

Supplying Him With Confidence

By Joella Johnson

As she walked around the picnic grounds with her sweetheart, Jerry Collins, Lydia could not but envy the other girls their prosperous look. And many of them had gone off and got married since she had graduated from high school, she reflected. Yes, there was Mary Cummings with her husband and Molly Grey with Leon, whom she would marry in September—all seeming prosperous and happy—except herself.

Her eyes unconsciously wandered to her sweetheart, Jerry, who was walking by her side. She eyed him affectionately, then a little frown of anxiety gathered over her eyes as she looked him over. Jerry all unconscious of the scrutiny.

"I don't know what it can be, Lydia," he said, going on with the conversation which she had brought up, as usual. "I guess it's just luck with those fellows, or fate or something. I've done my darndest to make old Durham see I'm worth more money, but he don't give it to me."

"Maybe he's right," said Lydia, a little reflectively. "If a man is worth more he will get it, and if he doesn't he ought to leave and make some other

firm realize his worth," she said conclusively.

"But, Lydia—leave—why—its preposterous—suppose I couldn't get another job—and suppose I was out of work for a long time?"

His refusal was cut short by Anne Richardson, who sauntered up to them with her fiancé.

"Meet Miss Manning and Mr. Collins," Anne said, as she introduced Lydia and Jerry, and then turned off with Lydia, while Mack Rankin, her fiancé, opened a conversation with Jerry. When the two girls had sauntered toward a rugged bench down the side lane just off the midway Anne said: "You know we're going to be married next month. I've really been engaged six months, but we haven't announced it until Mack got on his feet. He has a dandy place now, and so we're ready to take our chance." She smiled pleasantly at the realization of Mack's success and Lydia tried to reflect the enthusiasm. But deep down in Lydia's heart her own disappointment cut all the deeper.

There must be some way to put Jerry on his feet Lydia said to herself. Then the thought struck her to confide her trouble in Anne.

When she was through talking Anne nodded understandingly. "I know," she said; "I know just what it is—it really isn't because Jerry is not doing his share, but he lacks confidence in himself. He is afraid to start things for fear they won't turn out right. It's self-confidence, Lydia, I tell you," she repeated emphatically. "That was Mack's trouble, too, until suddenly one day he found himself alone in the office. Some big deal had to be put through immediately—making or breaking a contract by long-distance telephone—and Mack was a little panicky at taking the risk when the call came in. There was no one in the office, every one being out to lunch at the time, and Mack took his big chance and O. K'd it at his own risk. It was his making," Anne declared proudly. "His boss recognized his power of initiative and gave him some bigger responsibilities."

"But how—" began Lydia, then she abruptly broke off her inquiry to remark "that was just fate. Anne; it might never happen again in a million years."

"Well," Anne reminded her, "why not take advantage of the experience, why not have Jerry get up his self-

confidence without having to—won't he get all the more credit for it?" Lydia had been gazing idly about, her spirits a little low at the nebulous prospect, when suddenly Anne uttered a little exclamation of enthusiasm. "I've got it, Lyd," she said, "I've got it, a scheme—Jerry's got to start things for himself without your being in on his plan. He can have no leaning post—it's a hindrance rather than an asset."

"Suppose," she began in a confidential whisper, leaning closer to Lydia. "Suppose I play fortune-teller and tell him some inspiring things, I'll make him believe they're true and he'll bank his future moves on them."

"Great," agreed Lydia, enthusiastically. "Nothing like trying everything on the calendar," and they fell to discussing details of the impromptu plan.

An hour or so later Lydia, a brighter sparkle in her wide blue eyes than she had ever had for weeks past, sauntered in a supposedly aimless fashion down the midway of the picnic grounds.

"Look, Jerry," she said, suddenly pointing to the red and yellow gypsy fortune-teller sign over a little table behind a clump of trees; "let's go in

here and have our palms read." Then as she moved closer to the little cove she exclaimed eagerly: "It's Madame Paula, the great Egyptian palmist, she's a wonder! Only a year ago she told Ralph Le Bonne's fortune—and see—didn't it all turn out as she predicted?" Lydia asked eagerly.

"All right, Lyd," Jerry agreed pleasantly; "I'll go in to her, but I doubt—" They were into the cove before he snatched his pessimistic thought. The Egyptian witch, swathed in gay colors with a heavy mantle over her head and a scarlet veil across her dark features, sat in deep meditation as they entered timidly.

