

Carolyn of the Corners

By
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CHAPTER XIX.

The Home of Carolyn May.

It was some distance from the railroad station to the block on which Carolyn May Cameron had lived all her life until she had gone to stay with Uncle Joe Stagg. The child knew she could not take the car, for the conductor would not let Prince ride.

She started with the dog on his leash, for he was not muzzled. The bag became heavy very soon, but she staggered along with it uncomplainingly. Her disheveled appearance, with the bag and the dog, gave people who noticed her the impression that Carolyn May had been away, perhaps, for a "fresh-air" vacation, and was now coming home, brown and weary, to her expectant family.

But Carolyn May knew that she was coming home to an empty apartment—no rooms that echoed with her mother's voice and in which lingered only memories of her father's cheery spirit. Yet it was the only home, she felt, that was left for her.

She could not blame Uncle Joe and Miss Amanda for forgetting her. Auntie Rose had been quite disturbed, too, since the forest fire. She had given the little girl no hint that provision would be made for her future.

Wearily, Carolyn May traveled through the Harlem streets, shifting the bag from hand to hand, Prince pacing sedately by her side.

"We're getting near home now, Princesy," she told him again and again.

Thus she tried to keep her heart up, she came to the corner near which she had lived so long and Prince suddenly sniffed at the screened door of a shop.

"Of course, poor fellow! That's the butcher's," Carolyn May said.

She bought a penny afternoon paper on a news stand and then went into the shop and got a nickel's worth of bones and scraps for the dog. The clerk did not know her, for he was a new man.

They ventured along their block, the children all seemed strange to Carolyn May. But people move so frequently in Harlem that this was not at all queer. She hoped to see Edna or some other little girl with whom she had gone to school. But not until she reached the very house itself did anybody hail her.

"Oh, Carolyn May! Is that you?" A lame boy was looking through the iron fence of the areaway. He was the janitor's son.

"Oh, Johnny! I'm real glad to see you!" cried the little girl. Then she smiled more slowly. "We—we've come home again—we and Prince."

"You've grown a lot, Carolyn May," said the boy. "My pop and moma's say."

"I'll go up into Edna's flat, then," the weary little girl sighed.

"The Prices have gone away, too, they won't be back till tomorrow bedtime."

"Oh!" murmured Carolyn May.

"But, say, I can get the keys to your flat. The water's turned on, too. Everything's all right up there, for Mrs. Price she sweeps and dusts it all every day in a while. Shall I get the keys?"

"Oh, if you will, please!" returned the relieved child.

The boy hobbled away, but soon returned with the outer-door key and the key to the apartment itself. Carolyn May took them and thanked him. Then she gladly went in and climbed two fights to their floor.

She saw nobody and easily let herself into the flat. It had been recently cleaned and dusted. Every piece of furniture stood just as she remembered it.

"Oh, Princesy, it's home!" she whispered. "This is our real, real home! I loved 'em all at The Corners; but wasn't like this there!"

Prince perhaps agreed, but he was so deeply interested in snuffing at the package of meat scraps she had purchased for his supper to reply.

"Well, well, Prince," she said, "you shall have it at once."

Dropping the bag in the private hall, she went into the kitchen and stood a minute to open the door of the closet above the dresser. Securing a plate, she emptied the contents of the paper bag onto it and set the plate down on the counter.

In spreading out the paper she saw the big-type headlines on the front page:

PERFORMANCE OF THE GREAT WAR

The Experiences of This Newspaper Man Like Those of a Character in a Novel—Lost for Eight Months in the Desert—At the Mercy of Semi-Savage Tribes, Man and Wife Escape at Last to Return in Safety and Health.

A Story Told to Beacon Reporter at Quarantine.

