SUNNY DUCROW

GODNESS! Am't I quiet, haven't I haven't I been waiting for you to talk all the been waiting for you to talk all the me! Only you don't say a word. You me! Only you never going to get up onthis love the room and sprang on to the some the some the room and sprang on to the some the room and sprang on to the sprang the some the some the room and sprang on to the some the some the some the room and sprang on to the some the room and sprang on to the some the room and sprang on to the some the some

you; you know that, don't you?"
"Then—then it can never be?" he
gid wistfully.
She shook her head. "It can't be!"
she said. "Me and you must be good
friends, the beet of friends, Arthur;
we'll always be that, shan't we?"
"Always." There was a lump in his
throat It was a blow, but he took it
like the man he was.
"So—so it's off!" he said. "Eh? Off
for good and all! No chance for me,
ne hope, Sunny, that you may ever
change your mind?" He looked at her
with the last gleam of hope in his eyes.
Sunny shook her head. "I shan't
never change my mind, dear." she
said. She went to him and slipped her
warm little hand into his. "Only it
won't make no difference between us,
except perhaps it'll make us like one
another better than ever!" she said.
"I—I suppose so. I'll get used to it
is time; it—it hurts a bit now, Sunny."
I know—at least I don't know, but
I spose it does!" she said.
"Sunny does it mean that there is—

If know—at least I don't know, but I spose it does!" she said.

"Sunny does it mean that there is—some one else?" he said.

She looked at him, the color flooded it face to her white neck. Her eyes filled suddenly; she drew her hand isewy from his.

"I don't know." Sunny Duerow said. "I don't know." Sunny Duerow said. "I don't know." Sunny Duerow said. "I don't know."

But he did!

She was gone, and he stood staring flow at the empty fireplace.

"After all. I was too late!" he said.

"Too late: my luck! Well—" He said.

"Too late: my luck! Well—" He said.

"Too late: my luck! Well—" He said.

"To late: my luck! Well—" He said.

"Too late: my luck! well—" He said.

"Toon't know," she had said to tither Curtiss. "I don't know."

Did she know? She wondered. Did

"For old grif!" Debrington said. He stad summy will be suffer. Cutture "T don't Ma and the stade of the stade

"All right," Sunny said. "All right, we'll get a little fiat somewhere later on."

"Later on? It's always later on!"

Mrs. Melkin said.

Sunny rose; she bathed and dressed. It was 11 o'clock when she opened the front door of the house in Bloomsbury and went out. Outside the door a car had pulled up; in the car was Lord Dobsington.

"Good morning, Sunny," he said. "Ripping notices about you in the papers, and you deserve it all! See what Angus said about you in the Cry?"

She nodded, "And he was right," she said; "he was dead right! In jumping a bit too high. I've got to wait till! I've grown a bit."

"Oh, rot!" he said. "These chaps always qualify their praise. It was a ripping notice. I read it aloud to my mother and she was delighted with it!"

"Was she?" said Sunny.

"Rather!" He made room for her beside him. "Jump in, Sunny," he said. He himself was driving the smart little two-seater, and now, with the skill of a practiced driver, he put it through the traffic.

Sunny did not talk while they were negotiating the worst of the traffic, but presently, when Ealing was passed and the road became less congested, she began.

"It's all off!" she said.

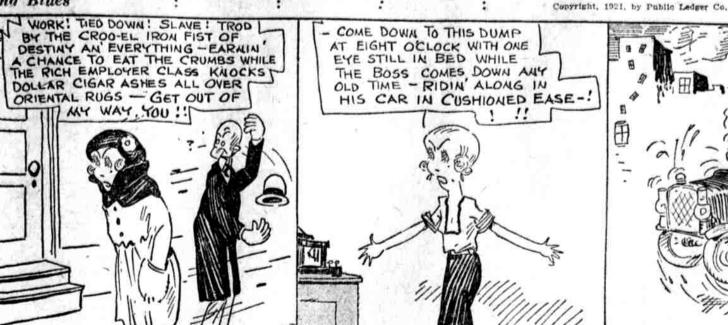
THE GUMPS—The Older They Are the Harder They Fall



SOMEBODY'S STENOG-Monday Morning Blues

OH HUM! WHAT WAS A LIFE! ALLRIGHT

ALLRIGHT!



BANG

By Sidney Smith

SMITH

By Hayward

AND SHE CALLS ME

OLD FLINT HEART-

The Young Lady Across the Way

CAMILLE!

OH CAMILLE!

IT'S QUARTER TO SEVEN .

THE ITINERANT BOOZE TESTER

By FONTAINE FFX



BE OF THE SAME DANGEROUS UNCERTAIN QUALITY.

SCHOOL DAYS By DWIG PARDON ME! ARE YOU NOT RALDH POUCHER? I AM A LAWYER, SIR, MERCIFUL HORRIFICS PLEASED TO INFORM YOU THAT AND THE JOST AND AM PLEASED IN ENFORM REFUSED HIM: OH RALPH! MAY SAT ONE WORD DAY DREAMS

A-E-HAYWARD - 7

are going too far. PETEY-A Little Light on the Subject

The young lady across the way says she believes in reasonable

Sabbath observance all right, but

the reformers who are trying to force the continental Sunday on us









THE CLANCY KIDS—As the Twig Is Bent, Etc.







By Percy L. Crosby