

LITTLE BENNY'S NOTE BOOK
By Lee Pace

My little finger was sore today on account of me almost getting it caught in the door, and I wore some stuff to draw the germs and then wrapped it up with a piece of gauze. I had to get Fred Fennert to reed Fred Fennert. Among the Pirates, being pretty exciting, was not an exciting as Fred Fennert. Among the Cannibals, I said after my ma sed, Benny, I want to tawk to you all on the telephone. I wish you could call me up for me.

Aw, gosh, G ma, how about my little finger or something? I sed.

Wat' if the hole house fell on it? And she called up pop and told him Mr. and Mrs. Hews was comin' for supper and asked him when was he comin' to come home earlier. And she hung up the telephone, saying, Benny, the Hews will be here eny minnit. I want you to run erround to the store for me.

Wat' hokey G ma, how about my little finger? I sed.

Do you expect to run erround on your little finger? sed my ma.

No ma, but I mite fall down on it.

Wat' I was running and hit it a awful crack. I sed.

So you mite, how selfish of me not to of think of that. O well, I suppose I am without it, sed ma. Me thinkin' like, Hurray, and ma sed. Of course the ice cream, but wen it comes to a question between giving the Hews ice cream and havin' you a cripple for life, I gess the Hews can do without the ice cream.

Me thinkin'. Heek, G wizz. And I sed. I'll go ma. I didn't know it was ice cream. I mean I didn't know you mite wanted me to go sutch a short erround. I'll run erround, ma, ill run so errand! I'll jest wawk fast, I dont mind makin' ma.

No, I can't have you sacrificin' your self like that, the dawger is too grate, sed ma, and I'll go, ma, go, go. Ill wawk out in the street, ma, wan' them'g nothing to trip over.

Well, if you care to take a chance, ma. And she gave me the money and I ran all the way therne and all the way back without enywhere neer trippin'.

THE DAILY NOVELTIE

The Man Who Would Be

By MARY MORISON

John Carey's sister swung her pretty self down from the littered top of his mahogany desk and regarded him with disapproval.

"What do you get out of life, anyway, Johnny?" she demanded. "You sit here all day figuring out how Tom Smith can win his old lawsuit against Ben Jones or how Mrs. Brown can get a divorce from her horrid husband; your head all tied up in musty law books; and then you come home dog-tired and go to bed. What sort of existence is that?"

Her young voice was growing louder and louder with pent-up indignation. "What you need is to live—even if you get into a scrape like some of your clients and have to engage another lawyer to put you out of it," she said, "For heaven's sake, Johnny, that you are human—be wild for once in your life."

John Carey laughed at the storm his usual to neglect his carefully built up practice for one afternoon and go to a tea dance instead, had raised. He picked up his interrupted work with a perfunctory shrug, as he muttered to himself,

"Tea dance? Good Lord! John Carey is a tea dance would be like a warship in a fish bowl. Ridiculous!"

But somehow the afternoon's work was spoiled. John looked at the paper before him and read to himself, "Party of the first part, while in his ears went his sister's part, went on to tantalize and distract him." "What do you get out of life, anyway, John? Be wild for once in your life. Show that you are human."

He gazed somberly in front of him, doing nothing but thinking hard. After all, was the girl right? He didn't seem to be getting much joy out of life. "I don't believe I'd like to be wild," were those surprising words he found himself muttering to himself. "I worked too hard all my life and have forgotten how to enjoy things—that's the unavoidable truth of the matter. How the deuce does a fellow go about it, though?"

The click, click of his stenographer's machine in the little waiting room outside penetrated his thoughts with an odd persistence. He sat in his chair and looked across to where she sat, tapping out words and knitting her brows over some especially difficult physiology. For the first time in the two years Miss Bronson had been working for him John noticed that her hair was very pretty when the sun light caught it and that her brown eyes were quite unusual in size and beauty.

"By Jove," he muttered to himself, "that's the answer. A man to be wild always asks his stenographer out to lunch or dinner."

Mrs. Bronson looked up in surprise when he walked over to her desk and stood looking down at her silently. She turned inquiringly, waiting for him to speak.

"Look here, Miss Bronson," said John Carey at last, "you've worked here now for two years and must have formed an opinion of some kind during that time. What sort of man do you think I'd call you a 'nice' man."

"The sort of decent of it," exclaimed John. "I don't care to be 'nice'—I want to be wild—the human enjoy life, and I find that I don't know it. Will you help me? Will you, for instance, go out to tea with me and teach me how to toddle? My sister tells me that's the latest thing in the dance."

Hilda threw back her head in the most unbridled burst of laughter. John had never heard—or ever noticed, I should say—"of course you will," she said. "I've never been wild, either, and I think it would be too dashed for words to teach my employer how to walk ten and toddle."

When fifteen minutes later John Carey entered Miss Bronson left the office behind them and entered a taxi for the Biltmore. John told her he had never felt so utterly young and reckless in his life before.

"I suppose I ought to have a dreadful conscience to be leading you astray like this—to be taking a young thing of your tender years out for a toddle day?" John had just had his fortieth birthday.

He looked so univly anxious that Hilda Bronson didn't have the heart to tell him that she had just celebrated her thirtieth.

"You certainly should," she pursued. "It's the sort of thing they will think in the movies do—and they all think a lad and, too."

They shared a little table for two at a window overlooking the street and John ordered tea and toast and raspberry ice and French pastry. And before mouthful joined the fox trotting crowd on the floor and John learned how to toddle.

It was 6 o'clock when he left Hilda Bronson at the door of her little apartment. "I can't thank you enough," he said at parting. "I feel twenty-five years old and a much better man for having been so awfully wild. Will you

go again tomorrow at the same time?" So it happened that at 4 o'clock the following day John Carey put down his unfinished brief and called through the door to Hilda: "Four o'clock, Miss Bronson." said John, with fervor in his tones. "The open fire is it."

It was the first time John had ever been in Hilda's apartment. As he sat in the big comfortable chair of the fire he looked around wonderingly. How strange everything was—and yet how likable. It was the sort of room a man dreamed about if he were away from home. Hilda sat opposite him, and he watched the reflection of the fire play on her hair, and he thought, thought hard.

"I wish we could go to some quiet place after dinner," he sighed, involuntarily.

Hilda looked at him with raised brows. "We could," she said. "I'd rather thought of asking you before, but I was sure you preferred all this

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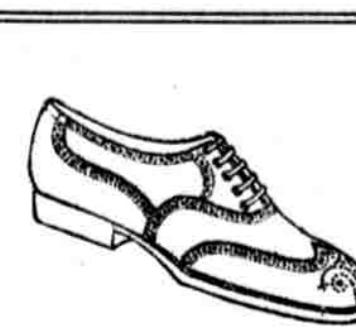
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But if you come home to my apartment we can sit before the open fire and discuss our wild pasts. How about it?"

"You're a wonderful woman, Hilda Bronson," said John, with fervor in his tones. "The open fire is it."

"But that wouldn't be wild—she interrupted her. "Dams' wildness!" he said. "What we all want is happiness, and happiness for me is just this—and you."

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