### THE BITTERNESS OF SWEETS

By RUPERT HUGHES

they sang and danced and to Sliver they were a choir of seraphim. Sudsly at the end of their dance they rose maht in the air, with their wings outa and their pink legs and slippered

e far back. rose with them in exultation as silver rose with them in exuitation as silver of Mr. Bruni's wires were already seed to her belt. She stood rapt till harsh voice from the rear growled, born in front." Then she dropped her seat, but her soul went on rising failing, swooping and soaring with

sper felt that heaven had fairly selen open about her head. She was sing and dance and fly and get a mildeliar a week for it. It was like selection paid to see Coney Island.

s paid to see Coney Island.

Bruil had brought the original
was to this country from Italy a
of years before and made a prosensation in a spectacular pron. The charter swallows had long outgrown their fledgling. Mr. himself had been in his day a uin famous, for a Harlequin and is and lithe as his own lath swords is had since taken the shape of an old is hen and acquired a motherly dispo-

As swallow after awallow took flight is swallow after swallow took flight is swallow after swallow took flight is see or overdevelopment he had scutted others. Gradually, as the noving had worn off the idea and the cospes, he had lapsed slowly from a constant he had lapsed slowly from a constant to a roadway feature, now a one-night stand sensation to radeville on "the big time." thence to restailly time." "The big small time." The opposition" big time and small time, was he was on the wee small time and is glittering spectacle was sandwiched between moving pictures.

In the swallows were now that they had been to Broadway 20 part before. To her the obsolesses little man was a great manager, the its, fire-trap theatre was a temple of conders. To be one of these swallows!

If the through such scenes. Then fairy sate did come true!

when the curtain fell on the birds, all

when the cuttain the air, Silver beat break affect in the air, Silver beat break palms raw in applicate, in the lobby of the theatre Bruni suid: stell, you like my svallows—huh?"

-great, Mr. Bruni, said Silver with manner of an expert; "they're simply

'Im going to be one," said Sliver.

Mr. Bruni, like many another villainous
sking man, had a matronly soul. F mil: "Your mawther geeves her consent

"Me ma?" said Sliver. "Sure she will." Sa knew that her mother would refuse be knew that her mother would refuse less because she feared for Silver than wante she feared for the pay envelope. Set Siver was determined that nothing deald stop her from realizing this op-petrally. It was so inconceivably beau-

und that she said: "say, why did you pick me out for this the so many goils are so much classier?"

Es wondered why he had not selected har Bolshardt, or Mord Adams, or Mar Marler for the vacant position. Mr Bruni was too gracious a gentleman

b confess that he chose Sliver because is was a sliver, and because she was at and and looked cheap. He explained hat he had an eye for genius and could a born swallow the moment he saw

Hawas so paternal that Sliver broached be costion of expenses. She confessed that he was a little short of money just new. He volunteered to be security for he beard for the first week and to fur-

The flatiron had left another dent in the wall and its nose was covered with plaster. A neighbor informed Silver that her father and mother had left the house for a ride in the pionic wagon the city kept at their disposal. The neighbor guessed that they would doubtless "get the Island for another thirty." So Silver did not leave the three dollars, but merely ot leave the three dollars, but merely a little note.

but got another Jobe in Nu Jean wil rite soon your loveling doughtre.

Wil rite soon your loveing doughtre.

Then she sped to the theatrs and asked for Mr. Bruni. She was referred to the stage door. This was too giorious. She found Mr. Bruni and be led her up an iron stairway to a tenement of dreasing-rooms and introduced her to his flock. The swallows sat about in their feathers and their unmitigated make-up. Some were mending their plumage, one was reading a book, one was sewing at a child's ciothing and so was industriant. clothing, and one was industriously mas-ticating gum. \*

At Mr. Bruni's request the gum-chewer, who was about to leave the troupe, permitted Sliver to try on her costume. An extra pair of tights was found and Mr. Bruni withdrew while Sliver made the change behind a chair.

