



Carolyn of the Corners

BY RUTH BELMORE ENDICOTT

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CAROLYN AND PRINCE MAKE THE ACQUAINTANCE OF AUNT ROSE, MR. STAGG'S HOUSEKEEPER

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.

CHAPTER I—Continued.

A voice calling, "Chuck! Chuck! Chuck-a-chuck!" came from behind the old house. A few white-feathered fowls that had been in sight scurried wildly away in answer to the summons.

Mr. Stagg, still looking at the little girl, set down the bag and reached for the dog's leash. The loop of the latter he passed around the gatepost.

"I tell you what it is, Carolyn May. You'd better meet Aunt Rose first alone. I've my fears about this morning."

"Oh, Uncle Joe!" quivered his niece. "You go ahead and get acquainted with her," urged Mr. Stagg. "She don't like dogs. They chase her chickens and run over her flower beds. Aunt Rose is peculiar, I might say."

"Oh, Uncle Joe!" repeated the little girl faintly.

"You've got to make her like you, if you want to live here," the hardware dealer concluded firmly.

He gave Carolyn May a little shove up the path and then stood back and snipped his brow with his handkerchief. Prince straining at the leash and whined, wishing to follow his little mistress.

Mr. Stagg said: "You'd better keep mighty quiet, dog. If you want your home address to be The Corners, sing small!"

Carolyn May did not hear this, but disappeared after the fowls around the corner of the wide, vine-draped porch. The pleasant back yard was full of sunshine. On the gravel path beyond the old well, with its long sweep and bucket, half a hundred chickens, some guineas and a flock of turkeys scuffled for grain which was being thrown to them from an open pan.

That pan was held in the plump hand of a very dignified-looking woman, dressed in drab and with a sun-bonnet on her head.

Aunt Rose's appearance smote the little girl with a feeling of awe.

There was no frown on her face; it was only calm, unflinching, unemotional. It simply seemed as though nothing, either material or spiritual, could ruffle the placidity of Aunt Rose Kennedy.

She came of Quaker stock and the serenity of body and spirit taught by the sect built a wall between her and everybody else.

"Child, who are you?" asked Aunt Rose with some curiosity.

The little girl told her name; but perhaps it was her black frock and hat that identified her in Aunt Rose's mind, after all.

"You are Hannah Stagg's little girl," she said.

"Yes'm—if you please," Carolyn May confessed faintly.

"And how come you here alone?"

"If you please, Uncle Joe said I'd better probly come ahead and get acquainted with you first."

"First? What do you mean, first?" asked Aunt Rose sternly.

"First—before you saw Prince," responded the perfectly frank little girl. "Uncle Joe thought maybe you wouldn't care for dogs."

"Dogs?"

"No, ma'am. And of course where I live Prince has to live too. So—"

"So you brought your dog?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Of course," said Aunt Rose composedly. "I expected you to come here. I do not know what Joseph Stagg expected. But I did not suppose you would have a dog. Where is Joseph Stagg?"

"He—his coming."

"With the dog?"

"Yes, ma'am."

Aunt Rose seemed to take some time to digest this; but she made no further comment in regard to the matter, only saying:

"Let us go into the house, Carolyn May. You must take off your hat and bathe your face and hands."

Carolyn May Cameron followed the stately figure of Aunt Rose Kennedy into the blue-and-white kitchen of the old house, with something of the feeling of a culprit on the way to the block.

Such a big kitchen as it was! The little girl thought it must be almost as big as their whole apartment in Harlem "top together."

The little girl took off her plain black hat, shook back her hair and patted it smooth with her hands, then plunged her hands and face into the basin of cool water Aunt Rose had drawn for her at the sink. The dust



was all washed away and a fresh glow came into her flowerlike face. Aunt Rose watched her silently.

Such a dignified, upright, unresponsible woman as she seemed standing there! And so particular, neat and immaculate was this kitchen!

Carolyn May, as she dried her face and hands, heard a familiar whine at the door. It was Prince. She wondered if he had at all broken the ice for him with Aunt Rose.

"Oh," the little girl mused, "I wonder what she will say to a mongrel!"

CHAPTER II.

Going to Bed.

Mr. Stagg had fastened Prince's strap to the porch rail and he now came in with the bag.

"Is that all the child's baggage, Joseph Stagg?" asked Aunt Rose, taking it from his hand.

"Why—why, I never thought to ask her," the man admitted. "Have you a trunk check, Carolyn?"

"No, sir."

"They put you up here with only that bag?" Mr. Stagg said with some exasperation. "Haven't you got any clothes but those you stand in?"

"Mrs. Price said—said they weren't suitable," explained the little girl.

"You see, they aren't black!"

"Oh!" exploded her uncle.

"You greatly lack tact, Joseph Stagg," said Aunt Rose, and the hardware dealer cleared his throat loudly as he went to the sink to perform his toilet.

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Aunt Rose did not even smile. "Bliss me!" Mr. Stagg exclaimed suddenly. "What's that on the mantel, Aunt Rose? That yaller letter?"

