

DREAMING OF HOME.

It comes to me often in silence
When the freight sputters low—
When the black, uncertain shadows
Seem wreaths of the long ago;

TOURISTS ACCOMMODATED

First came the wind. It whooped
down out of a bunch of black evening
clouds and swept across the
earth in a stampede of sodden leaves,

TOURISTS ACCOMMODATED

Nice Room with Bath
"Souvenir," said the wayfarer.
"Maybe Polly will like you for her
room."

"That's what one got for being a
young cousin, anyway. Why had
he let himself in for this party?"

"You would!" thought the girl.
Not that she would, in any circum-
stances, have had it otherwise;

"You would!" thought the girl.
Not that she would, in any circum-
stances, have had it otherwise;

"Tonight isn't so good," said he to
it. "But tomorrow there ought to
be some trade. Do your stuff."

"Where are we now?" asked the
girl.
"I must admit that I have no
idea."

"Why not go somewhere and find
out?"
"I have been hoping for an abate-
ment in the weather."

"Does that look like it?" A thin
and pallid ray of lightning flickered
through the murk. "Oh! Look! Isn't
that a sign? On the tree?"

Her companion looked, but with-
out enthusiasm. "Do you wish me
to get out and consult it?"

"If you don't, I shall."
With an expression of sublime
self-sacrifice he gingerly edged him-
self out into the uproar, followed by
a muttered exordium which, from
less innocently curved lips, might
have been mistaken for the injurious
term, "Stuffed shirt!" He returned,
gasping for breath.

"Does it say anything?"
"Nothing. Merely 'Tourists Ac-
commodated.'"

"Well, that's something—What are
you going to do now?"
"I am going on."

"Where to?"
"Heaven knows."

"Well, I'm not. We've been lost
for two hours already. This was a
considerable though perhaps not
wholly inexcusable exaggeration. I
don't intend to spend the night in
this car. It's leaky."

With an expression which he tried
to make firm and uncompromising
the youngish man stepped on the
starter, for the engine had stopped.
The car spat. He tried again. It
spat three more times. It was an
excessively expensive and high-bred
car and was supposed to be trained
not to spit in public places, but per-
haps it was disgusted with the situ-
ation. Certainly the girl was.

"And now what?" She put the
question, after the starter began to
show signs of exhaustion, with curi-
osity plus a tinge of scorn, for she
had read upon that self appreciative
countenance a suspiciously blank ex-
pression and she was interested to
see how her escort, accustomed to
have everything done for him that
serviceable millions could perform,
would meet the compulsion of hav-
ing to do something for himself.
Helplessly, she judged.

"What do you suggest?" he in-
quired after thought.
"Following the sign."

"I fear that would be hardly suit-
able," he murmured.
"It means shelter, doesn't it? Why
isn't it suitable?"

"It specifies 'Nice room with
bath,'" said he with an effort. "The
inference is that there is but one
room."

"Well?" said the girl.
Mr. Barton Hollingsworth weightily
pondered the situation and hit
upon an expedient for which he ac-
counted himself great credit. "Doubt-
less there is a barn. All farm-
houses have barns. I might—er—
lodge in the hayloft."

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hurling out of the void and, after
a creditable tackle slid muddily with
him to the foot of the declivity. As
a measure of precaution he was
about to soak the unknown on the
jaw when an unexpectedly soft voice
inquired breathlessly:

"Are you the farmer?"
"Omlord! It's a girl," gasped the
astounded Mr. Tichenor.

"I'm drowned," lamented the girl.
"Come to the house."
"Where is it?"
"I don't know."

Clinging desperately together, they
groped in a general direction of
ascend and butted their way through
the hurricane until the light guided
them to shelter.

By the glow of the feeble lamp
he considered her. She was small
and pink and wet. Her clothes
were lamentable blobs. Her hat
had gone forever, the spoil of the
storm. Her hair was stringy and
diffuse. There was a smear of mud
on one firmly curved cheek. A
sopping leaf was plastered across her
temple. In her eyes the invincible
gleam of mirth and youth and ad-
venture clearly advertised to all and
sundry that she didn't give a hang;
in fact was rather enjoying it.

Nothing like that had ever before
emerged from multimate darkness in-
to the astonished arms of young Mr.
Tichenor. He would have liked to
take her back there immediately, but
nothing in her independent bearing
suggested that such procedure would
be well received.

