

"But this watch is impossible," she went on. "How do you clean your diamonds, Gayle?"

Gayle waved her hand airily. "Oh when mine get dirty, I just throw them out and buy new ones."

Regina blinked her little eyes, bloodshot from too much sun. The thin lips in her florid face twisted in a tentative smile.

The door chime sounded and Susan admitted Mrs. Bingham.

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LINES

Robert Petty

There are rather looking men
Who fountain dreams,
From which we built a mansion
Out of mud,
And it is warm,
And lovers come—
And that is all we ask.
Pity the fool his genius and his dust.