With her arms bare and her shanks in nose a world too wide, she was un-maginably thin. She was such a pauper Imaginably thin. She was such a pauper in tiesh that Mr. Bruni, recalled to inspect her, felt sorry for her. He rebuked with a glare the ridicule in the eyes of the other swallows, and told Silver that she looked very nice. He wondered what the gallery boys would say of his sixth swallow, and he dreaded the commenta of the house. maginably thin. of the house-managers, but he was still more afraid of rejecting this pitiful little soul that had paid such reverence to him and he achievement.

When she doffed her splender Sliver was permitted to sit in the wings and watch the swallows do their suppersturn to an almost empty house. It astounded her to see the mechanism at work and to realize that the lightly flitting swallows were raised and lowered on wires and pulley controlled by stage hands in over-alls. Such remance in front of the scene, such realism back of it! But she was be-witished at the miracle of it all. "Yen-tiddy a cash-goil; to-morra a boid!"

She slept that night in the deserted flat, She slept that night in the deserted flat, and the next morning she was awake at the first streak of soiled daybreak that plerced the dirty window. She leaped from her slumber and pirouetted and danced, took flying leaps from the edge of the bed and from the table, and practiced aviation till the neighbors thought her father and mother must have escaped from the law and resumed their debates.

Sliver heated as much water as the clothes boiler would hold and bathed in it, and made the neatest tollet she could. She borrowed an old telescope bag from a wealthy neighbor and packed what little wardrobe she possessed.

She reached the theatre before the night watchman was awake. The hours she must survive before Mr. Bruni arrived seemed unendurable. That little mouse, forgotten in her excitement, began to gnaw at her stomach, and she realized that she had no breakfast.

She went to the nearest of Childs' lunchrooms and tried to look professional. She wendered what lady nctors 'et in restrunts." She ordered a breakfast of such variety and substance that the waiter grinned as he punched hole after hole in her ticket, and finally com-"Say, kiddo, are you just eatin'

last Thanksgiving dinner or are you doin'this on a bet?"

this on a bet?"
Sliver answered him with quiet dignity:
"Ah, go on, you big stiff, or I'll bounce
one of these cups off your bean."
He knew those cups and he went,
But when Sliver came to pay for the
feast she trembled, not with repletion,
but with terror, at the inroad on her funds. The theatrical life was a "norful expensive thing."

She hastened back to the theatre and that she was a little short of money just has. He volunteered to be security for he board for the first week and to fursish her coatume. He added that he wad also pay her railrond fares—which struck her as mighty generous.

She ran home to bid her mother fareful. She found the flat empty: she laded from the signs of struggle that

Mr. Krug looked Bliver over brazenly and snickered. She flared with modesty at his gaze and with wrath at his smile, but she said nothing. Mr. Bruni laid off his hat and his fur coat and his other coat and taught Silver the dance steps.
It needed all her reverence for him to it needed all her reverence for him to keep down her amusement at his appearance as he flung his barrel-like body this way or that and kicked up his short, fat, almost kneeless legs. She was a trial to his temper, for she had no tradition, instinct or training in the dance and he had no breath or agility.

After roughing out the steps Mr. Bruni took up the flying programme.

As Ned Krug was buckling the harness on Sliver he murmured. You two was cert'ny some scream; fat old gander tryin' to learn a squab to dance a turkey trot. But you're all right, girlie; you and me's a sketch. We'll have swell times togedder, won't we?"

"Yes, we won't we!" was Sliver's only answer. Krug liked her haughty manner. He mumbled, "Sure we will. I'm batty about you and you'll find me a regular feller."

He kept his hands about her waist longer than seemed necessary and Silver gave him a smack in the face. It was so loud that Mr. Bruni, at the opposite nide of the stage, turned to see if a pulley had broken. Silver opened her mouth to demand:

"Say, Mr. Bruni, how much of this guy's noive have I gotta stand for" But she feared to be dismissed at once, and she was not used to calling for help in her perils. So she said nothing.

