

THE BITTERNESS OF SWEETS

By RUPERT HUGHES

Little Mollie Flanagan, known as Silver, was a slender, well-proportioned girl, with a face that was a study in contrasts. Her eyes were a deep, dark blue, and her hair was a rich, dark brown. She was a natural beauty, and her smile was a thing to behold. She had a way of looking at you that made you feel that you were being seen, really seen. She was a girl who had a certain something about her, a certain quality that made her stand out from the crowd. She was a girl who was not afraid to be different, and she was a girl who was not afraid to be herself. She was a girl who was a study in contrasts, and she was a girl who was a thing to behold. She was a girl who had a way of looking at you that made you feel that you were being seen, really seen. She was a girl who was not afraid to be different, and she was a girl who was not afraid to be herself. She was a girl who was a study in contrasts, and she was a girl who was a thing to behold.

audience that the swallow was all right tomorrow and the ladies and gentlemen need not be alarmed. He backed off into the curtain wire and bowed himself slowly through a narrow crevice. The curtain went up and the engagement extraordinary went on. She woke to see Krug 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. Bruni pushed it away. She was afraid of liquor, and she dreaded the thought of its effect on her with after her prolonged starvation. Bruni did not urge the point, but advised her to go home as soon as she could change her clothes. 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 gusts of emotional intensity. She could have gnawed the soap. 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 from the stage. Krug caught up with her and took her well-filled sleeve. He suspected the cause of her distress; his first 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 hep?" "Yes," she sighed. And he steered her into a restaurant over whose door hung one electric word, a gleaming imperative "EAT IT."

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 ease. He offered her a life of work and plenty of food. He piled 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 combs, and finally for a climax he set before her that last word in fatteners, apple pie 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 hoist 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. There was a moon leering down at them as they left the restaurant; a well-fed moon, like a great pie in the sky. A sense of luxurious well-being filled Silver'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 back her head and took the kiss she had promised him. And more than one, with increasing ferocity. Until she smothered and fought him and wrenched away, and took four strips

FARMER SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB

Songs of the Christmas Tree - Once out of midnight sweet with mystery The wonder of all wonders came to be; So shall the dawn a marvel make of me. For when in all my beauty I am born In the first glimmer of the Christmas morn, Angels of innocence in mortal guise Shall look upon me with their faith-big eyes; And, looking, see A greater thing in me Than the bare figure of a tree. Behold in every limb I thrill with praise of Him For whom I stand in memory. - Tom Daly

A SANTA CLAUS DADDY - It was true! The Great Western Flyer was snowbound and on Christmas Eve! Peter Hunt, 30 years old and alone in the world, sat up in his berth and looked out at the silver white hills. The strange part of it was that he didn't care. He had deliberately decided to spend Christmas Eve on the train because he was lonesome. 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 huge 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: "Here Santy Clause—I am a little boy, 7 years old with no mother or daddy. I am on the way to an orphan asylum in care of the conductor. I don't like to go to an orphan asylum, so please bring me a mother or a daddy, I want that more than toys. Love from Dickie Jones." Peter stood very still for a moment. He 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 porter. At the third seat he stopped. There all alone and sound asleep lay a small boy, his head resting on the

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 "orphan asylum," he was traveling to a really true forever home! 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 Denkhous, Colwyn, Pa. Helen Bowden, Colwyn, Pa. Otto Kaufman, Butler st. William Blumenstein, S. 13th st. Walter Kelley, Jr., Folcroft, Pa. Mary O'Neill, Germantown ave. Do You Know This? 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 on page 7. Is your name there? Our Postoffice Box The Rainbow postoffice box has a very distinguished message tonight! 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: THE WHITE HOUSE WASHINGTON 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.

SCRAPPLE



DAMNING PROOF - "Call yourself a respectable woman! Well, if yer husband's at the front, 'ow did yer git yer black eye?"



Not After His Father - "Our baby says awfully clever things." "Huh. He must take after his mother then."



