

WINGS FORTUNE

BY
LESLIE BERESFORD

Sylvia Darnley, an orphan in employment at a travel bureau. She meets John Christopher Fellowes, going to Paris and Monte Carlo.

Mrs. Paula Carmichael and Tony Malleson staying at the hotel tell her she is to receive a fortune left by her uncle, Luke Massingham.

On the way to Monte Carlo, together with Paula and Tony, the train is wrecked and Sylvia is under the impression that Tony rescued her. Paula warns her against fortune seeking.

Going to a tea-shop alone, Sylvia overhears John Fellowes tell a friend of his rescue of Sylvia on the train. Sylvia confronts Tony with this information. Tony then tells her that a letter will be made by her uncle. Benetling John Fellowes, Sylvia runs in to John Fellowes when a fire breaks out at his hotel and tells him of the will. He advises her to carry on the deception.

John Christopher tells Tony and Sylvia that the fortune has been wiped out by market manipulations. Florrie, the maid, steals the will.

Tony remarked, with an earnestness that took no heed of the Italian man-servant offering cocktails: "It's queer how I've fallen for you. And yet I can't rouse any response in you."

"Can you be really surprised, remembering all the circumstances of our position?" Sylvia retorted a little scornfully, amazed over his effrontery which seemed to have completely overlooked that point.

"There you are!" he chuckled. "Full of righteousness for yourself, and scorn for your humble servant! At least, you're honest about it, now there's no longer any need to pretend. It's a great pity we're quarrelling."

"That could stop quite easily if the truth were told about the will."

"And you know that can't—won't be done!" he gibed. "Are we going to put our necks into a noose, Paula and I? However, we won't say any more at the minute, Sylvia. I am sure, before this night's through, we shall find some way of settling our difference."

He said that in a jocular tone of voice, which yet to Sylvia's ears held a note of menace behind its smooth laugh. She had a feeling of physical fear, despite all her effort to deride what seemed cowardice.

Somehow the absence of Lester Vanderduyl added to that nervous apprehension. Nobody said anything in explanation of that, she noticed. His name was not even mentioned, and she wondered what could have happened behind the closed door of the Conte's woodpanelled study, that room of mystery, to bring about this swift departure.

It left her feeling terribly alone, and no so safe as if he had been there, although she could not explain to herself quite why she should have that impression. What harm could happen to her, or was even suggested by these people sitting with her at dinner?

But she was glad when the meal was over, Tony and the Conte disappearing into the latter's study. Left with the two women, who had turned on the radio, Sylvia slipped away out into the quiet of the soft, dark night which hid the garden. It was then that, accusing herself of an unnecessary cowardice, she realised what she ought to do. Here she was, wasting valuable time, when the way lay clear before her.

It should, of course, lead her to the detective whom Florrie had spoken of as staying at the inn just round the corner. That was her obvious goal. To go there, find him, tell him her story about the will, have him come up to the villa with her and force Florrie to hand it over.

"Just round the corner," was a fig-

ure of speech, Sylvia knew. It meant a good quarter of an hour's walk down the twisting mountain-road, unlit and dangerous to follow in such black dark as hid everything to-night.

But she could not hesitate because of the danger. It helped her in one respect. Tony and the others would never imagine her capable of such a daring excursion. With luck, she could be there and back before they even knew she had left the house.

It was not until she had slipped out from the iron gates of the garden and was already hurriedly thrusting her way through the gloom that she quite realised how difficult her task was going to be. The narrow road, steep in its descent and always twisting this way or that, was so entirely invisible that she soon ceased to hurry.

She found that she could only grope her way, and that with the greatest care. To her right, the mountain side rose unevenly, and could not easily be followed by the help of a guiding hand. To the left, sometimes perilously near and unguarded by more than a low and broken wall of loose stones, the cliff made a sheer drop, hundreds of feet down, into a ravine where a torrent roared distantly.

Twice she found herself wandering to that side of the road in the dark, might indeed have plunged unwittingly down into those terrible depths if she had not discovered her predicament in the nick of time. It seemed as if she would never reach her destination without help.

