

# SUNNY DUCROW

By HENRY ST. JOHN COOPER

**THIS STARTS THE STORY**  
Elizabeth Ann Ducrow, known as "Sunny," tells Bert Beckman that she and side in a underwear store day, they both soon after a pickle factory. Sunny lives with her grandpa and on a main street. Hanging for a day in the country, she is on the street for some and are arrested. At the court house is Lottie, Montessor, actress, who is impressed with Sunny's originality, and brings her to Max Henshaw, theatrical manager, who gives Sunny a part in a revue. Bert is taken on, too. Sunny has very merit—she is a born actress. Her's ability in a play is mistaken for real action. On her first appearance Sunny sings a song, but, ever conscious of the audience to be patient and "give her a chance." Her first act is a speech about a diamond pendant from Lord Dabington and a handkerchief. She returns the pendant. She outlines a plot for a new play, and Sunny promises to also succeed in her piece. This is permitted and she successfully convinced that she is a successful actress. Sunny appears in a film for which she is paid ten dollars a day. She leads a good life, but, ever conscious of the business, Dabington gets engaged with an actress. My name is the name. His mother calls on Sunny to see her son from "that woman." Sunny looks up the name of "Miss Dabington," with whom Dabington is engaged, and afterwards calls at the house. This time there was an escort down or having erected above the sidewalk. Sunny felt a tremor in her presence as she ascended the ascending steps and rung the bell.

**AND HERE IT CONTINUES**  
A large and massive footman, door-knocker looking down at her. "I want to see her ladyship," Sunny said. "I've come on private business, just tell her I'm here." "Beg pardon, miss, I know your name, and the pleasure, miss, of hearing you say, 'Miss Dabington' or 'ladyship' as you are, Miss Ducrow. Will you step inside." She stood within the great marble hall which boasted the most magnificent staircase. "Lottie," she remembered that day so very long ago, when she had just been talking to Stanley Always, the famous Dabington. What friends they had been then, and now she had not seen him for weeks! "Her ladyship will be pleased to see you, Miss Ducrow. Will you kindly step this way." She led her up the wide staircase to the floor above, he opened a door with a flourish and announced her.

Lady Dabington rose. It was quite a small room, even a homely little room. Sunny stepped in. She looked at the great marble hall which boasted the most magnificent staircase. "Lottie," she remembered that day so very long ago, when she had just been talking to Stanley Always, the famous Dabington. What friends they had been then, and now she had not seen him for weeks! "Her ladyship will be pleased to see you, Miss Ducrow. Will you kindly step this way." She led her up the wide staircase to the floor above, he opened a door with a flourish and announced her.

Lady Dabington rose. It was quite a small room, even a homely little room. Sunny stepped in. She looked at the great marble hall which boasted the most magnificent staircase. "Lottie," she remembered that day so very long ago, when she had just been talking to Stanley Always, the famous Dabington. What friends they had been then, and now she had not seen him for weeks! "Her ladyship will be pleased to see you, Miss Ducrow. Will you kindly step this way." She led her up the wide staircase to the floor above, he opened a door with a flourish and announced her.

Lady Dabington rose. It was quite a small room, even a homely little room. Sunny stepped in. She looked at the great marble hall which boasted the most magnificent staircase. "Lottie," she remembered that day so very long ago, when she had just been talking to Stanley Always, the famous Dabington. What friends they had been then, and now she had not seen him for weeks! "Her ladyship will be pleased to see you, Miss Ducrow. Will you kindly step this way." She led her up the wide staircase to the floor above, he opened a door with a flourish and announced her.

