THE BITTERNESS OF SWEETS

N Mr. Krug admired her triumph.

pa you're the goods when it comes a inife-and-fork dance. Dey won't to hash out of what you leave." rinced a little at this and flashed

you don't like my style you ain't pay for It. I got the price of the k right here."

ns was startled. "Gee, but you're mir-trigger kid! Why, I love to see sailop a plate. Dat other broad bavin' de show used to turn up nose at everything I bought her." a" said Sliver cannily, "you think s trainin' me to take her place on are and off, do you? Well, you betsange cars; we don't use them kind pafers on this line."

said it with such an ominous glare Krur was thrown into a panic. He tite. still young enough to think that he wemankind, But Sliver was not soman. She was a famished child. sat she had learned of love in the and in her family history had pohasized its attractions. She was endy for love and still had a child's it for its symptoms. Whatever the might develop her into, Sliver had other interests now than food, sucand sleep. She had had the first, new promised the second and she perately ready for the third.

s shook off Krug's further hospital-and went home alone. Her heavy would hardly lift her unusual weight be long stairs. Her last strength in the task of wrestling off her and folding up her pittul finery, soul, was saleep before her lean hands shed drawing the quilt about her

and ropy little throat.

Is journey to New Jersey was the
sense of an era of travel. New Jerand of an era of travel. New Jer-hathe eyes of Sliver, had always been nean country. She gave herself a food breakfast in New York, that might have pleasant memories of

hen the station at Paterson sue and other swallows lugged their heavy mass to a boarding house that was midd the worst even in Paterson. the station at Paterson she and the an hour in the theatre to test the as flew boarding houseward for an

others who had known better days. ath not always, made dismal faces at lood served by Mrs. Ablowitz. They felt "somepin" flerce." But Sliver was till, and she first flattered and slarmed Mrs. Ablowitz by her ty. A rate for the week had been of on, and Sliver determined to eat

but week was the birth of a new swallow when. She had food, food, food, three est away.

Brug great a smack of supper at a Krug great away.

such work! Such a thing to call to dress in pink tights and feathers at wig of dangling curis, to use stringly, set a rose of rouge in each set scarding and enlarge the wan lips. ste frely, set a rose of rouge in each left." She knew that she was growing the kardine and enlarge the wan lips, and surface the eyelashes desperately: more and more unpleasant to ber. Life was one long festival; her appetite grew almost lyrical. She kept candy in her was deared, to hover above the she of the admiring people and know without a thought of trouble in her world.

week for it, with feathers and railroad faras thrown in:

At her first matinee Sliver forgot most of her words, and the rest stuck in her parched throat. She could not keep step with the dancers, and when she was hotated into the air she lost her balance and hung head down kicking and sprawling till she was lowered.

This convulsed the small audience so completely that the house manager begged Bruni to keep it in. The old man was insulted at the suggestion. His birds were artists, not clowns. He expended so much temper on the manager that he had no wrath left for Sliver. But he explained to her that the sacrilege must not occur again and ordered Krug to give her a special rehearsal. On this account she could hardly refuse Krug's invitation to supper after the show. She was as hungry at 11:30 as sho bad been before dinner, and as Krug watched her his admiration was tempered with anxiety.

On the way home he carelessly alipped his arm about the forgot most of the first one on the left." She milatrusted her ears. She gulped her supper in haste and hurried to her room to study herself in the milet of her cheeks was convex now. Beneath her little pointed chin she had the hint of a second one. Her throat was full, her shoulders soft and padded. She had difficulty in unhooking her dress. Her arms were rolypoly; there was a swaidle of fat at her hips; her thighs were arched and her hips; her thighs were arched and her caives buldeed.

Sliver feit a knife of terror in her heart. She resolved that she needed more exceives. After breakfast she took a long walk. She tired quickly and her breath was sone an soon that she had to pause the first of the reason of the first of the first one of the first one of the first o

was tempered with anxiety.

On the way home he carclessly slipped his arm about her waist and withdrew it promptly minus four or five small pieces excavated by her ready nails. He was so startled that he apologized. The next evening he was permitted to feed her only on condition that he quit what she called his "damnonsense."

Swallows were kinder to net than to week past. This was alarming. Kruz resumed his old insolence and patronage. This was convincing.

He invited her to supper, and somehow what she wanted he said "Go easy on the heavy stuff, girlle. Take it from me, it's casier putting on

his "damnonsense."

This was the basest ingratitude in his eyes and the supper series ended. Lacking his support, she paid for her own suppers. In the mornings she bought herself beakers of fee cream seda, nut sundaes with maple syrup spread over, and boxes of "chorklut pep'munts."

At the end of the week she found that her wealth was not so elastic as her appetite. She had no money to pay the small bill for her laundry when the stage deer man brought it. She had nothing to pawn and she was forced to borrow from another swallow against pay day.

She did not dare buy herself a supper that night. She smiled invitingly at

She did not dare buy herself a sup-per that night. She smiled invitingly at Krug, but he was nursing a grudge and did not take the hint. She lay a while the mouse gnawed as of old.

dangerous elbow spikes were blunter.

His experienced arms tested her weight when the signal came to hoisi. Yes, she was heavier. And so was his heart. He approached her again with a supper invitation. She accepted graciously with a round checked smile that made him gasp. Her appetite was undiminished.

On the way home he said: On the way nome he said:
"Say, girlle, you're not so skinny as
you was, are you?"
"So the other goils was tellin' me,"
she said. "Yesterday I hadda let out
me skoit at the waist, and tonight I
left off me plumpers."

"You're sure one armful now," he said, and made bold to prove it. She gave him her chow in the solar plexus, and when he began breathing again he realized that she had not improved so much as he thought.

Sliver grew prettier as she grew plumper and Krug began to feel an awe of her, as if a little tight clenched bud were blooming into a young rose before him.

He began to plead humbly for her affection; he talked of the joys of marriage. Two of the swallows were married and one had left a child at her moth-But Sliver laughed him to scorn, was as fleet and airy-minded as a swallow when the mating season is farth-

Krug grew more lorn as she grew more g limch wagon after the even-twas over. | Justions in his sight. But he grew tire-some to her. His compliments bored her. She was getting them from all sides. She was overhearing people in the audience refer to her as "that pretty one on the left." She knew that she was growing

builtide of birds: And, strangest of Then one evening she heard two men in in he paid for this—to be paid \$12 a a stage box discussing the awallows. She

Sliver felt a knife of terror in her heart. She resolved that she needed more exercise. After breakfast she took a long walk. She tired quickly and her breath was gone an soon that she had to pause for an fee cream sods. She invested a penny in a weighing machine. Her 39 pounds were 115: The traditional limit of weight for a swallow was 100 pounds. That night she noticed that the other awallows were kinder to her than for a week past. This was alarming. Krus resumed his old insolence and patronage. This was convincing.

what she wanted he said

"Go easy on the heavy stuff, girlle.

Take it from me, it's casier putting on weight than pushin' it off."

She ate heavily to prove that he could not correce her with his advice. As they walked to her boarding house his arm slid round her what and she had a hard

out because she weighed in too heavy. I've saw more'n a dozen of youse livin' skeletons swell out into fat ladie, and then blow. I been doin' overtime histin' The fourth week found the swallows nested in Red Bank. The lonely Krug, was startled to realize how pretty she was. He had understood the secret of the curves in her nether members; they had been stitched in with results that might have bewildered an anatomist, But those pipestem bare arms of hers had grown actually round and full. Those dangerous elbow spikes were blunter.

Sliver slept on it that night, but she slept ill. Her brain was a paddock of nightmares; one of her recurrent torments was a vision of herself as a fat woman in a museum, a billowy, pillowy freak. She woke again and again

in cold sweats of horror.

She fell to work on all the exercises she could remember from the newspaper accounts of how to get thin. She bent stiff-kneed and touched the floor with the tips of her flugers till she grew dizzy and fell to the floor. Then, being there, she rolled herself along the carpet like a barrel till the people in the room below were awakened and alarmed and ran up to knock at the door and ask if she were hardness fight or a fill.

to knock at the door and ask if she were having a light or a fit.

She refused her breakfast and fled from the house, where the aroma of waffles seemed to have claws to clutch at her and hale her back. She walked and ran, sinking down to rest on packing cases or other sidewalk obstructions. She walked and walked till her feet outached her heart.

Her pain and her fatigue were almost Her pain and her fatigue were almost

mendurable. But quite unendurable was the thought of going back to the life she had left, back to grime and tehements and brawling parents and \$3 a week and somebody else to spend it.

She frightened herself away from bakers' windows by the remembrance of the past. She applied the herolam of a

bakers windows by the remembrance of her past. She achieved the herolam of a lunchless noon. She wore through the matinee with no sustenance but the juice of a lemon, and the very thought of it tied her into a knot.

tied her into a knot.

After the matines she did not go back to the boarding house. She told her fellow swallows that she "had a date out." Krug heard it and jealousy tormented him as hunger tormented Sliver. He vowed to temporize no longer. He searched for her, but his wanderings did not come across hers, and he found no chance to speak to her alone.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)



SCRAPPLE





Mary Ellen-No, he's not in, and he says he don't know when he'll he back The Official-Now just run along, missie, and tell 'im I sin't Lord Derby I've come about the gas account.

A Work of Art



He-Smythe tells me he is wedded to She-There, I always knew his wife

People We Haven't Had the Pleasure to Meet



The artist who heartily agrees with an editor that his drawing is bad.



"What's the difference "That's easy. A king reigns and a bartender pours!" Clergyman-Instead of spending your life wandering about the countryside and sleeping under hedges, why canyou act like a man and go out and



fight for your hearth and home?

THE PADDED CELL



MRS. A. TELLS MRS. B. WHAT A CAT IS MRS. C.



Curious conduct of Fritz Funkle-baum, the neutral "Swiss," on being awakened after the sermon from a



do you do, Johnny? How's your pig today? Johnny-Pretty well, How's your brother? thank you.

GOOD-NIGHT TALKS

Dear Children-The other day one of our members paid your editor a He promised to write us a story, but had not.

"I couldn't get started." he said. So we sat him in a chair and showed

you with your compositions.) First we had him make a "T." A beautiful letter, all nice straight lines. we asked him to think of a list of words beginning with "T." He

just how to write a story. (You must read this carefully, as it may

Your editor then asked: "The what?"

FARMER SMITH'S

"The cat and the dog had a fight," replied our young author. After that he had to stop.

"Close your eyes," suggested the editor. "There! There! See the cat the dog fighting. Close your eyes and try to see them fighting in the What are they fighting over?"

Our member closed his eyes and discovered that the cat and dog were ng over a bone.

The rest was easy. So, dear children, in order to write, you must SEE what you are writing ut. If you can't "get started" make a "T" or an "A."

Often one of the hardest things in life is to GET STARTED.

Wen't YOU write me some short stories? FARMER SMITH,

Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER.

P. S .- Oh, yes! write and tell me what YOU think became of the cat

FARMER SMITH, Children's Editor, Evening Ledger, Philadelphia, Pa. I wish to become a member of your Rainbow Club and agree to DO A LITTLE KINDNESS EACH AND EVERY DAY. SPREAD A LITTLE SUNSHINE ALL ALONG THE WAY.

Name Address Age School I attend.....

Our Postoffice Box

litle Sanford Smith sends in a very ar Grove Branch of the Rainbow and sing carols to the shut-ins. the same kind of a memory? don't some of the Philadelphia aborhood? Lots of people are to bless the Rainbow Club this

wants a little note in the postoffice box. Good evening, young man, we Christmas message from the liked your letter very much, and hope that you will write again. Wilbur "We are trying to do lots of Spencer says that he will always take We are sending some nice the greatest care of his Rainhow buta clothes and some playtoys to ton, and that he will always rememchildren in New York for Christ- ber the words - "Faith, Hope and We hope to go out Christmas Love." Won't everybody try to have out of this word, PREPAREDNESS?

> First in love. First in heart, The Rainbow Club!

First in mind,

Wilson, North 21st street, -Alfred Palmer, South Sth street.

Wanita and Kawasha (Continued)

Kawasha was half-way through the tangled vines by the time she reached the opening, and there was nothing to do but to follow him into the mysterious hollow. "I can't see! I



RAINBOW CLUB

frightened voice, her teeth chattering with the sudden cold. "What's that noise, Kawasha?" The little girl was half crying now.

can't see!" she ex-

claimed in a

"It is I, little sister," Kawasha's voice sounded very spooky, "I'm rubbing the flint stones to start the fire." As if in answer to her question, sparks began to fly and, in half a minute, Kawasha had made the dry leaves into a flaming heap. "Quick, the wood, Wanita!" he cried. "Throw it on the ground."

Wanita did as she was bade, and soon a smoldering fire was warming the cave and giving enough of light to enable the children to see into its mystic depths.

"Come on," whispered Kawasha, "let's explore way back there." He pointed to a hall-like passage at the far end of the cave. They tiptoed carefully in that direction, their echoing footsteps sounded very hollow. Wanita longed for her safe little wigwami

Suddenly Kawasha stumbled. He tried to get up, but the minute that he tried to move the pain was so great that he was obliged to fall back in a little heap.

"Kawasha, what shall we ever do?" cried Wanita. Just at that minute she spied the flames of their little fire spreading all over the cave!

(Five credits.)

(Fig.

(Continued Friday, December 31.) Do You Know This? 1. How many words can you make 2. "Between the dark and the daylight." This is the first line of a beaut' I poem. Who is the author? espect does the year (Five credits.)

The Long Arm

A stutterer in a restaurant said to "B-bring me a p-p-plate of b-b-beef." The walter, who also stuttered, an-

"W-we're out of b-b-beef, sir." The guest, thinking he was being mocked, rushed at the waiter to knock him down; but another patron interposed, hurriedly:

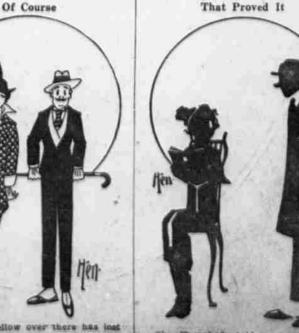
"D-don't hit him." he said. "He's not m-m-mocking you. He s-stutters the same as I d-d-did before I was c-c-cured.'

-AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME





"THE PERSUADING OF TINO."



Both married other men.