



# Carolyn of the Corners

BY RUTH BELMORE ENDICOTT

COPYRIGHT - 1915 - BY DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY.

## PRINCE PROVES HIMSELF A REAL CANINE HERO AND WINS APPROVAL OF THE CORNERS.

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

### CHAPTER VI—Continued.

Aunt Rose remained, apparently, as austere as ever, while Joseph Stagg was quite as much immersed in business as formerly. Yet there were times, when she and the child were alone, that Mrs. Kennedy unbent, in a greater or less degree. And on the part of Joseph Stagg, he found himself thinking of sunny-haired, blue-eyed "Hanna's Carlyn" with increasing frequency.

"Didn't you ever have any little girls, Aunt Rose?" Carolyn May asked the housekeeper on one of these intimate occasions. "Or little boys? I mean of your very own."

"Yes," said Aunt Rose in a matter-of-fact tone. "Three. But only to have them in my arms for a very little while. Each died soon after coming to me. There was something quite wrong with them all, so the doctors said."

"Oh, my dear! All three of them?" asked Carolyn May.

"Two girls and a boy. Only one lived to be three months old. They are all buried behind the church yonder."

The next morning early Carolyn May, with Prince, went over into the churchyard and found the three little stones in a row. She knew they must be the right ones, for there was a bigger stone, with the inscription, "Frank Kennedy, beloved spouse of Rose Kennedy," upon it.

The names on the three little stones were Emeline, Frank, Jr., and Clarissa. Weeds and tall grass had begun to sprout about the little, lozenge-shaped stones and about the taller one.

While she was thus engaged, a tall man in black—looking rather "weedy" himself, if the truth were told—came across the graveyard and stood beside her. He wore a broad band of crepe around his hat and on his arm, and was very grave and serious-looking.

"Who are you, little girl?" he asked, his voice being quite agreeable and his tone kindly.

"I'm Carlyn May, if you please," she replied, looking up at him frankly.

"Carlyn May Stagg?" he asked.

"You're Mr. Stagg's little girl? I've heard of you."

"Carlyn May Cameron," she corrected seriously. "I'm only staying with Uncle Joe. He is my guardian, and he had to take me, of course, when my papa and mamma were lost at sea."

"Indeed?" returned the gentleman. "Do you know who I am?"

"I—I think," said Carolyn May, doubtfully, "that you must be the undertaker."

For a moment the gentleman looked startled. Then he flushed a little, but his eyes twinkled.

"The undertaker?" he murmured. "Do I look like that?"

"Excuse me, sir," said Carolyn May. "I don't really know you, you know. Maybe you're not the undertaker."

"No, I am not. Though our undertaker, Mr. Snivvins, is a very good man."

"Yes, sir," said the little girl, politely.

"I am the pastor here—your pastor, I hope," he said, putting a kind hand upon her head.

"Oh, I know you now!" said Carolyn May brightly. "You're the man Uncle Joe says is going to get a strange hold on Satan now that vacation is over."

Rev. Afton Driggs looked rather odd again. The shocking frankness of the child came pretty near to flooring him.

"I—ahem! Your uncle compliments me," he said dryly. "You don't know that he is ready to do his share, do you?"

"His share?" repeated the puzzled little girl.

"Toward strangling the Evil One," pursued the minister, a wry smile curling the corners of his lips.

"Has he got a share in it, too?" asked Carolyn May.

"I think we all should have," said the minister, looking down at her with returning kindness in his glance. "Even little girls like you."

Carolyn May looked at him quite seriously.

"Do you s'pose," she asked him confidentially, "that Satan is really wicked enough to trouble little girls?"

It was a startling bit of new philoso-

phy thus suggested, and Mr. Driggs shook his head in grave doubt. But it gave him something to think of—"that day; and the first sermon preached in the Corners church that autumn seemed rather different from most of those solid, indigestible discourses that the good man was wont to drone out to his parishioners.

"Dunno but it is worth while to give the parson a vacation," pronounced Uncle Joe at the dinner table. "Seems to me his sermon this morning seemed to have a new snap to it. Mebbe he'll give old Satan a hard rub this winter, after all."

"Joseph Stagg!" said Aunt Rose admonishingly.

"I think he's a very nice man," said Carolyn May suddenly. "And I kept awake most of the time—you see, I heard poor Prince howling for me here, where he was tied up."

"Hum!" ejaculated Mr. Stagg.

"Which kept you awake—the dog or the minister?"

"Oh, I like Mr. Driggs very much," the little girl assured him. "And he's in great 'fliction, too, I am sure. He wears crepe on his hat and sleeve."

"Huh, so he does," grunted Mr. Stagg. "He's 'most always in mourning for somebody or something."

