SUNNY DUCROW

Elizabeth Ann Ducrow, known as egunny," works in a pickle factory. The has aspirations for something higher and tells Bert Jackson, who works at "the pickles" with her, that works at "the pickles" with her, that works at "the pickles" with her, that whe intends to ride in a motorcar some day. Sunny lives in a narrow, dirty street with her aunt, who is grumbly, street with and leaking the funds, they sing on the street for pennies and are country and, lacking the funds, they sing on the street for pennies, sees tressor, a well-known actress, sees tressor, a well-known actress, sees trensy in court and is impressed with her originality. She bring Sunny and her originality. She bring Sunny and-her originality. She bring Sunny and-her years. Sunny, always loyal, insists that he give a parcel containing a week for three years. Sunny, always loyal, insists that he give a part to Bert. Sunny receives a parcel port to Bert. Sunny receives a parcel containing a brand new dress and bools, with the name of the sender housed. Sunny in a bad stage fright. Almest desperate, she steps to the footnest of the rights and tells the audience that she is a poor little pickle girl and this is nevening dress, was not a success and her of noning in the chorus. Bert, in her, ioning in the chorus auccess and harely escapes ejection from the stage. When the time came for the chorus to s THIS STARTS THE STORY

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

COME off, you fool!" some one

"Come off. you unmented on him that Bert heard it. It dawned on him that he was the person referred to. He looked about him; he seemed suddenly to waken up from his sleep. Where were the companions of his youth, the brave the companions

"To think that I should ever see the day!" Mrs. Molkin moaned. "Oh. oh! To think I should ever see the day!" "What day?" Sunny asked, "Ave you got them pains in your insiden again, aunt?" "Bert said. "I didn't introduce nothing."

Ife looked abjectly wretched. "Well don't know whose idea it."

Mrs. Melkin screamed. Sunny started

Mrs. Melkin screamed. Sunny started to her feet.

"It's only Bert, 'e's slipped and fell down," she said. "He generally does. These stairs are that dark!"

It was Bert; he came in rubbing himself.

"I've brought the paper," he said.

"What paper?" Sunny asked.

"The newspaper, this morning. Thought you'd like to 'ave a look at it'.

"What's 'appened?" Sunny said.

"Some one been and blowed up London bridge, or the Buckingham Palis cat 'ad kittens, or what?"

"It's about you!" Bert said.

"Me!" Sunny stared at him. "About me!" She turned red. "'Oo's been saying things about me, Bert? It—it ain't been reported about me and you 'ad up at the police court all them weeks ago? They ain't been and got 'old of it now?"

"Reed it and see for yourself; and then read a bit further on, near the end, Here's a bit about me," he said.

Sunny took the paper and went to the window.

"There's the bit; I marked it" he said.

"Read it out loud," Mrs. Melkin said.

window.

"There's the bit; I marked it" he said.

"Read it out loud," Mrs. Melkin said.
"I can bear almost anything now, after what I been through in my life."

She sat down with a resigned air, a look on her face that the Christian martyrs might have worn in the time of Nero.

"We welcome," Sunny read out "the advent of a very charming and alented young actress. Miss Sunny Durow. The name is unfamiliar, but it is very evident that this young lady has been taught in a good school and must, youthful though she is, have had a wide experience. From the moment she came on the stage and made her delicious little speech to the audience her success was assured. Of her talents there cannot be the slightest doubt. The naive, charming, irresistible manner, the delightful little personality, and, above all, the suggestion of personal confidence that she managed to impart to her speech proved irresistible. The vast audience welcomed this young actress in a fit manner.

"Mr. Hemmingway is to be congrat-

Bert did not hear, or, hearing, believed the hero was the person referred lieved the hero was the person referred to.

Through the whole operation Bert, uttely unconscious that he was the last uttely unconscious that he was the person referred to the same that has been seen on the stage for many years, Miss Ducrow is the unconscious that he was the lights the arrival of the heroine, the lights the stare of a charming and very tuneful voice. She rendered the song "Picca-lilli Lily" in an irresistible fashion, The song itself is brightly written, the word taking, and the melody full of tune and go. It is sofe to predict it will become one whispered huskily. "Come off, you" inje-headed deaf mute! Come off, you are a rich mute! Come off, you are a rich man, and I—I will be your are a rich man, and I—I will be your are a rich man, and I—I will be your are a rich man, and I—I will be your are a rich man, and I—I will be your are a rich man, and I—I will be your for a very delightful ten minutes or so our congratulations are also due to that actual and far-seeing impresario, Mr. Hemmingway

astute and far-seeing impresario, Mr. Hemmingway!"
"Well. I'm blessed!" Sunny said.
Bert nodded.
"That's the bit about you. Now go on. Look further down, where there a mark. I done it with a bit of pointed wood, and I hadn't got a pencil. That's about me!"

Bert heard with up to a short time we comparions of his youth, the heard board him; he seemed suddenly to waken up from his steep. Where were the comparions of his youth, the had and beautifuled with up to a short time and beautifuled with up to a short time and he was here alone, alone I life gasped, his eyes rolled, he stood routed with up to a short time and he was here alone, alone I life gasped, his eyes rolled, he stood routed with up to be motorized. When the secret system that the by the motorizer taught the! Oh, Jack!"

