

Carolyn of the Corners

BY RUTH BELMORE ENDICOTT

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CHAPTER XII.

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Something Carolyn May Wishes to Know.

Carolyn May's heart was filled with trouble.

This was the result of her first talk with the old sailor. Not from him, nor from anybody else, did Carolyn May get any direct information that the sailor had been aboard the Dunraven on her fatal voyage. But his story awoke in the child's breast doubts and longings, uncertainties and desires that had lain dormant for many weeks.

Uncle Joe and Aunt Rose loved her and were kind to her. But that feeling of "emptiness" that had at first so troubled Carolyn May was returning. She began to droop. Keen-eyed Aunt Rose discovered this physical change very quickly.

"She's just like a droopy chicken," declared the good woman, "and, goodness knows, I have seen enough of them."

So, as a stimulant and a preventive of "droopiness," Aunt Rose prescribed bonnet tea, "plenty of it."

Three times a day Carolyn May was dosed with bonnet tea. How long the child's stomach would have endured under this treatment will never be known. Carolyn May got no better, that was sure; but one day something happened.

Winter had moved on in its usual frosty and snowy way. Carolyn May had kept up all her interests—after a fashion.

Benjamin Hardy had gone to Adams' camp to work. It seemed he could use a povery, or canthook, pretty well, having done something besides sailing in his day. Tim, the hackman, worked at logging in the winter months, too. He usually went past the Stag place with a team four times each day.

There was something Carolyn May wished to ask Benjamin Hardy, but she did not want anybody else to know what it was—not even Uncle Joe or Aunt Rose. Once in the fall and before the snow came she had ridden as far as Adams' camp with Mr. Parlow. He had gone there for some hickory wood.

But, now, to ride on the empty sled going in and on top of the load of logs coming out of the forest, Carolyn May felt sure, would be much more exciting. She mentioned her desire to Uncle Joe on a Friday evening.

"Well, now, if it's pleasant, I don't see anything to forbid. Do you, Aunt Rose?" Mr. Stag returned.

"I presume Tim will take the best care of her," the woman said. "Maybe, getting out more in the air will make her look less peaked, Joseph Stag."

The excitement of preparing to go to the camp the next morning brought the roses into Carolyn May's cheeks and made her eyes sparkle. When Tim, the hackman, went into town with his first load he was forewarned by Aunt Rose that he would have company going back.

"Pitcher of George Washington!" exclaimed Tim. "The boys will near 'bout take a holiday."

There was but one woman in the camp, Judy Mason. She lived in one of the log huts with her husband. He was a sawyer, and Judy did the men's washing.

Benjamin Hardy was pleased, indeed, to see his little friend again. "You come with me, please," she whispered to the old seaman after dinner.



"I've-Been So Near Drownin' Myself, That I Thought I Was Dead When I Was Hauled Inboard."

Benjamin Hardy was pleased, indeed, to see his little friend again. "You come with me, please," she whispered to the old seaman after dinner.

"Aye, aye, little miss. What'll we talk about?" queried Benjamin cautiously, for he remembered that he was to be very circumspect in his conversation with her.

"I want you to tell me something, Benjamin," she said.

"Sail ahead, matey," he responded with apparent heartiness, filling his pipe meanwhile.

"Why, Benjamin—you must know,

you know, for you've been to sea so much—Benjamin, I want to know if it hurts much to be drowned—"

"Hurts much?" gasped the old seaman. "Yes, sir. Do people that get drowned feel much pain? Is it a sufferin' way to die? I want to know, Benjamin, 'cause my papa and mamma died that way," continued the child, choking a little. "It does seem as though I'd just got to know."

"Aye, aye," muttered the man. "I see. An' I kin tell ye, Carolyn May, as close as anybody kin. I've been so near drownin' myself that they thought I was dead when I was hauled inboard. 'Comin' back from drownin' is a whole lot worse than bein' drowned. You take it from me."

"Well," sighed Carolyn May, "I'm glad to know that. It's bothered me a good deal. If my mamma and papa had to be dead, maybe that was the nicest way for them to go."

Since Joseph Stag had listened to the rambling tale of the sailor regarding the sinking of the Dunraven, he had borne the fate of his sister and her husband much in mind.

