Summer Sweethearts

By Mabel McElliott

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CHAPTER XLIV

T were the lines of that poem Margaret Widdemer's she had ons ago, not realizing the it?

've flowers and cakes and can-light,

chair by crowded chair am very sweet and kind use I do not care...

that I am hoping still, am very good.

k to these around me courteous lyady should.

om will softly split across roll to left and right all its smiling pasteboard

lks colored things and light t me run into the grass climb a sunset hill.

nd three hours one year ago, n I was living still."

that was the way you felt. You and smiled and went through ience, but it didn't really mean . That poem told it all.

ently she put on a sleeveless frock and a little belted silk that matched it, and she rouged carefully because she was so at she ran down into the patio Evelyn Vincent was waiting.

e me, aren't you splendid?"

Roxana, recovered from her e, was stretched out in a deck the shade, knitting. She look-admiringly. "All the young men flocking to Silencia when they Miss Strykhurst is about, won't ater?"

Daisy nodded, and Katharine dutifully and thanked them both r compliments. She went down ared walk to the car with a in her heart. She would rath-told herself passionately, be e Roxana, faded and elderly, ed in needlepoint and polite es-on be herself.

e envied the young—older peo-They talked as if being young in itself. But it wasn't. Not ey'd had a knife turned in your Not if you met each dawn with prayer that you might some-through the day.

, a black flood of despair, over her spirit. She gripped el, thankful for the mechanical of steering the little car over ds. Her companion settled back the scenery.

don't mind coming, Kathar-really think you'll enjoy it."

made some suitable reply. But most heart she was convinced thing. There would never be enjoyment for her in this gain. Not while Michael exist-ny rate.

• • •

was trying on her wedding The soft autumn air lifted the et curtains. There were brown blowing against the windows.

ne—!" said Annabel Mat-coming in from a late break-er negligee wrapped tightly her. "I've heard it's bad luck it all on together, Sally. Don't ink?"

ense," cried Sally, turning heel and pirouetting with a backward glance at the reflected in the long mirror the bathroom door. "How it be bad luck now, with the tomorrow and the rehearsal By the way, has Joe gone golf club? Because I want to early dinner. We're going to the church at 8 o'clock, is being so silly about it all. wants us to keep it a secret, his darned old election was y and he got in, as usual."

bel, mystified at this involve-promptly said so, and Sally explain, with some impatience, didn't want anyone to know the wedding beforehand, so l storekeepers wouldn't get him. You see, I bought all ps in the city, natually. And itations all go out by hand rning."

," said Annabel who didn't and who thought the whole unded "crazy if you ask me," to confide this information later to her stalwart Joseph, who would agree half heartedly.

Annabel was a big, rosy girl of 24 with blond hair which she coiled neatly at the nape of her rather short neck. She had bright, small eyes and a hearty laugh. Sally hated her rather cordially and loathed the idea of having her cousin as bridesmaid. Of course Annabel would be a foil for her own petite brunet looks. That was one consolation.

"It's very pretty," said Annabel presently of the silver and white dress with its demurely cut neck and flowing sleeves. "But don't you think it's just a bit tight?"

Sally, who insisted on having all her frocks fitted so that the "melted-and-poured-into-it" look would be definitely stressed, frowned.

"Not at all," she said. Annabel, yawning and accepting the hint, trailed her negligee out of the door and said she guessed she'd go and do her nails. Privately she thought that in her blue mousseline desoie (how old fashioned that sounded!- she would far outshine the bride.

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Sally lingered, hating to take off the frock. She had designed it herself. She was intoxicated with her own appearance. A pity she couldn't call up some of the photographers of the big city papers, so that they could print her picture in the rotogravure sections later. She might take a chance and call them just before dinner. Her father surely couldn't expect to keep an important event like this wedding a secret forever. He was just being stuffy about it!

She tried a number of expressions in the glass. Perhaps demureness would be best of all. She smiled at herself, drawing her red lips carefully back from her teeth as movie star did. The effect, she thought, was enchanting. She would smile that way for her photographs. If she hadn't been marrying Michael (Lord Carden, although he said it was nonsense and didn't like the notion) she might have gone into pictures. Someone had said once she was the Sylvia Sidney type. Or was it Janet Gaynor?

She called to Grieda, the housemaid, to help her out of the wedding dress. And had Frieda telephoned to Isabel at the beauty shop to come and do her hair at four? Well, that was all right then.

The lump German girl giggled over the fastenings. Ja, it was a pretty dress all right. Ja, Miss Sally looked goot in it.

Sally frowned over the clumsy fingers, fumbling at the snappers and hooks. When she was Lady Carden she would have a French maid to go in and out with piles of frilled underthings, to answer the telephone, to say, "Yes, Madame," and, "No, Madame," with just the proper note of adoration.

Sally hadn't the faintest notion what Michael's inheritance amounted to but she thought of it always "in the neighborhood of a million." She couldn't possibly have told where she got the idea. But Sally was purposely vague in some matters. Where other things were concerned, such vastly important things as the cut of a frock or the turn of a coquettish hat brim, she was exceedingly definite. She knew what she wanted.

Everything seemed to go wrong this morning. She was puttipng on a brand new papir of silk stockings—sheer ones with the finest and most delicate of clocks—when she started a great run in one of them. Then she broke a fingernail and, just before a manicure, that was without a doubt the most maddening happening in all the world. Tears of rage stood in her eyes at the sight.

The caterers from 57th street called to say they couldn't get the little cakes she ordered. They were making different ones now. Just as good. But Sally had wanted the ones with the roses on them. She was furious.

