# Carolyn of the Corners

## BY RUTH BELMORE ENDICOTT



**LOOK UP!**

You will feel better for having known Carolyn of the Corners. She is a lovable little girl, who not only preaches but practices the gospel of "looking up" and always making things "a wee bit better." To become acquainted with her is like letting in the sunshine and looking up at the blue sky. You will want to follow Carolyn through this story after you have read the opening chapter.

### CHAPTER I.

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**The Ray of Sunlight.**

Just as the rays of the afternoon sun hesitated to enter the open door of Joseph Stagg's hardware store in Sunrise Cove and lingered on the sill, so the little girl in the black frock and hat, with twin braids of sunshiny hair on her shoulders, hovered at the entrance of the dim and dusty place.

She carried a satchel in one hand, while the fingers of the other were hooked into the rivet-studded collar of a mottled, homely mongrel dog.

"Oh, dear me, Prince!" sighed the little girl, "this must be the place. We'll just have to go in. Of course I know he must be a nice man; but he's such a stranger."

Her feet faltered over the door sill and paced slowly down the shop between long counters. She saw no clerk.

At the back of the shop was a small office closed in with grimy windows. The uncertain visitor and her canine companion saw the shadowy figure of a man inside the office, sitting on a high stool and bent above a big ledger.

The dog, however, scented something else.

In the half darkness of the shop he and his little mistress came unexpectedly upon what Prince considered his arch-enemy. There rose up on the end of the counter nearest the open office door a big, black tomcat whose arched back, swollen tail and yellow eyes blazed defiance.

"Ps-s-st—ye-ow!"

The rising yowl broke the silence of the shop like a trumpet call. The little girl dropped her bag and seized the dog's collar with both hands.

"Prince!" she cried, "don't you speak to that cat—don't you dare speak to it!"

"Bless me!" croaked a voice from the office.

The tomcat uttered a second "ps-s-st—ye-ow!" and shot up a ladder to the top shelf.

"Bless me!" repeated Joseph Stagg, taking off his eyeglasses and leaving them in the ledger to mark his place. "What have you brought that dog in here for?"

He came to the office door.

"I—I didn't have any place to leave him," was the hesitating reply.

"Hum! Did your mother send you for something?"

"No-o, sir," sighed the little visitor.

At that moment a more daring ray of sunlight found its way through the transom over the store door and lit up the dusky place. It fell upon the slight, black-frocked figure and for an instant touched the pretty head as with an aureole.

"Bless me, child!" exclaimed Mr. Stagg. "Who are you?"

The flowerlike face of the little girl quivered, the blue eyes spilled big drops over her cheeks. She approached Mr. Stagg, stooping and squinting in the office doorway, and placed a timid hand upon the broad band of black crepe he wore on his coatsleeve.

"You're not Hannah's Car'lyn?" questioned the hardware dealer huskily.

"I'm Car'lyn May Cameron," she confessed. "You're my Uncle Joe. I'm very glad to see you, Uncle Joe, and—and I hope—you're glad to see me—and Prince," she finished rather falteringly.

"Bless me!" murmured the man again.

Nothing so startling as this had entered Sunrise Cove's chief "hardware emporium" for many and many a year.

Hannah Stagg, the hardware merchant's only sister, had gone away from home quite fifteen years previously. Mr. Stagg had never seen Hannah again; but this slight, blue-eyed, sunny-haired girl was a replica of his sister, and in some dusty corner of Mr. Stagg's heart there dwelt a very faithful memory of Hannah.

Nothing had served to estrange the brother save time and distance.

"Hannah's Car'lyn," muttered Mr. Stagg again. "Bless me, child! how did you get here from New York?"

"On the cars, uncle. You see, Mr. Price thought I'd better come. He says you are my guardian—it's in papa's will and would have been so in mamma's will, if she'd made one. Mr. Price put me on the train and the conductor took care of me."

"Who is Mr. Price?" the storekeeper asked.

