



# Carolyn of the Corners

BY RUTH BELMORE ENDICOTT

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## CAROLYN LEARNS WHY HER UNCLE AND AMANDA PARLOW DO NOT SPEAK AS THEY PASS.

**Synopsis.**—Her father and mother reported lost at sea when the Dunraven, on which they had sailed for Europe, was sunk. Carolyn May Cameron—Hannah's Carolyn—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 Aunt 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.

### CHAPTER IV—Continued.

"So?" said the carpenter, pushing his big spectacles up to his forehead. "I read about it. Too bad—too mighty bad! I remember Hannah Stagg," he added, winking his eyes. Carolyn May thought, a good deal as Prince did. "You look like her."

"Do it?" Carolyn May returned, drawing nearer. "I'm glad I do. And I'm glad I sleep in what used to be her bed, too. It doesn't seem so lonesome."

"So? I reckoned you'd be lonesome up there at The Corners," said the carpenter.

Mr. Parlow stripped another shaving from the edge of the board he was plumbing. Carolyn May's eager eyes followed that curling ribbon and her lips parted.

The carpenter paused before pushing the plane a second time the length of the board. "Don't you want a drink of water, little girl?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, sir—I would. And I know Prince would like a drink," she told him quickly.

"Go right around to the well in the back yard," said Mr. Parlow. "You'll find a glass there—and Mandy keeps a pan on the well curb for the dogs and cats."

"Thank you, I'll go," the little girl said.

She hoped she would see Miss Amanda Parlow, but she saw nobody. She went back to the door of the carpenter shop and found Mr. Parlow still busily at work.

"Seems to me," he said, in his dry voice, after a little while, "you aren't much like other little girls."

"Aren't I?" responded Carolyn May wonderingly.

"No. Most little girls that come here want shavings to play with," said the carpenter, quizzically eying her over his work.

"Oh!" cried Carolyn May, almost jumping. "And do you give 'em to 'em?"

"Most always," admitted Mr. Parlow.

"Oh! Can I have some?" she gasped.

"All you want," said Mr. Parlow. When Tim's old hack crawled along the road from town with Aunt Rose sitting inside, enthroned amidst a multitude of bundles, Carolyn May was decked with a veritable wig of long, crisp curls.

"Well, child, you certainly have made a mess of yourself," said the housekeeper. "Has she been annoying you, Jedidiah Parlow?"

"She's the only Stagg that ain't annoyed me since her mother went away," said the carpenter gruffly.

Aunt Rose looked at him levelly. "I wonder," she said. "But, you see, he isn't wholly a Stagg."

This, of course, did not explain matters to Carolyn May in the least. Nor did what Aunt Rose said to her on the way home in the hot, stuffy hack help the little girl to understand the trouble between her uncle and Mr. Parlow.

"Better not let Joseph Stagg see you so friendly with Jedidiah Parlow. Let sleeping dogs lie," Mrs. Kennedy observed.

### CHAPTER V.

**A Tragic Situation.**  
Such was the introduction of Carolyn May to The Corners. It was not a very exciting life she had entered into, but the following two or three weeks were very full.

May. "Do you know, he's very lib'ral." "Lib'ral?" repeated Mrs. Gormley. "I never heard of old Jed Parlow being accused of that before. Did you, Mrs. Maine?"

Mrs. Maine was the dressmaker; and she bit off her words when she spoke, much as she bit off her threads.

"No. I never heard Jed Parlow called that—no!" declared Mrs. Maine emphatically.

"Why, yes," little Carolyn May said quite eagerly, "he gives me all the shavings I want. I—I guess folks don't just understand about Mr. Parlow," she added, remembering what her uncle had first said about the carpenter. "He is real lib'ral."

"It's a wonder to me," drawled Mrs. Gormley, "that he has a thing to do with a certain party, Mrs. Maine, considering how his daughter feels toward that certain party's relation. What d'you think?"

"I guess—there's sumpin'—to be said—on both sides o' that controversy," responded the dressmaker.

"Mennin' that mebbe a certain party's relative feels just as cross as Mandy Parlow?" suggested Mrs. Gormley.

"Yep," agreed the other woman.

Carolyn May listened, much puzzled. She wondered just who "a certain party" could be.

