

Story of Romance and Mystery Revealing Life in a Hospital

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

Copyright 1914, 15, by Melville Publishing Co. Copyright 1915, by Mary Roberts Rinehart. CHAPTER I.

THE street stretched away north and south in two lines of ancient houses that seemed to meet in the distance. The man found it infinitely inviting. It had the well worn look of an old street, shabby but comfortable. The thought of coming there to live pleased him. Surely here would be peace—long evenings in which to read, quiet nights in which to sleep and forget. It was an impression of home, really, that it gave. The man did not know that, or care particularly. He had been wandering about a long time—not in years, for he was less than thirty. But it seemed a very long time.

At the little house no one had seemed to think about references. He could have given one or two, of a sort. He had gone to considerable trouble to get them; and now, not to have them asked for—

There was a house across and a little way down the street, with a sign in the window that said, "Meals, twenty-five cents." Evidently the midday meal was over; men who looked like clerks and small shopkeepers were hurrying away. The Nottingham curtains were planned back and just inside the window a thready bartone was strung. "Home is the hunter, home from the hill; And the sailor, home from the sea."

Across the street the man smiled grimly. Home!

For perhaps an hour Joe Drummond had been wandering up and down the street. The straw hat was set on the back of his head, for the evening was warm; his slender shoulders, squared and rounded at the top, had taken on a disconsolate droop. Under a street lamp he consulted his watch, not even without that he knew what the hour was.

Across the street, under an old alantus tree, was the house he watched, a small brick, with shallow wooden steps and curious architecture of the Middle West—a wooden cellar door beside the steps. In some curious way it preserved an air of distinction among its more pretentious neighbors, much as a very old lady may, and then, with a tone to a smart gathering. No windows on the street were so spotlessly curtained, no dormer so accurately placed, no "yeet" in the yard so tidy with morning glory vines over the whitewashed fence.

The June moon had risen, sending broken shafts of white light through the alantus to the house door. When the girl came at last, she stepped out into a world of soft lights and wavering shadows, fragrant with tree blossoms, not yet overpowered, hushed of its daylight pounds of playing children and moving traffic.

The house had been warm. Her hair was moist on her forehead, her thin white dress was turned in at the throat. She stood on the steps, the door closed behind her and threw out her arms in a swift gesture to the cool air. For a moment the street boy watched her with adoring, humble eyes. All his courage was for those hours when he was not with her.

"Hello, Joe." "Hello, Sidney."

He crossed over, emerging out of the shadows into her radiating radiance. His eyes, deep and worshipping as she stood on the pavement.

"I'm late. I was taking out bastings for you." "On, that's all right!"

Sidney sat down on the doorstep, and the boy dropped at her feet. "I thought you were tired. Was Christine there?"

"Yes; Palmer Howe took her home." "He's a crazy about Christine. She's good-looking, but she's not my sort."

"Pray, what is your sort?" "You. She laughed softly. "You're a good Joe."

She settled herself more comfortably on the doorstep and drew a long breath. "How tired I am! Oh-I haven't told you. We've taken a roomer!"

"A what?" "A roomer." She was half apologetic. "A woman?"

"What sort of a man?" "How do I know? He is coming tonight. They told you in a week. Joe was sitting bolt upright now."

"Is he young?" "He's a good bit older than you, but that's not saying he's old."

Joe was twenty-one, and sensitive of his youth. "He'll be crazy about you in two days."

She broke into delighted laughter. "I'll not fall in love with him—no one can be certain of that. He is tall and very solemn. His hair is quite gray over his ears."

Joe cheered. "What's his name?" "K. Le Moyné."

"That's what he said." "Interest in the roomer died away. Unexpectedly, Sidney yawned. He was outraged.

"If you're sleepy—" "Don't be silly! I love having you. I sat up late last night, reading. I wonder what you think of this: one of the characters in the book I was reading says that every man who who cares for a woman leaves his mark on her! I suppose she tries to become what he thinks she is, for the time anyhow, and is never just her old self again."