Then, as she was almost inclined to give up and turn back again, she heard voices on the road ahead, so pushed forward once more, drawing quickly nearer to the sounds. These clearer now, disclosed themselves to be the voices of a man and a woman in heated argument.

Speaking in English, too, and when Sylvia drew nearer still—she recognised something else, something which made her stand still in surprise. Not half-a-dozen yards away, Tony was talking, interrupted by the startled voice of Florrie, who seemed to be gasping for breath.

(To be Continued)

WHAT, AGAIN?

Having lived to see the day when a woman in a short skirt looks positively dowdy, we must prepare for another shock. Next Spring, the fashion experts say, skirts will be shorter. Women will still dress in the height of discretion, but the height of discretion will be raised a few inches. By this time next year the flowing garments that now look so smart may be worn only by aunts. When this see-saw process has been repeated a few times more the whole human race will be shock-proof. And what will the modiste do then, poor thing?—Manchester Sunday Chronicle.

"Any family that permitted itself to indulge in the self-esteem that most nations enjoy would be considered badly brought up and not be invited anywhere."—Emil Ludwig.

"A general habit of intellectual rebellion is more foolish than a general habit of intellectual acquiescence."—Bertrand Russell.

or children, and even among these is in-
mate over the brimmed shapes, and is confined mostly to sports costumes.

In London, the leading hat style for youthful aristocrats is the classic felt, slightly more squared of crown than in Paris, with roll brim worn up at back and down at front. If one makes a promenade of Hyde Park or Kensington Gardens, more than half the little girls will be wearing this style, and many of the very small boys. Here, may be seen some bonnet cloches, but to less extent than in Paris.

Sailor berets, copied closely from the British sailor's headgear, are also a good deal worn by little Britishers, but only in navy with reefer coats. Basque and fabric berets are, as in Paris, only seen on 10-year-olds and up, and usually with sports clothes.

The fitted coat worn by little girls in both Paris and London, is accompanied by the styles of hats mentioned other than the beret. These, and postillions and other little coats fitted at the top, are a great deal worn by children up to 7 or 8. Above that age, little girls dress in loose, belted coats, with berets, but there persists some innuence of this more fitted and formal style, with a good many brimmed hats, either of felt or fabric, being worn.

School or Jobs

"The trouble with youth," a man who knows boys recently commented, "is its youthfulness." If the aphorism needs explanation, he added, let it be said that a prime characteristic of youth is an urge for activity. If opportunity for its expression is not given through schools, and jobs are unavailable, is it to be wondered that unadjusted boys and girls experiment in fields that lead to conflict with law and order?

The dangerous age for a youth is the period when he is reaching adolescence and early maturity. Statistics prove this. In England & Wales forty-two per cent. of all persons found guilty of indictable crimes last year were under twenty-one. In the United States, according to Department of Justice reports, two-thirds of all arrests for crime involve persons between fifteen and twenty-four and those 19 years old lead any other age group.

No grand social scheme can solve the problem of unadjusted youth at one swoop. Boys and girls like their elders, are not cut to one pattern. But any adult does a real service who makes it possible for a youngster to remain in school, which is the best agency for life training that society has yet evolved, and when school days are over helps him get suitable employment.—Rotarian Magazine.

Says Sun's Radiance Is Slowly Diminishing

Washington—A sun so thinned in mass and so dimmed in radiance that eventually it will move across the heavens with much the same display as a dimly lit automobile travels through a foggy meadow, is envisaged by Dr. Walter S. Adams, director of the Carnegie Institution's Mount Wilson Observatory.

But the time for that was described as so far distant that the dwarfing of the sun would not matter to earth.

Dr. Adams says that earth and its inhabitants would have met what ever fate was in store for them long before the millions of millions of years have gone by. He did not calculate on the fate of earth.

At 21, a few days before her graduation, she performed a difficult operation in China with success. Soon afterwards she presided at the birth of quadruplets, and was, she confessed, "a little excited."

So They Say

"When man invented the wheel and the axle he forged the first weapon with which to destroy his own solation."—Owen D. Young.

"Conventions are not arbitrary and hampering rules, but customs that have developed through generations of practical usage."—Emily Post.

"Everything that we do with intent to increase the security of the individual will be a stimulus to recovery."—Franklin D. Roosevelt.