"He's a lawyer. He's written you a long letter about it. It's in my bag. Didn't you get the telegram he sent you last evening, Uncle Joe? A 'night letter,' he called it."

"Never got it," replied Mr. Stagg shortly.

"Well, you see, when papa and mamma had to go away so suddenly they left me with the Prices. I go to school with Edna Price and she slept with me at night in our flat—after the Dunraven sailed."

"But—what did this lawyer send you up here for?" asked Mr. Stagg.

The question was a poser and Carolyn May stammered: "I—I— Don't guardians always take their little girls home and look out for them?"

"Hum—I don't know." The hardware merchant mused grimly. "I—I guess we'd better go up to The Corners and see what Aunty Rose has to say about it. You understand, I couldn't really keep you if she says 'No!'"

"Oh, Uncle Joe, couldn't you?"

"No," he declared, wagging his head decidedly. "And what she'll say to that dog—"

"Oh!" Carolyn May cried again, and put both arms suddenly about the neck of her canine friend. "Prince is just the best dog, Uncle Joe."

Mr. Stagg shook his head doubtfully. Then he went into the office and shut the big ledger into the safe. After locking the safe door, he slipped the key into his trousers pocket and glanced around the store.

"I'd like to know where that useless Gormley boy is now," muttered Mr. Stagg.

"Chet! Hey! you Chet!"

To Carolyn May's amazement and to the utter mystification of Prince, a section of the floor under their feet began to rise.

"Oh, mercy me!" squealed the little girl, and she hopped off the trapdoor;


"Oh! Who Is That Lady, Uncle Joe?

but the dog uttered a quick, threatening growl and put his muzzle to the widening aperture.

"Hey! call off that dog!" begged a muffled voice from under the trapdoor. "He'll eat me up, Mr. Stagg."

"Lie down, Prince!" commanded Carolyn May hastily. "It's only a boy. You know you like boys, Prince," she urged.

"Come on up out o' that cellar, Chet. I'm going up to The Corners with my little niece—Hannah's Car'lyn. This is Chetwood Gormley. If he ever stops growin' longitudinally mebbe he'll be a man some day and not a giant. You stay right here and tend store while I'm gone, Chet."

Carolyn May could not help feeling some surprise at the finally revealed proportions of Chetwood Gormley. He was lathlike and gawky, with very prominent upper front teeth, which gave a sort of bow-window appearance to his wide mouth. But there was a good-humored twinkle in the overgrown boy's shallow eyes; and, if uncouth, he was kind.

"I'm proud to know ye, Car'lyn," he said. He stepped quickly out of the way of Prince when the latter started for the front of the store.

Once out of the shop in the sunlit street, the little girl breathed a sigh of relief. Mr. Stagg, peering down at her sharply, asked:

"What's the matter?"

"I—I— Your shop is awful dark, Uncle Joe," she confessed. "I can't seem to look up in there."

"'Look up?'" repeated the hardware dealer, puzzled.

"Yes, sir. My papa says never to get in any place where you can't look up and see something brighter and better ahead," said Carolyn May softly. "He says that's what makes life worth living."

"Oh, he does, does he?" grunted Mr. Stagg.

He noticed the heavy bag in her hand and took it from her. Instantly her released fingers stole into his free hand. Mr. Stagg looked down at the little hand in his palm, somewhat startled and not a little dismayed.

The main street of Sunrise Cove on this warm afternoon was not thronged with shoppers. Not many people noticed the tall, shambling, round-shouldered man in rusty black, with the petite figure of the child and the mongrel dog passing that way, though a few idle shopkeepers looked after the trio in surprise. But when Mr. Stagg and his companions turned into the pleasantly shaded street that led out of town towards The Corners—where was the Stagg homestead—Carolyn May noticed her uncle become suddenly flustered. She saw the blood flood into his face and neck, and she felt his hand loosen as though to release her own. The little girl looked ahead curiously at the woman who was approaching.