Carolyn May read no further. It

did not particularly interest the little girl. Besides, she was very tired—too tired to think of her own supper. Had she read on, however, even her simple mind might have been startled by the following paragraphs printed below the heading of this startling story:

Their wonderful good fortune in escaping from the disaster that overtook the steamer on which they traveled and which was caught between the gunfire of a French battleship and two of a Turkish squadron can only be equaled by the chance which followed. Naturally, as a journalist himself, Mr. Cameron is prepared to tell the details of his remarkable adventure in the columns of the Beacon at a later date.

The boat in which they left the sinking Dunraven was separated in the night and fog from that of the other refugees and was carried by the current far to the south. In fact, they were enveloped by fog until they landed upon a stretch of deserted beach.

There was no town near, nor even an encampment of Arabs. But soon after their disembarkation and before the officer in command could take means to communicate with any civilized, or semi-civilized, place a party of mounted and armed tribesmen swooped down on the castaways.

These people, being Mohammedans, and having seen the battle the day before between the French and the Turks, considered the castaways enemies and swept them away with them into the desert to a certain oasis, where for nearly eight months Mr. John Lewis Cameron and his wife and the other refugees from the Dunraven were kept without being allowed to communicate with their friends.

Mr. Cameron was on furlough from his paper because of ill health. At the beginning of his captivity he was in a very bad way, indeed, it is said. But the months in the hot, dry atmosphere of the desert have made a new man of him, and he personally cannot hold much rancor against the Mohammedan tribe that held him a prisoner.

There was more of the wonderful story, but the sleepy little girl had given it no attention whatsoever. Prince had eaten and lain down in his familiar corner. The little girl had gone softly into her own room and made up her bed as she had seen her mother and Mrs. Price make it.

Then she turned on the water in the bathtub and took a bath. It was delightful to have a real tub instead of the galvanized bucket they used at Uncle Joe's.

She put on her nightgown at last, knelt and said her prayer, including that petition she had never left out of it since that first night she had knelt at Auntie Rose's knee:

"God bless my papa and mamma and bring them safe home."

The faith that moves mountains was in that prayer.

Carolyn May slept the sleep of the weary if not of the carefree. The noises of the street did not disturb her, not even the passing of the fire-department trucks some time after midnight.

Nor did nearer sounds arouse her. She had no knowledge of the fact that a procession of A. D. T. boys and messengers from the railroad company came to ring the bell of the Price's apartment. Later the janitor's family was aroused, but the little lame boy thought it would be better for him to say nothing about having seen Carolyn May and of having given her the keys.

So when in the early morning a taxicab stopped at the street door and a bushy-haired, troubled-looking man got out and helped a woman clad in brown to the sidewalk the janitor had no knowledge of the fact that Carolyn May and Prince were upstairs in the apartment that had been so long empty.

"And the Prices are away," said Uncle Joe in a troubled voice. "What do you think of that, Mandy?"

"Oh, Joe! where could the dear child have gone?"

"I haven't seen her," declared the janitor. "But I can let you into the flat. There's been lots of telegrams to Mr. Price in the night—and they weren't all yours. You're Carolyn May's uncle, ain't you?" he asked Mr. Stagg.

Uncle Joe acknowledged the relationship. "Let's go upstairs," he said to Amanda. "Now that I'm here—"

"Oh, dear, Joe!" almost wept Amanda, "could anything have happened to her in this big city?"

"Most anything, I s'pose," growled Joseph Stagg, following close on the janitor's heels.

The janitor's passkey grating in the lock of the private hall door started something that none of them expected. A startling bark echoed in the rooms which were supposed to be empty.

"Whatever is that?" gasped the janitor.

"It's Prince! It's her dog!" shouted Uncle Joe.

"The child is here!" cried Amanda Parlow, and she was the first to enter the apartment.

Prince bounded wildly to meet her. He leaped and barked. A cry sounded from a room beyond. Miss Amanda and Uncle Joe rushed in.

Suddenly, her face flushed, rubbing her blue eyes wide open, Carolyn May sat up in bed.

"Oh, Uncle Joe! Oh, Miss Amanda!" she said. "I—I was just dreaming my own papa and mamma had come home and found me here!"

