

SUNNY DUCROW

By HENRY ST. JOHN COOPER

THIS STARTS THE STORY
 Elizabeth Ann Durov, known as Sunny, tells Bert Jackson that she "wants to make something of herself" and ride in a motor car for some days. They both work in a pickle factory. Sunny lives with her grumpy aunt on a mean street. Bert is a day laborer in the country and having no money, Sunny and Bert slip on the street for a couple of days. Sunny has a cousin, a man named Loris Montresor, actress. She is impressed with Sunny's originality, theatre manager, who gives her a small part in a revue. Bert is taken on, actress—while Bert's aunt is a bona fide actress. Sunny is a good singer and a good dancer. Sunny is a good singer and a good dancer. Sunny is a good singer and a good dancer.

CHAPTER XXXI
The Future
 BACK in the gray dawn, back through the streets as the lamps were being lit, Bert and Sunny were walking. Bert was not over yet. The Charismatic did not take them back to Church street, it drew up before the brightly lit portals of the Realm. Sunny had left them at Snaresbrook and had gone back by train to save time. With her were Evelyn and Bert. Bert was a ripping day! Dobrington said, "I wouldn't have missed it, Sunny, for all the world!"

They had one end of the first-class carriage to themselves. Bert and Evelyn swapped the car end. Sunny glanced across at them. She smiled; her eyes danced.
 "You were saying?" she asked.
 "I said it was the day of my life!" He too, glanced at them. "Once you told me that, I was never the same!"

"Looks like I'll be having him up for breach of promise one of these days, don't it?" Sunny said with a laugh. Dobrington laughed and there was a look of enjoyment and happiness in the laughter.
 "I wonder what they will like best for a wedding present?" he inquired. "By George, I'll give them a stunner!" And not they were in good time. Bert had done his engagement at Hemmingway's. Dobrington was in a hurry, so were the hands from Johnson's Pickle Factory, making a solid square in the very middle of the gallery. The curtain was up; the performance commenced.

"Fan it along!" Bill Wilkins whispered. "When she comes on, give voice, boys and girls! Shout for her. Remember, she's one of us! Now then, are you ready?"
 It was Sunny's cue; she stepped on to the stage. Usually she started with some little applause for her name was becoming well known now, but tonight, she forgot the whole thing, raising with a sudden shout of "Sunny! Sunny!" Sunny, one long, howling roar from the gallery, it was taken up in a moment by the rest of the gallery. The house was filled with that one word—her name!

Bill Wilkins stood up and waved his hat as if he were the wind. He whirled out of his hand and fell into the stalls. He grabbed some one else's hat, and waved it till that cheered his own.
 "Hurrah, hurrah!" he shouted. "What's the matter with Sunny, Durov?"
 "She's all right!" they answered. "It was some considerable time before the performance was allowed to go on. Sunny stepped forward to the footlights."
 "Yes," she said, "you, Bill Wilkins and the rest, you've got to be quiet now!"
 "Hurrah, hurrah!" shouted Alf Harris, his excitement he leaned perilously over the edge of the gallery. He lost his balance. There might have been a tragedy, but some one just managed to catch him by the heels and haul him back to safety.

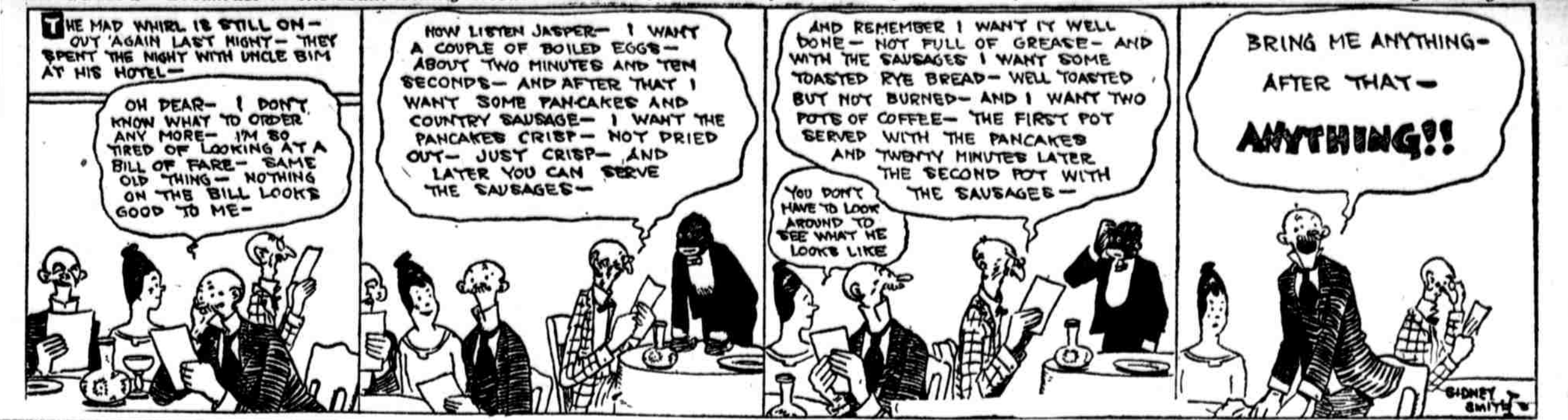
But Sunny's song was the signal for a rash demonstration. This time the hall all-joined in. Sunny had an ovation. Her song always went, but it went the curtain down before. Tired and happy, Sunny went to the gallery. "It's her dressing room."
 "It's her dressing room, isn't it?" it's all the same, the happiest day I have ever had in my life. I've never been so happy as I've been today.
 "And you're not coming to what you'll be doing?" Sunny asked.
 "I'll be going home, I expect by this time she's tried herself to sleep," she said.