Mrs. Maine was called away upon some household task and Mrs. Gormley.

"I Reckoned You'd Be Lonesome Up There at the Corners," said the Carpenter.

Carolyn seemed to change the subject of conversation.

"Don't your uncle, Mr. Stagg, ever speak to you about Mandy Parlow?" she asked the little girl.

Carolyn May had to think about this before answering. Then she remembered.

"Oh, yes," she said brightly.

"He does? Do tell!" exclaimed Mrs. Gormley eagerly. "What does he say?"

"Why, he says her name is Miss Amanda Parlow."

Mrs. Gormley flushed rather oddly and glanced at the child with suspicion. But little Carolyn May was perfectly frank and ingenuous.

"Humph!" ejaculated Chet's mother. "He never says nothing about being in love with Mandy, does he? They was goin' with each other steady once."

The little girl looked puzzled.

"When folks love each other they look at each other and talk to each other, don't they?" she asked.

"Well—yes—generally," admitted Mrs. Gormley.

"Then my Uncle Joe and Miss Amanda Parlow aren't in love," announced Carolyn May with confidence, "for they don't even look at each other."

"They used to. Why, Joseph Stagg and Mandy Parlow was sweethearts years and years ago! Long before your mother left these parts, child."

"That was a long time 'fore I was borned," said the little girl wonderingly.

"Oh, yes. Everybody that went to The Corners' church thought they'd be married."

"My Uncle Joe and Miss Mandy?"

"Yes."

"Then, what would have become of Aunt Rose?" queried Carolyn May.

"Oh, Mrs. Kennedy hadn't gone to keep house for Mr. Stagg then," replied Mrs. Gormley. "He tried sev'ral

trinin' critters there at the itagx place before she took hold."

Carolyn May looked at Mrs. Gormley encouragingly. She was very much interested in Uncle Joe and Miss Amanda Parlow's love affair.

"Why didn't they get married—like my papa and mamma?" she asked.

"Oh, goodness knows!" exclaimed Mrs. Gormley. "Some says 'twas his fault and some says 'twas hers. And mebbe 'twas a third party's that I might mention at that," added Mrs. Gormley, pursing up her lips in a very knowing way.

"One day," she said, growing confidential, "it was in camp-meeting time—one day somebody seen Joe Stagg drivin' out with another girl—Charlotte Lenny, that was. She was married to a man over in Springdale long ago. Mr. Stagg took Charlotte to Faith camp meeting."

"Then, the very next week, Mandy went with Eyan Peckham to a bar dance at Crockett's, and nobody ain't ever seen your uncle and Mandy Parlow speak since, much less ever walk together."

One particularly muddy day Prince met the returning hardware merchant at the gate with vociferous barking and a plain desire to implant a welcoming tongue on the man's cheek.

He succeeded in muddying Mr. Stagg's suit with his front paws, and almost cast the angry man full length into a mud puddle.

"Drat the beast!" ejaculated Mr. Stagg. "I'd rather have an epileptic fit loose around here than him. Now, look at these clo'es! I declare, Carolyn, you've just got to tie that mongrel up—and keep him tied!"

"All the time, Uncle Joe?" whispered the little girl.

"Yes, ma'am, all the time! If I find him loose again, I'll tie a bag of rocks to his neck and drop him in the deepest hole in the brook."

After this awful threat Prince lived a precarious existence, and his mistress was much worried for him.

Aunt Rose said nothing, but she saw that both the little girl and her canine friend were very unhappy.

Mrs. Kennedy, however, had watched Mr. Joseph Stagg for years. Indeed, she had known him as a boy, long before she had closed up her own little cottage around on the other road and come to the Stagg place to save the hardware merchant from the continued reign of those "trifling creatures" of whom Mrs. Gormley had spoken.

As a bachelor Joseph Stagg had been preyed upon by certain female harpies so prevalent in a country community. Some had families whom they partly supported out of Mr. Stagg's larder; some were widows who looked upon the well-to-do merchant as a marrying proposition.

Aunt Rose Kennedy did not need the position of Mr. Stagg's housekeeper and could not be accused of assuming it from mercenary motives. Over her back fence she had seen the havoc going on in the Stagg homestead after Hannah Stagg went to the city and Joseph Stagg's final female relative had died and left him alone in the big house.