"A telegram for you, Joseph Stagg," replied the old lady composedly.

"Well," mused the hardware dealer, and Carolyn May wondered if he were not afraid to express just the emotion he felt at that instant. His face was red and he got up clumsily to secure the sealed message.

"Who brought it, and when?" he asked finally, having read the lawyer's night letter.

"A boy. This morning," said Aunt Rose, utterly calm.

"And I never saw it this noon," grumbled the hardware dealer.

Mrs. Kennedy quite looked any suggestion of impatience in Mr. Stagg's voice or manner. But he seemed to lose taste for his supper after reading the telegram.

"Where is the letter that this Mr. Price wrote and sent by you, Carolyn?" he asked as he was about to depart for the store.

The little girl asked permission to leave the table and then ran to open her bag. Mr. Stagg said doubtfully: "I s'pose you'll have to put her somewhere—for the present. Don't see what else we can do, Aunt Rose."

"You may be sure, Joseph Stagg, that her room was ready for her a week ago," Mrs. Kennedy rejoined, quite unafflicted.

The surprised hardware dealer gurgled something in his throat. "That room?" he finally stammered.

"That which was her mother's, Hannah Stagg's room. It is next to mine and she will come to no harm there."

"Hannah's?" exclaimed Mr. Stagg. "Why, that ain't been slept in since she went away."

"It is quite fit, then," said Aunt Rose, "that it should be used for her child. Trouble nothing about things that do not concern you, Joseph Stagg," she added with, perhaps, additional sternness.

Carolyn May did not hear this. She now produced the letter from her satchel.

"There it is, Uncle Joe," she said. "I guess he tells you all about me in it."

"Hum!" said the hardware man, clearing his throat and picking up his hat. "I'll read it down at the store."

"Shall I see you again to-night, Uncle Joe?" the little girl asked wistfully.

"Well, if you don't see me tonight again, you'll be well cared for, I haven't a doubt," said Uncle Joe shortly, and went out.

Carolyn May went soberly back to her room. She did not eat much more. Somehow there seemed to be a big lump in her throat past which she could not force the food. As the dusk fell, the spirit of loneliness gripped her, and the tears pooled behind her eyes, ready to pour over her cheeks at the least "jargon." Yet she was not usually a "cry-baby" girl.

Aunt Rose was watching her mere closely than Carolyn May supposed. After her third cup of tea she arose and began quietly clearing the table. The new woman was nodding in her place, her blue eyes clouded with sleep and unhappiness.

"It is time for you to go to bed, Carolyn May," said Aunt Rose firmly. "I will show you the room Hannah Stagg had for her own when she was a girl."

"Thank you, Aunt Rose," said the little girl humbly.

She picked up the bag and followed the stately old woman into the back hall and up the stairway into the eell. Carolyn May saw nothing in the foot of the stairs was a door leading out upon the porch where Prince was now moving about uneasily at the end of his leash. She would have liked to say "good night" to Prince, but it seemed better not to mention this feeling to Aunt Rose.

The fading hues of sunset in the sky gave the little girl plenty of light to undress by. She thought the room very beautiful, too.

"Do you need any help, child?" asked Mrs. Kennedy, standing in her solidly manner in the doorway. It was dusky there and the little girl could not see her face.

"Oh, no, ma'am," said Carolyn May faintly.

"Very well," said Aunt Rose and turned away. Carolyn May stood in the middle of the room and listened to her descending footsteps. Aunt Rose had not even hidden her good night!

Like a marooned sailor upon a desert island the little girl went about exploring the bedroom which was to be hers—and which had once been her mother's. That fact helped greatly. Then she looked at the high, puffy bed.

"How can I get into it?" sighed Carolyn May.

She had to stand upon her tiptoes in her fluffy little bedroom slippers to pull back the quilt and the blanket and sheet underneath it. The bed was just a great big bag of feathers!

"Just like a big pillow," thought the little girl. "And if I do get into it I'm liable to sink down and down and down till I'm buried, and won't ever be able to get up in the morning."

Sometimes a great designer chooses to show just what simpler means "serve the ends of genius. Here is a simple afternoon gown of gray satin that has beauty and distinction without in all its lines—and in every other where—for the present. Don't see what else we can do, Aunt Rose."

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Art and Excellence in Single Frocks



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Cozy Furs and Wraps for Children



Small girls never too small to enjoy their pretty frocks, are bobbing up on the promenade and in the parks, dressed in their new winter clothes. They are anticipating the snow with cozy furs and coats and bright hats and bonnets, destined to make them look like gay winter flowers against a dark background, when it flies. Their furs are colorful and often their coats are in light tones and the shoes of the small fry, more often than not, have white uppers with black vampers. Rose, bright blues and the brown and cadet colors are much in evidence in millinery and we may promise ourselves a liberal sprinkling of red tones as the winter advances. Solomon in all his glory may have been arrayed as gorgeously as one of these youngsters, but he never was better suited for a happier over it.

