

Bet on Love

By CHARLES B. PARMER

CAST OF CHARACTERS
 SHERRY BOND—society girl owner of
 Sherry's Corner, Pepper Boy.
 PAUL WHARTON—rival owner, de-
 termined to beat Sherry that racing
 is not a woman's game.
 BEEF — young gentleman
 rider.
 WILLIE BOND—Sherry's uncle, a turf
 adviser.

YESTERDAY: Pepper Boy loves the
 racing, by inches in a photo finish.
 Sherry, cornered by Pepper Boy,
 asks him to leave. Pepper Boy
 questions Sam about the colt. Sherry
 is too busy worrying about money to give
 it a thought. Sam promises to have
 Ted's 3000. She overhears and
 Uncle Willie. Ted has bet and lost her
 \$7000.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN
 Sherry flung open the tack-room
 door, looked inside. Willie Bond,
 his face haggard, his hands shaking,
 was backed against the room's side
 wall. An infuriated Ted was facing
 him, but new Ted. Her hair stood
 out in a halo of brown curls, as if
 she'd just stepped from a beauty
 parlor. Sherry stared. The change
 was startling, the girl was almost
 pretty.

Then both the girl and the man
 became aware of the door's opening.
 At the same time they turned to Sherry.

"Well, this is a pretty kettle of
 fish!" Sherry said, stepping inside,
 looking at one, then the other.

"You," she spoke scornfully to
 Willie Bond, "persuaded this ignorant
 girl—to bet on one of your sure
 things."

"And you," she looked at Ted,
 Duncan Bond, "with all your college
 learning and degrees, believed you
 could beat the races!"

"Maybe this will teach you some-
 thing, Ted. This is the first time you
 ever nodded mutely.

"Glad you were cleaned out.
 Maybe you'll have sense enough not
 to try it again." She turned on her
 uncle.

"Now you, explain yourself!"

"Please, Sherry!" Ted broke in.
 He didn't persuade me—at least,
 not much."

"How did it all start?" Sherry
 demanded.

"Willie and I had planned to
 write the story of the thorough-
 bred—" she hesitated; Sherry
 prompted, "Go on."

"I saw that—well the book had
 infinite possibilities. But we'd be
 months writing it—and we'd need
 money to live on. He said that he
 was ever strapped. I called it—"

"Willie had told me a lot about
 wins on long shots—and today
 —well—"

"That's enough" Sherry inter-
 rupted. "I understand it all. He
 touted you, persuaded you to bet on
 a horse of his choice."

"Sherry!" Ted flung her arms
 around Sherry. "You mustn't say
 such things about him."

"Well, I like that! And why not,
 may I ask?"

William Bond stepped forward
 with great dignity, spoke clearly:
 "Sherry, Theodosia has honored me
 by—ah—becoming my fiancee."

UTTER SILENCE for one long
 moment. Then Sherry Bond sank
 down on a locker trunk. "For the
 luvs, Pete," she ejaculated.

"Well, children—my blessing and
 all that," she said.

"We're going to tell you to-
 night, Sherry. We had planned to
 be married after the Derby."

"Had planned," Sherry repeated.
 "So—you were going to parley that
 \$700 into a million, I guess, by that
 time. You still love him, Ted?"

"Do it?"

"Don't say anything else. You,
 Willie?"

"Theodosia represents to me the
 apotheosis of womanhood!"

"That's swell. Now, listen, you
 two, you've both helped me out."

"Now I promise you this—in ap-
 praisal and as a wedding pres-
 ent: 10 per cent of the purse if
 Pepper Boy wins the Derby. Now
 scream—both of you. I've got figur-
 ing to do."

Sherry Bond hadn't been alone 10
 minutes when Sam appeared at the
 opened door of the tack-room. "Miss
 Sherry, that oil-takin' man's
 back agin', an' askin' for you."

She put paper and pencil aside.
 "Bring him in; I'll see what he
 wants."

The man came in, his hairless
 skull gleaming like a yellowed bil-
 liard ball. His thick brown lips
 barely moved as he talked in the
 lowest of tones.

"Miss Bond, there'll be about 20
 entries in the Derby this year.
 Your Pepper Boy has one chance
 out of 20."

"Well, what of it?"

"Why not play safe, Miss Bond?"

From a pocket he drew forth a
 wallet. Counted out a sheaf of bills
 rapidly and laid them on top of a
 locker trunk.

"There's \$5000—and it's yours,
 now, if you give me your word
 you won't start Pepper Boy in the
 Derby."

