

Carolyn of the Corners

BY RUTH BELMORE ENDICOTT

Copyright, 1918, by Dodd, Mead & Company, Inc.

CAROLYN MAY LEARNS SOME DISQUIETING NEWS FROM CHET GORMLEY.

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. 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 beheld 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. Aunt 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, Carlyn 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, eying 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-tiful?" 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 happy, Mr. Parlow," she whispered.

"Happy? Bah!" snarled 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 Carlyn" 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, Carlyn May, will give Jimmy a conniption yet. What d'you want down here?"

Carolyn May told him. A man had come to the house to buy a cow and Aunt 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.

"We'll be good."

"Eshaw! 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

Mr. Stagg sometimes actually found a reflection of the cheerful figure of "Hanna's Carlyn" 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, Carlyn May, will give Jimmy a conniption yet. What d'you want down here?"

Carolyn May told him. A man had come to the house to buy a cow and Aunt 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.

"We'll be good."

"Eshaw! 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

Mr. Stagg sometimes actually found a reflection of the cheerful figure of "Hanna's Carlyn" 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, Carlyn May, will give Jimmy a conniption yet. What d'you want down here?"

Carolyn May told him. A man had come to the house to buy a cow and Aunt 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.

"We'll be good."

"Eshaw! 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

Mr. Stagg sometimes actually found a reflection of the cheerful figure of "Hanna's Carlyn" 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, Carlyn May, will give Jimmy a conniption yet. What d'you want down here?"

Carolyn May told him. A man had come to the house to buy a cow and Aunt 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.

"We'll be good."

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, Carlyn 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 Aunt 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, Aunt Rose would have had the meal on the table twenty minutes 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 dinner. 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 Aunt 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?"

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

"Why aren't you?"

"I—I— Well, I guess it's just because I'm not," Carolyn May said desperately. "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 Aunt 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)

The Crime of Profiteering

By HAMLIN GARLAND
Of The Vigilantes

To my mind, one of the noblest phases of this war is the outburst of generous giving on the part of the great merchants and manufacturers of America. It would be an injustice not to admit this.

The impulse which leads a man to forego a salary of seventy-five thousand dollars per annum or to neglect an enormous business for a position on the government roll at one dollar per year is magnificent. I for one am not disposed to cavil or criticize by saying: "It is easy to give up a salary of that size because it argues a wealth which is sufficient without it." I am willing to grant the fine spirit which leads men like Baruch, Rosenwald, Crane and House to give of their time and money and genius to the cause for which we are fighting. My only care is to see that I give in the same proportion and in the same mood.

Without doubt there is less of conscienceless profiteering in this war than in either the Civil war or the Spanish war, but having granted this, we are still confronted with the fact that there are in America today a great many men seeking ways to levy tribute on those who are unable to elude their demands.

No Objection to Fair Profit.

The shopkeeper no less than the manufacturer, the pork-packer as well as the cotton grower, are in this attack on the pockets of the consumer. The process in the case of manufactured articles is simple. Take, for convenient example, shoes. It is true that hides are somewhat higher, that labor is costlier, but as a matter of fact a few cents will pay for the difference in the cost of the shoes on which the retailer now asks a profit of four dollars. He has doubled the price, not because he must but because he can. This is a crime and should be punished as such.

No one will object to a fair profit on the part of the manufacturer and the dealer, but to this remorseless profiteering the government must put a

stop. It is taking an unfair advantage of purchasers who are helpless to protest—or whose individual protests carry no weight.

The profiteering principle extends to the smallest articles—a "lead pencil," for another instance. Pencils have gone from five to ten cents not because the extra lead costs a fraction of a cent more, but because to raise the price from five cents to a dime is the dealer's notion of a proper war profit.

There is some excuse for a salaried man or a wage earner who demands an increase in pay, for the leaping cost of living is forcing such demands, but there is no valid excuse for the man who merely seeks to increase his profits. It is a crime against the helpless when the dealers and manufacturers deliberately conspire against the families of the soldiers who have gone away to fight against a military despotism. Their families must be protected against the profiteer at home.

Condemn the Profiteers.

Much can be done by the government, by laws rigidly enforced, but still more can be done by a system of ostracism, of social condemnation. We can add to the rising spirit of generous forbearance by recognizing it wherever we find it, and we can make profiteering odious, as well as against the law, by openly condemning those who practice it.