He had come no nearer to deciding what to do with the apartment in New York and its furnishings.

After listening to Benjamin Hardy's story, the hardware dealer felt less inclined than before to close up the affairs of Carolyn May's small "estate." Not that he for a moment believed that there was a possibility of Hannah and her husband being alive. Five months had passed. In these days of wireless telegraph and fast sea traffic such a thing could not be possible. The imagination of the practical hardware merchant could not visualize it.

One day when Carolyn May was visiting Mrs. Gormley Chet burst in quite unexpectedly, for it was not yet mid-afternoon.

"Mr. Stag has let me off to take Carolyn May sledin'. The ice ain't goin' to be safe in the cove for long now. Spring's in the air o'ready. Both brooks are runnin' full."

Carolyn May was delighted. Although the sky was overcast and a storm threatening when they got down on the ice, neither the boy nor the little girl gave the weather a second thought. Nor had Mr. Stag considered the weather when he had allowed Chet to leave the store that afternoon.

Chet strapped on his skates, and then settled the little girl firmly on her sled, with Prince riding behind.

The boy harnessed himself with the long towrope and skated away from the shore, dragging the sled after him at a brisk pace.

"Oh, my!" squealed Carolyn May, "there isn't anybody else on the ice." "We won't run into nobody, then," laughed the boy.

It was too misty outside the cove to see the open water; but it was there, and Chet knew it as well as anybody. He had no intention of taking any risks—especially with Carolyn May in his charge.

The wind blew out of the cove, too. As they drew away from the shelter of the land they felt its strength.

Naturally, neither the boy nor the little girl—and surely not the dog—looked back toward the land. Otherwise, they would have seen the snow flurry that swept down over the town and quickly hid it from the cove.

Chet was skating his very swiftest. Carolyn May was screaming with delight. Prince barked joyfully. And, suddenly, in a startling fashion, they came to a fissure in the ice!

The boy darted to one side, heeled on his right skate, and stopped. He had jerked the sled aside, too, yelling to Carolyn May to "hold fast!" But Prince was flung from it, and scrambled over the ice, barking loudly.

"Oh, dear me!" cried Carolyn May. "You stopped too quick, Chet Gormley. Goodness! There's a hole in the ice!"

"And I didn't see it till we was almost in it," acknowledged Chet. "It's more'n a hole. Why! there's a great field of ice broke off and sailin' out into the lake."

"Oh, my!" gasped the little girl.

The boy knew at once that he must be careful in making his way home with the little girl. Having seen one great fissure in the ice, he might come upon another. It seemed to him as though the ice under his feet was in motion. In the distance was the sound of a reverberating crash that could mean but one thing. The ice in the cove was breaking up!

The waters of the two brooks were pouring down into the cove. Spring had really come, and the annual freshet was likely now to force the ice entirely out of the cove and open the way for traffic in a few hours.

CHAPTER XIII.

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The Chapel Bell.

If Joseph Stag had obeyed the precept of his little niece on this particular afternoon and had been "looking up," instead of having his nose in the big ledger, making out monthly statements, he might have discovered the coming storm in season to withdraw his permission to Chet to take Carolyn May out on the ice.

It was always dark enough in the little back office in winter for the hardware dealer to have a lamp burning. So he did not notice the snow flurry that had taken Sunrise Cove in its arms until he chanced to walk out to the front of the store for needed exercise.

"I declare to man, it's snowin'," muttered Joseph Stag. "Thought we'd got through with that for this season." He opened the store door. There was a chill, clammy wind, and the snow was damp and packed quickly under foot.

"Hum! If that Chet Gormley were here now, he might be of some use for once," thought Mr. Stag. Suddenly he bethought him of the errand that had taken the boy away from the store.

"Hey, Stag!" shouted a shopkeeper from over the way, who had likewise come to the door, "did you hear that?"

"Hear what?" asked Joseph Stag, puzzled.

"There she goes again! That's ice, old man. She's breaking up. We'll have spring with us in no time now."

The reverberating crash that had startled Chet Gormley had startled Joseph Stag as well.

"My goodness!" gasped the hardware dealer, and he started instantly away from the store, bareheaded as he was, without locking the door behind him—something he had never done before, since he had established himself in business on the main street of Sunrise Cove.

