

SPELL OF SUMMER

Illustrated by
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By LUCY
SALAMANCA

Janice Didn't
Have to Worry
About Two
Per Cent
After Her
Vacation

MISS JANICE WOOD sat trimly before the big adding machine, well-groomed hands poised dutifully above the keys, waiting for Mr. Carlos Trent to call the next figure.

Mr. Trent flipped some pages of the bound notebook he held on his knee, scowled, cleared his throat and shot a brief glance at Miss Wood over his tortoise-shell glasses.

"Ready, Miss Wood?"

"Ready, Mr. Trent."

"Jones & Reed, \$4082.95—"

"Jones & Reed," repeated Miss Wood,

then, fingers flying, "\$4082.95—"

"Smathers & Blake, \$575 and . . ."

Like battledore and shuttlecock their voices caught up and tossed back the names and figures. Interminable names. Interminable figures, droning on through the heat of the Summer afternoon.

"Oh, if he would only finish," groaned Miss Wood to herself as the hands of the clock crept around to 4:30, 5 and five minutes after. Today of all days he was going to keep her overtime again, when she had arranged to drop into the vacation bureau to make final arrangements.

VACATION bureau! Miss Wood's mind slipped to mental visions of silver waters by moonlight . . . careless, care-free voices calling across tennis courts . . . soft whispers in the shadows of flowering vines . . . deep, lazy chairs on hotel verandas . . . whirling tulle and chiffon under rosy lights of an evening while music beat all about. . .

Never mind the interminable figures. Never mind Mr. Trent. Never mind the stuffy office. Never mind anything now with her precious two weeks just around the corner. For two weeks, at any rate, she would live. For two glorious, glowing weeks she would live in a world of enchantment whereof she had dreamed



Don't tell me you forgot the lady who waited on you when she said such things about how you could wear clothes, Miss Wood."

"Ah Miss Kelton . . . to be sure. She was very nice, and I found just what I needed for my vacation, Mr. Castleby. I'm indebted to you for the card, I'm sure—"

"Oh, it ain't that," beamed Mr. Castleby, waving aside her thanks in a generous manner. "It's because Miss Kelton was so impressed by your style and the way you took to them expensive clothes that interests me. I got an idea I been letting good opportunities go to waste, Miss Wood. I said to myself, why should I let so much talent for clothes go to waste, bluish unseen like the flower in the desert, Miss Wood. Why should

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impulse to tell him what she really thought of the idea she would be fired at once, of course. And that would mean the end of her cherished vacation—the one for which she had starved and stunted for almost two years. Well, she wouldn't give it up. Not for all the Castles in New York or anywhere else. She would not deprive herself of the salary of the next two weeks by being fired now. She would hold off Mr. Castleby until her return. Then, after her vacation, she would look for another job. She sighed wearily. Looks and style, she felt bitterly, were a handicap in a city of predators like New York. She almost wished she had been born bow-legged.

She loved the feeling of belonging in a world where life was leisurely, dignified, serene and substantial. She loved the wide windows, draped in chintz that gave her a view from her bedroom across the ruffy waters of Lake Penelopis. She loved the quiet breakfasts

She dropped down beside him on the sand, laughing at him.

"I know," she nodded, teasingly, "like John Burroughs said—'Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high, Can keep my own away from me.'"

"Laugh if you want to," he said stoutly, "but I believe that."

"For that matter," she said suddenly as if it had just occurred to her, "so do I!"

It was an enchanted afternoon. He learned that she "added up figures in a stuffy New York office." She learned that he was "giving right now in Scarsdale with some friends but had to quit playing pretty soon and get to work." He learned that she was on her vacation and was staying at Willoughby House. She learned, he had come up will!

longed in this world. Jerry belonged in her world, too. That even as she should, by all the needs of her beautiful, tradition-loving nature, remain in this world, so should she have Jerry to make life perfect.

But there was that other Janice. The one who knew that she must return to the hot and noisy city, search again for another stuffy job in a stuffy office, begin again that vicious, deadly circle that circumscribed her existence. "I won't allow him to think that I would take advantage of his feeling for me, encouraged and fostered by all the beauty and propinquity of these concentrated hours of happiness, just as an escape from this other," she told herself passionately. "I will go back. I will! And back she went, indeed, leaving a