

# WINGS OF FORTUNE

BY LESLIE BERESFORD

## SYNOPSIS

Sylvia Darnley, an orphan in employ- ment 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 Massingham. Sylvia, together with Paula and Tony, the train wrecked and Sylvia is under the im- pression that Tony rescued her. Paula urges her against fortune seekers. Sylvia, going to a tea alone, Sylvia over- hears John Fellowes tell a friend of his rescue of Sylvia on the train. Sylvia confronts Tony with this in- formation. Tony then tells her that the inheritance will be made by her uncle when a fire breaks out at his hotel and tells her of the will. He advises her to curry on the de- ceit.

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

Sylvia, of course, guessed, re- membering now what Florrie had said when she had first been told of the will's existence. She meant to use it to force marriage from Tony. That was nothing to which Sylvia could object, but it did not help her in the least. What vitally concerned her was a certainty that the will would be used to return to John Christopher the fortune to which he was entitled.

"Remembering always, Florrie, she intervened, "that you are talking about something which does not belong either to you or Mr. Mallison. Something stolen, something which ought to be given to its rightful owner, Mr. Fellowes—"

"You mind your own business, Miss Sylvia!" the other flung at her, almost shrilly. "That bit of paper belongs to me at the moment, and I'm using it just as I think I will. I've no time for you, and what you think ought to be done with it. If it hadn't been for you, with your baby face and your uncle's money, coming between me and my love—"

"Enough of that talk, girl!" Tony blared from the background where, meanwhile, he had been livid, with fury and speechless from anger, trying to control himself. He moved forward now, gesturing towards the door by which Florrie had entered with Paula.

"You'd better go to my sister's room and wait there till we're ready to talk to you about this silly game of yours—"

"Silly?" she laughed a rich scorn. "Don't make any mistake about that, Tony. It's neither silly, nor a game. That bit of paper's going to make you my husband, as I've told your sister already, or it's going to put you and her in gaol. You can please yourself which it is. I've no more to say about it. Only this—"

"I'm giving you till morning to think which it's to be," she added. "And come morning, if you're wise, you'll be ready to take me to where you can have that marriage put through in double quick time. If not—and early in the morning—Mr. Fellowes will be learning something to his advantage—by way of that detective who came here to-day while you were all out, poking around and pretending he wasn't anyone in particular, just staying at

the inn round the corner because he thought the scenery pretty hereabouts."

And then, moving very deliberately, with a graceful insolence, a smile on her frankly self-satisfied face, she went out by that other door at the far end of the room, closing it behind her.

She left shock behind her, shock in the baffled and fury-flaming eyes of Tony, shock to the mind of Sylvia, who saw in Florrie's ultimatum—and anyhow in her possession of that all-important will—every practical certainty that John Christopher's right to the Massingham fortune would never be established now.

## CHAPTER XIX DRAMA IN THE NIGHT

When Florrie had closed the door behind her graceful insolence, she left not only shock behind her but a silence so tense as almost to be felt. It was Paula who broke it at last with her husky croon, stinging contempt in her tone as she gazed across at her brother from glittering, lash-shuttered eyes.

"If you're not one of the world's biggest fools, Tony," she said, "I don't know the meaning of the word! I warned you in Shanghai to leave that girl alone, and you promised. I was soft enough to believe you. And from what she's been telling me in my room before I brought her in here—"

"Oo, forget it!" snarled Tony, sullen and his swarthy face tinged scarlet for the moment. "She's just telling lies—"

"What she's telling doesn't matter! What she's done is to hold you and me—and Sylvia, for that matter—in the palm of her hand. She's—"

"She's—nothing!" interrupted Tony, and flung out a savage gesture. "Leave the foul little thief to me to handle. I'll get that will out of her; don't fear. At any rate, she'll not blab about it to another living soul. There's one alternative. I shall put up to her, which she should have thought of before she made so cock-sure she was top-dog. An alternative—"

He lapsed to silence rather abruptly, after a sudden and grim little chuckle. And Sylvia chanced to catch the flashing exchange of glances, passing between Paula and him, glances so swift and sinister in their unspoken meaning that a little shiver ran through her. Then Tony laughed, swiveling round to her.

