



Carlyn of the Corners

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PRINCE PROVES HIMSELF A REAL CANINE HERO AND WINS APPROVAL OF THE CORNERS.

Synopsis—Her father and mother reported lost at sea when the *Dunraven*, on which they had sailed for Europe, was sunk. Carolyn May Cameron—Hanna's Carlyn—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 chided by the stern, demagogue 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. Carolyn learns of the estrangement between her uncle and his one-time sweetheart, Amanda Parlow, and the cause of the bitterness between the two families.

CHAPTER VI—Continued.

Aunt Rose remained, apparently as guest as ever; while Joseph Stagg was quite as much immersed in business as formerly. Yet there were times, when she and the child were alone, that Mrs. Kennedy inhaled, in a greater or less degree, and on the part of Joseph Stagg, he found himself thinking of sunny-haired, blue-eyed "Hanna's Carlyn" with increasing frequency.

"Think you ever have any little girls, Aunt Rose?" Carolyn May asked the housekeeper on one of their intimate occasions. "Or little boys?" "I mean of your very own."

"Yes," said Aunt Rose in a matter-of-fact tone. "Three. But only two have been in my arms for a very little while. Each died soon after coming to me. There was something quite wrong with them all, so the doctors said."

"Oh, my dear! All three of them?" sighed Carolyn May. "Two girls and a boy. Only one lived to be three months old. They are all buried behind the church pews."

The next morning early Carolyn May, with Prince, went over into the churchyard and found the three little stones in a row. She knew they must be the right ones, for there was a big red stone with the inscription, "Frank Kennedy, beloved spouse of Rose Kennedy," upon it.

The names on the three little stones were Emmeline, Frank, Jr., and Chariss. Weeds and tall grass had begun to sprout about the little, horse-shaped stones and about the taller one.

While she was thus engaged, a tall man in black—looking rather "weedy" himself, if the truth were told—came across the graveyard and stood beside her. He wore a broad band of crepe around his hat and on his arm, and was very grave and serious-looking.

"Who are you, little girl?" he asked, his voice being quite agreeable and his tone kindly. "Carlyn May. If you please," she replied, looking up at him frankly. "Carlyn May Stagg?" he asked. "You're Mr. Stagg's little girl? I've heard of you."

"Carlyn May Cameron," she corrected seriously. "I'm only staying with Uncle Joe. He is my guardian, and he had to take me, of course, when my papa and mamma were lost at sea."

Amny Rose was to call on that afternoon. Fred Payne, whom she liked very much, lived up the road beyond the schoolhouse, and she had invited the little city girl to come to see her. Of course, Prince had to be included in the invitation. Fred fully understood that, and Carolyn May took him on his leash.

They saw Miss Minnie at her desk when they went past the schoolhouse. She was written exercises. Carolyn May secretly noted that her own was much better than she feared it was.

Not far beyond the schoolhouse Prince began to growl, and the hairs stiffened on his neck. "Whatever is the matter with you, Prince?" demanded Carolyn May. In a moment she saw the cause of the dog's continued agitation. A roughly dressed, bearded man sat beside the road eating a lunch out of a newspaper. He looked at Carolyn May and said:

"I guess you got a bad dog there, ain't you, little girl?" "He's usually very polite," answered Carolyn May. "You must be still, Prince! You see," she explained, "he doesn't like folks to wear old clothes. If—if you had on your Sunday suit, you quite sure he would not growl at you."

"He wouldn't, sure?" said the man hoarsely, licking his fingers of the last crumbs of his lunch. "An' suppose a feller ain't got no Sunday suit?" "Why the H! I suppose Prince wouldn't ever let you come into our yard—if he was loose."

"Don't let him loose now, little girl," said the fellow, getting up hurriedly and eyeing the angry dog askance. "Why the H! I suppose Prince wouldn't ever let you come into our yard—if he was loose."

"I wonder what is the matter with you now," Carolyn May began, when suddenly she sighted what had evidently so disturbed the dog. It was a schoolhouse window, bobbing up and down when they had previously seen beside the road.

"I wish," Prince whispered, tugging at Carolyn May, holding the dog by his collar. She, too, could see through the open window. Miss Minnie was still at her desk. She had finished correcting the pupils' papers. Now she had her hand on the lock of the door.

"O-oh!" breathed Carolyn May, clinging to the eager dog's collar. The man at the window suddenly left his position and slipped round to the door. In a moment he appeared in the schoolroom before the startled teacher.