One day the old Quaker-like woman could stand no more. She put on her sunbonnet, came around by the road to the front door of the Stagg house, which she found open, and walked through to the rear porch on which the woman who then held the situation of housekeeper was wrapping up the best feather bed and pillows in a pair of the best homespun sheets, preparatory to their removal.

The neighbors enjoyed what followed. Aunt Rose came through the ordeal as dignified and unruffled as ever; the retiring incumbent went away wrathfully, shaking the dust of the premises from her garments as a testimony against "any sich actions."

When Mr. Stagg came home at supper time he found Aunt Rose at the helm and already a different air about the place.

"Goodness me, Aunt Rose," he said, biting into her biscuit ravenously, "I was a-going down to the mill-hands' hotel to board. I couldn't stand it no longer. If you'd stay here and do for me, I'd feel like a new man."

"You ought to be made over into a new man, Joseph Stagg," the woman said sternly. "A married man."

"No, no! Never that!" gasped the hardware dealer.

"If I came here, Joseph Stagg, it would cost you more money than you've been paying these no-account women."

"I don't care," said Mr. Stagg recklessly. "Go ahead. Do what you please. Say what you want. I'm game."

Thereby he had put himself into Aunt Rose's power. She had renovated the old kitchen and some of the other rooms. If Mr. Stagg at first trembled for his bank balance, he was made so comfortable that he had not the heart to murmur.

Of course, Carolyn May let Prince run at large when she was sure Uncle Joe was well out of sight of the house, but she was very careful to chain him up again long before her uncle was expected to return.

Prince had learned not to chase anything that wore feathers; Aunt Rose herself had to admit that he was a very intelligent dog and knew what punishment was for. But how did he know that in trying to dig out a mole he would be doing more harm than good?

Carolyn is heartbroken and decides upon drastic action when Uncle Joe passes sentence on Prince. Read about it in the next instalment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



## WHAT RED CROSS DID LAST YEAR

Report of War Council Surely Will Thrill the Hearts of All Americans.

### WOMEN GIVEN HIGH TRIBUTE

Contributions of Materials and Time Have Been Practically Unending—Figures Tell of Work Done by the Various Chapters.

October 23 the 3,854 chapters of the Red Cross held their annual meetings to elect officers and make reports. To be read at all these meetings throughout the United States, the Red Cross War Council sent the following annual message covering the work of the Red Cross for the past year: To the Chapters of the American Red Cross:

The War Council sends greetings to the chapters of the American Red Cross on the occasion of their annual meetings for 1918.

With these greetings go congratulations on the great work of the chapters during the past year and, above all things, on the wonderful spirit of sacrifice and patriotism which has pervaded that work.

The strength of the Red Cross rests upon its chapters. They are its bone and sinew. They supply its funds, they supply its men and women, they supply its enthusiasm. Let us, then, review together the Red Cross story of the past year.

Some idea of the size to which your Red Cross family has grown may be gathered from the following facts:

On May 1, 1917, just before the appointment of the War Council, the American Red Cross had 486,194 members working through 562 chapters.

On July 31, 1918, the organization numbered 20,048,103 annual members, besides 8,000,000 members of the Junior Red Cross—a total enrollment of over one-fourth the population of the United States.

Since the beginning of the war you of the chapters have co-operated with the War Council in conducting two war fund drives and one membership drive. In addition to the campaign on behalf of the Junior Red Cross.

The total actual collections to date from the first war fund have amounted to more than \$115,000,000. The subscriptions to the second war fund amounted to upwards of \$170,000,000. From membership dues the collections have amounted to approximately \$24,500,000.

### Splendid Work Done by Women.

To the foregoing must be added that very large contribution of materials and time given by the millions of women throughout the country in surgical dressings, in knitted articles, in hospital and refugee garments, in canteen work, and the other activities the chapters have been called upon to perform.

It is estimated that approximately 8,000,000 women are engaged in canteen work and the production of relief supplies through the chapters.

For the period up to July 1, 1918, American Red Cross chapters, through their workrooms, had produced:

- 490,120 refugee garments.
- 7,123,621 hospital supplies.
- 10,786,489 hospital garments.
- 10,134,501 knitted articles.
- 192,748,107 surgical dressings.

