

SERIAL STORY

BET ON LOVE

BY CHARLES B. PARMER

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YESTERDAY, Sherry said he had Uncle Willie Bond waiting for her at home. A week trading "advices," he has been forced to return to America by the war. Sherry lives in a small town in Oregon. Willie is a well-known horse trainer. Pepper Boy, Sherry's son, is a champion jockey.

CHAPTER III

SHERRY BOND was crossing the clubhouse lawn—next afternoon—when she stopped abruptly, and for no apparent reason. Yet something (maybe it was a hunch) seemed to command her.

She looked at her watch. She fumbled idly in her purse, came up with a pencil, as her restless eyes swept the crowds. She snapped her purse shut, flipped open her program. The first race: Pepper Boy number one on the rail—her eyes lifted slightly—over the program's top she saw a familiar figure moving through the crowd.

The two men stopped to talk around the building's side—she saw their shadows on the ground. Again she lowered her head over the program, as if studying it intently; slowly she walked to the building's corner. Stopped there. She heard:

"...my boy, regarding Pepper Boy I'd advise—"

The girl straightened, crumpled and dropped her program. Her face flushed. He was at it again! She strode around the corner, faced a massive man in gray bowler and tweeds, swinging a pair of huge field glasses from a leather strap. It was Uncle Willie Bond.

With his left hand he was grasping the elbow of a narrow and tall and bespectacled man who looked as if he were playing hooky from a desk.

Sherry Bond caught Uncle Willie's eye. She had to admire the aplomb with which he met such interruption. Showing no surprise at her sudden appearance, he dropped the stranger's elbow, raised his hat punctiliously.

"Ah, my dear—" he began, but she cut him short with a jerk of her head and a very firm, "If you don't mind!"

"Certainly not, my dear, I'm coming," and to the stranger, "You'll pardon me, old man; as for Pepper Boy, let it stand status quo."

He was raising her arm, leading her swiftly away—no one would hear the calling down he expected. The nerve of him! Sherry pulled free, backed off and frowned.

"So you're touting, eh? Telling a stranger how to bet. I noticed you were anxious to leave the luncheon table half an hour ago."

"Wait, Sherry!" The man's manner changed abruptly. She saw him stiffen—why, he could be hard as nails—that old man attitude was purely assumed—a mask he wore. "I was telling the bloomin' fool that Pepper Boy's not up to a hard race—to keep his money in his pocket."

She was silent an instant. "Seems you might have something to do—besides giving free advice to strangers. As my agent—" She broke off as a cheery voice spoke at her side:

"Hello, Sherry—what's this?"

DAUL WHARTON, small but high-powered binoculars swung across wiry shoulders, breezed up to them.

"Hello, Paul—what's what? But Paul, my uncle, William Bond—" It was like a well-groomed fox terrier facing a mastiff. Then a hand shot out. "Know of you—but if Sherry hadn't told—you are only 23—I'd swear, sight unseen, you were 50 or more. But what of Red Soldier's chances today?"

"Just so-so. He smiled, turned to Sherry: "Thought we were going to have a horse race, but you scratch out of the handicap. You're taking chances in a selling race—somebody may claim."

"Oh, no they won't. It isn't being done today."

"No? Day's not over yet. If I were you, I'd rush to the Secretary, swear Pepper Boy's got a fever—scratch out."

"Paul Wharton, this is the second time you've tried to keep me out of this race—what's up?"

"Don't say I didn't warn you—" "Oh, hosh! And look! There's Sam bringing Pepper Boy from the stable, now. Time to saddle. Ring. Come on, Willie."

"But say—" "No time. See you later."

They started for the paddock, but Willie Bond stopped, said, "You don't need me in the paddock—Sam will do the actual saddling. You just stand by—tell Madden, your jockey, to get out in front and win. Don't confuse him with a lot of instructions he won't remember anyhow—and good luck!"

plained. "If a horse ain't won—well, never mind what the rules say—it's sort of understood—that if your nag is being beaten—you can let him—take it easy—and maybe win next time."

"Oh! Yes, she had heard of this turf practice; this giving a maiden a qualifying or tuning-up race for a harder race to follow. Madden was speaking again:

"You got him in the Derby, ain't you?"

"I have." Sherry felt her face slowly going white. Paul Wharton had warned her that racing wasn't all romance and roses. "I ain't been spoke for—for the Derby—leastways I ain't give my word yet—though I got two-three chances," he went on in the same low tones. "The reason I took this here mount today—the girl had wondered at her luck, at this crack jockey coming to her and asking for the mount on her maiden colt—I 'been watchin' his workouts—I think he's goin' to make a route-runnin' fool. Derby's a long race—if we don't push him today—"

Sherry swallowed hard. Sol Even her jockey was suggesting that Pepper Boy be given an easy ride—that they keep the colt undercover—bring him to light in the Derby.

"Look here!" she turned on him sharply. "You get out in front and make every post a winning one. Understand? I'll take no excuses."

