inged room, off to a start that promised unexpected dramatic action before it should decline and peter out. No use to say anything. The only thing left was to let the mind wander off to find its own means of escape. Just nod or shake your head when dad shouted, “Now, that’s so, isn’t it?” or “I’m not mistaken, am I?” For although Dad roared, threatened, and looked at times really dangerous, Kip knew that he was as confined by conventions and a gentle upbringing as the flames behind him were confined by the brick and iron solidity of the fireplace.

Suddenly, a subtle, clinging fragrance struck Kip’s nostrils. Lucia! Some of that dope he had smelled on her new red formal. He leaned his sleek dark head toward the right shoulder of his tuxedo. Then he discovered that it was not Lucia’s perfume, but that the odor came from a large bowl of American Beauty roses standing on the table at his elbow. It made him see Lucia almost as if she were standing there before him. What a lucky guy he was! He ought to learn to keep his mouth shut, and be grateful that she showed her preference by choosing him as an escort to the past few dances.

Kip put out a fore-finger and touched the nearest gorgeous bloom beside him; then he jerked his hand back, startled into full consciousness for a moment. His father had banged a great, tensely gripped fist down upon the table and had shouted, “PAY ATTENTION!”

“Yes, sir,” Kip answered meekly, and looked at the slopped water and the two roses standing up-ended outside of the bowl. Those flowers were swell. He’d get his birthday check tomorrow and blow five bucks of it for some of the blooms. Perhaps Dad would feel a little ashamed of himself by tomorrow, and write a check for fifty dollars instead of the usual twenty-five. Then he could get a nifty engagement ring. Wow! Would that put him “in there pitching”;

that is, if he could persuade her to wear such a ring. Well, he’d switch price tags, and she’d never know the difference. Yes, sir, a big bouquet of roses, and a diamond in a white velvet satin-lined box. Provided—

Again he was shocked from his reverie by more dramatic action on the part of his irate father. Mr. Wiley placed a check on the table.

“Pay to the order of—Kipling Wiley, Fifty Dollars—$50.00,” Kip read. “You see,” Mr. Wiley said, “I hadn’t forgotten your birthday.” He recovered the check and dropped it into the roaring fire. “Of course,” he continued, “I could write another. It’s only paper. But, believe me, Kipling Wiley, I won’t! You not only blithely break every rule I set for you, but you insult me further by obviously paying no attention to anything I say regarding your ruthless disobedience.”

“But look, Dad! Please—” Kip started, then was quiet. It was no use. The roses! He could manage them out of his allowance. But all hopes for the ring, the tangible evidence that Lucia was his, went chimney-ward with the hungry flames.

**Indianapolis Times**

**MARGARET PARRISH**

It is growing dark swiftly now. The slight mist that hovered around the Monument is getting heavier. Lights blink on to make the War Memorial Plaza a distant fairy land. (Only half of the lights went on. That is good. Otherwise it would look like a Power and Light Company advertisement.) The pigeons on the Circle are quieting down, and Christ Church is gray with shadows. The line of cars honks its noisy way across four points of the compass. Shop girls throw hasty glances at the clock while they answer the demands of an elbowing last-minute crowd.

Six and seven o’clock—Maybe you
dress for dinner and dine fastidiously at the club with Martin, who has served you for years, to point out the choice dishes on the menu. Maybe you grab coffee and doughnuts at the little shop on the Circle. No need for pity if you do. The place is all sparkling white and shining nickel—cheery and clean enough. Maybe, of course, you do not do much at all in the way of dining—and even the dirty, impish little "newsy" on the corner may be infinitely better off than you.

Eight and nine—and the crowd piles back down town for its relaxation. Eight—to take in the current stage or screen success. Nine—to dance, if you wear sweeping taffeta with gardenias in your hair, or the strict black and white evening uniform, you may spend a gay evening at any one of the expensive clubs or more exclusive hotels. You are privileged to spend your evening with more pretty dresses and half a dozen penguins, indulging in pointless conversation and too many Manhattans.

If your gardenias are artificial, and your silk obviously weighted, you have just as wide, though perhaps less generally accepted choice of night spots.

Eleven-thirty—Really most of the theatres are quite empty now. Taxis swarm through the quiet streets. That little place off the Circle (you know—where they have the best ham sandwiches in town) does its usual rushing business with its usual varied patrons. Many different kinds of people like ham on rye.

Three young couples walk merrily down the street. The movie was amusing, for they are still laughing. The air is crisp; their cheeks are pink, and their eyes are bright. All the way home they will pattern their gay conversation on the smart repartee they have just heard.

It is twelve o'clock. The electric clock has been turned off; it is quite dark now. Does time ever stop?

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**I Hit My Mark**

WILLIAM STEINMETZ

The hunt was ready to start, but only after a hunting ground was secured. Since I was one of a polite party of hunters, as hunters go, I left the car to ask a farmer's permission to hunt on his property.

"Sure," said the farmer, "if you'll do me a favor in return. See that sick cow over there in that pasture? Well, I want you to shoot her. She's no good any more; she's lost all her teeth, and can't eat enough to stay alive. Please shoot her. I haven't the heart to do it."

This was quite a blow to me, but I consented to "oblige" him. Upon returning to my party, I broke the news about his permission to let us hunt, but I did not mention a word about the sick cow then or at any time during the day.

The weather was perfect, and it was a great treat to be out and tramping around through the woods and over the hills. The whole party of us had trudged from early morn until the sun was throwing golden shadows from the west. After all this effort, we had bagged only three rabbits among the lot of us. It was in this rather discouraged mood that we turned in the direction of the farmer's house.

When we reached the pasture, I remarked, "I've got a rabbit and plenty of burs; now I think I'll get some big game. See that cow?"

Aiming carefully, I fired; the old cow fell to the ground without pain. But upon this move, two of my friends sprang upon me; others fled behind big trees.

I guess I carried this practical joke too far, because they took my gun from me, scampared to our car, and drove off without me. Now I am wondering who this joke is on after all.