

THE BITTERNESS OF SWEETS

By RUPERT HUGHES

week for it, with feathers and railroad fares thrown in! At her first matinee Silver 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 hoisted into the air she lost her balance and hung head down kicking and sprawling till she was lowered.

heard herself referred to as "the fat one on the left." She mistrusted her ears. She gulped her supper in haste and hurried to her room to study herself in the mirror. The conceals of her cheeks were 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 unbuttoning her dress. Her arms were rotund; there was a swaddle of fat at her hips; her thighs were arched and her calves bulged.

Mr. Krug admired her triumph. He said: "You're the goods when it comes to the half-and-half dance. They won't be a hash out of what you leave." "I don't like my style you ain't pay for it. I got the price of the right here."

SCRAPPLE

A MISAPPREHENSION



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

THE PADDED CELL



A Work of Art



He—Smythe tells me he is wedded to art. She—There, I always knew his wife made up.

His Roof the Open Sky



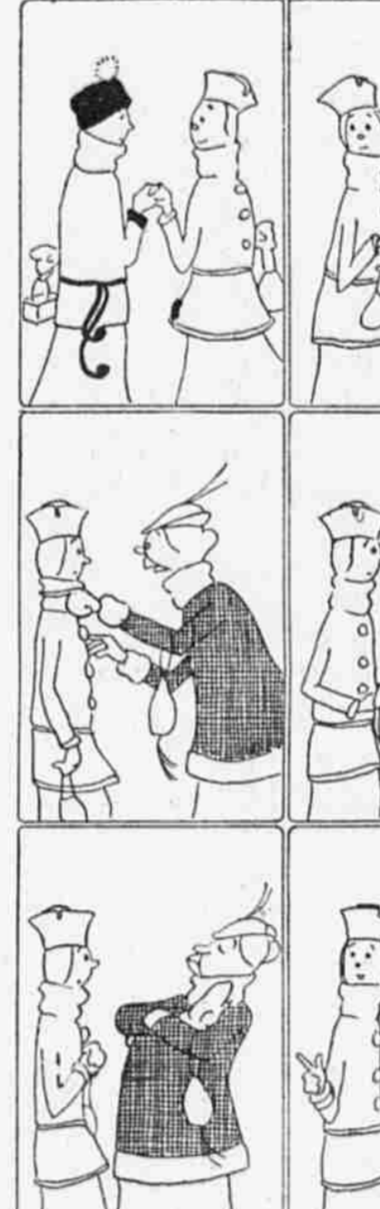
Clergyman—Instead of spending your life wandering about the countryside and sleeping under hedges, why can't you act like a man and go out and fight for your hearth and home?

People We Haven't Had the Pleasure to Meet

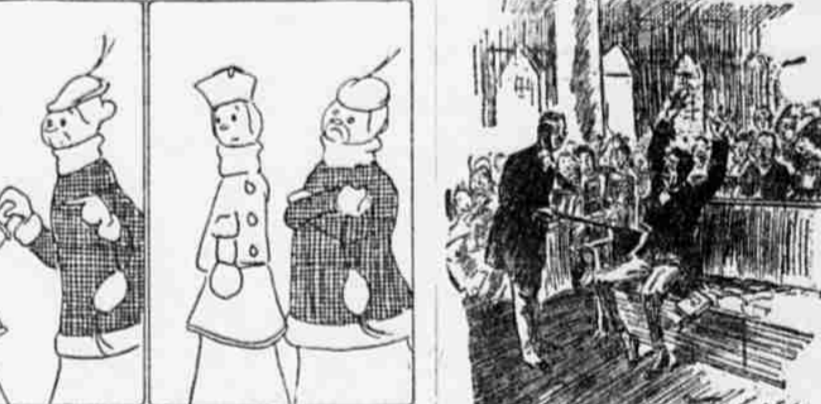


The artist who heartily agrees with an editor that his drawing is bad.

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



Troubles of a Neutral



Curious conduct of Fritz Funklebaum, the neutral 'Swiss,' on being awakened after the sermon from a dream of the trenches.

Exchange of Greetings



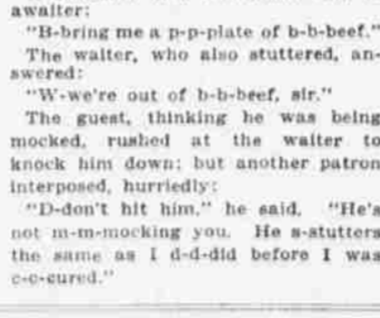
Farmer—How do you do, Johnny? How's your pig today? Johnny—Pretty well, thank you. How's your brother?

Sure



What's the difference between a king and a bartender? That's easy. A king reigns and a bartender pours!

