

Carolyn of the Corners

BY RUTH BELMORE ENDICOTT

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LOOK UP!

You will feel better for having known Carolyn of the Corners. She is a lovable little girl, who not only preaches but practices the gospel of "looking up" and always making things "a wee bit better." To become acquainted with her is like letting in the sunshine and looking up at the blue sky. You will want to follow Carolyn through this story after you have read the opening chapter.

CHAPTER I.

The Ray of Sunlight.

Just as the rays of the afternoon sun hesitated to enter the open door of Joseph Stagg's hardware store in Sunrise Cove and lingered on the sill, so the little girl in the black frock and hat, with twin braids of sunshiny hair on her shoulders, hovered at the entrance of the dim and dusty place. She carried a satchel in one hand, while the fingers of the other were hooked into the rivet-studded collar of a mottled, homely mongrel dog.

"Oh, dear me, Prince!" sighed the little girl, "this must be the place. We'll just have to go in. Of course I know he must be a nice man; but he's such a stranger."

Her feet faltered over the door sill and paced slowly down the shop between long counters. She saw no clerk.

At the back of the shop was a small office closed in with grimy windows. The uncertain visitor and her canine companion saw the shadowy figure of a man inside the office, sitting on a high stool and bent above a big ledger. The dog, however, scented something else.

In the half darkness of the shop he and his little mistress came unexpectedly upon what Prince considered his arch-enemy. There rose up on the end of the counter nearest the open office door a big, black tomcat whose arched back, swollen tail and yellow eyes blazed defiance.

"Ps-sst—ye-ow!"

The rising yowl broke the silence of the shop like a trumpet call. The little girl dropped her bag and seized the dog's collar with both hands.

"Prince!" she cried, "don't you speak to that cat—don't you dare speak to it!"

"Bless me!" croaked a voice from the office.

The tomcat uttered a second "ps-sst—ye-ow!" and shot up a ladder to the top shelf.

"Bless me!" repeated Joseph Stagg, taking off his eyeglasses and leaving them in the ledger to mark his place. "What have you brought that dog in here for?"

He came to the office door.

"I—I didn't have any place to leave him," was the hesitating reply.

"Hum! Did your mother send you for something?"

"No-o, sir," sighed the little visitor.

At that moment a more daring ray of sunlight found its way through the transom over the store door and lit up the dusky place. It fell upon the slight, black-froaked figure and for an instant touched the pretty head as with an aureole.

"Bless me, child!" exclaimed Mr. Stagg. "Who are you?"

The flowerlike face of the little girl quivered, the blue eyes spilled big drops over her cheeks. She approached Mr. Stagg, stooping and squinting in the office doorway, and placed a timid hand upon the broad band of black crepe he wore on his coat-sleeve.

"You're not Hannah's Carlyn?" questioned the hardware dealer huskily.

"I'm Carlyn May Cameron," she confessed. "You're my Uncle Joe. I'm very glad to see you, Uncle Joe, and— and I hope—you're glad to see me—and Prince," she finished rather falteringly.

"Bless me!" murmured the man again.

Nothing so startling as this had entered Sunrise Cove's chief "hardware emporium" for many and many a year.

Hannah Stagg, the hardware merchant's only sister, had gone away from home quite fifteen years previously. Mr. Stagg had never seen Hannah again; but this slight, blue-eyed, sunny-haired girl was a replica of his sister, and in some dusty corner of Mr. Stagg's heart there dwelt a very faithful memory of Hannah.

Nothing had served to estrange the brother save time and distance.

"Hannah's Carlyn," muttered Mr. Stagg again. "Bless me, child! how did you get here from New York?"

"On the cars, uncle. You see, Mr. Price thought I'd better come. He says you are my guardian—it's in papa's will and would have been so in mamma's will if she'd made one. Mr.

Price put me on the train and the conductor took care of me.

"Who is Mr. Price?" the storekeeper asked.

"He's a lawyer. He's written you a long letter about it. It's in my bag. Didn't you get the telegram he sent you last evening, Uncle Joe? A 'night letter,' he called it."

"Never got it," replied Mr. Stagg shortly.

"Well, you see, when papa and mamma had to go away so suddenly they left me with the Prices. I go to school with Edna Price and she slept with me at night in our flat—after the Dunnaven sailed."

"But—what did this lawyer send you up here for?" asked Mr. Stagg.

The question was a poser and Carolyn May stammered: "I—I— Don't guardians always take their little girls home and look out for them?"

