

Carolyn of the Corners

BY RUTH BELMORE ENDICOTT

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CAROLYN CANNOT FACE PROSPECT OF LOSING HER ONLY FRIEND AND COMPANION.

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. 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 V—Continued.

The mole in question lived under a piece of rock wall near the garden fence.

When Uncle Joe came home to dinner on one particular Saturday he walked down to the corner of the garden fence, and there saw the havoc Prince had wrought. In following the line of the mole's last tunnel he had worked his way under the picket fence and had torn up two currant bushes and done some damage in the strawberry patch.

"And the worst of it is," grumbled the hardware dealer, "he never caught the mole. That mongrel really isn't worth a bag of dornicks to sink him in the brook. But that's what he's going to get this very evening when I come home. I won't stand for him a day longer."

Carolyn May positively turned pale as she crouched beside the now chained-up Prince, both arms about his rough neck. He licked her cheek. Fortunately, he could not understand everything that was said to him, therefore the pronouncement of this terrible sentence did not agitate him an atom.

Carolyn May sat for a long time under the tree beside the sleeping dog and thought how different this life at The Corners was from that she had lived with her father and mother in the city home.

If only that big ship, the Dunraven, had not sailed away with her papa and her mamma!

Carolyn May had been very brave on that occasion. She had gone ashore with Mrs. Prince and Edna after her mother's last clinging embrace and her father's husky "Good-by, daughter," with scarcely a tear.

Of course she had been brave! Mamma would return in a few weeks, and then, after a time, papa would likewise come back—and oh! so rosy and stout!

And then, in two weeks, came the fatal news of the sinking of the Dunraven and the loss of all but a small part of her crew and passengers.

Vaguely these facts had become known to Carolyn May. She never spoke of them. They did not seem real to the little girl.

But now, sitting beside the condemned Prince—her companion and



The Little Girl Felt Bitterly Her Loneliness and Grief.

only real comforter during these weeks of her orphanhood—the little girl felt bitterly her loneliness and grief.

If Uncle Joe did as he had threatened, what should she do? There seemed to be no place for her and Prince to run away to.

"I'm quite sure I don't want to live," thought Carolyn May dimly. "If papa and mamma and Prince are all dead—why! there aren't enough other folks left in the world to make it worth while living in, I don't believe. If Prince isn't going to be alive, then I don't want to be alive, either."

By and by Prince began to get very uneasy. It was long past his dinner hour, and every time he heard the screen door slam he jumped up and gazed eagerly and with cocked ears and wagging tail in that direction.

"You poor thing, you," said Carolyn

May at last. "I s'pose you are hungry. It isn't going to do you a bit of good to eat; but you don't know it. I'll ask Aunt Rose if she has something for you."

She got up wearily and went across the yard. Aunt Rose stood just inside the screen door.

"Don't you want any dinner, Car'lyn May?" she asked.

"No, ma'am. I guess I'd better not eat," said the child.

"Why not?"

"'Cause my stomach's so trembly. I just know I couldn't keep anything down, even if I could swallow it. But Prince'll eat his piece. He—he don't know any better."

"Tut, tut!" murmured the woman. "He's the most sensible of the two of you, I declare."

The minutes of that afternoon dragged by in most doleful procession. There was no idea in the little girl's mind that Uncle Joe might change his intention and Prince be saved from the watery grave promised him. When she saw the hardware dealer come into the yard almost an hour earlier than their usual supper time she was not surprised. Nor did she think of pleading with him for the dog's life.

The little girl watched him askance. Mr. Stagg came directly through the yard, stopping only at the shed for a moment. There he secured a strong potato sack, and with it trailing from his hand went half-way up the knoll to where there was a heap of stones. He stooped down and began to select some of these, putting them in the bag.

This was too much for Carolyn May. With a fearful look at Uncle Joe's uncompromising shoulders, she went to the tree where Prince was chained. Exchanging the chain for the leather leash with which she always led him about, the little girl guided the mongrel across the yard and around the corner of the house.

Her last backward glance assured her that the hardware dealer had not observed her. Quickly and silently she led Prince to the front gate, and they went out together into the dusty road.