"Do you s'pose, Uncle Joe, that he looks up enough? It does just seem to me as though poor Mr. Driggs must always be looking down instead of looking up to see the sunshine and the blue sky and—the mountains, like my papa said you should."

Uncle Joe was silent. Aunt Rose said, very briskly for her:

"And your papa was right, Carlyn May. He was a very sensible man. I have no doubt."

"Oh, he was quite a wonderful man," said the little girl with full assurance.

It was on the following morning that school opened. The Corners district school was a red building, with a squatty bell tower and two front doors, standing not far up the road beyond the church.

Miss Minnie Lester taught the school, and although Miss Minnie looked very sharply through her glasses at one, Carolyn May thought she was going to love the teacher very much.

Indeed, that was Carolyn May's attitude toward almost everybody whom she met. She expected to love and to be loved. Was it any wonder she made so many friends?

There proved, however, at the start, to be a little difficulty with Miss Minnie. Prince would not remain at home. He howled and whined for the first half of Monday morning's session—as Aunt Rose confessed, almost driving her mad. Then he slipped his collar and tore away on Carolyn May's cold trail.

Into the school marched the dog, having drawn the staple with which his chain had been fastened to the bole of the tree in Mr. Stagg's back yard.

Miss Minnie was both alarmed and angry. Some of the little girls shrieked and wept when Prince pranced over to Carolyn May's seat.

"If you do not shut that awful dog up so that he cannot follow you here, Carolyn May, I shall speak to your uncle, Mr. Stagg, about it. Ugh, the ugly beast! Take him away at once!"

So Carolyn May's schooldays at The Corners did not begin very happily, after all. She had always loved and been loved by every teacher she had ever had before. But Miss Minnie seemed prejudiced against her because of Prince.

The little girl felt badly about this, but she was of too cheerful a temperament to droop for long under the pressure of any trouble. The other children liked her, and Carolyn May found plenty of playmates.

It was on the last Friday in the month that something happened which quite changed Miss Minnie's attitude towards "that mongrel." Incidentally, The Corners, as a community, was fully awakened from its lethargy, and, as it chanced, like the Sleeping Beauty and all her retinue, by a Prince.

The school session on Friday afternoons was always shortened. This day Mr. Brady, one of the school trustees, came to review the school and, before he left, to pay Miss Minnie her salary for the month.

Carolyn May had permission from

Aunt Rose to go calling that afternoon. Freda Payne, whom she liked very much, lived up the road beyond the schoolhouse, and she had invited the little city girl to come to see her. Of course, Prince had to be included in the invitation. Freda fully understood that, and Carolyn May took him on his leash.

They saw Miss Minnie at her desk when they went past the schoolhouse. She was correcting written exercises. Carolyn May secretly hoped that her own was much better than she feared it was.

Not far beyond the schoolhouse Prince began to growl, and the hairs stiffened on his neck.

"Whatever is the matter with you, Prince?" demanded Carolyn May.

In a moment she saw the cause of the dog's continued agitation. A roughly dressed, bewhiskered man sat beside the road eating a lunch out of a newspaper. He leered at Carolyn May and said:

"I guess you got a bad dog there, ain't ye, little girl?"

"Oh, no! He's us'ally very polite," answered Carolyn May. "You must be still, Prince! You see," she explained, "he doesn't like folks to wear old clothes. If—if you had on your Sunday suit, I'm quite sure he would not growl at you."

"He wouldn't, hey?" said the man hoarsely, licking his fingers of the last crumbs of his lunch. "An' suppose a feller ain't got no Sunday suit?"

"Why then, I s'pose Prince wouldn't ever let you come into our yard—if he was loose."

"Don't let him loose now, little girl," said the fellow, getting up hurriedly and eyeing the angry dog askance.

"Oh, no, sir. We're going visiting up the road. Come away, Prince. I won't let him touch you," she assured the man.

The latter seemed rather doubtful of her ability to hold the dog long, and he hobbled away towards the schoolhouse.

Carolyn May had a very pleasant call—Freda's mother even approved of Prince—and it was an hour before the two started for home. In sight of the school house Prince gave evidence again of excitement.

"I wonder what is the matter with you now," Carolyn May began, when suddenly she sighted what had evidently so disturbed the dog.

A man was crouching under one of the schoolhouse windows, bobbing up now and then to peer in. It was the man whom they had previously seen beside the road.

"Hush, Prince!" whispered little Carolyn May, holding the dog by the collar.

She, too, could see through the open window. Miss Minnie was still at her desk. She had finished correcting the pupils' papers. Now she had her bag open and was counting the money Mr. Brady had given her.

"O-o-oh!" breathed Carolyn May, clinging to the eager dog's collar.

