

Faith and Hope Arrive

Hartford, Conn. —(UP)— Sherwood Eddy's request for cows to stock Delta Co-operative Farm in

Mississippi resulted in gifts of Faith and Hope, but Charity is still awaited. A Hartford philanthropist said she would give one provided her name, Hope, was given to the cow.

Democrat Dance Thursday, Country Club, 25c person.

"Sweepstakes on Love"

by MAY CHRISTIE

SYNOPSIS

The socially elite Diana Darling-ton and Regina Hyde are rivals for the love of Roger Dexter, eligible young bachelor. Although Diana enjoys a much higher social position than Regina, the latter's wealth seems to more than balance the scales. Diana wants to work for her mother, Genevieve, will not hear of it. Mrs. Darling-ton secretly makes a living by sending her friends to different modistes, beauty salons, etc. Her one hope is for Diana to marry wealth as soon as possible. So, she arranges for her daughter's debut in a suite at the Parkview Hotel furnished "free" by the management for the publicity to be gained via the "best people" who would attend the party. Even the champagne is gratis, donated by the very "common" Alfred Flegenschultz, formidable bootlegger but now a respectable liquor merchant. In return, Genevieve is forced to invite the social climbing Flegenschultz family. Roger showers Diana with attention and everything goes smoothly until the champagne runs out and the spiteful Regina suggests that the party go to her house for further libations. Roger was among the last to leave. He did not accept Regina's invitation, however, as Diana feared but, indignant with his friends for clearing out so summarily, went to the Harvard Club instead. Later on, Regina gives a play for charity. She, of course, has the leading role. Diana is the hit of the show with her beautiful singing and dancing. The envious Regina puts soap flakes on the stage staircase causing Diana to fall.

CHAPTER VIII

There was a faint stirring on the sofa. Roger was over like a flash. Regina whispered to him: "She does mean something to him, after all! Or is it just a man's natural unselfishness at seeing a woman faint?" "What's the matter?" asked Diana in a smothered little voice, opening her eyes and staring helplessly first at the doctor who was bending over her, and then at Roger. "Don't you remember you fell? Keep still, Diana. Take it easy."

But she made as though to struggle into a sitting posture, only to slip back with a groan, closing her eyes.

Roger was terribly alarmed. He thought that she had fainted on making her stage entry. He had not seen that she had slipped.

"Where's the pain?" asked the doctor. "In the leg, is it not?"

He ran his firm capable hands with gentle swiftness from right kneecap to ankle, felt the swelling under the gaiter, ripped the garter off.

"No bones broken. But it hurts right here, isn't that so?" His fingers pressed the tendons and muscles of ankle and foot.

"Yes, I—I guess I sprained it," murmured Diana, batwing with that horrible faintness that was creeping over her again.

There was an outcry at the door. A woman's shrill tones, expostulating in broken English. "You not try to keep me back! I go to the blessed *signorina!* I am Bella, her maid. Let me out!"

Bella, a stage-hand behind her with the ice, pushed her way to Diana, falling on her knees beside the couch, and letting fly a whole volume of excited Italian, the predominating phrase being "*Dio mio!*"

Bella had come to see the show.

Now—this catastrophe!

The doctor pulled her to her feet.

"Compose yourself, my good woman."

"The young lady is suffering from a sprain. This is no place for scenes."

You can only remain if you control yourself and make yourself fit."

He turned to the others. "Everyone out of the room, please."

The stage-hand who had come with the ice spoke up. He said, in his rich Irish brogue: "Shure, an' this played a dirty trick on the gurl!"

"What's that? What do you mean?" snapped Roger.

"Shure, an' this is what I was after findin' on them stips she come down! Paper, begorra?" He thrust out a hairy paw with a fistful of white substance in it. "Tis a paper, tis paper nor snow—tis soap flakes!"

"You found that on the stairs, you say?"

"Shure, the last four stips was fairly loaded wid it," said the Irishman. "See for yerself, sorr."

Roger looked swiftly, sharply at Regina. An appalling suspicion struck him.

"Had she done this? She had ascended those steps in view of the audience just before Diana appeared. In the blue flood-light of the moon Diana could have dropped those soap flakes undetected. Nor to the audience would they look any

different from the scraps of paper already scattered on the stairs to represent a light fall of snow.

Regina said now, her amber eyes widening in shocked amazement: "This is the work of some fiend! Diana and I could easily have broken our necks on it! I shan't rest till I find out who's responsible!" Maude was behind her. Maude with the ever-ready balm.

"Oh, it's a blunder of the firm who supplied the paper—they must have got mixed up in the packing department. Those soap flakes look exactly like bits of paper. They must have got into the cartons by mistake. That's quite explainable."

"We can't argue it now," said Regina decisively. "Bella, you'll stay with Miss Diana and the doctor till I return? Good! Come, Roger. We can do anything here. Diana is in good hands. I know Dr. Woodhouse. You've simply got to come back and raise that curtain, Roger."

He went, this time. In the wings, Regina whispered to him: "I look sufficiently like Diana to double for her in her dances in the third and fourth acts. I know them perfectly. I'll dance with Donny." (Donny was Diana's partner.) "I've often danced with Donny. We'll pull it off all right."

So Roger made his speech and the show went on.

But there was a flatness to it. As though Diana's accident had taken the pep out of the performers.

