

will!"

And back she went, indeed, leaving a bewildered and unhappy man, who begged her to forget all the conventional "poppycock about Summer friendships" and listen to her own heart. But Janice was adamant. She returned when the fortnight was over to the seething city, to Mr. Trent and his interminable figures, to Mr. Castley and his impossible proposals.

She returned to days haunted by the brightness of Jerry's sudden smile, to nights tortured by remembrances of his sincere admiration, his complete enjoyment of her companionship, his growing and shy tenderness, his fervent avowals that months or years could not possibly serve to do more than teach him to love her more deeply.

THEN, when life seemed well-nigh unendurable without him, the inevitable call came from Mr. Castley. "You remember we discussed the firm of Walton & Nephew," said the uncouth voice of Mr. Castley over the office phone, with a suavity she knew arose from the fact that he was speaking before a visitor. "Well, the nephew is in my office now, Miss Wood, and I would like to have you meet him to explain certain style trends of our Spring stock."

Janice steeled herself. "I'll be right in," she said shortly, into the phone. Then, when she entered, she saw him—saw the dear brown head of Jerry, saw the square set of his shoulders, as he stood talking to Mr. Castley, evidently protesting in no uncertain terms against a proffered attention.

"I haven't time to do more than look at the stock," he was saying as Janice slipped in. "I'm not at all interested in seeing this town. I want to get out of this part of the country as fast as—"

Then he turned and his eyes met the happy, hungry eyes of Janice, brimming with love and tenderness. But Janice swung her eyes away and faced Mr. Castley, who, looking slightly flustered and taken back at the definite turn-down of his friendly proposition, was saying: "Never mind Miss Wood just forget what I suggested—"

"But Mr. Castley," said Miss Wood very sweetly, "I don't want to forget it. I'm perfectly willing to go out with Mr. Walton's nephew, tonight and every other night. As a matter of fact, Mr. Castley, every night forever and ever . . . for I'm going to marry Mr. Walton's nephew . . . just as soon . . . as soon as I can get my hat—"

"God bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Castley, sinking onto his swivel chair and mopping his oily brow.

"Janice, you angel!" exclaimed Mr. Walton's nephew.

And Janice, between smiles and happy tears, "aid over her shoulder, tremulously: "And Mr. Castley . . . never mind the 2 per cent . . ."

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"Come on," he said, snatching her hand, "we'll go look for it."

And that was how it happened that the second day of her vacation Janice Wood found herself drifting across a calm lake at twilight while one of the most delightful and personable young men she had ever met in her whole life paddled rhythmically, whistling Santa Lucia very softly between his teeth.

For the rest, life moved on like a dream. There were nights of soft Summer wind when she danced on the terrace in Jerry's arms, sure that nothing this side of heaven could surpass the moment.

There were mornings of tennis in the hot sun and refreshing headlong dives later into the cool bright waters of the lake. There were moments when she drifted across the water in the light of the moon, the soft splash of the paddles telling her that Jerry was guiding them and life was sweet and filled with music.

It seemed to Janice that just as these few days represented for her the satisfaction of all the concentrated hungers and needs for beauty and quiet and cessation of the eternal struggle for board and lodging and trolley fare, so they came to represent life, life concentrated into happiness so acute and overwhelming that she felt she could never return to the noise and drabness and deadly monotony and deprivation of her existence. Yet return she must, and she steeled herself to consider as well the fact that she must face, with return, the necessity for searching again for another job.

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