## DREAMING OF HOME.

It comes to me often in silence When the firelight sputters low-When the black, uncertain shadows Seem wraiths of the long ago; Always with a throb of heartache That thrills each pulsive vein Comes the old, unquiet longing For the peace of home again.

I'm sick of the roar of cities, And of faces cold and strange: I know where there's warmth of welcome

And my yearning fancies range Back to the dear old homestead With an aching sense of pain. But there'll be joy in the coming, When I go home again.

When I go home again! There's music That never may die away. And it seems that the hands of angels On a mystic harp at play Have touched with a yearning sadness On a beautiful, broken strain, To which is my fond heart wondering-When I go home again.

Outside of my darkening window Is the great world's crash and din, And slowly the autumn shadows Come drifting, drifting in. Sobbing, the low wind murmurs To the splash of the autumn rain, But I dream of the glorious greeting When I go home again.

## 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, you going to do now?" broken branches and all the miscellany of a November storm. Finding Mr. Thomas Tichenor alone and unprotected in his runabout on a country road which he had ill-advisedly for two hours already. This was a assumed to be a short cut to somewhere, it blew his wind shield full of debris, and when he got out to don't intend to spend the night in clean it, snatched a wooden sign this car. It's leaky." from its mooring place in the darkness and banged it ruinously upon his new hat. "Just for that," said you'll tell me where I'm headed." sign, but this kind of sign:

## TOURISTS ACCOMMODATED Nice Room with Bath

"Souvenir," said the wayfarer. "Maybe Polly will like you for her Polly being a schoolgirl "Anyway, you can't bash my ten-dollar lid and get away with it. Come along with me!" He threw the two feet of wood into his car and went on his dubious way.

Eventually the road brought him back to a known highway, as roads serviceable millions could perform, tised?" will if followed far enough. Once there and relieved of geographical anxieties, Mr. Tichenor loosed a roving mind to other considerations. He had, he reflected, always put trust quired after thought. in signs and they had, in the main, treated him right.

It seemed unlikely that this one able," he murmured. would come unheralded out of the night and commit a felonious as- isn't it suitable?" sault upon an innocent bystander without some ulterior motive or meaning. But what? It might be inference is that there is but one useful for firewood if the Hollands, room." to whose week-end party he was bound, put him in the old farmhouse which they had bought and left un- ily pondered the situation and hit improved out of respect for its antiquity, building a snappy modern corded himself great credit. "Doubt-Probably they would. Bachelor's luck.

That's what one got for being a There wouldn't be anyone there silent commentary was merely a whom he particularly liked. Only be- conventional and unenterprising he asked by way of apology. cause he was regarded as a sort of (though of course worthy and reutility man had he been asked. A dull prospect. Much better have gone to the football game.

ed the lid," said Mr. Tichenor to his wooden cargo, "but you haven't dented the old brain." Examination best if we—er—I am sure you will hum. Is my wife here?" inquired showed that the nails remained protruding from their places. "You and wife.' and I," he concluded, "we'll mebbe catch us a fish."

Montoaks, he got out and nailed the ical and even suspicious. To pro- with commendable self-control and hospitable announcement firmly to a tect ourselves against misunder- presence of mind. conspicuous tree. "Whatever comes," he prophesied, "will be an improvement on those already present. Or, if it isn't actually an improvement, it will be an excitement."

The ancient farmhouse showed one dim light as he passed it. "I knew "Oh, well; I don't care. What does was asleep in the "nice room." Mr. it," he lamented. "That's me." He it matter? We'll certainly never Thomas Tichenor was wide awake went on, to receive an eager welcome at the new house; all too eager, actually live in this ghastly hole." in fact.

"Hello, Tick. Did you come in un-

"Here's Tick."