"My apologies, Sylvia, for not taking your word as I should have done. That girl never entered my head, as the thief, for a single moment. But you—"

"Oh, I meant to get it all right, if I could!" Sylvia shrugged. "It's just as well you knew that, better we understood each other once and for all quite plainly. I've never intended you two to get away with that will. And whatever arrangement you come to with Florrie over it—I'm going to see that this de- tective from Shanghai gets the whole true story from me."

"You are?" Tony's eyes narrowed as he looked across at her, with

an alert, questioning expression on his face.

"And there's no alternative about it, either!" she answered quietly, scathingly.

"Well, well!" Tony laughed on a note of mock regret. "It's a pity you feel like that about it. I'm sure Paula agrees with me there. Still, we can't prevent you from following your own bent, can we?"

"And the detective from Shang- hai's staying at the inn round the corner, so Florrie says, pretending to admire the scenery!" he added, turning to the door. "Well, that doesn't take away my appetite for dinner, nor am I going to let it spoil my evening, which has begun in quite a pleasantly exciting way already. What about joining the others?"

"We shall be one short-to-night, by the way," he mentioned to Sylvia as they went down into the hall. "Vanderduyl's left us, I'm afraid. Had a slight difference of opinion with the d'Abbatos. Pity when friends quarrel I think. But, of course, Vanderduyl was all in the wrong. Showing far too much attention to our little contessa, don't you think?"

"I really don't see how he could be blamed for that, anyhow!" Sylvia shrugged. "Nobody can say that she—and even the conte himself—didn't give him plenty of encourage- ment."

(To Be Continued.)

## Movie "Extras" Must Be Smart

### Women Extras Parade For Test Before Casting Officials—Difference in Pay

One of the most unusual meetings ever held in Hollywood takes place when the women extras of the colony parade before a selected committee of ten, in order to end the disputing that has been going on for some time, as to whether a girl shall be hired as a "dress girl" or a "regular extra."

It makes all the difference in the world to the girl and it will help the casting officials because in the future a call for "dress-extras" won't be answered by those not qualified for the part.

Dress people in studio parlance, means girls who have attractive ward- robes and the paise and distinction to appear in a film showing a smart crowd, without looking out of place. In other words, they must look as if they belonged. If you get into this class your pay is fifteen dollars a day.

Smartness Pays  
If you can't make the grade and are only a "regular" extra, you will play the part of street crowds or the people in simpler circumstances and get seven-fifty a day for doing it.

Dress people own their own ward- robes and other extras are costumed by the studios.

At present, Hollywood studios have figured out that more than 20 per cent of daily calls are for "dress extras." Hence the decision to end all argument of the subject by giving each girl a fair chance to be regis- tered for this special work.

The committee will consist of various casting men from the studios and two fashion artists, as yet unannounced. In order to get full camera-effect the girls are free to appear in make-up and may even be beautified by the make-up department of R.K.O. where the meeting will take place.

As they parade around one of the biggest sound stages on the lot, they will be called out by numbers until the lucky few will remain on the stage.

## I Would Be Trained

Let me train my eyes to see all the beauty.

In a strip of darkly wooded land; In snow, like an outspread hand, Drifted in gray streaks on fields cold with November.

Let me train my ears to hear all the beauty

In the slow, steady rhythm of a river; In winds, when even trees shiver Nakedly, and their top-most branches crack and fall.

Let me train my mind to remember only beauty

In clouds, when they cast a sullen gray

Over all the earth, and day

Wavers on the edge of sorrow, on the verge of night.

Josephine Bagot.

## MAKES FALSE TEETH FEEL LIKE NATURAL

There must be a reason Dr. Werner's Powder is the world's largest seller and prescribed by leading dentists: it holds teeth so firmly—they fit so comfortably—that all day long you forget you ever had false plates. Leaves no colored, gummy paste—keeps mouth sanitary, breath pleasant—the best powder you can buy yet cost is small—any druggist.

Issue No. 51—34

# "SALADA" TEA

Distinctive Quality

Fresh from the Gardens

## What Does Your Handwriting Reveal?

GEOFFREY ST. CLAIR  
(Graphologist)  
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(Editor's Note: Marked interest is being shown in these articles, and letters are coming in in increasing numbers. Have YOU had your handwriting analysed? Have you any problem in which this well-known writer could help you? See his invitation following this week's interesting article.)

A surprisingly large number of readers have written in, from time to time, asking for advice regarding friends with whom they have become acquainted through the medium of correspondence clubs. Sometimes the object is merely to have interesting correspondents, and there is really no particular harm in this.