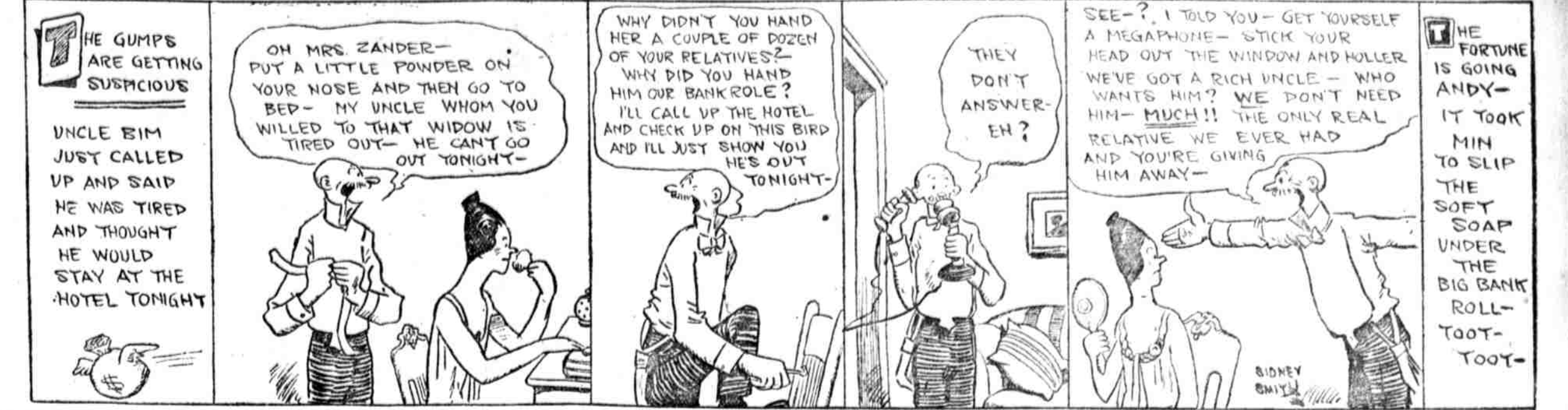
Lady Dabington rose. It was quite a small room, even a homely little room. Sunny stepped in. She looked at the great marble hall which boasted the most magnificent staircase. "Lottie," she remembered that day so very long ago, when she had just been talking to Stanley Always, the famous Dabington. What friends they had been then, and now she had not seen him for weeks! "Her ladyship will be pleased to see you, Miss Ducrow. Will you kindly step this way." She led her up the wide staircase to the floor above, he opened a door with a flourish and announced her.

Lady Dabington rose. It was quite a small room, even a homely little room. Sunny stepped in. She looked at the great marble hall which boasted the most magnificent staircase. "Lottie," she remembered that day so very long ago, when she had just been talking to Stanley Always, the famous Dabington. What friends they had been then, and now she had not seen him for weeks! "Her ladyship will be pleased to see you, Miss Ducrow. Will you kindly step this way." She led her up the wide staircase to the floor above, he opened a door with a flourish and announced her.

Lady Dabington rose. It was quite a small room, even a homely little room. Sunny stepped in. She looked at the great marble hall which boasted the most magnificent staircase. "Lottie," she remembered that day so very long ago, when she had just been talking to Stanley Always, the famous Dabington. What friends they had been then, and now she had not seen him for weeks! "Her ladyship will be pleased to see you, Miss Ducrow. Will you kindly step this way." She led her up the wide staircase to the floor above, he opened a door with a flourish and announced her.