"Just in time." This last from his hostess, Bernie Holland. He knew what that meant.

signedly. do want to get the football scores. would attempt to attract the atten- ments more might adjust that. Then Be a dear and fix it. And would tion of he farm people. you mind taking a peek at the

pumping engine?" a flashlight and I'll see what can be accompanying her forth upon her times did.

done," assented the utility cousin. quest, and upon that signal all the time, but decided to take it over selves for a renewed and reinvigor- hour or so on that it might enable hear him creep back cautiously and with him later and go after it in the ated onslaught and swept down up- him to get to sleep. At least, it settle into the far cold corner of the morning. Then he put in a useful on her. "Then I'll bet she goes strain would divert his mind. The rain had hallway for the remainder of the off and telephones Aunt Jessie." and profane hour at the garage, clammy farmhouse and decided to give a look to his sign, to make sure that all was in order. He found it standing form

be some trade. Do your stuff." but did not deafen it against a vast a burst of speed he beat the deluge

by seconds. Then the rain. It came in three dimensions, all at once. Most solid-ly it fell upon that small arc of the "I'm drowned," lamen battered earth where a large and magnificent car wabbled along, and drove it to the dubious refuge of a roadside maple. At the wheel sat ance to himself. A girl sat beside Two items of luggage ochim. cupied the rear.

"This is becoming impossible," said the man, with a severity direct- he considered her. She was small and fearful, was picturesquely evied at the misbehaving weather. "Where are we now?" asked the

girl. idea.

"Why not go somewhere and find "I have been hoping for an abate-

ment in the weather.' and pallid ray of lightning flickered through the murk. "Oh! Look! Isn't in fact was rather enjoying it.

that a sign? On the tree." out enthusiam. "Do you wish me to get out and consult it?"

"If you don't, I shall." self-sacrifice he gingerly edged himself 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 Accommodated.' "Well, that's something-What are

"I am going on." "Where to?"

"Heaven knows." "Well, I'm not. We've been lost wholly inexcusable exaggeration. "1 as this?"

With an expression which he tried to make firm and uncompromising er," she observed. the youngish man stepped on the Mr. Tichenor to the sign, "maybe starter, for the engine had stopped. The car spat. He tried again. It he The sign told him nothing to the spat three more times. It was an It was not that kind of excessively expensive and high-bred that is, we've only just met, you ation. Certainly the girl was.

"And now what?" She put the see how her escort, accustomed to nestled up to the blaze. have everything done for him that would meet the compulsion of hav-ing to do something for himself. Helplessly, she judged.

"What do you suggest?" he in-

"Following the sign." "I fear that would be hardly suit-

"Well?" said the girl. upon an expedient for which he ac-

houses have barns. I might-erlodge in the hayloft." liable) character. What he should

and hens have eggs; we'll sit up all Then-idea! "You may have dish- night and scramble the eggs." "Perhaps," he continued with caunot misinterpret my motives, Alice the arrival. er-gave ourselves out to be man

"Why?" she demanded. Pulling up at the entrance to vicinity is, I am told, quite puritan-"The agricultural populace of this And please be quick about it." standing and possible refusal of accommodations, you will agree that scended upon that household but not the measure I suggest is a wise pre-caution. And as we are practically masculine tourist with half a bale

engaged---" see the people again, if anyone does in the kitchen. She suspected that she was going to his thoughts, centering upon Hollingsworth, though she rather to him on the wings of the storm, hoped not.

something." tempest. He advised that she wrap therefore thought the more. "What's the job?" he asked re- herself up and make for the dim

"Br-r-ronck! Br-r-rronck! Bronck- mechanism in his surrendered room. bronck bronck-brrrr-rronck!" He hoped that it wouldn't suddenly left to tell you!" "Gimme some dinner, a drink and blated the horn, its wails of appeal come to life and speech. They some-

Warming himself by the open fire- stopped. He got his flash and went night in case-well, in case of anywhere the engine was located. Af- place of his ground-floor room, Mr. to the garage. ter that and some polite conversa- Thomas Tichenor heard the sumtion at the house, he put the radio mons with surprise. He ambled re- machine yielded to treatment after induced the gratified though suspi- What will she think?" in his car, deposited it in the rather luctantly to the door and called. Was ten minutes of attention. What to clous cook at the bungalow to pro-

"Tonight isn't so good," said he to hurtling out of the void and, after corner of the house, when from the but hale kitchen stove achieved be-"But tomorrow there ought to a creditable tackle slid muddily with open window of the guest chamber tween them. him to the foot of the declivity. As floated a strained voice of unmis-A blob of water landed in his ear a measure of precaution he was takably barytone quality. There folabout to soak the unknown on the roar approaching down-wind. With jaw when an unexpectedly soft voice takably feminine. Tichenor stuck inquired breathlessly:

'Are you the farmer?' "Omilord! It's a girl," gasped the

"I'm drowned," lamented the girl. "Come to the house."