"I—I know we oughtn't to," whispered Carolyn May to her canine friend, "but I feel I've just got to save you, Prince. I—I can't see you drown-ed dead like that!"

She turned the nearest corner and went up the road towards the little closed, gable-roofed cottage where Aunt Rose had lived before she had come to be Uncle Joe's housekeeper.

Carolyn May had already peered over into the small yard of the cottage and had seen that Mrs. Kennedy still kept the flower-beds weeded and the walks neat and the grass plot trimmed. But the window shutters were barred and the front door built up with boards.

Carolyn May went in through the front gate and sat down on the doorstep, while Prince dropped to a comfortable attitude beside her. The dog slept. The little girl ruminated.

She would not go back to Uncle Joe's—no, indeed! She did not know just what she would do when dark should come, but Prince should not be sacrificed to her uncle's wrath.

A voice, low, sweet, yet startling, aroused her.

"What are you doing there, little girl?"

Both runaways started, but neither of them was disturbed by the appearance of her who had accosted Carolyn May.

"Oh, Miss Mandy!" breathed the little girl, and thought that the carpenter's daughter had never looked so pretty.

"What are you doing there?" repeated Miss Parlow.

"We—we've run away," said Carolyn May at last. She could be nothing but frank; it was her nature.

"Run away!" repeated the pretty woman. "You don't mean that?"

"Yes, ma'am, I have. And Prince. From Uncle Joe and Aunt Rose," Carolyn May assured her, nodding her head with each declaration.

"Oh, my dear, what for?" asked Miss Amanda.

So Carolyn May told her—and with tears.

Meanwhile the woman came into the yard and sat beside the child on the step. With her arm about the little girl, Miss Amanda snuggled her up close, wiping the tears away with her own handkerchief.

"I just can't have poor Prince

drown-ed," Carolyn May sobbed. "I'd want to be drown-ed myself, too."
"I know, dear. But do you really believe your Uncle Joseph would do such a thing? Would he drown your dog?"
"I—I saw him putting the stones in the bag," sobbed Carolyn May. "And he said he would."
"But he said it when he was angry, dear. We often say things when we are angry—more's the pity!—which we do not mean, and for which we are bitterly sorry afterwards. I am sure, Carolyn May, that your Uncle Joe has no intention of drowning your dog."
"Oh, Miss Amanda! Are you positive?"
"Positive! I know Joseph Stagg. He was never yet cruel to any dumb creature. Go ask him yourself, Carolyn May. Whatever else he may be, he is not a hater of helpless and dumb animals."

"Miss Amanda," cried Carolyn May, with clasped hands, "you—you are just lifting an awful big lump off my heart! I'll run and ask him right away."
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With Her Arms About the Little Girl, Miss Amanda Snuggled Her Up Close.

had just finished filling in with the stones the trench Prince had dug under the garden fence.

"There," he grunted. "That dratted dog won't dig this hole any bigger, I reckon. What's the matter with you, Car'lyn?"

"Are—are you going to drown Prince, Uncle Joe? If—if you do, it just seems to me, I—I shall die!"

He looked up at her searchingly. "Humph! Is that mongrel so all-important to your happiness that you want to die if he does?" demanded the man.

"Yes, Uncle Joe."
"Humph!" ejaculated the hardware dealer again. "I believe you think more of that dog than you do of me."
"Yes, Uncle Joe."

The frank answer hit Mr. Stagg harder than he would have cared to acknowledge.
"Why?" he queried.
"Because Prince never said a word to hurt me in his life!" said Carolyn May, sobbing.

The man was silenced. He felt in his inmost heart that he had been judged.

CHAPTER VI.

Prince Awakens The Corners.
Camp-meeting time was over, and the church at The Corners was to open for its regular Sunday services.

"Both Satan and the parson have had a vacation," said Mr. Stagg, "and now they can tackle each other again and see which'll get the strange hold 'twixt now and revival time."

"You should not say such things, especially before the child, Joseph Stagg," admonished Aunt Rose.

Carolyn May, however, seemed not to have heard Uncle Joe's pessimistic remark; she was too greatly excited by the prospect of Sunday school. And the very next week-day school would begin!

