

SERIAL STORY

BET ON LOVE

BY CHARLES B. PARMER

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YESTERDAY! Desperately in need of money, Sherry Bond decided to enter her colt, Pepper, in a claiming race rather than to chance on losing. Wharton learned of her plan, orders his butler to claim the colt. If Sherry wants to play a man's game, she'll learn a few things.

CHAPTER II

"WHAT'S that light doing in my window?"

Sherry Bond asked herself the question as she turned her car into a street near Beekman Place. She had driven to the deserted race track after dark, but all lights were off when she left, save a pilot globe in the hall. Now the front windows gleamed like a midway—and the outline of a man's head showed through the glass curtains.

Swiftly she went into the old house, noiselessly sped up the stairs. The door of that front room was wide open. Stepping across the threshold, she saw an oldish chap—spats on ankles, cane across knees, boutonniere in the lapel of his dark coat, a monocle, dangling from a wide, black ribbon.

"Of all the nerve!" Sherry exclaimed. The man glanced up—he had been in deep meditation. He placed monocle in eye, peered at her an instant as he sat forward, then arose, dropping his cane unnoticed. "Well, if it isn't little Sherry. My dear—"

"Uncle Willie!"

RMS alimbo, Sherry surveyed the problem child of the Bond family: an impressive mountain of a man, a relative who'd run through every penny he had inherited; who had been sent abroad by her late parents, when they staked him to a new life in the old world—on condition he would never return home.

"So you had to come back to America to roost!"

"My dear! Everything was going fine—you recall, never asked a shilling of you, dear—after I got established abroad."

"Established in what—as what?"

"I was—er—ah—shall I say confidential—ah—turf adviser."

"You mean race track tout?"

"That is no place for you. I've no money; and plenty of worries without being saddled with you."

"Sherry! I've—ah—come to the family."

"The last of the family—and the family can support you no longer in your accustomed style." She gave a short little laugh. "Nor me either, for that matter. The main seam of the Green Diamond Coal Company has run out, and the mine has shut up shop."

William Bond looked at Sherry as if he could not believe his ears. He leaned forward, his keen gaze piercing her through—"You mean you're stony? Absolutely broke?"

Sherry grinned. "Absolutely! I'm flat—"

His shoulders went back, his head up—a big smile creased his jowls. "Then, my dear, I've returned just in time! Our family always sticks together. I wish nothing from you, Sherry; I do want to offer my services. Read all about you—last of the famous Bonds, opening a one-horse, one-groom stable, going to recoup family fortunes."

"Bosh! I had a chance to buy a two-year-old from a friend in Maryland. Colt that never started—sick last year. Good blood lines. Nominated him for the Kentucky Derby."

"That's to be worth \$75,000 this year!"

His voice warmed as he went on: "You're a smart girl, Sherry. Now I offer my services; thought it out, driving from the pier."

"Willie Bond, did your last dollar go to the taxi-driver?"

"Well, ah—it was two dollars. He had no change."

"You could have used the cross-town bus for a nickel. But go on—what have you to offer me?"

"Forty years—more or less—on the turf. Know everybody. Know everything, meaning all the angles. Forty years experience—at your service—you can trust me, Sherry. Cross my heart, I'm no tout. Be entirely at your service." Sincerity crept into his voice. "You've never started a horse, have you, Sherry?"

"No. But what of it? I saddle my first entry tomorrow."

He shook his head. "My child! There are 10,000 angles in racing; I know every one. You know none."

"Oh, bosh! Common sense plus a good groom is all you need."

SHERRY broke off to answer the ringing of the phone in the next room.

"Sherry?" Instantly the girl was on guard. "Paul Wharton. Listen, darling—"

"Cut the darling stuff—What's on your mind, Paul?"

"You've entered Pepper Boy in two races—scratching one, of course. You're not afraid of facing Red Soldier?"

"The ideal! Your colt's no champion!"

"You'll see tomorrow. But look here, Sherry, just a word of advice: you can't afford to race your one horse in a claiming race. You belong among the stake-owners."

"Who said I was starting Pepper Boy in a claiming race? If I do, it's my business. Paul, what are you up to?"

"Not a thing! But you're new to racing—need advice—"

"Thanks—don't need yours." On the spur of the instant she said: "Ever hear of my uncle, William Bond? Well, he's very well known—in turf circles—on the Continent—just returned—the war, you know. And he's going to act as my business agent. If you've any

advice, you might pass it along to him, lad. See you tomorrow."

SHERRY put down the receiver, stepped back into the living room. "Well, I've done it," she said, with a shrug of her shoulders. "You heard me, didn't you? Giving you a job and a pat at the same time!"

A broad and a winning smile crossed his huge cheeks. No wonder people trusted him; he had the ingratiating manner of a diplomat seeking an island or two.

"Hope you've told me the truth. I bragged about you to Paul—"

"Who and what is Paul?"

"Friend—Paul Wharton. Wants to marry me when I get my fill of horse racing. Grand chap, but too bossy!"

"Ah—no doubt a worthy chap."

"Come off that high horse, Willie!" She shrugged, added, "Guess I'll have to stake you to a bed tonight, but you can't sleep here. I'll give you a dollar, and you can find a room across town."

The golden head nodded with energy. "But first, I'll tell you about your work. You be at the track tomorrow before 10 o'clock, scratch Pepper Boy out of the Handicap."

TEN minutes later Uncle Willie Bond puffed down the stairs with his portmanteau. Outside the door he stifled an impulse to wave for a passing cab. Sherry said the cross-town bus ran on the next street; and—confound it—she might by chance look out of her window. This \$20 she had given him really was an advance—yet she acted as if it were a loan to a poor relative. Best to humor her for the moment. Again he picked up his bag—the blasted thing would bump his leg—and started toward the corner.