The real danger arises when the object is more intimate; when, in fact, the aim is marriage. The case in the United States in which a man became acquainted with a number of ladies through a correspondence club, and murdered them for their money must be still fresh in the memory of many readers. However, it is not every case that reaches this horrible pitch, by any means.

Very frequently, however, women become embroiled with men and marry them, only to find that their impressions of the man were very different but correct, and they have lived to rue their decision.

This article is especially aroused by a letter I have just received. It is from a lady reader in the East. She asks me about a man, living in the West, and wishes to know what I think of him. She is a widow, 38 years of age, with two pretty children, and very comfortably off financially. The man, on the other hand, says he is 49, is still married, but is separated from his wife, because, he says, she made his life miserable, and was interested in other men.

He is very anxious to marry the widow, and will, he says, obtain a divorce, if she decides to marry him. Now I have seen letters that he has written. And they reveal not only that he is selfish and self-centred, but also has a violent temper. I cannot imagine anyone living with him having any happiness, because his temper is such that he will break out into a frequent fury. And there is very little that could be worse than this.

This man is avaricious. He knows that this widow has money, and he would like nothing better than to

get possession of some of it. And there is still another angle. He is sensuous. Certainly, he is not the type of man for my correspondent. They became acquainted through a correspondence club. And this shows up one of the very real dangers that lurk in these clubs. Here is a married man, who first posed as a single man, until he thought he could appeal for sympathy to this widow.

I am not going to lay it down as an axiom for my readers that they should have nothing to do with correspondence clubs. That would be injuring the innocent as well as the guilty. For there are many people, living in remote parts of the country, and in many cases too retiring to make friends in their own locality, who find some similarly lonely soul elsewhere in the country, and conduct a correspondence that, brings some rainbows into both lives. At times, happy marriages result from these mail acquaintanceships. But grave care must be taken by would-be correspondents. The dangers should be borne in mind.

And it is especially to single girls that I address this word of warning. Women who have been married and become widows, are, very often, better versed in life's intricacies, and have at least that much advantage. In the case I have mentioned above, my advice to the widow is to have nothing to do with her married correspondent. I do not trust him, and believe that he will bring nothing but unhappiness to my correspondent if any marriage is to occur.

One other word in regard to these correspondence acquaintanceships. Beware of any man who appeals for money. It may seem surprising that such a warning is necessary. And yet I have known of women who have sent money, following the interchange of letters through one of these clubs, and have lost it.

The author will analyse YOUR handwriting for you, and he will tell you what your friends are really like, without any frills. Send specimens of the writing you wish to be analysed, stating birthdate in each case, and enclose 10c coin for each specimen. Send with a 3c stamped, addressed envelope, to: Geoffrey St. Clair, Room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto, Ont. Letters will be confidential.

## The Stuff of Life

All men are born unequal.

The equality of humans is limited to one thing—time. The Prince of Wales and the tramp asleep on the park bench both have twenty-four hours to use each day, no more and no less.

Every man has so many years to live—some a few more than others—but when the end approaches, the machine wears out, and neither power, fame nor wealth can add a year.

The only equality is equality of time—time to work, time to struggle, time to achieve.

No one will be held accountable for not becoming a millionaire, but he is accountable for not making the best use possible of his time.

Benjamin Franklin used the years of his life so well that from a humble beginning he rose to be one of the wealthiest and wisest men of his age.

He aptly defined time as "the stuff of life."

A man's fortune depends on how he invests his money; his character on how he invests his time.—Dr. Frank Crane.

## Perfumed Petrol

Fastidious British motorists can now fill the tanks of their cars with scented petrol. A process has been developed whereby it is possible to perfume petrol, and it may soon be a delight to trail a motorist as the exhaust pipe of his car emits violet, lilac, or possibly attar of roses.

