

Summer Sweethearts

By Mabel McElliot
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CHAPTER LIII



It was a pity Dr. Kaye had had to learn the news thus. If it had not been for Grace and her hateful shop-dog it never would have happened. Grace was definitely a trouble-maker, but this time she had been an unwitting one.

Zoe went through the morning with a sick feeling. There were late chrysanthemums in all the vases. Gerda had been holding something out to Zoe. The doctor dropped this.

Zoe took it. John Kaye's pigskin hat. It was a special golfing glove, and it was old and beloved. She remembered it.

"Thank you, Gerda. I'll see he gets it," she went upstairs. Her own beautiful dress was in perfect order. Her hair was laid out on the bed. The little buckled slippers and transparent stockings were there, too. She flung herself down on the tattered chaise longue and closed her eyes. She had John Kaye's glove in her hand. How he must have loved her! How she must have loved him! Zoe looked so troubled when he came to her.

Zoe shivered a little; there was a faint glow about her with an ache of tenderness. She had always loved him, growing up. But he had not loved her. He had loved Katharine. Then he had begun to love her. Then he had begun to love her again. He had refused to admit it, but she had seen it in his eyes. He had refused to admit it, but she had seen it in his eyes. He had refused to admit it, but she had seen it in his eyes.

"Not for me," said Zoe, springing to her feet and dashing into the bathroom to run a luxurious tub.

"Talking to yourself, darling?" Dr. Parker wandered in, wrapped in a robe of dull rose, her pretty hair in a scalloped and delicate pinned style.

"I was just muttering away," Zoe said.

Zoe's mother established herself on the chaise.

"I was just talking to Daddy about the new town, and he's for it," she said. "He found a building over east—on the street. I think he said. Anyhow, the oldest thing—Dr. Kaye lives in the building."

Driving past the Parker's gateway, he felt an unaccountable impulse to see Zoe again. Her warm and impulsive sympathy had been very sweet that afternoon. Perhaps he could talk to her about Katharine.

The girl who came toward him was fragrant in delicate blue lace. Her brown curls rioted about her small head. Her eyes were fringed with dark lashes.

(To Be Continued)

hardly in my age and weight class, do you think?"

"Darling, don't be flippant! And do promise to be courteous to him when we meet."

"I can promise that, well enough," Zoe said. "Dearest Mums, don't worry, I'll be lovely to him. Although I don't suppose we'll see him much. That's the way apartment house life is; you never see your next-door neighbor."

But in her heart she was hoping she was wrong.

John Kaye went back to the Stryker house with a heavy heart. That Katharine would be actually married to another man was a stunning blow. But that she hadn't confided the news to him was more crushing still.

Poor child—she had few people to confide in. The young physician mused, watching Bertine preside at her dinner table later. Bertine, massaged, cosseted, groomed to the last inch of her healthy, middle-aged body, beamed at him, little suspecting the thoughts her young kinsman was directing at her.

"Grace is coming over for bridge later, John. Can we count on your support?"

He answered as graciously as he could. His thoughts were far away.

"I'll be glad to, although I may have a call from town. Miss Mearsham telephoned me just before dinner. She's to call later. Something about a consultation at the Medical Centre."

Bertine pouted. "Oh, you doctors! Always on the wing. I hope it doesn't go through. Grace will be so disappointed. You know her engagement to Captain Byrne was off, didn't you? Grace decided the just wasn't meant for each other."

John Kaye scarcely knew what he ate. The soufflé on his plate was delicious. He scarcely touched it. His office nurse telephoned just as coffee was being served in the drawing room, and as Grace Melvaine bustled in.

"Why, Dr. Dohn, we meet again! Wasn't that dog fight too awful?"

Dr. Dohn, thought the man recently, making his excuses and plunging out to the telephone.

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(To Be Continued)

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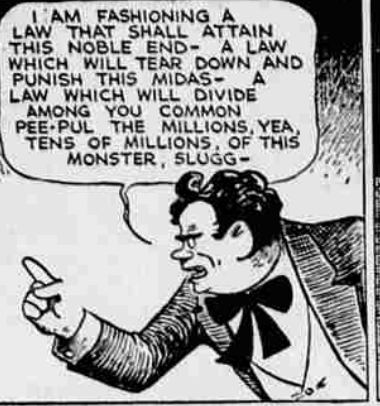
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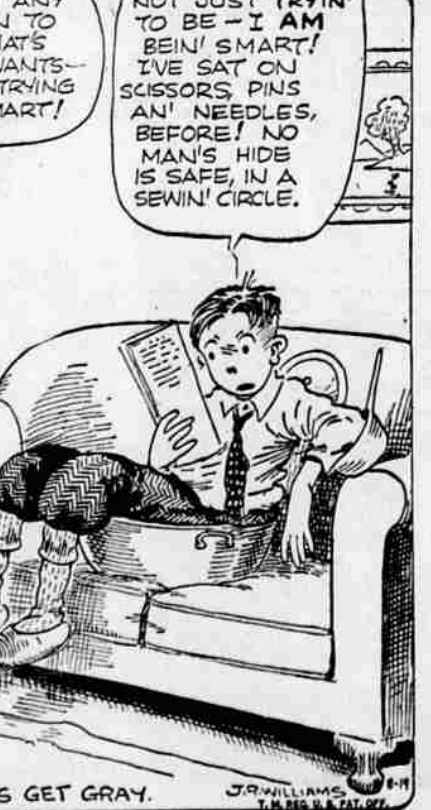
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