"I must tell the gentleman first and in private," Madame announced, and she dismissed Lydia with a wave of her hand.

One hour later Jerry, a new springiness to his step, emerged from behind the trees where Madame Paula had established her palm-reading parlor. He had time to think it all over while Lydia had hers read.

"She's great!" he exclaimed, slapping his hands together as they walked away a little later; "simply great! And you know, Lydia, I think she's right in what she says about me. She

says I'd be a great success if I exercised, the latent executive power I have—I believe I have got it—but I never realized it before. Madame says she can see it there in every line of my hand—it's entirely up to me to make my own future."

Lydia stifled a giggle of delight in her sleepy lace handkerchief. Then she ushered Jerry over to the "hot dog" booth, from where a delicious odor was steaming.

Within three weeks the idea of Jerry's initiative power had completely obsessed him. He had made great strides in the office under its influence.

It was Jerry who had taken it upon himself to have all the office furniture moved to further efficiency. Then he had executed a working plan to stimulate old accounts. He knew all the time he had it in him, and now he was confident he would succeed, he argued as he went about his work. Wasn't success written in every line of his palm?

Lydia was delighted to hear it, then quite unprepared for the news, one evening Jerry brought to her.

"He's done it, Lyd," Jerry said, smiling. "He's realized I'm worth more—at last, and he's given me a

ten dollar increase this week. After I'd gone about things and seen what I really could do I took some new ideas to him. Told him I'd get another place if he didn't come across—and he did."

Lydia was congratulating him when he took her in his arms and whispered: "It's all because of you, little girl; and now it's time to mutually share our spoils of the battle won. Whenever you're ready, Lydia," he said. "I'm ready to begin first payment on our own little home."

A week later Lydia announced her engagement.

Once, during the luncheon in honor of the occasion, she felt a tiny scruple of conscience when Jerry, in response to a toast, said his success had come about through Lydia as an incentive.

Lydia was gazing at Anne half ashamed for not denying the undue reward, but a knowing smile and a "loud" wink from that mischievous little person reassured her.

And to this day the now very prosperous Jerry doesn't know that the impromptu, mischievously planned scheme of Madame Paula, alias Anne Richardson, was the foundation upon which he built his fortune.

The Best Surprise of All

By Abner Anthony

THERE certainly was a jam in the subway tonight, Mary Ann.

The speaker was a rather frail young girl, and about 20. Her eyes showed the strain characteristic of those who work under the electric light in the business offices and stores of a large city.

"Well, never mind, Lucy, dear," said Mary Ann, tenderly.

"Only a couple of months more, so stick it out, girlie."

A half hour later found Lucy in her tidy kimono and house slippers. Mary Ann was serving the salad before Lucy offered further comment.

"Gee, but I feel lots better since I ate. Tell me, Mary Ann, didn't you ever want to get married? Every time Joe eats here he always says that some man missed a good wife when he missed you."

In answer to this volley of questions the older woman smiled, perhaps a bit sadly, but she merely said, "Who'd marry an old lady like me, child?"

"Get into your pretty white dress and slippers. In half an hour Joe will be ringing the hall bell and you won't be near ready unless you hustle."

Mary Ann Faye was perhaps nearer 50 than 40. Unmistakably, in her day, she must have been a beauty. Even now, her iron gray hair was remark-

ed for its lustrous beauty. But her soft brown eyes told the world that hidden somewhere in their bottomless pools there was a memory, perhaps a great sorrow.

No one that Lucy knew had ever been able to wrest from her lips the cause of the sadness in those eyes.

Five years before Mary Ann met Lucy Aldridge in Kempner Company's department store. Mary Ann was a buyer for the waist department. Lucy had started to learn the great business of "selling" waists.

Lucy came from the American melting pot, the East Side of New York. Her parents, needing her financial assistance, however slim, sent her to work in the store almost as soon as she graduated from school.

A hard winter and a slim purse saw both of Lucy's parents carried off to the land beyond the sun during an epidemic of pneumonia.

For years Mary Ann had longed to mother a girl like Lucy. She was not a rich woman, but she had a modest little four-room apartment, a good salary and unbounded affection.

And so Lucy came to live with Mary Ann.

