



THE HOME MAGAZINE PAGE



THE LOVE TRAILERS

A STORY OF A RUNAWAY COUPLE

Pursued by an Irate Father and Mother, They Are Overtaken in Time to Learn of an Amazing Surprise.

By J. B. Ryan

IN spite of the fact that she had not seen him for twenty-two years, the woman recognized the man instantly.

"Why, Robert Lombardy!"

"Where's Dick?" Robert Lombardy demanded brusquely.

"Dick?" the woman echoed. "Whom do you mean?"

"You know!" stormed Lombardy. "Dick Lombardy, my son, is here and I want him!"

"Here? I would not allow him to enter my house!"

Lombardy laughed. "I'm on to your scheme! Dick came to me in New York and told me that he loved and intended to marry your daughter. I told him why a union between a Lombardy and a Kershaw was impossible. That night I received a note telling me that he had gone to Chicago to make Helen Kershaw his wife. I followed on the next train. Where is he?"

"I do not know your son. He has not been here. Only a half hour ago Helen retired for the night."

"Are you sure?"

"I—The woman contracted his suspicion. 'Come, we'll see.' Lombardy followed her through several rooms of the modest bungalow. Mrs. Kershaw knocked upon a door, calling her daughter's name softly.

Receiving no response, they entered the room. The bed was unoccupied; the room was empty; the window open. Pinned to the counterpane was a note which Mrs. Kershaw picked up with a trembling hand.

"Mother Dear—I had always intended to tell you, mother, ever since I returned from Cleveland, that I had met the man I loved. But to-day Dick called me up and told me that his father had refused his consent and that you would, too, if you knew. He urged me to elope before either you or Mr. Lombardy could stop our marriage. After the honeymoon, mother dear, we shall come back and perhaps then you can forgive your loving

HELEN.

"They're gone," cried Mrs. Kershaw. "If my daughter marries your son it will be a calamity. 'Calamity!' snorted Lombardy. 'It'll be a disgrace! However, if your daughter retired half an hour ago, they cannot have much of a start! Get your coat and we'll overhaul these young fools before it is too late!'"

A few minutes later a huge automobile was roaring down the road that led out of the suburbs toward the small town down-State, which was the Mecca for all eloping couples.

And then Eros took a hand. The smooth humming of the motor changed to a consumptive cough and the car coasted to a halt. The man climbed out of the engine and after a minute of exploration looked at the woman.

"I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to help me."

From his tool-kit he extracted two wrenches, one of which he handed to the woman. "Now, hold your wrench against that chain like this," he instructed.

Lombardy pressed down, and the chains snapped into place. The released wrench flew up and struck Mrs. Kershaw across the knuckles.

"Are you hurt, Agnes?" he asked anxiously.

"No," she laughed. "It is nothing! We cannot afford a delay. We had better go!"

But not until he had wiped the blood from her bruised knuckles and bound up the wound with his own handkerchief was he content to resume the chase.

And his trend of thought was vastly different from what it had been before the bit of engine trouble. Perhaps the locality and the touch of the woman's hand were responsible. The place where the car had stopped was almost the same spot where, twenty-two years ago, he and Agnes Lockwood, eloping themselves, had encountered disaster.

What a fiasco their romance had been! How eagerly they had planned the elopement! They had stolen away to be married. "They had been helpless to repair the broken wheel of their buggy and, under a high nervous strain, a continuous downpour had added to their discomfort until they were frankly quarreling when the irate Lockwood overtook them.

While Agnes Lockwood was still in the heat of her anger her father persuaded her to marry John Kershaw, who with Lockwood was Lombardy's business rival. To show that he did not care, Lombardy married and moved to New York. Mrs. Lombardy had died when Dick was born, but for ten years John Kershaw had been a commercial thorn in Lombardy's side, and their intense rivalry had added to the bitterness between the two families.

Again the woman spoke. "Now that my blood has cooled some-

what, Robert, I am willing to admit that our quarrel was all my fault."

"Nonsense!" barked Lombardy. "The fault was mine! I was a hot-headed young fool!" How gently the years had treated Agnes!

They entered a town and drew up before a parsonage of a vine-clad church. Another automobile, parked just ahead, told them that they were on the right track. But a single glance, when they entered the parsonage unannounced, told them they were too late. The minister was pocketing his fee; the minister's wife was being away her tears, and a tall young man was kissing an attractive young woman.

"Bob Lombardy!" The minister caught sight of the newcomers first. "Welcome, old friend! I have not seen you since that night I waited for you in vain, over twenty years ago!"