"Save Miss Minnie, Prince!" she cried after the charging dog. Prince did not trouble about the door. The open window through which the tramp had spied upon the schoolmistress was nearer. He went up the wall and scrambled over the sill with a savage determination that she do doubt whether in the tramp's mind.

With a yell of terror the fellow bounded out of the door and tore along the road and through The Corners at a speed never before equaled in that locality by a kind of the road. Prince lost a little time in recovering his footing and again getting on the trail of the fleeing tramp. But he was soon having the fellow past the blacksmith shop and the store.

The incident had the entire population of The Corners, save the bedridden, to the windows and doors. For once the little, somnolent village awoke.

Prince continues to prove that he is a very important character in this story. The next installment tells how he is concerned in another incident that may be heard from later. Don't miss this.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

Marked to market, to buy a fresh fish. Serve for dinner as Hoover would wish. To mark to market, to purchase beans. Bake 'em and learn what economy means.

USE HONEY, SAVE SUGAR.

The keeping of bees is becoming a greater money-maker for both men and women. The late sugar shortage brought many to realize the value of the honey bee. Men who are busy in offices all day find the care of bees both healthful and interesting. Keeping them out-doors and affording some recreation.

Brown Bread With Honey

Put one egg and stir into one-half cupful of honey and one cupful of sour milk. Sift together one-half cupful of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one teaspoonful of soda and a teaspoonful of salt. Add one and one-half cupfuls of cornmeal, and a cupful of raisins, which should be steamed before adding; mix and steam in molds three hours. Serve hot or cold.

Fruit Pudding

Take one-half cupful of grated fruit, one and one-half cupfuls of cornmeal, and a cupful of raisins, which should be steamed before adding; mix and steam in molds three hours. Serve hot or cold.

Italian Honey Candy

Take one cupful of honey, one-quarter of a cupful of water, one tablespoonful of sweet fat, a pinch of salt, one-half cupful of nutmeg and cinnamon, one cupful of lemon juice. Boil until when dropped in cold water, pull while still warm.

DISHES SWEET AND OTHERWISE.

The season for small cakes and candies is here and with the desire to preserve as much sugar as possible we will be glad to use the various syrups for sweetening.

Coconut Sweets

Take a pound package of coconut and a pound can of Eagle condensed milk. Mix thoroughly and make into balls, rolling them in a bowl of cornmeal. The brand is because of its consistency; it makes a more satisfactory candy.

Sorghum Brittle

Take one cupful of sorghum, stir all the time in a cold water. Just before removing from the heat add one-fourth of a teaspoonful of soda. Turn this over rapidly or coarsely chopped peanuts in a shallow glass pan.

Peanut Candy

Put together three-fourths of a cupful of corn syrup and one-fourth of a cupful of sorghum until it forms a hard crack in cold water. Stir in one cupful of chopped peanuts and beat in a well-buttered pan. Mark in squares.

Honeyed Orange Peel

Boil the peel of one watermelon rind in water until it is as white as possible. Cut in narrow strips with scissors. Roll one-half cupful of honey with the peel for five minutes. Pour on a shallow plate to cool.

Hermit's

From one cupful of fat, add one and one-half cupfuls of sugar, three eggs, one cupful of mixed raisins, one teaspoonful of soda, one-half cupful of nutmeg, one cupful of cinnamon, flour to reach with a quick cutter and bake in a quick oven.

WORLD NEEDS FOOD

Demand Makes Opportunity for Returning Soldiers.

Thousands Will See Glorious Possibilities in Settlement of Available Farm Land in This Country and in Canada.

The war is over, peace will soon be signed, the fighting nations have sheathed their swords, the day of reconstruction has come. What of it? Hundreds of thousands of men, taken from the fields of husbandry, from the track of labor, from the four walls of the counting house, and the shelter of the workshop, taken from them to do their part, their large part, in the prevention of the spoliation of the world, and in the meantime re-creating the rear of common everyday life, will be returned only to find in many cases old positions filled, the machinery with which they were formerly attached disintegrated.

Armed to the teeth the soldiers, with the ultimate possibility of augmenting an army of peacetime laborers? If they do it is because their ability to assist in laying new foundations, in building up new required structures, is underestimated. Men who fought as they fought, who risked and faced danger as they did, are not of the caliber likely to blanch when it comes to the restoration of what they have actually sacrificed. They are eager for the reconstruction of the world, the ideas of which they had in view when they took part in the great struggle whose divine purpose was to bring about a more equitable and just world.