A patent has recently been granted for a process which eliminates the unpleasant smells from the exhaust gases of internal-combustion engines. These gases can be given an agreeable odour by adding to each gallon of petrol four grammes of an artificial musk compound, which it is

## George Dollar

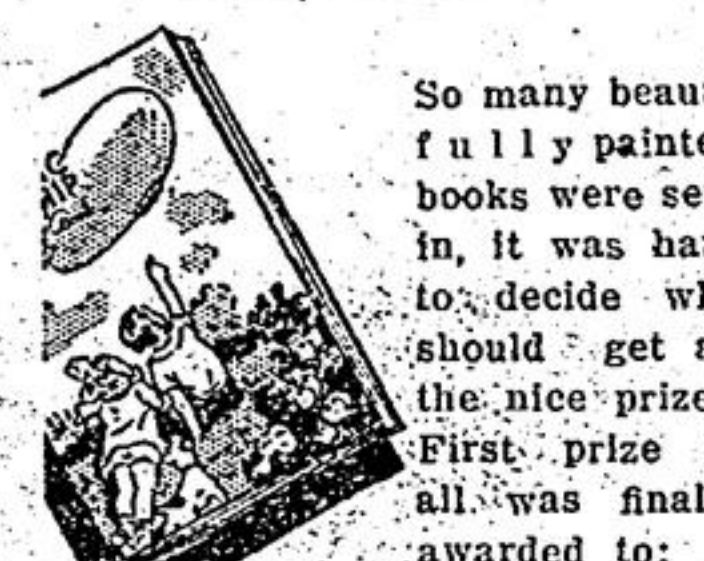
Ottawa—A Canadian silver dollar is to make its appearance in the currency, it was announced recently. Hereafter, coinage, apart from some gold pieces, has been confined to fifty and twenty-five cent, ten and five cent pieces and cents.

The silver dollar will be commemorative of the 25th anniversary of King George's accession to the throne, on May 6, 1935. It will be called the "George dollar."

The extent of its popularity will determine the amount of currency to be issued in this form, but it is understood the first minting will run to at least 100,000.

Only slightly larger in circumference than the 50-cent piece the new coin will be thicker and, in the opinion of the experts, fully as acceptable from the point of view of convenience of handling, as the smaller coin.

## KEEN'S PAINTING CONTEST PRIZE WINNERS



### THELMA HILLIER

(14) Brantford

6, 7 AND 8 YEARS OLD

1st—LOIS KIDDELL (7), St. Catharines, Ont.

2nd—ALEX. C. NEWLANDS (6), Berwyn Alta.

3rd—BILLY GRAHAM (5), Quill Lake, Sask.

1st—AND 10 YEARS OLD

1st—GEORGE IRCA (10), Crossfield, Alta.

2nd—HELENE GEORGET (9), Doreme, Sask.

3rd—BEULA PATTERSON (10), Pine Falls, Man.

11 AND 12 YEARS OLD

1st—MARK WEBBER (11), Regina, Sask.

2nd—AMY WRIGHT (11), Sarnia, Ont.

3rd—FLORENCE DENTON (12), Regina, Sask.

13 AND 14 YEARS OLD

1st—JEAN PARISH (13), Fort Erie, Ont.

2nd—GEORGE S. HOLDEN (14), Regina, Sask.

3rd—ALICE TOULLELAN (13), St. Brieux, Sask.

The Other Prize Winners Were

ONTARIO: Marjorie Simpson (8), Brockville; Francis Carter (8), Hamilton; Leonard Butler (6), New Toronto; Doris Quinn (9), Moscow; Jack Harris (9), Peterboro; Florence Jean McCallum (11), Alvinston; Mildred Search (11), Elmira; Isabelle Ross (14), North Toronto; Eliene Maynard (12), Brigidon; MANTOBA: Margaret Emke (6), Winnipeg; Dolores Larsen (6), Winnipeg; Yvonne Malfait (11), Swan Lake; Louise Pettault (12), Fort Garry; Marie de Rocquigny (11), Haywood; Ann Howes (14), Great Falls; Leonard Woods (14), Stony Mountain; Ruth Kneeshaw (14), Carberry.

SASKATCHEWAN: Leslie Sterling (8), Eys; Harry Carrow (8), Hazenore; Kathleen Nichol (8), Battleford; Bernice Graham (6), Quill Lake; Ruberta Hainstock (9), Benson; Dora Cook (9), Imperial; Rayner (9), Regina; Yvonne Sharpe (11), Regina; Evelyn J. Johnston (12), Regina; Germaine Julien (13), St. Hippolyte; Estelle Germaine St. Cyr (11), Neville; Juanita Lambert (13), Moose Jaw; Alice Lustig (14), Bethune.

