

WINGS OF FORTUNE

BY LESLIE BERESFORD

SYNOPSIS

Sylvia Darnley, an orphan in employment at a travel bureau, meets John Christopher Fellowes, going to Paris and Monte Carlo. Mrs. Paula Carmichael and Tony Mallison staying at the hotel tell her she is heiress to a fortune left by her uncle, Luke Mallison. 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-seekers. Going to a tea-shop alone, Sylvia overhears John Fellowes tell a friend of this rescue of Sylvia on the train. Sylvia confronts Tony with this information. Tony then tells her that a later will was "made" by her uncle benefitting John Fellowes. Sylvia runs 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.

CHAPTER XIV

TWO LOSSES

When Sylvia joined Tony in the shining Hispano-Suiza car below, his impatient and angry protests over her delay fell on deaf ears. At that moment she felt really hopeful—far more hopeful than she had felt after her necessarily short talk with John Christopher.

For Florrie, before they arched up stairs, had assured her again that she would find a way to obtain possession of that will. It was all in her interest to do that, Sylvia realised.

"It's going to give him to me, Miss Sylvia, don't you see?" Florrie said. "That's all I care about. I love him. He's a crook, yes. But that doesn't make me love him any the less. I knew it from the start. I'll go crook too with him, if need be, so long as he's mine. That's all I want, whether he hates me or not, however he treats me—just to know that he's mine."

Sitting beside Tony in the car, Sylvia was still shaken and started by that amazing outbreak. It made her understand for the first time the intensity with which some women can love. It almost made her envious of Florrie, who at least had been promised marriage and must have had some measure of her love returned.

With herself—how different! Sylvia realised that, suddenly and acutely, as the car carried Tony and her half along the smooth boulevard towards the bank. For Tony, his complaints, assuaged by Sylvia's apologies, gestured over the wheel towards the entrance to the Ritz-Plage hotel.

"Fellowes is certainly making the running, strong with old Darlingford's daughter!" he chuckled.

And Sylvia, following the direction of his gesture, saw first the warm tinkle of that Tintin hair, glorious coral to an oval face of such lively, care-free loveliness as made her heart ache, made her feel something of that tempestuous passion which had troubled in Florrie's voice and smouldered in her eyes.

John Christopher, smiling and care-free too, was leaning so close to that lovely face, that Sylvia held her breath, closed her eyes, felt as if she were enduring the most terrible tortments. When she opened her eyes again, the car had swung round a corner, was almost at the doors of the bank where Tony had established an account of her.

Now she understood how Florrie felt about him, without Florrie's hope. What a tragedy—Life was! What a torture chamber to those who loved!

Sylvia found herself inside the bank with Tony, who had asked for the manager. It was an English bank, and the whole atmosphere of it made Sylvia feel at home for the moment. She tried to forget about John Christopher about her love for

him, about everything but the business which had brought her here.

They were not of course kept waiting long. She was one of the bank's important clients, and a smiling clerk quickly arrived to bow her and her companion into the private office. Here, the manager bowed to her too, found her a comfortable chair, talked about the weather, hoped that she was enjoying her stay in Monte Carlo.

He was one of the pleasant, placid men, rather like Mr. Muir, at the Malchester Palace Hotel. Sylvia had thought when she first met him, and thought again now, sitting opposite to him. He little knew, she told herself, as she talked to him, what a terribly important crisis in her life in his hands!

It was, of course, Tony who suddenly referred to this in a veiled way, after some minutes of talk.

"By the way," he interrupted. "You've a packet of mine, deposited with your bank. There's a document in it which Miss Darnley rather needs to see. Could I trouble you so much?"

"No trouble whatever!" The manager took the little receipt slip which Tony had passed across, and rose to his feet with alacrity. "Just a moment, Mr. Mallison, and I'll be back with the packet."

He returned indeed almost immediately, carrying a big and bulging envelope, heavily sealed with black wax, stamped by the bank's crest. Excusing himself for the moment, the manager went out again, leaving Sylvia alone with Tony, who had immediately begun to break the seals. The envelope contained a number of folded papers, which he held up for a moment in a bunch, chuckling softly.

