

"As things turned out—no."

"I see. I see it's over. I'm just sorry we couldn't have worked it all out. But before you leave, before you go, let me ask one favor of you. I've never asked before; you know that's true. Everything your father gave, he gave it without my asking. But I'm down, Maude. I've got not place to go! No money! Business has been—"

"Charley. Don't."

"But I'm not going to stay down. No, I won't be here long. Not Charles Kneadmoore! All I need is something to get me going again. A small loan—"

"Oh, Charley, stop it! STOP IT! STOP IT! STOP IT!"

"No, Maude. I can't! Listen, Maude, it's important! It's best for both of us. I won't even bother you again!"

"STOP SAYING MY NAME, CHARLEY!"

"No Maude!"

"CHARLEEEEEEEY! Please!"

"Maude, I've plans! Listen to them, Maude! Listen!"

A POEM

MARTHA MOLDT

Put away your love,
As toys from childhood gone;
Piece by piece—but not
So slowly, lingering
By each one.

And smile a little,
Remembering how each
Was precious, penny-bright.
Love, like childhood, grows
Out of reach.

Hide all the pieces.
They don't belong to you.
Wrap each one in gay
Paper, and carefully
Hide from view.