"It is not the immovability of our faith, but rather where we have fastened it."—Evangeline Booth.

"We will have to have unemployment insurance, old-age insurance and health insurance for the masses."—Edward A. Filene.

"The wise and just man will not do to his neighbor on the right what he would not have his neighbor on the left do to him."—Ignace Paderewski.

Anti-Flu

Workers at the British National Institute for Medical Research discovered recently that mice can catch influenza. Having first administered ether to the rodents to make them unconscious, they dropped a virus containing influenza germs into their nostrils; the mice sniffed it up and contracted the disease. Further experiments in passing the influenza from mouse to mouse proved that the infection was contagious and not merely a chance result. The doctors also succeeded in preparing an antiserum which rendered other mice immune from the infection.

Similar experiments have previously been conducted upon ferrets, but as mice are less expensive and more easily handled this new discovery to have far-reaching results. It is hoped that it will eventually lead to the development of a successful anti-influenza serum for human beings.

Man Uses Feathers To Smother Blaze

Groton, Conn.,—Fletcher Daboll doesn't need the fire department; he uses feathers.

Daboll's automobile caught fire and when the firemen were slow in responding, he tore open a feather pillow and scattered the contents over the blaze, smothering it.

October Is Driest Month

Dallas, Tex.—October was the driest here it has been for 20 years—and that's as far back as the bureau records go. During the entire month there was only .9 of an inch rainfall recorded against a normal fall for October of 2.11 inches.

this problem for a long time. I could have driven much and have made me clearly that I must end this friendship, for my own good as well as his, as your article did.

As I write this, I feel so grateful to you, Mr. St. Clair, and I want to truly thank you from the bottom of my heart.

But what kind of a person must I be? Before I met this boy, I thought I knew myself. It's funny, isn't it, how little we really know of ourselves?"

This young lady, apart from proving the personal value of graphology made another point when she said "It's funny how little we really know of ourselves." Not very long ago, a gentleman living in Winnipeg wrote to me asking me to analyse his own writing and that of his wife. He said that the domestic relations were re-

They're Telling Us

"An empty stomach is not a good political adviser."—Albert Einstein.

"Any one who stops learning is old—whether this happens at twenty or at eighty."—Henry Ford.

"Being serious or angry about things that don't matter is the mark of the Puritan."—G. K. Chesterton.

"A man can hardly rise to the top without being something of a schemer."—Dean Inge.

"No nation can give its word of honor to another nation, because no nation has a word of honor to give."—A. A. Milne.

"Every writer needs a secretary with brains, for all writers are dumb-bells."—Joseph Hergesheimer.

"Two witnesses of the same act never have the same memory of it."—Annie Maugie.

"America is the greatest country in the world for the masses, but not for the individual."—Luigi Pirandello.

"The pleasures of philosophy are like the heights of love, to which no mean soul can come."—Will Durant.

"That which distinguishes man from animals is lying and literature."—Anatole France.

"Some of my friends marvel at the spread of radicalism. I wonder that there is so little of it."—Harry Emerson Fosdick.

"A suspicion abroad is the land that justice is tainted is more dangerous to the public peace than the liberty of a thousand bad men."—Raymond Moley.

"The unpardonable sin of an administration, any administration, is failure."—James A. Farley.

MEAL MIXTURES FOR PIGS IN WINTER

For pigs newly weaned up to four months of age the following meal mixture is recommended: Middlings, 2 parts; oats, 2 parts; shorts, 1

part; bran, 1-2 parts. With one pound of this mixture feeds two pounds of skim-milk or butter milk. From the time the pigs are five months old and weigh about 150 pounds up to market weight, they may be fed the following ration: shorts, 1 part; oats, 2 parts; barley, 2 parts. With one pound of this mixture, feed one and one-half pounds of skim-milk or buttermilk.

TO CLEAN THE AIR

In view of the sweeping assertions which have been made in some quarters, implying that the private manufacture of arms is necessarily a vicious system, tainted by corruption and essentially unpatriotic in its methods, the result of such an inquiry should do much to clear the air and enable the ordinary citizen to form views of his own from an impartial standpoint. — Belfast Telegraph.

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