Carolyn *of the* Corners

BY RUTH BELMORE ENDICOTT

CAROLYN'S SUNNY DISPOSITION BEGINS TO HAVE ITS EFFECT UPON AUNTY ROSE.

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 Aunty 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.

CHAPTER IV—Continued.

Therefore General Bolivar charged with outspread wings and quivering fan. His eyesight was not good, however. He charged the little girl instead of the roistering dog.

Carolyn May frankly screamed. Had the angry turkey reached the little girl he would have beaten her down and perhaps seriously injured her.

He missed her the first time, but turned to charge again. Prince barked loudly, circling around the bristling turkey cock, undecided just how to get into the battle. But Aunty Rose knew no fear of anything wearing feathers.

"Scat, you brute!" she cried, and made a grab for the turkey, gripping him with her left hand behind his head, bearing his long neck downward. In her other hand she seized a piece of lath and with it chastised the big turkey across the haunches with vigor.

"Oh, don't spank him any more, Aunty Rose!" gasped Carolyn May at last. "He must be sorry."

With a final stroke Aunty Rose allowed the big fowl to go—and he ran away fast enough.

"Your dog, child, does not know his manners. If he is going to stay here with you he must learn that fowl are not to be chased nor startled."

"Oh, Aunty Rose!" begged the little girl, "don't punish Prince! Not—not that way. Please don't! Why, he's never been spanked in his life! He wouldn't know what it meant. Dear Aunty Rose—"

"I shall not beat him, Car'lyn May," interrupted Aunty Rose, "But he must learn his lesson. He must learn that liberty is not license. Bring him here, Car'lyn May."

She led the way to an open coop of laths in the middle of the back yard. This was a hutch in which she put broody hens when she wished to break up their desire to set. She opened the gate of it and motioned Prince to enter.

The dog looked pleadingly at his little mistress' face, then into the woman's stern countenance. Seeing no reprieve in either, with drooping tail he slunk into the cage.

With one hand clutching her frock over her heart, Carolyn May's big blue eyes overflowed.

"It's just as if he was arrested," she said. "Poor Prince! Has he got to stay there always, Aunty Rose?"

"He'll stay till he learns his lesson," said Mrs. Kennedy grimly, and went on into the garden.

Carolyn May sat down close to the side of the cage, thrust one hand between the slats and held one of the dog's front paws. She had hoped to go into the garden to help Aunty Rose pick peas, but she could not bear to leave Prince alone.

By and by Mrs. Kennedy came up from the garden, her pan heaped with pods. She looked neither in the direction of the prisoner nor at his little mistress.

Prince whined and lay down. He had begun to realize now that this was no play at all, but punishment. He blinked his eyes at Carolyn May and looked as sorry as ever a dog with cropped ears and an abbreviated tail could look.

The peas and potatoes were cooking for dinner when Aunty Rose appeared again. There was the little girl, all of a dewy sleep, lying on the grass by the prison pen. Aunty Rose would have released Prince, but, though he wagged his stump of a tail at her and yawned and blinked, she had still her doubts regarding a mongrel's good nature.

She could not allow the child to sleep there, however; so, stooping, picked up Carolyn May and carried her comfortably into the house, laying her down on the sitting-room couch to have her nap out—as she supposed, without awakening her.

Aunty Rose came away softly and closed the door and while she finished getting dinner she tried to make no noise which would awaken the child.

Mr. Stagg came home at noon, quite as full of business as usual. To tell the truth, Mr. Stagg always felt bashful in Aunty Rose's presence; and he tried to hide his affliction by conversation. So he talked steadily through the meal.

But somewhere—about at the pie course, it was—he stopped and looked around curiously.

"Bless me!" he exclaimed, "where's Hannah's Car'lyn?"

"Taking a nap," said Aunty Rose composedly.

"Hum! can't the child get up to her victuals?" demanded Mr. Stagg. "You begin serving that young one separately and you'll make yourself work, Aunty Rose."

"Never trouble about that which doesn't concern you, Joseph Stagg," responded his housekeeper rather tartly. "The Lord has placed the care of Hannah's Car'lyn on you and me and I'll do my share and do it proper."

Mr. Stagg shook his head and lost interest in his wedge of berry pie. "There are institutions—" he began weakly; but Aunty Rose said quickly:

"Joseph Stagg! I know you for what you are—other people don't. If the neighbors heard you say that they'd think you were a heathen. Your own sister's child!"