Instantly Sherry was on her feet.
 "You take up that money—at once!"

He did not such thing. He went
 on: "The Derby is eight days off—
 many things can happen in that
 time to a colt—to keep him from
 starting."

"There's nothing illegal in what
 I'm asking, Miss Bond," his voice
 came now in a silken purr. "I
 represent a group of future book
 gamblers—

"But we made a mistake this year,
 Miss Bond. We misjudged your
 colt. We laid odds of 50 to 1 against
 him. Frankly, we don't think he
 can beat Castanets or Monitor at
 Derby distance—and we'd almost
 swear that he can't beat Wharton's
 Red Soldier. But, of course, there's
 one chance in 20 that he might—"

"And if he does win—how much
 are you out?" Sherry demanded.

"More than 50 grand. To play
 safe, we're willing to pay you \$5000
 to keep him in the barn."

"I see—I see," said Sherry,
 huskily. "Pretty neat!"

THE MAN MISJUDGED her,
 went on speaking with more enthusiasm:

"You are using business sense,
 Miss Bond—and I congratulate you.
 Your word is good, Miss Bond."

"You're right it is," she managed
 to say. "It's so darn good, that if
 you don't get out of here instantly—
 and take your filly racing with you—I'll call the police!"

"Now, Miss Bond, this is merely
 a business transaction—'Well raise
 the ante to \$7500."

"Are you crazy?" Sherry almost
 yelled it. "Get out before I have
 you thrown out!"

"Very well." The man picked up
 the money, put on his hat carefully.

"You'll regret this."

Sherry felt unclean after the

FUNNY SIDE UP

By Abner Dean



HOLD EVERYTHING

By Clyde Lewis



FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



BY WHAT NAME WAS TASMANIA KNOWN BEFORE 1853?

ANSWER—Van Diemen's Land. In 1853 the name was changed to Tasmania.

TO BE CONTINUED

(All events, names and characters in this story are wholly fictitious.)

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With Major Hoople



L'il ABNER



RED RYDER



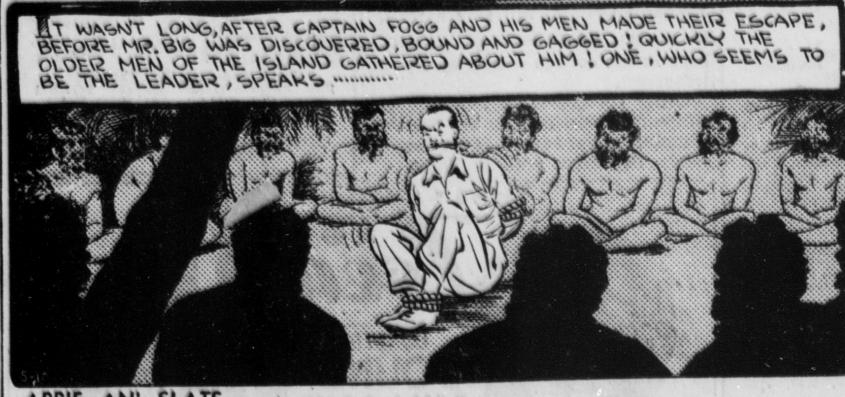
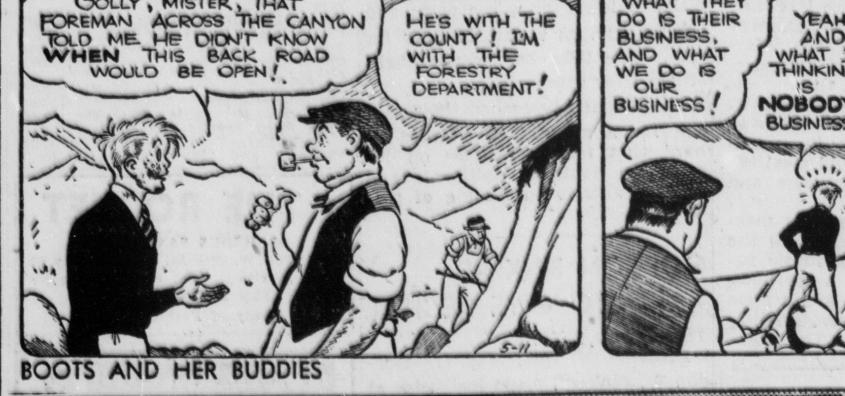
NANCY



WASHINGTON TUBBS II



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



ABIE AN' SLATS



OUT OUR WAY

By Williams