To me there is something peculiarly repulsive in the greedy spirit of the profiteer. I can excuse the German spy, for it is conceivable that he is working under orders like a soldier, I can forgive the enemy alien, for after all his heart is German or Austrian, but for the man who takes advantage of his fellow citizens in time of war I have a deep hatred. He is to me a traitor to all that is fine and generous in American manhood, an enemy citizen doing the work of the kaiser quite as effectively as though he carried a gun. His action is a crime and should be so treated by society and by the department of justice.

These are times when bravery and generosity are in the ascendant. As the war goes on the need of these great virtues will increase, but also and alas! the opportunity for profiteering will augment; and unless some check is placed upon it we will all feel the pinch of the profiteering greedy claw. We must back up the government in its work, but we should also characterize clearly and strongly our hatred of the robber no matter where he may be found.

Labor and the War

By ROBERT GRANT
Of The Vigilantes

(Robert Grant, judge of the Probate Court of Boston, author of *Unleavened Bread*, *The Chippendales*, *An Average Man*, and other novels, and one of the overseers of Harvard University, is one of the most distinguished members of the American Academy of Arts and Letters.)

Only two classes have benefited financially by the war: the people with material or products essential to its conduct and the men and women whose earning power has doubled or tripled through the departure overseas of the young, able-bodied men of the nation. Some large sums have been made by the dealers in supplies which the government required; but congress may be counted on to take care of surplus profits henceforth until the return of peace. Yet for every profiteer (to perpetuate an ugly word for lack of a better) in munitions or merchandise there are a hundred thousand working men and women who are on easy street for the first time in their lives because of the advance in wages. While people on a fixed income, such as clerks, school teachers and letter carriers, are having difficulty in making two ends meet, numerous employees of one kind or another are, comparatively speaking, in clover.

The sensation is an agreeable one and no one begrudges it to them; certainly not in the first flush of prosperity when the desire to buy things, which they have never been able to afford and always hankered after, makes the dollars burn in their pockets. One has only to inquire in order to ascertain that business in many lines is going on as usual, not through the purchases of old customers but of a brand new set intent on diverse minor luxuries that one associates with a full purse.

The Heyday of Labor.

In a sense this war period is the heyday of labor, for the reason that an army of people of small means are better off than they ever were before. But if these wage earners are to emulate the patriotism of their brothers who are giving their lives magnificently in order to crush soul-stifling militarism and safeguard democracy, their watchword must be thrift, not indulgence; they must frigate saving, not spending. Except by rigorous individual self-denial and the dedication of the savings of the war cannot the cause of world liberty be won. We are all of us in the trenches or can be if we choose by doing what the government asks of us, and the slacker is he or she who having the opportunity for service is too selfish or light-minded to rise to it.

In the first place we are asked to forego or to be abstemious in using certain foods, stuffs so that our soldiers and their allies may have all that they

require. This is not much of a hardship for anybody. Next, everyone is implored to be as economical as he or she can in order to aid the government to raise the gigantic sums necessary for carrying on the war. This is no great hardship either. It is a war of endurance, the result of which will hinge on individual self-sacrifice; victory is impossible without co-operation in saving by the entire nation. The mass is not urged to give, but to save. Millions are being given by the wealthy to maintain the various war charities. All that is asked of the rank and file is that they shall not put into their mouths or on their backs the extra money which the shortage of labor enables them to demand. When they fail to live up to this they cease to be patriots and become profiteers. The next best proof of loyalty to laying down one's life is to save. And what an easy thing that is compared to going over the top or facing a bombardment.

No One Should Obstruct.

Finally, the government asks that no one shall obstruct the winning of the war. Here is the opportunity for labor to be of immense service or great injury. If the men and women whose pay already far exceeds what they have ever earned before choose to hold up the national industries in order to obtain more, they are false to their brothers in France and range themselves with the enemy. They have the power to do so, for unlike the fighting men and the railroads they have not been conscripted. We hear many prophecies of the startling changes that are to come with victory, chief among which is the assumption that the day of the capitalistic profiteer is over. We are told that the dawn of a new economic era is in sight. If this be true, labor's stake in this most terrible and relentless of wars is greater than that of any other class. If greed and indifference prevail Germany will win; for a "draw" would be tantamount to a resumption of militarism and the indefinite postponement of the social democratic program. Without the whole-hearted aid of the workers at home our brave men at the front will be powerless to conquer. On the anniversary which marks the holiday of industrial industry this should be borne in mind. And, further, it may be said that a world quickened to its depths in its resolution to extirpate overlords is in no mood to tolerate the substitution of one tyrant for another.

DISCORD NOW IS DISLOYALTY

By LE ROY HURON KELSEY
Of The Vigilantes.

If rebuff you find a few who perchance or fall to do "things to show that they are true, scrutinize 'em!

