



# Carolyn of the Corners

BY RUTH BELMORE ENDICOTT

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### CHAPTER IX—Continued.

"Is it? Well, no, they didn't tell me that," admitted the visitor, "or I'd not started so late. You see, I come up on a schooner. This here lake bottom ain't in my line. I'm deep-water, I am."

"So I should s'pose," said Mr. Parlow. "How'd you git up here, anyway?"

"The war," said the visitor. "The war done it. Couldn't git a good berth in any deep-water bottom. So I thought I'd try fresh-water sailin'. I tell you, matey, I been workin' as quartermaster's mate on the old Cross and Crescent line, a-scootin' 'cross to Naples from N'York—there and back—goin' on ten year."

"What did you leave your boat for?" asked the carpenter curiously.

"She was sunk. There's things happenin' over to the other side of the ocean, mate," said the injured man earnestly, "that you wouldn't believe—no, sir! The Cross and Crescent line's give up business till after the war's over, I reckon."

"You'd better not encourage him to talk any more, father," interposed Miss Amanda, coming into the room again. "The best thing he can do for himself is to sleep for a while."

"Thank ye, ma'am," said the sailor humbly. "I'll try."

Darkness came on apace. The sky had become overcast, and there was promise of a stormy night—more snow, perhaps. But Miss Amanda would not allow Carolyn May and Prince to start for home at once.

"Watch for your uncle, Carolyn May, out of the front-room window, and be all ready to go with him when he comes along," said Miss Parlow.

When Uncle Joe came along, Carolyn May ran out and hailed him from the porch.

"Wait for me, Uncle Joe! Wait for me and Princey, please! Just let me get my mittens and Prince's harness and kiss Miss Mandy."

That last she did most soundly, and in full view of the man waiting in the white road.

"Oh, Uncle Joe, I've got just the wonderfulest story to tell you! Shall we harness Prince up again, or will you?"

"I can't wait for the dog, Carolyn May. I'm in a hurry. You oughtn't to be out in this wind, either. Get aboard your sled, now, and I'll drag you myself," Mr. Stag interrupted.

### CHAPTER X.

#### A Salt-Sea Flavor.

Swiftly Joseph Stag trudged toward home, dragging Carolyn May behind him.

"Oh, dear me!" exclaimed the little girl with exultation, "we're all so excited, Uncle Joe!"

"I can see you're all of a-twitter," he returned absent-mindedly. "What's the matter?"

"Oh, you never could guess!" was Carolyn May's introduction, and forthwith, in breathless sentences, went on



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to tell of her discovery in the snow and about the old sailor now lying asleep on the Parlow couch.

Of course, when Carolyn May arrived at home, the story had to be told all over again to Aunt Rose Kennedy.

"A mighty plucky youngster, this Carolyn May of ours," Uncle Joe remarked. "What do you say, Aunt Rose?"

"She is, indeed, Joseph Stag," agreed the woman.

Carolyn May insisted on going to the Parlow house herself after school the next afternoon to inquire about her "sailor man."

When she had been kissed by Miss Amanda, and Prince had lain down by the kitchen range, the little girl de-

manded: "And do tell me how my sailor man is, Miss Mandy. He got such a bump on his head!"

"Yes; the man's wound is really serious. I'm keeping him in bed. But you can go up to see him. He's talked a lot about you, Carolyn May."

The sailor lay in the warm bedroom over the kitchen.

Carolyn May prattled on gayly and soon had her "sailor man" telling all about the sea and ships, and "they that go down therein."

"For, you see," explained Carolyn May, "I'm dreadful curious about the sea. My papa and mamma were lost at sea."

"You don't say so, little miss!" exclaimed the old fellow. "Aye, aye, that's too bad."

Miss Amanda had disappeared, busy about some household matter, and the little girl and the sailor were alone together.

"Yes," Carolyn May proceeded, "it is dreadful hard to feel that it is so."

"Feel that what's so, little miss?" asked the man in bed.

