

Corner of the Corners

BY—
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CAROLYN LEARNS WHY HER UNCLE AND AMANDA PARLOW DO NOT SPEAK AS THEY PASS.

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.

CHAPTER IV—Continued.

"So?" said the carpenter, pushing his big spectacles up to his forehead. "I read about it. 'Too bad—no mighty bad! I remember Hannah Stagg,' he added, winking his eyes. Carolyn May thought a good deal as Prince did. "You look like her."

"Do I?" Carolyn May returned, drawing nearer. "I'm glad I do. And I'm glad I sleep in what used to be her bed, too. It doesn't seem so lonesome."

"So? I reckoned you'd be lonesome up there at the Corners," said the carpenter.

Mr. Parlow stripped another shaving from the edge of the beard he was plumbing. Carolyn May's eager eyes followed that curling ribbon and her lips parted.

The carpenter paused before pushing the plane a second time the length of the board. "Don't you want a drink of water, girl?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, sir—I would. And I know Prince would like a drink," she told him quickly.

"Go right around to the well in the back yard," said Mr. Parlow. "You'll find a glass there—and Mandy keeps a pan on the well curb for the dogs and cats."

"Thank you, I'll go," the little girl said. She hoped she would see Miss Amanda Parlow, but she saw nobody. She went back to the door of the carpenter shop and found Mr. Parlow still busy at work.

"Seems to me," he said, in his dry voice, after a little while, "you aren't much like other little girls."

"Aren't I?" responded Carolyn May wonderingly.

"No. Most little girls that come here want shavings to play with," said the carpenter, quizzically eying her over his work.

"Oh!" cried Carolyn May, almost jumping. "And do you give 'em to 'em?"

"Most always," admitted Mr. Parlow. "Oh! Can I have some?" she gasped.

"All you want," said Mr. Parlow. When Tim's old hack crawled along the road from town with Aunt Rose sitting inside, enthroned amidst a multitude of bundles, Carolyn May was selected with a veritable wisp of long, crisp curls.

"Well, child, you certainly have made a mess of yourself," said the housekeeper. "Has she been annoying you, Jeddiah Parlow? Stagg that ain't annoyed me since her mother went away," said the carpenter gruffly.

Aunt Rose looked at him levelly. "I wonder," she said. "But, you see, she isn't wholly a Stagg."

May. "Do you know, he's very liberal." "Liberal?" repeated Mrs. Gormley. "I never heard of old Jed Parlow being accused of that before. Did you, Mrs. Maine?"

Mrs. Maine was the dressmaker; and she bit off her words when she spoke, much as she bit off her threads. "No. I never—heard Jed Parlow—called that—no!" declared Mrs. Maine indignantly.

"Why, yes," little Carolyn May said quite eagerly. "He gives me all the shavings I want. I—I guess folks don't just understand about Mr. Parlow," she added, remembering what her uncle had first said about the carpenter. "He is real liberal."

"It's a wonder to me," drawled Mrs. Gormley, "that he has a thing to do with a certain party, Mrs. Maine, considering how his daughter feels toward that certain party's relation. What do you think?"

"I guess—there's sunbun—to be said—on both sides of that controversy," responded the dressmaker. "Mianah! that makes a certain party's relative feels just as cross as Mandy Parlow!" suggested Mrs. Gormley.

"Yep," agreed the other woman. Carolyn May listened, much puzzled. She wondered just who "a certain party" could be.

Mrs. Maine was called away upon some household task and Mrs. Gormley—



"I Reckoned You'd Be Lonesome Up There at the Corners," said the Carpenter.

Carolyn May seemed to change the subject of conversation. "Don't your uncle, Mr. Stagg, ever speak to you about Mandy Parlow?" she asked the little girl.

"Carolyn May had to think about this before answering. Then she remembered. "Oh, yes," she said brightly.

"He does? Do tell!" exclaimed Mrs. Gormley eagerly. "What does he say?"

"Why, he says her name is Miss Amanda Parlow."

Mrs. Gormley flushed rather oddly and glanced at the child with suspicion. But little Carolyn May was perfectly frank and ingenuous.

"Humph!" ejaculated Chet's mother. "He never says nothing about bein' in love with Mandy, does he? They was goin' with each other steady once."

"I'm glad I sleep in what used to be her bed, too. It doesn't seem so lonesome."

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FOOD WON THE WAR

Internal food conditions in Germany were growing very acute. Three solid weeks of meatless days in August. (Educational Section, Michigan Division, United States Food Administration, Lansing, Michigan.)

CHRISTMAS DINNER MENU ON CONSERVATION ORDER

A Repeat That Will Satisfy All and Yet Save Food For Suffering Humanity.

In response to many requests received for a Christmas dinner menu in keeping with food conservation for world relief, the United States Food Administration suggests the following for a family of five or six persons:

Food Won the War. There is no question but that the motto we took at the inception of the Food Administration, "Food Will Win the War," did not overshoot the mark. The news that comes out of Europe, now that the war is won and the bars of censorship are down, demonstrates most forcibly that the war was saved for the Allies in the spring of 1918 solely by the food supplies shipped to sustain the morale of the British and French, who would perhaps have answered the German terms of peace as early as the month of June.

