

<section-header><section-header><text><text> THIS STARTS THE STORY manners. She did not stand with a sheet of music in her hand, held out at arm's length, and turn her eyes up to the richly carved coiling. As she knew the song thoroughly, she did not want any music sheet at all, so she dispensed with it. any music sheet at all, so she dispensed with it. She looked straight at her audience and smiled at it. She smiled until the ghost of a froaty smile began to dawn on some of the faces of the highest-born and chilliest dowagers there. It was a charming little song, full of tuneful melody, and Sunny sang it in a very charming, fresh and original man-ner. It was such a change after what had gone before. Of course her voice did not compare with some of the other voices, but her personality told, her smile told, her freshness and her youth told. The younger ones among the audience applauded her heartily. The elder ones tried to look a little shocked, but failed; then they applauded her, too. Sunny got even more applause than the great Italian singer, and it was of a heartler, "I said I'd wake 'em up!" she mut-tered to herself.

Barstowe, manager of another theat outlines and is promptly engaged. Bert outlines a plot for a new play. Lord pobrington asks Summy to sing at an eventing entertainment given by his mother, and she consents to do so. Lord on the wings. It was the first notifies and introduces her to his mother. Lady Bleasentale had attracted some of the finest singers in London to her of the singer and the singer singer and the sin

SHE was a weithing the queen of grand day she had been the queen of grand opera. Her fame still clung to her, and opera. Her fame still clung to her, and opera. Her fame still clung to her, and so did her volce. Bunny listened and looked on in frank wonderment. It seemed to her that the wonderment. It seemed to her that the rery furniture danced when the great infer produced her top notes. She sang infer produced her top notes is !" Sunny well, she's a wonder, she is !" Sunny muttered. "Her volce just goes through muttered. "Her volce just goes through you and comes out on the other side. You and comes out on the other side.

you and comes out on the other side,

you and comes out in the solution of the solut a used to live on the floor just below 'I have tried, I have hoped, I have us." Sunny said. "She used to go out with a tambourine and a monkey, and her husband had an ice-cream round.

She talked just like that she did. Chee puchy wuchy ami jami jam, and like that! French, I suppose it is?"

Debrington smiled. "Italian !" he said.

"I knew it was something funny," "Why don't she sing it Junny said. English ?"

"I don't know," he said.

"Me neither !" The great singer had concluded. She ad received very considerable applause. Being very well bred, the audience did not allow its feelings to get the better

Being very well bred, the audience did not allow its feelings to get the better fit. It clapped and said. "Bravo! en-sore" in a genteel fashion. Sunny thumped her hands together. "Bravo! angcore!" she shouted in her "Well sung! Jolly well sung. that "Well sung! Jolly well sung. that "Well sung! Jolly well sung. that the scale effects came into play. The little cottage grew in relief against the dark background; lights studenly sprang up in the windows. The last note died away; the cottage door opened—a was; let's have some more! Let's—" "Bhe paused. People had turned to stare at her. Even the "star" was look t; in her direction. Dobrington caught her by the arm. "Hush!" he whispered. "Then why don't they let go?" Sunny stid. "I can't stanil that half-hearted ort of thing. If they like her singing, why don't they tell her so and let's have tome more? I s'pose it's different here tome more? I s'pose tit's different here tome start start start the start the start start the start Hare at her. Even the "star" was look-is in her direction. Debrington caught her by the arm. "Hush!" he whispered. "Then why don't they let go?" Sunny and. "I can't stand that half-hearted why don't they tell her so and let's have to what it is our way. I'll tearn in time. I speas." She sighed. "I see what you put inder your breath like you was ashamed of ---Oh, oh!" she gasped.

oh! she gasped. the matter?

What's the matter?" just remembered I got to sing." shivered. "It'll give me the hor-singing here! They are a cold lot, t they? Got no move on them!" Don't worry about them, Sunny," he "Just sing to me. Remember I "Just show they I shall be listening to

st sing to me. Remember nd that I shall be listening

briefly.



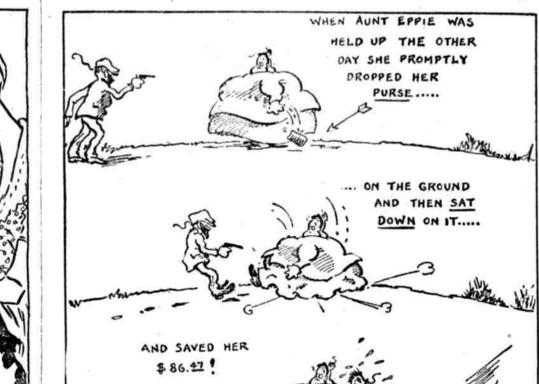


Aunt Eppie Hogg, the Fattest Woman in Three Counties -:-

32.00

By Fontaine Fox

By DW' SCHOOL DAYS +:--:--:--:-





THE MISOGYMIST

failed. My way has been weary and lone. I have longed for the rest and the peace , on your breast. In my own little, dear cottage home. Its windows, like stars in the night, failed. Are beacons to welcome me home. And the smile I can see is a welcome for

She was singing it with all her heart in her voice. Her sweet, childlike voice trembled and shook, and Mr. Arthur Curtiss, who had long since believed himself proof against anything of the kind, blinked hard.