Just why he ran he could scarcely have explained. Of course, the children had not gone out in this snowstorm! Mrs. Gormley—little sense as



"Where's That Plagued Boy?"

he believed the seamstress possessed—would not have allowed them to venture.

Yet, why had Chet not returned? He quickened his pace. He was running—slipping and sliding over the wet snow—when he turned into the street on which his store boy and his widowed mother lived.

Mrs. Gormley saw him coming from the windows of the tiny front room. Mr. Stag plunged into the little house, head down, and belligerent.

"Where's that plagued boy?" he demanded. "Don't tell me he's taken Hannah's Carolyn out on the cove in this storm!"

"But—you told him he could!"

"What if I did? I didn't know 'twas going to snow like this, did I?"

"But it wasn't snowin' when they went," said Mrs. Gormley, plucking up some little spirit. "I'm sure it wasn't Chetwood's fault. Oh, dear!"

"Woman," groaned Joseph Stag, "it doesn't matter whose fault it is—or if it's anybody's fault. The mischief's done. The ice is breaking up. It's drifting out of the inlet."

Just at this moment an unexpected voice broke into the discussion.

"Are you positive they went out on the cove to slide, Mrs. Gormley?"

"Oh, yes, I be, Mandy," answered the seamstress. "Chet said he was goin' there, and what Chet says he'll do, he always does."

"Then the ice has broken away and they have been carried out into the lake," groaned Mr. Stag.

Mandy Parlow came quickly to the little hall.

"Perhaps not, Joseph," she said, speaking directly to the hardware dealer. "It may be the storm. It snows so fast they would easily get turned around—be unable to land the shore."

Another reverberating crash echoed from the cove. Mrs. Gormley wrung her hands.

"Oh, my Chet! Oh, my Chet!" she wailed. "He'll be drowned!"

"He won't be, if he's got any sense," snapped Mr. Stag. "I'll get some men and we'll go after them."

"Call the dog, Joseph Stag. Call the dog," advised Miss Amanda.

"Heh? Didn't Prince go with 'em?"

"Oh, yes, he did," wailed Mrs. Gormley.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Color Line

By ISOBEL FIELD
of The Vigilantes

Race prejudice is shifting from America over to the battlefields of France. As the pride of our negro soldier grows in this country a very violent dislike for him is spreading all along the German front. In more than one place the color line and the front line of battle merged into one—to the rage and dismay of the Hun.

The Teuton prejudice against color would be even more intense if Germany could know what the American negroes are doing in every department of war work. Our enemies have felt the force of negro valor as exemplified by Henry Johnston with his bolo knife and Needham Roberts with his stack of bombs; but there is more behind.

Of the stevedores, George Freeman, the American labor contractor (who took 1,500 of them to France), says: "They are the finest workers you ever saw. One negro can do four times as much work as any other man, and have fun doing it. The French stevedores stand by and look on with amazement at my bustling gangs. The way they handle a 100-pound crate makes the Frenchmen's eyes bulge."

In the shipbuilding yards the whirlwind methods of the negroes have caused a sensation both in this country and in England. Charles Knight, a colored man, won the prize for fast riveting—25 pounds in money—from Lord Northcliffe and a letter from the Englishman which says: "Your world's record feat of driving 4,875 rivets on May 16th has set for American shipbuilders the fast pace that is necessary for carrying on the war successfully. Such an achievement as yours carries across the sea an inspiring message of American domination and ability."

Negro Women in France.

Seven hundred volunteer negro women are in France working in the huts and canteens of the Y. M. C. A., and there are many colored secretaries in this same noble service abroad. The Red Cross is placing colored trained nurses in the base hospitals in this country, and is considering the plea of 3,000 graduate negro nurses for overseas service.

All over the country 12,000,000 colored Americans are loyally backing the government with their hard-earned money. Out of their wages and savings they invested \$7,000,000 in three issues of the Liberty Loan bonds. They gave one million in the first Red Cross drive and two million in the second, be-

sides investing four million in Thrift stamps. This fine record cannot be told in terms of money alone, for it is the spirit that counts, and the spirit of the colored Americans is passionately loyal.