The man at the window suddenly left his position and slipped around to the door. In a moment he appeared in the schoolroom before the startled teacher.

Miss Minnie screamed. The man, with a rough threat, darted forward to seize her purse.

Just then Carolyn May unsnapped the leash from Prince's collar and let him go.

"Save Miss Minnie, Princey!" she cried after the charging dog.

Prince did not trouble about the door. The open window, through which the tramp had spied upon the schoolmistress, was nearer. He went up the wall and scrambled over the sill with a savage determination that left no doubt whatever in the tramp's mind.

With a yell of terror the fellow bounded out of the door and tore along the road and through The Corners at a speed never before equaled in that locality by a knight of the road.

Prince lost a little time in recovering his footing and again getting on the trail of the fleeing tramp. But he was soon baying the fellow past the blacksmith shop and the store.

The incident called the entire population of The Corners, save the bedridden, to the windows and doors. For once the little, somnolent village awoke.

Prince continues to prove that he is a very important character in this story. The next installment tells how he is concerned in another incident that may be heard from later. Don't miss this.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Naughty Mamma's Boy.**  
My husband, who is at Camp Sherman, wrote home and told us this joke the boys played on a "mamma's boy" who was the goat of the whole company. One night while he was over to the Y. M. C. A. they fixed up the head of his cot with sticks and tied a string to them, then waited until he got sound asleep and pulled the strings, out came the sticks and down went the bed. He nearly exploded he was so mad and my husband said had you been listening you could have heard him swearing clear home.—Chicago Tribune.

### All in Some Day.

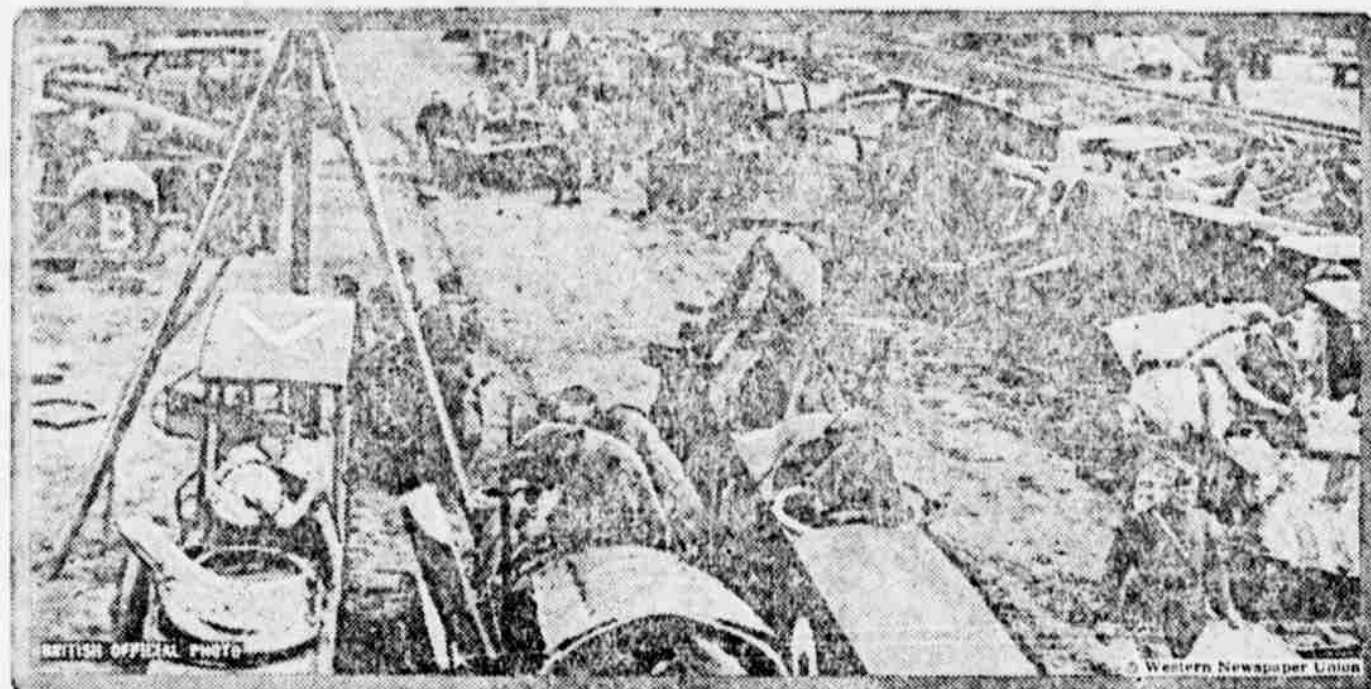
One day at a Southern camp one of the negro soldiers was showing me a service pin with three stars which he always carried in his pocket. I asked him who the relatives were and he replied: "One is for 'massel an' the other two is for 'ma brudders; one is going to enlist an' the other is in the next draft."—Exchange.