A total of 221,282,838 articles—of an estimated aggregate value of at least \$44,000,000.

These articles were largely the product of women's hands, and, by the same token, infinitely more precious than could have been the output of factories or machines. These articles going to the operating room of the hospitals, to homeless or needy refugees, and carrying comfort to our own boys in the field, convey a message of love from the women of this country entirely distinct from the great money value attaching to their handiwork.

### Money Spent in Work.

By the terms under which the first Red Cross war fund was raised, the chapters were entitled to retain 25 per cent of the amount collected, in order defray local expenses, to carry on their home service work, to purchase materials to be utilized in chapter production and otherwise to meet the numerous calls made upon them. The chapters were thus entitled to retain nearly \$29,000,000. As a matter of fact, their actual retentions amounted to only about \$22,000,000.

Out of collections from annual memberships, the chapters have retained about \$11,000,000.

From this total sum, therefore, of \$33,000,000 retained by the chapters, they have met all the oftentimes very heavy local demands upon them, and in addition have provided for use by national headquarters products valued, as stated above, at upwards of \$44,000,000.

The chapters have in effect returned to the War Council, not alone the \$33,000,000 retained out of the war fund membership dues but, in value of actual product, an additional contribution of at least \$11,000,000.

It will thus be seen that during the eighteen months which have elapsed since the United States entered the war, the American people will have either paid in or pledged to the American Red Cross for its work of relief throughout the world, in money or in material values, a net total of at least \$925,000,000.

This outpouring of generosity in material things has been accompanied by a spontaneity in the giving, by an enthusiasm and a devotion in the doing, which, after all, are greater and bigger than could be anything measured in terms of time or dollars.

It has been because of this spirit which has pervaded all American Red Cross effort in this war that the aged governor of one of the stricken and battered provinces of France stated not long since that, though France had long known of America's greatness, strength and enterprise, it remained for the American Red Cross in this war to reveal America's heart.

In this country, at this moment, the workers of the Red Cross, through its chapters, are helping to add to the comfort and health of the millions of our soldiers in 102 camps and cantonments, as well as of those traveling on railroad trains or embarking on ships for duty overseas.

The home service of the Red Cross, with its now more than 40,000 workers, is extending its ministrations of sympathy and counsel each month to upwards of 100,000 families left behind by soldiers at the front—a number ever growing with the increase of our men under arms.

But, of course, the heart of the Red Cross and its money and attention always move toward and focus themselves in Europe where the American Red Cross, as truly "the greatest mother in the world," is seeking to draw "a vast net of mercy through an ocean of unrepeatable pain."

### Red Cross Worth Recognized.

Nothing is withheld that can be given over there to supplement the efforts of our army and navy in caring for our own boys. The Red Cross does not pretend to do the work of the medical corps of the army or the navy; its purpose is to help and to supplement.

Nor does the Red Cross seek to glorify what it does or those who do it; our satisfaction is in the result, which, we are assured by Secretary Baker, General Pershing, General Ireland and all our leaders, is of inestimable value and of indispensable importance.

By the first of January your Red Cross will have working in France upwards of 5,000 Americans—a vivid contrast to the little group of eighteen men and women which, as the first Red Cross commission to France, sailed about June 1, 1917, to initiate our efforts in Europe.

Under your commission to France the work has been carefully organized, facilities have been provided, and effective efforts made to co-operate with the army as to carry out the determination of the American people, and especially of the members of the Red Cross, that our boys "over there" shall lack for nothing which may add to their safety, comfort and happiness.

Your Red Cross now has active, operating commissions in France, in England, in Italy, in Belgium, in Switzerland, in Palestine and in Greece. You have sent a shipload of relief supplies and a group of devoted workers to northern Russia; you have dispatched a commission to work behind our armies in eastern Siberia; you have sent special representatives to Denmark, to Serbia and to the Island of Madeira.

### Carries Message of Hope.

Your Red Cross is thus extending relief to the armies and navies of our allies; and you are carrying a practical message of hope and relief to the friendly peoples of afflicted Europe and Asia.

Indeed, we are told by those best informed in the countries of our allies that the efforts of your Red Cross to aid the soldiers and to sustain the morale of the civilian populations left at home, especially in France and Italy, have constituted a very real factor in winning the war.