She was not a young woman—that is, not what the child would call young. Carolyn May thought she was very nice looking—tall and robust. Her brown eyes flashed an inquiring glance upon Carolyn May, but she did not look at Mr. Stagg, nor did Mr. Stagg look at her.

"Oh! who is that lady, Uncle Joe?" asked the little girl when they were out of earshot.

"Hum!" Her uncle's throat seemed to need clearing. "That—that is Mandy Parlow—Miss Amanda Parlow," he corrected himself with dignity.

The flush did not soon fade out of his face as they went on in silence.

It was half a mile from Main street to The Corners. There were tall timber all about Sunrise Cove, which was built along the shore of a deep inlet cutting in from the great lake, whose blue waters sparkled as far as one might see towards the south and west.

Uncle Joe assured Carolyn May when she asked him, that from the highest hill in sight one could see only the lake and the forest—clothed hills and valleys.

"There's lumber camps all about. Mebbe they'll interest you. Lots of building going on all the time, too."

He told her, as they went along, of the long trains of cars and of the strings of barges going out of the Cove, all laden with timber and sawed boards, millstuffs, ties and telegraph poles.

They came to the last house in the row of dwellings on this street, on the very edge of the town. Carolyn May saw that attached to the house was a smaller building, facing the roadway, with a wide-open door, through which she glimpsed benches and sawed lumber, while to her nostrils was wafted a most delicious smell of shavings.

"Oh, there's a carpenter shop!" exclaimed Carolyn May. "And is that the carpenter, Uncle Joe?"

A tall old man, lean-faced and closely shaven, with a hawk's-beak nose straddled by a huge pair of silver-bowed spectacles, came out of the shop at that moment, a jackknife in his hand. He saw Mr. Stagg and, turning sharply on his heel, went indoors again.

"Who is he, Uncle Joe?" repeated the little girl. "And, if I asked him, do you s'pose he'd give me some of those nice, long, curly shavings?"

"That's Jed Parlow—and he wouldn't give you any shavings; especially after having seen you with me," said the hardware merchant brusquely.

The pretty lady whose name was Parlow and the queer-looking old carpenter, whose name was likewise Parlow, would neither look at Uncle Joe! Even such a little girl as Carolyn May could see that her uncle and the Parlows were not friendly.

By and by they came in sight of The Corners—a place where another road crossed this one at right angles.

In one corner was a white church with a square tower and green blinds. In another of the four corners was set a big store, with a covered porch all across the front, on which were sheltered certain agricultural tools.

There was no sound of life at The Corners save a rhythmic "clank, clank, clank" from the blacksmith shop on the third corner.

On the fourth corner of the crossroads stood the Stagg homestead—a wide, low-roofed house of ancient appearance, yet in good repair. Neatness was the keynote of all about the place.

"Is this where you live, Uncle Joe?" asked Carolyn May breathlessly. "Oh, what a beautiful big place! It seems awful big for me to live in!"

Mr. Stagg had halted at the gate and now looked down upon Carolyn May with perplexed brow. "Well, we've got to see about that first," he muttered. "There's Aunty Rose—"

Carolyn and Prince make the acquaintance of Aunty Rose, and the latter's attitude is not very reassuring to the lonely little girl. Carolyn's first experiences in her new home are told in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

It is difficult to judge a woman by the things she doesn't say.

# REIMS CHILDREN PLAY WAR GAMES

## Emerge From Cellars, When Bombardment Ceases, to Frolic in Sun.

## ALL HAVE THE SAME SPIRIT

### No One Ever Saw One of the Children Down-Hearted or Discontented—Will Be Great Help in Rebuilding France.

Paris.—Only a few months ago Reims still sheltered some 600 children, although the Germans almost daily bombarded the town.

How these children lived in the cellars and the special shelters while the Germans fiercely bombarded the town is a pathetic story. Though these cellars and shelters were dark, dreary and damp, where the sun's rays never once showed themselves, no one ever saw these children downhearted or discontented. Whenever the bombardment let up, even for a few minutes, these children swarmed out of the cold cellars to play in the sun.