"Now, you send Tim, the hackman, up after me this afternoon. I've got to go shopping. The child hasn't a thing to wear but that fancy little black frock, and she'll ruin that playing around. She's got to have frocks and shoes and another hat—all sorts of things. Seems a shame to dress a child like her in black—it's punishment. Makes her affliction double, I do say."

"Well, I suppose we've got to flatter Custom or Custom will weep," growled Mr. Stagg. "But where the money's coming from—"

"Didn't Car'lyn's pa leave her none?" asked Aunty Rose promptly.

"Well—not what you'd call a fortune," admitted Mr. Stagg slowly.

"Thanks be you've got plenty, then. And if you haven't I have," said the woman in a tone that quite closed the question of finances.

"Which shows me just where I get off at," muttered Joseph Stagg as he

He Charged the Little Girl Instead of the Roistering Dog.

started down the walk for the store. "I knew that young one would be a nuisance."

Carolyn May, who was quite used to taking a nap on the days that she did not go to school, woke up, as bright as a newly minted dollar, very soon after her Uncle Joe left for the store.

"I'm awfully sorry I missed him," she confided to Aunty Rose when she danced into the kitchen. "You see, I want to get acquainted with Uncle Joe just as fast as possible. And he's at home so little I guess that it's going to be hard to do it."

"Oh, is that so? And is it going to be hard to get acquainted with me?" asked the housekeeper curiously.

"Oh, no!" cried Carolyn May, snuggling up to the good woman and patting her plump bare arm. "Why, I'm getting 'quainted with you fast, Aunty Rose! You heard me say my prayers and when you laid me down on the couch just now you kissed me."

Aunty Rose actually blushed. "There, there, child!" she exclaimed. "You're too noticing. Eat your dinner, that I've saved warm for you."

"Isn't Prince to have any dinner, Aunty Rose?" asked the little girl.

"You may let him out, if you wish, after you have had your dinner. You can feed him under the tree."

Carolyn May was very much excited about an hour later when a rusty closed hack drew up to the front gate of the Stagg place and stopped.

An old man with a square-cut chin whisker and clothing and hat as rusty as the hack itself held the reins over the bony back of the horse that drew the ancient equipage.

"I say, young'un, ain't you out o' yer balliwick?" queried Tim, the hackman, staring at the little girl in the Stagg yard.

Carolyn May stood up quickly and tried to look over her shoulder and down her back. It was hard to get all those buttons buttoned straight.

"I-don't know," she said, perturbed. "Does it show?"

"Huh?" grunted Tim. "Does what show?"

"What you said," said Carolyn May accusingly. "I don't believe it does."

"Hey!" chuckled the hack driver suddenly. "I meant, do you 'low Mrs. Kennedy knows you're playing in her front yard?"

"Aunty Rose? Why, of course!" Carolyn May declared. "Don't you know I live here?"

"Live here? Get out!" exclaimed the surprised hackman.

"Yes, sir. And Prince too. With my Uncle Joe and Aunty Rose."

"Pitcher of George Washington!" ejaculated Tim. "You don't mean Joe Stagg's taken a young-un to board?"

"He's my guardian," said the little girl primly.

Aunty Rose appeared. She wore a close bonnet, trimmed very plainly, and carried a parasol of drab silk.

Aunty Rose climbed into the creaky old vehicle.

"Are you going to be gone long?" asked Carolyn May politely.

"Not more than two hours, child," said the housekeeper. "Nobody will bother you here—"

"Not while that dog's with her, I reckon," put in Tim, the hackman.

"May I come down the road to meet you, Aunty Rose?" asked the little girl. "I know the way to Uncle Joe's store."

"I don't know any reason why you can't come to meet me," replied Mrs. Kennedy. "Anyway, you can come along the road as far as the first house. You know that one?"

"Yes, ma'am. Mr. Parlow's," said Carolyn May.

Carolyn May went back into the yard and sat on the front-porch steps and Prince, yawning unhappily, curled down at her feet. There did not seem to be much to do at this place.

She had time now, had Carolyn May, to compare The Corners with the busy Harlem streets with which she had been familiar all her life.

"Goodness me!" thought Carolyn May, startled by her own imagination, "suppose all the folks in all these houses around here were dead!"

They might have been for all the human noises she heard.

"Goodness me!" she said again, and this time she jumped up, startling Prince from his nap. "Maybe there is a spell cast over all this place," she went on. "Let's go and see if we can find somebody that's alive."

They went out of the yard together and took the dusty road toward the town.

They soon came in sight of the Parlow house and carpenter shop.

