

SERIAL STORY—

Bet on Love

By CHARLES B. PARMER

CAST OF CHARACTERS
SHERRY BOND—society girl owner of horse, Pepper Boy.
PAUL WHARTON—a rival owner, determined to teach Sherry that racing is not a woman's game.
WILLIE BOND—Sherry's uncle, a turf "adviser."
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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 a 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 the man, then the girl.
"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 something, Ted. This the first time you ever bet?"

The girl nodded mutely.
"Glad we 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 thoroughbred—" 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—er—strapped, he called it."
"Willie had told me a lot about winning on long shots—and today—well—"

"That's enough," Sherry interrupted, "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, Theodore has honored me by—ah—becoming my fiancé."

UTTER SILENCE for one long moment. Then Sherry Bond sank down on a locker trunk. "For the love of Pete," she ejaculated.
"Well, children—my blessing and all that," she said.
"We were 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 parlay that \$700 into a million, I guess, by that time. You still love him, Ted?"

"Do?"
"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 appreciation, and as a wedding present: 10 per cent of the purse if Pepper Boy wins the Derby. Now scam—both of you. I've got figuring 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-talking man's back again, 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 billiard 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 no 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'll 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!"
"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'll almost swear that he can't beat Wharton's Red Soldier. But, of course, there's one chance in 20 that he might."

"Very well," the man picked up the money, put on his hat carefully. "You'll regret this."
Sherry felt uneasy after the encounter with the thick-lipped, goggle-eyed gambler. She walked to her roadster, parked at the end of the barn. An imported car, gleaming in its utmost newness, it gave her a sense of well-being just to sit in it.
She laughed suddenly. She had a fine Derby prospect—and not enough money to enter him in the race.

FUNNY SIDE UP

By Abner Dean



"I'd rather have this one, dear. It'll hold more dirty dishes!"

HOLD EVERYTHING

By Clyde Lewis



"Nice spot for a soap ad, Jones."

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



"... and a month after the divorce, she married him again!" "If she does it three times, does she get to keep him?"

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



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By WHAT NAME WAS TASMANIA KNOWN BEFORE 1833?

ANSWER—Van Diemen's Land. In 1833 the name was changed to honor its discoverer, Abel Jans Tasman.
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OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With Major Hoople



JASON WILL SHADOW HIM!

L'L ABNER



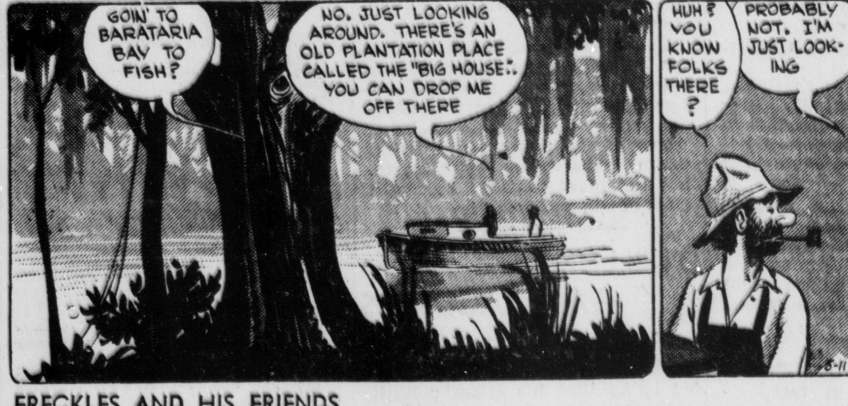
RED RYDER



NANCY



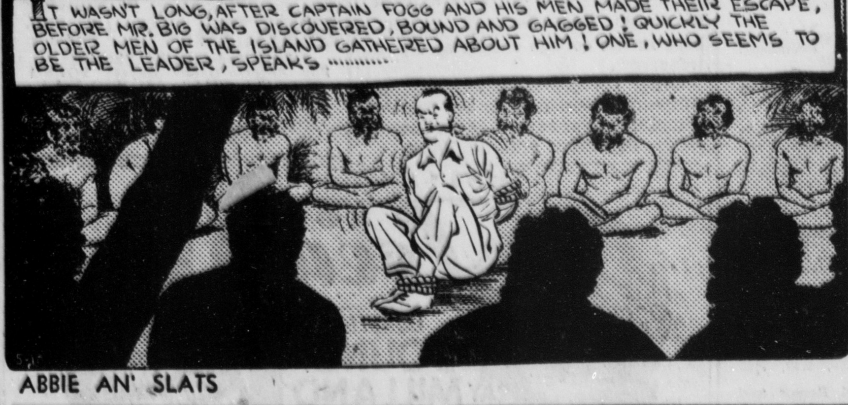
WASHINGTON TUBBS II



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



ABBIE AN' SLATS



OUT OUR WAY

By Williams



DINNER MUSIC

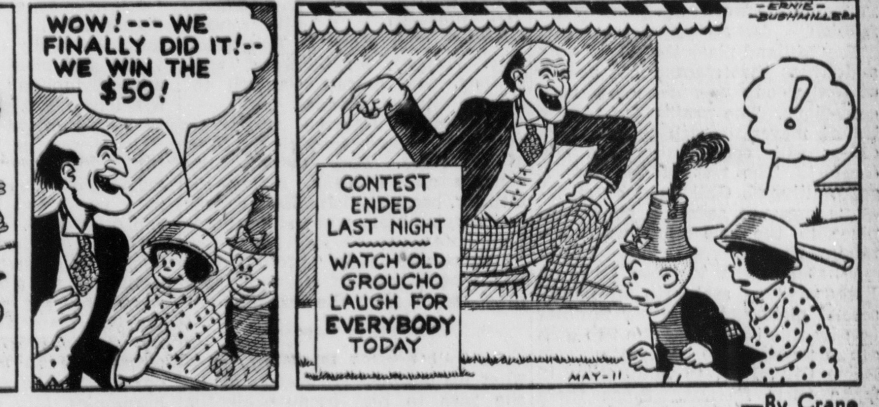
—By Al Capp



—By Fred Harman



—By Bushmiller



—By Crane



—By Blosser



—By Martin



—By Raeburn Van Buren