(To Be Continued)

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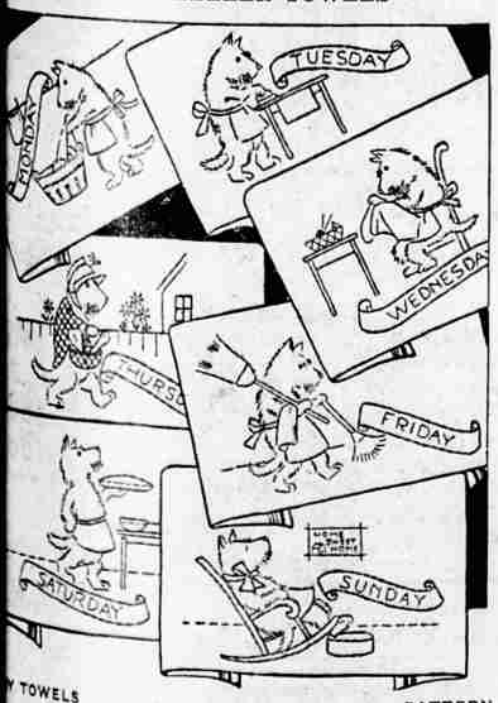

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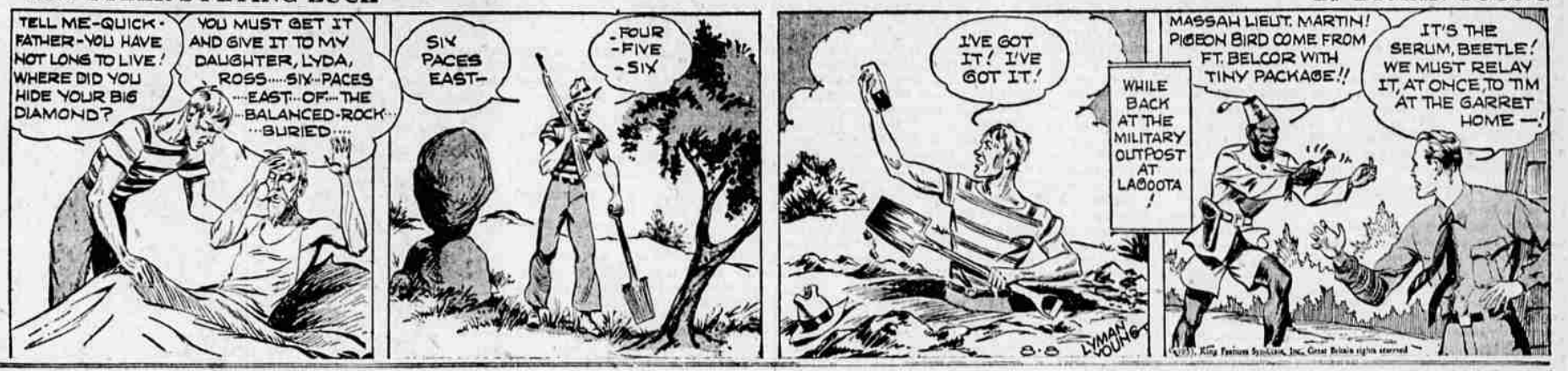

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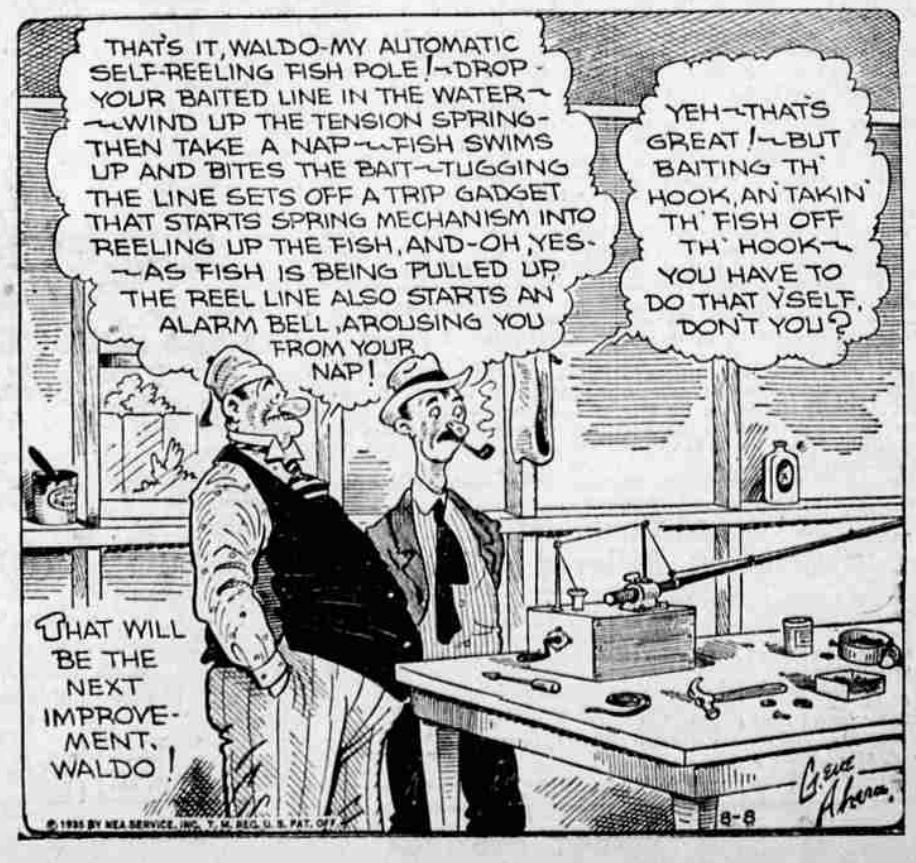
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