

Wings For Sally

By BAILEY WOLFE

SYNOPSIS: The same day that dainty unselfish Sally Warren starts her new work as society editor of the Courier, Terry Maynard, a young aviator and her beau, takes her to lunch. He asks her to fly to a nearby town to "stand by" while he applies for a South American job. Sally wants to go, but hesitates for she has promised her stepmother not to go again with Terry without permission, hoping to keep her younger sister, Tip, from getting too interested in flying.

Chapter Four

En Route To The Airport
IT WAS Lola Hopkins, the girl reporter, who helped Sally to make her decision. Sally had paused on the steps of the Courier building when Lola hailed her with loud cheer.
"Let's go to lunch—what say?"
"All right," agreed Sally. "I was just trying to decide where to eat."
Lola led the way to a small lunch room that Sally had never noticed before. They both ate hungrily till the plate lunches were disposed of. Then Lola turned her sharp black eyes on Sally.

"Say, how'd you like to go to a movie tomorrow night and dance afterwards at the Lake Pavilion? You bring Terry Maynard and I'll bring my friend. We can go in my car."
"You know Terry?" Sally was somehow startled. He had never mentioned Lola.
"I live next door to his folks on Riverview Heights," explained Lola. "Even been to see them."
"Yes," said Sally. "A few times. She had liked the Maynards well. Cheerful Mrs. Maynard sewed to help make a living. The house was always littered with scraps of material and the younger children's school books and toys, but Mrs. Maynard never seemed to mind the untidiness or the children's noise. Mr. Maynard ran a garage. He was tall and broad and had Terry's blue eyes.

"The Maynards are pretty swell folks," said Lola. "They don't mingle much in the Warrenton society, but they've got the stuff it takes to get ahead. Came down from the mountains with four kids to bring up and educate. They've all worked hard and now they've got their own place, and the garage. Sent Terry to flying school."
"They're awfully proud of him."
"They've got a right to be," affirmed Lola. "He's going to have the guts to get out of this little puddle and make something of himself." Sally was silent and Lola added, "What about that movie?"

Lola Offers Advice
TERRY'S flying over to Greensboro tomorrow night," said Sally slowly.
"Going with him?"
"I don't know," said Sally. "I've promised not to go up with him again soon. My—my stepmother doesn't want me to."
"They're always like that about flying—old folks are. Mom's the same way. I just go where I please, and if she don't like where I'm going I go anyway and bring her back a present afterwards. She gets over it."
"You always do what you want, don't you?" asked Sally suddenly.
"Just about, I guess."
"I almost never do," confessed Sally. "There are always so many other people to be considered."
"You'll never get anywhere if you figure like that. Take my advice and go with Terry if you want to."
"I'm going to," said Sally, with sudden decision.

As soon as she reached the office, she called Terry before she had time to change her mind.
"Terry—I'll go."
"Good girl!" Terry's enthusiasm warmed her. "Be ready about seven tomorrow night."
Sally beside him, Terry flies to Greensboro tomorrow and lands a job.

When Sally reached home, she went straight to the kitchen to have it out with her stepmother. Adelaide Warren was slicing the cold roast for supper, and Tip was preening a dress. "Mother," said Sally boldly. "Terry Maynard's flying to Greensboro tomorrow night on a very special trip, and he wants me to go."
"I never thought for one minute you meant what you said about not going flying with him again," said Mrs. Warren.
"I didn't mean to go again soon," said Sally. "Honestly."
"It's one and the same thing," said Mrs. Warren. "You'll keep on going till one of you gets killed. I don't know how I'm to bear the worry of it."
"Don't be silly, Mom," said Tip. "Terry Maynard's one of the best pilots around here." She turned to Sally eagerly. "What's Terry going to Greensboro for? Do you think he'd let me go?"
"It's Terry's secret," said Sally.
"I'll ask him his old secret—and he'll tell me, too," pouted Tip.
Sally said nothing, although she rather thought Tip could get the secret out of Terry easily enough. At any rate, Tip had distracted Mrs. Warren's attention from Sally, and the row she had feared seemed averted.

Tip Begs For A Ride
THE next evening Sally was ready and waiting when Terry's disreputable old car pulled up. Sally gave a last look at herself in the mirror. She knew she looked very well in the new blue suit, with yellow blouse and hat to match.