Meantime, Dr. Woodhouse made thorough examination of the patient. Beyond the sprain, there seemed nothing wrong, except the nervous shock from which she would doubtless quickly recover, because of her youth. He suggested she pass the night in the hospital for observation, but Diana vetoed the suggestion. She would go home.

The favors, Mr. Hyde. We carried out the orders precisely."

"Gracious! What a big box!" exclaimed Regina, rushing to open it, and lifting out a small package or two.

"Okay with you, honey? These good enough for your friends? Has your old man done right by his best girl?"

"You've been a lamb, father!"

"Don't you want to count 'em?"

"Okay. There'll be a hundred people taking part in the cotillion. That's fifty favors for the men and fifty for the women."

"Holy Moses! You said that six hundred were coming to the ball. I reckoned on that basis," said Benjamin.

"What? You don't mean to say you bought presents for everyone at my party?" squeaked Regina.

Genevieve was at a party. Contrary to Diana's orders, Bella telephoned to Benjamin.

The doctor accompanied Diana and the maid home in Roger Dexter's car. Roger himself followed directly after the show.

Upset as naturally as she was, Genevieve found some solace in Roger's concern.

"Being in charge of the show, I'm responsible for this. The doctor's bills are mine. You understand, Mrs. Darling-ton? You must call upon me for everything that's necessary. I insist upon it."

Genevieve told herself triumphantly: "He acts exactly as if he were her fiancé!"

But Diana was embarrassed.

Not that she knew of Roger's offer to meet the bills in connection with her accident. She would never have permitted that.

But to have Roger in her bedroom, sitting at the foot of her bed and speaking in a hushed voice, made Diana feel self-conscious and shy.

This was not decreased by the fact that Genevieve loudly lamented the fact that, directly after her debut when her life should be a perpetual round of parties and good times, her darling was to be literally tied up by the leg.

"Not really," amended Roger hastily, "my car will be at your disposal, so Diana will be able to get about." Dr. Woodhouse came back to tell me that if she keeps the foot up for a week, she'll be greatly improved, and there isn't any reason why we can't get her to the party, though dancing will be out of the question, of course, for a bit."

"Behold me a wallflower in my first season," joked Diana, though she felt like weeping. Not that she was really miserable, with Roger showing such interest in her, but her nerves felt shaken.

Regina arrived with Donny, Diana's dance partner, shortly before midnight.

A great basket of tawny chrysanthemums accompanied them.

"I brought them to you, darling," gushed Regina in Diana's room, "they were handed to me at the end of your dance—sort of a consolation prize. I expect—of course I wasn't anything nearly as good as you were—but we did get lots of applause, didn't we, Donny?"

"I hate to be ungrateful," said Donny bluntly, "but it was really Diana's show—I mean to say, she carried the whole show these few days—not that you didn't get by all right, Regina."

He suspected Maude of ordering the chrysanthemums directly after Diana's accident—or was it before?

"She doesn't look a day younger than twenty-five in that gown!"

"She'll never make the grade!"

Few of the best people have accepted. A thousand and more invitations were sent out. Only half have turned up.

"So ran the criticisms."

They enjoyed themselves, none the less. The cocktail bar was open from the very beginning of the party.

(To Be Continued)

So amused was a second woman she donated Faith.

Democrat Dance Thursday, Country Club, 25c person.

Auto Hits Wagon, Two Women Killed

Greencastle, Ind. Nov. 11—(UP)—Two women were killed here last night when an automobile in which they were riding crashed into the rear of a hay wagon. Mrs. Frank Wallace, 52, was killed almost instantly and Mrs. John Boyd, 48, died in the hospital several hours later.

Later, Diana opened the note. It ran as follows:

"Dear Miss Darling-ton:

"As you know, the International Film Company is always on the look-out for new talent. I saw your show last night, and am of the opinion that you have good screen possibilities. Therefore, we would like to give you a screen test. Would you kindly telephone our office, asking for me, any day between tea and twelve, so that we may get together and discuss this matter?

"Sincerely yours,

"J. BENES
Assistant Casting Director—
International Film Company."

Claim your sale date early as I am booking sales every day.

Nov. 12—Carl Crow, 3 miles west of Van Wert, Ohio. Closing out sale.

Nov. 13—Decatur Community Sale.

Nov. 14—Krick & Sprunger, 2 miles east of Decatur.

Nov. 17—Cora Humerickhouse, Admrx., 80 acre farm and personal property, 2 miles North and 2½ miles West of Rockford, Ohio.

Nov. 18—Villas Luginbill & Dr. D. D. Jones, 1 mile south, 1 mile east of Salem. Closing out sale.

Nov. 19—Wm. Kirkland, 1 mile east and 2 miles south of Middlebury, Ohio. Closing out sale.

Nov. 20—Decatur Community Sale.

Nov. 23—Everett & Burdige and Gettys Farmer, 4 miles North and ½ mile east of Uniondale.

Nov. 24—William Hart, Union City, Ind. Registered Percheron horses and complete closing out sale.

Nov. 25—Frank Moser, Admrs., 120 acre farm, 3½ miles Northwest of Geneva and 4½ miles Southwest of Berne.

Nov. 27—Decatur Community Sale.

Dec. 1—Graham and Ross, 4 miles East of Decatur on Piqua road, closing out sale.

Dec. 2—Henry Cumbe, 6 miles East of Willshire, closing out sale.

The game this Sunday between the Bears and Boston at Boston

266-3t Harold Mott.

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