'Where is it?' "I don't know."

Clinging desperately together, they a youngish man of obvious import- groped in a general direction of nor. ascent and butted their way through the hurricane until the light guided them to shelter.

By the glow of the feeble lamp and pink and wet. Her clothes dent to the eye. The unseen owner were lamentable blobs. Her hat of the voice said: had gone forever, the spoil of the There was a smear of mud diffuse. on one firmly curved cheek. A quap-quap-quap - wurrrrrrreeeeyasoppy leaf was plastered across her ow!" temple. In her eyes the invincible gleam of mirth and youth and ad- ed Tichenor. "That confounded radio "Does that look like it?" A thin venture clearly advertised to all and has come to life. I'm sorry." sundry that she didn't give a hang:

Nothing like that had ever before bill." Her companion looked, but with- emerged from multimate darkness into the astonished arms of young Mr. Tichenor. He would have liked to take her back there immediately, but With an expression of sublime 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?" ueried. "You and who else?"

"I and-er-Mr.-er-my husband. "Your what?" "My husband."

"Gee! That's terrible," said the impulsive Mr. Tichneor. She stared. "What's terrible?" "Your having a husband." "Oh, it may not be as bad as you

might suppose," she began unthinkingly, and broke off to inquire, "See considerable though perhaps not here; do you always work as fast "Fast! I'm hopelessly behind the

parade already." "You seem a queer sort of farm-

He became conscious of his working overalls. "I'll explain that later," promised hastily. "What I mean is that I've only just caught youcar and was supposed to be trained know, and here you have to go and not to spit in public places, but per- have a husband. Where'd you leave haps it was disgusted with the situ- the darn thing?" he concluded morosely.

"Well, really!" But it was no use question, after the starter began to trying to be dignified; the attempt show signs of exhaustion, with cur- broke off in a laugh which ended in iosity plus a tinge of scorn, for she a shiver and a sneeze. He bustled had read upon that self appreciative her into his room, stirred up the countenance a suspiciously blank ex- fire, got her a warmly padded dresspression and she was interested to ing gown and offered a flask. She

"Is this the nice room as adver-

"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

"It means shelter, doesn't it? Why right. I'll do very well. isn't it suitable?"

"It specifies 'Nice room with bath,'" said he with an effort. "The out what my—er—Mr. Hollingsworth would do. Perhaps you have a barn," she added.

"Naturally there is a barn. Mr. Barton Hollingsworth weight- your husband addicted to barns?" "Mr. Hollingsworth is quite nervous," she explained volubly. "He likes to be alone. He often sleeps bungalow over the hill from it. less there is a barn. All farm in the haymow at home. He—he loves hay.'

"It's high this year. D'you think 'You would!" thought the girl. he could be trusted not to eat any of a young cousin, anyway. Why had Not that she would, in any circum- it on me?" he inquired, and receivhe let himself in for this party? stances, have had it otherwise; the ed a reproving. "Don't be frivolous." "Shall I go out and hunt him?"

"Yes. No. I think I hear him now." There was an instana impact have said was, "Farms have hens 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.

"She's inside."

"Then, my man, you may go down to my car and bring in our luggage. "Yes, sir," assented Mr. Tichenor

Two hours later peace had deof blankets for company was asleep

'We're not,' 'she returned crossly. in the barn. The feminine tourist He was thinking persistently and the give in some day and marry Barton slight figure that had been blown

"We have got to do were confused, excited, inconsequential and extremely disturbing. There had fallen a lull in the didn't know what to think and As an antidote it occurred to him light on the hill top, leaving him that some work might be effective. "The radio's gone wonky and we to lock up the car; meantime he There was the raido; a few mo-

Well there was the unprepared

With unexpected amiability the

lowed a low wail of alarm, unmishis 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 su- pressed her clothes. perfluous. "What did he say?" asked Tiche-

"I don't know. It frightened me." The light swept the room. No man was visible, but the girl, propped up on her elbow, her eyes wide

"You have just been listening to "I must admit that I have no storm. Her hair was stringy and the San Francisco orchesween—arp night by the gallant Tick." -waaow-w-w-yooooooo -quap

"Old Man Static himself," observ-

"Please take it away." "Certainly. I'll cross it off the

When he got around to her door she had lighted the lamp. He picked up the offending instrument and was about to bid his tourist good it?" night when the soft voice said hesitantly:

you mind not going-just

"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 nursie and tell me a bed-

time story.' "I've got a better one than that. Let's beguile the hours with a few with a distinct lack of respect. plain truths about ourselves. begin, Mrs. Hollingsworth."