ALBERTA: Ralph Ebbes (8), Edmonton; Josephine Osmik (10), Mun- jare; Margaret Anderson (9), Ed- monton; Gordon Vaughan (9), Medi- cine Hat; Laura E. Smith (12), Cal- sary; Joe Takahashi (14), Ray- mond; Betty Robertson (12), Ed- monton; Emma G. Pogmore (14), Byemore; Lillian Wood (9), Edmon- ton.

KEEN'S D.S.F. MUSTARD

## About Sakespeare

One day in 1926 a husky cornfed Texan named Anderson Baten retired to his Dallas cottage, opened the first volume of the Encyclopaedia Britannica and began reading about "AABENERAA, a town of Denmark."

Two years later, without having skipped a word between, he came to "ZYGOTE, the biological term for the fertilized egg," closed the last volume, went prayerfully to bed. Next morning he arose at 6 o'clock, took a five-mile walk with his wife. After breakfast he sat down at his desk in the centre of a horseshoe of book-stacked tables.

When Anderson Baten left his study some time between 2 and 3 o'clock the next morning A Complete Dictionary of Shakespeare had been definitely started.

Into this compilation during the next six years Lexicographer Baten packed a definition and discussion of every one of the 15,000 words Shakespeare ever used. The word "love" which the Elizabethan found 2,559 occasions to mention took days and days of special work. Each locality mentioned in Shakespeare's plays and poems was carefully described.

A biography of each historical character was written and a sketch of the origins of each fictitious one. The Dukes of Bedford and Beaufort made particular trouble because Shakespeare referred to several without bothering to distinguish between them. Summarized were all the scholarly comments on every disputed passage, and the Baconian theory was exhaustively surveyed.

By last week Anderson Baten had finished writing into his 1,500,000-word Complete Dictionary every last scrap of information about Shakespeare he could lay his hands on. Then he journeyed North to deliver the final section of his bulky manuscript to his publishers, John C. Winston Co., of Philadelphia. Until he sent them the first part five months ago, they did not know he was writing the Shakespeare dictionary. But last week Lexicographer William Dodge Lewis, editor of the Winston company, was sure that it was "one of the monumental works of all time."

## First Newspaper Printed

A printing press 300 years old and an exact reproduction of what is believed to be the first newspaper in existence, were on show at the exhibition of post-war type revivals in the Technical Library at St. Bride Institute. W. T. Berry, the librarian, who has arranged the exhibition, says this old press is undoubtedly the oldest example of the original form of hand printing press in existence in England with the exception of one, a slightly earlier pattern that can be seen in the South Kensington Museum. "It is practically identical in design with the hand press used by Caxton; but it is the only one of its kind found in Great Britain in which both horn and wood have been extensively used." Mr. Berry places the probable date of the machine's construction somewhere about the year 1625. It was found in a Fleet Street cellar about thirty years ago. Fastened to the lid of the press is a replica of what is thought to be the first newspaper ever printed, the "Nieuwe Tidinghen" ("New Tidings"). It was published in Antwerp in 1616, and with the possible exception of the "Frankfurter Journal" (1615), is the first newspaper in the modern sense of the term. The first English newspaper, the "Weekly News," appeared in 1622.

## Moon's Harsh Voice

On the track of those mysterious echoes, which cause sudden lapses in wireless receptions, radio scientists have come to suspect the moon. For the next few months the World Radio Research League, calling upon the services of its 250,000 members scattered throughout the world, is to study, by means of prearranged signals, the effect of various phases of the moon on broadcasting. Sun spots, it has already been determined, play havoc with wireless waves, and, since the moon reflects the sun's rays, it cannot be regarded as innocent.

How moonlight may be transmuted into sound was demonstrated in Czechoslovakia recently. The rays were first "captured" by a telescope, to which was fitted a photo cell, of the kind used in sound films, with a metal membrane inside. As the light fell on the membrane it created a high grating noise.

London Morning Post: A thousand Boy Scouts at Port Said salute a Chief whose heart is as resilient as theirs, and who retains, it would seem, almost their young energy. For Lord Baden-Powell, the indefatigable, is off again on one of his world tours—at the age of seventy-seven and a matter of months after an illness that filled his friends with fright.

## The Salvation Army CHRISTMAS APPEAL, 1934

Undoubtedly there has been improvement in business conditions, but the vast majority of needy people have not yet been reached by this improvement. Help for them is most urgently needed.

The Salvation Army will make your gift do maximum service.

Please Send Your Donations to

THE SALVATION ARMY, 20 Albert St., Toronto, Ont.