

A Needless Deception

By LILLIAN HALL CROWLEY

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"Now, mother dear," said Jane, "we simply must fix up the horrid house some way. I can't have Ted's mother see such a place."

"Why make pretense, daughter? This is the way we have lived for the last four years."

"Yes, I know," answered Jane, "but it isn't really our way of living. We are only waiting until father's peach crop is a success. But to an outsider—this place looks as if it belonged to a Hill Billy. It would class us with them forever."

"Doesn't she like you for yourself, Jane?" asked her mother anxiously.

"Yes, of course, she has been a perfect dear ever since Ted and I became engaged. She made my last week in college the brightest of all for me."

"Well, dear, what could we do to this room?"

"We'll do a lot of things to it. In the first place, I asked Ted to bring his mother and sister the day father is in town to be gone all day. I know he wouldn't have any sympathy with the way I feel about this and it will all be over by the time he gets back."

Mrs. Wilson and her daughter were sitting early one summer morning in the only downstairs room in their house. They had come from Pennsylvania four years before when Nathaniel Wilson had invested all he had in a peach orchard in the Ozarks, where one crop with favorable weather conditions would bring him a fortune. He had worked hard to bring his orchard to a state of perfection, but always some unfavorable occurrence hindered the long-looked-for bumper crop.

When his wife had protested against their going to the farm, because Jane's education might be hindered, he had assured her that there was a good university in the town a few miles away and that Jane should have every advantage. He had been able to keep his word and Jane, who had just finished high school in Pennsylvania, entered the college. She was now graduated and again home for the summer.

She had always been a great help to her mother when she was home. She made all the clothes for the family, put up fruit, cooked, and even helped her father out of doors. She had learned many things in college, about milk and butter, trees and shrubs, all of which practical knowledge was useful on the place.

During her last year of college life love had come knocking at the door of her heart in the person of Ted Somerville. He belonged to one of the wealthy families of the town and his mother was a social leader. They had been very happy in their love, and their joy was complete when Ted's mother showed instant fondness for the young girl her son had chosen.

Everything had gone along smoothly until now, when Jane realized what an impression her miserable little home might make on Mrs. Somerville. The one large room was kitchen, dining room and living room, while upstairs were two bedrooms.

The house, with a few pieces of furniture, had been on the farm when Mr. Wilson had bought it. The family had brought no furniture with them except a few old heirlooms. They meant to use the house only until such time as they had money from the big peach crop. Everything hinged on that.

Mrs. Wilson, never very strong, had lost interest in keeping up her house or her own appearance, and her husband was too busy to notice.

Now here was her daughter stirring her out of her usual calm lethargy.

Jane hauled out a carpet that had been packed around one of the precious pieces of old mahogany and had since reposed, folded, on the floor of the closet under the staircase.

"Come," said Jane peremptorily, "let's put down this carpet."

"But—Jane, I never tacked down a carpet before!"

"No, but you have seen them after they were put down. Come, mother dear. Let's hurry."

After the carpet had been put down Jane looked around with satisfaction until her gaze took in the windows. "No curtains! Mother, haven't you any?"

"I've never had the heart to make curtains for a room like this," replied Mrs. Wilson forlornly.

Jane ran to an old chest of drawers, relic of better days, and took out a bolt of white material belonging to her wedding outfit. "Now we'll have curtains for all these windows. The view over the mountain will be lovely and we'll have lots of flowers."

Jane had called in a couple of the men working in the orchard to carry the kitchen stove out to the back of the house.

"You see," she instructed, "when I go in and out for the tea things it will look as though we had a kitchen out there, besides keeping this room perfectly cool."

"Yes, I see."

"Now, mother, you run up stairs and I'll finish. When you get far enough along I'll do your hair, and, for goodness sake, put on a corset! Get out the one you bought a thousand years ago in Philadelphia. Let out the strings, but get into it somehow."

"I haven't had one on for over two years."

"You simply have to get into one now and you must pull it tight enough to get into that white muslin dress I

made for you last summer and which you never wore."

"Very well," Mrs. Wilson smiled at her daughter's enthusiasm and tried to catch the same spirit.

Jane had arranged the flowers to her own satisfaction when her mother came downstairs.

"I am sure I can never fasten this dress; I'm all out of breath now."

"Never mind, you won't need any breath. I am going to do everything. There you are. Now sit down while I fasten these earrings. There—you look just like a has-been-lady."

"I feel as if I were going to be presented at court."

"You are!" said Jane. "Now, mother, you must keep that chair because it is the most comfortable one. I have placed the best one here for Ted's mother, so that her back will be to the back door. Then this chair for Bessie—Bessie is so young and happy, she won't know she isn't comfortable. She mustn't see behind the door, either. I'll fetch the kitchen chairs I painted yesterday. They ought to be dry now."

"This is such a lot of trouble, Jane."

"Yes, but once in a life time. Now, if you should want something, I'll get it, because if you get out of your chair you'll forget which one you sat in, and if you get into one of the others—all will be lost!"