**Duty and Resignation.**

A correspondent during one of these lulls walked down a narrow street bordered by the walls of houses of the sixteenth century, or such parts of them as had survived the German bombardments. He met a youngster standing in the middle of the street gazing at one of the wrecked houses. Asked why he was gazing at that house, the boy answered:

"That house over yonder, monsieur? I was born in that house. When war broke out father was mobilized and mother went to live with an aunt in one of the houses on the outskirts of the city. Once a week I come here to look at my old home, or what is left of it."

"But aren't you afraid?"

"Afraid of what? My father is at the front, my mother is still here, and as long as she stays here, I will."

This child is a type of all. All have the same spirit of duty and resignation, these children of "the Martyr City."

They tell how they received instructions to put on the masks against the poisonous gas; of how they played in shell holes filled with rainwater; of how they used walls which had escaped the German shells to play their game of war.

**Play at War Games.**

Nearing the cathedral, almost completely gutted by the bombardment, the correspondent met a crowd of boys playing at their favorite game. He watched them for some time. After playing in quickly constructed trenches in one of the courtyards of a destroyed house, where they had ingeniously placed their toy machine guns, the attacking party was just jumping out of their shelter when the gas alarm was sounded. All the boys quickly donned their masks and continued playing, rather stimulated by the unforeseen reality of their game. So interested were they that they never thought of finding shelter, but had to be ordered to do so by patrolling soldiers.

But these things could not go on. The youngsters had too much free time, as all the schools were closed and days were spent in holiday-making. The municipality established schools in the huge cellars of the big champagne houses of Reims.

Every day the teacher had to go through the deserted streets under heavy bombardment, and very often the school children had to be kept in after hours when the town was being shelled. These children, having grown up under these conditions, will be a splendid help to France in rebuilding a nation of valiant citizens.

## WOMEN AS FORESTERS

English women foresters are taking the place of the men at the front. Here are two of the land workers engaged in putting a sharp edge on their ax for tomorrow's toil. These women are showing themselves to be worthy successors of Britain's lumbermen. The felled trees in the back are a proof of that.

# BACK WITH HER BOYS

## Joyful Welcome Given Mrs. Haring at the Front.

### "Godmother of the Polish Army" Greeted With Cheers by Officers and Men.

Paris.—A woman alighted from the train at what remains of a little railroad station very close to the front. Her hair was a trifle gray but her cheeks were pink, and she seemed to be very happy to be arriving in that place.

Very soon the reason became apparent. A military policeman was on duty in the station. He stared and gave a shout, "Mrs. Haring."

"I got here at last," she said as she shook hands—a handshake such as is exchanged between friends long separated.

"You're going to be with us?"

"As long as they let me."

Mrs. Haring went out and up the street, searching for the daily shifting headquarters of the Y. M. C. A.—for the war was moving with great rapidity since the new offensive begun.

An automobile containing a captain and three lieutenants stopped with a screaming of the brakes. Young men boiled out of the car to surround Mrs. Haring as if she were the belle of the season.

Another car stopped. More officers. Around the edge privates lined up waiting their chance. From that moment hers was a triumphal progress up the street. It seemed as if the whole American army wanted to follow her.

It was a happy party, a laughing, handshaking, congratulating party that surrounded the little Y. M. C. A. woman. She was back, back with the troops she had served and left for a time. They were doing their best to show her how glad they were to see her and were succeeding wonderfully.

The record of Mrs. Augusta Haring of New York city is enviable. She is a musician. It was she who, with Miss Myrtle Stinson of Greenfield, O., organized the Y. M. C. A. work in the new Polish army, most of which was recruited in the United States. For four months she worked among these men—this army which will be without a country until the war is over and victory comes to the allies.

Her proudest moment was when the commander of the Poles, in a public manner, bestowed on her the title of Godmother of the Polish Army.

## HELPS MOTHER OF SOLDIERS

### Yank Takes Woman's Flowers, Collects $40 for Her and Sends Her Home in Taxi.

New York.—A certain white-tiled rendezvous, famed for its butter-cake acrobats, was filled to overflowing early the other morning with the motley jinkle-jumble of night birds, semi-respectables and the curious. The place is all that is left of the pre-war night life of Gotham. A little white-faced woman eddied into the place with just a few bouquets, soiled by an evening of handling, which she shyly tried to sell. On her black blouse was a service pin with three stars. An officer of the National army alone at a corner table washing down a sandwich with a glass of milk saw her.

He did not hesitate. "Come," he said, taking her gently by the arm. "Selling flowers is no occupation for the mother of soldiers. Let me have them." She gave them over with a look of wonderment. He went among the crowds and collected $40 for her for the flowers, then he put her in a taxicab, paying the fare himself, and she rolled away, leaving the officer at the curb with his head bared.

## HONOR CLEVELAND'S HEROES

### Plan to Grow Trees in Memory of Soldiers Who Fall in Battle.

Cleveland.—The city forestry department has adopted a plan whereby each Cleveland boy who gives his life in the great war will be remembered. As soon as tree planting time comes this fall a liberty oak will be planted for each boy killed in action or who dies as the result of wounds. The trees will be planted along North Park boulevard, which will henceforth be known as Liberty Row. Each tree will carry a bronze marker bearing the name of a soldier who has died.

## WAVES OF HATE FOR KAISER

### League of Optimists at Given Hour Daily Will Wish Dire Things for Huns.

Chicago, Ill.—A league of optimists has been organized in Chicago with the avowed purpose of beating the kaiser by "waves of hate."

Branches are to be formed in every part of the United States, according to Doctor Sheldon Leavitt, president of the league, who calls himself a "holy emotionalist." Here is the idea:

"Twice a day 20,000,000 optimists shall at a designated hour concentrate intellectually, grit their teeth, stamp their feet and simultaneously wish dire things for the Potsdam crowd. The enemy shall be mentally annihilated in this manner."

The ritual carries with it a "hymn of hate." The formula outlined by Doctor Leavitt is as follows:

"I call down upon the German government disaster, catastrophe, ruin, disease, pestilence, annihilation and the plague."

Then all that remains is for the allied armies to crush the foe.

## WOUNDED YANKS IN A LONDON HOSPITAL


These American soldiers are convalescing from wounds in a London hospital. They are receiving the best of treatment and seem quite content with their lot.

# D'ANNUNZIO GETS EVEN

By WARD PRICE.

Italian Headquarters at the Front.—Maj. Gabriele d'Annunzio, Italy's poet-airman, who led the raid on Vienna, has carried out an adventurous personal reprisal for an Austrian night air raid during which one of the enemy machines dropped a bomb literally within yards of his sleeping quarters. The bomb did not explode, but its impact knocked over and broke a glass from which d'Annunzio had drunk an hour before. The soldier-poet gayly started off in the afternoon with his pilot in a new type of a fast, weight-carrying land machine, flew about one hundred miles straight across the Adriatic sea to Pola, the Austrian naval base, dropped 14 bombs on the arsenal and returned safely to his aerodrome.

I was waiting there when he arrived amid a round of cheers from his squadron.

"There was a heavy barrage fire," he told us, "and once I thought our trail had been struck. But not a single one of the Austrian chaser machines got up after us. The Austrians were very keen to get me, but they missed a good chance this afternoon."

D'Annunzio will wear henceforth in his flights an ivory-hilted dagger. This weapon is the distinctive mark of the Italian storm troops, and all the eight airmen who took part in the raid on Vienna have been named by their comrades "The Storm Troops of the Air."

**Held Captive Four Hours.**

Green Bay, Wis.—After being held captive by the Huns for four hours in a shell hole, Dr. Clarence C. DeMarcelle escaped when the territory in which the shell hole was located was captured by the Americans. Doctor DeMarcelle, who is with a medical unit in France, told of his experience in a letter to his father in this city.