"We're tourists," she informed him.
The purloined sign! He recalled
it with a shock of realization. He
had caught his fish. "We?" he
periered. "You and who else?"

"I and—er—Mr.—er—my husband.
"Your what?"
"Geel! That's terrible," said the
impulsive Mr. Tichenor.

"She stared. "What's terrible?"
"Your having a husband."
"Oh, it may not be as bad as you
might suppose," she began unthink-
ingly, and broke off to inquire, "See
here; do you always work as fast as
this?"

"Fast! I'm hopelessly behind the
parade already."
"You seem a queer sort of farm-
er," she observed.

He became conscious of his work-
ing overalls. "I'll explain that later,"
he promised hastily. "What I mean
is that I've only just caught you—
that is, we've only just met, you
know, and here you have to go and
have a husband. Where'd you leave
the darn thing?" he concluded mo-
roosely.

"Well, really!" But it was no use
trying to be dignified; the attempt
broke off in a laugh which ended in
a shiver and a sneeze. He hustled
her into his room, stirred up the
fire, got her a warmly padded dress-
ing gown and offered a flask. She
nestled up to the blaze.

"Is this the nice room as adver-
tised?"
"Yes."
"But it seems to be occupied."
She had noted with a gleam of
suspicion his silver-mounted toilet
things.

"I'll move out at once."
"Is there another room?"
"Not too habitable. But that's all
right. I'll do very well.

"I wasn't thinking of you," she
returned calmly. "I was figuring
out what my—er—Mr. Hollingsworth
would do. Perhaps you have a barn,"
she added.

"Naturally there is a barn. Is
your husband addicted to barns?"
"Mr. Hollingsworth is quite ner-
vous," she explained volubly. "He
likes to be alone. He often sleeps
in the haymow at home. He—he
loves hay."

"It's high this year. D'you think
he could be trusted not to eat any of
it on me?" he inquired, and received
a reproving. "Don't be frivolous."

"Shall I go out and hunt him?"
he asked by way of apology.
"Yes. No. I think I hear him now."

There was an instans impact
against the outer door, followed by
a gust of wind and the entry of a
pitiful sop of masculinity whom Mr.
Tichenor hated at first sight.

"Have you seen a young lady?—
hum. Is my wife here?" inquired
the arrival.
"Here's inside."

"Then, my man, you may go down
to my car and bring in our luggage.
And please be quick about it."

"Yes, sir," assented Mr. Tichenor
with commendable self-control and
presence of mind.

Two hours later peace had de-
scended upon that household but not
in justly apportioned measure. The
masculine tourist with half a bale
of blankets for company was asleep
in the barn. The feminine tourist
was asleep in the "nice room." Mr.
Thomas Tichenor was wide awake
in the kitchen.

He was thinking persistently and
his thoughts, centering upon the
slight figure that had been blown
to him on the wings of the storm,
were confused, excited, inconsequen-
tial and extremely disturbing. He
didn't know what to think and
therefore thought the more.

As an antidote it occurred to him
that some work might be effective.
There was the radio; a few mo-
ments more might adjust that. Then
he remembered that he had left the
mechanism in his surrendered room.
He hoped that it wouldn't suddenly
come to life and speech. They some-
times did.

Well there was the unprepared
pumping apparatus. If he put in an
hour or so on that it might enable
him to get to sleep. At least, it
would divert his mind. The rain had
stopped. He got his flash and went
to the garage.

With unexpected amiability the
machine yielded to treatment after
minutes of attention. What to
do now? He wandered around the
premises until his feet were soaked,
took a look at the barn, where all
was quiet, and was passing the

corner of the house, when from the
open window of the guest chamber
floated a strained voice of unmis-
takably barytone quality. There fol-
lowed a low wail of alarm, unmis-
takably feminine. Tichenor stuck
his head and his flash unceremoni-
ously through the window.

"What's up?" he demanded.
"I hear a man t-t-t-talking."
"Wasn't it your husband?"
"Certainly not!" she retorted,
with a violence which seemed super-
fluous.

"What did he say?" asked Tiche-
nor.
"I don't know. It frightened me."
The light swept the room. No
man was visible, but the girl, prop-
ped up on her elbow, her eyes wide
and fearful, was picturesquely evi-
dent to the eye. The unseen owner
of the voice said:

"You have just been listening to
the San Francisco orchestra—arp
—waaow-w-w-w—yoouooooo—quap
quap-quap-quap—wurrrrrrreeeyaa-
ow!"

