

**THE VALUE OF A SMILE**

This thing that goes the farthest—  
words making life worth while,  
That costs the least—and does the most.  
The smile from a heart that loves  
its fellow men.  
Who dispels the clouds of gloom  
It can't cost a cent.

A smile comes very easy—you can  
wrinkle up with cheer  
A hundred times before you squeeze  
It ripples out, moreover, to the heart  
Stringing that will tug.  
And it makes an echo that is very  
like a hug.  
To smile away! Folks understand what  
It's worth in a million dollars and it does  
not cost a cent.

**LUNCHEON  
FOR TWO**

**N**o one was a tall old man, with a slight stoop and thin gray hair. His garments were shiny with wear, the glaze of his coat being darker than the bare skin. But there was little trace of the infirmities of age in his strong features and the sharp glance of the gray eyes beneath the shaggy brows. The children were drawn to him, towards the dingy old couch over the dingy old mantel. It was just noon. There was a door that opened into the counter-room, and its upper half was raised. Then the old man turned his head, and a sudden look of alarm came over him that could keep a watchful eye on his employee. It averted his gaze into the outer room. Those who were there knew not where the sleepless eyes of the worn old master were turned in their direction. There was no lolling or any other form of relaxation in that busying room.

"Come in," he cried, and there was nothing suggestive of hospitality in the paroxysmic tone. "Come in." He had come with the knife, then the door was open. A child was standing on the threshold, a little girl with sunny curly hair and a dainty pink frock.

"How do you do?" said the astonished girl. "Are you pretty well? No am I, thank you." And she made him a quizzing smile.

"Where did you come from?" growled the old man.

"I came from out there," replied the little maid. "I peeked through the glass under the curtain an' I saw you." She laughed merrily. "An' I thought you was a big ogre eating all by yourself. You don't eat little girls do you?" She yiddished furiously, to the witchery of her smile.

"Not when they're good little girls," he gruffly said. The child laughed merrily.

"You're a splendid ogre," she cried, and clapped her hands. "Much better paper. What's you satin?"

"He had dropped the biscuit, and thus was of the time."

"My luncheon," he answered. "But you haven't told me where you came from."

"I was comin' at him, for showing this interest in the child."

"I comed down to see you," she answered. "Mamma brought my an' left me here, 'cause she's goin' a shopping. I'm awfully advanced. It always pays to be polite," she said.

"That's what mamma tells me. If I had said, 'Can I come in?' without any place to sit, she'd have said, 'No.'

"Merry! It's your birthday!" he said.

"I had known it, but I didn't say so."

"I'm sorry, but I'm not a bit older."

"Merry, no," said the old. "We didn't say nothing about you. You just said I was to keep quiet an' he would be back as soon as he could."

"Well, I am, but I have to eat my lunch, papay. An' he said not; he didn't have time. You said it was a shame to waste such a nice lunch, but he had to eat the cake. Mamma would have been angry if I hadn't eaten it, but I didn't want to feel hungry. She looked at him and leaned against the ancient halberd chair that stood by the desk.

"Who is your father?" the old man asked.

"It's Mister Weston, Mr. Russell Weston. You know him? He's a very nice man."

"You know him. And did he tell you he had a son?" she asked.

"Merry, no," said the old. "We didn't say nothing about you. You just said I was to keep quiet an' he would be back as soon as he could."

"Well, I am, but I have to eat my lunch, papay. An' he said not; he didn't have time. You said it was a shame to waste such a nice lunch, but he had to eat the cake. Mamma would have been angry if I hadn't eaten it, but I didn't want to feel hungry. She looked at him and leaned against the ancient halberd chair that stood by the desk.

"Who is your father?" he muttered.

"I can't eat all," she said. "I'm not hungry, but I have to eat. Mamma took such pains with it. Let's divide. What's yours?" He hesitated. Then he pushed his apple and biscuit into view. "My plate has bones," she said.

"Had what?"

"Dopey, he couldn't eat hardly anything neither."

"I eat quite enough," the old man declared.

The child looked at him curiously.

"You're pretty thin," she said.

**ARE YOU AWARE THAT—**

# "SALADA"

**TEA**

**Natural Leaf Green Tea is put up and sold in sealed packets in the same form as the famous Black Teas of "Salada" brand.**

**Get a Packet — — — — — You will like it.**

Then he laid the sandwich upon the saucer. A frosty smile crept across his wrinkled face. He gravely extended two biscuits and took the sandwich between them. Then he hit the saucer with a sharp snap.

"Very good," he said.

"Mammie made 'em' herself. Papa says she's a dabster at making sandwiches, but then, I think mamma always makes the best biscuits. That's what I eat."

He paused with the remains of the sandwich uplifted. His face grew more gentle.

"I believe it's a fact that's generally admitted," he said.

The child looked at him with a quick laugh.

"That's just the way papa talks sometimes," he said. "I don't understand a word he says. But isn't he having a good time, just now?"

"Why, yes," said the old man. "I think he's having a good time."

"He's having a good time," the child repeated.

"I believe he is," he said.

"I'll give you this for two biscuits. I don't mind care for biscuits, but then, I think mamma always makes the best biscuits. That's what I eat."

He handed the child the sandwich.

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