"Where's that ever-white gone, Mary Ann?" shouted Lucy from the tiny bathroom. "My slippers are a sight. Why, here it is—boob that I am—right behind the talcum can."

"Are you all right now, Lu?" said

Mary Ann, hurrying toward the bathroom. "I'll be sure you look just right and then I'll run over to Jake's and get some cheese for the rabbit."

Mary Ann was gone but a few moments when the door bell rang. It was Joe.

Lu's heart began to flutter as she captured the last of her stray hairs with an "invisible" before opening the door.

"Lu"—and Joe Wallingford crushed Lu in the embrace characteristic of a big-hearted lover.

When Lu disentangled her hairs from Joe's coat buttons she flushed deeply, for standing behind Joe was another man.

"Lu, dear," stammered Joe, "this is my uncle, dad's brother."

They were seated in the tiny gray-blue living room before Joe continued, "You see, Uncle Ned is an old back," said Joe playfully. He came in this morning from Brazil. Dad's been showing him the town today and tonight I just made him come along to see the dearest little girl in the world!"

Lucy blushed deeper.

"I can't tell how happy I am to meet the young lady of my nephew's choice and to tell him how fortunate he is."

The last remarks were uttered by a man not less than 50. Tall, straight as an arrow was he. His bronzed com-

plexion and rather sun-burned hair told of a life in the open. The few fine lines around his tender blue eyes lent a certain mellowness to their expression.

His immaculate linen and clothing of superior workmanship bespoke the man of means, the gentleman.

Almost an hour had passed. The little group talked on every topic of general interest. Finally Joe said: "Uncle Ned, you old back, why didn't you ever marry? You've been promising all day to tell us sometime why you went away to Brazil. Dad says you went away about twenty years ago and all we know about you is the fact that today you came back rich."

Mr. Wallingford arose and walked toward the window. Outside it was refreshingly cool. Gay groups of young folks sauntered toward the river, to dance on the evening boats. It was summer, love's time. Cupid reigned supreme.

Presently he looked toward Joe and Lucy.

"Children, dear," he said, "another month will see you launch your ship into the sea of matrimony. I hope you will always be as radiantly happy as you are tonight."

"We should love to hear your love story," interrupted Lucy, ever anxious for a bit of romance.

"I'll tell it to you," said Wallingford,

as he drew the sedan toward the couple.

"A little over twenty years ago I loved a woman with all my soul. Although I was but a poor boy, I managed to save, by the strictest self-denial, enough for a modest little home. And then I asked the woman to share it with me."

For months we planned. As I look back, I can still see the playful smile in those soft brown eyes as she planned where each little household treasure should go.

"Why, Uncle Ned, there's tears in your eyes," said Joe. "Why, what happened; go on, tell us."

"Well," said Wallingford, "our wedding was just a month off, when a lying tongue destroyed forever her happiness and mine. She sent back my ring, refused to see me, and broken-hearted, I left my native land."

"Gee, but look at the money you've made, Uncle," said Joe whose ability as a money maker was somewhat below par.

"Money is quite an empty asset when there is no loved one to enjoy it," remarked Wallingford, as he reached for the gold cigarette case in his pocket.

"Miss Aldridge, if you don't object, I'm going to ask Joe to go to the corner and get his old uncle a pack of 'coffin nails.'"

But before Joe had time to speak

Lucy was saying that if Uncle Ned didn't mind, she would run along with Joe.

They were gone but a few minutes, when the door bell rang. Mr. Wallingford pushed the button in the living room which unlocked the door. All ready for a little smoke, he was walking toward the tiny kitchen, when he was startled by a voice calling out, "Suppose you thought I never would get back. I ran into Moran and he insisted upon buying me a bunch of sweet peas way over on Eighth avenue. Wonder how he knew it was my birthday."

Wallingford had heard that voice before. The match burned to a cinder in his fingers. He was like a man turned to stone. Yet his blood tore through his veins with the velocity of a tornado. He could not move.

Mary Ann, in a modish taupe satin gown with a dewy bunch of pink sweet peas caught at her waist silhouetted charmingly against the gray-blue walls of the living room. Receiving no reply, she had hurried in to look for Lucy. And then, totally unprepared, she came upon—Mr. Wallingford.

"Good God—Ned!" she gasped. Then the objects in the room began to grow dim. The light seemed to leave. Mary Ann had fainted.

