

SERIAL STORY

BET ON LOVE

BY CHARLES B. PARMER

COPYRIGHT, 1940, NEA SERVICE, INC.

YESTERDAY Sherry saddle his first entry. When his jockey says to him that the horse is getting better, Sherry orders him to ride to win.

CHAPTER IV

SHERRY BOND was standing in the infield, where she had gone to escape talkative friends in the clubhouse. She wanted to watch Pepper Boy's first race undisturbed; but Sam, the colt's blanket thrown over his shoulders, was growling:

"If that boy gets him off, fast-like, we got a chance, yes'm."

Pepper Boy had headed the line which cantered, then dropped to a walk up to the gate. Now suddenly the colt stopped—15 paces behind the starting line. Spread out his legs, shook his head nervously. An assistant starter had run back, was jerking the colt's reins.

"That fool man—ain't got no business jerkin' a baby colt."

"Hush, Sam!"

Now she saw Madden soothe Pepper Boy—walk him into the starting stall—number one by the rail—but Pepper Boy didn't start at the starting line with the other horses—he bolted through. Madden was turning him around, waving the assistant starter aside, was walking Pepper Boy back through the stall—turning him around again—all the other entries were on the line. Slowly—slowly—Madden walked Pepper Boy into his stall once more—halted him for a split second. The starting bell clanged.

"They're off!"

The watching thousands cheered and yelled as the field of horses—a mass of moving color—surged forward. But Pepper Boy on the rail—the one black colt in the race—was stumbling—was falling almost to his knees—Pepper Boy was left at the post!

"Oh, lawdy, lawdy!" Sam roared.

The field was plunging down the backstretch in brilliant sunlight, the horses kicking up a dust cloud; and behind the mass of horses and riders, behind the dust, streaked her little black horse—running all alone.

Again the groom was mumbling at her side. "What's that, Sam?" "You didn't give that jockey no discretion, Miss Sherry, he was right! Always send your horse out to win. Suddenly she leaned forward, her hands clenched.

The field was stringing past the half-mile pole—a bay horse was leading by a length. The favorite, Sun Halo. Next, two horses lapped each other; there was a length opening, then came the remainder of the field, jumbled together. And Pepper Boy was running into that field—he had shot through the dust cloud—he was closing ground fast—he was stealing through on the rail—was alongside that mass of horses. They were passing the three-eighths pole—Pepper Boy had made up five lengths in three furlongs!

"FASCINATED" by this living drama of the track, Sherry felt herself breathing in excited little gasps. She even heard her groom mutter: "He sho' got class—yes, eh, he be a main fool—if he kin only hol' out!" Madden was still hugging the rail—was jamming the colt into a space no wider than a handkerchief—yes, he was on the rail and was saving ground as they went into the far turn.

"Lawdy, Miss Sherry, if Pepper Boy had a-got a even start, he'd sho' be spread-eaglin' the field!" The little black fellow was running neck and neck with two horses in the second division—now was pulling away from them; only three horses in front of him, and one of those the third horse, running a bit wide as they turned toward the homestretch.

Sherry Bond could see Madden pointing Pepper Boy's nose at the space between that third horse and the rail—but that horse's jockey suddenly swerved over, took the rail himself, blocked Madden. Pepper Boy pulled out, was coming up, but the third horse shot ahead into a space between Sun Halo on the rail and the outside horse, a dark chestnut.

Madden was pocketed. Three horses in front of him, almost on a line, and no jockey would give way and let him through. Then Sherry saw him start a daring move—saw him pull out and start around those lead horses as they entered the stretch—a move no jockey would make unless he knew he was on a powerful stretch runner.

A wild roar went up from the stands—Sun Halo was still a half-length in front. The third horse was dropping back, the chestnut was running steadily—but a long shot, Pepper Boy, was coming like a house afire on the outside. He was burning up the track!

Pepper Boy was alongside the chestnut. Now the black was gaining on Sun Halo. The favorite did he swerve then? Another roar from the stands—Pepper Boy was coming up to Sun Halo—the chestnut was out of it—now Pepper

Boy was looking Sun Halo in the eye—and only a furlong to go! "Look at the gray! Look at him coming!" Someone near Sherry shouted. For from the pack of horses a gray—No. 4 on his saddle blanket—Gray Star on the program—was shooting forward with reserve speed. Another stretch runner.

The favorite, Sun Halo, was done for; but Gray Star was coming up with a mighty burst of speed. Pepper Boy had left Sun Halo behind—but Gray Star was coming up fast outside of Pepper Boy—now he was at Pepper Boy's tail—now at his saddle blanket—now at his neck.

In that last 10 yards Sherry Bond saw Gray Star's rider lash down with his whip—saw Gray Star's white nose shoot forward—saw Madden jerk up his colt's head—now the noses were on a line—no, she'd swear Pepper Boy's nose was in front—

The black and the gray swept under the wire together. Behind them thundered in the beaten field.

SAM gathered up his blanket; he had thrown it on the ground in his excitement. "Looks like we win sure, Miss Sherry," he said, hopefully, as they walked toward the finish point.

As Sherry and her groom reached the track, horses were jogging back to the finish line—jockeys were dismounting, taking off saddles and weighing out. The beaten ones were always first back. Generally the winner took a couple of furlongs to slow down and stop in. Today it seemed as if Pepper Boy would never stop, but he did at last. There he was at the head of the backstretch.

Sherry crossed the track with Sam, then the groom went out to meet the colt. Madden didn't stop among the other horses, he rode

straight for the winner's circle—then reined in abruptly as a shout went up from the stands and a guard waved him back.

The winner's number was going up at last, and the winner was—Gray Star.

(To Be Continued)

Much of northern Germany once was Scandinavian soil. Great glaciers, originating in Norway, pushed southward across the North Sea and covered Germany with soil torn down from Scandinavian mountains.

Hopkins on Hand For a Ball Game



Making one of his rare public appearances since his recent illness, Secretary of Commerce Harry Hopkins is pictured as he watched a recent New York Yankee—Washington Senators game in Washington.

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. WILLIAMS



RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



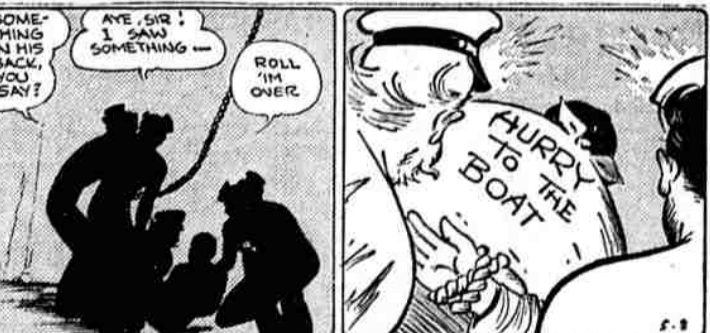
WASH TUBBS



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



FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



"Now I know why Pop calls Uncle a gay dog. He gets around."

MAP PUZZLE

Map puzzle grid with clues for horizontal and vertical words.

Crossword puzzle grid with numbers in the squares.

Pepper Boy was alongside the chestnut. Now the black was gaining on Sun Halo. The favorite did he swerve then? Another roar from the stands—Pepper Boy was coming up to Sun Halo—the chestnut was out of it—now Pepper