SUNNY DUCROW By HENRY ST. JOHN COOPER

THIS STARTS THE STORY
Elizabeth Ann Ducrow, usually
known as "Sunny," who works in a
pickle factory, but has aspirations for
something better. She confides to Bert
Jackson, who also works in the pickle
factory, that she intends to ride in a
motorcar some day. Sunny lives in a
dirty, narrow street, the only home
she has ever known, with her aunt, an
irresponsible person who looks on
the dark side of everything, the opposite of Sunny, Sunny and Bert decide
to have a day in the country, but
locking the funds, they sing on the
street for pennies and are arrested by
size of side of the said to Sunny,
AND HERE IT CONTINUES THIS STARTS THE STORY

AND HERE IT CONTINUES CHAPTER II

At the Foot of the Ladder THE police-court magistrate frowned.

"Application of Miss Leslie Montressor for a license to permit two children to appear in a revue at the Park Music Hall."

The magistrate pursed up his lips. "I on't know." he said; "I don't know at il!" He looked at the applicant over his

She was a tall, very beautiful woman, with shining golden hair; not quite a young woman, perhaps, yet a remarkably handsome woman. The magistrate was a kindly looking man.

"I do not care for this sort of thing. What is the age of these children?" "One is nine and the other cleven,

how." Miss Montressor asked.
"I don't know; I ain't thought about
it yet. When I get a big house and five
servants and a motorear, I'll reckon I've
done all right. Till then..." Sunny
paused..." Mearly going to slog in."
Bert grunted.
"Nearly got put away for singing in
the streets; that's how she slogs in." he
muttered. "Too young, too young; far too young!" He shook his head. "Well, well!" He paused, "I'll consider, I'l think it over. Wait. I'll take the next

Miss Montressor bowed.

case."

Miss Montressor bowed.

"I am to wait?" she inquired.

"Yes," he said, "wait. I don't care for this child-performing business at all but I'll see. I've no wish to be unjust. Next case."

Miss Montressor stepped out of the witness box.

"Mass Montressor stepped out of the witness box."

"Dear, dear!" the magistrate said. "But the cop adult come along all right; Hert said. "You've got to take risks in the world. Why, we made eightponce inside the minuters, we'd have been done inside half an hour if that cop 'adult come along all right; Hert said. "You've got to take risks in the world. Why, we made eightponce inside the minuters, we'd have been done inside half an hour if that cop 'adult come along all right; Hert said. "You've got to take risks in the world. Why, we made eightponce inside the muttered." We'll, it was an idea, anyhow." Sunny said said, "You've got to take risks in the world. Why, we made eightponce inside the muttered. "We'll, it was an idea, anyhow." Sunny said said, "You've got to take risks in the muttered. "We'll, it was an idea, anyhow." Sunny said said, "You've got to take risking the muttered. "We'll, it was an idea, anyhow." Sunny said said, "You've got to take risking the muttered. "We'll, it was an idea, anyhow." Sunny said said, "You've got to take risking the mutter, we'll the world. Why, we made eightponce inside ther the wild. "You've got to take risking the mutter, we'll it was an idea, anyhow." Sunny said said, "You've got to take risking the mutter, we'll it we'll, it was an idea, anyhow." Sunny said said, "You'll you like to go to to take risking and if that cop 'adult come along anyou rever thought of the right was anyou are said. "You wou day ou the ver thought of the said." "Now you are yes fashed, but she said." "You bould you like to go on the stage." "You look, older—no younger; at east." "Will be we'll lead to go on the stage." "You look, older—no you are 's su

"Testerday morning; it was about twelve," he said.

"Oh, was it?" Sunny leaned over the elge of the dock. "Was it? What about me being in Johnson's pickle factory then?" She turned to the magistrate. "Don't you believe a word he says, alt; it's not true. Me and Bert work at Johnson's pickle factory. I've been there there years. Bert's been there nearly four We're there all day long, so how could 'e ave seen us?"