Like a father caresses a long lost child, so this man coaxed to con-

sciousness the woman he had loved and lost.

Mary Ann opened her eyes and could scarcely realize that she was really in Ned's arms.

"Is it you, Ned darling—is it really you? How can you ever forgive me?"

"You were gone only two years when she confessed to me on her death bed that she lied about me. She said she loved you and could not see you marrying me."

Ned crushed her to him and then he tenderly said: "But dead folks can't see, Mary Ann—and, besides—I'm very rich now."

And in another month a store lost two workers instead of one, and the ticket chopper in the subway missed two pleasant faces from the daily stream of those who do their best all along the line.

Geographically Speaking.

Two Tommies went into a restaurant over on the eastern front and said to the waiter: "We want Turkey with Greece."

The waiter replied: "Sorry, sir, but we can't Serbia."

"Well, then get the Bosphorus."

The boss came in and heard their order and then said: "I don't want to Russia, but you can't Roumania."

So the two Tommies went away Hungary.

A Disguise That Worked

By Elsie Endicott

IF you will only let me see him I'll promise not to be engaged to him," pleaded pretty Marjorie Benton, "but I don't think he is beneath me."

Marjorie and her maiden aunt, Louise Montgomery Benton, were standing near the wide colonial window of their home in Georgia.

Mommy Lou, as Marjorie affectionately called her from babyhood days, looked across the green lawn meditatively, then her searching eyes rested on little Marjorie at her side.

"You know, child, you are of Southern aristocratic blood, and Jack Fuller, as you call him, comes from the peasantry of our land. You simply could not marry him and be happy. He's so—well, I don't know just what to say—but there are much finer men in town."

Marjorie was about to turn away, but her aunt caught her by the hand affectionately.

"Take for instance, Garfield Morris," she said. "He's as nice a man as any girl would want to know—he's away just now, but when he comes home again—why, Marjorie, as I said, he's as nice a young man as any girl would want to know. He's a real man."

Marjorie's eyes flashed for a second, then she shot back, impatiently: "A real man! Why, Mommy Lou, Garfield Morris is afraid of his own shadow."

But Mommy Lou was not satisfied

with Marjorie even receiving Jack Fuller only as a friend, as she had finally agreed to the afternoon of the conversation.

He seemed to be taking Marjorie's heart right out of her keeping, and she resented it—not only for the sake of her own well-established social position in the South, but Marjorie must marry a real man and wealthy, she figured.

And so it was on the 1th of July, Mommy Lou came to New York to arrange a sailing on the steamship Cambria to some foreign port where Marjorie, amidst the glamor of new faces and friends, as Mommy Lou planned so psychologically, would forget all about her puppy fascination for Jack Fuller.

She was to send for Marjorie and her governess within a few days, and they would shop together in New York and then sail away. San Salvador was the place Mommy Lou had chosen, and the change and scenery and climate she hoped would be sufficient to bring about as great a change in Marjorie as desired.

The day Marjorie arrived in New York was a seething hot, sultry day, typical of New York's July weather, but the pretty little blond creature who stepped from the train at her destination was crisp and cool. There wasn't anything in the world could trouble her, for she was young and hopeful, and the whole world looked

rosy through her eyes.

As she entered the waiting taxi and gave the name of the hotel to the driver there was a gleam of anticipation in her eyes, a little gleam that unfolded its mystery some weeks later.

"Mommy Lou—I'm so glad to get here and be with you again," she murmured as she threw her very white arms around her aunt's neck and smothered her with kisses.

"But child, dear," her aunt looked in surprise, "where is Susanne, your governess; is she below?"

And Marjorie burst into a torrent of breathless explanation. "Oh, Mommy Lou, I meant to wire you, but I thought you'd forgive me for traveling alone as long as I arrived safely; but the day before I left Susanne was taken ill. She had to be operated on for appendicitis, so she went to the hospital. The nurse phoned me last night and said she was doing nicely. It'll take weeks before she can walk—and I thought you wouldn't mind—do you?"

"Why, of course not, Marjorie. I am sorry the unfortunate incident had to happen at this time. I'll wire Susanne my sympathy right now. Meantime we can get another governess for you right here. I'm sorry you had to come on alone—it's dangerous, you know, traveling alone—but," she said, incoherently, "New York is teeming with the best governesses to be had."