"We can't go beyond that," said Carolyn May. "Aunty Rose told us not to. And Uncle Joe says the carpenter-man isn't a pleasant man."

She looked wistfully at the premises. The cottage seemed quite as much under the "spell" as had been those dwellings at The Corners. But from the shop came the sound of a plane shrieking over a long board.

"Oh, Princey!" gasped Carolyn May. "I b'lieve he's making long, curly shavings!"

If there was one thing Carolyn May adored it was curls.

Suddenly Mr. Jedidiah Parlow looked up and saw the wistful, dust-streaked face under the black hat brim and above the black frock. He stared at her for fully a minute, poising the plane over his work. Then he put it down and came to the door of the shop.

"You're Hannah Stagg's little girl, aren't you?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," she said, and sighed. Dear me, he knew who she was right away! There would not be any chance of her getting a suit of long curls.

"You've come here to live, have you?" said Mr. Parlow slowly.

"Yes, sir. You see, my papa and mamma were lost at sea—with the Dunraven. It was a mistake, I guess," sighed the little girl, "for they weren't fighting anybody. But the Dunraven got in the way of some ships that were fighting, in a place called the Mediterranean ocean, and the Dunraven was sunk, and only a few folks were saved from it. My papa and mamma weren't saved."

Carolyn learns why her uncle and Amanda Parlow are now so "mad" that they do not speak as they pass each other by. Read all about it in the next instalment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

When Dame Fortune goes calling she utterly disregards "at home" days.

COMMANDER PAYS SUPREME TRIBUTE TO AMERICAN ARMY

General Pershing Renders Detailed Report of His Operations in France.

SAYS CRISIS OF GREAT WAR CAME ON MARCH 21

There Are Now in Europe Thirty Divisions of U. S. Troops, or Approximately 2,053,347 Men—Operations Previous to March 21 Only Training.

Washington, Dec. 5.—Gen. John J Pershing's account of his stewardship as commander of the American expeditionary forces was given to the public Wednesday by Secretary Baker.

It is in the form of a preliminary report to the secretary, covering operations up to November 20, after the German collapse. It closes with these words from the leader of the great army in France, expressing his feeling for those who served under him:

"I pay the supreme tribute to our officers and soldiers of the line. When I think of their heroism, their patience under hardships, their unflinching spirit of offensive action, I am filled with emotion which I am unable to express. Their deeds are immortal and they have earned the eternal gratitude of our country."

The report begins with General Pershing's departure for France to pave the way for the army that was to smash German resistance on the Meuse and give vital aid to the allies in forcing Germany to its knees 19 months later.

Crisis on March 21.

General Pershing views the encounters before March 21 of this year, in which American troops participated as a part of their training, and dismisses them briefly. On that date, however, the great German offensive was launched and a crucial situation quickly developed in the allied lines which called for prompt use of the four American divisions that were at the time "equal to any demands of battle action."

"The crisis which this offensive developed was such," General Pershing says, "that on March 28 I placed at the disposal of Marshal Foch, who had been agreed upon as commander in chief of the allied armies, all of our forces. At his request the First division was transferred from the Toul sector to a position in reserve at Chaumont en Vexin.

"As German superiority in numbers required prompt action, an agreement was reached at the Abbeville conference of the allied premiers and commanders and myself on May 2 by which British shipping was to transport ten American divisions to the British army area, where they were to be trained and equipped, and additional British shipping was to be provided for as many divisions as possible for use elsewhere.

Men Eager for Test.

"On April 26 the First division had gone into the line in the Montdidier salient, on the Picardy battle front. Tactics had been suddenly revolutionized to those of open warfare, and our men, confident of the results of their training, were eager for the test. On the morning of May 28 this division attacked the commanding German position in its front, taking with splendid dash the town of Cantigny and all other objectives, which were organized and held steadfastly against vicious counter-attacks and galling artillery fire.

"Although local, this brilliant action had an electrical effect, as it demonstrated our fighting qualities under extreme battle conditions and also that the enemy's troops were not altogether invincible."

Hold Foe at Chateau Thierry.

There followed immediately the German thrust across the Aisne river toward Paris. He continues:

"The Third division, which had just come from its preliminary training in the trenches, was hurried to the Marne. Its motorized machine-gun battalion preceded the other units and successfully held the bridgehead at the Marne, opposite Chateau Thierry.

"The Second division, in reserve near Montdidier, was sent by motor-trucks and other available transport to check the progress of the enemy toward Paris. The division attacked and retook the town and railroad station at Bouresches and sturdily held its ground against the enemy's best guard divisions.