The Long Arm



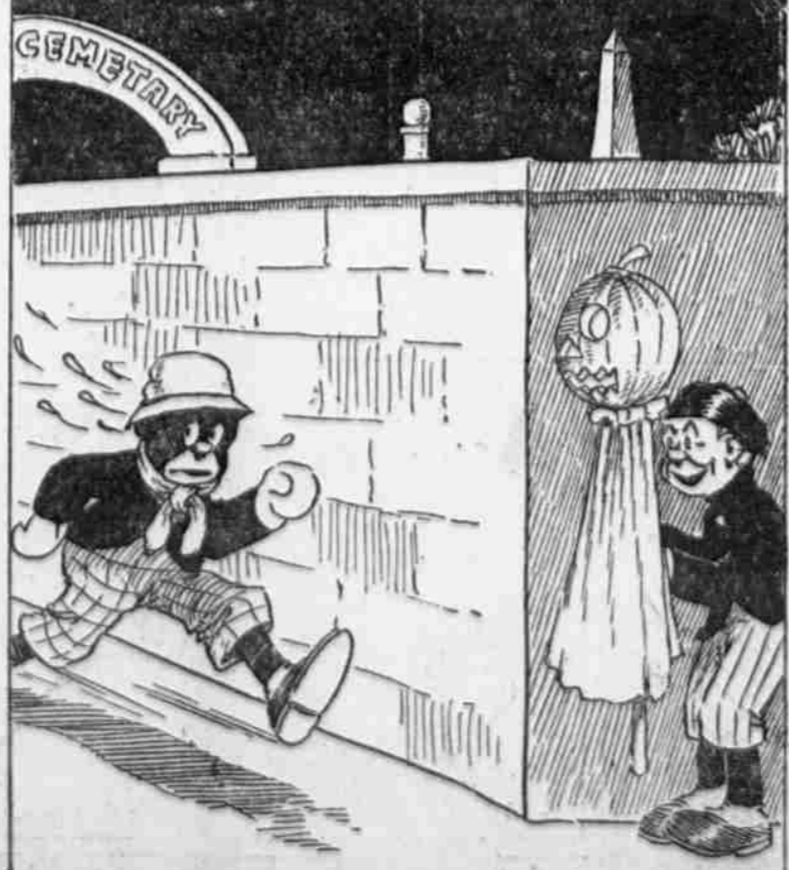
A stutterer in a restaurant said to a waiter: "B-bring me a p-p-plate of b-b-beef." The waiter, who also stuttered, answered: "W-we're out of b-b-beef, sir." The guest, thinking he was being mocked, rushed at the waiter to knock him down; but another patron interposed, hurriedly: "D-don't hit him," he said. "He's not m-m-mocking you. He s-stutters the same as I d-d-did before I was c-c-cured."

THE MODERN HOMER



—Push.

—AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME



—W. Wellington

Of Course



He—That fellow over there has lost two fortunes. She—I see. Both married other men. He—Yes, and they were dead right!

Do You Know This?

1. How many words can you make out of this word, PREPAREDNESS? (Five credits.) 2. "Between the dark and the daylight." This is the first line of a beautiful poem. Who is the author? (Five credits.)

FARMER SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB

GOOD-NIGHT TALKS

Dear Children—The other day one of our members paid your editor a visit. 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 him just how to write a story. (You must read this carefully, as it may help you with your compositions.)

Wanita and Kawasha

Wanita 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 can't see!" she exclaimed in a frightened voice, her teeth chattering with the sudden cold. "What's that noise, Kawasha?" The little girl was half crying now. "It is I, little sister," Kawasha's voice sounded very spooky, "I'm rubbing the flint stones to start the fire."

Our Postoffice Box

Little Sanford Smith sends in a very nice Christmas message from the Grove Branch of the Rainbow Club. We are trying to do lots of nice things for the children in New York for Christmas. We hope to go out Christmas carols and sing carols to the shut-ins. We don't want some of the Philadelphia boys to do it, too, just in their own neighborhood? Lots of people are writing to bless the Rainbow Club this year. Wilson, North 21st street,

Alfred Palmer, South 5th street.

FARMER SMITH'S

GOOD-NIGHT TALKS

Dear Children—The other day one of our members paid your editor a visit. 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 him just how to write a story. (You must read this carefully, as it may help you with your compositions.)

FARMER SMITH'S

Dear Children—The other day one of our members paid your editor a visit. 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 him just how to write a story. (You must read this carefully, as it may help you with your compositions.)

Our Postoffice Box

Little Sanford Smith sends in a very nice Christmas message from the Grove Branch of the Rainbow Club. We are trying to do lots of nice things for the children in New York for Christmas. We hope to go out Christmas carols and sing carols to the shut-ins. We don't want some of the Philadelphia boys to do it, too, just in their own neighborhood? Lots of people are writing to bless the Rainbow Club this year. Wilson, North 21st street,