Of all her belongings the little girl seems to get the most pure joy out of her neckpieces and muffs. Almost as soon as she can walk they are ready for her. What woman cannot recall the first fur get that came into her possession—usually at Christmas time, and her unalloyed delight in it? Nothing but the first parcel and the first pocketbook can bring the same thrill to the childish heart. Here are at least two good hints for the holidays: Squirrel, beaver, imitation ermine, krummer and other inexpensive skins are appropriate for children and are liked best. There are many others, including those that have acquired names given them by the furriers, and the fine thing about them is that they are within the reach of nearly all people. For little girls of three and over there are miniature round muffs and flat scarfs that are delightfully cozy. So far as styles are concerned there is little variation in children's furs—they are much alike until the furs is well advanced in the flapper stage. The set illustrated is a familiar and reliable type for little folks. It is a long, crinkly white fur that looks best on the youngest wearers, where it usually finds itself in the company of bright-hued broadcloth coats and in hot days or bonnets more or less fluffy with frills.

Make Over Old Clothes.

To be up-to-date these days your community should have an old-clothes clinic, the department of agriculture suggests. Not the amount you spend on clothes but the amount you save is the criterion by which you are judged in this year of war. The home demonstration agents usually hold the clinics, and old garments are brought, ripped and made over by the women under their direction.

CHILE AND PERU BREAK RELATIONS

PERU HAS WITHDRAWN HER CONSULS FROM CHILE AS RESULT OF RECENT RIOTING.

CHILE WITHDRAWS CONSULS

Chilean Crowds Attacked the Peruvian Consul At Iquique On Way to Protest Against Riots.

Lima, Peru.—It is officially announced that Peru has withdrawn her consuls from Chile as a result of the renewal of anti-Peruvian rioting in Iquique and Antofagasta.

The Tacna-Arica controversy apparently is approaching a critical stage, following anti-Peruvian demonstrations in Iquique. Residences of Peruvians and their business houses are reported to have been stoned and looted. The Peruvian club was closed and the Peruvian consul was forcibly placed aboard the Chilean steamer Palena, bound for Callao.

Possibilities of hostilities between Peru and Chile was the one topic of discussion in Lima. It is reported the Peruvian government has canceled all Chilean consular exequaturs here.

Iquique dispatches indicate no attempt was made by Chilean authorities to prevent the anti-Peruvian outbreak, although a strong garrison is maintained at that port.

Chile Withdraws Consuls.

Santiago, Chile.—The Chilean government has decided to withdraw its consuls in Peru in order to avoid untoward incidents which might take place in case of outbreaks in Peru and Chile.

Cause Diplomatic Rupture.

Buenos Aires.—Late newspaper dispatches say Chile has withdrawn her consuls from Peru. This will constitute a diplomatic rupture, as there have been no ministers in either country since the nitrate war in which Chile won Tacna and Arica, the cause of the present trouble.

The Peruvian legation here received the following dispatch from the Peruvian minister of foreign affairs: "After the extraordinary outrages at Iquique during which property of several Peruvians was sacked, Chilean crowds attacked the Peruvian consul at Iquique, Senor J. Hosa, while he was on his way to the mayor to protest against the riots."

"He was carried by force aboard a small steamer anchored in the port. Authorities consented to the outrage and notified the consul that they would not permit him to disembark. "On receiving this notice the Peruvian government has withdrawn its consular representatives from Chile.

CUT TAX BILL \$2,000,000,000

Republicans Object to Fixing A Limit For Taxation in 1920.

Washington.—By a strict party vote the senate finance committee decided to recommend the yield from the 1920 revenue bill be limited to \$4,000,000,000. The Democratic members, who voted for the amount suggested by Secretary McAdoo, was opposed by the seven Republicans.

Before adopting the \$4,000,000,000 limit, the committee voted down a proposal by Senator Gore, Oklahoma Democrat, to limit the \$4,000,000,000 bill of 1919 unchanged for 1920 and use the \$2,000,000,000 surplus for paying outstanding government obligations. The vote was nine to eight, Senator Gore joining with the seven Republican members.

Republicans object to fixing any limit for taxation in 1920, because they expect to control senate and house in the next congress. Minority members of the finance committee said they would take their fight on the revenue bill to the Democratic Republican leaders have said if Democrats insist upon this provision of the revenue bill enactment of the measure by this congress may be blocked.

Work on 1919 tax schedule is nearly completed, Chairman Simmons announcing the bill now has been reduced to practically \$6,000,000,000. Senator Simmons's amendment exempting persons or partnerships engaged in trade or business from war-excess profits tax, was adopted by the committee, as was an amendment providing a corporation with a net income of not more than \$20,000 a year, shall not be taxed more than 30 per cent. in the house bill the maximum levy was fixed at 35 per cent.

Negroes Ordered Lashed.

Windsor, Ont.—Fifteen years' imprisonment, with lashings at the end of three and 12 months, was the punishment meted out recently by Justice Middleton at Sandwich to George H. Washington and Arthur Baylis, Windsor Negroes, for serious offenses against two white girls, both under 14 years old. Wilfrid Green and George Jones, partners in the crime, will also be deprived of their liberty for 15 years, but will escape the whip.