The children flew in a state of panic through the house—among sixty white houses, all alike, which someone had called without humor, “a development.” There were the baby and his sister and the neighbor's kids. No one asked where the grown-ups were. They galloped on the furniture and played at being wild Indians. The mother of the birthday girl was sad enough to die, and one week later she would try it—her daughter too small to unlock the door so the police would have to break it down while she stood screaming in the living room—but now she ran among the others, in a party dress, till the mother said tiredly she guessed it was time to send the children home, and the party stopped a moment, in its tracks. “But where's the cake?” “We haven't had our cake!” —a new fear trilling in the voice. And yes, there it was, with thick, pink icing, and someone dimmed the lights. There was a hush, the candles lit, the birthday song and something sweet. The children grew solemn, bowed their heads like beggar-monks, —then they pushed back their chairs. It seemed too little and too late, but to the children just enough, and the went shouting happily out into the daylight.