"In the battle of Belleau wood, which followed, our men proved their superiority and gained a strong tactical position, with far greater loss to the enemy than to ourselves. On July 1, before the Second was relieved, it captured the village of Vaux with splendid precision.

"Meanwhile our Second corps, under Maj. Gen. George W. Read, had been organized for the command of our divisions with the British, which were held back in training areas or assigned to second-line defenses. Five of the ten divisions were withdrawn from the British area in June, three to relieve divisions in Lorraine and the Vosges and two were sent to the Paris area to join the group of American divisions which stood between the city and any further advance of the enemy in that direction."

By that time the great tide of American troop movements to France was in full swing and the older divisions could be used freely. The Forty-second, in line east of Reims, faced the German assault of July 15 and "held their ground unflinchingly;" on the right flank four companies of the Twenty-eighth division faced "advancing waves of German infantry," and the Third division held the Marne line, opposite Chateau Thierry, against powerful artillery and infantry attack.

Single Regiment Checks Enemy.

"A single regiment of the Third wrote one of the most brilliant pages in our military annals on this occasion," General Pershing says. "It prevented the crossing at certain points on its front while, on either flank, the Germans who had gained a footing pressed forward. Our men, firing in three directions, met the German attacks with counter-attacks at critical points and succeeded in throwing two German divisions into complete confusion, capturing 600 prisoners."

Thus was the stage set for the counter-offensive which, beginning with the smashing of the enemy's Marne salient, brought overwhelming victory to the allies and the United States in the eventful months that have followed. The intimation is strong that General Pershing's advice helped Marshal Foch to reach his decision to strike.

Counter-Offensive Opens.

General Pershing continues:

"The great force of the German Chateau Thierry offensive established the deep Marne salient, but the enemy was taking chances, and the vulnerability of this pocket to attack might be turned to his disadvantage.

"Seizing this opportunity to support my conviction, every division with any sort of training was made available for use in a counter-offensive. The place of honor in the thrust toward Soissons on July 18 was given to our First and Second divisions in company with chosen French divisions.

"Without the usual brief warning of a preliminary bombardment, the massed French and American artillery, firing by the map, laid down its rolling barrage at dawn while the infantry began its charge. The tactical handling of our troops under these trying conditions was excellent throughout the action.

"The enemy brought up large numbers of reserves and made a stubborn defense both with machine guns and artillery, but through five days' fighting the First division continued to advance until it had gained the heights above Soissons and captured the village of Berzy-le-Sec.

"The Second division took Beau Repaire farm and Vierzy in a very rapid vance and reached a position in front of Tigny at the end of its second day. These two divisions captured 7,000 prisoners and over 100 pieces of artillery."

First American Army Formed.

The report describes in some detail the work of completing the reduction of the salient, mentioning the operations of the Twenty-sixth, Third, Fourth, Forty-second, Thirty-second, and Twenty-eighth divisions. With the situation on the Marne front thus relieved, General Pershing writes, he could turn to the organization of the First American army and the reduction of the St. Mihiel salient, long planned as the initial purely American enterprise.

A troop concentration, added by generous contributions of artillery and air units by the French, began, involving the movement, mostly at night, of 600,000 men.

A sector reaching from Port sur Seille, east of the Moselle, eastward through St. Mihiel to Verdun and later enlarged to carry it to the edge of the forest of Argonne was taken over, the Second Colonial French, holding the tip of the salient opposite St. Mihiel, and the French Seventeenth corps, on the heights above Verdun, being transferred to General Pershing's command.

The combined French, British, and American air forces mobilized for the battle, the report says, was the largest aviation assembly ever engaged on the western front up to that time in a single operation.

Battle of St. Mihiel.

Of the reduction of the St. Mihiel salient General Pershing says:

"After four hours' artillery preparation the seven American divisions in the front line advanced at 5 a. m. on September 12, assisted by a limited number of tanks manned partly by Americans and partly by the French.

"These divisions, accompanied by groups of wire-cutters and others armed with bangalore torpedoes, went through the successive bands of barbed wire that protected the enemy's front line and support trenches in irresistible waves on schedule time, breaking down all defense of an enemy demoralized by the great volume of our artillery fire and our sudden approach out of the fog.

"Our First corps advanced to Thiaucourt, while our Fourth corps curved back to the southwest through Nonsard. The Second Colonial French corps made the slight advance required of it on very difficult ground, and the Fifth corps took its three ridges and repulsed a counter-attack.