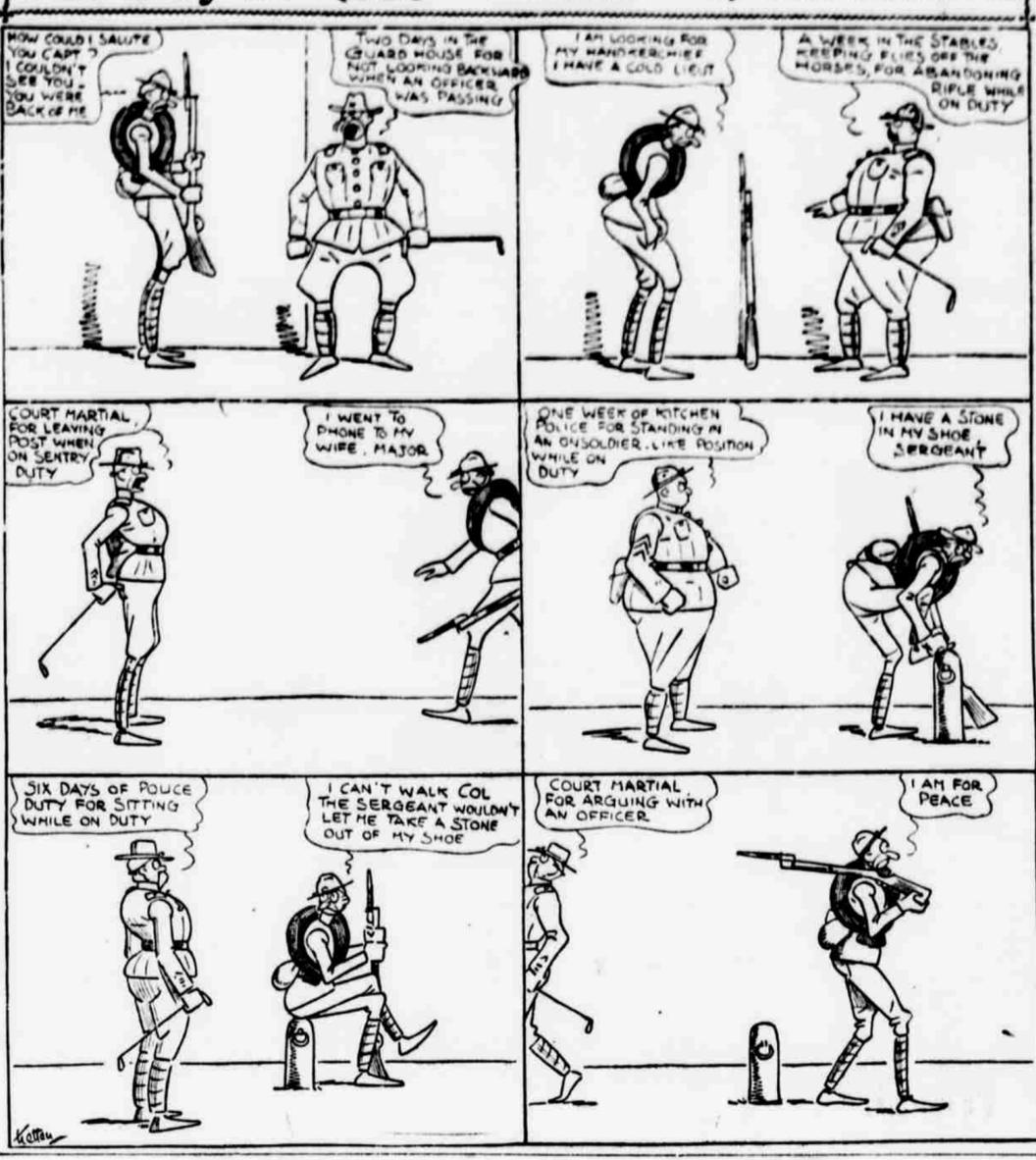
"Every man! How many men are supposed to care for a woman, anyhow?" "Well, there's the boy who—likes her when they're both young."

A bit of innocent mischief this, but Joe straightened. "That's with outgrowth that foolishness. After that there are usually two rivals, and she marries one of them—that's three. And—" "Why do they always outgrow that foolishness?" His voice was unsteady.

"Oh, I don't know. One's ideas change. Anyhow, I'm only telling you what the book says."

"It's a silly book."

The Day of Rest By Maurice Ketten



The roomer advanced steadily. When he reached the doorstep Sidney was demurely seated and quite alone. The roomer, who had walked fast, stopped and took off his hat. He looked very warm. He carried a suitcase. "Hot, isn't it?" Sidney inquired, after a formal greeting. She indicated the place on the step just vacated by Joe. "You'd better cool off out here. The house is like an oven. I think I should have warned you of that before you took the room. These little houses with low roofs are fearfully hot."

CHAPTER II. SIDNEY could not remember when her Aunt Harriet had not sat at the table. It was one of her earliest disillusionments to learn that Aunt Harriet lived with them, not because she wished to, but because Sidney's father had borrowed her small patrimony and she was "boarded out."

CHAPTER III. LE MOYNE had wakened early that first morning in his new quarters. When he sat up and yawned, it was to see his worn cravat disappearing with vigorous tugs under the bureau. He receded it, gently but firmly.

Black Gold By FREDERICK R. BUCHDOLT. NEXT WEEK'S COMPLETE NOVEL IN THE EVENING WORLD. Love plays a vital part in this inspiring romance of a HOLY-CONTESTED OIL FIGHT.

There is always something fascinating about the story of a man who "starts on a shooting" and makes his way into a fortune. Such a story is told in Black Gold.

CHAPTER III. LE MOYNE had wakened early that first morning in his new quarters. When he sat up and yawned, it was to see his worn cravat disappearing with vigorous tugs under the bureau. He receded it, gently but firmly.

CHAPTER IV. ON the morning after Sidney had invited K. Le Moyné to take her to walk, Max Willson came down to breakfast rather late. Dr. Ed had breakfasted an hour before.

CHAPTER V. The kindly greeting had touched Sidney's heart, and she had cheerfully blurted out the words she had been so often making good with Tillie.

TAKE THE EVENING WORLD WITH YOU ON YOUR VACATION. So that you will not miss any of the weekly novels and may continue to enjoy the daily magazine, comic and other special features. Include them in your summer reading. Order the Evening World Mailed to Your Summer Address.