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

"Isn't this rather sudden?" said he primly. don't want to, Mr. Farmer," she re- going to like it." torted. "My full name is Alice Win-

"Winchie fits perfectly," he assured her. "I'm Tick." "That's a funny name." "I'm a funny guy. I'm so funny

chell."

that I've been sitting down there for hours wondering about you." "There's nothing to wonder about." "There'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 ball game-" doesn't explain you," he stated. "Do I need explaining?"

"Are you going to go away and score card was in the car." leave a complete vacuum behind?" morning, I suppose." "I seem to observe," said the you-" shrewd Tick, "that you say 'I' and

not 'we.' "And what, my little pupil, does more than once-or even once," he this teach us?" "That you're in the wrong pew," was the blunt response. "Do you

"Do you want to know my theory?" "If it isn't too long and compli- here you are." cated. "The gentleman about to address

you," began the radio, which had that sign." been left by the entrance, "is one who--"

something violent to three knobs. "--who theorizes about matters served: that are out of his line," concluded the girl sweetly. "Go on. I'm listen- afternoon." ing

"First possibility: you have run which I don't believe." "Why?"

price of hay would be irrelevant, incompetent and immaterial."

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. away match. How odd!" Possibility three: you've run away without being married, which I be-

lieve least of all." "Once more, explain." "One good look at you is enough to answer that," he replied with con-

"It isn't such swell logic, but I This was a forlorn hope, for Mrs. like it," admitted Winchie. "What Holland had on her conscientious he remembered that he had left the do you think about me, then?"

"Then it's time I went to sleep. I'm all right now. Good night." She heard him move away with He patched up the radio for the evil genii of the air gathered them- pumping apparatus. If he put in an ostentatious clatter. She did not

> thing Bribery of the most liberal sort small, compact figure which came was quiet, and was passing the The rest Mr. Tichenor and an aged tell her something."

Mr. Barton Hollingsworth appeared in a glum temper and took his Gabe's Corners. There's a public place close to the fire, where he telephone there. It's only two miles. shivered and sulked and sneezed. Hop in the car. Maybe we can beat He would go on, he announced, Cousin Bernie to it." when he felt better. Ever obliging,

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

"What for?" "What's up?"

"You've got a nerve young, Tick." there?"

storm. Plucked out of the jaws of and I were staying here, but it thought it superfluous to mention the "Privacy would be apprecisign. ated," he added.

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

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

"Not Barton Hollingsworth!" '

"Something like that. What "Haven't you heard of him? He's the inventor of some new kind of ed the unspoken question. statistics"

'He looks it.' "That's his fad. He's the son of old Ezra Hollingsworth and so rich that he doesn't even carry money attempt to make his tone matter of with him."

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

But the amateur tourist-accommodator was already on his way back to the other house. There he found the startled Tick. only one guest on view-the right

"Where's hubby?" he inquired "Asleep on the lounge."

"Leave'm lay! Finished your pressing?' "Yes." "Boots dry?"

"Reasonably." "Then we're going for a long, long walk, and we're going to come primly.

"You needn't call me that if you and," he added formidably, "you're

> "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 memories of much light-hearted fooling and profound comparisons of notes and tastes on life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and one clearly personal passage which began

when he asked brusquely: "When are you giving up

bluff?" "What bluff?" 'Being married to Hollingsworth." "You feel quite certain that I'm not?"

"Well, what is the rest of your theory, professor?" "That you two had been to a foot-"Are you a mind reader?" "No. I'm a score reader.

"I've told you already."