She went up kicking and swirling. She was out of Krug's reach, but more than ever in his power. He gave her one or two slekening lurches to emphasize this fact and she was frightened beyond acreaming. But she was even more afraid of being returned to her aid life. of being returned to her old life.

In time she learned to swim in air, to keep her equilibrium and to take a superlative joy in the new element she had gained. So Bruni told her the time and the train for the morrow's journe and left her to put off her celestial rai-ment and get back to her dingy self.

When she came down from the dressing room she found Krug waiting for her. She made her nails ready for a catlike defense, but to her stupefaction he lifted his hat to her! It was the first time she had ever received this tribute and it was overwhelming. And he said in his most sugary tones:

"You cert'ny alipped one over on me.

Me nob is buzzin' yet. But I like a girl's
got some fight in her. And you're light as got some light in her. And you're light as a fedder, too. Gee, you're a pipe to lift. Dey's a lot o' tips I can give you dat'll help some. Supposin' you and me was to have dinner togedder. You must be ready for de eats after all de work you

Sliver was prepared to dislike Mr. Krust but before such gallantry who would not relent? And how tactful it was of him to mention food. She was heroine enough to refuse his "Ah, come ahn," once, twice, thrice, but that was her

So she went with him to a restaurant a little less clean and a little more ex-pensive than the dairy lunches that had pensive than the dary indices that he marked her highest social arrival heretofore. Mr. Krug, as host, majestically went down the line: oysters, soup, steak, fried potatoes and pie. He urged Sliver to join him in a pitcher of heer, but she would not be persuaded. There had been too much beer in her environs. She had accepted too many golds of it up too many carried too many pails of it up too many

But systers-these were almost her first, But cysters—these were almost her trai, and they were as large as small hot-water bags. Each one of them was a problem. But she solved them all. She solved the soap, together with two silces of bread that she broke up in it, following Mr. Krug's example. She ate the steak with the eager fangs of a young animal and hurried the potatoes down in single file. Of the ple she left not a crumb, and she

(CONTINUED TOMORAOW)



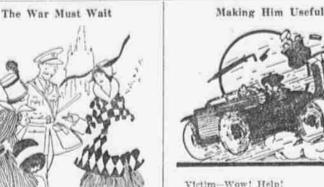
# SCRAPPLE



THE OLD PREJUDICE



Fond Mistress (to elderly companion)—Promise me. Sarah, that if anything happens to me, you won't become one of those horrid revue dancers!



"But, Reggie, you can't possibly go back on Friday. That's the day we've asked the Mulligataways to meet you!"

Life Is a See-Saw

Cured

"So you think Carrie made a very suitable match?"

'Yes, indeed; you know what a nerv-

Motorist-Hey, while you're under there, see if everything's all right!

THERES HAIR COMBED -DID IT HIMSELF A REASON NECKTIE A BIT CROOKED -FACE CLEAN -YEP BACK LONESOME OF THE EARS TOO!)

THE PADDED CELL

DID IT EVER HAPPEN TO YOU?



CAUSES THAT SQUAWA!

AE HOY WAR

FARMER SMITH'S



## RAINBOW CLUB

#### GOOD NIGHT TALKS

Dear Children-Please don't leave everything until the last minute. byour work each day thoroughly and do not worry about tomorrow. You carry your books to school Wednesday, but you can't carry them Wednesday for Thursday.

Get your shopping done today; don't wait until Friday. Take a piece paper and put down what you want to remember. But before you look the paper, see if you can remember what you put there. Remember things. Memory is a habit-forgetting is a terrible habit.

Jot down NOW what you want to do. The sun for years has never forgotten to rise—the stars do not forget blink and twinkle, the moon shines tonight as it did thousands of years p. Nature, kind Mother Nature, never forgets or makes mistakes.

FARMER SMITH. Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER.