"A rapid march brought reserve regiments of a division of the Fifth corps into Vigneulles in the early morning, where it linked up with patrols of our Fourth corps, closing the salient and forming a new line west of Thiaucourt to Vigneulles and beyond Fresnes-en-Woevre.

16,000 Prisoners Taken.

"At a cost of only 7,000 casualties, mostly light, we had taken 16,000 prisoners and 443 guns, a great quantity of material, released the inhabitants of many villages from enemy domination and established our lines in a position to threaten Metz.

"This signal success of the American First army in its first offensive was of prime importance. The allies found they had a formidable army to aid them, and the enemy learned finally that he had one to reckon with."

The report shows for the first time officially that with this brilliantly executed coup, General Pershing's men had cleared the way for the great effort of the allies and American forces to win a conclusive victory. The American army moved at once toward its crowning achievement, the battle of the Meuse.

The general tells a dramatic story of this mighty battle in three distinct phases, beginning on the night of September 27, when Americans quickly took the places of the French on the thinly held line of this long, quiet sector. The attack opened on September 26, and the Americans drove through entanglements, across No Man's Land, to take all the enemy's first-line positions.

Battle of the Meuse.

Closing the chapter, General Pershing says:

"On November 6 a division of the First corps reached a point on the Meuse opposite Sedan, 25 miles from our lines of departure. The strategical goal which was our highest hope was gained. We had cut the enemy's main line of communications, and nothing could save his army from complete disaster.

"In all forty enemy divisions had been used against us in the Meuse-Argonne battle. Between September 26 and November 6 we took 26,059 prisoners and 468 guns on this front.

"Our divisions engaged were the First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, Twenty-sixth, Twenty-eighth, Twenty-ninth, Thirty-second, Thirty-third, Thirty-fifth, Thirty-seventh, Seventy-eighth, Seventy-ninth, Eightieth, Eighty-second, Eighty-ninth, Ninetieth and Ninety-first.

"Many of our divisions remained in line for a length of time that required nerves of steel, while others were sent in again after only a few days of rest. The First, Fifth, Twenty-sixth, Forty-second, Seventy-seventh, Eightieth, Eighty-ninth and Ninetieth were in the line twice.

Although some of the divisions were fighting their first battle, they soon became equal to the best.

The commander in chief does not lose sight of the divisions operating with French or British armies during this time.

He tells of the work of the Second corps, comprising the Twenty-seventh and Thirtieth divisions, in the British assault on the Hindenburg line where the St. Quentin canal passes through a tunnel.

Of the total strength of the expeditionary force, General Pershing reports:

"There are in Europe altogether, including a regiment and some sanitary units with the Italian army and the organizations at Murmansk, also including these en route from the States, approximately 2,053,347 men, less our losses."

First U. S. Planes in May.

"The first airplanes received from home arrived in May, and together we have received 1,379. The first American squadron completely equipped by American production, including airplanes, crossed the German lines on August 7, 1918.

"As to tanks, we were compelled to rely upon the French. Here, however, we were less fortunate, for the reason that the French production could barely meet the requirements of their own armies.

"It should be fully realized that the French government has always taken a most liberal attitude and has been most anxious to give us every possible assistance in meeting our deficiencies in these as well as in other respects. Our dependencies upon France for artillery, aviation and tanks was, of course, due to the fact that our industries had not been exclusively devoted to military production.

BLACK SEA WARSHIPS TAKEN

Ten German War Vessels at Sebastopol Seized by Allies—Citizens Attack Huns.

On Board the British Destroyer Tilbury, Sebastopol, Russia, Dec. 5.—The allies' fleet of British, French Italian and Greek war vessels has taken from the Germans ten warships, including smaller craft, in the harbor here. The Russian dreadnaught Volia is now under the British flag.

There are about 11,000 German troops in the Crimea. They have requested permission to proceed to Germany by way of Trieste, so as to avoid a repetition of an incident three weeks ago at Odessa. German soldiers going to Constantinople were attacked by hostile citizens and some were killed.

Arthur Burkey of Mauch Chunk, Pa., a railroad employee, organized a men's knitting club to make sweaters and other wearing apparel for soldiers.

ROUMANIA'S DEMAND UNION

National Assembly Calls on Compatriots to Consolidate Several Provinces.

Amsterdam, Dec. 5.—The Roumanian national assembly at a meeting at Gyulafehervar, Hungary, has adopted a resolution that all Roumanians in Transylvania, Banat and Hungary proclaim their union with Roumania.

A tongue recites, but conduct shows.