"You were singing in the streets last night." the magistrate said.

Sunny nodded She smiled at him, and for the life of him the old gentles man could scarcely repress a smile in resum.

"It was like this," she said in a constitution."

"It was like this," she said in a constitution." I she was like this, she said in a constitution. "Me and Bert is chums. Where I go." lesterday morning; it was about

man could scarcely repress a smile in return.

"It was like thin," she said in a confidential tone. She leaned toward him Me and Bert wanted to go to Hampton Court. I asked my aunt to let me keep a shilling of my money, but she wouldn't Bert's father wouldn't let him have none of his either. So we had to get money tomehow to pay our fares, and I thought if I sang in the streets I might get enough I never done it before, and what that fat policeman says isn't true How could we be beggin' in the streets then we're working in Johnson's please.

Sminted. "I think you could come alone. Sunny shook her head.

"We and Bert is chums. Where I go he good shift of the comes with me, or I don't come."

"Very well." Miss Montresor said briefly. "Fring Bert." She rose to pay the bill. "Tomorrow at 2, Sunny," she said.

"Right you are!" Sunny said.

CHAPTER III

The Start.

"Me and Bert is chums. Where I go he good a series of the bill. "Tomorrow at 2, Sunny," she said.

"Right you are!" Sunny said.

intory." Ask yourself! Sunny ansisted "How could we be in two places at onec? He said we were in the streets lorgin' at twelve yesterday. Why we were at the pickle factory! I was chapping up the cauliflowers for the pickallit, was, and Bert was in the boiling-room. I always makes 'in sick the smell of vinegar. Don't it. Bert.

"Yes." he said.

"Of course." Sunny admitted, "I spose we didn't ought to have sung in the streets, only there was no harm in it, was there? We wanted to go to Hampton Court. Bert's been queer in his insides for days; it's the smell of the vinegar and.

"Silence!" some one said.

"My spinion is that it is taicnt—real talent. The girl is absolutely natural. It was ns good as a sketch to see and hear he can with the man side with the manistrate; it took the wind out of the old fellow's sails completely. She is positively refreshing. Max.

"Well you ought to know, I suppose," the man said. "Who is she?"

"A little girl from a slum, who works in a pickle factory and has ambitions."

Miss Montressor said.

"She'll want training, then "Training would spoil her; you want her as she is. She's a natural artist, and she has the most beautiful hair I ever saw."

The man smiled. He was thick-get,

"Of course," Sunny admitted, "I space be didn't ought to have sung in the streets, only there was no harm in it, was there? We wanted to go to Hampton Court. Bert's been queer in his insides for days, it's the smell of the vinegar and—"

"Stlence!" some one said.

Sunny looked around indignantly.

"I'm telling the old gentleman," she said. "Ne want to know. You do want to know, don't you, sir".

"Yes," he said. "So you work in a pickle factory."

Johnson's in Cutway street. Horcugh." she said. "You call down there first time you're passing and ask to see first time you're passing and have not to "I don't often make mistakes." Miss Montressor said. "You remember I found till y Birch."

"I don't often make mistakes." Miss Montressor said. "You remember I found till y Birch."

"I don't often make mistakes." Miss Montressor said. "Thought the law to sing in the streets." he said severely. "You must not do it again."

"Not if you say we're not to." Sunny said.

"Very well. On that understanding "She dances nicely and she's got a prefix of the risk of the rest she's a look."

"This girl heats her hollow." Miss Montressor said. "There's money in her May you must not do it again."

"She dances nicely and bas anabitions."

"Training would spoil her; you want the massing to be a said in the massing to the most beautiful hair I ever saw."

"The man smitted. He was thick-get, sallow-faced and stout There was some-remained. He massing the hat he always bad tucked in a corner of a large and expensive the new to prove the provide the she was a

severiely, "You must not do it again."
Not if you say we're not to." Sunny said
"Very well. On that understanding you can go. The charge is disminsed. Next case."
Sunny lingered. She felt she would have liked to have a longer that with the pleasant old gentleman.