"You've come too late, Dad," Dick Lombardy looked his father in the eye. "Be a sport and congratulate me!"

"Humph!" the elder Lombardy grunted. "I think I came here just to stop you." He turned to the minister. "Hal, if you still have that license I told you to get, you can perform the ceremony now."

And while the minister pattered away to resurrect the document he had kept as a souvenir of the wedding-party that failed to materialize, Robert Lombardy turned with outstretched arms and into his embrace stepped the smiling Agnes Kershaw.

THE PALETOT'S THE THING

By Rita Stuyvesant

THE paletot blouse promises to be the feature of the Spring, and all smart New York will soon be wearing it. These blouse jackets are suitable with a one piece frock to create an entire costume, or as a striking addition to a striking sports skirt.

Parisian printed silk, with black crepe de chine sash makes a jacket of distinction, worn with a skirt of soft black crepe, circular in cut. The blouse is interesting, opening a bit to show an underblouse or vest of flesh chiffon. The sleeves are long and inclined to flare a little at the wrist. A binding of black crepe outlines the sleeves and neck, and a sash of the crepe, tied at the left, adds to the effect.

Another novel blouse, short hip-length, is elaborately trimmed with braid. The braid is arranged in all over design, closely designed to form oak leaves. The background is of white, and it is beautifully embroidered in blue, green, black, rose, tan or green. It forms a short coat blouse, with pointed collar, and deep tailored turn-back cuffs.

Striped eponge, embroidered and bound with black grosgrain ribbon is favored for a Parisian blouse of black and white. The blouse is white, and the black embroidery is arranged to show stripes. This blouse is cut like a short box-coat, and hangs loosely at the hips. The black binding is most effective, and a single clasp of black fastens the jacket at the front. Worn with a white crepe pleated skirt, it forms the better half of a smart sports costume.

A new wool fabric, called flammings, used for an exceptionally good-looking paletot that is shown in white or tan. It favors the high turnover collar, that hooks at the front, and falls loosely to the hips. Only one button is needed, and this is placed at the waistline. The entire jacket is bound in grosgrain ribbon, and the flare sleeves are split several inches on the outside and finished with the ribbon. Straight slit pockets are also bound. One wears this paletot with a pleated skirt of white or tan wool.

Persia print develops one of the most daring paletots of the season, and is cut like a mandarin coat. Hand-blocked cotton is particularly smart for this model, and the design is arranged with a large circle of figures across the back.

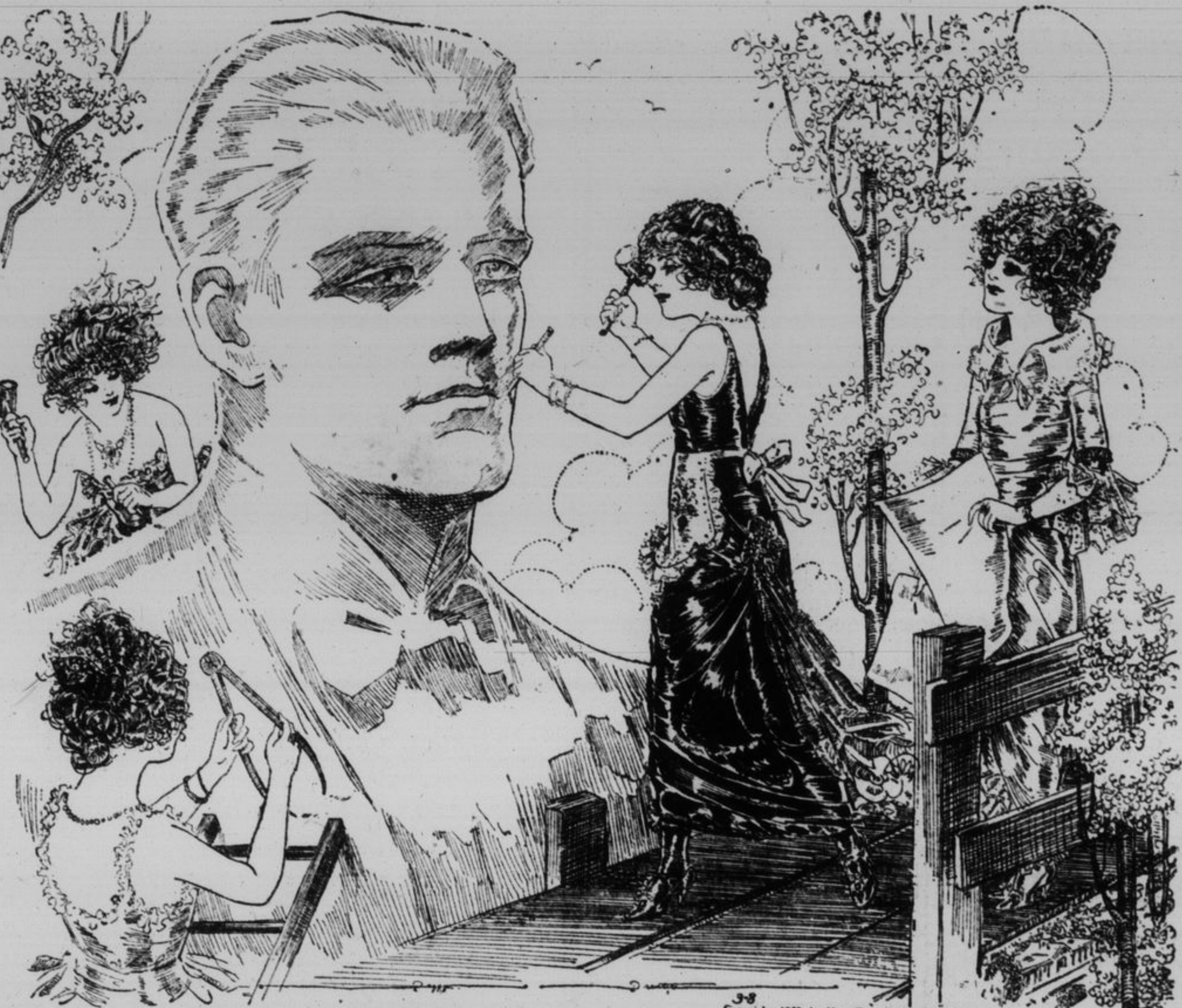
Household Thrift.