CHAPTER XXXII
An Appeal
 "Well, it's not our trouble," Bert said. "He's old enough to go to bed without a light and had on." Sunny looked grave. "I should like to think that any one as old as you are, should be as old as any man," she said.
 "You are a little better," she said. "Sometimes I begin to think there's not a bit of life in the world."
 "Present company always excepted!"
 "And you mean to say," Sunny said, "that you're speaking about any one, only your own kind?" Evelyn paused.
 "Hush!" Sunny said.
 "I'll tell you about them all three. Sunny's face looked very grave, a little more than that day at Epping. Bert and Sunny had been crowded into a room. There was the prospect of a big evening in the way of a review, and it would take London by storm—Bert and Sunny were being very popular. Sunny herself had said that changes considering there had been so short, at the pickle factory. Bert had had a long interview with Mrs. Melkin, and that good-natured, kind, clear-headed and far-seeing, had persuaded her to be persuaded. More money had been found for the cause. A big advertising campaign had been commenced. The public direct, and not through the wholesale house, who stuck on their heels.

But this matter that the three were talking over this morning was less pleasant. It concerned Lord Dobrington, who had called in Sunny, and Bert. Sunny had seen him. She had seen him in a motor car, and she had seen him as a good, kind and honorable friend, and she had seen him as a man who had blurted out the truth. Sunny looked round to Bert said, "I've been thinking about you."

THE GUMPS—Breakfast in the Main Dining Room

By Sidney Smith



SOMEBODY'S STENOG—And Good-by Romance

By Hayward



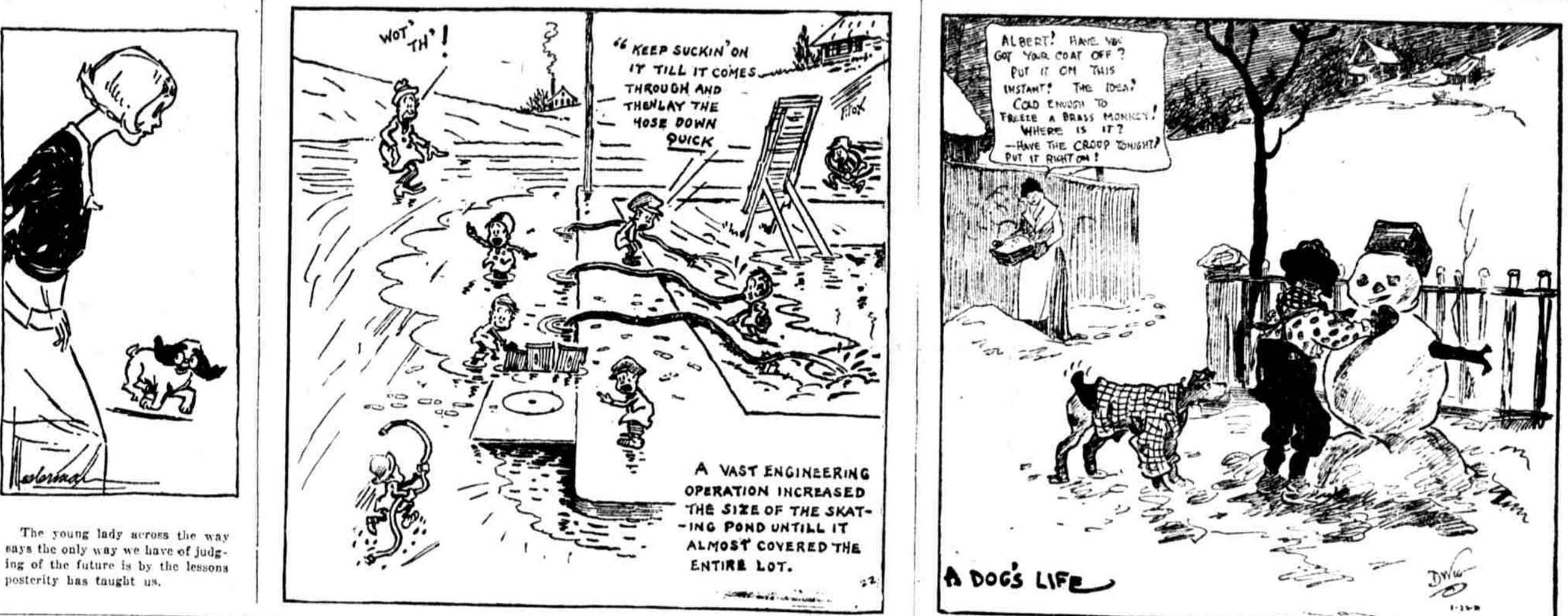
The Young Lady Across the Way

DURING THE JANUARY THAW

By FONTAINE FOX

SCHOOL DAYS

By DWIG



PETEY—The Lost Token

By C. A. Voight



THE CLANCY KIDS—A Good Reason

By Percy L. Crosby



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