

Carolyn of the Corners

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CAROLYN MAY LEARNS SOME DISQUIETING NEWS FROM CHET GORMLEY.

Synopsis.—Her father and mother reported last at sea when the Dunraven, on which they had sailed for Europe, was sunk, Carolyn May Cameron—Hanna's Car'lyn—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. Carolyn learns of the estrangement between her uncle and his one-time sweetheart, Amanda Parlow, and the cause of the bitterness between the two families. Prince, the mongrel dog that Carolyn brought with her, and the boon companion of the lonesome girl, is in disfavor with Uncle Joe, who threatens to dispose of him, but Prince becomes a hero and wins the approval of the Corners by routing a tramp in the act of robbing the schoolteacher. The following Sunday, while Carolyn and her uncle, accompanied by Prince, are taking a walk in the woods they encounter Amanda Parlow. Prince kills a snake about to strike Amanda, and Stagg and Amanda speak to each other for the first time in years.

CHAPTER VIII.

Chet Gormley Tells Some News. It was when she came in sight of the Parlow place on Monday afternoon, she and Prince, that Carolyn May bethought her of the very best person in the world with whom to advise upon the momentous question which so troubled her.

Who could be more interested in the happiness of Miss Amanda than Mr. Parlow himself?

The little girl had been going to call on Miss Amanda. Aunty Rose had said she might and Miss Amanda had invited her "specially."

But the thought of taking the old carpenter into her confidence and advising with him delayed that visit. Mr. Parlow was busy on some piece of cabinet work, but he nodded briskly to the little girl when she came to the door of the shop and looked in.

"Are you very busy, Mr. Parlow?" she asked him after a watchful minute or two.

"My hands be, Car'lyn May," said the carpenter in his dry voice.

"Oh!"

"But I kin listen to ye—and I kin talk."

"Oh, that's nice! Did you hear about what happened yesterday?"

"Eh?" he queried, eyeing her quizzically. "Does anything ever happen on Sunday?"

"Something did on this Sunday," cried the little girl. "Didn't you hear about the snake?"

"What d'ye mean—snake?"

And then little Carolyn May explained. She told the story with such earnestness that he stopped working to listen.

"Humph!" was his grunted comment at the end. "Well!"

"Don't you think that was real exciting?" asked Carolyn May. "And just see how it almost brought my Uncle Joe and your Miss Amanda together. Don't you see?"

Mr. Parlow actually jumped. "What's that you say, child?" he rasped out grimly. "Bring Mandy and Joe Stagg together? Well, I guess not!"

"Oh, Mr. Parlow, don't you think that would be just be-a-you-ti-ful?" cried the little girl with a lingering emphasis upon the most important word. "Don't you see how happy they would be?"

"I don't know as anybody's particular anxious to see that daughter of mine and Joe Stagg friendly again. No good would come of it."

Carolyn May looked at him sorrowfully. Mr. Parlow had quite disappointed her. It was plain to be seen that he was not the right one to advise with about the matter. The little girl sighed.

"I really did s'pose you'd want to see Miss Amanda huppy, Mr. Parlow," she whispered.

"Happy? Bah!" snorted the old man, setting vigorously to work again. He acted as if he wished to say no more and let the little girl depart without another word.

Carolyn May really could not understand it—at least she could not immediately.

That Mr. Parlow might have a selfish reason for desiring to keep his daughter and Joseph Stagg apart did not enter the little girl's mind.

After that Sunday walk, however, Carolyn May was never so much afraid of her uncle as before. Why, he had even called Prince "good dog!" Truly Mr. Joseph Stagg was being transformed—if slowly.

He could not deny to himself that, to a certain extent, he was enjoying the presence of his little niece at The

Corners. If he only could decide just what to do with the personal property of his sister Hannah and her husband down in the New York apartment. Never in his life had he been so long deciding a question.