"That my papa and mamma are really drowned—ed," said the little girl with quivering lips. "Some of the folks on their boat were saved. The papers said so."

"Aye, aye!" exclaimed the sailor, his brows puckered into a frown. "Aye, aye, matey! that's allus the way. Why, I was saved myself from a wreck. I was in the first officer's boat, and we in that boat was saved. There was another boat—the purser's, it was—was drifted about all night with us. We come one time near smashin' into each other and wreckin' both boats. There was a heavy swell on."

"Yet," pursued the sailor, "come daylight, and the fog splittin', we never could find the purser's boat. She had just as good a chance as us after the steamship sunk. But there it was! We got separated from her, and we was saved, whilst the purser's boat wasn't never heard on again."

"That was dreadful!" sighed the little girl.

"Yes, little miss. And the poor passengers! Purser had twenty or more in his boat. Women mostly. But there was a sick man, too. Why, I helped lower his wife and him into the boat 'fore I was called to go with the first officer in his boat. We was the last to cast off. The purser had just as good a chance as we did."

"I guess I won't never forgit that time, little miss," went on the seaman, seeing the blue eyes fixed on his face, round with interest. "No! And I've seen some tough times, too."

"The ship was riddled. She had to sink—and it was night."

"There was a sick man I told you about, little miss. He was a wonder, that feller! Cheerful—brave—Don't often see a feller like him. Jokin' to the last, he was. He didn't want to go in the purser's boat, if there was more women or children to go."

"We told him all the women folk had left the ship. So, then, he let me lower him down into the purser's boat after his wife. And that boat had as good a chance as we had, I tell you," repeated the seaman in quite an excited manner.

"Oh, dear me!" exclaimed Carolyn May. "My papa and mamma might have been just like that," she added. "Of course, we don't know whether they got off the steamship at all."

"Aye, aye!" the sailor said. "Pretty tough on you, little miss."

Miss Amanda had come back into the room, and she stood listening to the old man's talk. She said:

"Carolyn May, I think you had better go downstairs now. We mustn't let our patient talk too much. It won't be good for him."

So Carolyn May shook hands with the old sailor and started downstairs ahead of Miss Amanda. The latter lingered a moment to ask a question.

"What was the name of the steamship you were wrecked on?" she asked.

"The one you were just telling about."

"She was the Dunraven—the Dunraven, of the Cross and Crescent line," replied the mariner. "Didn't I tell you that before, ma'am?"

### CHAPTER XI.

#### Will Wonders Never Cease?

Again it snowed all night.

It was on the next day, and at noon time, when Mr. Stag was returning to the store, that a most astounding thing happened.

Mr. Stag was walking briskly toward Sunrise Cove in his big felt snow-boots, such as all men wore in that locality, and was abreast of the Parlow shop and cottage—which he always sought to avoid looking at—when he heard a door open and close.

He tried not to look that way. But his ear told him instantly that the person who had come out was Miss Amanda, rather than her father. Knowing this, how could he help darting a glance at her?

Miss Amanda stood on the porch, looking directly at him.

"Mr. Stag," she called earnestly, "I must speak to you."

Have on the Sunday when Prince had killed the blacksnake, Miss Amanda had not spoken directly to the hardware merchant in all these hungry years. It rather shocked Joseph Stag now that she should do so.

"Will you come in?" she urged him, her voice rather tremulous. There was a moment of absolute silence.

"Bless me! Yes!" ejaculated the hardware man finally.

"I assure you, Mr. Stag," Miss Amanda said hurriedly, "it is no personal matter that causes me to stop you in this fashion."

"No, ma'am?" responded the man stiffly.

"I want you to come in and speak with this sailor who was hurt," she finally said. "There is something he can tell you, Mr. Stag, that I think you should know."

The big rocking-chair by the window, in which Miss Amanda's mother had for several years before her death spent her waking hours, was now occupied by the sailor.

"This is the little girl's uncle, Benjamin," Miss Amanda said quietly. "He will be interested in what you have already told me about the loss of the Dunraven. Will you please repeat it all?"

