

Summer Sweethearts

By Mabel McElliot
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CHAPTER XLIII



lards for tea today?" Miss Vincent wanted to know, strolling out into the patio. Her dark gray hair was carefully waved. She looked as definitely urban in this unconventional setting as a top hat in a straw hat patch.

"I don't know," Katharine yawned. "I had a book to read and I thought I'd nap. And then I ought to write a note to my father."

Evelyn Vincent smiled. "This place is getting you. You won't want to stir away from it," she prophesied. "After I get back to New York I always have the deuce of a time getting into harness again."

Katharine thought, "but I'm not going back..."

"This is Friday," Miss Vincent mused. "Funny—you even lose track of the days here. Well, why don't you come along? Dirk Millard is one of the finest mural painters I know. You ought to know him. He says there's a class you should join."

They sat down, still talking in dilatory fashion, and Miss Daisy appeared, fluttering and refined as ever, with her bright, intelligent blue eyes sparkling under a fan of stiff white hair and her dotted swiss crisp and unfashionable. The talk went on over an omelet and salad, over bloomy purple figs in a bowl lined with that heavenly shade of turquoise glaze. Katharine joined in the conversation dreamily. Very well then, she would go to the Millards for tea. She drove the coupe more capably than Miss Vincent anyhow. She didn't mind going. It was just that this sun and east get into your blood somehow. You hated to make a single extra effort.

Later Katharine had just a glance at the book, but it seemed stale and dull to her. The people were all busy saying clever things. There was a fox-hunting country background, and she tired of it quickly. Nobody, she thought rebelliously as she shut the covers, wrote of any REAL things nowadays. They were all busy making epigrams or shocking you or something...

She resolutely turned down the blue cover on her narrow, dark oak bed in the cool, cell-like room, and lay down to nap. She would shut out all unpleasant thoughts. She simply would not let them fly about, like midgelets, to torment her. She lay there, still in her rumpled thin flannel, her arms locked behind her head. Where was Michael Hawthorne now? On the high seas, probably, bound toward the British Isles and his fabulous inheritance. Well, that part of her life was over and done with. It was a mad interlude. It didn't, as John was fond of saying, "add up." It didn't make sense. The sooner she forgot about it, the better for her.

She had not expected to fall asleep, but she did. Perhaps it was because she had slept rather badly the night before. Nights were so long, and moonlight on the desert so hauntingly beautiful.

When she awoke Miss Vincent was tapping at her door. "Aren't you coming, my dear? The Millards will be disappointed."

Well, she might as well go. It would be something to do.

Dogs in Arizona killed more than 30,000 sheep in the Salt River valley during the last six months of last year.

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