"What's this?" the young husband said, as he read the list his wife had given him. "One dozen eggs, one pound of raisins, one bottle of lemon extract, one packet of ground cinnamon and one pound of sugar. What do you want with all those things, dear?" "I've got a stale loaf," replied the young wife, "which I am going to save by making it into a bread pudding. I never let anything go to waste."

Candid Confession.

The schoolmaster was exceedingly angry. "So you confess that this unfortunate boy was carried to the pond and drowned? Now, what part did you take in this disgraceful affair?" "The right leg, sir," answered the delinquent, meekly.

Made to Order



DRAWN BY PEGGY PRENTICE

W HAT manner of man would you contrive for yourself, my lady, were you endowed with the power to fashion your man after your wish in figure and in face? Can you decide? Stop a minute and think—think hard. What would be the shape as well as the color of his eyes? What form his nose? What shade his complexion? What would—ah, what would be the shape of his lips?

Would you give him a bigger heart than brain? Or would you specify more brain than heart? Judgment, imagination, humor, seriousness—ah, think of the countless things—the wee details, that must go to make up any man—and consider the problem well! "Aht!" you may well gasp. "I'll be contented with—"

—PEGGY PRENTICE

Death by a Meteor Would Be Fame

By Garrett P. Serviss, Eminent Astronomer and Authority on Subjects of Scientific Interest.

"If, as I have read, meteorites on reaching the earth are of the temperature of ice, how are most of them burned up in the atmosphere before reaching the ground, and what protects the earth from meteorites that are constantly falling upon it?"

YOU might have made your question more startling, while just as well founded, if you had asked: "What protects us from being killed by these missiles shooting down out of the sky?" The fact is that there are very few accounts—and none of these, perhaps, should be accepted as an authentic record—of the killing, or wounding, of human beings by meteorites. Yet, the possibility of such an accident unquestionably exists, however minute the chance of its happening, but for one fortunate circumstance, that chance would be very greatly enlarged, and the mortality columns of the newspapers might occasionally contain the line "killed by a meteor!"

The fortunate circumstance referred to is the fact that the vast majority of these astral bodies are very small, not bigger on the average, say some authorities, than a grain of sand. But minute as they are, they move through open space before striking the earth's atmosphere with an average velocity exceeding that of the earth in its orbit around the sun. Assuming that they move in parabolic tracks, their velocity when at the earth's distance from the sun should be about twenty-six miles per second! That is

from fifty to sixty times as swift as a rifle bullet.