"The Dunraven?" gasped Mr. Stag sitting down without being asked. "Hannah—"

"There is no hope, of course," Amanda Parlow spoke up quickly, "that your sister, Mr. Stag, and her husband were not lost. But having found out



"We Nigh Bumped Into Each Other After the Dunraven Sunk."

that Benjamin was on the steamer with them, I thought you should know. I have warned him to be careful how he speaks before Carolyn May. You may wish to hear the story at first hand."

"Thank you," choked Joseph Stag. He wanted to say more, but could not. Benjamin Hardy's watery eyes blinked, and he blew his nose.

"Aye, aye, mate!" he rumbled, "hard lines—for a fact. I give my testimony 'fore the consul when we was landed—so did all that was left of us from the Dunraven. Me bein' an unlettered man, they didn't run me very close. I can't add much more to it."

"As I say, that purser's boat your sister and her sickly husband was in had just as good a chance as we had. We nigh bumped into each other soon after the Dunraven sunk. So, then, we pulled off away from each other. Then the fog rolled up from the African shore—a heap o' fog, mate. It sponged out the lamp in the purser's boat. We never seen no more of 'em—nor heard no more."

"And were Hannah—were my sister and her husband in that boat?" queried Mr. Stag thoughtfully.

"I am sure, by the details Benjamin has given me," said Miss Amanda softly, "that your sister and Mr. Cameron were two of its passengers."

"Well, it's a long time ago, now," said the hardware dealer. "Surely, if they had been picked up or had reached the coast of Africa, we would have heard about it."

"It would seem so," the woman agreed gently.

"You never know what may happen at sea, mister, till it happens," Benjamin Hardy declared. "What became of that boat—"

He seemed to stick to that idea. But the possibility of the small boat's having escaped seemed utterly preposterous to Mr. Stag. He arose to depart.

Miss Amanda followed the hardware dealer to the outer door.

"I'm sorry," she said simply. "Thank—thank you," murmured Joseph Stag before she closed the door. He went on to town, his mind strangely disturbed. It was not his sister's fate that filled his heart and brain, but thoughts of Miss Amanda.

She had deliberately broken the silence of years! Of course, it might be attributed to her interest in Carolyn May only, yet the hardware dealer wondered.

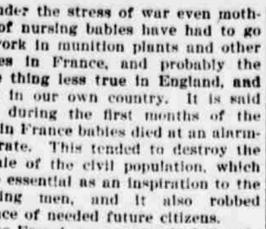
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### Relieved.

At Camp Dodge one night a Swede was on guard duty. Being new to the business, time dragged slowly, but finally the officer with relief came along. The Swede said: "Halt." They halted, and next he said: "Who was dat?" The officer replied: "Officer with relief." The sentry, after waiting several minutes in a vain attempt to recall to mind what he should say, brought forth this startling command: "Dismiss yourselves and be reconciled."

Needless to say the stiffness of the night was broken by a roar of laughter.

# WHAT CAN WE DO?



Under the stress of war even mothers of nursing babies have had to go to work in munition plants and other places in France, and probably the same thing less true in England, and even in our own country. It is said that during the first months of the war in France babies died at an alarming rate. This tended to destroy the morale of the civil population, which is so essential as an inspiration to the fighting men, and it also robbed France of needed future citizens.

The French government had already before the war taken steps to conserve its infants, but did not take up the matter of infant welfare extensively until the war came and the infant death rate suddenly and rapidly increased. To make up for the lack of home care, nurseries were established where scientific treatment could be given to babies and where the mothers could go at intervals during the day to nurse their babies, thus eliminating the risk of artificial feeding. The babies are cared for day and night, kept warm and clean, provided with fresh air and made generally comfortable. Mothers can nurse them during the night if the child's welfare requires it. This has worked out to the advantage of babies and mothers in wartime, and will be continued doubtless. In one community, where the mayor of a town was also a doctor, the death rate for babies was reduced to zero for ten years—there is no equally good record anywhere.