You can go. The charge is dispulsed.

Next case."

Sunny lingered. She felt she would have liked to have a longer chat with the pleasant old gentleman.

If you are in Cutway street any time, car hours are from seven till five, but are always cuthusiastic. Lestle, he said.

The charge is dismissed, he said.

The charge is dismissed, he said.

That fat policeman is the worst har i ever saw." Sunny declared in her clear, shrill voice.

You get out of it." the constable said. "You're force with."

I thought I was done for, Bert runnised. This comes of listening to a sunny! I'll get the strap for this when I get back from father all right. It shouldn't worry!" Sunny said.

The charge is dismissed, he said.

You are always cuthusiastic. It he said. You are always at lot one of what you say she is, the ought to be a small fortune. She is coming."

"She'll be here almost at once."

Miss Mearressor raise a bell. It was a large odd-looking room, half drawing room, half drawing room, half drawing room, half drawing room, and yet melther in adjustance. There was a host of arm-chairs, of soft cush-less right about the floor. The carpet was fined suid eastern, the walls were hung with immereds of photographs of the attend elebrities, all of the magnet. "To dear add lessle from a signe! "Miss Leale Mantressor, with reported add gir! yours loventy." The usual thing Miss Montre wor had been on the stage from its age of thirteen, and there was not a inter-liked woman in the profession.

A maid-servant answered the ring.

the stage from the size of thirteen, and there was not a notice liked woman in the profession.

A maid-servant answered the ring not a hand touched Sunny's arm (would like to specific to your touch wait for a little while?"

The size of the size

The line our goin to work today, my show it is past eleven, and we knock of at the or Saturdays.

I won't keep you very long i should like to tail to you, the lady said. I might have something to propose to you thin would be to your advantage. Will you wait? She hurried off, for her case was bring earlied again.

Sincy modified.

The lady turned away to enter to the lady cane. I create the least of this Samny for goodness said. The said to be lett out in the void. He rolled his singly for goodness said. The said to be lett out in the void. He rolled his cisav between his fat tingers and waithed the hour. He was for you for hy ou like, but I'm not going the your lake, but he lie nice.

At it go somewhere and have a cup of test, ship raid.

Sunny nodded.

The ould do with one, ship said. Let's for the of them alreyated bread shops.

Miss Nontressor looked at Bert.

I don't think there's may five dor your rice, do, the name is your and bread and beceived her. The gurl had been down was aim. From an stair-case came the sound of a letter was comething so goodness and bread wall had only the large final may now as aim. From a stair-case came the sound of a letter was comething so goodness and bread wall had only the large final may now as aim. From a stair-case came the sound of a letter was comething so goodness, which was large final more at your a felt ever vour, and been the cour, they went out of the court, they walked down the street.

Oh, very well? They went out of the court, they walked down the street, a queerly assorted trio—Miss Montressor is her and the large, their the large.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

fling along, afraid that her boots might play truant any moment. Bert with hunched shoulders and a look of miserable dejection on his face.

The waitress at the coffee-shop looked at Sunny and Bert askance.

Sunny looked at her, smiled broadly, and nodded.

"Loke your job here all right?" she asked.

The girl put her nose in the air.

"Toke your job here all right?" she asked.

The still put her nose in the air.

"I'll take your order, if you please," she said to Miss Montressor and butter and Jam." Miss Montressor said.

"Not-reft jam." Bert shuddered "Not jam nor pickles," he said, "please."

"Me and Bert nin't keen about jam," Sunny said.

Miss Montressor smiled.

"Cake, then." she said.

And now they were seated at a small round table.

"So you work in a pickle factory, do you?" she said to Sunny.

Sunny nodded.

"Pickles in the winter, jam in the summer." she said.

"Have you never thospit of bettering your pusition."