By this first week in September the little girl was quite settled in her new home at The Corners. Prince was still a doubtful addition to the family, both Uncle Joe and Aunt Rose plainly having misgivings about him. But in regard to the little girl herself, the hardware merchant and the housekeeper were of one opinion, even though they did not admit it to each other.

Prince proves himself a real canine hero and makes himself "solid" with all the people at the Corners. His exploit is described in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

An order for 240,000 pairs of knee-length rubber boots for the French army has been placed with American manufacturers.

WHAT CAN WE DO?

A Christmas roll call of the whole American people for membership in the Red Cross will take place December 16 to 23, inclusive, formal announcement thereof being made through the following statement authorized by Henry P. Davison, chairman of the war council:

"From December 16 to 23 the lists will be open for every American in every corner of the world, so that it may be known that the whole nation at home and abroad is registered for the cause. The Red Cross wants again to give the world notice not only that America can fight, but that to the last man, woman and child we stand four square for mercy, honor and good faith among the nations."

"At the close of the Christmas membership campaign of 1917 there were 22,000,000 Americans enrolled in the Red Cross. There are also 8,000,000 members in the Junior Red Cross."

"This year, both as a Christmas observance and as a renewal of the nationwide pledge of loyalty, the Red Cross will again put before everyone the duty of standing by the flag; for the Red Cross in this great fight for peace represents the whole spirit of what we are fighting for."

"This will not be a call for money. It will be a summons to Americans everywhere to line up for the Ameri-

can ideal. We cannot all fight, but this one thing everybody can do.

"The Red Cross membership fee is one dollar. Half of this remains with the local chapter, to be used for expenses and for relief of our soldiers and their families; the other half goes to the national treasury."

"There will be no allotment of quotas to any community. The quota in every district will be the limit of its adult population."

"When the roll-call comes, every American, old or young, will be called to register and add the weight of his name to the Red Cross message."

"Let us answer with one voice to the word of President Wilson, when he said:

"I summon you to the comradeship!"

The number of men and women now wanted for enrollment in the service of the American Red Cross abroad is in excess of 5,000, and this number is increasing weekly. Recruits to increase the personnel as above indicated must be obtained by the end of the present calendar year. Special appeals are being made by the national bureau of personnel, to the various Red Cross divisions, to put forth particular efforts in enlisting workers, so that the effectiveness of the organization in the war zones may not be impaired.

"Help-Win-the-War" Frocks



"What branch of the service is she in?" Just naturally springs to the lips when our eyes behold a young woman in one of these help-win-the-war frocks. They contrive to carry more than a suggestion of a uniform and have the snap and sturdiness of khaki clothes put on by brothers in arms—which commends them to American young womanhood this day. All business girls—and that includes many more than ever before—are invited to consider the advantages of this frock and others of like character. They are enough to inspire their owners to find something to do to make themselves useful, even if such an ambition has never troubled their placid hearts before.

It must be the small flap pockets, or the battalions of buttons or the patent leather belt or its general trimness and businesslike simplicity that mark this frock as a uniform for one who is engaged in the pursuit of usefulness. It might be made of a very heavy cotton. The frock pictured is of silver-tone in blue with its crisp flecks of white. One will not grow tired of a dress like this. Its wearer puts it on, fastens it up and forgets all about it—this, which is a consummation devoutly to be wished, for all frocks for business and for those to be worn by the young woman at school.

There is nothing to be told about this dress that may not be gathered from the picture. Its skirt is wider than the new suit skirts that are designed with less reference to convenience than to fashion and do not allow a free stride. It is the regulation length—two inches below the shoe tops. There are four of the long panels laid in very shallow plaits, and attached to the skirt under the most orderly rows of bone buttons. The bodice and sleeves are plain. One might have a short, straight coat of the same material to be worn with the frock in cold weather, or one of those three-quarter length capes, with warm lining. But this help-win-the-war frock has a claim to its title from the fact that it is an excellent model to copy when the conservator of wool intends to make over a suit—especially one with a long coat—into a one-piece dress. A little cleverly concealed piecing out may be required, or the panels may be shortened. In the former case braid or tucks will help out and plaits might be omitted.