"My dear! My dear!" sobbed Amanda Parlow, dropping to her knees beside the bed.

"You're a great young one!" growled Uncle Joe, blowing his nose suspiciously. "You've nigh about scared everybody to death. Your Auntie Rose is almost crazy."

"Oh—I'm sorry," stammered Carolyn May. "But—you—see—Uncle Joe! You and Miss Amanda are going to be happy now. Auntie Rose says 'two is company.' So you wouldn't have room for me."

"Bless me!" gasped the hardware dealer. "What do you know about this child's feeling that way, Mandy? I'm afraid we have been selfish."

Joe," the woman said, sighing. "And that is something that Carolyn May has never been in her life!"

"I dunno—I dunno," said Uncle Joe ruefully and looking at the little, flower-like face of the child. "How about Auntie Rose? How do you s'pose she feels about Hannah's Carolyn running away?"

"Oh!" ejaculated the little girl.

"It may be that 'two's company and three's a crowd,' but you and Auntie Rose would be two likewise, wouldn't you, Carolyn May?"

"I—I never thought of that, Uncle Joe," the child whispered.

"Why, your running away from The Corners this way is like to make both Mandy and me unhappy, as well as Auntie Rose. I—I don't b'lieve Mandy could get married at all if she didn't have a little girl like you to carry flowers and hold up her train. How about it, Mandy?"

"That is quite true, Carolyn May," declared Miss Amanda, hugging the soft little body of the child tightly again.

"Why, I—I—"

Carolyn May was for once beyond verbal expression. Besides there was a noise in the outer hall and on the stairway. The door had been left open by the surprised janitor.

A burst of voices came into the apartment. Uncle Joe turned wonderingly. Miss Amanda stood up. Carolyn May flew out of bed with a shriek that startled them both.

"My papa! My mamma! I hear them! They're not drowned-ed! God didn't let 'em be lost in the sea!"

She was out of the room in her nightgown, pattering in bare feet over the floor. A brown man, with a beard

and twinkling blue eyes, caught her up in his strong arms and hugged her swiftly—safely—to his breast.

"Snuggly!" he said chokingly. "Papa's Snuggly!"

"My baby! My baby!" cried the woman at whom Joseph Stagg was staring as though he believed her to be the ghost of his lost sister Hannah.

It was several hours later before a really sane thing was said or a sane thing done in that little Harlem flat.

"It's like a lovely fairy story!" cried Carolyn May. "Only it's better than a fairy story—it's real!"

"Yes, yes, it's real, thank God!" murmured the happy mother.

"And I'm never going away from my little girl again," added the father, kissing her for at least the tenth time.

"But what Auntie Rose is going to do I don't see," said Uncle Joe, shaking his head with real commiseration. "I've sent her a dispatch saying that the child is safe. But if we go back without Hannah's Carolyn—"

"The poor soul!" said his sister. "I can believe that in her secret, subdued way Auntie Rose Kennedy is entirely wrapped up in Carolyn May. She will suffer if they are separated for long—and so abruptly."

"That's true," Miss Amanda said gently. "And Joe will feel it, too."

"I bet I will," agreed Joseph Stagg. "But I have you, Mandy. Auntie Rose isn't going to have anybody. And for her to go back alone into her old house—for she won't stay with us, of course—" he shook his head dolefully.

"Let us write to Auntie Rose," said Hannah Cameron briskly. "We want her here. Why, of course we do! Don't we, Carolyn May?"

"Why!" cried the child delightedly. "That's just the way out of it, isn't it? My! how nice things do come about in this world, don't they? Auntie Rose shall come here. You'll like her ever so much, papa. And Prince will be glad to have her come, for she always has treated Princesy real well."

Prince, who had been standing by with his ears cocked, yawned, whined and lay down with a sigh, as though considering the matter quite satisfactorily settled.

Carolyn May, having climbed up into her father's arms, reached out and drew her mother close beside her.

THE END.

Being the Kaiser and All-Highest may be very interesting and delightful but who would want to be an Ex-All-Highest?