"Hum—I don't know." The hardware merchant mused grimly. "I—I guess we'd better go up to The Corners and see what Aunt Rose has to say about it. You understand, I couldn't really keep you if she says 'No!'"

"Oh, Uncle Joe, couldn't you?"

"No," he declared, wagging his head decidedly. "And what she'll say to that dog—"

"Oh!" Carolyn May cried again, and put both arms suddenly about the neck of her canine friend. "Prince is just the best dog, Uncle Joe."

Mr. Stagg shook his head doubtfully. Then he went into the office and shut the big ledger into the safe. After locking the safe door, he slipped the key into his trousers pocket and glanced around the store.

"I'd like to know where that useless Gormley boy is now," muttered Mr. Stagg.

"Chet! Hey! you Chet!"

To Carolyn May's amazement and to the utter mystification of Prince, a section of the floor under their feet began to rise.

"Oh, mercy me!" squealed the little girl, and she hopped off the trapdoor;

and put both arms suddenly about the neck of her canine friend. "Prince is just the best dog, Uncle Joe."

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hand. Mr. Stagg looked down at the little hand in his palm, somewhat startled and not a little dismayed.

The main street of Sunrise Cove on this warm afternoon was not thronged with shoppers. Not many people noticed the tall, shambling, round-shouldered man in rusty black, with the petite figure of the child and the mongrel dog passing that way, though a few idle shopkeepers looked after the trio in surprise. But when Mr. Stagg and his companions turned into the pleasantly shaded street that led out of town towards The Corners—where was the Stagg homestead—Carolyn May noticed her uncle become suddenly flustered. He saw the blood flood into his face and neck, and she felt his hand loosen as though to release her own. The little girl looked ahead curiously at the woman who was approaching.

She was not a young woman—that is, not what the child would call young. Carolyn May thought she was very nice looking—tall and robust. Her brown eyes flashed an inquiring glance upon Carolyn May, but she did not look at Mr. Stagg, nor did Mr. Stagg look at her.

"Oh! who is that lady, Uncle Joe?" asked the little girl when they were out of earshot.

"Hum!" Her uncle's throat seemed to need clearing. "That—that is Mandy Parlow—Miss Amanda Parlow," he corrected himself with dignity.

The flush did not soon fade out of his face as they went on in silence.

It was half a mile from Main street to The Corners. There was tall timber all about Sunrise Cove, which was built along the shore of a deep inlet cutting in from the great lake, whose blue waters sparkled as far as one might see towards the south and west.

Uncle Joe assured Carolyn May when she asked him, that from the highest hill in sight one could see only the lake and the forest—clothed hills and valleys.

"There's lumber camps all about, Mebbe they'll interest you. Lots of building going on all the time, too."

He told her, as they went along, of the long trains of cars and of the strings of barges going out of the Cove, all laden with timber and sawed boards, millstuffs, ties and telegraph poles.

They came to the last house in the row of dwellings on this street, on the very edge of the town. Carolyn May saw that attached to the house was a smaller building, facing the roadway, with a wide-open door, through which she glimpsed benches and sawed lumber, while to her nostrils was wafted a most delicious smell of shavings.

"Oh, there's a carpenter shop!" exclaimed Carolyn May. "And is that the carpenter, Uncle Joe?"

A tall old man, lean-faced and closely shaven, with a hawk's-beak nose straddled by a huge pair of silver-bowed spectacles, came out of the shop at that moment, a jackknife in his hand. He saw Mr. Stagg and, turning sharply on his heel, went indoors again.

"Who is he, Uncle Joe?" repeated the little girl. "And, if I asked him, do you s'pose he'd give me some of those nice, long, curly shavings?"

"That's Jed Parlow—and he wouldn't give you any shavings; especially after having seen you with me," said the hardware merchant brusquely.

The pretty lady whose name was Parlow and the queer-looking old carpenter, whose name was likewise Parlow, would neither look at Uncle Joe! Even such a little girl as Carolyn May could see that her uncle and the Parlows were not friendly.

By and by they came in sight of The Corners—a place where another road crossed this one at right angles.

In one corner was a white church with a square tower and green blinds. In another of the four corners was set a big store, with a covered porch all across the front, on which were sheltered certain agricultural tools.

There was no sound of life at The Corners save a rhythmic "clank, clank, clank" from the blacksmith shop on the third corner.

On the fourth corner of the cross-roads stood the Stagg homestead—a wide, low-roofed house of ancient appearance, yet in good repair. Neatness was the keynote of all about the place.