He had really loved Hannah. He knew it now, did Joseph Stagg, every time he looked at the lovely little child who had come to live with him at The Corners. Why! just so had Hannah looked when she was a little thing. The same deep, violet eyes and sunny hair and laughing lips—

Mr. Stagg sometimes actually found a reflection of the cheerful figure of "Hanna's Car'lyn" coming between him and the big ledger over which he spent so many of his waking hours.

Once he looked up from the ledger—it was on a Saturday morning—and really did see the bright figure of the little girl standing before him. It was no dream or fancy, for old Jimmy, the cat, suddenly shot to the topmost shelf, squalling with wild abandon. Prince was nosing along at Carolyn May's side.

"Bless me!" croaked Mr. Stagg. "That dog of yours, Car'lyn May, will give Jimmy a convulsion fit yet. What d'you want down here?"

Carolyn May told him. A man had come to the house to buy a cow and Aunty Rose had sent the little girl down to tell Mr. Stagg to come home and "drive his own bargain."

"Well, well," said Mr. Stagg, locking the ledger in the safe. "I'll hustle right out and tend to it. Don't see why the man couldn't have waited till noontime. Hey, you, Chet! Look out for the store. Don't have any fooling. And—"

"Oh, uncle! may I stay, too? Me and Prince?" cried Carolyn May.

"Pshaw! Yes, if you want to," responded Mr. Stagg, hurrying away.

"My! your uncle's changin' more and more, ain't he?" remarked Chet, the optimistic. "He does sometimes almost laugh, Car'lyn. I never see the beat of it!"

"Oh, is he?" cried the little child. "Is he looking up more? Do you think he is, Chet?"

"I positively do," Chet assured her. "And he hasn't always got his nose in that old ledger?"

"Well—I wouldn't say that he neglected business, no, ma'am," said the boy honestly. "You see, we men have got to think of business mostly. But he sure is thinkin' of some other things too—ya-as, indeedy!"

"What things, Chet?" Carolyn May asked anxiously, hoping that Uncle Joe had shown some recovered interest in Miss Amanda and that Chet had noticed it.

"Why—well— Now, you see, there's that house you used to live in. You know about that?"

"What about it, Chet?" the little girl asked rather timidly.

"Well, Mr. Stagg ain't never done nothin' about it. He ain't sold it, nor sold the furniture, nor nothin'. You know, Car'lyn May, your folks didn't leave you no money."

"Oh! Didn't they?" cried Carolyn May, greatly startled.

"No. You see, I heard all about it. Mr. Vickers, the lawyer, came in here one day and your uncle read a letter to him out loud. I couldn't help but hear. The letter was from another lawyer and 'twas all about you and your concerns. I heard it all," said the quite innocent Chet.

"And Mr. Vickers says: 'So the child hasn't anything of her own, Joe?' Chet went on. "And your uncle says: 'Not a dollar, 'cept what I might sell that furniture for.' And he hasn't

sold it yet, I know. He just can't make up his mind to sell them things that was your mother's, Car'lyn May," added the boy, with a deeper insight into Mr. Stagg's character than one might have given him credit for possessing.

But Carolyn May had heard some news that made her suddenly quiet and she was glad a customer came into store just then to draw Chet Gormley's attention.

The child had never thought before about how the good things of life came to her—her food, clothes and lodging. But now Chet Gormley's chattering had given her a new view of the facts of the case. There had been no money left to spend for her needs. Uncle Joe was just keeping her out of charity!

"And Prince, too," thought the little girl, with a lump in her throat. "He hasn't got any more home than a rabbit! And Uncle Joe don't really like dogs—not even now."

"Oh, dear me!" pursued Carolyn May. "It's awful hard to be an orphan. But to be a poor orphan—just a charity one—is a whole lot worse, I guess. I wonder if I ought to stay with Uncle Joe and Aunty Rose and make them so much trouble?"

The thought bit deep into the little girl's very impressionable mind. She wished to be alone and to think over this really tragic thing that faced her—the ugly fact that she was a "charity child."

"And you're a charity dog, Prince Cameron," she said aloud, looking down at the mongrel who walked sedately beside her along the country road.