"All of them worth money!" he said, significantly. "The indiscretions of other people—sweetheart, which become a source of income to me when occasion demands that my pocket should be filled! Remarkable how willingly people will pay to prevent their past sins from becoming known!"

It did not, of course, surprise her that blackmail was among his accomplishments. Her only surprise lay in the fact that this man, capable only of crookedness and such infinite cruelty as that of battenning on people's fear, could have inspired a girl like Florrie with such an all-forgiving love as she clearly felt for him.

Sylvia, meanwhile, saw that he was holding out in front of her one paper taken from the others. She did not attempt to read it through. It sufficed that she saw it to be dated only a few months since, to be the last will and testimony of Luke Anthony Mallison, of Shanghai, China, and that the name of John Christopher Fellowes recurred continually in it as obviously the person whom its contents most concerned.

Here, in front of her, was evidence that meant everything to John Christopher, even though its disinherited her. If only she dared tell the bank manager when he came back to them, insist on his examining and discovering for himself the real character of this document which his bank had been guarding for Tony, tell him the whole story, whatever the consequences to herself!

And when, while this thought came to her, the door opened behind Tony and her, admitting the bank manager himself, she was almost on the point of snatching that all-important document from Tony's hands. But she was held motionless by surprise, because the manager was not now alone. Following him into the room came the one person most concerned at this moment—John Christopher himself.

Could anything more fortunate possibly have happened? Breathless, Sylvia eyed him with a growing sense of personal triumph. The waiting game was over. It was not he—but she, herself—who would bring it to an unexpectedly definite end. No need now to snatch the will from Tony, who was looking across at John Christopher with just as much amazement as herself, and not with as much pleasure. Tony and the will were here, and could not escape, once she had spoken.

Meantime, it was the bank manager who spoke first in his pleasant, but business-like voice.

"Miss Darnley, I suppose I must apologise for bringing Mr. Fellowes," he was saying, gesturing a wholly unnecessary introduction. "I think you do know each other? And, of course, Mr. Mallison, that question need not be asked. Mr. Fellowes has just called to see me about some news from Shanghai, which—I'm afraid—is of a rather disturbing nature."

"News—from Shanghai?" It was Tony who intervened on a note of wonderment, not entirely free from alarm as well.

"Worse luck, yes, Mallison!" John Christopher moved forward a little. "But, of course, it doesn't affect you, unless you happen to have invested any of your hard-earned savings in the Anglo-Chinese Trading and Finance Corporation, of Shanghai."

"Good heavens, man!" he added, as Tony showed signs of frantic anxiety. "You don't mean to say you're going to be hit, too?"

"Hit?" Tony almost choked.

"Why, what's wrong with the Corporation, Fellowes?"

"Looks as if a very good deal's wrong with it!" John Christopher shrugged. "As you know, Mallison, I'm one of the directors, and I'm over here in Europe, mostly on the Corporation's affairs. I've just had this cable from Shanghai. Seems to speak for itself."

"A fright- Anglo-Chinese collapse inevitable. Position hopeless." It was only then that Sylvia realised how much this message affected herself. For this was the financial syndicate, she suddenly remembered, the lawyer in London had mentioned to her as the one in which her uncle's eighty-thousand pounds was invested. And this cable meant then, in plain language, that the fortune no longer existed.

In a flash, Sylvia realised the immense difference this cablegram meant to her. If her uncle's money was being swept away in financial disaster, the whole situation was changed. It took away the blackmailing clutches of Paula and Tony. That stolen will, which the latter still held in his hand with other blackmailing documents, was not worth the paper on which it was written. He could not hold it against her any longer. His cords of conspiracy were cut away from her, giving her unexpected freedom. She felt like laughing, outright, tears of intense relief misting her eyes for a moment.

(To be continued.)

Mignonette Is Good House-Plant

Did you ever grow a mignonette in the house? It makes a most fragrant plant for winter, and is easily grown. As you cannot transplant mignonette without giving the plants a set-back, many times fatal, sow eight or ten seeds in a four-inch pot, for example.