The stage was all set for the play, when Ted, with his mother and sister, drove up to the door. The room had gone through a transformation. The carpet and dainty white curtains, the freshly-painted chairs, the tables arranged with books and flowers, a calm and happy mother and, best of all, a radiant Jane, presented a beautiful picture to even the most critical eye.

Jane noticed a puzzled look on the face of Mrs. Somerville when she looked at her mother. As she was warmly greeting Ted's sister Bessie at the time, Mrs. Wilson was oblivious to this.

For a moment Jane was dismayed. "I wonder if it is the earrings?" she asked herself, but she did not have time to worry about it, as she had to go out and make the tea. Everything was going on splendidly, and she was elated with her success.

"Just the thing to do," thought she.

When Jane came in for the last time she heard Mrs. Somerville ask her mother, "From what part of Pennsylvania did you come from, Mrs. Wilson?"

"From Elliptown," Mrs. Wilson smiled reminiscently.

"Elliptown?" gasped Mrs. Somerville. "What was your name before you were married?"

"Grace Tompkins," answered Mrs. Wilson with a surprised look.

"Grace Tompkins, I was sure I had seen you before. I am Theo Alexander."

"Theo!" exclaimed the astonished Mrs. Wilson. "Is it possible? I had lost track of you entirely. Why, we haven't seen each other since the high school graduation."

"Yes, we all went to Europe after that. Father died there and we just stayed on until I met Dick Somerville in Paris. He was there for a year's study. Then we were married and came to live in Saylorsville, and have been here ever since. You are the first person from home I have met since we came."

"I am so glad to see you, Theo. Isn't it wonderful that our children met each other?"

"I didn't know any Wilsons in Elliptown," said Mrs. Somerville, "so the name did not impress me."

"My husband's people moved there several years after you left, Theo. Nathaniel found work in the bank too confining and we came here four years ago to make our fortune."

Jane stood, with teapot in hand, in bewildered surprise.

"Then I need not have tried to deceive you; you'd have loved mother anyway!"

Ted sprang to her side and put a protecting arm around her.

"What is it, dear?" he tenderly inquired.

"I know you'll all despise me. I made mother pretend we had more rooms—and the stove is out of doors—and we would be taken for Hill Billys—and I did it all!"

Ted took the teapot from the excited and weeping girl and seated her in a chair. Turning to Mrs. Wilson, he asked:

"What is Jane talking about?"

Mrs. Wilson, between smiles and tears, told of Jane's struggles of the morning and of her fears lest, being found in the old shack with scant furniture, her parents would be looked down upon by the great Mrs. Somerville.

At this everybody laughed and Ted loudest of all.

"Why, that's plucky, Jane. By George, but you're plucky. Let's have a look at the kitchen that isn't a kitchen."

By this time Jane was laughing with the rest.

"As if," said Mrs. Somerville, with a warm smile, looking at Mrs. Wilson, "anything could make Grace Tompkins better than just Grace Tompkins."

Then putting her arms around Jane and pressing a kiss on the girl's tear-stained cheek, she said:

"You ought to have seen the ugly house we lived in our first year. I am proud of you for Ted's sake. He will have a helpmeet in one who will not be balked by obstacles. Come, do give me some more tea!"

Practice at Driving.

"He is pretty good at driving a truth home." "Yes; he's good at driving anything home. He started in early life with cows."

Ex-Premier Caillaux Is An Ambitious Politician And a Traitor to France

THE arrest of former Premier Joseph Caillaux marks the culmination of M. Clemenceau's determination to bring to justice a man whom he, with others of the leading statesmen of France, had long believed to be a man of unscrupulous personal ambition who was poisoning the political life of France.

The substance of the charge against M. Caillaux is that since 1911, when the Agadir incident in Morocco nearly caused a rupture between Germany and France, he has acted consistently in the German interests to the detriment of his own country and that he has tried to seduce Italy from loyalty to the entente, again in the interests of Germany.

"Caillaux se croit Napoleon," Clemenceau has said. His dominant belief in himself and his utter indifference as to the means to an end have succeeded in hypnotizing less courageous men into a belief in his genius for leadership and power.

But the accumulated evidence of Caillaux's intrigue has at last pro-



EX-PREMIER CAILLAUX

ved too much for the most complacent of his followers and now M. Barres, the distinguished French novelist and Deputy of the Seine, has declared that "From every crevice that opens into the underworld the same name issues. At the bottom of all these pits the same person, Caillaux, is always to be distinguished. Caillaux is the first spark of the fire. In the great historic menagerie of distinguished men who for the peace of the people ought never to have been at liberty, Caillaux's cage should be placed next that of Cardinal de Retz, whose libertinage and passion for intrigue have at any rate given us a masterpiece of political psychology."