"Old Man Static himself," observ-
ed Tichenor. "That confounded radio
has come to life. I'm sorry."
"Please take it away."
"Certainly. I'll cross it off the
bill."

When he got around to her door
she had lighted the lamp. He pick-
ed up the offending instrument and
was about to bid his tourist good
night when the soft voice said hesi-
tantly:

"Do you mind not going—just
yet?"
"Huh? What? No; I don't mind."
"Please don't misunderstand."
"It's all right. You're scared. Nat-
ural enough."

"It was a jar to be waked up by
that ghastly voice. If you wouldn't
mind sitting out in the hall, just till
I get my nerve back—"

"I'll sit there all night."
"Oh, no! I'll be all right in a little
while. You might—she chuckled—
"be a nice nurse and tell me a bed-
time story."

"I've got a better one than that.
Let's beguile the hours with a few
plain truths about ourselves. You
begin, Mrs. Hollingsworth."

"Don't call me that!"
"Why, it's your name, isn't it?"
She had an inspiration. "I'm a
Lucy Stone Leaguer. My friends
call me Winchle."

"Isn't this rather sudden?" said
he primly.
"You needn't call me that if you
don't want to, Mr. Farmer," she re-
torted. "My full name is Alice Win-
chell."

"Winchle fits perfectly," he as-
sured her. "I'm Tick."
"Tick? A funny name."
"I'm a funny guy. I'm so funny
that I've been sitting down there for
hours wondering about you."

"There's nothing to wonder about."
"Here's lots to wonder about. I
don't much believe it, you know."
"Well, I don't believe in you either.
So that makes it even."

"Oh, I admit I'm a fake. These
clothes are temporary. The house
is borrowed, and I found the tourist
sign on the road."

"And look how it's turning out,"
said the girl in a voice that sorely
tempted him to peek and see the
expression accompanying it.

"So that explains me. But it
doesn't explain you," he stated.
"Do I need explaining?"

"Are you going to go away and
leave a complete vacuum behind?"
"Go have to go away, don't I?"
she reflected. "First thing in the
morning, I suppose."

"I seem to observe," said the
shrewd Tick, "that you say 'I' and
not 'we.'"

"And what, my little pupil, does
this teach us?"
"that you're in the wrong pew,"
was the blunt response. "Do you
want to know my theory?"

"If it isn't too long and compli-
cated."
"The gentleman about to address
you," began the radio, which had
been left by the entrance, "is one
who—"

"Shut up!" growled Tick, and did
something violent to three knobs.
"—who theorizes about matters
that are out of his line," concluded
the girl sweetly. "Go on. I'm listen-
ing."

"First possibility: you have run
away from home and got married
which I don't believe."

"Why?"
"Because if I were married to you,"
he responded with deliberation, "the
price of hay would be irrelevant, in-
competent and immaterial."

"Never mind that," she broke in
hastily. (It was rather a pity that
he couldn't see around a corner at
that moment.)

"Possibility number two: you've
been married for quite a while,
which I believe still less."

"And why?"
"You lack the assured matronly
air, and you haven't got the patter.
Possibility three; you've run away
without being married, which I be-
lieve least of all."

"Once more, explain."
"Once good look at you is enough
to answer that," he replied with con-
viction.

"It isn't such swell logic, but I
like it," admitted Winchle. "What
do you think about me, then?"
"Here isn't enough of the night
left to tell you!"

"Then it's time I went to sleep.
I'm all right now. Good night."
She heard him move away with
ostentatious clatter. She did not
hear him creep back cautiously and
settle into the far cold corner of the
hallway for the remainder of the
night in case—well, in case of any-
thing.

Bribery of the most liberal sort
induced the gratified though suspi-
cious cook at the bungalow to pro-
vide the materials and utensils for
three early breakfasts at the farm-
house where only one was indicated.
The rest Mr. Tichenor and an aged

but hale kitchen stove achieved be-
tween them.
Mr. Barton Hollingsworth appear-
ed in a glum temper and took his
place close to the fire, where he
shivered and snaked and sneezed.
He would go on, he announced,
when he felt better. Ever obliging,
the host fixed up and warmed another
room for him while the third
guest, looking altogether bewildering
in the Tichenor dressing gown,
pressed her clothes.

