

Carolyn of the Corners

By
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CHAPTER XVIII.

The Journey.

It was certainly a fact that Amanda Parlow immediately usurped some power in the household of the Stagg homestead. She ordered Joseph Stagg not to go down to his store that next day. And he did not!

Nor could he attend to business for several days thereafter. He was too stiff and lame and his burns were too painful.

Chet Gormley came up each day for instructions and was exceedingly full of business. A man would have to be very exacting indeed to find fault with the interest the boy displayed in running the store just as his employer desired it to be run.

"Tell you what it is, Carolyn," Chet drawled, in confidence. "I'm mighty sorry Mr. Stagg got hurt like he did. But lemme tell you, it's just givin' me the chance of my life!"

"Why, ma says that Mr. Stagg and Miss Mandy Parlow'll git married for sure now!"

"Oh, yes," sighed the little girl. "They'll be married."

"Well, when folks git married they allus go off on a trip. Course, they will. And me—I'll be runnin' the business all by myself. It'll be great! Mr. Stagg will see jest how much value I be to him. Why, it'll be the makin' of me!" cried the optimistic youth.

Yes, Carolyn May heard it on all sides. Everybody was talking about the affair of Uncle Joe and Miss Amanda.

Every time she saw her uncle and her "pretty lady" together the observant child could not but notice that they were utterly wrapped up in each other.

Miss Amanda could not go past the easy chair in which the hardware dealer was enthroned without touching him. He, as bold as a boy, would seize her hand and kiss it.

Love, a mighty, warm, throbbing spirit, had caught them up and swept them away out of themselves—out of their old selves, at least. They had eyes only for each other—thoughts only for each other.

Even a child could see something of this. The absorption of the two made Emily Rose's remarks very impressive to Carolyn May.

A week of this followed—a week in which the trouble in Carolyn May's heart and brain seethed until it became unbearable. She was convinced that there would soon be no room for her in the big house. She watched Emily Rose pack her own trunk, and the old lady looked very glum indeed. She heard whispers of an immediate marriage, here in the house, with Mr. Briggs as the officiating clergyman.

Carolyn May studied things out for herself. Being a child, her conclusions were not always wise ones.

She felt that she might be a stumbling block to the complete happiness of Uncle Joe and Amanda Parlow, they might have to set aside their own desires because of her. She felt vague that this must not be.

"I can go home," she repeated over and over to herself.

"Home" was still in the New York City apartment house where she had so happily before that day when her father and mother had gone aboard the ill-fated Dunraven.

Their complete loss out of the little girl's life had never become fixed in mind. It had never seemed a certainty, not even after her talks with the doctor, Benjamin Hardy.

Friday afternoon the little girl went to the churchyard and made neat the three little graves and the one long one on the plot which belonged to Emily Rose Kennedy. She almost burst into tears that evening, too, when she kissed Emily Rose good night at bedtime. Uncle Joe was down the Parlow's. He and Mr. Parlow finally smoked their pipes together in harmony on the cottage porch.

Emily Rose was usually an early riser; but the first person up at The Corners on that Saturday morning was Carolyn May. She was dressed a full hour before the household was usually up.

She came downstairs very softly, tying the heavy bag she had brought with her the day she had first come to The Corners. She had her money in her pocket, with all her money—it and she had in the bag most of necessary possessions.

She washed her face and hands. Her hair was already combed and neatly tucked. From the pantry she secured the bread and butter, and, with this in her hand, unlocked the porch door and went out. Prince got up, yawning, and shook himself. She set on the steps to eat the bread and butter, dipping it with Prince.

This is such a beautiful place," she whispered to the monitor. "We are going to miss it dreadfully. I s'pose. But then— Well,

we'll have the park. Only you can't run so free there."

Prince whined. Carolyn May got up and shook the crumbs from her lap. Then she unchained the dog and picked up her bag. Prince pranced about her, glad to get his morning run.

The little girl and the dog went out of the gate and started along the road toward Sunrise Cove.

The houses had all been asleep at The Corners. So was the Parlow cottage when she trudged by. She would have liked to see Miss Amanda, to kiss her just once. But she must not think of that! It brought such a "guilty" feeling into her throat.

Nobody saw Carolyn May and Prince until she reached Main street. Then the sun had risen and few early persons were astir; but nobody appeared who knew the child or who cared anything about her.

At the railroad station nobody spoke to her, for she bought no ticket. She was not exactly clear in her mind about tickets, anyway. She had found the conductor on the train coming up from New York a kind and pleasant man and she decided to do all her business with him.

Had she attempted to buy a ticket of the station agent undoubtedly he would have made some inquiry. As it was, when the train came along Carolyn May, after seeing Prince put into the baggage car, climbed aboard with the help of a brakeman.

"Of course, if he howls awfully," she told the baggage man, who gave her a check without question, "I shall have to go in that car and sit with him."

There were not many people in the car. They steamed away from Sunrise Cove and Carolyn May dabbed her eyes with her handkerchief and told herself to be brave.