"Oh, my lot!" Bert gasped, He gasped if out loud He turned an rabbit, alone the boiled back across the stage.

"The audience roared, the Theorizer taught the love duet that would finally hing down the curtain. It had to wait and strike up over gazin.

Bert tripped, he full sprawling his and terror-striken, then he boiled back across the stage again.

"Help, help!" he gasped feebly.

"Help, help!" he gasped feebly.

"Help, help!" he gasped feebly.

"Help, help!" he gasped freebly.

"Help

"Me! Sert said. I didn't induces
the looked abjectly wretched.
"Well, I don't know whose idea it
was, but it wasn't bad It seemed to go.
I want you to rehearse that. Miss Montressor and Mr. Daglan are willing.
They'll work up a little by-play to nil
in."

"What day?" Sunny saked. "Yac you got them pains in your insides again, ant?"
"What day?" Sunny saked. "Yac you got them pains in your insides again, ant?"
I shir!, I'n overcome: "Mrs. Mill noked to and fro. Sunny focked to and fro. Sunny focked to and fro. Sunny focked to and fro. Sunny shirt in the sake th

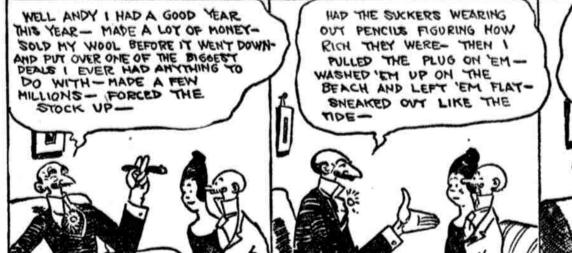
THE GUMPS-And an Uncle, Too

SOMEBODY'S STENOG-The Boss' Son Is Back

GOLLY JACK JUST THINK I THOUGHT YEH, I COME BACK YOU WERE IN EUROPE AN HERE WE SUDDEN DIDN'T I. SPEND NEW YEARS WE'LL HAVE A FULL

TOGETHER:

The Young Lady Across the Way



WE'LL HAVE A FULL

PROGRAM TODAY -

DINNER, THEATRE

AND SUPPER

COUNTRY CLUB.

HOW'SAT ?

THEN I BOL NEAR ALL THE DIVIDENDE I PULLE' IN THE lished Daily Except Sunday. Subscription Price \$6 a Year by Mail. Copyright, 1921, by Public Ledger Company.

Would Have

OLD LACTION

DOESAT YOUR NO. I

By Fontaine Fox

FATHER KNOW

YOU'RE BACK?

NIGHT EXTRA

"Thirteen" a Hoodoo? Not for a Limericker Nobody can tell today's limping timerick winner that the number 13 is a hooden. It is worth just

to her. That's what she gets for writing the best last line to limping limerick No. 13. Read about it on Page 2 and see the picture of the Fleisher girls jury on the back page. The winner is-MISS PEARL DUNLOP

ONE HUNDRED

DOLLARS

Moylan, Rose Valley Delaware County And Here's Her Lim'rick-Sad Sammy surveyed his last cent And said, "I'm not broke, but I'm

bent; gave presents to many But I didn't get any; I knead dough, but doughnut repent.

Get into the game yourself. Turn over this page and see the Evening Ledger's lucrative limping limerick.

Of course, if you don't want a hundred dollars and don't like fun you needn't bother. But if

SEE PAGE 2

COLBY EXPRESSES U. S. FRIENDSHIP TO ARGENTINE retary Merely an Appreciative

Guest, He Tells President nos Aires, Jan. 3.—(By A. P.) declarations of warm friendship to United States and Argene exchange of toasts to Ison and Irigoyen marked Senor Torello, acting Painbridge Colby.

WAR FINANCE BODY

PRICE TWO CENTS

Wilson Not Convinced Benefit to Farmers Would Offset Evils of Method

OPPOSES NEW CREDITS BY THE GOVERNMENT

By the Associated Press Washington, Jan 3 .- President Wilon today vetoed the Gronna resolution to revive the war finance corporation. His message accompanying the

To the Senate of the United States: I am returning without my signa-ture S. J. Res. 212. "Joint Reso-lution directing the war finance corporation to take certain action for the relief of the present depression in the agricultural sections of the



By DWIG

WELL. FIR GOSH BLAME SAKES!

"YES, HE'S GOT THE PHONOGRAPH AND MY UKELELE AND WILLIE'S DRUM AND HORN AND EVERYTHING AND THE COFFEE MILL AND THE CARPET SWEEPER The young lady across the way says money certainly does disappear rapidly these days, and here she is down to the very last check book when she thought she had considerable left in the bank.

LAST NIGHT WAS THE FIRST

QUIET NEW YEARS EVE I HAD IN YEARS. NOW

NEW YEAR'S DAY AND I

START RIGHT

I'LL SPEND A NICE QUIET

Dad Came Home After His Gay Night and Made Every Possible Preparation to Sleep

PETEY-Always Wrong







THE CLANCY KIDS-Mother's Boy