The love affairs of Caillaux have become notorious in connection with the shooting by his present wife of the editor of Figaro, for which she was acquitted. During one of his terms of office as Minister of Finance he fell in love with the wife of one of the clerks in his department. That clerk was rapidly promoted. After a time the wife divorced the clerk and married Caillaux. Then he discovered that Mme. Caillaux was still in love with her former husband and he sued for divorce, and made the former husband the co-respondent. When made alive to the ridicule of the position he endeavored to withdraw the suit, but the wife insisted on its continuance, won the case against him, and married her former husband. His next adventure was to detach the wife of Leon Clarette, the author, who is his famous present wife.

Caillaux became Minister of Finance in 1911, and at once hatched an elaborate scheme for the co-operation of France and Germany in developing the Congo and Cameroon territories. These negotiations will probably remain the crowning instance of the evils of secret diplomacy for they were carried on without the knowledge of the French Premier or the French Ambassador at Berlin, and their consummation would have virtually surrendered the French Congo to German control.

With the close of the famous trial against his wife it was supposed that Caillaux's career was at an end, but nevertheless he was able to secure the post of Paymaster-General in the French army, and evidence has accumulated to show that he has used his post since the beginning of the war to conspire against his country.

Among his war plots was a conspiracy against General Joffre, in which he had the support of the Socialist-Radical party, of which he has been virtual chief, and it is proved beyond peradventure that he has persistently tried to arrange a separate peace between France and Germany that would leave Great Britain, Belgium, and Russia in the lurch. "Can we forget," writes Gustave Herye in the Paris *Vieille*, "that during his last trip to Italy he compromised himself with the fine flower of Italian pacifism, and that the Italian police have a complete record of his 'defeatist' harangues and that our Ambassador in Rome had to notify our Government that the Italians wished to expel from Italy this former Prime Minister of France?"

Where Aunt Hannah Used to Live

By CRAWF C. SLACK.

I have not the gift of prophecy as old and learned seers, But I am some authority on happy by-gone years, I may not know the classic set nor those with hoarded pelf, But I know the common people, for I'm one of them myself, I may not know the city where the highbrows claim to dwell, But I know about Plum Hollow and its kindly people well; I have known it since my boyhood, then it was my heart's delight, Just to go out to Aunt Hannah's and to stay there day and night.

She lived 'way out in Plum Hollow on a little garden farm, As a shrine that humble dwelling seemed to bear a sacred charm, It was small and unpretentious, hid away among the trees, Where the hollyhocks and sunflowers were a-nodding in the breeze, Where the dandelions and daisies that were growing up the lane, Seemed to voice for you a welcome and to bid you call again, Where the poppies and the pansies, those old-fashioned flowers you'd find, And the climbing morning glory 'round the cottage was entwined.

When a boy I had a longing for vacation days to come Then away out to Plum Hollow and Aunt Hannah's country home, To the fields and flowers and hill-sides where the yellow plum trees grew, Where the woodbirds sweet were singing and the friends were kind and true, To the spring brook in the hollow, how I often long and wish, That I could return to boyhood, be there catching minnow fish, Often now in looking backward I would all possessions give Just to spend a boy's vacation where Aunt Hannah used to live.

When life's path is dark and stormy and o'er troubled waters cast, How they brighten up the journey, sweet reflections of the past, And O memory, precious memory, let me wander back with thee To the lovelight days of childhood which are still a part of me, To that charm road, the old farm road 'mong the cornfields and the grain, Let me drive up Spot and Brindle,

hear the cow-bell once again, To enjoy a child's vacation I would all possessions give, Just to go out to Plum Hollow where Aunt Hannah used to live.

We can turn to scenes of childhood and remember them forsooth, but we can't return to youth, We may turn to old time places, when we weary of the new, But we'll miss the old time faces which our infancy once knew, I can but usurp the feeling and it grieves my heart to know That the one I loved so dearly has departed long ago, She is sleeping in the churchyard but her spirit at the throne, I believe, cares for the children in a nursery all her own, I have wandered yon and hither and have thus far failed to find Anyone more self denying and one more good and kind, I have tasted of life's pleasures and the sweets it had to give, But I spent life's happiest moments where Aunt Hannah used to live.

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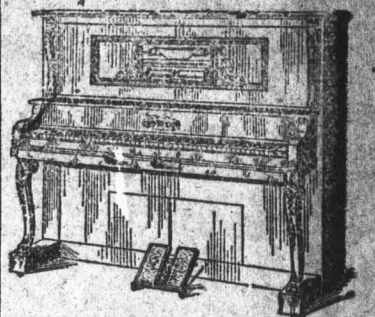
E. C. TRIBUTE

O that I could paint a picture, one of merit, one worth while, Of that dear old lady standing at that cottage with her smile, Just a little bit of color of a col and tree-arched lane, And a bare-foot boy a-running up to greet her once again, Just a bit of rural landscape, sunlit from the azure skies, With the birds a-wing and flowers just a love feast for the eyes, Could I paint a worthy picture of my boyhood's loved retreat, Paint it true and close to nature, life's work would be complete.

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