Having sown the seeds, put a glass over the top of the pot. The seeds will come up in about two weeks, and then you can remove the glass.

When the plants have made each several leaves, thin them either to a single plant in a pot, or two or three. If you leave two or three, they will grow together, and make a bushier plant that will require less training than a single plant.

As soon as the pot has become fairly well filled with roots, but before the plant has become pot-bound, move the plant into a five or six-inch pot. It will bloom in this, but can safely be moved once more to a seven or eight-inch pot.

Witty Flashes

Judges have been kicking because their hours are too long. Trying times.

Then there was the misguided wireless fan who asked for a copy of Old Morse Almanac.

When does a miss become a hit? When she gets off.

FALSE TEETH

Dr. WERNETT'S POWDER Sold the world over—Dr. Wernett's Powder—justly called "the perfect powder"—holds false plates firmer for hours longer. Leaves no sickening gummy paste—teeth fit so snugly you comfortably feel like natural ones. Prescribed by world-leading dentists—just sprinkle on. Inexpensive—any drugstore.

"SALADA"

JAPAN GREEN TEA Exquisite Quality Fresh from the Gardens

What Does Your Handwriting Reveal?

GEO. ST. CLAIR (Grapho-Analyst) All Rights Reserved.

(Editor's Note: More and more readers are taking advantage of the author's offer to make a personal reading. This is only natural when so many people today are desirous of making the most of themselves. See the offer following this week's article.)

MORE ADVICE TO SWEET-HEARTS

I know that it is one of the most difficult things in the world to try and extend advice to young people who are in love. And if the advice is negative—that is, opposed to their feelings at the moment—so much the worse.

So that the case I am going to quote in this article is particularly timely.

Some six months ago, a young lady living in Ontario, sent me a rather long specimen of the writing of the man she was very friendly with—a man, moreover, who had asked her to marry him.

She was fond of him in many ways, and really seriously considering accepting his proposal. But there were certain disquieting points in connection with him that didn't quite please her. She couldn't, for instance, get very much information from him as to his past. He was somewhat vague, and to all her natural enquiries as to his family, and so on, he was non-committal.

All this gave her cause to pause, and she decided to ask my advice as to his suitability—and stated definitely that she would act entirely on my advice. Her friend, by the way, was a man about 36, and her own age was 23.

This was a very serious situation, indeed, for my correspondent showed in her own handwriting that she had a very cultured mind and a generous, rather idealistic nature.

However, her friend's writing was very obvious. There were definite indications, not only of deceitfulness, but of outright dishonesty. He was a man who could be very charming, but there was a distinct sensual streak in him.

I advised my correspondent to give him up. It was a hard thing to ask, but my honest opinion was that he was not only her type, but that her future with him would be very unhappy.

I heard nothing more from my correspondent for a while, but just recently I received word from her and she told me that on receiving my letter, and recalling her own doubts about her friend, she had given him up. She had since discovered that the man had been married, and his wife was living in the United States. He had not been divorced.

I need hardly state that she was grateful for the advice that had enabled her to avoid an embarrassing situation, if not worse.

The best thing to do with advice when it is given by an unbiased person—as, for example, a handwriting expert—is to take it in the spirit in which it is given. It is the simplest matter in the world to check any statements made with your own knowledge of your friend. And it gives you definite points to watch out for.

It is up to you whether you will attempt to effect a change in the habits or characteristics of your friend, or whether the traits revealed are such that you should sever the association altogether.

And in this connection, it is worthy of note that young people in love are more amenable to suggestions as to

Your Liver's Making You Feel Out of Sorts

Wake up your Liver Bile

No Calomel needed

When you feel blue, depressed, sour on the world, that's your liver which isn't pouring its daily two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels.

Digestion and elimination are being slowed up, food is accumulating and decaying inside you and making you feel wretched.

Mere bowel-movers, like salts, oil, mineral water, laxative candy or chewing gum, or roughage, don't go far enough.

You need a liver stimulant. Carter's Little Liver Pills is the best one. Safe, purely vegetable. Sure. Ask for them by name. Refuse substitutes. 25¢ at all druggists.