The little girl had loitered along the road until it was now dinner time. Indeed, Aunty Rose would have had the meal on the table twenty minutes



"I Think You Are Lovely, Miss Amanda."

earlier. Mr. Stagg had evidently remained at The Corners to sell the cow and eat dinner too—thus "killing two birds with one stone."

And here Carolyn May and Prince were at Mr. Parlow's carpenter shop, just as the old man was taking off his apron preparatory to going in to his dining. When Miss Amanda was away nursing, the carpenter ate at a neighbor's table.

Now Miss Amanda appeared on the side porch.

"Where are you going, little girl?" she asked, smiling.

"Home to Aunty Rose," said Carolyn May bravely. "But I guess I'm late for dinner."

"Don't you want to come in and eat with us, Carolyn May? Your own dinner will be cold."

"Oh, may I?" cried the little girl. Somehow she did not feel that she could face Uncle Joe just now with this new thought that Chet Gormley's words had put into her heart. Then she hesitated, with her hand on the gate latch.

"Will there be some scraps for Prince?" she asked. "Or bones?"

"I believe I can find something for Prince," Miss Amanda replied. "I owe him more than one good dinner, I guess, for killing that snake. Come in and we will see."

Carolyn May thought that Miss Amanda, in her house dress and ruffled apron, with sleeves turned back above her dimpled, brown elbows, was prettier than ever. Her cheerful observations quite enlivened Carolyn May again.

"I think you are lovely, Miss Amanda," she said as she helped wipe the dishes after the carpenter had gone back to the shop. "I shall always love you. I guess that anybody who ever did love you would keep right on doing so till they died! They just couldn't help it!"

"Indeed?" said the woman, laughing. "And how about you, Chicken Little? Aren't you universally beloved too?"

"Oh, I don't expect so, Miss Amanda," said the child. "I wish I was."

"Why aren't you?"

"I— Well, I guess it's just because I'm not," Carolyn May said despondently. "You see, after all, Miss Amanda, I'm only a charity child."

"Oh, my child!" exclaimed Miss Amanda. "Who told you that?"

"I—I just heard about it," confessed the little visitor.

"Not from Aunty Rose Kennedy?"

"Oh, no, ma'am."

"Did that— Did your uncle tell you such a thing?"

"Oh, no! He's just as good as he can be. But of course he doesn't like children. You know he doesn't. And he just 'bominates' dogs!"

Carolyn and Prince have another adventure, in which they play the part of good Samaritans. Watch for the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

FIREARMS ARE NOT FRAGILE

Shotgun Properly Cared For Is Said to Be Good for a Hundred Thousand Shots.

A question frequently asked is, "How long will my shotgun last?" or "How many shots can I fire from my rifle or revolver before it wears out?"

It is impossible for anyone to say just how long a firearm will last, because it is impossible to tell beforehand what kind of care it is going to get, and the care it receives makes all the difference between a few hundred shots and a lifetime of faithful service.

Assuming that they are cleaned carefully and consistently a good shotgun will show practically no falling off in pattern or penetration for probably well over 100,000 shots. A 22-caliber rifle and a revolver are both good for 30,000 or 40,000 shots. A high-power rifle is good for about 3,000 to 5,000 shots, usually the higher the velocity the shorter the life of the barrel.

Judging from these facts it would appear that the higher the pressure developed by the explosion the more wear on the barrel, for the shotgun develops the least pressure and the high-power rifle the most.

A rather interesting sidelight on this question of barrel life is a determination of the actual length of time to which a good shotgun barrel is subjected to the force and burning effect of the powder charge during its lifetime. If 100,000 shots are fired from a shotgun the inside of the barrel is actually exposed to the flame of the powder charge for about four minutes.

Zuni Runners.

A short time ago the tribe of the Zunis held their great annual ceremonial feasts and dances at their pueblo in western New Mexico. For almost the first time a number of tourists penetrated the 40 miles that lie between the pueblo and the railroad to witness the ceremonies, and as a result the Zunis are beginning to be known to fame. Long familiar to students of ethnology, their peculiar talents are quite unknown to the general public.