Reporting at the bungalow, the
utility cousin proffered a request: "I
wish you would all keep away from
the farmhouse today."

"What for?"
"Who or what are you harboring
there?"

"A bridal pair. Marooned by the
storm. Plucked out of the jaws of
night by the gallant Tick." He
thought it superfluous to mention the
sign. "Privacy would be appreci-
ated," he added.

"Who are they?"
"Who did they come?"
"Are they nice people?"

"A peach! Kelly's eye I mean—
she is. He's all right, I guess."
"Do you know their names?"
"I think it's Hollingsworth."

"Not Barton Hollingsworth?"
"Something like that. What of
it?"

"Haven't you heard of him? He's
the inventor of some new kind of
statistics."

"He looks it."
"His father's. He's the son of
old Ezra Hollingsworth and so rich
that he doesn't even carry money
with him."

"Maybe that explains it. No; I
don't believe it does, either."
"Who ails the lad? Explain your-
self."

But the amateur tourist-accommo-
dator was already on his way back
to the other house. There he found
only one guest on view—the right
one.

"Where's hubby?" he inquired
with a distinct lack of respect.
"Sleeping on the lounge."
"Leave'm lay! Finished your press-
ing?"

"Yes."
"Boots dry?"
"Reasonably."

"Then we're going for a long,
long walk, and we're going to come
back very, very well acquainted,
and," he added ferociously, "you're
going to like it."

"Oh, all right."
Of that long, long walk through
the colors and odors of a warm and
misty November day, they recalled
afterward warm and misty mem-
ories of much light-hearted fooling
and profound comparisons of notes
and tastes on life, liberty and the
pursuit of happiness, and one clear-
ly personal passage which began
when he asked brusquely:

"When are you giving up the
bluff?"
"Being married to Hollingsworth."

"You feel quite certain that I'm
not?"
"I've told you already."

"Well, what is the rest of your
theory, professor?"
"that you two had been to a foot-
ball game—"

"Are you a mind reader?"
"No. I'm a score reader. The
score card was in the car."

"Next."
"You'd spent the night before with
friends, or maybe with his family,
as he's been wanting to marry
you—"

"Where do you get that?"
"Anybody would who'd seen you
more than once—or even once," he
averred.

"Marvelous! Proceed."
"You were headed for home when
you got lost in the storm. And
here you are."

"Why, it's perfect," as the small
boy said to the teacher. Now, about
that sign."

He told her all that he thought
necessary about the house party and
his idea for livening it up. At the
end of five miles and back she ob-
served:

"Barton will want to go on this
afternoon."
"And you?"
"Of course. That is, I don't ex-
actly say I'll want to, but I'll have
to."

Somehow or other they were run-
ning, hand in hand like two children,
down the last hill back of the farm-
house, when they saw a feminine fig-
ure at the turn of the driveway re-
garding them with surprise. Winchle
wrenched herself free and bolted for
the back door. Tick went on. Said
Mrs. Burnham Holland.

"Is that your bride, Tick?"
"Yes. Er—not mine, you know.
The other fellow's."

"It looked to me remarkably like
Alice Winchell. It must be a run-
away match. How odd!"
"Not at all," defended Tick. "It's
frequently done."

"And how extremely unlike Bar-
ton Hollingsworth?"
"Well, it's their own business. And
I shouldn't say anything about it
if I were you."

This was a forlorn hope, for Mrs.
Holland had on her conscientious
expression. Invariably this meant
trouble for other people.

"Did she see me?" inquired his
guest upon Tick's rejoicing her.
"I'm afraid she did."

"And did you tell her that Barton
—that I—that we—"

"I'm afraid I did."

"Then I'll bet she goes straight
off and telephones Aunt Jessie."

"I'm afraid she will. Who's Aunt
Jessie?"

"My great-aunt. I live with her.
What will she think?"

"What do great-aunts think?" he
murmured helplessly.

"The worst!"
"Then you'd better telephone and
tell her something."

"Something? What?" said Win-
chle wildly.
"Will make it up on the way to
Gabe's Corners. There's a public
telephone there. It's only two miles.
Hop in the car. Maybe we can beat
Cousin Bernie to it."