If a meteor only as big as a grain of sand and weighing only one-hundredth of an ounce could reach the ground without having its velocity destroyed by the resistance of the air, it would possess at the moment of striking a kinetic energy of nearly 200,000 foot-pounds. Since it has been estimated that anywhere between fifteen and thirty million small meteors shoot into the earth's atmosphere every twenty-four hours, it is not difficult to imagine what might happen more frequently than would be comfortable if the earth had no protection against meteors.

The nature of the protection that it does have has already been indicated. The meteors, because of their small mass, are quickly dissipated into gas and dust by the terrific heat developed in their swift rush through the resisting medium. During great meteoric showers, when the sky has appeared as if filled with "snowflakes of fire," so thick were the falling meteors, not one has ever been known to reach the ground, although on one occasion of that kind a "meteorite" fell in Mexico and is now in a museum.

This brings us to another side of the subject. Meteorites are distinguished from ordinary me-

teors, or "shooting stars," because of their relatively great size and mass. Bodies of this kind weighing several hundred pounds have fallen upon the earth, and smaller ones weighing a few pounds, or a fraction of a single pound, are not very infrequent arrivals from space, a few hundred, perhaps a thousand or so, coming every year, with the whole surface of the earth distributing themselves over. When traversing the atmosphere meteorites resemble fire-balls, are followed often by luminous trains, and sometimes explode with great violence and thunderous noise, scattering their fragments over square miles of territory.

These are the only meteoric bodies that are dangerous, and all the recorded cases of death and injury inflicted by "missiles" from the sky have been the work of meteorites. They get through the earth's shield of air because of their relatively great size. Their exterior is burned, or melted off, forming a characteristic crust, but before a high temperature can become distributed through the interior they strike the earth and their career is finished.

This is the origin of the statement that meteorites on reaching the earth have the temperature of ice. The statement properly applies only to the interior, although it is not impossible that one or more of the surfaces of a fragment of such a body which had been blown to pieces by explosion when it was already near the ground, might on being picked up retain the low temperature to which it must have sunk during its long wandering in the cold of open space.

PREVENTING CONTAGION

By Brice Belden, M. D.

W HEN a child shows signs of illness he should be put to bed and other children should be kept away from him. Then the doctor should be called to identify the disease.

The germs of all the contagious diseases of children multiply in the mouths, noses and throats of the little patients and are spread about by sneezing, coughing and talking.

These diseases are frequently spread through games which require the children to take hold of each other's hands. The hands become infected because of finger sucking, nose picking, and nail biting. Cleanliness, short-cutting of nails, and training in the habit of keeping the hands away from the mouth and nose are therefore essential in the control of the contagious diseases.

The exchange of candy, fruit, pencils, whistles, horns and handkerchiefs promotes the transmission of contagion. The regular use of the toothbrush and the washing out of the mouth and throat daily go

far toward lessening the prevalence of the contagious disease group.

Whatever promotes the general health and vigor fortifies the child against contagious disease. Loss of sleep is a common cause of debility and poor resistance to disease in children. Indigestion is another cause of weakness, usually preventable by simply preventing the habit of eating between meals; of course, the meals must be regular and the food simple and nourishing.

Catarrhal conditions are another cause of poor general condition and are usually dependent upon easily removable factors, like adenoids and infected tonsils. Close housing is another cause of poor vitality; outdoor air and sunshine are great preventives of disease; sleeping rooms must be well aired all night; the temperature of living rooms should not be over 70 degrees Fahrenheit.

Above all things, parents must do everything possible to prevent the spread of infection to other families. These diseases can never be wiped out unless parents realize their responsibility in this respect.

ANECDOTES OF THE FAMOUS

The methods of composition adopted by well-known authors are as varied as they are interesting. Mark Twain could write 4,000 words daily for three or four days, and then retire to bed for a few days.

De Maupassant would finish a 3,000-word short story in four days and not erase a word, but over his longer works he struggled painfully; while his master, Flaubert, halled thirteen pages of "Madame Bovary" in one day as his record.

It was Biazac's boast that "A

Woman of Thirty" was finished in a fortnight. This would be about 20,000 words a week. He was a prodigious worker and thought nothing of working eighteen hours a day.

Dr. Johnson's most notable feat of composition was the production of "Rasselas," which he wrote to a bookseller's order in a week. The book runs into little more than 20,000 words.

R. L. Stevenson produced about 1,000 words a day, and it is said that Jack London wrote 1,000 to 2,000 words every day of his writing career of fifteen years.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Use only the purest soap and water which is just warm. Very hot water or cheap soap will remove all the color from the hose, and will make the threads so brittle that bad "ladders" will result.