It is natural that the welfare of children should be the care of women everywhere, and every community ought to make an effort—as a community—to establish a place where mothers who must leave their children during working hours can be helped out, and young and inexperi-

enced mothers directed and advised as to the feeding and care required by their infants. When the time comes for a discontinuance of work for soldiers and their families, women who have given so much time and attention to this war work might use their organizations to help along the human welfare movement, and more especially the infant welfare work.

The war has left many orphans and half-orphans in France and Belgium. A contribution of about three dollars a month will support one of these children, and this is another charity that merits the consideration of women—women's clubs and business organizations. The amount is so small that it will not be felt at all when divided up among the members of even a small club.

#### Combination Sweater Blouse.

An extremely serviceable and jaunty garment is the new combination sweater blouse, devised by some one who wanted to conserve wool without giving up the good points of the sweater. A blouse of some gay striped silk is first made according to a pattern that opens down the front with fronts that fold back and join in a wide sailor collar. But the sailor collar is not made of the silk. Instead it is made of some color wool that goes well with the stripes in the silk, as are also wide cuffs for the sleeves and a foot-wide hip section that forms a tight-fitting peplum for the blouse. To put it on it is simply pulled over the head. It is a charming little thing to wear with the walking suit skirt, and the wool is placed just where the additional warmth under the suit coat might be most welcome on frosty mornings.

# The Story of the Veil



The story of the veil—if it is confined to the fashionable veil—is rather brief at present, because only small face veils occupy the attention of the big majority of women. Of this particular kind of veil there are, however, many varieties which are worth the attention of women who appreciate how much a veil can do for the complexion—and the face. Besides, there are the small, floating veils which are worn with so much grace and prove so alluring on women who know how to "carry them off," and the veils for motoring. In addition to these one must not overlook some pleasing novelties that are occasionally seen on younger women and girls who like odd and striking things.

Nearly all the small, close-fitting face veils are made of fine—very fine—threads in large mesh ground with embroidered floral sprays straying over them. Or they may be splashed with widely detached motifs or finished with dots. All these decorative touches appear in borders as well as in patterns that trail over the mesh or dot it. There are also veils of heavier threads and in both the fine and heavy threads there are small-mesh varieties.

It would be impossible and unnecessary to describe all of them. The thing to remember is that one should experiment before buying and try on different veils as we do hats, in order to select the becoming pattern. Black and taupe are the most popular colors, but there are others.

Among veils that have found favor there is a novelty that combines the mesh veil with plain chiffon so that one veil answers two purposes. It is a moderately long veil of chiffon a square of silk mesh is set, so that the face may be covered with either and the chiffon ends left floating. It is not particularly attractive. A very soft veil with

a coarse mesh, having a border woven with figures in a finer mesh, is shown, with a plain chiffon veil, in the illustration. An extreme and novel veil has had a following among young people. It consists of an oblong of a large, square-meshed veil bordered with chiffon and hangs straight from the front of the turban to the waistline while a longer veil or plain chiffon hangs from the back. There is a border of chenille dots in graduated sizes set across the lower edge of the mesh veil. Long scarfs of malines attached to small hats and turbans, to be wrapped about the face and neck, were among the alluring things that came in with late summer and are pretty enough to survive the passing of a season. They were in any of the colors used for hats and ought at least to reappear on the between-seasons hats that will soon be with us.

Julia Bottomley

#### Panels Are Looped.

The panel has never been more evident. It appears in a thousand effects. In a gray satin it is developed in a looped panel at the back, made of the satin and falling in front in an apron panel made of fine net banded across the bottom with a gray fur half a foot deep. Of course, the foundation skirt of this particular dress is as narrow as it can be, and because one must be able to take steps while wearing it the two pieces at the bottom of the skirt are crossed in the back, separating as one moves. Paris sends over a number of these cross-draped skirts, designed evidently to give the extreme narrow lines on which approval has been placed.

# SIZE DIDN'T COUNT

Thought That Heartened Young British Soldier.