CHAPTER XXIV

New Friends

"Fool:" he muttered. "Clever little wretch, that's what she is! George, he'll do! She'll do! I wish Barstowe could hear he#! I'll try to get him to. ne night!

taken-gone with a bang! Big suc-cess!" He blinked, "Clever little wretch!" He turned away and went to Mr. Barstowe's private office.

Barstowe's private office. Barstowe was always in his private office on a first night, but he was not there now. Curtiss knocked and knocked again; then he opened the door and went in. Barstowe was not there. Odd that Barstowe was not there, Curr tiss thought as he shut the door.

The Young Lady Across the Way

As I'm nearing my wee cottage home."

But that, as Curtiss knew, was almost

er?

"George !" Curtiss muttered, "It's





A-E-HANWARD-15

He turned and Mr. Barstowe came into the outer office. His hard, strong face was as impassive as ever. "Twe been to the front," he said

a here, and that I shall be listening to u and liking every moment of it." She slipped her hand into his. "You've got the knack of helping a rson, you have. You say just the hit thing. That comes of being clever d well educated, that does." "It comes of nothing of the sort!" he id. "# comes of --of"z-he looked what her, then he flushed a little-t comes of liking you. Sunny!" he

of liking you. Sunny!" here," she said. "I like you.

"Yes, I was curious to hear that girl, Well, you heard her?" "Yes, sir." "Well?" Barstowe said, with a heavy frown. "Good, ch?" "Splendid! You heard how it went-a big number that!" Barstowe redded here," she said. I like you, pais, we are! And now I am 'I 1?" She shuddered a little, shed. "I shan't be frightened. Anyhow, they can't kill me. aldn't I like to see 'em wake up b be a bit human! But I s'pose too swell for that." "What term h her engagement? Six onths, isn't it?" "Yes, str."

too swell for that." barltone was singing now. Do-had taken Sunny to the door ressing-room and left her there;

ny forgot that she had to haster In appearance, itone had a beautiful voice, singing a beautiful song, and a passion to Sunny. She re at the door listening, with

18.1

rt and soul in her eyes. She own turn. Sunny dashed into own turn. Sunny dashed into ng-room and tore off her hat. was fearfully untidy, as she She did her best with it. Out-

Sunny came in for a shower of consunny came in for a shower of con-gratulations and handshakes. Miss Esme Ward, the leading hady, kissed her warmly. "You sang it beautifully, 'dear'?' she said. "And it's a lovely little song! You almost made me cry, and that's saying a lot, because I got beyond tha stage years ago." us an ominous silence Tow, are you not ready? init." Sunny gasped, "Law, ok like? As if I had been ough a hedge backwards, here's my song? Oh, good-

ut it down somewhere andyears ago."

"No. you nin't." Sunny said. She have stamped and uttered cat-express its displeasure at being alting. This audience sat in stony with marked disapproval on its ed face. "You woman ever does!" "You woman; but....."

what I always say to myself. Hold up your head, Sunny Ducrow, and keep smiling, and everything's bound to come right in the end." "I believe you are right, dear." Mise Ward said. "You're a good litle thing. Sunny Ducrow, and I've fallen in love with you. And I'm not the only one

nuinit." she whispered. "I've something to them first." "mething?" He looked up. "Fell in love with me?" Miss Ward nodded.

all right!" Sunny muttered, to the audience. "I'm sorry kept you," she said. "I kňow sht to, only it was that chap's couldn't help listening. He'd ii ul voice, hadn't he? Well, getting on, and making my-simply had to stand there him. But I'm sorry all the ing you waiting " ed on them all, showing her the elderte. "Arthur Curtiss has, I believe. He was standing in the wings all through your song. I never saw him do it be-fore; and he was looking at you-well. fore; and he was looking at you--well, just as a man looks-you don't under-stand, though; you're only a baby! There, good luck to you, and many,many more successes-bigger ones than this!" "Thank you!" Sunny suid quietly, "You're good to me. Most people are good to me. I wonder why, sometimes," "I'll tell you why; it is just because you are--Sunny," the woman said, "Mr. Curdiss would like to see Miss Ducrow if she would he so good as to spare him a few moments!"

the elderly dowagers looked

the elderly dowagers looked other in surprise. Really, innovation was this? Some contagion of Sunny's smile, back at her. She looked such ich a flushed, rather anxious, d-haired child. There was irresistible about her. built forgive me," Sunny said, get on with it." She nodded her frank, friendly way, then he accompanist. "Strike up, ctor," she said. "I'm ready "Oh !" Sunny said. She sighed. "I wonder if he's got the carpet laid down or me to walk over and got a band slaying? If she il he so good as to spare few moments !' My word, I'm getting

"Tell him all right," she said to the messenger.

wan the waking up, "she wan the wake them up. "Thing of many of the many of th

wake them up. Copyright, 1921, by G. P. Putnam's Bons,

The young lady across the way says the Republicans will have a good working majority in the Sen-"You—you have, sir?" "Yes; I was curious to hear that girl, ate for the next two years and perhaps Senator Lodge will be able to win his fight for the league now.



