

SUNNY DUCROW

By HENRY ST. JOHN COOPER

THIS STARTS THE STORY

Elizabeth Ann Ducrow, known as Sunny, works in a pickle factory. She tells Bert Jackson, who works at the same place, that she intends to do something better and risk a fortune. Sunny lives with her mother and a grumpy and impatient man who is the president of the company. Sunny and Bert are engaged. Sunny makes a speech to the audience and Bert is paralyzed with pleasure. Sunny is a diamond pendant. Bert is a diamond pendant. Sunny is a diamond pendant. Bert is a diamond pendant.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES
IT ISN'T a bad name; I don't dislike it. What do they call you at home? Stan? She looks at him.

"No. I wish they did—they call me Dobbrington as a rule. My mother sometimes calls me Stanley, but usually she speaks of me as Dobbrington."

"Law now!" Sunny said. "And she your mother, too? If I was your mother I'd call you Stanley, or Stanny boy, or something like that."

"Supposing you do," he said, "without supposing my mother? I'd like it just as much."

"You get on with your bun!" Sunny said. There were presents for Miss Dobbrington tonight—little presents to mark the day and the affection in which they all held her. Hemmingway had brought a little diamond brooch, Rostheimer a large piece of silver, Dobbrington and the rest some gifts. Sunny seemed to have come empty-handed.

"I got something—it ain't much—something as I worked myself," she said. "I thought you wouldn't mind."

"I don't mind," she said, "not like what the rest has given you, but I'd like you to have it. I thought it might be of use to you."

"It ain't nothing," she said. "I don't like what the rest has given you, but I'd like you to have it. I thought it might be of use to you."

"I don't mind," she said, "not like what the rest has given you, but I'd like you to have it. I thought it might be of use to you."

"I don't mind," she said, "not like what the rest has given you, but I'd like you to have it. I thought it might be of use to you."

"I don't mind," she said, "not like what the rest has given you, but I'd like you to have it. I thought it might be of use to you."

"I don't mind," she said, "not like what the rest has given you, but I'd like you to have it. I thought it might be of use to you."

"I don't mind," she said, "not like what the rest has given you, but I'd like you to have it. I thought it might be of use to you."

"I don't mind," she said, "not like what the rest has given you, but I'd like you to have it. I thought it might be of use to you."

"I don't mind," she said, "not like what the rest has given you, but I'd like you to have it. I thought it might be of use to you."

"I don't mind," she said, "not like what the rest has given you, but I'd like you to have it. I thought it might be of use to you."

"I don't mind," she said, "not like what the rest has given you, but I'd like you to have it. I thought it might be of use to you."

"I don't mind," she said, "not like what the rest has given you, but I'd like you to have it. I thought it might be of use to you."

THE GUMPS—Posting the Neb

By Sidney Smith



SOMEBODY'S STENOG—The Boss Has Worried Himself "Bloey"

Copyright, 1921, by Public Ledger Co. By Hayward



The Young Lady Across the Way

TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE

By FONTAINE FOX

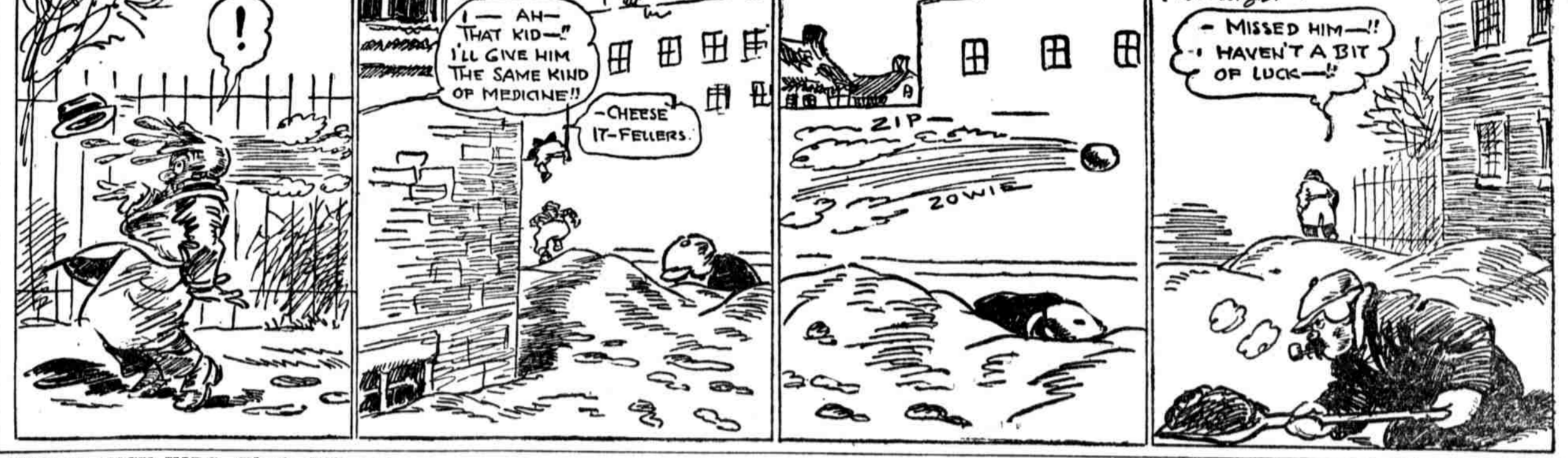
SCHOOL DAYS

By DWIG



PETEY—He Don't Know What He Missed

By C. A. Voight



THE CLANCY KIDS—That's Different

By Percy L. Crosby



CHAPTER XV An Offer of Marriage

"Going to marry Bert?" Dobbrington said. "Yes, that's what you mean?" "Yes, that's what you mean?" "Yes, that's what you mean?" "Yes, that's what you mean?"