Helped to Overcome Natural Nervousness of His First Physical Impact With the Huns—Realized It Was "Fight or Die."

Tommy Kehoe, a sixteen-year-old English boy, tells how he "got his first Hun." Not a hundred feet away they were when our lads were jumping to the parapet to meet them with their bayonets. I made a leap for the top of the ladder, grabbed at it, missed and slipped back. Somebody reached out a hand and pulled me up.

Almost on us they were. Oh, never in my worst dreams—and I've had many a bad one since then—have I seen a more dreadful sight than that. They came at us out of the dark like fiends from another world, like the pictures I've seen of men from Mars, for their heads were covered with the most evil looking masks that anybody could imagine, masks with huge round eyes and long, gishish snouts. Shells were bursting above them, machine guns were tearing through their ranks and their masks were white and ghastly in the light of the rockets. Many a time I had thought of what war would be like, but never had I thought I should look on such a sight as that.

"Fight or die, Tommy Kehoe! Fight or die!"

That's what I told myself as I crouched in front of the sand bags, with my bayonet ready for them.

Whopping big men they were, head and shoulders above me. But as I waited there a thought dashed through me of the Bantam regiment, little fellows scarcely bigger than I, who had made good against even those giant Prussians. Size didn't count behind a bayonet. It was quickness that counted. I was sure of it. If it didn't, then it was all over with me.

Even then, when they were almost up to us, how the guns were mowing them down! It looked as if none could be left in a moment or two. But those that didn't fall came on like madmen and poured through the lanes where the big guns had leveled our wires.

One—he was a six-footer if he was an inch—ran straight for me with his bayonet. I crouched and thrust at him—thrust upward. His bayonet went over my shoulder. He staggered and fell over my gun. I had got him! I had got him! In the stomach!

'Twas lucky for me there was no time to think over it or to stand there gawping at him—the dead Hun hanging over my gun with his masked head almost touching me—for it was horrible. For a second or two I turned dizzy and sick. But it was fight again or die. I jerked my rifle back and stumbled over the dead man as he flopped to the ground.

"Make for their stomachs, Tommy Kehoe! Make for their stomachs!" I told myself. "Size don't count."

#### Find Historic Relics.

Excavators for the Brooklyn Rapid Transit subway tunnel to Brooklyn, under Whitehall street, came upon a large number of piles which had been imbedded in the mud at that point since Revolutionary days. The site of the historic find was, at one time, that of the old Whitehall ferry, whence Gen. George Washington embarked one December day in 1783, immediately after he had bidden farewell to his officers at France's tavern, at Broad and Pearl streets, four blocks away. While the diggers were hoisting up the old piles they also found some old wooden masts used during the administration of Aaron Burr as water commissioner of the city. Many old relics have been dug up in this section of the city with the excavating for the new tunnel. Two blocks away the hull of an old wooden ship was found 15 feet beneath the surface of the street, a year or two ago, while further "inshore," near Broad and Front streets, huge clam shell beds were dug up, showing that at one time the shore line had been further inland.

#### Garlic to Be Imported.

Because of the scarcity of food in Europe and the difficulty of transportation, the war board discouraged the importation of food products from Europe, hoping to save them for home consumption and to save tonnage. Garlic from Italy was included under this general prohibition until the Italian government represented that great financial loss would result, due to the vast acreage planted with garlic in Italy. The supply of this year's yield would be far too great for home consumption. Due to this, the war trade board issued a permit for the present year, with the understanding that after January, 1918, fewer acres would be planted to garlic, but would be devoted to the cultivation of other food products, which would be used for home consumption.—Italian-American News Bureau.

#### Bismarck's Head Sold Cheap.

An iron head of Bismarck was recently sold to the New York war savings committee for transformation into munitions. The iron chancellor's metal duplicate was appraised at \$8, paid in War Savings stamps, and within two hours was on its way to a munition factory. The owner, who refused to give his name, declaring that since the war he had been so embarrassed about its possession that he hesitated to dispose of it as refuse, fearing the cynical comments of the junk collectors of his neighborhood.