Beautiful girl, but temperamental—

tal—needed his firm hand to guide her in racing. Putting a Derby colt in the poor man's handicap—a claiming race. For inferior horses. No one but a drunken idiot, or, a girl, would start a valuable horse in such a contest.

If someone claimed Pepper Boy, he—Willie Bond dropped his bag at the thought—he'd be out of a job! Sherry had only this one horse. He had better do some tall thinking. He'd—a cab slithered to the curb. A voice called from the gloom of the driver's seat:

"Hop in, Pop. That bag looks heavy—won't cost more'n half a buck a mile."

"Eh? Ah—yes. But never mind the 'Pop' stuff, m'lud."

(To Be Continued)



STOKOWSKI—No musical glory does Sonia Stokowski, 18, want though her father is Conductor Leopold Stokowski and her mother's a pianist. Sonia prefers a stage career.

Of all the state tax revenue collected during 1939, gasoline taxes and motor vehicle license fees accounted for 30.4 per cent.

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



"Mind if I dust while you're demonstratin', mister? Sis wants everything good an' clean when the club gets here."

FAMOUS EDUCATOR

HORIZONTAL

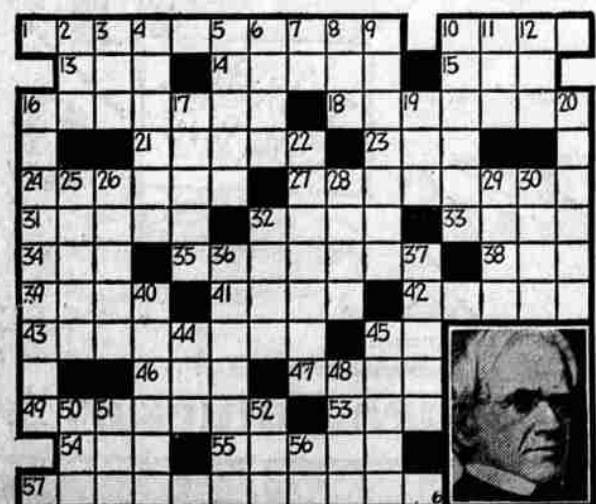
- Last century American educator.
- He worked for public schools.
- Mythical bird.
- Networks.
- See bird.
- Advocates.
- Boasted.
- Fat.
- Equipment.
- Divers.
- Cultivator of meadow land.
- European rabbit.
- Chair.
- Rubber wheel pad.
- Small child.
- Made safe.
- Thus.
- Cow-headed goddess.
- Labor scabs.
- Deputy.
- Unmarried.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

JOSEPH KENNEDY
ALAS LEO RAY BOO
MISS WORRY BARE
BLETS PES MILLER
SAPOTOS VISTRS
SAD APPOINTED PIL
SAD TENSION PAC
ATOM CLAMP HONE
DEVIL ALER
ONE LAY LEA
RIT SACS EPT
SPANER HIS
IMPORTANCE

VERTICAL

- He—law early in life.
- Minds.
- To succor.
- 20 Straight.
- 22 Outbreaks.
- 23 Elk.
- 26 Up to.
- 28 Organs of hearing.
- 29 Sage.
- 30 Ireland.
- 32 Go away!
- 36 Scratching out.
- 37 Place where milk products are made.
- 40 Vertical boarding.
- 44 Buddhist festival.
- 45 Saclike cavity.
- 48 Ode.
- 50 Self.
- 51 Wine cask.
- 52 Goddess of dawn.
- 56 Postscript (abbr.).



OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. WILLIAMS



RED RYDER



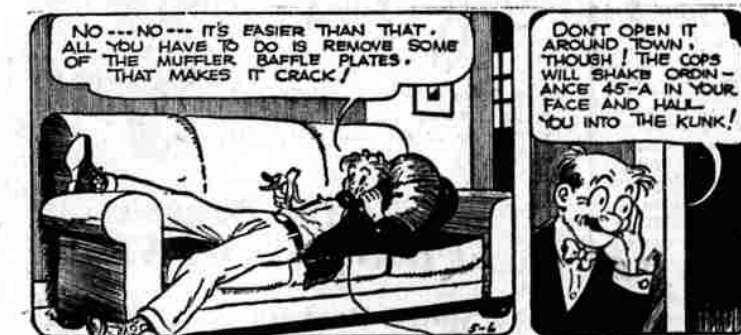
LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



ALLEY OOP



OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With MAJOR HOOPLE



BY FRED HARMAN



BY HAROLD GRAY



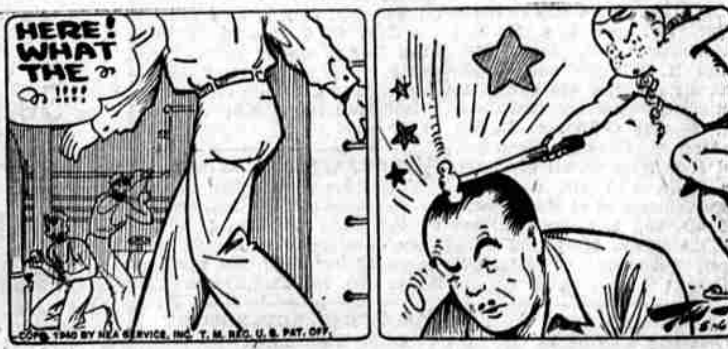
BY CRANE



BY BLOSSER



BY MARTIN



BY V. T. HAMLIN