The runaway made good time. But
no speed can overcome the head
start of a conscientious woman with
a bit of troublesome information to
impart. The girl emerged from the
booth with a mottled sort of expres-
sion.

"Oh, such a mess!" she said, and
began to laugh.

"Had she telephoned?"
"She had that! Before I could
start my neat little explanation Aunt
Jessie said in a terrible voice that
she was fully informed and was it
true, and I said in my most soothing
manner that it was true. Bart
and I were staying here, but it
wasn't true we were married—"

"Which must have helped!"
"Oh, a lot! Then, while I was
still floundering around in that mess,
she—What do you think she did?"

"Cut you off," he surmised bright-
ly.

"She did. In more sense than one."
He waited for further information,
but the girl fell silent. Assuming
that her thoughts were private, the
tactful Tichenor drove without fur-
ther remark until she looked inquir-
ingly and, he thought, rather be-
seemingly up at him. He answer-
ed the unspoken question.

"It seems to be in order now to
consult friend husband."

"What can he do about it?"
"Marry you." It was a gallant
attempt to make his tone matter of
fact.

"Not me!" retored Winchle with
an emphasis which enormously re-
lieved him. She then burst into
tears. "Tomorrow's my birthday,"
she sobbed.

"You must be terribly old," said
the startled Tick.

"I'm not. What do you mean—
old? I'm just twenty-one."

"Providential," he commented. "Me,
I'm twenty-eight, but do I afflict
high heaven with my grief every
time a birthday comes around? I do
not."

"It isn't that," she sniffed. "But
I expected to be home and—and—"

"And get a nice present. Never
mind. I'll give you a nice present."

"Oh, Will you? That cheers me
up. What kind?"

"Oh, some nice little plain, inex-
pensive thing; something real and
personal."

"Like a package of chewing gum.
We'll see what can be done about
it."

"Here's home and fireside," she
said. "Now to rouse the sleeping
beauty."

But the gentleman thus ineptly
characterized was not there for
rousing. A note informed his con-
sort that he had gone to the nearest
city, twelve miles away, to get ex-
pert help for his car, and would be
back by dark. This was an error,
albeit an excusable one, on Mr. Hol-
lingsworth's part.

Upon arrival at the goal he suffer-
ed a sharp chill and, being con-
scientiously solicitous as to the
health and well being of his im-
portant self, he went to a doctor,
thence to a hotel, and thence to bed
under the care of a hastily summon-
ed nurse. In such conditions he
could hardly be expected to worry
about the girl he left behind him; he
was far too concerned in worrying
about himself.

After dinner, was prepared by the
not unskilled hands of Mr. Tiche-
nor, it occurred to the pseudo-bride
that she ought to show concern for
the absentee.

"He had a horrid cold this morn-
ing," she recalled. "Suppose some-
thing happened to him!"

"I hope it's nothing trivial," said
the brutal Tick.

"What shall I do if he doesn't
come back?"

"Don't you like your humble lodg-
ings?"

"I can't very well stay here, you
know."

"Why not? I'll sleep in the barn."

"And leave me alone in the house?
I believe it's haunted, anyway."

"Not since I tamed the radio. I'll
tell you!" he pursued with inspira-
tion and animation. "If the errant
hubby isn't back by midnight, I'll
scramble some eggs and we'll sit up
all night. I've got a lot of conversa-
tion that you haven't heard yet,
both new and used."

Midnight came and passed, the
eggs were scrambled and eaten, and
no intrusive Hollingsworth inter-
rupted the contented duet. After a
gallant fight and in spite of much
strong coffee, the guest gave up at
four a. m. and went confidently to
sleep.

At seven, young Mr. Tichenor, stiff
and heavy-eyed but game, was al-
ready on a pious quest for the miss-
ing tourist who was, to tell the
truth, a little on his conscience.

At nine o'clock the little sleeper
awoke, to be greeted with weighty
news. Mr. Hollingsworth had been
located. He was in considerable
fear of death and would be out and
around, the doctor said, in two days.
Would Mrs. Hollingsworth come to
him at once?

Mrs. Hollingsworth (with her nose
at an uncompromising angle) would
see him first and in a specifi-
cally direction. So that was that.

Very good. Would Miss Winchell
have some breakfast? Mr. Tichenor
would have some breakfast! She would
even aid and abet in its preparation
if Mr. Tichenor would give her five-
teen minutes to freshen up.