Now, when a new loan is to be launched the negroes will be found well prepared to meet it. They have learned more about their government in the last year than they ever knew in their lives before. The growing sympathy and appreciation of their patriotic efforts by the white people have given them confidence. The success of the colored troops abroad have thrilled them with a pride that will express itself in renewed efforts.

During the last year many new societies have been formed among the colored people and these, with the old established ones, have been actively and intelligently engaged in war work.

Doing Great Service.

They have formed committees to sell Liberty bonds and Thrift stamps; they have helped the two Red Cross drives; they care for the dependents of negro soldiers; they send comforts to their troops abroad; they have opened their canteens in several large cities for the benefit of negro soldiers on leave, and they meet to knit, sew and roll bandages. All this work has been so well organized that the various societies are now civic centers well prepared to launch any patriotic service with every appearance of success.

In the magazines and many newspapers published by the negroes every effort is being made to encourage their readers to the utmost. Race troubles; the ignominy of "Jim Crow" cars in the South; the delay of the Red Cross in sending trained colored nurses abroad; the anti-negro riots in Philadelphia, have all been passed over with the urgent plea that personal grievances be forgotten in the one great unanimous aim—to win the war.

With such a spirit animating our colored Americans the government may rest assured that Liberty loans, like the black troops at the front, will go "over the top" with enthusiasm. Well may Germany wish to draw the color line!

KAISER AND HIS FOOTSTOOL

By EDITH M. THOMAS
of The Vigilantes

A German woman, arraigned as "enemy-alien," is reported to have said, "I would kiss the kaiser's feet."

Here's a talking footstool—on my word! I, who thought a footstool dumb, have heard how one "made in Germany" can talk—better yet, I hold, to see it walk!

You would "kiss the kaiser's feet," you say? It were best to let you have your way: Here you are but out of place—and so, straight to Wilhelmstrasse you should go!

front. Miss W. M. Letts has been working in a hospital ever since the war began, but has not been too busy to write in "The Spires of Oxford" some of the most beautiful poems of the war; while Katharine Tynan has published three books of war poetry.

These are only a few representative names taken from a large number. To this number belongs the future of Ireland; their voices will speak with authority at the peace conference, and with them will rest the successful settlement of the Irish question. The fighting Irish are in this war where they have been in every war, battling for liberty and supporting the cause of civilization.

THE APPEAL TO FEAR

By RAYMOND S. SPEARS
of The Vigilantes

Nothing is more astonishing than the Prussian belief in the efficacy of fear, of the value of frightening the English, the French, the Americans and the other races with horrors twice founded. To find its analogy it is necessary to turn to the savage races of men, to Indians with their horrid medicine men masks, to the dancing and howling idol votaries of the African tribes, and to the grotesque images of the island peoples of the Pacific ocean.

It is most extraordinary that the Prussians should try with science and mechanical ingenuities and spirit-conjurings to do by complications what the simplicity of the savage tribes tried to do by red and blue paint, the carved heads of dream-land brutes and waving snakes around their heads.

We see the wireless used to spread rumors of disasters that never happened, just as the wild men used to shriek of death or torture. The Prussians report horrible engines of death, which are but the same as the ancient poisoned arrows and medicines to make men under test sick and pale.

What is the meaning of the belief that frightening people can serve against the allies? A German professor, with his myopic spectacles and long discourses on psychology, does declare that when men are afraid they are easily whipped in a fight. The Teutons believe the professor, who has advanced no further than the medicine man of old who faced strangers with painted masks and incoherent shriekings.

The fact seems to be that away down in the Prussian heart there is a certainty that fear is efficient; knowing what a gripping, cold-sweating thing terror is, he believes the other fellow must be afraid, too, and the great problem of life is to scare the other fellow more than oneself.

A bully, believing himself invincible, does often present a "strong" front, but his appeal is to fear, since he does not himself know real courage.

RECEIVING WAR CROSS



The patriotic spirit and devotion with which American women have so far performed war-service work and made sacrifices has never been equalled in the history of any country. Mothers, wives and sisters support this burden with strength and fortitude. But those who are already miserable from the complaints and weak-

nesses which are so common to women, should take the right tonic for the womanly system.

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