The Zuni Indians are probably the greatest runners the world ever has seen. Their feats in this direction are such that any man who would try to recount them all would inevitably lose his reputation for veracity. But in looking at the lean brown boy who will run down a wild horse or a deer and hardly lose his breath over it, one must remember that the lad has not only been trained to run from the time he could first stand on his little feet without tumbling down, but his training really began a thousand years ago. He comes of a tribe that has specialized in running since long before Columbus was born.—Chicago News.

Animals Held Sacred.

Animal worship is prevalent among all primitive people, the animals chosen for devotion being usually those which distinguished themselves according to the lights of the simple minds of our remote forbears. Frequently they retained their sacred prerogatives until quite a late period among civilized peoples. The cat was sacred in Egypt until well past the glory days of Rome and was confined to Egyptian society until well into the Roman decadence. The pig, uninspiring as he seems, was a favorite among the sacred animals of the Syrian peoples. But it must be remembered that he was not the chine porker of today; he was the Syrian wild boar, a gentleman of no contemptible abilities.

James imparting his knowledge to his younger sister: "Rome was founded by Romo and Juliet."



GOOD ROADS 1919 PROGRAM

Michigan Starting on Greatest Era of Highway Construction in History of State.

Michigan is going to start on the greatest era of road building in the state's history, declares Edward N. Hines, first vice president of the Detroit Automobile club. Mr. Hines adds that Michigan highway constructors have seen the folly of their ways in building roads too narrow and of types not permanent. They will correct this in the future.

Every citizen, including the farmer, business man, laboring man and the resident of the small town, sees the need of permanent highways, the case being proven to them by wartime conditions, according to Mr. Hines. This was brought about by the inadequate freight and express service, the food situation and the general need to conserve labor wherever feasible.

"Had the war continued," Mr. Hines stated, "I had records of projects for building of concrete roads in the state that likely would have been put through by the proper authorities in Washington because of their war necessity, there being some 650,000 square yards. Other projects for concrete roads in Michigan financed by the Covert act whose issues were sold and the money not expended during the past season, and direct tax levies amounted to 1,347,300 square yards, a total for the state of close to 2,000,000 square yards. All of this will be built in 1919 and in all probability this yardage will be doubled by the time the road construction work begins in the spring.

"Wayne county's concrete roads have stood the test since the United States entered the world conflict. The normal traffic, plus the enormous war haulage by army trucks over concrete roads seven, eight, nine and ten years old, was handled satisfactorily and the highways held up in perfect condition. Eyes of the road builders throughout the country have been focused on Wayne county's roads and the practical demonstration of the value of permanent roads has been proven here in the vicinity of Detroit.

"Wayne, leader among the counties of Michigan in mileage of improved roads, asked for no county road tax this year and will have to rely on the money received from automobile licenses. Consequently 1919 will not approximate previous years' programs because of lack of funds to push the work to the limit. We expect to get more for a dollar in 1919, though, as



Neglect of Maintaining Roads Is Not Only Tying Up Transportation and Handicapping Industry, but Is Costing United States Many Millions of Unnecessary Expense.

the labor turnover will not be as great and material prices will have a tendency not to incline towards higher levels.

"Among the projects which will be carried out next year are the following: One-half mile section in the village of Wayne, from Michigan avenue on the Wayne road south, connecting with the Huron River drive. This road will be of concrete, 20 feet wide. Belleville-Romulus branch of the Huron River drive and Outer Belt drive is to be finished. Delivery of stock on this job has already been started and will be kept up as long as good weather continues. Warren road, which will be concreted to the Washtenaw county line in time, is to be taken care of by another road crew. This work will go on until the 1919 funds are exhausted. The Lahser road, from Redford north to the Oakland line, connecting with the good road in Oakland county, will also be completed.

"We will pay considerable attention to widening some of the main routes and will maintain all the previously built roads in a first-class condition."