"Is this where you live, Uncle Joe?" asked Carolyn May breathlessly. "Oh, what a beautiful big place! It seems awful big for me to live in!"

Mr. Stagg had halted at the gate and now looked down upon Carolyn May with perplexed brow. "Well, we've got to see about that first," he muttered. "There's Aunt Rose—"

Carolyn and Prince make the acquaintance of Aunt Rose, and the latter's attitude is not very reassuring to the lonely little girl. Carolyn's first experiences in her new home are told in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

It is difficult to judge a woman by the things she doesn't say.

"COLLEGE STUFF" DOES WONDERS IN SHAPING OUT MARINE ENGINEERS

Technical Training of Seasoned Mechanics Solves Problem of Keeping Up Adequate Supply of Licensed Men to Drive New Ships—Land-Trained Engineers Taught Secrets of Engine-Room Practice on Salt Water.

Washington—"Where you going to get engineers for all them ships?"

This somewhat colloquial inquiry was directed many times to representatives of the United States shipping board recruiting service when the bigness of the plan for bridging the Atlantic with American cargo carriers to supply our armies and allies in Europe first projected itself upon the lay mind of the country.

The public had been told there were not even enough marine engineers who were citizens to man the ships flying the flag in peace times. So the man in the street could not see where the supply was coming from for the thousand ships to be manned as merchantmen out of the 2,000 to be built by the shipping board for the new merchant marine.

The shipping board has provided, and continues to provide, an answer to the question through a training system for marine engineers which it has de-

veloped since the war began. This system is entirely novel and distinctly American. Under it no outside talent has been required to provide instructors and no student not a citizen has been given instruction.

When the war began the board proceeded on the theory that there was plenty of material in the country for an adequate supply of marine engineers. It estimated that there were several thousand men in the engine rooms and firerooms of existing merchant ships—who could be made into engineers by a little encouragement and instruction. It estimated also that there were many hundreds of marine engineers following other pursuits ashore when the war began, who could be interested by the government in a proposition to return to the sea.

Finally it estimated that there were thousands of stationary engineers, locomotive drivers and machinists who had worked on marine engine construction or repairs ashore who could be quickly trained to become marine engineers. These men were known to have the groundwork of knowledge necessary for handling marine engines. It remained merely a question of teaching them the things they should know about salt water practice in engineering and to give them their "seal" before starting them off on voyages in the new merchant fleet.

"College Stuff" Makes Its Bow.

Of the many revolutionary training practices growing out of this war, none was more striking than the shipping board's plan for giving these men technical drillings. The plan originated in Boston with Henry Howard, the board's director of recruiting. Mr. Howard is a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and a firm believer in the value of technical training to every kind of mechanical worker.

His idea was to give the men needed as marine engineers a short, intensive course of training at the best technical colleges before sending them to sea.

The idea was so novel that the grimy-handed mechanic was a little inclined to shy at it. "College stuff" seemed too "hifalutin'" to be worth much. The old-fashioned engineer got his knowledge in the same way as the boys in the Dethboys hall, by manual demonstration. He was "showed" by his superior on the job. That had become the accepted way of training engineers on American ships.

But the new method had not long made its bow before mechanics seemed to see something in it. The firemen and others took to it; and they came out with second or third assistant engineer's licenses in such a surprisingly short time that the method of their advancement commanded respect.

The Massachusetts Institute of Technology was chosen to launch the

new idea for training engineers. Professor E. F. Miller, head of the engineering section of that high-class institution, holds a marine engineer's license, and is an authority on marine practice in engineering.

The first shipping board class at "Tech" approved of Professor Miller and the "college stuff" so decidedly that it had not been at the college a week before the value of the new system was fully demonstrated.

Professor Miller had been designated by the board as its chief instructor in marine engineering, and classes were started at other technical colleges, including Tulane university at New Orleans, Armour Institute at Chicago, the Case School of Applied Science, Cleveland, University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Johns Hopkins university, Baltimore, and Washington university, Seattle. Later schools were started at the University of California, (Berkeley), in New York City and Jersey

City, and at the Pratt Institute, Brooklyn.

The attendance at these schools to date has been more than 3,300.

The course of instruction is based on the premise that the man taught is already a thorough mechanic. Instruction is given him in the things he would find hard to pick up by rule of thumb experience.

Some of the schools hold day sessions only, others have evening classes in order that the students may follow their usual occupations by day.

Subjects for intensive study.

In a day school, as at the Massachusetts "Tech," the forenoons are usually devoted to lectures and the afternoons to laboratory and demonstration work.