The stations were a long way apart and the conductor did not come through for some time. When he did open the door and come into the car Carolyn May started up with a glad cry. It was the very conductor who had been so kind to her on the trip up from New York.

The railroad man knew her at once and shook hands most heartily with her.

"Where are you going, Carolyn May?" he asked.

"All the way with you, sir," she replied.

"To New York?"

"Yes, sir. I'm going home again."

"Then I'll see you later," he said, without asking for her ticket.

The conductor remembered the little girl very well, although he did not remember all the details of her story.

He was very kind to her and brought her satisfying news about Prince in the baggage car. The brakeman was nice, too, and brought her water to drink in a paper cup.

At last the long stretches of streets at right angles with the tracks appeared—aspahlt streets lined with tall apartment houses. This could be nothing but New York city. Her papa had told her long ago that there was no other city like it in the world.

She knew One Hundred-and-Twenty-fifth street and its elevated station. That was not where she had boarded the train going north, when Mr. Price had placed her in the conductor's care, but it was nearer her old home—that she knew. So she told the brakeman she wanted to get out there and he arranged to have Prince released.

The little girl alighted and got her dog without misadventure. She was down on the street level before the train continued on its journey downtown.

At the Grand Central terminal the conductor was met with a telegram sent from Sunrise Cove by a certain frantic hardware dealer and that tele-



The Brakeman Was Nice, Too, and Brought Her Water In a Paper Cup.

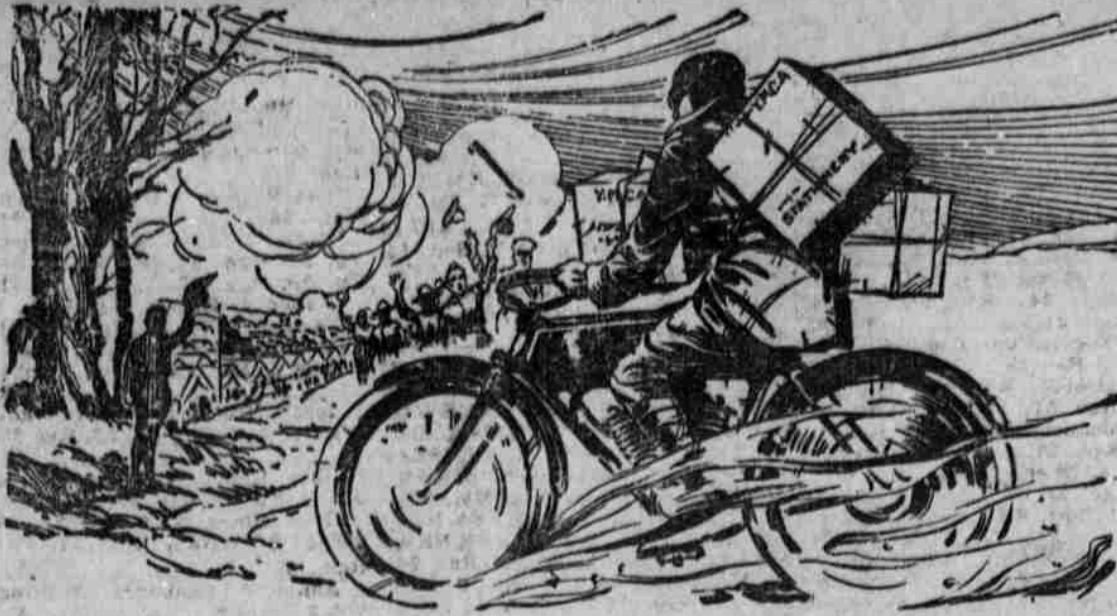
Carolyn told him something about Carolyn May of which he had not thought to ask.

(To be continued)

The war has trained the Germans to be splendid athletes. They will always be particularly good in running.

Everything is comparative. Three pounds of sugar per person per month seems like luxury now.

Get the Genuine and Avoid Waste
MORGAN'S SAPOLIO
SCOURING SOAP
Economy in Every Cake



Did one of these 200 letters come to you?

ADUSTY courier slid off his motor-cycle at the big double hut in a French town and tramped up to the canteen.

"Got a note for the secretary from my commanding officer," he said. He handed a piece of paper across the counter to a smiling middle-aged man.

This is the note the Secretary read:

We landed here three days ago—miles from anywhere. Can you send us some supplies, especially writing paper? This is the first chance the boys have had to write home and we have no paper to give them.

The older man looked up and grinned.

"Got you away off in the woods, have they?"

"I'll say they have!"

"Can you carry anything?"

"All you'll give me!"

From the shelves the secretary took big packages of paper and envelopes.

"Too much?" He asked.

"It will be gone ten minutes after I get back!" said the boy.

"Tonight," the secretary went on, "I'll drive out a truck with more supplies and a man to stay with you. And tell the boys that if their letters are finished, I'll bring them back with me tonight, and get them into the mails."

