

**LITTLE BENNY'S NOTE BOOK**  
By Lee Pace

Miss Kitty told us in school yesterday about using little stories to illustrate a point, saying, "An illustration is always easier to remember than a plain bare fact, and now for instances when I tell you that a man once put a little alcohol in a horse's mouth and the horse died immediately and a little baby got hold of some whiskey and drank it and also died immediately, because of the alcohol in it, what does that story illustrate?"

Which Lewis Davis waved his hand, saying, "It illustrates you should never give alcohol to babies or horses."

All who agree with Lewis Davis loudly raise their hands, and Miss Kitty everybody raised their hand.

Which Lewis Davis waved his hand, saying, "It illustrates that alcohol is deadly to any living system, whether it is human or not, and now I'll try you with another illustration and see if you can do a little better. You all know the story of the shepherd boy who cried Wolf and tried to fool the men and make them leave their work for nothing and at last when a wolf really did come and the boy was shouting and they just kept on working and the wolf ate up the sheep."

Which Lewis Davis waved his hand, saying, "It illustrates that the dumbest men always get the worst of it, like those sheep."

Does anybody think differently? said Miss Kitty and Sid Hunt waved his hand, saying, "It illustrates you should never neglect to leave your work if you think there is a good opportunity."

All who think Charles Simkins is correct put up their hands, and Miss Kitty, which half the class put their hands up, and Miss Kitty said, "All who think Sidney Hunt is correct put up their hands. Which the other half of the class put theirs up, and Miss Kitty said, "Well they're both wrong. It illustrates that a liar doesn't get credit even when he tells the truth, and now for good-bye, and we will drop the subject. Which we did."

**THE DAILY NOVELETTE**

**Adventures of a Hypochondriac**  
By ADA MAY BORDEN STEVENS

It was partly the fault of the dog. He is much too impartial, as collies are apt to be. He spent his time indiscriminately among his admiring neighbors. Three of them had houses just like his master's. How should he know which was which, since all gave forth bones?

I chose my cousin's from the list of possible visiting places, because it was quiet.

My cousin met me upon my arrival, for it happened that I had never visited him since he moved to Westgate. We stopped before a piazza in duplicate, passing through a duplicate door into what afterward I found to be a duplicate hall. Except in furnishings, in Alfred's hall was only a table and a chair. It was restfully vacant; there his plain walls, scant furnishings, from the cheerful little wife and pleasant home atmosphere, I felt at last I had found peace. I rested well that night. With the interest of a stranger in

town, I went out next day, proud to take my first trip alone. I felt duly, or unduly, elated. Returning, I ran confidently up the steps where sat Billy, the cat; I opened the hall door to be greeted by Major, the dog. But the hall looked unfamiliar; there was a tall clock in the corner, and a formidable hat-rack almost challenging the way. Like a soldier—or is it a burglar?—suddenly scenting danger, I came to a tip-toe formation; I craned toward the door into the sitting room.

"Did you want to see Alfred Poser?" He lives next door." The voice was sweet, and the head that followed it was pretty, but I left as precipitately as though followed by a bristling warrior with all swords drawn. There is little satisfaction in apologizing for a frankly bone-headed intrusion, even to a pretty face, so I left at once, with my apology trailing over my shoulder.

Alfred's wife has a pleasant laugh and the birth of cousins is more healing than that of brothers, so I picked up courage once more, took back my rash vow that I would never appear in public again without a keeper, and went down street on the following afternoon. I went early and returned late. This

time I left nothing to chance; I counted my steps from the corner to the house. I looked first at the numbers and then at the draperies and house plants in the windows. I carefully avoided all piazzas where reposed any of our household pets. Then I boldly walked in.

Heavens! What had I done? Not an article was familiar. By the stairs stood a broad old-fashioned couch; a black walnut wardrobe and a crochery umbrella rack grimed from separate corners. The accustomed chair where I usually draped my coat was gone. Standing bewildered, I clutched my falling senses and uttered the thoughts within me:

As though it were a signal, the lights went up. A cool voice came down the hall, "Why, Cousin Tom, is that you?" Then she went into spasms of laughter. Yes, Alfred's wife is a cheerful soul, but I never before realized what a useless thing her laugh could be. Between shrieks she gasped:

"No wonder you don't know where you are! Oh, Tom, you look too funny for words—do forgive me—"

"Explain yourself," I intoned, with much dignity, realizing that only so could I bring her to herself.

"Why, you see," she laughed, "the things came from Alfred's father's house while you were gone, and we put them around at once. Isn't that a lovely couch? Truly, you don't have to look so wild—but, after yesterday—"

She was hopeless and helpless. I left her.

(Next complete novelette, "A Blueberry Surprise.")

**general opinion of San Antonio when Lambert's appointment was announced. What does a former saloonkeeper know about parks, every one inquired? And the universal reply was a shrug of the shoulders and a knowing smile.**

But Lambert showed them each and every one that they were mistaken. Possibly he didn't know anything about the way in which the parks ought to be laid out and managed and kept up. But there was no law that could prevent him from learning—so he proceeded at once

to tackle the problem in his own dynamic way. He read everything about landscape gardening that he could lay his hands on. He secured the opinions of the leading authorities in the country. He wasn't ashamed to ask questions and to seek advice in every possible quarter. Before many months San Antonio began to awaken to the fact that a born artist had been masquerading for a number of years behind the white apron of a bartender and the mask of a politician.

It wasn't long before the park system of the Texas city began to be referred to as one of the finest in the country and Lambert's political acquaintances stood him in good stead when it came to getting appropriations through the city council. Every penny of the money was spent with good results and today San Antonio has parks which are models of beauty and utility—thanks to a man who found himself after some twenty-five years of work for which he was really unfit.

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