GETTING THE OVER-THERE MAIL OVER HERE TO YOU!



Here is only one of the minor reasons why that letter from your Yank hero over there may be late in reaching you. Maybe that brown envelope is in the bottom bag, in the far corner of this big army postal station in France—and it takes time to handle the ton upon ton of sweet missives and souvenirs which the Yanks stamp with the home address. But it does get here, despite submarines and all. Maybe that letter you are looking for now—is in one of these bags—in this new photo from France.

GET ALONG WITHOUT SCENERY

In That, as in Many Other Ways, the Chinese Theater Seems Primitive in Our Eyes.

Scenery in China is conspicuous by its absence. Mountains, mountain passes, rivers, bridges, city walls, temples, graves, thrones, beds and other objects are represented by an arrangement of chairs, stools and benches, while the passage of rivers, horse riding, unlocking of doors and entering houses where not even a screen exists between the visitor and those he visits, the climbing of mountains, execution of criminals and numerous other actions are represented by pantomimic motions that are perfectly understood by the audience. Thus, a leper drinks wine, in which, unknown to himself, a venomous serpent has been soaked, feels an itching sensation and throws himself into an imaginary fish pond where, to the beating of gongs, he goes through the motions of washing and finds himself cured of that loathsome disease, to become a future chief graduate. Or a general sent on a distant expedition brandishes his whip, capers

around the stage a few times amidst the clashing of cymbals, and then stops and informs his audience that he has arrived. Or a criminal who is to be hung, accompanied by the weird music from the two-stringed fiddle, will wail and moan his confession and then walk over to one side of the stage and stand under a bamboo pole with a rag tied to the top. He has been hung! All pain is represented by throwing the head back and gazing upward. Anger, by very hard breathing and staring eyes. Every movement of the hand or head, the positions in which the feet and arms are held, are all significant of some definite action and meaning, and these movements are perfectly understood by the Chinese, who will tell you, like the modern school of stage artists in the West, that scenery is an unnecessary bother.—From "The Chinese Theater," by Frank S. Williams in Asia Magazine.

After our stunt of wild rejoicing is over will come the serious national questions of reconstruction and readjustment. Attention, class! Careful study and close cooperation will be required of us all.

Wanted!!



"Fugitive Bill of Germany wants to be known hereafter as 'Count' Hohenollern. The ex-kaiser is here shown as the 'plain clothes man' his own greed has reduced him to—sans gold lace and the clanking sword. Justice is demanding that this arch-murderer of all time be brought to trial. And he will.

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Why Compare Beef and Coal Profits?

Swift & Company has frequently stated that its profit on beef averages only one-fourth of a cent a pound, and hence has practically no effect on the price.

Comparison has been made by the Federal Trade Commission of this profit with the profit on coal, and it has pointed out that anthracite coal operators are content with a profit of 25 cents a ton, whereas the beef profit of one-fourth of a cent a pound means a profit of \$5.00 a ton.

The comparison does not point out that anthracite coal at the seaboard is worth at wholesale about \$7.00 a ton, whereas a ton of beef of fair quality is worth about \$400.00 wholesale.

To carry the comparison further, the 25 cent profit on coal is 3 1/2 per cent of the \$7.00 value.

The \$5.00 profit on beef is only 1 1/4 per cent of the \$400.00 value.

The profit has little effect on price in either case, but has less effect on the price of beef than on the price of coal.

Coal may be stored in the open air indefinitely; beef must be kept in expensive coolers because it is highly perishable and must be refrigerated.

Coals handled by the carload or ton; beef is delivered to retailers by the pound or hundred weight.

Methods of handling are vastly different. Coal is handled in open cars; beef must be shipped in refrigerator cars at an even temperature.

Fairness to the public, fairness to Swift & Company, fairness to the packing industry, demands that these indisputable facts be considered. It is impossible to disprove Swift & Company's statement, that its profits on beef are so small as to have practically no effect on prices.

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W. W. BROWN, File Oregon.