## THE BITTERNESS OF SWEETS

By RUPERT HUGHES

WHEN she got back to the stage door Wher feet were heavy, but her head as light. Outside a cigar store, near the leading to the stage door, there ad a weighing machine. Sliver did not w that those whimsical devices vary that these whimsical devices vary sel only from one another, but from the sales also. All she knew was that it same solemn dial that yesterday required her weight as 115 pounds, now, after a night and day, and fasting and serimage, proclaimed her weight at 117. Se crept down the black alley of design and her knees were hardly able to the her to her dressing room; her fines gair and her knees were hardly able to best her to her dressing room; her fing in hardly managed to doff her street sees and don her plumage. She topped down the stairs just in time for her tor, and she was so pale that Krug forter to trouble her as he snapped the box on her best.

bok on her bott.
The curtain rose and the plane reared
and the swallows began to sing and
ance. Sliver strove to do her part, but ince. Sliver strove to do her part, but the foor writhed and the walls wiggled at the audience eddled. She heard the attrawallows upbraiding her. She felt that the audience was laughing at her, the the audience was laughing at her, especting her sobriety. To be accused that! Her desperate little mind fought chail Her desperate little mind fought with the mutinous, unpaid and unfed trops of her nerves and fought in vain. The audience was openly ridiculing her, and a few women were whooping and peking with laughter. Bruni was darging back from the front of the suss when the audience suddenly maked its noise. Silver collapsed; her whis gave way one by one from her takes up, and she lay outspread on the sign, a pitiful, broken-winged bird. The other swallows stared, then moved user aid. But just at that moment the carrived for their flight. The men at the wires had seen nothing of what had happened and they bent to their task. The advancing swallows felt themselves druged backward irresistibly, then up

the advancing swallows left themselves the sackward irresistibly, then up they went into the air.

And Sliver was lifted too. Still asswoon and all limp, she was gathered up like a lay figure and carried high, hanging scaled downward from the walst, her these lands here hands. had against her knees and her hands

and against her knees and her hands apping against her feet. The stage manager ran the curtain down just as Bruni reached the scene. He was horrified at the interruption to

FARMER SMITH'S

audience that the swallow was all right tomorrow and the leddles and jontlamen need not be alarmed. He backed off into the curtain wire and bowed himself slowly through a narrow crevice. The and calling into the dark, "I'll get you curtain went up and the engagement ex-traordinary went on.

She woke to see Kriig staring down at her with more tenderness than she had thought him capable of. She expected no consideration at all from Mr. Bruni, whose show she had spoiled. But he was all a flutter and proffered her a flask of brandy.

Sliver pushed it away. She was atraid Silver pushed it away. She was afraid of liquor, and she dreaded the thought of its effect on her wits after her prolonged starvation. Brumi did not urge the point, but advised her to go home as soon as she could change her ciothes. She made haste to get away from the theatre before the other swallows came off the stage to bombard her with questions. As she undressed and redressed her hunger came back over her in gusta

of the stage to undressed and redressed tions. As she undressed and redressed her hunger came back over her in gusts of emotional intensity. She could have snawed the scap. The rabbit's foot in her make-up box tempted her.

She darted down the stairs and out of the stage door as the swallows hopped

She darted down the stairs and out of the stage door as the swallows hopped from the stage. Krug caught up with her and took her well-filled sleeve. He suspected the cause of her distress; his

ifrat word was an irresistible plea:
"Looky year, kiddo, what you need ain't no medicine or no booze. Plain food and lots of it is what you want. Am I ben?"

"Yep," she sighed. And he steered her into a restaurant over whose door hung one electric word, a gleaming imperative

And she ate. Between the exorbitant demands of her irate stomach and the tactful insinuations of her extravagant suitor her wisdom had the minority vote. Krug did not seek to lure Silver with cocktails or liquors. He did not hint at that ultimate East Side prodigality known as "opening wine." He did not offer jewels or fine clothes or a life of case.

He offered her a life of seek and the control of emands of her trate stomach and the

ease.

He offered her a life of work and plenty of food. He plied her with subtle soup, with fat pork chops and fried potatoes, with more of the same, with glasses of half and half (half milk and half cream), with jellies and with comfits, and finally for a climax he set before her that last word in fatteness, apple nie with less than the set of the word in fatteners, apple ple with ice

cream on it.

And she fell for it. He murmured to her gallantly that he didn't mind how heavy she got. He'd put on a double wire, if necessary, and a block and tackle big enough to holst a safe. If only she'd treat him white, he'd go into de bakery business.