As usual, Terry failed to notice Sally's clothes. "All set?" he demanded. "We don't want to be late meeting the gang."
"Of course not," said Sally, taking two steps to Terry's one as he hurried her down the path. They climbed into the car and Terry was just starting the engine when a car came flying down the path.
"Hey, wait a minute! Terry—will you take me, too?" begged Tip shamelessly.
"Not this time," said Terry. "Business tonight."
"What are you going for?" demanded Tip, avoiding Sally's reproachful eye.
"Tell you later," said Terry. "Get off the running board, now, we're in a hurry."
"Will you take me up Saturday afternoon?" demanded Tip.
"Yeah—sure I will," said Terry. "Move, now." The car started with a jerk, but Tip leaped off nimbly and stood there waving.

"I don't know whatever will become of Tip," said Sally. "She's such a wild creature."
"I wouldn't worry about her," said Terry. "She can probably take care of herself better than you can. Growing up into a darned pretty girl, too."
Sally was glad when Terry turned into the unpaved country road that led between fields of dew-scented clover and freshly ploughed earth. Now and then they passed a farm house, and caught the scent of lilacs, or the heavy fragrance of wistaria. Terry's hand had reached out and covered Sally's.
"I wanted you to be with me because I've got a feeling that it is going to be a big moment for me tonight," said Terry. "And if things turn out the way I hope they will—well—there's something I've got to say to you."
Sally was silent, afraid to speak lest she should somehow disturb the contentment that was here. With a little shiver she felt that, half excitement, she saw the signal lights of the flying field before them.

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"Just about, I guess."

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"You'll never get anywhere if you figure like that. Take my advice and go with Terry if you want to."

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FEDERAL DEFICIT SHOWS SHRINKAGE

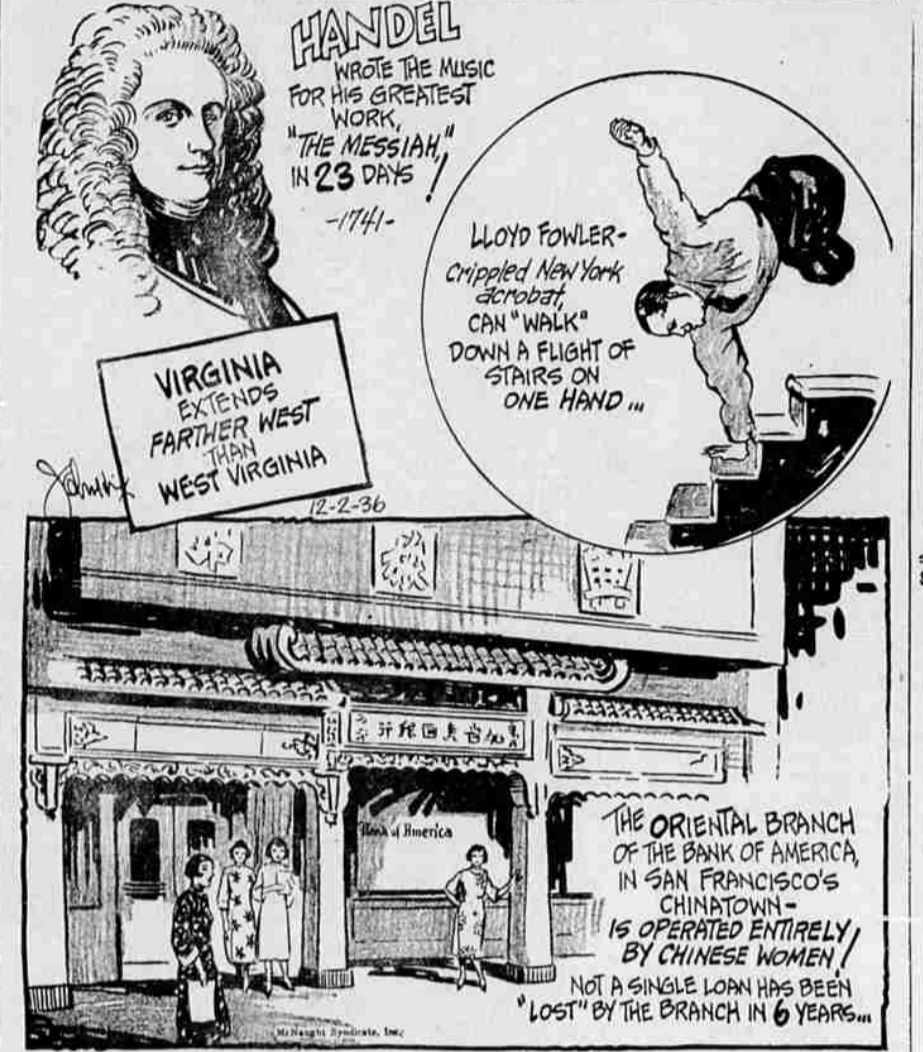
WASHINGTON, Dec. 3.—The administration had a \$1,244,897,991 deficit during the first five months