They will devote, for themselves, lines of action and thought, and what their future should and will be, in the field of battle they developed aggressiveness and wisdom, they will return with both shining from every pore.

Action was their watchword, and it will stand them in good stead now that the din of the battle no longer rings in their ears, and their own signposts point to the future, and it will continue during their entire existence.

But if they return to find their old vocations gone, their places filled, the institutions which they were accustomed to, and the social conditions of life and employment must be opened to them. It may be that the counting house, the factory, the workshop will have lost their attraction. They will seek work elsewhere for employment within their reach there is always the "Forward to the Land" necessity. In this line the remedy that will not only take care of a man's physical needs, but will be able to return to the farmer occupations, whose desires are not to do, whose health prohibits them from indoor life or whose outdoor habits from the past one, two, three or four years have developed when their own signposts point to the future, and it will continue during their entire existence.

There is little need here to elaborate upon the reasons that have caused the farmer of this country to be in the few years. It is not only a grain country, that impulsion and almost unexampled success has followed him, but the method of harvest, harvest, and the method of raising crops, and the profit. These are facts that are well known to the many thousands of immigrants of the thousands of farmers from the United States who have returned to work on the farms of Western Canada. Farms of from one hundred and sixty to one thousand and fifty acres of the richest soil may be secured on reasonable terms, and the man who wishes to work on a well established system, and to get into the field, and desirable social conditions, may also be secured.

Canadian statesmen are to be justly commended for the foresight of the returned soldier with a view to making him independent of state help after the immediate necessary assistance has been granted, the main thing being to show in the fullest degree the same as a construction of the services he has rendered.

But now that the war has ended, and the fact apparent that of all vocations the most profitable and independent is that of the farmer, it is most well in a strong desire to secure farm lands for cultivation. Canada affords the opportunity to those seeking not as a vocation but as a production. The desirability of this is shown by the fact that Provincial authorities to further the welfare of the farmer and secure a maximum return for his efforts. Large sums of money are spent in conducting an extensive system of work, engaged on experimental and demonstration farms, and in the agricultural colleges, are men of the highest technical knowledge and practical experience, some being professors of international reputation. The results of experiments and tests are free and available to all. Educational opportunities for farmers are the concern of the government, and the appreciation is shown by the number of farmers who attend the free courses.

WHY SHE WAS NOT POPULAR

As Old Lady Explained It, Woman's "Weight" Had a Right to Their Greivance.

Two women were discussing a third. "She's a splendid worker, but still 'she's not popular," commented the single one. "Why not?" "I don't know," said the other. "An old lady who had been listening broke into the conversation. 'She's too heavily,' she told them.

"Both of the two young ones looked thoughtful." "You explained the old lady," too heavily I mean. I don't see the little girl say not to let your feet band look what your right hand does? But she doesn't do that. If she looks her neighbor on one side she has a cup of coffee she has to tell the one on the other side all about it. When she gives any one anything she tells all about it. And you both know that no one likes to have their neighbor's business advertised. She keeps one hand to the wind and informs of the other hand's doings. That's why I say she's too heavily."—Ludlampe's News.

Men of Iron. Capt. Edward Beck of South Bend, Ind., at present in France with the 101st. Sergeant Stinson, recently wrote home concerning them. "We were here just like one awfully cold. We had to wear our coats and hats and gloves. No wonder they are great fighters. They never get any pain. They remind me of a colored laborer in South Bend. One day I let a quarter of the upper floor of a building be drained.

The fellow never moved in the day he had let a thing. So the mason dropped a brick on his head. When the mason looked up at the mason said: 'Look out what you're doing down there at that work.'"

Times Had Changed. Some Amateurs at a Hull House tea were commenting on the D.H. Fitzpatrick, illustrating the trend of the times the talk of a poor Irishman who had lately been added to his wife and family, and one day he was engaged to invent a new kind of death bowl.

The government paid him liberally for the invention and he went to his wife with bears in his eyes. "I'm not a my dear," he cried, "you ought to buy yourself some decent clothes."

"I'll do nothing of the kind," she retorted. "I'll get the same kind the rest of the women are wearing."

She Didn't Know. Born—Oh, I'm in such distressed mind, and I want your advice. I am loved by three men, and I don't know which to accept.

There—Which one has the most money? "I don't know that, do you run around if I waste precious time slipping around for advice?"—Minneapolis Journal.

