

# SUNNY DUCROW

By HENRY ST. JOHN COOPER

## THE GUMPS—Sic 'Em, Tige!

By Sidney Smith



## SOMEBODY'S STENOGRAPHER—A Mark of Confidence

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By Hayward



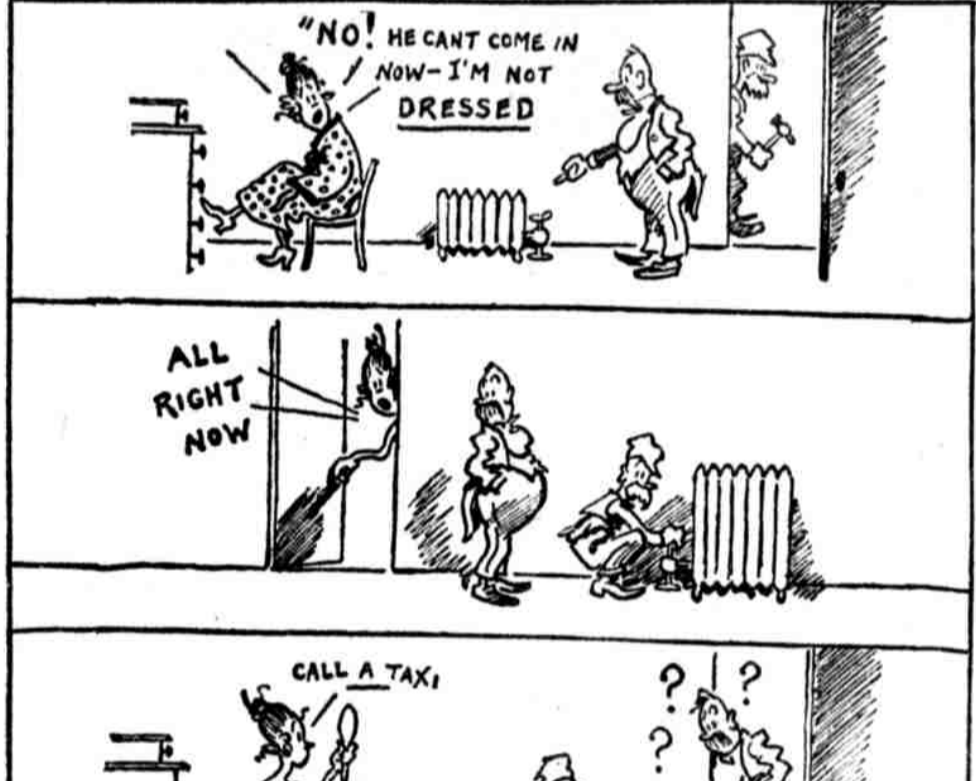
## The Young Lady Across the Way

## DRESSED

## By FONTAINE FOX

## SCHOOL DAYS

## By DWIG



The young lady across the way says the colored people are naturally musical and she guesses some of the coloratura sopranos are every bit as good as the white ones.