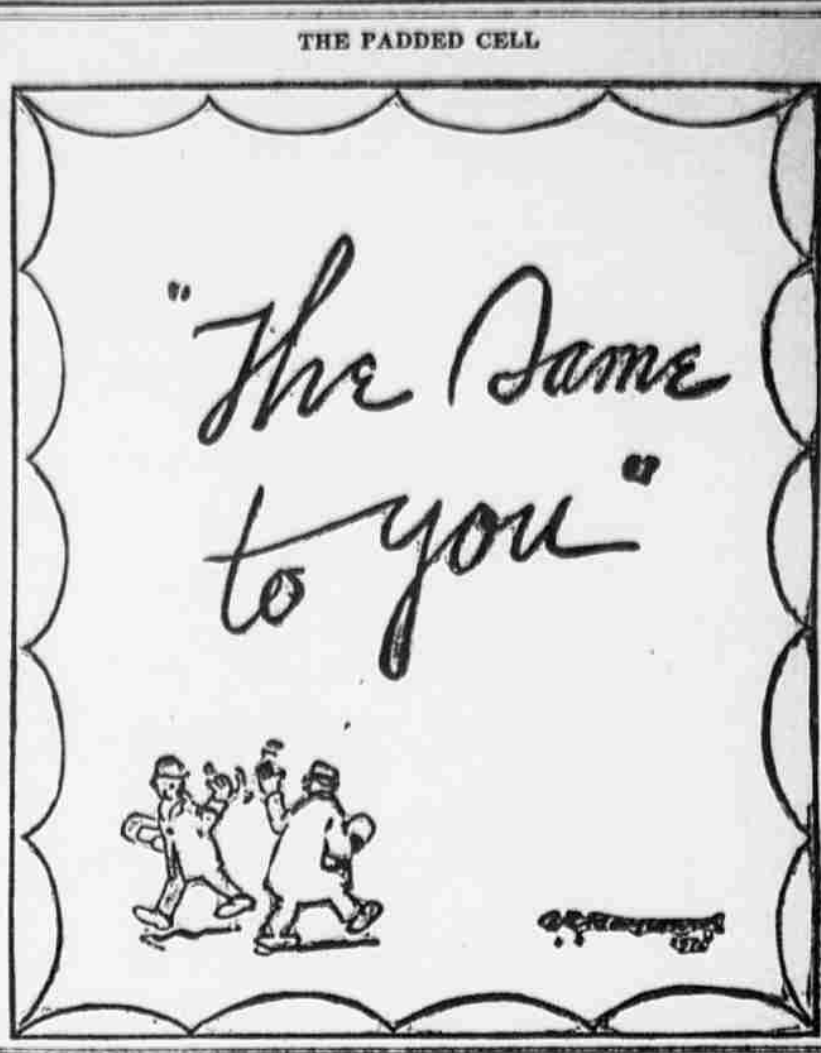
Great Bliss - First Suffragette—I suppose your daughter is happily married? Second Ditto—Indeed she is. Why, her husband is actually afraid to open his mouth in her presence.



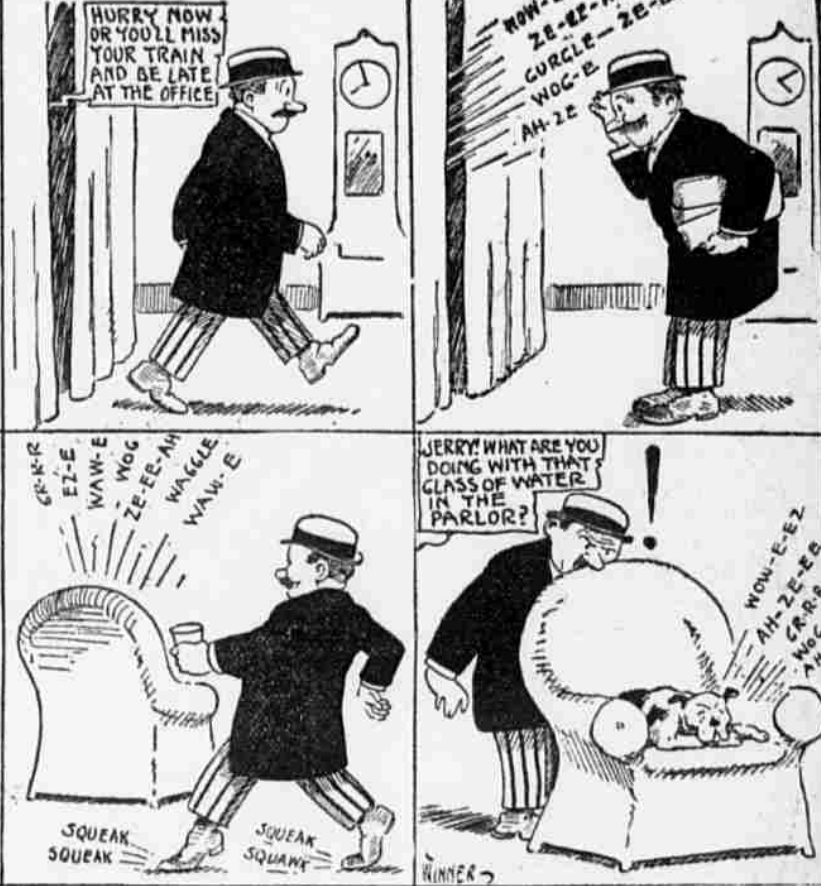
The Rest Cure - Doctor—Now, Mrs. Jones, you must have a complete rest; I hope you are not doing any work at home? Mrs. Jones—No, sir; my daughters won't let me do a thing. I tell 'em I'm nothing but an ornament.



—AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME



THE PADDED CELL - "The Same to you"



DID IT EVER HAPPEN TO YOU? - HURRY NOW, OR YOU'LL MISS YOUR TRAIN AND BE LATE AT THE OFFICE. LARRY WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THAT CLASS OF WATER IN THE PARLOR?



WIFIE PRACTICES WAR ECONOMY - THE PRIME MINISTER SAYS IT IS STRICTLY NECESSARY TO PRACTISE ECONOMY DURING WAR TIME. I COULDN'T MISS SUCH A BARGAIN. GREAT SALE. WERE NOW OFFERING IT FOR 50% OFF. WORTH \$200. SUCH AN OPPORTUNITY FOR A BARGAIN. I'VE SAVED \$183 FOR YOU TO DAY, DEAR.



Had Seen the Cow - Cheapest Way - Mrs. Holditt—Dr. Kurum All says I must spend at least six weeks in Europe. What shall I do? Mr. Holditt—Get another doctor.