The veil has already begun to lift.

The defection of Bulgaria, which by the time this message can be read may have been followed by events still more portentous, may point the way to yet greater Red Cross opportunity and obligation. "The cry from Macedonia" to come and help will probably prove one of the most appealing messages to which the world has ever listened.

What the Red Cross may be called upon to do in the further course of the war, or with the coming of victory, peace and reconstruction, it would be idle to attempt to prophesy.

But your great organization, in very truth "the mobilized heart and spirit of the whole American people," has shown itself equal to any call, ready to respond to any emergency.

### Spirit of All Best and Highest.

The American Red Cross has become not so much an organization as a great movement, seeking to embody in organized form the spirit of service, the spirit of sacrifice—in short, all that is best and highest in the ideals and aspirations of our country.

Indeed we cannot but believe that this wonderful spirit which service in and for the Red Cross has evoked in this war, is destined to become in our national life an element of permanent value.

At Christmas time we shall ask the whole American people to answer the Red Cross Christmas roll call. It will constitute a unique appeal to every man, woman and child in this great land of ours to become enrolled in our army of mercy.

It is the hope of the War Council that this Christmas membership roll call shall constitute a reconsecration of the whole American people, an inspiring reassertion to mankind that in this hour of world tragedy, not to conquer but to serve is America's supreme aim.

THE WAR COUNCIL OF THE AMERICAN RED CROSS.  
Henry P. Davison, Chairman.  
Washington, D. C., Oct. 10, 1918.

## HOW TO AVOID BACKACHE AND NERVOUSNESS

Told by Mrs. Lynch From Own Experience.

Providence, R. I.—"I was all run down in health, was nervous, had headaches, my back ached all the time. I was tired and had no ambition for anything. I had taken a number of medicines which did me no good. One day I read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and what it had done for women, so I tried it. My nervousness and backache and headaches disappeared. I gained in weight and feel fine, so I can honestly recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to any woman who is suffering as I was."



—Mrs. ADELINE B. LYNCH, 100 Plain St., Providence, R. I. Backache and nervousness are symptoms of nature's warnings, which indicate a functional disturbance or an unhealthy condition which often develops into a more serious ailment. Women in this condition should not continue to drag along without help, but profit by Mrs. Lynch's experience, and try this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—and for special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

Queen Wilhelmina of Holland cares less for travel than any other European sovereign.

### Cuticura Beauty Doctor

For cleansing and beautifying the skin, hands and hair, Cuticura Soap and Ointment afford the most effective preparations. Free sample address, "Cuticura," Dept. X, Boston. At druggists and by mail. Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv.

### Difficult Classification.

Teacher—Tommy, to what class of the animal kingdom do I belong?  
Tommy—Dunno, teacher. Pa says you're an old hen and ma says you're an old cat.

### No Choice.

"Hey there, Mose, get a hustle on you now. Didn't you hear about that work-or-fight rule?"  
"Yes, sah, yas, sah. I suttently did. But in dis yar man's army seems 't me dey wants 't make yo' do both."

### Slight Misunderstanding.

"As winter approaches," said the presiding elder, "no doubt you are contemplating taking your family to town and getting them shod?"  
"I hadn't figured on it," replied Gap Johnson of Rumus Ridge, "but the way times is, it may come to that, all right. Still, I don't see the necessity of taking 'em to town. It would be cheaper for me to shoot 'em myself. You're at home, and—"

"Shoot them? Mercy, Brother Johnson! I said 'shod,' not 'shot' and—"

"Aw!"—Kansas City Star.

### What She Was Doing.

Young Mrs. Fusserly was going to learn to knit socks for soldiers as a part of her patriotic duties. And moreover, she was going to surprise her husband by her accomplishment. Hubble caught her one day laboriously struggling with what might have made a nice laprobe for a child's go-cart, but was an alleged sock instead. "What in the world are you making there?" he asked, manlike.  
"I'm doing my bit," was her reply.  
He returned in the evening just in time to see her tearfully unraveling the last stitches of the sock.  
"H-m-m-m," he remarked, heartlessly. "At noon I find you doing your bit. In the evening I find you undoing it."

POSTUM

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