## THE GUMPS—A Quiet Night at Home

By Sidney Smith



## SOMEBODY'S STENOG—Omit Flowers

By Hayward



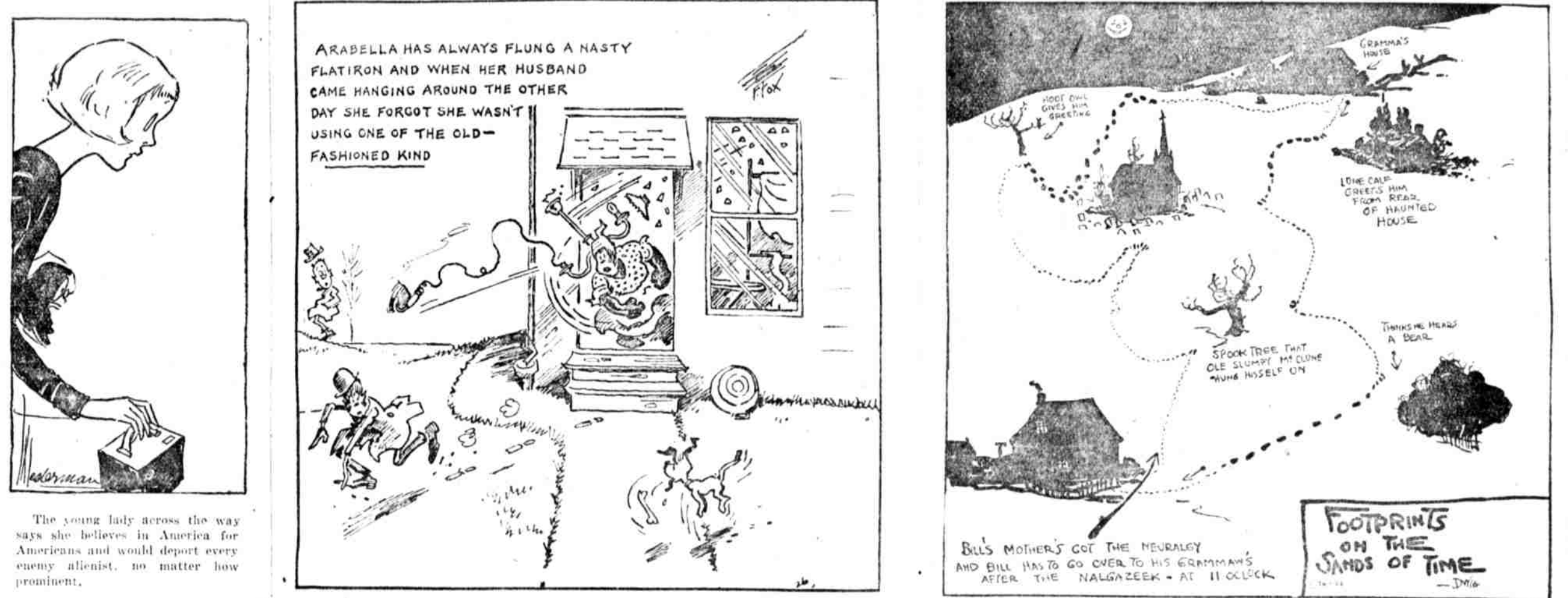
## The Young Lady Across the Way

## Arabella Winterblossom's Shiftless Husband

## SCHOOL DAYS

## FOOTPRINTS ON THE SANDS OF TIME

By DWIG



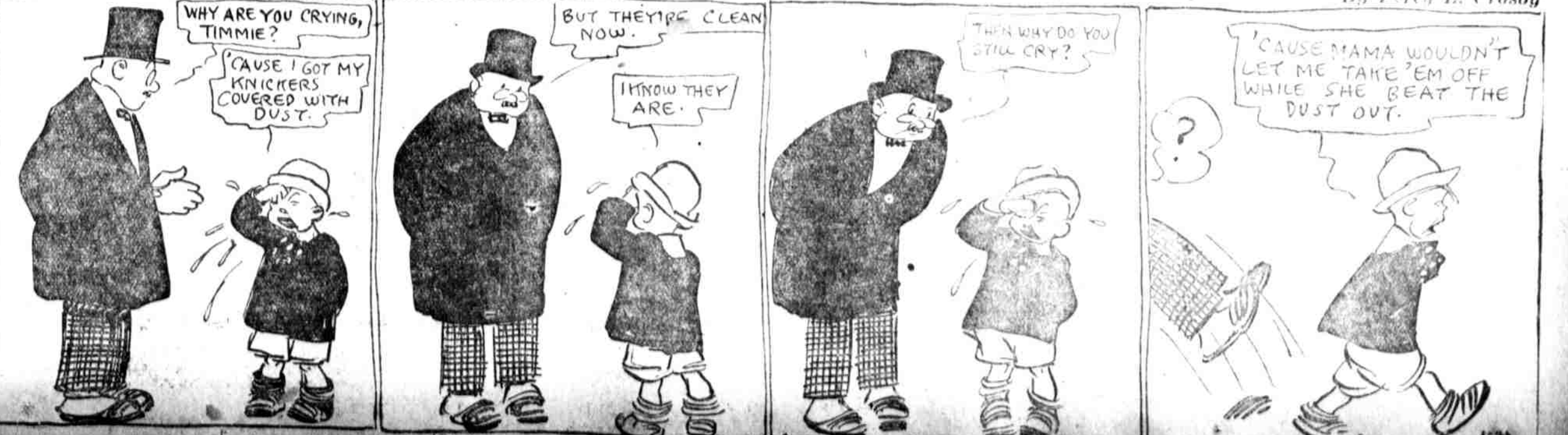
## PETEY—The Reverse Is Right

By C. A. Voight



## THE CLANCY KIDS—Enough to Make Any Kid Howl

By Percy L. Crosby



I see very, very little of him of late, too little," she sighed. "I do not think we need feel his cutting in an appearance. Her ladyship was right. Lottie looking did not put in an appearance. Had he done so, the night, have been very considerably surprised to see Sunny Dabington talking to his mother, and talking in a friendly, unostentatious manner. It was possible for two people so widely apart by birth, upbringing and education to be friends, these two resumed their thoroughly understanding another at once. Sunny ate a vast quantity of water-cress bread-and-butter, she drank forty tiny cups of exquisite tea, and consumed certain pieces of cake, and while she ate she talked. "Dear dear, she's half worried to death," she thought. "What she wants is amusing." So Sunny talked to her ladyship of the old days at the "pickles." She told anecdotes of her brother, Kings, and of "Arty," his brother, of Mr. Johnson and the rest. "Then I managed to get on the stage," she said. "I know I ought to have Sunny Dabington at the head of the parade. I was arrested, only when I'm talking naturally. I like to talk my old way. "Quite! But—but arrested?" Sunny was sitting in the streets. We wanted a holiday and didn't get the money, so I struck an idea. Me and Bert tried to take "My Old Dutch" and we got run in. The next morning at the police court we got let off. The magistrate was "I like to see him again. Then, Miss Montessor, come along with me, with her history, and her ladyship was interested. "Sunny said, "She who used to stick the labels on our hats, Stanley Always, my partner now. Well, I've got to be moving. Thank you for the tea. I never see her and her cut hair cut short before." She rose and held out her hand. "I'll be popping along now," she said. "Miss Dabington—Sunny," her ladyship said. She held Sunny's hand. "Do you hold out any prospect, can you honestly tell me you have any hope that you may succeed?" "Belcher I do," Sunny said. "I'll succeed. How long before you can bring me good news?" Sunny wrinkled her brows. "Tomorrow, Thursday," she said. "Next day's Friday. Friday afternoon with luck. I'll be back. I'll be back till Saturday, but I think it'll be Friday's my lucky day." "I