Julia Bottemley

Fashion's Wise Economy.

Dame Fashion has taken "economy" for her watchword in preparing her winter styles. She uses expensive furs, but she uses them discreetly, a broad band across a narrow panel, a pocket, a crushed collar instead of a wide-spreading cape. She combines serge and satin in many of her most fetching frocks, and what she lacks in over draperies, although she still uses them, she makes up for in rows of silk braid or fringe. As a practical garment for street wear in the fall, she brings out the man-tailored, semi-fitting suit, with no other trimming than silk-braid bindings, arrow-head embroidery and bone or self-covered buttons. Other suit models are less severe, with jackets of finger-tip length, uneven around the hem and with fur-trimmed panels.

May Eliminate Belts.

There is a tendency to try to eliminate belts in the new winter coats, and to emphasize the straight-hanging silhouette. The average woman is not keen about this kind of a coat except, perhaps, for motor wear, and many makers of coats are putting on at least partial belts.

Hats of Plush.

There is a surprising variety of plush hats on display intended for early fall and winter wear. They are made in all the fabric tones.

Nervous and All Unstrung?

Feel nervous and irritable all the time? Continuously worry over trifles? Then there's something wrong. Back of it all may be weak kidneys. Just as nerve wear is a cause of kidney weakness, so is kidney trouble a cause of nervousness. If you have backache, "blues," nervous spells, headaches, dizzy spells, kidney irregularities and a tired, worn feeling, try Doan's Kidney Pills. They are recommended by thousands.

A Nebraska Case

Mrs. Harry C. McLean and Seventeenth Sts., Falls City, Neb., says: "I suffered terribly from my kidneys. I had rheumatic pains in my back and sides. Doan's Kidney Pills had been used in my family with good results, so I tried them. After taking three boxes of Doan's I was entirely cured. My limbs, which had been swollen, were reduced to normal size and the soreness all disappeared from my joints. That was over five years ago, and the trouble has never returned."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Carter's Iron Pills

Will restore color to the faces of those who lack iron in the blood, as most pale-faced people do.

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THE PAXTON HOTEL

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EUROPEAN PLAN
Rooms from \$1.00 up single, 75 cents up double.
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HORRIBLE TO THINK ABOUT

Private Would Much Rather Have Gone "Over the Top" Than Tell Girl She Wouldn't Do.

Solomon and Socrates have nothing on the welfare worker. He is in a class by himself as a vendor of general information and advice. The united war work campaign of the seven welfare agencies is introducing him to popular approval in his full blaze of glory.

A rangy freckled private stood in the doorway of the Jewish Welfare board's hut at Camp Gordon. He shifted nervously and his tongue stuck to the roof of his mouth.

"It's a g-g-g-girl, s-s-sir. W-w-e—I think I'd like to m-m-marry her. She's outside. C-c-can I b-b-bing her in?"

Who was she? A little girl from the town near the camp? No, she wasn't the paint-and-powder kind. A regular girl, the sort you'd like your mother to meet, if you had a mother.

With all ceremony she was ushered in, blushing and giggling. She met the critical eye of the welfare worker with becoming timidity. When the Jewish Welfare board man had given his smiling sanction, the private breathed a great sigh.

"Gee! Suppose I'd had to tell her she wouldn't do? Gee!"

Aerial Bombing.

Aerial bombing is today far more of an exact science than was supposed possible a year and a half ago. In the early days of the war, dropping bombs was largely a matter of luck. Accurate bomb-sights have been produced which, carefully used, are a guarantee of the bomb falling on the object aimed at, with a very small margin of error. Of course, in the case of all such instruments, the human element is sometimes responsible for errors of calculation and a small error on a bomb-sight at 15,000 feet will send a bomb far out of its course.

Paper Thread.

Paper thread is attracting considerable attention in the Scandinavian countries. It is a new invention—a result of the war.—People's Home Journal.

Wash day is smile day if you use Red Cross Ball Blue, American made, therefore the best made. Adv.

You are commanding one life—and it is about the biggest contract ever a man undertook.

Children's Coughs

may be checked and more serious conditions of the throat will be often avoided by promptly giving the child a dose of safe

PISO'S