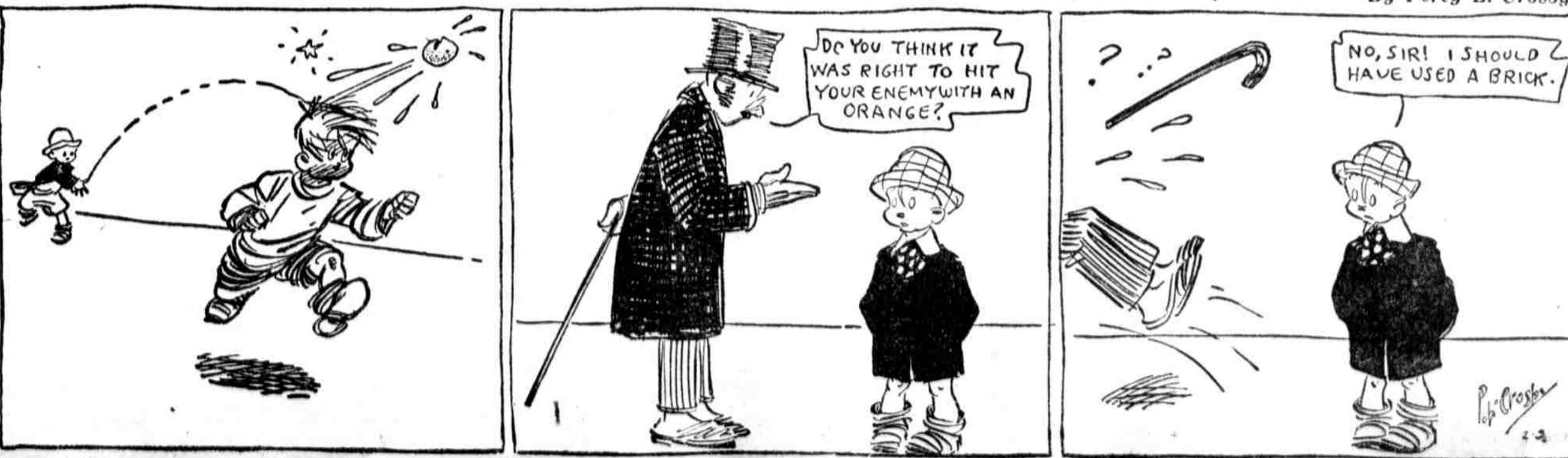
## PETEY—The Young Man's Right

By C. A. Voight



## THE CLANCY KIDS—Timmie Didn't Get the Moral

By Percy L. Crosby



Mr. Colport was an extremely un-pleasant-looking man. Moreover, he was very dirty. He had a dirty little office at the top of a dirty building in Upper James street, and his business was in some way connected with metal, of which he had a good many rusty and filthy samples lying about the place.

"Miss Ducrow, and who the dickens is this Ducrow, and what the deuce does she want with me?" he demanded of the white-faced office boy.

"Young lady, she says she's gotter see the important business, sir," the boy said.

"Important business—a young lady, eh? Show her in," Sunny said.

Mr. Colport was not in the least im-pressionable. He glared at Sunny and "fused to smile in answer to her smile. Another man must have smiled; Mr. Colport simply glared.

"How are you?" Sunny said as she sat down.

"I don't know that I am any the bet-ter or any the worse for your visit," he said. "May I ask why you are here?"

"You may," Sunny said.

"Well, why are you here?"

"Not to see the view—I'm not," Sunny said.

"If you think you are going to waste my time, not my time's pretty filled up, too, I'm here on business."

"What business?"

"About that ground of yours at Havers."

"Oh," he said. "Ground—what do you want with ground?"

"Lots of things, Sunny said.

"And what might lots of things be?"

"Hens, for instance," Sunny said.

"Poultry, it might be."

"The poultry-farming's played out. It's no good—done forty. Why if a man woman or child finds himself entirely unable to earn an honest living in a sensible way, he starts poultry-farming in the last refuge for the weak-minded and adle-headed."

"Nothing in it, then?" Sunny asked.

"Not three-ha' pence a week," he said.

"Well, I can't do that. I've got ideas that bit of land of yours 'ud just suit me."

"Got what I want?" he asked.

"No, but I've got plenty of friends."

"And they'll buy land for you and set up that mad mad scheme?"

"That's their business and mine."

"Well, I'm not selling my land at Havers for poultry farming," he said.

"Then what are you selling it for?"

"Villas residences. I'm going to map it out in plots, and they'll go like hot cakes."

"Then you won't sell the land alto-gether?"

"Only at a price. My price is"—he paused; he looked at her—"two hundred and twenty an acre."

"Two hundred and twenty the lot," Sunny said.

"No; an acre, and there are thirty acres. You can't pay that price for land for keeping hens on."

"No, I s'pose not," Sunny said. "Same time you won't never sell it for no building villas on either."

"Well, one thing, they'd never stand the smell!"

"Why, the smell they're bound to make," Sunny said.

"Who are bound to make?" Colport shouted.

"Them chemical people—them people ex are going to make manure out of chemicals! It's bound to hurt!" Sunny said. "Drive every one away for miles, Ma, I once lived in a street where there was a small chemical manure busi-ness. I know. I know. That's the ground pretty cheap."

"I don't know what the deuce you are talking about. What chemical manure have you in your head?"

"None," Sunny said. "But your villa-rence people'll get it in their noses all right, and they'll leave quick, you see."

"If you would be so good as to ex-plain," he said, with pensive politeness. "In the first place, I can assure you that there is no chemical manure within miles of Havers."

"Not yet, but there's going to be."

"I see the board up, I said. Betcher the land will be sold cheap now. It looks like just the place to run a hen or two on."

"I found out where you was and Colport stared at her. "What board?"

"The board that's up on the other ground—the small bit of ground."

"Well, I know o' no board."

"You can't see it from here," Sunny said. "There's a board all right, and it

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