Should they try to cause unrest, doubting whether plans are best, or that we can meet the test, stigmatize 'em!

Should they seek to profiteer, or attempt to scoff and jeer, and mayhap to interfere, penalize 'em!

Should they hurl reproach or blame on our government's fair name, or by vicious lies inflame, pulverize 'em!

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)
(Copyright, 1918, Western Newspaper Union.)

LESSON FOR NOVEMBER 24

JACOB AND ESAU RECONCILED.

LESSON TEXT—Genesis 32:1-11.
GOLDEN TEXT—A soft answer turneth away wrath.—Proverbs 15:1.
DEVOTIONAL READING—Psalms 46.
ADDITIONAL MATERIAL—Genesis 32: 2-3:25.

From Bethel, Jacob went to Padanaram to his mother's people. Here he served Laban for twenty years—fourteen years for his wives and six years for certain wages. In his dealings with Laban he finds his match—two schemers get together—"diamond cuts diamond."

1. Jacob Departs for Canaan (31: 11-21).

The time had come for Jacob to go back to his kindred in the land of Canaan. The Lord instructed him so to do (v. 13). Though going forward under the direction of God, his Jacob-nature caused him to take clandestine leave of Laban. When Laban realized the situation he went in hot pursuit, but God appeared unto him in a dream and warned him against any act of violence toward Jacob. They formed a compact and Laban returned home.

II. Jacob on the Way (chapter 32.) Laban's return freed Jacob from the enemy who was pursuing him from behind, but he faced a more formidable one in the person of Esau.

1. Jacob meeting the angels (v. 1). Two camps of angels met him to give him the assurance that God would be with him according to his promise. Notwithstanding this, he continued to scheme. He sent a deputation with a message of good cheer to Esau.

2. Jacob praying (vv. 9-12).

Esau made no reply to Jacob's message, but went forward with an army of men, four hundred strong, to meet Jacob. Jacob is in great distress, therefore he casts himself upon God in prayer. This is a fine specimen of effectual prayer. It is short, direct, and earnest. (1) He reminds God of his command issued for his return, and also of the covenant promise (31:3). Surely God would not issue a command and then leave him in such a strait. (2) Pleads God's promise as to his personal safety (v. 9, cf. Genesis 28:13-15, 31-33). In our praying we should definitely plead God's promises in his word, on the ground of covenant relationship in Christ. (3) Confesses unworthiness (v. 10). In this he shows the proper spirit of humility. (4) Presents definite petitions (v. 11). He lays before the Lord the definite request to be delivered from the wrath of Esau.

3. The angel of Jehovah wrestling with Jacob (32:24-32).

In God's school of discipline, Jacob is making some improvement, but still he is under the sway of self-will and self-trust. Though he had laid the matter definitely before the Lord, he thought that his scheming would render God some assistance. Accordingly, he sent presents ahead to appease the anger of Esau. While journeying along, a man met him and wrestled with him, but Jacob knew not who he was. Perhaps he thought that Esau had pounced upon him in the dark. He exerted every ounce of strength in what he thought was the struggle for his very life. The morning was approaching, and still the wrestlers continued, Jacob not knowing it was Jehovah manifest in human form. This is the second crisis in Jacob's life. He did not dare to enter the promised land under the control of his self-sufficiency; his selfish will must be broken; his Jacob-nature must be changed. God humbled him by dislocating his thigh. When thus humbled, he quit wrestling and clung to God. He got the blessing when he, conscious of his weakness, laid hold of God.

4. Jacob gets a new name (v. 28). He was no longer Jacob, the supplanter; but Israel, a prince of God. His new name was given him after he had a new nature. He came face to face with God, and face to face with himself, and fought the battle to a finish. We must have the new nature before we can enter the place of blessing. Jacob came to realize that he had been struggling with God, for he called the place "Peniel," which means "face to face with God."

III. Jacob Meets Esau (33:1-11). God had evidently wrought with Esau, for when Jacob approached him the sting of bitterness was gone. It was not Jacob's scheming that removed Esau's anger, but the action of the Supernatural upon his heart. At Jabbok Jacob got right with God, so when he met Esau it was an easy matter to get right with him. When we are right with God it is an easy matter to get right with our brother.

In This Life.

We hear much of love to God, Christ spoke much of love to man. We make a great deal of peace with heaven, Christ made much of peace on earth. Religion is not a strange or added thing, but the inspiration of the secular life, the breathing of an eternal spirit through this temporal form.

Man and His Faith.

Faith is the substratum of life; so that a man will be as he believes, and will believe as he lives.—Wm. M. Taylor.