An hour later that motor-cyclist whizzed into camp, loaded down with writing paper, and in ten minutes letters were being written to 200 American homes.

The United War Work organizations know what letters mean to American soldiers. They know that fighters want to get letters and want to write letters.

So in every hut and on every ship your boys find writing paper, envelopes, ink, pens and pencils, and tables where they can get off by themselves and tell the folks back home how things are going.

Millions of sheets are given away free every week to American boys overseas. That is why the letters you get from your boy are written on the stationery of one of these organizations. It is one of the plans to bridge the Atlantic. Help keep the letters coming! Your dollars will supply a whole Company for several days. Dig deep today; help to bind together France and here.

Why you should give twice as much as you ever gave before!

The need is for a sum of 20% greater than any gift ever asked for since the world began. The Government has fixed this sum at \$170,500,000.

By giving to these seven organizations all at once, the cost and effort of six additional campaigns is saved.

Unless Americans do give twice as much as ever before, our soldiers and sailors may not enjoy during 1919 their:

3,600 Recreation Buildings 2,500 Libraries supplying 5,000,000 books
1,000 Miles of Movie Film 85 Hostess Houses
100 Leading Stage Stars 15,000 Big-brother "secretaries"
2,000 Athletic Directors Millions of dollars of home comforts

When you give double, you make sure that every fighter has the cheer and comforts of these seven organizations every step of the way from home to the front and back again. You provide him with a church, a theatre, a cheerful home, a store, a school, a club and an athletic field—and a knowledge that the folks back home are with him, heart and soul!

You have loaned your money to supply their physical needs.

Now give to maintain the Morale that is winning the war!

CHRISTMAS THIS YEAR

will mean more than ever to thoughtful people, but it will not be a season for extravagance; only worth-while Christmas presents will be given.

For nearly one hundred years The Youth's Companion has been the popular Christmas present. It always has been the best present for so little money, because the paper means so much to the family life and continues to come every week throughout the year.

In these serious times The Youth's Companion is worth more than ever. It costs just the same—\$2.00 for 52 issues. It's the best \$2.00 that can be invested in a family, and when giving The Companion you give only the best.

Don't miss Grace Richmond's great serial, Anne Exeter, 10 chapters, beginning December 12.

The following special offer is made to new subscribers:

1. The Youth's Companion—52 issues of 1918.

2. All the remaining weekly issues of 1918.

3. The Companion Home Calendar for 1919.

All the above for only \$2.00, or you may include

4. McCall's Magazine—12 fashion numbers. All for only \$2.50. The two magazines may be sent to separate addresses if desired.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION,
Commonwealth Ave. & St., Paul St.,
Boston, Mass.

New Subscriptions Received at this Office.

By the way, we were supposed to abstain from parties of all kinds until after the war was over and the troops came home. Then why not from political parties?

The pumpkin certainly has a dual personality. It can make the most alarming Halloween spooks, and then with equal readiness adapt itself to becoming the sweet and domestic pumpkin pie.

Full of Cold; Had the Grip.

Many will be pleased to read how Lewis Newman, 506 Northland St., Charleston, W. Va., was restored to health. He writes: "I was down sick and nothing would do me any good. I was full of cold. Had the grip until I got two 50c bottles of Foley's Honey and Tar. It is the best remedy for grip and colds I ever used."—Sold by Reed Brothers.

HOLY FAMILY CHURCH

(Catholic)

Cor Miller and C. Sts.
Sunday High Mass at 10:30 o'clock
Week days Mass at 7 o'clock.

Instructions for children Saturdays at 9 A. M.

Rev. Father Francis, O. F. M.

Rector.

Buy a War Saving Stamp.

Sumpter Valley Railway Co.

Arrival and Departure Of Trains

Departs

No. 2, Prairie 1:15 A. M.
Sumpter 2:35 P. M.

Arrives

Baker 4:15 P. M.

Departs

No. 1, Baker 8:3 A. M.

Sunder 1:05 A. M.

Arrives Prairie 2:1 P. M.

No. 1 Makes good connection with O-W. R. & N. Co. No. 4 (Fast Mail) leaving Portland 6:15 P. M., arriving at Baker 7:55 A. M. and No. 17 from east arriving Baker 6:50 A. M.

No 2 connects with No. 5 (Fast Mail) arriving at Baker 7:55 P. M. which picks up Pullman at Baker, arriving at Portland 7:00 A. M. Also with No. 18 at 6:45 P. M. for points East.

\$1500 Reward!

The Oregon, California and Nevada Livestock Protection Association of which the undersigned is president, will give \$1500.00 reward for evidence leading to the conviction of any party or parties stealing horses, cattle or mules belonging to any of its members.

In addition to the above, the undersigned offers the same condition \$500.00 for all horses branded horse-shod bar on both or either jaw, brand recorded in eight counties. Horses vented when sold.

Noise but grown horses sold and only large bunches.

W. W. BROWN File Oregon.

UNITED WAR WORK CAMPAIGN

