

THE SMILE THAT WON

By Mildred Caroline Goodridge.

Sidney Ware started out in the business world with one sole asset. It was a smile. It was true that he possessed a pair of especially bright, merry eyes to abet the effects of a laughing remark or a cheerful greeting, and the general expression of his face was frank and friendly. Even in his dull and depressed moments, however, Sidney maintained that inevitable never-say-die-somewhere-the-sun-is shining east of counten-



Tied Hand and Foot.

ance, against the deuce-may-care-everything-is-going-wrong scowl of the slipshod pessimistic clerk who disgruntled everybody he came in contact with.

Sidney smiled his way through the shipping room of the big merchandise house of Angell & Co., and left its foreman disconsolate when there came an office promotion. Inside of a week he had even the icy, stately chief stenographer in a tolerant

mood, and the typewriters were all in love with him. Two years later some one had to fill the place of an old veteran who sold visiting country trade. Within two months Mr. Angell came to Sidney, who had secured that position.

"See here, Ware," he observed, "facts are facts, and you have doubled the transient trade. How do you do it?"

Sidney smiled in a modest, deprecating way, and tried to sidetrack the burden of compliment by telling a clean, humorous story that set the usually majestic millionaire shaking with laughter.

"You are too good a man for a second grade position," decided Mr. Angell. "Report for a managerial place tomorrow, Ware."

"It makes me sick!" observed Claude Griffiths, head salesman, a twelvemonth later—"that eternal grin of young Ware. Why, I say—it's undignified, it isn't business; it's—*it's*—"

"It's caught Miss Della Angell, just as it has the whole of us," chirped winsome Nettie Darling, typewriter, who overheard Griffiths. Sidney is everybody's friend and tries to be, and you're 'Old Glooms,' and that's why Miss Angell joined the golf club just to meet a genuine smiling young man once in a while."

"Oh, she did, eh?" snarled the jealous rival. "Well, I'll bet old Angell doesn't know it. Why, he'd fire the upstart in a second, if he ever even suspected that Ware was making eyes at his only child and heirless."

It was dangerous pleasure, sensible, thoughtful Sidney Ware realized, the court he could not help paying to the sweetest girl he ever met. Still he could not resist the attraction. It seemed as if their souls mingled when he was with Della Angell. He was earnest, wholesome-hearted, happy-spirited, she unostentatious, lovely and genuine. They were like two ingenuous children playing in a