The men are tested first in simple mathematics and given a text book to aid them. They are then instructed in such subjects as the action of salt water under heat, chemical tests of water, the character and use of fusible plugs for boilers, capacity of coal bunkers, the character and combustion of coal used on ships, the relation of coal consumption to speed, the character of propellers, the element of "slip," pumps, valves, gauges and indicator cards.

For demonstrating work the class of sixty or seventy members is divided into small groups, each under an instructor, who conducts the tests. These for the first week include engine de-

tails, slide-valve setting, gauge testing, indicator card taking and finally indicator card reading, which involves familiarity with a special instrument, the planimeter.

During the week every man in the class has his special practice in these matters. In the second week the subjects are measurement of horsepower lining up of engines, piston valve setting and the condenser and air pump.

The third week the laboratory subjects are the sailometer, duplex pump, water column and safety valve, while in the last week there are exercises with injectors, turbine-driven pumps and an afternoon spent in a large stationary power house.

Special Courses for Special Work.

This is the course at Massachusetts "Tech." It may vary at other schools but the underlying principles of instruction are the same. In the school at Philadelphia, the largest in attendance, now holding its sessions in the Bourse building with a class well over a hundred, special attention is given to refrigerating machinery.

It is part of the plan of the board to train men in a knowledge of every kind of special equipment carried in the mechanical outfit of a modern ship.

Turbine ships, for example, must have specially trained engineers. The latest development in these wonder machines for driving ships are in the geared turbine, a complicated and highly delicate piece of mechanism.

To provide a proper proportion of turbine engineers to meet coming demands the shipping board has sent picked men to the works where most of its turbines are made, with instructions that the men "grow up with their engines." An engineer so instructed is supposed to watch his engine grow from the castings to its final assembling in the shop, and then follow it aboard ship, superintend its erection there and run it when finally the ship is ready for service.

The same idea of special instruction is applied in the case of water-tube boilers, the engineers who are to handle them being given a special course in the works where the boilers are made.

One of the most recent developments in the driving machinery of ships being the so-called Diesel type of crude oil engine, the shipping board is now planning to instruct Diesel engineers in addition to those trained to handle the ordinary types of engine.

In order to reach the men it wishes for training, the shipping board recruiting service employs officials in various parts of the country known as "section chiefs," who supply information to a constantly growing number of applicants. Much of this is contained in a pamphlet entitled "How to Be come an Officer in the Merchant Marine." National headquarters of the recruiting service is at the customs house, Boston.

Substitutes for Sugar.

The principal sugar substitutes recommended by government chemists are corn sirup, maltose (sirup made from potatoes), honey and high-grade refined sirup.

HUN HATES COLUMBUS; HE FOUND AMERICA

Pittsburgh, Pa.—Rev. Daniel L. March, just returned from the western front after a six months' visit, tells this story:

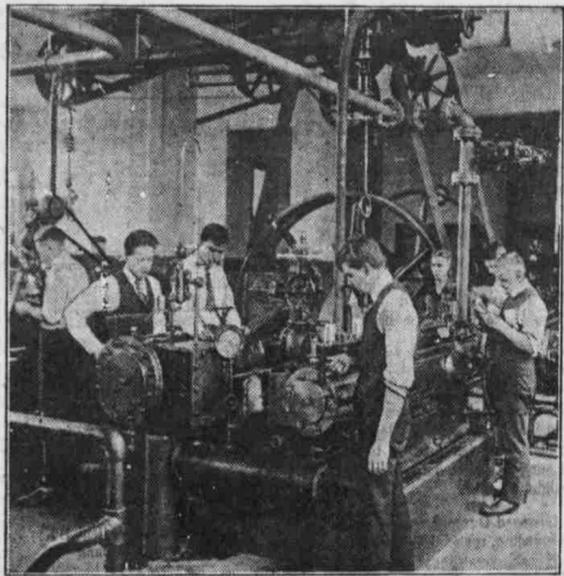
A German prisoner was out of humor and was being "kidded" by the Americans.

"Why so glum, Fritzle?" asked one doughboy. "Are you 'sore' at France?"

No, Fritzle wasn't sore at France, nor England, nor Belgium.

"Well, what's the matter?"

"I'm sore at Christopher Columbus," was the reply. "He discovered America."



Engineering Students of United States Shipping Board in Marine Engineering Laboratory at Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

WOUNDED BUT HAPPY BUNCH OF SCOTS



These wounded but cheery Scots are being transported from the firing line to the hospital by means of a light railway.