

## Test Your Knowledge

Can you answer seven of these ten questions? Turn to page Four for the answers.

1. Do oysters live in fresh water?
2. Which state is popularly known as the "Garden State?"
3. What is hibernation?
4. Has Bing Crosby any brothers?
5. Where is the University of Georgia?
6. Which state is popularly known as the "Garden State?"
7. Did Switzerland maintain neutrality during the World War?
8. Between which nations was the famous battle of Crete fought in 1940?
9. What is a micrometer?
10. Who was Hyacinthe Rigaud?

a formula for removing adhesive tape painlessly.

# "Sweepstakes on Love"

by MAY CHRISTIE

## SYNOPSIS

Diana Darlington, of a socially prominent, though impoverished, family, loves the eligible young bachelor, Roger Dexter, but what chance had she when the fabulously wealthy Regina Hyde had set her cap for him? Regina always got everything she wanted. Although Roger's family enjoyed a social prestige far above Regina's, she made up for it by the lavishness of her parties and her debut was to be the last word in extravagance. Diana goes to Regina's weekend party just because Roger will be there. At the United Hounds race, Diana is thrilled when Roger whispers she must save him five dances that evening. Her horse wins—but their choice loses. Back at the palatial Hyde estate, Phyllis, another guest, has decided that she will do all in her power to help Diana win Roger.

## CHAPTER III

She went into Diana's bedroom before dinner. There had been rounds of cocktails in the hall, but Diana had not taken any. Diana had seemed quiet and a little distressed. She was lying on the bed now, resting.

"Wise child! Regina's cock-eyed already! She's dragged Roger off for a set of tennis. She's beat him five hundred dollars she can beat him. I hope she loses," said Phyllis, seating herself at the bottom of the bed and lighting a cigarette.

Diana said nothing, but looked wistful. Phyllis said to herself: "She's crazy about him!" She couldn't resist rubbing it in a little, because somehow it seemed to even her own raw deal in life if she could hurt people, even when they happened to be good sorts, like Diana. "I'm rather surprised at Roger with Regina. She's so obvious. She makes such a play for him. I believe he's flattered. And since he has so much money himself, it can't be that he's after. I believe he likes being commanded and bossed about."

"Possibly," said Diana in a small voice.

She had a headache. The drive home had been unsatisfactory. True, she had come in Roger's car. But he had not seemed so interested in her as at the commencement of the races. Perhaps because Clarence Thyne and Maude were in the back seat, keeping up a flow of idiotic argument that was distracting. When Roger spoke, it was of Regina, and what acumen Regina showed in everything. Witness her backing "Hoofla" against her father's horse, and winning two thousand dollars!

"Yes, Regina's clever," Diana had agreed with forced brightness, though somehow her heart was like lead.

Clarence, the fool, had started kidding Roger about Regina, in his exaggerated English accent.

"Why don't you give us poor blighters a chance, you jolly old poacher?" Clarence had chirruped.

Maude had taken up her theme song, obviously on the principle that what she said about Regina might be repeated to her.

Not one of them was a real friend, thought Diana—with the exception, of course, of Roger. All that they wanted of you was money and entertainment. If you could give them either, you were nobody. You were out.

Roger said nothing of the five dances that Diana was to give him. She had won her bet.

"Spoken on an impulse. He's thought better of it," she thought drearily.

Lying on her bed before dinner, with Phyllis sitting there and saying the wrong thing to her, she was doubly sure of it.

Let Roger have Regina and be done with it. To him that name shall be given!

A party of sixteen was at dinner. Roger sat at Regina's left. Diana was on the opposite side, away down the table, and partnered by Clarence, of all people.

Clarence was half tight. He babbled of jolly old England. Of merry house-parties where only the blue-blooded were gathered. Of following the hounds later in the season. Of midnight adventures that might better be left untold, and of which he was the hero and master.

"What a devil you've been, Clarence!" exclaimed Diana absently, looking involuntarily towards Roger who was her ideal of a real he-man and no nonsense.

He was talking to him animatedly. Diana looked gorgeous

this evening in a chiffon gown of lipstick red.

Diana thought: "And I had to wear white! I look all washed out beside her!"

Washed out, and washed up! Well, make the best of the situation.

About fifty people arrived from neighboring houses and from town for the dance that followed dinner. If one were going to make a big splash at one's debut, why not be original and have a preliminary canter or two first, thought Diana.

Conventions were out. This was a new era. To the discard with the old-fashioned rules.

She had engaged a small colored orchestra for the evening. In a throaty baritone, the leader sang the newest dance-hits.

who had gone to fetch a wrap, since she had voiced a wish to go outside, it being beyond her to sit here and watch Roger and Regina with any degree of tranquillity.

The moment Clarence had cut in, Roger had come swiftly to Diana.

"Let's out, woman! Out for a breath of air!" Masterfully, he had propelled her through the further door and over the lawns and into the secret labyrinths of the rose-garden.

Diana felt as though she walked on air. It was a divine giddiness.

His arm in hers, he was so near. She looked up at him, drank in the tall handsomeness of him in his evening clothes, his clean-cut profile.

His eyes met hers. He smiled. His teeth were a flash of white in his deeply-sunburned face. He said,

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