

"I put on a show for you at the gyming car in; kathanas." Kathreen said. "I took Semiramis out every morning and practiced crazy things to make you notice. I jumped Semiramis over Judice's car one day. Judice was furious." "If

WING remembered these things now. Other things. He blamed himself bitterly. He had been stupid, blind. But Kathreen had always seemed so young, he had hardly a thought of her as grown up; she was not twenty yet.

It is always a bitter thing to see a woman without her pride. Wing tried to give Kathreen's pride back to her. "You knew about Judice," he said sternly.

"Judice!" she mocked him. "I could have made you love me," she cried. "You didn't know you were aware of me, but you were."

Wing saw then how much more than his intent Kathreen had put into his lightest word. He tried again to bring her to herself. "Let Judice alone."

"You think Judice is the pure white image of perfection, don't you?" she taunted him. "Judice is as white as mud. She's as perfect as sin. But she's beautiful. And so she can have any man she wants."

"You haven't any right to say that."

"Haven't I? Look at Jerol Marriner. He was engaged to Nancy Creamer. His father is one of the most famous criminal lawyers in the United States, and Jerol is rich and handsome. So Judice took him. And Nancy Creamer will carry the mark of him in her heart until she dies. As I shall carry yours."

"Stop," Wing said. "You don't know what you're saying."

"You don't know," Kathreen cried. "That's why I'm telling you. You amused Judice, because she had never known anybody like you. And so she took you too. Jerol Marriner went round the world. Judice gave you a rich practice and a handsome office and a wad of debts and a local reputation; she will marry you, and you will be known as the beautiful Judice Chevron's husband, and treat rich old women for insomnia. I hate her. I'd kill her if I could."

"Stop it!" Wing cried. She flung the words back at him. "Don't worry. I can't kill her. There's always a crowd around. But nobody can keep me from killing myself."

She had her hands on the door handle before Wing realized her intent. He reached across and seized them. She flung her weight down hard against the bar, and it turned under her, and the door was on the latch. Wing felt the bones in her fingers under his, but he did not dare to release his grasp. He slammed the door. Kathreen screamed in pain and fury and frustration. She was wholly mad in that moment. She fought

**A Modest Po
Thinks of H
Beloved**

By Dexter Bar

Blake leaped to heave.
When he saw a star;
Keats and his nighting
Journeyed far;
Poe found respite
In a lost Lenore.

Blake was mad
And his nights ench
Keats was sane
But his urns were h
Poe never found
The dream he wante

Who am I
To make a stir?
Before that trio
I defer;
But they are gone
And I have her.

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