And with that Miss Louise Montgomery Benton, sister of Marjorie's father, picked up the telephone receiver to dictate her telegraphic message to the clerk at the hotel desk below. "And please see that this little ad is placed in tomorrow's paper," she finished; after she had dictated another little memo detailing the type of governess desirable.

Early next morning as Marjorie was arranging some of her new clothes in the little steamer trunk beside her bed the telephone bell rang and Mommy Lou reached to answer it.

In a moment after she had hung up the receiver a knock on her door announced the first applicant for the position as governess.

"And you play golf also," Miss Benton mused, taking in the fine, athletic physique of her new applicant after she had interviewed her.

"All right, then; you may begin at once," she said, closing the contract. "We'll sign it for six months at least," she remarked, "and should anything unforeseen happen, both parties to come to a mutual agreement."

The three remaining days in New

York seemed to fly. Miss Benton had much to attend to and many calls to make. Marjorie and her new governess spent many happy hours together, visiting the aquarium, the parks, the Statue of Liberty and other places of interest. Then the morning came when the steamship Cambria sailed out of New York harbor with the customary farewell excitement.

Down through the moderate climate they sailed, then further down into the hot tropics and through the gulf. The trip was like tonic to Marjorie. Her eyes sparkled and danced with a new light and her cheeks were pinker and rounder than ever.

The moon and the stars, under which Marjorie sat out for so many evenings with her governess, to hear all about their astronomical relations, were a constant source of interest to the "dear, enthusiastic child," as her Mommy Lou used to put it in talking with the governess.

To their surprise and Mommy Lou's pleasure, they found Garfield Morris a guest of the same hotel where they were to stay.

It was a week later, after they had settled at Del Palmo Beach, that the little mystery which lay behind Marjorie's soft, pensive eyes was revealed.

Marjorie and Garfield and Marjorie's governess were sitting on the beach in the sunshine, and Mommy Lou was canoeing just beyond the palm-fringed embankment. Suddenly

they heard a cry. It was a call for help coming from Mommy Lou. Marjorie was startled. She could not swim, so she suddenly turned to Garfield.

"Jump in, Morris," she pleaded. "Mommy Lou's going down; quick, please—but Morris, panic-stricken, backed away cowering."

"There's alligators in there, child. I—I—she's probably taken now—it's no use"—he said breathlessly.

And before the frightened spectators, Marjorie's governess sprang in to the water.

There was a struggle, but the powerful physique of the governess overcame Mommy Lou's struggling and she was carried to the shore safely.

A half hour later, when the formal Miss Louise Montgomery Benton came to, she looked up only to encounter the kindly, smiling eyes of the governess—Jack Fuller.

"Mr.—" she began, but her sense of human gratitude was too overwhelming. She simply gazed at him, saying, "Jack—Jack Fuller, what on earth—"

It was Marjorie herself who explained that she and Jack had made up the plan when Susanne had been taken ill so that Jack might prove somehow he was a real man—and not—

The three looked at Garfield's retreating figure down the beach.

"Unless something unforeseen happens," quoted Jack mockingly when

they were back at the hotel, "and I herewith tender my resignation for a higher and nobler position of taking care of Marjorie for life, according to mutual agreement"—he hesitated a moment, but Mommy Lou shook his hand warmly and smilingly consented.

Revised Weights and Measures. One pound—11 ounces butter. 1 ton—1,875 pounds coal. 1 square foot—policeman's. 1 quart—1 hangover. 1 league(now under debate at Peace Conference).

2 feet—very attractive, if supporting neat ankles. 1 yard—length of hands in dress suit.

1 scruple—nothing to a profiteer. 1 hour—3 years when waiting in doctor's office.

\$1—12 cents plus tax money. 1 military pace—some job, on a bike.

1 cord—10 cords if wood has to be split.

1 gallon—4 quarts plus expressage.

Matrimonial Advice.

"Darling you must never marry a man for his money."

"Why not, mother?"

"Because that sort of marriage can not but end unhappily. But I can tell you what to do. You can take care not to fall in love with a man who hasn't money."

"What's the trouble now?"

"Why, I asked John for an automobile today and he said that I must be contented with the splendid carriage that nature has given me."

Unappreciated Wit.

"Men are really too mean for anything."

"What's the trouble now?"

"Why, I asked John for an automobile today and he said that I must be contented with the splendid carriage that nature has given me."