From somewhere near the stands a bugle sounded. The paddock judge called, "Mount your jockeys."

"Gimme that leg, white boy," Sam directed, as the valet held the colt's head. Madden stepped to Pepper Boy, took the reins in his left hand, clasped his saddle, lifted his left foot. Sam grasped the jockey's ankle, tossed him up into the saddle, then took hold of

Pepper Boy. Swiftly Madden knotted the reins, caught the whip his valet threw to him. "Bring them out!" the judge called. "Come out with that number one horse!" "Yes, sah, we're comin'," Sam called. As he started the procession toward the track Madden leaned over, said to Sherry Bond: "Okay, I'll push him." She nodded, her face stern. To herself she said: "You'd better push him—you'd better ride him to win!" (To Be Continued)

Named to "Rule" Norway for Nazis



Josef Terbuven (above), considered one of Adolf Hitler's most spirited district leaders, has assumed the civil administration of German-occupied areas in Norway. A Nazi State Councillor, Terbuven had been District Governor of the Essen area.

OUT OUR WAY By J. R. WILLIAMS



WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY

OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE



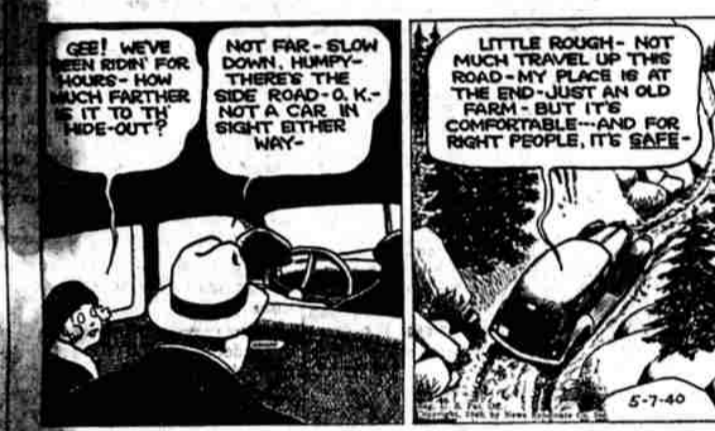
BY FRED HARMAN



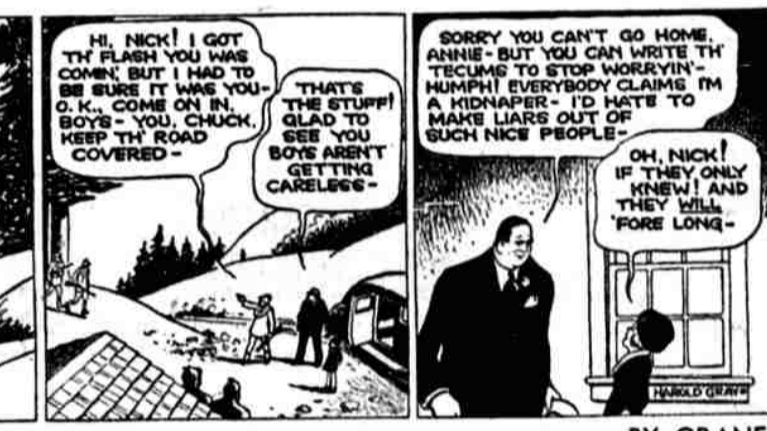
RED RYDER



BY HAROLD GRAY



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



BY CRANE



WASH TUBBS



BY BLOSSER



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BY MARTIN



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



BY V. T. HAMLIN



ALLEY OOP



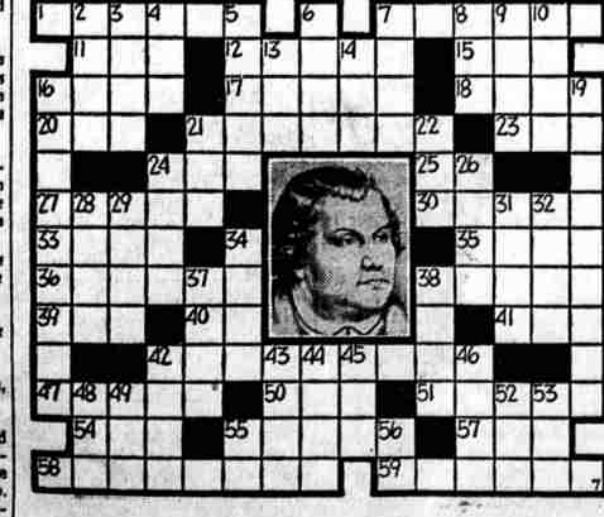
BY V. T. HAMLIN

FLAPPER FANNY By Sylvia



RELIGIOUS LEADER

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for horizontal and vertical words.



STUBBY follow—wearing the scarlet jacket, purple cap and white cap of her Lone Tree Stable—walked up, lifted his lined face. Madden, the jockey. "Everything's okay," he asked. Sherry nodded. This was getting exciting—her first horse—in his first race—the first time she was to give instructions to a jockey—