Sunny laushed outright "I ain't never thought about anything else," she said.

"Then you have ambitions?"

"The an to going to stick in a pickle and jam factory all my life."

"Then you have ambitions?"

"The mean to get on, if that's what that means." Sunny said. I'm not going to stand still. I'm going shead, I am." She thrust out her firm little rounded chin. "I'm going to work my way up somehow."

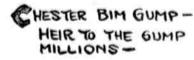
"How." Miss Montressor asked.

"I don't know: I ain't thought about AND COMPANY BROUGHT A PATCH OF HAPPINESS TO THE GUMP FAMILY -

UNCLE BIM LIVED UP TO HIS REPUTATION www

SANTA CLAUS

THE GUMPS-Everybody Happy





TO THINK OF MIN GUMP- WITH A STRING OF GENUINE PEARLS-IF I WASH'T STANDING UP STRAIGHT WITH ALL MY CLOTHER AND SHOES ON I'D SAW I SABWE DREAMING MINERVA

NOY FELL HEIR TO A CANE AND MOND-THEY HAD TO LIFT IT OUT OF THE MINE WITH A CRAME WHEN THEY
LIFTED IT
BOAT THE
SHIP CAME GUMP WITH A REAL PEARL NECKLACE JUST COST A SIDNEY POLLARS MORE THAN A BATTLESHIP-

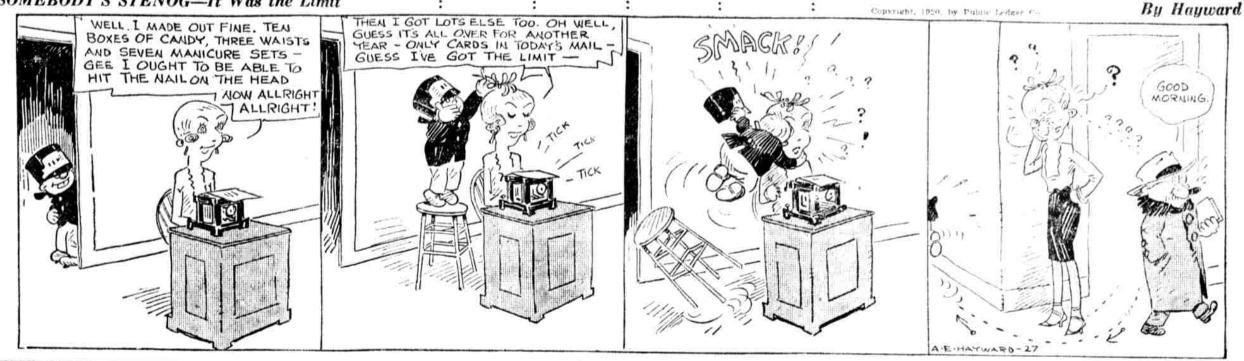
1 TAHW TEUL WANTED-HOW THOUGHTFUL THEY ARE -A SILK HANDKERCHIEF AND MIN WORKED MY INITIALS IN IY-A MILLION BOLLARS BUY IT FROM IM GUMP GUMP FAMILY

THE JOY DISPENSER IN HIS SPOCKET YOU HANDKERCHIEF CHRISTMAS OFFERING FROM THE

By Sidney Smith

ISH'T IT SWEET OF THEM?

SOMEBODY'S STENOG-It Was the Limit



COUPLE OF

THOUSAND





The young lady across the way says she doesn't believe all these stories of Japanese bellicosity and she never saw one that wasn't actually thin.



SCHOOL DAYS By DWIG l got er! Dint she a beaut? Gosh! Is scared is goons gill a fiddle fir awhile. Course I seen try may lookin at one Pryskin my Soot - Huh!
the Paint no proskin - thats
nuthin but smillation pryskin.
That's only leather.
I wouldn't have a

PETEY-Oh, Boy!



THE CLANCY KIDS-It Was a Mean Trick to Play