But Silver wanted to be a swallow, A little later she could cut down her commissary, but food was as much of a heavenly novelty to her starved body as the art life was to her starved soul. She promised to be good to Krug if he would be good to her.

down just as Bruni reached the scene. He was horrified at the interruption to his sacred rites, but his heart melted at the sight of Sliver. Always a showman first, he ordered the rest of his flock to stand by to continue and taking Sliver in his arms as she was lowered to the stage. There was a moon leering down at them as they left the restaurant; a well-fed moon, like a great ple in the sky. A sense of luxurious well being filled Sliver's heart and she thought kindly even of Krug. Until they reached a heavily timbered street, where the walk led through a subway of gloom. And there he took his bargain into his arms and crushed her against him with gorilla violence, and pressed in the scene. violence, and pressed back her head and took the kiss she lad promised him. And more than one, with increasing ferocity. He turned her over to Krug, who more than one, with increasing ferocity.

Little that to the footlights to explain to the and wrenched away, and took four strips

and calling into the dark, "I'll get you for this! You'll see I'll get you!" Silver did not stop running till she reached her boarding house and locked herself up in her room. There she broke down in a storm of tears.

down in a storm of tears.

She felt no remorse for her broken piedge; it was good to dupe the devil; there could be no perjury with the prince of evil. She vowed that she would not belong to Krug, though his master himself came down the chimney breathing fire. Rather than that, she would leave the flock. Rather than belong to a man whose touch she hated she would go back to the freedom of her old life. Whatever its faults, it left her free at least. Plainly she was not meant to be a swallow. The others ate and ate and grew only the thinner for it. But if she touched so much as a pudding it went straight to her cheeks. Heaven evidently meant her to be fat, and she would yield to heaven. In this grim resolve she fell asleep and

In this grim resolve she fell asleep and dreamed herself a hungry cash girl again. When she woke up the cash girl fled, but the hunger remained. She was the first one in the dining room, and she ate as if she were condemned to execution and this her final breakfast upon earth. She left the house for exercise and passed a billboard where the flight of Brunl's birds was lithographed with more imagination than skill. But this critic was no better than the artist, and Sliver felt a great sorrow in her heart at giving the heart as giving up her wings.

Grief depressed her so utterly that she sought negenthe in the only stimulant that gave her respite. She entered a bakery and bought lavishly. She came forth carrying a large paper sack bulging with kickshaws.

She hurried home like a robber with a She hurried home like a robber with a bag of swag. As she ran up the steps of the boarding house and darted through the door she collided with Mr. Bruni. At the sight of him she was overcome with guilt and shame and remorse. She flung herself into his arms and embraced as much of him as she could encompass.

Amazed by the onslaught and the outburst, he led her into the empty parlor, sottled her in a chair, sat down by her and asked:

"Leetle keed, you are seek? Tou have

and asked:

"Lectle keed, you are seek? Tou have bad news from home? Huh?"

"It's meself I've bad news from."

Sliver whimpered, and with that beginning told him all; poured out the little history of her saccharine past, showed how the balefult habit of food had fastened its tentacles upon her, till now she was lost beyond redemption. She confessed that the cause of her swoon was dessed that the cause of her swoon was a useless effort to starve herself into shape. But she said never a word of Krug, his influence or her compact with him or his threat against her. She turned in a soppy resignation punctuated with

Poor, fat, old Bruni, who had a smile for almost everything, did not smile at this tragedy; he did not make fun of Sliver or minimize her torment. He had gone through the same conflict and lost. There was no excuse she could have given that could have made so straight for his heart. He took Sliver's dimpled hand into the cushions of his and spoke with as much sincerity as if he were con-soling and counselling a repentent Mag-dalene.

(CONTINUED MONDAY.)

Peter Hunt's arms and early Christmas morning, close to the Santa Claus

daddy's heart he learned that instead

of being on his way to an "orfant asilum," he was traveling to a really

Honor Roll

For Week Ending December 11.

Anna Heaney, N. 27th st. Martha Barr, N. 27th st.

George Tanguay, Arch st. Martha Atkinson, Colwyn, Pa.

Ethel Denkhaus, Colwyn, Pa.

William Blumenstein, S. 13th st. Walter Kelley, Jr., Folcroft, Pa. Mary O'Neill, Germantown ave.

Helen Bowden, Colwyn, Pa. Otto Kaufman, Butler st.

RAINBOW CLUB

true forever home!



## SCRAPPLE

THE PADDED CELL



DAMNING PROOF

"Call yerself a respectable woman! Well, if yer 'usband's at the front, did yer git yer black eye?"