of this fiscal year compared with \$1,692,482,659 in the same period last year.
The November month-end treasury statement showed today that aggregate receipts for the five months of this year were \$1,840,862,172, compared with \$1,468,196,530 in the same period last year. Total expenditures were \$2,885,460,164 and \$3,160,679,190, respectively.
Emergency spending accounted for

\$1,176,241,394 of total outlays this year. The figure was \$1,428,029,076 last year.
Gold assets on November 30 stood at another new high—\$11,184,249,466, compared with \$9,919,898,791 on the same date last year.
The so-called "added parliament" met on April 6, 1914, sat through two months, and was dissolved by James I without having passed a single bill.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

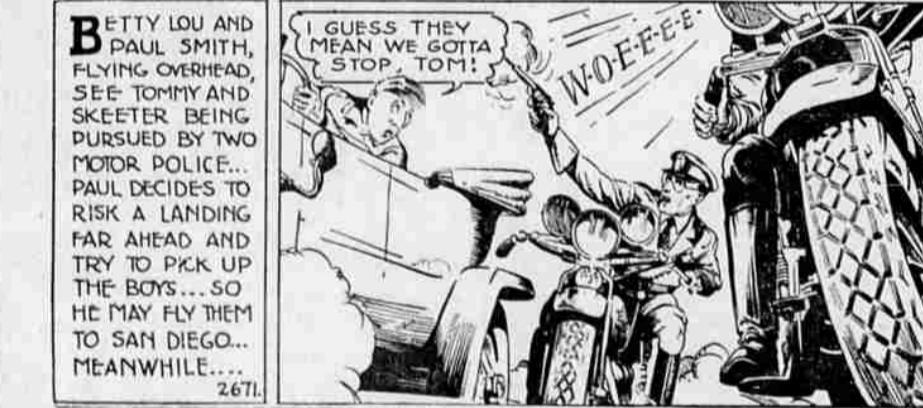
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THE ORIENTAL BRANCH OF THE BANK OF AMERICA IN SAN FRANCISCO'S CHINATOWN IS OPERATED ENTIRELY BY CHINESE WOMEN! NOT A SINGLE LOAN HAS BEEN "LOST" BY THE BRANCH IN 6 YEARS...

Prominent in the narrow, twisting streets, strange shops, and exotic atmosphere of San Francisco's fascinating Chinatown is the Oriental branch of the Bank of America, considered one of the finest examples of Chinese architecture in the community. The interior of the novel institution also carries out the Oriental style, being equipped with signs lettered in Chinese characters, Oriental furnishings, and even abacus on the desks for the convenience of the Chinese clients in figuring out the interest due on savings accounts, addition for deposit slips, etc. The abacus are frames for arithmetical calculation by means of sliding balls. Running the bank are eight Chinese women, comprising the entire staff. With a total of 7000 customers, the branch has not "lost" a single loan made by it throughout the entire depression. Interesting sidelights occasionally pop up during the course of the bank's business that dispute the usual opinion of a bank as a cold, routine-following, business. The Oriental branch recently received a letter from a Chinese customer of the San Joaquin valley who evidently considers his banker a matrimonial broker as well. It follows: "Dear Sir:—This is to let you know I do good cooking—work in same place long time. Now my family want me to return to China and get married, but boss says, not wishing to lose good cook, why not get married here?" "So I am writing letter, ask you to please find wife for me, maybe in Mission School or elsewhere. I am sending my picture; when you find girl please write letter let me know, and I will come to San Francisco and arrange." "Thank you AND THE BANK FOUND HIM A WIFE!" Tomorrow: Death Cheers!

