

THE SUNDAY CALL'S FASCINATING HALF-HOUR STORIES

IN THE HOUSE OF THE LOVING HEART

By Keith Gordon.

HOW JIMMIE GOT HIS ENGINE.

By William Walker Hines.

BY THE HAND OF A LITTLE CHILD

By Harriett G. Canfield.

THE idea of any wise person caring for money, especially in New York, she glibly, as she sank down upon one of the cushioned benches in the big window of the fashionable gymnasium overlooking the park and almost contemptuously watched the carriages hurrying feverishly after one another, as if happiness lay at the other end, or else rolling sadly back again as if to indicate that it was not there, after all.

which has everything beautiful and useful and comfortable that I could find to put into it, is for my heart-sick and discouraged friends. Some of them I shall not have met before. But in some way—I don't know how—they will find their way to this little door (it opens quietly on Fifty-eighth street, you see), and I shall cheer them up.

It was the general understanding among all the employees of the Lawrenceburg division of the X and Y. R. R. that when Jimmie Kincaid got his engine he would also get Nettie Oliver. But Jimmie's chance for getting an engine in the near future did not seem particularly bright. He was fourth on the list of firemen of the Lawrenceburg division, and that meant he must wait until four engineers died, reached the age limit or were fired. Of course there was always the chance that he would be able to do something to attract the attention of the superintendent of motive power and then he might get his engine at any time.

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Who is it?" asked Hazard, laconically. "Mrs. Lofty," she replied, following the disappearing carriage with derisive eyes. "Poor thing!" "Then you'd rather be Elsie Sherwin, student of art and fencing, and sit here with a poor, young lawyer, than to be Mrs. Lofty, would you?" he asked, watching a look of hair which had blown softly across her cheek.

These bedrooms are the best in the house. I intend them for my poor friends. Still, I have indulged in small economies. Now, for instance, in these rooms—and with a wave of the hand she ushered him into another imaginary suite—"the appointments, though very comfortable, are less luxurious. In these I shall install my rich friends when they visit me."

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"SHE SANK DOWN UPON ONE OF THE CUSHIONED BENCHES IN THE FASHIONABLE GYMNASIUM."

From Art Photograph by Lawrence F. Terkelson, Chief Operator at Bushnell's.

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WATCH FOR THE "REI MOUNTAIN WEDDING" NEXT SUNDAY CALL.