

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 big electric clock has been turned off; it is quite dark now. Does time ever stop?

## 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, scampered to our car, and drove off without me. Now I am wondering who this joke is on after all.