hope that's true," her ladyship said. "Sunny Dabington, if you succeed, how—how can I reward you? What mark of my gratitude can I bestow on you?" "Nothing," Sunny said. "Oh, I don't want anything." "No, of course," her ladyship said slowly. "I know what I ought to say, like Mrs. Gibbins teaches me. I really want nothing, my ladyship," she paused. She screwed up her forehead. "Only there's one thing—I wonder if you'd do it—there's one thing you could do for me." She became eager all of a sudden. "Anything?" Lady Dabington said. "In a house this size," Sunny said, "you must get through a wonderful lot of jams and pickles and things like that. If you'd tell your cook always to ask for the John Crow brand you'd do me an awful good turn." "You foolish child! Why of course I will! Is there anything else—nothing you can think of?" "You mean," Sunny said, "that he hold your head up and keep smiling. It'll be all right, belcher." "The pleasure is mutual," she said. "Now we've done throwing beramts about," Sunny said, "it's got to be business." She brought a picture post card out of her bag, very carefully she tore a strip off the bottom of it, then she held it out to Mr. Makerson. "The photograph was of a young woman who was looking, showing double set of the teeth in an unattractive grin. She was wearing a low-cut gown, of a style流行 on the date. "Know it?" Sunny asked. "Mr. Makerson frowned. "It—it is not meant for you." "I could have told you that. Does it look like me?" Sunny said. "No, it does not, and I am glad to realize that it does not; but the face is so familiar, strangely familiar. An actress, possibly." Sunny nodded. "Have you seen her lately?" "I can't say, I am not sure; there is certainly something familiar about the woman." "You were here on the third of August, the year before last—that's two years and a month ago?" "Of course." "Have another look." Mr. Makerson did have another look. "No," he said, "I can't place her; I certainly do seem to remember, but—supposing she was a customer and came into the shop, who she would see her—I mean if she was a sort of party to the customer, something out of the ordinary." "Midge's might recognize her," Mr. Makerson said. "He ran the hotel," Mr. Bridges, if you please," he said. Mr. Bridges came a thin, spare man with a narrow face and very keen eyes. He took the portrait from his superior, looked at it, and smiled. "I'd know the woman anywhere." He paused. "Let me see it would be about two years ago." An uncommon Christian name. The man wrinkled his brows. "The name was—Mortimer, described as an actress when she—"

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)