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Arrested for Robbery!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Tuttle Unmasks

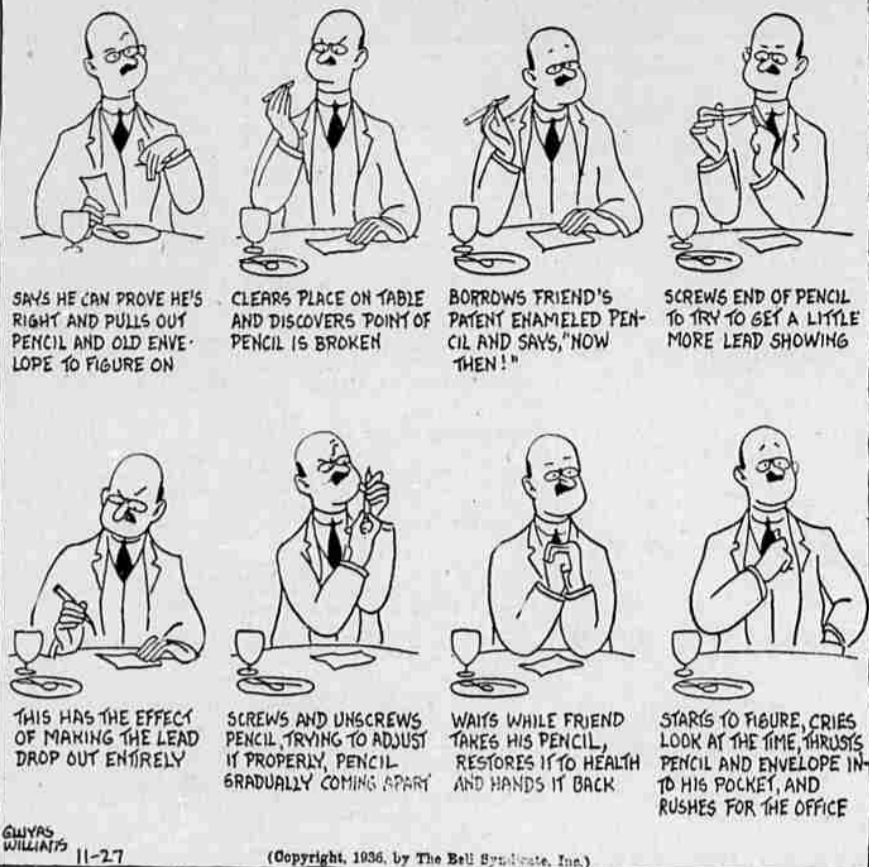


THE NERFS—My Hero



THE PENCIL WRECKER

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



S MATTER POP—



By HAL FORREST



By EDWIN ALGER



By SOL HESS



TRAGEDY OF T. B. REVEALED IN AD OFFERED PAPER

DENVER, Dec. 3.—(AP)—A little girl of nine came to the want-ad department of a Denver newspaper (Post) today, seeking a home.
She said she was June Davis and that her mother, Mrs. June Agnes Davis, had sent her. A note she carried read:
"Wanted—A home for an exceptionally intelligent little girl of nine with people who are financially able to educate her. Mother is T. B. and through an unfortunate business venture, has lost their home and is unable to give child the care and advantages she should have."
The girl said her mother had written the note, as well as another also

carried. This was addressed to "dearest Little Girl" and said "Mother is going away on a long journey where you will still be some days."
The letter admonished little June to be "honest, tell the truth and be good, and you will grow up to be the wonderful woman mother wants you to be."
A reporter accompanied the girl back to her home, a small apartment in a rooming house near the downtown district.
There the mother, ill with tuberculosis, said: "I'm going to die," and asked, "What else is there to do but give June away?"
A physician said the woman is in serious condition.

PRIZED BULL TRAMPLES AGED RANCHER TO DEATH
TWIN FALLS, Idaho, Dec. 3.—(AP)—William Henry Labounty, 80, thought highly of his Guernsey bull.
Several days ago two stockmen sought to buy the bull. Labounty refused to sell.
Yesterday the stockmen returned to renew their offer. They found Labounty's good body in the corral being trampled by the enraged bull.