#### Try to REMEMBER.

In the middle of the fire the children saw the fairy and she beckoned m to come in. Softly they tiptoed into the room.

With Our Little Authors

as so happy about.

"Go to Growly Grump's grave," commanded the fairy,

One by one the children left the hut and hurried to the place where Growly Grump had been buried. The evening sun shone through the trees and its light fell on the bed

flowers covering the grave and then-and then-Out from the flowers came a figure. It was a man with long flowing and, dressed in a red cap and red cloak.

"Oh, oh, oh!" the children exclaimed and ran forward to greet their friend. "Guess who I am?" said a voice that sounded like a bell. "We know, we know!" shouted the little ones. "You are the Saint of the

"And what do you call me?"

The jolly old fellow gathered them all in his arms as they shouted as if "SANTA CLAUS!"

One cold December day, a little boy, to fingers blue with cold, and his and kept himself happy by doing so. All day he went without food and mpy little jacket tucked as closely at night he came home and reheated possible about the throat, was gothe coffee with anything else he could a slowly through the streets, calling find. But he never complained and Merry Christmas to all, Merry went about the streets singing from

early morn until night.

People passing gazed pityingly at had no brothers or sisters and was the had no brothers or sisters and was the sole support of his mother in her old "How could a boy whose teeth were taiting like a pair of castanets, and whose elbows were coming through the Saturday Evening Post, but he cleaned the streets and furnaces and the streets are furnaces and the streets and furnaces and the streets are carried Christmas trees. at present carried Christmas trees.

The day before Christmas as he

least this is what Jerry pretended.

Indeed, Jerry was always pretending

The day before Christmas as he 1-2-3-4-5-6 spell? (Five credits.)

As he neared a small shack in the went blithely singing on his homeward way, a wealthy, yet sad-looking man approached him.

"Boy," he said, as he gained Jerry's side, "how is it that I am rich and in wooden shoes instead of in stocking diving more recommunications."

2. In what country did the custom of having Christmas trees originate? (Five credits.)

3. In what country are toys placed in wooden shoes instead of in stocking man approached him. when, dining room are to be and you are poverty itself, yet ings? (Five credits.)

contented as the day is long? Can you tell me the secret of such happi-

"Why, why, I don't know," responded the astonished boy, "except that everybody should be happy on the day before Christmas, and if you do good and help other folks and 'do unto others as you would have others do unto you,' you should always be happy."

"Yes, my boy, that is true," the man smiled sadly. "But tell me about yourself and your ambitions."

And Jerry told him "as how he should love to be an author, only that he had to take care of his dear old THE LEGEND OF SANTA CLAUS—Continued mother and didn't have time to go to school like the other fellows."

> At the end of the little recital he turned his large, brown eyes to the man at his side.

"Jerry," he said, with an effort, "if a genii would come to you and say he would give you five wishes, what would you take?"

"Firstly, I'd get a new dress, a new shawl, a nice hat and a comfy chair for marm." His eyes sparkled with

"But, but something for yourself," interposed the man.

"I don't want anything except a nice ed: cation and a lot of nice books," said the boy slowly.

As they neared a church, the soft refrain of "Peace on earth, good will toward men" came to their ears. As the last phrase died on the wind, the young man said, "The good Lord helping me, I'll do it, for a man with thoughts only for others, will make a good and worthy statesman."

CAROLYN T. LOWMAN, aged 12, Lorraine Hotel, Philadelphia.

Do You Know This?

1. 1-3-6 spells fed, 2-4-6 spells red, 6-3-5-4 spells dine. What does

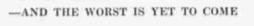


Blinker-I woke up last night with he feeling that my new strong that I got up to look Blinker-No, but it was going!



"Miss Flighty made all her money

The Gentler Sex She niways fires one with sweet thoughts."
"That's more than her father does!" -Punch Rowl.















who is singing.
Jinks Envy him! Why his is the
pourest voice I've ever heard!
Blinks It's not his voice I cavy, man.