Issue No. 41 '34

Debate Use of Slang In Drama

Old London Split—Modern Jargon Is Used In Biblical Play

London, Eng.—Whether John Drinkwater has not gone too far in his modern colloquialisms is the question brought up by a critic of the playwright's new production "A Man's House," now showing in London. The play deals with the reaction of a family in Jerusalem to the coming of Christ to their city. It is noted Mr. Drinkwater has tightened up the play somewhat since its production in Malvern, and "has sought to give a clearly detached view of the situation."

The critic continues: "Gospel me foot," for example, however reasonable an equivalent it may be for the language of a not-headed young business man would use when he found an apparent agitator upsetting the community will jar upon some people."

Allowing for passages of arid talk, the theme is treated interestingly, the critic declares.

"Mr. Drinkwater lets the miracle of restoring the blind girl's sight produce its own dramatic effect without stressing it by immoderate language," it is stated. "His restraint emphasizes the realism, too, of the last scene, wherein the father of the household—a month ago a rational, contented household, but now disrupted by the visitation—looks from his window and sees the Nazarene, crucified and buried three days before, following the deserters from his house up the hill to Bethany."

This provocative, if not entirely satisfactory play is extremely well acted.

"Joyce Bland plays the tad-tempered blind daughter who acquires a Christian sweetness after her sight is restored by the healing hands of the Saviour; and Patricia Burke makes a notably good first West End appearance as her sister.

"Basil Radford gives conviction to the troubled emotions of the head of the family; Reginald Tate is the impetuous, dogmatic son who has no patience with these interrupters of business; and Scott Sunderland and Stanley Lathbury are among the others who give admirable performances."

China "Purity" Campaign Has Reached Shanghai

Regulations Containing Seven Articles Governing Women's Dress Just Issued.

Shanghai, China.—The "purity" campaign which has been sweeping through the length and breadth of China and which is designed to raise the standard of public morals by rules and regulations; has at last reached Shanghai. The Shanghai magistrate's office has just issued a set of regulations containing several articles governing women's dress. These are:

- 1—Trousers should not be shorter than four inches below the knee.
- 2—Bare legs and bare feet are strictly prohibited.
- 3—The hair must be combed backward, and must not be longer than the collar of the gown.
- 4—Woolen overcoats without buttons, must not be worn.
- 5—Walking in the streets in pyjamas and slippers is strictly forbidden.
- 6—The new rules must be carried out within two weeks after promulgated by school, teachers, girl students, women government employees, and wives of government employees; and one month, case of ordinary women and girls.
- 7—The police have the right to arrest any one on sight defying the new regulations.

Pretty Close

We know office boys well enough not to doubt that this actually happened. The directors of a big company were holding a meeting, and in the midst of a discussion of a weighty question one of them said a fact they wanted had just been printed in the latest Saturday Evening Post.

There wasn't a copy in the directors' room, so the chairman of the board rang for an office boy. In came one, wide-eyed, shy and nervous. The chairman of the board barked at him to get a Saturday Evening Post. The boy didn't understand at all, but he wasn't going to say so. He just backed out.

Ten minutes went by, during which the important gentlemen were restive. (On an average, it is estimated, their time is worth a dollar a minute.) Then the boy came back in his hand a small paper bag, which he handed the chairman of the board. The latter took the bag with a very strange look on his face, and drew from it a sardine sandwich on toast. We've known office boys to miss further than that. The New Yorker.

The ENERGY VALUE of Cod Liver Oil

PLUS SPEEDY ASSIMILATION

With emulsified oils digestion begins at once in the stomach. Ordinary oils must first combine with the pancreatic juices—to form an emulsion—before they can be assimilated.

Scott's Emulsion is more quickly and easily assimilated than plain Cod Liver Oil because it is already emulsified. Scott's Emulsion is rich in body building hypophosphites of lime and soda—PLUS values you get in Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

THE COD LIVER OIL WITH THE PLUS VALUE For Sale by Your Druggist

Issue No. 41 '34