## YANKS RESTING AFTER THE ST. MIHIEL VICTORY



These Yankee fighters, part of the forces that cleared out the St. Mihiel salient, advanced so far beyond their specified objective that they had to be ordered to wait until the rest of their contingent came up.

## BRITISH AIRPLANE HOSPITAL BEHIND THE LINES



This British official photograph shows one of the repair stations for damaged airplanes behind the British lines in France.

## FOR AMERICAN PRISONERS IN GERMANY



Scene in an American Red Cross warehouse in New York, where Christmas packages for American prisoners in Germany are received and sorted.

## HERO OF ZEEBRUGGE ATTACK



Lieut. H. T. O. Walker of the royal navy, who was the hero of the famous British naval attack on Zeebrugge. Lieutenant Walker, who was an officer of H. M. S. *Vindictive*, had his arm blown off during the landing of the British sailors and marines on the mole. He is expected in this country shortly to fill an appointment with the British bureau of information.

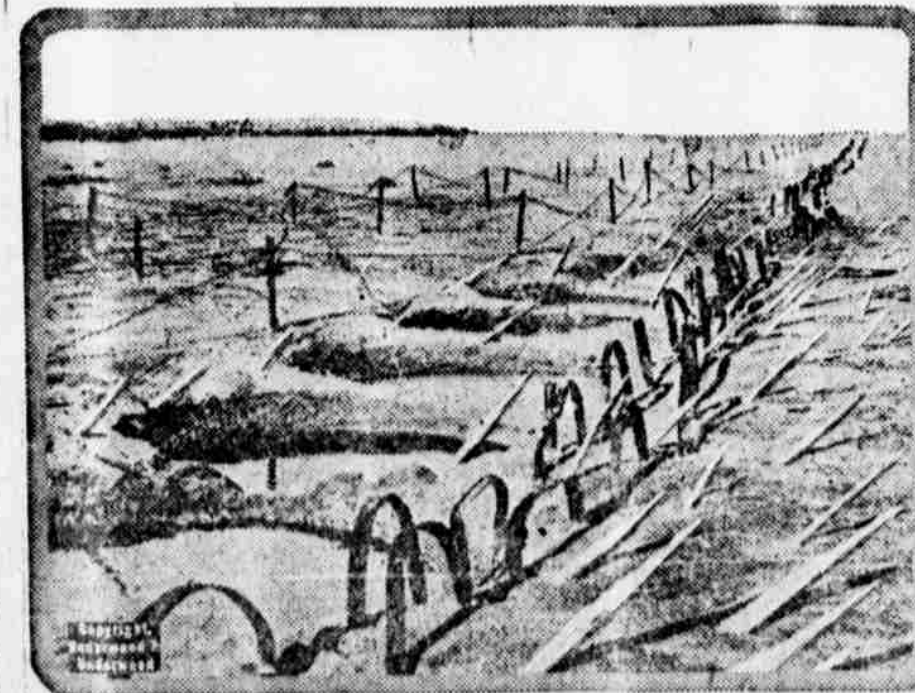
### The Coming of Spring.

An adorable mystery, this coming of the spring (do not try to explain it away), and we, working in our gardens, are at the heart of it. Small wonder that we can hardly wait to begin. Many an enthusiastic possessor of a small garden wishes at this season that he could enlarge his area and increase his facilities. His neighbor's greenhouse and hotbeds, and frames, and pits, do look tantalizingly desirable. But even the small garden can be provided at a small cost with the means for hastening the maturity of many things. Indeed, the garden itself, if rightly furnished, will be found ready with its early gifts. The French sorrel, already referred to, *Rumex Scutatus*, is among the first. Its leaves, not yet half grown, are meltingly tender and spicily tart, needing only the addition of oil and a "thought" of salt to provide a salad "fit to set before the king." Why a king? Let us say, before a faithful gardener.—Elizabeth Eddy Norris, in the *House Beautiful*.

### Roy Scouts Finds Black Walnut.

About 15,000,000 feet of black walnut timber has been located and its existence reported to the forest service by the boy scouts since they were called upon by the president to assist the government in locating this timber for gunstock and propeller material. The boy scouts send the reports to the forest service, where the information is compiled, and then forwarded to the war department. The government itself is not buying the walnut, but sends out the information to manufacturers working on government contracts.

## TURKISH DEFENSE METHODS IN PALESTINE



This photograph illustrates some of the methods employed by the Turks in their vain efforts to check General Allenby's advance in Palestine. Sharp-edged stakes were driven into the ground and behind them were steel hoops, ditches and barbed wire entanglements.