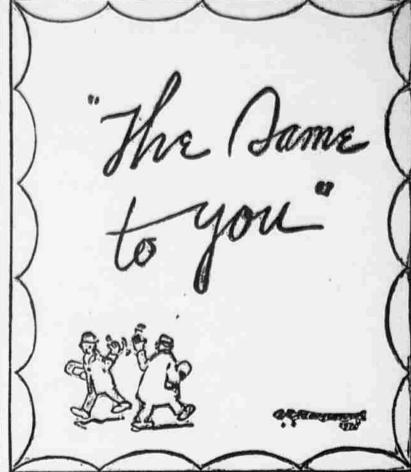
Not After His Father

"Our baby says awfully clever things."
"Huh. He must take after his mother

Great Bliss



Russian lad studying prenunciation of native strongholds,



DID IT EVER HAPPEN TO YOU?











First Suffragette-I suppose your daughter is happily married? Second Ditto-Indeed she is. Why, her husband is actually afraid to open



Starting Out Right



WIFIE PRACTICES WAR ECONOMY



of the Christmas Tree -Once out of midnight sweet with

mystery
The wonder of all wonders came to be;
So shall the dawn a maryel make of me. For when in all my beauty I am born in the lirst glimmer of the Aristmas morn. Angels of innocence in mortal guise Shall look upon me with their faith-big

And, looking, see
A greater thing in me
Than the bare figure of a tree.
Dehold in every limb
I thrill with praise of Him For whom I stand in memory.

Do You Know This? Tam Daly 1. How many words can you form from this word - RESOLUTION? (Five credits.)

2. What is it that lives as long as the world itself and yet is never five weeks old? (Five credits.) 3. 5-2-4 spells hat, 3-1 spells if What does 1-2-3-4-5 spell?

The names of those who joined the Rainbow Club this week will be found Dickie spent the rest of the night in on page 7. Is your name there?



Doctor-Now, Mrs. Jones, you must have a complete rest; I hope you are not doing any work at home? Mrs. Jones-No, sir; my daughters won't let me do a thing. I tell 'em I'm



Bride-Why do ing that umbrella?

Groom—For purposes of domestic economy. I'm going to turn it upside down and catch enough rice to last us several weeks.













## A SANTA CLAUS DADDY

mas Eve! Peter Hunt, 30 years old and alone in the world, sat up in his white hills. The strange part of it asleep again. was that he didn't care. He had deliberately decided to spend Christmas Eve on the train because he was lone-

A queer idea you will say, but it was better perhaps than looking longingly on other folks' happiness when you haven't any to call your very own.

The snow-clad country looked very tempting and Mr. Peter decided to go out and explore. Five minutes later, hurriedly dressed and enveloped in a auge overcoat, he ventured forth into the icy night. Somehow the bleak cold seemed to add to his lonesomeness, so he walked close to the cars for the sake of human company.

Peter looked up at the windows. Here and there a dim light shone. Peter stopped suddenly. What was that strange dark object hanging from the car window? He reached up and grasped it. A lump rose in his throat -it was a small black stocking with a little note pinned to the toe! The man opened it carefully and this is what he read:

"Dere Santy Clase-I am a little boy, 7 yeres old with no mother or daddy. I am on the way to a orfant asilum in care of the conductor. I don't lik to go to a orfant asilum, so Plese brin me a mother or a daddy, i want that more than toys. Love from Dickie Jones.

Peter stood very still for a moment. 22 looked at the worn little stocking and then, as though acting on a sudden plan, he rushed into the day coach and spoke a few hurried words to the Borter. At the third seat he stopped. tere all alone and sound askeep lay s small boy, his head resting on the

It was true! The Great Western | hardwood window sill. Peter bent Flyer was snowbound and on Christ- over him; the little lad awoke. "Santy," he murmured sleepily as he looked up at the kindly gray eyes, "I berth and looked out at the silver just knew you'd do it!" Then he fell

Our Postoffice Box The Rainbow postoffice box has a very distinguished message tonight!

> THE WHITE HOUSE WASHINGTON

This letter is a reply to the telegram of love and congratulation sent by the

Rainbow Club to the President and Mrs. Wilson on their wedding day:

Personal

December 20, 1915

Dear children:

The President and Mrs. Wilson genuinely appreciate the kind message which they received from you on their wedding day, and they have asked me to convey to you an expression of their warmest thanks for your congratulations and good wishes,

Sincerely yours,

Secretary to the President

The Children of the Rainbow Club, The Evening Ledger, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, -AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME