went on stubbornly, yet as though loath to proceed.

"Why," murmured Carolyn May, "it's Miss Amanda Parlow! That's who it is!"

The carpenter's daughter was sitting on a bare brown log by the brook. She was dressed very prettily, all in brown.

Carolyn May wanted awfully to speak to Miss Amanda. The brown lady with the pretty roses in her cheeks sat on a log by the brook, her face turned from the path Joseph Stagg and his little niece were coming along.

And Uncle Joe was quite stubborn. He stared straight ahead down the path without letting the figure on the log get into the focus of his vision.

Hanging to Uncle Joe's hand but looking longingly at the silent figure on the log, Carolyn May was going down to the stepping stones by which they were to cross the brook, when suddenly Prince came to a halt right at the upper end of the log and his body stiffened.

"What is it, Prince?" whispered his little mistress. "Come here."

But the dog did not move. He even growled—not at Miss Amanda, of course, but at something on the log. And it was just then that Carolyn May wanted to scream—and she could not!

For there on the log, raising its flat, wicked head out of an aperture, was a snake, a horrid, silent, writhing creature, the look of which held the little girl horror-stricken and speechless.

Uncle Joe glanced down impatiently, to see what made her hold back so. The child's feet seemed glued to the earth. She could not take another step.

Writhing out of the hole in the log and coiling, as it did so, into an attitude to strike, the snake looked to be dangerous indeed. The fact that it was only a large blacksnake and non-poisonous made no difference at that moment to the dog or to the little girl—nor to Joseph Stagg when he saw it.

It was coiled right at Miss Amanda's back. She did not see it, for she was quite as intent upon keeping her face turned from Mr. Stagg as he had been determined to ignore her presence.

Carolyn May was shaking and helpless. Not so Prince. He repeated his challenging growl and then sprang at the vibrating head. Miss Amanda uttered a stifled scream and jumped up from the log, whirling to see what was happening behind her.

Joseph Stagg dropped Carolyn May's hand and leaped forward with his walking stick raised to strike. But



Leaped Forward With His Walking Stick to Strike.

the mongrel dog was there first. He wisely caught the blacksnake behind the head, his strong, sharp teeth severing its vertebrae.

"Good dog!" shouted Mr. Stagg excitedly. "Fine dog!"

"Oh, Miss Amanda!" shrieked Carolyn May. "I—I thought he was going to stab you—I did!"

She ran to the startled woman and clung to her hand. Prince nosed the dead snake. Mr. Stagg looked exceedingly foolish. Miss Amanda recovered her color and her voice simultaneously.

"What a brave dog yours is, little girl," she said to Carolyn May. "And I do so despise snakes!" Then she looked directly at Mr. Stagg and bowed gravely. "I thank you," she said, but so coldly, so Carolyn May thought, that her voice might have come "just off an iceberg."

"Oh, I didn't do anything—really I didn't," stammered the man. "It was the dog."

Both looked very uncomfortable. Joseph Stagg began to pick up the scattered chestnuts from the overturned basket. The body stopped and whispered to Carolyn May:

"Come to see me, my dear. I want to know you better."

Then she kissed Carolyn May and slipped quietly away from the brook, disappearing quickly in the undergrowth.

Joseph Stagg and the little girl went on across the stepping stones, while Prince splashed through the water. Carolyn May was thinking about Miss Amanda Parlow and she believed her Uncle Joe was, too.

"Uncle Joe," she said, "would that had old snake have stung Miss Amanda?"

"Huh? No; I reckon not," admitted Mr. Stagg absent-mindedly. "Black-snakes don't bite. A big one like that can squeeze some."

"But you were scared of it—like me and Prince. And for Miss Amanda," said Carolyn May very much in earnest.

"I guess 'most everybody is scared by the sight of a snake, Carolyn May." "But you were scared for Miss Amanda's sake—just the same as I was," repeated the little girl decidedly.

"Well?" he growled, looking away, troubled by her insistence.

"Then you don't hate her, do you?" the child pursued. "I'm glad of that, Uncle Joe, for I like her very much. I think she's a beautiful lady."

To this Uncle Joe said nothing.

"I guess," thought Carolyn May wisely, "that when two folks love each other and get angry the love's there just the same. Getting mad doesn't kill it; it only makes 'em feel worse."

"Poor Uncle Joe! Poor Miss Amanda! Maybe if they'd just try to look up and look for brighter things they'd get over being mad and be happy again."

When Uncle Joe and Carolyn May returned from this adventurous walk Mr. Stagg went heavily into his own room, closed the door and even locked it. He went over to the old-fashioned walnut bureau that stood against the wall between the two windows and stood before it for some moments in an attitude of deep reflection. Finally, he drew his bunch of keys from his pocket and opened one of the two small drawers in the heavy piece of furniture—the only locked drawer there was. He drew forth a tintype picture, faded now, but clear enough to show him the features of the two individuals printed on the sensitized plate.

His own eyes looked out of the photograph proudly. They were much younger eyes than they were now.

And the girl beside him in the picture! Sweet as a wild rose, Mandy Parlow's lovely, calm countenance promised all the beauty and dignity her matured womanhood had achieved.

"Mandy! Mandy!" he murmured over and over again. "Oh, Mandy! Why? Why?"

He held the tintype for a long, long time in his hand, gazing on it with eyes that saw the vanished years rather than the portraits themselves. Finally he hid the picture away again, closed and locked the drawer with a sigh and with slow steps left the room.

(To be continued)

MURDER OF NATION BY RUTHLESS HUNS

How the Poles Were Slain and Starved and Frozen During the German Drive.

F. C. Walcott Tells of the Scenes of Horror He Witnessed Along the Road From Warsaw to Pinsk—Million Persons Homeless.

This I have seen. I could not believe it unless I had seen it through and through. For several weeks I lived with it; I went all about it and back of it; inside and out of it was shown to me—until finally I came to realize that the incredible was true. It is monstrous, it is unthinkable, but it exists. It is the Prussian system.—F. C. Walcott.

The following is a statement by F. C. Walcott, who served as an assistant to Mr. Hoover during the time America was doing all that was possible to feed the starving millions of Belgium and Poland and northern France. In this work he was brought in direct contact with German military officials, and saw the conditions which the German invasion had created among the civilian population:

I went to Poland to learn the facts concerning the remnant of a people that had been decimated by war. The country had been twice devastated. First the Russian army swept through it and then the Germans. Along the roadside from Warsaw to Pinsk, the present firing line, 230 miles, nearly half a million people had died of hunger and cold. The way was strewn with their bones picked clean by the crows. With their usual thrift, the Germans were collecting the larger bones to be milled into fertilizer, but finger and toe bones lay on the ground with the mud-covered and rain-soaked clothing.

Wicker baskets were scattered along the way—the basket in which the baby swings from the rafter in every peasant home. Every mile there were scores of them, each one telling a death. I started to count, but after a little I had to give it up, there were so many.

That is the desolation one saw along the front road from Warsaw to Pinsk, mile after mile; more than two hundred miles. They told me a million

people were made homeless in six weeks of the German drive in August and September, 1916. They told me four hundred thousand died on the way. The rest, scarcely half alive, got through with the Russian army. Many of these have been sent to Siberia; it is these people whom the Paderewski committee is trying to relieve.

In the refugee camps, 300,000 survivors of the flight were gathered by the Germans, members of broken families. They were lodged in Jerry-built barracks, scarcely water-proof, unlighted, unwarmed in the dead of winter. Their clothes, where the buttons were lost, were sewed on. There were no conveniences, they had not even been able to wash for weeks. Filth and infection from vermin were spreading. They were famished, their daily ration a cup of soup and a piece of bread as big as my fist.

In Warsaw, which had not been destroyed, a city of one million inhabitants, one of the most prosperous cities of Europe before the war, the streets were lined with people in the pangs of starvation. Famished and rain-soaked, they squatted there, with their elbows on their knees or leaning against the buildings, too feeble to lift a hand for a bit of money or a morsel of bread if one offered it, perishing of hunger and cold. Charity did what it could. The rich gave all that they had, the poor shared their last crust. Hundreds of thousands were perishing. Day and night the pictures is before my eyes—a people starving, a nation dying.

The above statement by Mr. Walcott is a terrible arraignment of the Hun, but no more terrible than he deserves. What has happened in Poland, in Belgium, in northern France and every other country that has been blighted by the Hun's presence would happen in America should the allies, by any chance, fail to win this war. It would mean the enslavement of American men, the starving and death of American women and children. Either the Hun or humanity must perish.

WAR ZONE WOMEN DRIVEN FROM HOME THREE TIMES BY HUN

Mothers of French Soldiers Flee Life Abodes With Remaining Few Treasures on Backs

By Mrs. Hazel Pedlar Faulkner

An army of French refugees was pouring into the relief station maintained by the American Red Cross. Carrying in their hands bundles of varying sizes,—all their worldly possessions, old men and women, young women and children, came through the gates of the canteen where was furnished the first bit of rest and refreshment available for many hours. The Boches had made travel necessary for these dwellers in the occupied portions of France.

"May I help you any?" asked one of the workers in the canteen of a weary looking French woman.

"I can help myself," the woman replied, "you see I know just what to do when we are away from home like this. This is the third time I have had to leave."

"CAN HELP MYSELF," BRAVE ANSWER

The third time she had had to flee. Three times she had been obliged to leave her home, or what was left of it, and start out on an unknown journey. With her worldly goods reduced to the size of a napkin-bound bundle, this old woman, mother of French soldiers, had turned her back on all she loved, and gone out into the night, an enemy at her heels and the unknown before her.

Do we realize what that means: oh, women of the West? Can we visualize for a moment the tragedy of it all?

Yet there are women in France who have done that thing daily for four years, and all without a word of complaint, with never a sigh or a tear.

Ours has been a happier part. We have lived in plenty and peace. True, we have given our sons and have divided our food. But of the horrors of war we have known none.

What will you do to relieve the condition of those mothers of France? Our government is pledged to help. It has given its word to aid to the limit of its capacity. It calls for the assistance of every individual one of our people in the world.

EVERY AMERICAN MUST HELP

The Fourth Liberty Loan is our opportunity. You say you have subscribed three times before? The women of France have been driven out of their homes three times, each time more cruelly than before. Can we hesitate to save them a repetition of that suffering. Ours is the lesser part, however much it may seem to entail of sacrifice and deprivation.

An American marine, wounded grievously, was visited in hospital by a Congressman from his State. "What shall I tell the folks back home?" asked the Congressman.

The marine smiled. "Tell them we may not all come back, but we are all helping to win the war."

Shall we be able to answer as honestly, when the boys from over there ask us the question?

Nothing is too hard for us here. Nothing can be too hard in com-

parison with what has been borne for us already. Let the Fourth Liberty Loan subscription be our answer to the call from over there.

Trawlers Net a U-Boat.

A Dutch newspaper prints the story of a German U-boat which was caught in a British trap and towed into a British port. The story comes from a member of the U-boat's crew who escaped from England and is interned in Holland.

"We had sighted some English fishing boats off the English coast and were maneuvering for attack, when their curious movements led us to suspect a trap, so we dived. We proceeded slowly, but presently the screw began to beat irregularly and the commander could not make out what had happened.

"After about two hours the water seemed curiously still, and the commander decided to come to the surface. When we emerged we were alongside a quay where stood a number of small British sailors. We were in a British port, towed in like a dead fish."

Machine Gun Noisy as Riveter.

A machine gun makes a noise like a riveter. A doctor near the front writes in the Yale Alumni Weekly: "It was fully two weeks, I think, that I wondered where any structural iron work could be going on here and why the riveter worked in such short spells—then I suddenly realized that it was a machine gun instead of a riveter. It is just the same sound—like a very noisy woodpecker on a hard, hollow tree."

NEW AGRICULTURAL COURSES

Three distinctively trade school courses are offered in place of former vocational courses in agriculture at the Oregon Agricultural College. These are all one year courses and do not prepare students for degree courses in agriculture, each being completed in a single year. A general agricultural course is offered to those interested in several phases of agriculture and expect to specialize in no one of them. Another is for those who wish to take up dairying in the making of cheese, butter and other dairy products. A horticultural course is offered those now engaged in orcharding and wish to get more training in their special work or to prepare as orchard foremen. This course as well as the other two of the groups are attracting women, who are proving good orchard managers.

Tried Many, Found The Best.

Foley Cathartic Tablets Keep the bowels regular sweeten the stomach and tone up the liver. J. G. Gaston, Newark, Ind., says he used a great many kinds of cathartics, but Foley Cathartic Tablets gave him more satisfaction than any other. He says they are the best cathartic tablets made.—Sold by Reed Bros.

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