World Relief Present Task. The most important work of the Food Administration now is that of world relief—that of establishing the peace and security of the world. It is a big job. The war is over; we have removed the restrictions upon the individual use of food and have left standing entirely to the individual conscience. What the Food Administration might demand as a service to our nation in time of war it must now ask in the name of humanity.

Transportation is restored. The four corners of the earth can again be reached for the bringing of foodstuffs. No longer are we afraid of storms and mines; no longer is the Australian or the Indian, or the South African, or the Argentinian supply of food unavailable. Taking the entire world's supply, we find that there is in the world, if every one is economical, enough breadstuffs to feed the world on bread.

- Roast Turkey, Chicken, Duck, Goose or Game (if the State Law permits)
- Stuffing (See Note on Dressing)
- Mashed Potatoes
- (Left-over dried bread) or Oriental Stuffing
- Mashed Turnip Baked Tomatoes (Home canned)
- Cranberry Sauce
- Pumpkin or Fruit Salad

In suggesting a universal Christmas dinner menu it is realized by the Food Administration that a shortage or over-supply of poultry, game or vegetables in certain localities would materially change the menu. Use of local products is advocated so as to lessen the tax on rail transportation.

Advice received by the Food Administration from all parts of the United States indicates that the turkey supply for Christmas will be good. This also applies to chickens, ducks and geese. Recipes in connection with the suggested Christmas dinner menu are as follows:

Why We Must Do It. In England, France and Italy there are 126,000,000 people to whom, in the average, one-half of their foodstuffs must come from across the water. Among our smaller Allies, Belgium, Portugal, Greece, the new nations we have created and Rumania, there are 75,000,000, of which 17,000,000 the urban population, will starve this winter without our supplies of food. There are 41,000,000 in Sweden, Holland, Denmark, Switzerland, and Spain, of which only the Spanish have today as much as two months' supply of foodstuffs. There are 83,000,000 Russians, of which 43,000,000 in the southern part have sufficient food with a little reorganization of their transportation facilities.

How It Was Done. The Food Administration created and shipped to Europe in the last year 141,000,000 bushels of wheat where there were only 120,000,000 to ship. We raised the export of beef from 60,000,000 pounds to 95,000,000 and 300,000,000 of pork in a single month. Condensed milk we raised from 4,000,000 pounds a year to 300,000,000. The export in other foodstuffs has increased in like degree, even beyond the dreams of Mr. Hoover when he started. You people in the states, with the unconquerable Mr. Hoover at the top, have done this.

The work of the Washington organization has been to maintain price levels in this country which would prevent dissatisfaction among our people. We know that war means high prices, and also know that high prices are the greatest causes of discontent. Three sets of figures which came to my notice last week will give you an idea of what is being done. Last spring when the wholesale price of sugar was \$7.50 per hundred, the average price among the Allies was \$12.60. The difference in that wholesale price, applied to the American sugar consumption of last year, is \$429,000,000.

The neighbors enjoyed what followed. Aunt Rose came through the ordeal as dignified and unruffled as ever; the retiring incumbent of the house, fully shaking the dust of the premises from her garments as a testimony against "any such actions."

When Mr. Stagg came home at supper time he found Aunt Rose at the table and already a different air about the place.

"Goodness me, Aunt Rose," he said, biting into her biscuit ravenously. "It's a-goin' down to the mill hand's hotel to be sure. I can't stand it no longer. If you'd stay here and do for me, I'd feel like a new man."

"You ought to be made over into a new man, Joseph Stagg," the woman said lightly. "A married man."

"No, not 'never' that!" gaped the hardware dealer.

"If I came here, Joseph Stagg, I would cost you more money than you've been paying these non-account women."

"I don't care," said Mr. Stagg recklessly. "Go ahead. Do what you please. Say what you want. I'm game."

"Thereby he had put himself into Aunt Rose's power. She invited the old kitchen and some of the other rooms. If Mr. Stagg at first trembled for his bank balance, he was made so comfortable that he had no time to murmur."

Of course, Carolyn May let Prince run at large when she was sure Uncle Joe was well out of sight of the house but she was very careful to chain him up again long before her uncle was expected to return.

Prince had learned not to chase anything that wore feathers; Aunt Rose herself had to admit that he was a very intelligent dog and knew what punishment was for. But how did he know that in trying to dig at a mole he would be doing more harm than good?

200,000 Tons of Food Now En Route to Europe

WASHINGTON, Nov. 30.—Ships carrying 200,000 tons of food for Belgium and Austria are proceeding under sealed orders to Gibraltar and Bristol channel ports, and on arrival will await word from Food Administrator Hoover as to their final destination. Those going to Gibraltar are expected to proceed to Adriatic and Mediterranean ports, and the others to French and Belgian ports.

DON'T STOP SAVING FOOD UNTIL THE BOYS COME HOME

that we may share
Save Food

DO NOT WASTE FOOD

Teach us to share our daily bread with those who sit with us at Freedom's Common Table.