"Next." "I do have to go away, don't I?" "You'd spent the night before with was far too can she reflected. "First thing in the friends, or maybe with his family, about himself. as he's been wanting to marry

"Where do you get that?" "Anybody would who'd seen you

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

"'Why, it's perfect,' as the small boy said to the teacher. Now, about He told her all that he thought ings? necessary about the house party and "Shut up!" growled Tick, and did his idea for livening it up. At the know." end of five miles and back she ob-

"Barton will want to go on this "And you?"

away from home and got married actly say I'll want to, but I'll have hubby isn't back by midnight, I'll scramble some eggs and we'll sit up Somehow or other they were run- all night. I've got a lot of conver-"If I were married to you," he ning, hand in hand like two children, sation that you haven't heard yet,

responded with deliberation, "the down the last hill back of the farm- both new and used." house, when they saw a feminine fig- Midnight came and passed, the ure at the turn of the driveway re- eggs were scrambled and eaten, and "Never mind that," she broke in garding them with surprise. Winchie no intrusive Hollingsworth interhastily. (It was rather a pity that wrenched herself free and bolted for rupted the contented duet. After a the back door. Tick went on. Said Mrs. Burnham Holland.

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

Alice Winchell. It must be a run-"Not at all," defended Tick. "It's frequently done."

ton Hollingsworth." "Well, it's their own business. And I shouldn't say anything about it if I were you."

expression. Invariably this meant "There isn't enough of the night trouble for other people.
ft to tell you!" "Did she see me?" inquired

guest upon Tick's rejoining 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 "I'm afraid she will. Who's Aunt

"My great-aunt. I live with her. "What do great-aunts think"

"Then you'd better telephone and

"Something? What?" said

chie wildly. "We'll make it up on the way to

The runabout made good time. But the host fixed up and warmed anoth- no speed can overcome the head er room for him while the third start of a conscientious woman with guest, looking altogether bewildering a bit of troublesome information to in the Tichenor dressing gown, impart. The girl emerged from the booth wth a mottled sort of expres-

"Oh, such a mess!" she said, and

"Had she telephoned?" "She had that! Before I could start my neat little explanation Aunt Jessie said in a terrible voice that "Who or what are you harboring she was fully informed and was it true, and I said in my most sooth-"A bridal pair. Marooned by the ing manner that it was true. Bart He 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-

"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 dreve without further remark unil she looked inquiringly and, he thought, rather be-He answerseechingly up at him.

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

"What can he do about it?"
"Marry you." It was a gallant

fact. "Not me!" retored Winchie with an emphasis which enormously relieved him. She then burst into tears. "Tomorrow's my birthday," she sobbed.

"You must be terribly old," said "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

'What kind do you like?" "Oh, some nice little plain, inexpensive thing; something real and personal."

"Like a package of chewing gum. We'll see what can be done about "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 consort that he had gone to the nearest city, twelve miles away, to get expert help for his car, and would be ack by dark. This was an erro

albeit an excusable one, on Mr. Hollingsworth's part. Upon arrival at the goal he suffered a sharp chill and, being conscientiously solicitious as to health and well being of his important self, he went to a doctor, thence to a hotel, and thence to bed under the care of a hastily summoned 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 After dinner, was prepared by the not unskilled hands of Mr. Tichenor, it occurred to the pseudo-bride that she ought to show concern for the absentee.

"He had a horrid cold this morning, she recalled. "Suppose something happened to him! "I hope it's nothing trival," said the brutal Tick.

"What shall I do if he doesn't come back?" "Don't you like your humble lodg-"I can't very well stay here, you

"Why not? I'll sleep in the barn." "And leave me alone in the house? I belive it's haunted, anyway." "Not since I tamed the radio. I'll tell you!" he pursued with inspira-"Of course. That is, I don't ex- tion and animation. "If the errant

> gallant fight and in spite of much strong coffee, the guest gave up at four a. m. and went confidently to

At seven, young Mr. Tichenor, stiff "It looked to me remarkably like and heavy-eyed but game, was already on a pious quest for the missing tourist who was, to tell the truth, a little on his conscience.

At nine o'clock the little sleeper "And how extremely unlike Bar- 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 asid, in two days. Would Mrs. Hollingsworth come to

him at once? Mrs. Hollingsworth (with her nose at an uncompromising angle) would see him further first and in a specific direction. So that was that Very good. Would Miss Winchell

have some breakfast? Mr. Tichenor was darn right Miss Winchell would have some breakfast! She would even aid and abet in its preparation if Mr. Tichenor would give her fifteen minutes to freshen up. ate in peace and amity. "We will now," announced the

host, "proceed to business. First order of the day, many happy returns." "So it is. I'd forgotten. Where's

my present?" (Continued on page 3, Col. 4.)