When serving ham cold, a salad of beetroot and celery with a simple dressing, or a salad of chopped apples, celery, nuts, banana and sliced orange, with a cream dressing, is more than passing good.

Eggshells ought to be cleaned, dried, and kept for clearing soups. They need to be crushed when wanted for this purpose, and mixed with just a little white of egglet over, perhaps, when making a cake.

Instead of putting paper in the bottom of the table and kitchen drawers, use white oilcloth, and see how much better they look. They are easily wiped with a damp cloth, and are cleaner and more serviceable than paper.

DO YOU TRY TO CHAIN FRIENDS?

By Beatrice Fairfax, Who Occupies a Unique Position in the Writing World as an Authority on the Problems of Girls.

DO you try to shackle love with chains—or claims? Do you insist that your husband or your fiancé or your mother or your child give you the love you crave, or do you accept the voluntary offering of the love he or she holds as ideal?

Whoever is given freely is beautiful, as all freely offered gifts are lovely. What is demanded as a right is paid as a tribute and not as a gift.

Love should be a response to our deservings, not as a gift to our deservings, not a tribute imposed by a tyrant. We all know that the gift without the giver is bare, but how can the gift carry with it anything of the giver if it is an enforced payment in terms of what some one else demands, rather than our offering at the shrine of love?

When a man or woman feels a sense of obligation in love then the spontaneous fervor goes and the sense of prison walls sets in. And love cannot thrive in a cage—or a prison. Love needs the sunlight if it is to grow.

How do you feel toward your mother and yourself—at the moment when you have put down the story you were eager to finish and have offered to do the dishes so she can rest her tired feet? Isn't that free gift of yourself inspiring? And when she demanded that you wash dishes, you might have thought bitterly that you work hard in an office all day and that it isn't fair for her to demand that you do housework when you get home. And if you had set there watching her drag herself about wearily, you might have hated yourself and your selfishness so bitterly that part of your resentment against yourself would have been transferred to her.

Apply the same thing to the love between man and woman. What you offer freely makes you happy and enriches your beloved when it is received. What you give in response to a demand makes you chafe at the chains imposed on you. What you selfishly withhold impoverishes you both.

A married man I know told me the other day that one of the things that had made him fall twice as much in love with his wife as he was when he was courting her, was her urging him to take one or two nights a week and go bowling or to a show or have a reunion of some sort with his fraternity brothers.

"I'll bet she misses me all right," he said, "but she never lets on. And she doesn't let me feel I'm doing anything but what she likes to have me when I hop out on my own once in a while. Say, if she insisted on my staying home, I don't know how I'd act—but you can bet your bottom dollar as long as she's so unselfish and leaves me so free, I don't strain much to get away, and I wouldn't do a thing to hurt her or disappoint her if I knew it. No sirree. That little girl leaves me so free, she's got me chained for fair!"

And that is about how it works—doesn't it?

THE RHYMING OPTIMIST

By Aline Michaels

THE CURE.

OLD Ebenezer Tightwad saved each cent the farm brought in; the neighbors all about him raved and said it was a sin. He would not buy enough to eat nor anything to wear; he wore no shoes upon his feet, no barber trimmed his hair. For many years old Tightwad gave the gossips theme for chat; but could they make E. T. behave? Alas, they failed at that! A scarecrow would have looked at him with cold, unfriendly eye, for scarecrow sentiment looked quite trim when Eben sauntered by. But this was in the days of yore, and now a change has come; folks don't name Eben any more with scarecrow or with bum. For now he's like another man and in the dandy class; his clothes are always spick and span, his hair is slick as glass. He's careful of the harmonies in all his ties and spats, his suits could never fail to please, he's great on shirts and hats. And when he takes the air each day his neighbors crowd the green, to see him passing by that way within his limousine. An old friend, bolder than the rest, once asked him: "Tell me why you go about so gaily dressed and gladden every eye? Eriawhile you used to be a fright, but now you've changed indeed." Quoth Eben: "Brother, you are right, it's from the ads I read! When once I glimpsed those classy chaps who fill the magazines, I thought I'd look like them, perhaps. If I'd forsake blue jeans. For styles I searched the Podunk News and fashion sheets I'd scan, and now I'm broadcasting my soug and living like a man. I used to be a feeble hick on facts as well as facts, but now I've learned enough to stick to reading all the ads!"