● SERIAL STORY

BET ON LOVE

BY CHARLES B. PARMER

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YESTERDAY: Sherry is surprised when she learns Paul has claimed Pepper Boy. Another owner has filed a claim on the owners will throw dice for the colt. Uncle Willie consoles Sherry, saying: "This isn't finished yet. We've got a say."

CHAPTER VI

SHERRY shook her head, as she patted Uncle Willie's arm.

"Just wait. This isn't over yet," he whispered reassuringly. But Sherry knew he was just trying to ease her mental suffering.

She heard the dice rattling in the leather cup as Jamison shook them for his throw. Paul Wharton was watching the other owner closely. Sherry saw determination in Wharton's eyes, in the firm set of his jaw. Paul was out to win—he had to win—her horse!

Jamison's hand came down and two red dice rolled out on the counter—a deuce and a five.

"Seven," the secretary announced, taking up the dice, passing the cup to Wharton.

Paul shook the dice quickly, rolled them down the counter. Every eye was fixed upon the bouncing cubes. Sherry held her breath as they came to a stop at last. A four and a six.

"Mr. Wharton gets the colt!"

"Not so fast, my learned friend," Willie Bond was saying to the secretary. "Not so fast, I demand to see the claiming slip Mr. Wharton deposited."

"Show it to him," Wharton spoke with aloofness, looking out a window. "My name is signed to it, I believe."

"Yes, sir, your name is," Willie Bond conceded, "and also I see the time-stamp; you dropped this in the box at 2:17."

"Well, what of it?"

"Plenty, young sir!" Willie Bond spoke sharply. "Jockey Club rules say the claim must be deposited in the box at least 15 minutes before post time. Post time was advertised as 2:30. You were two minutes late—look at the time stamped on it."

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PAUL WHARTON did look; then swore to himself. "That darn trainer," he said aloud. "Look here," he demanded of the secretary, "are we going by technicalities on this race track?"

Willie Bond didn't give the official time to speak. He turned on Wharton: "Do we race by Jockey Club rules—or is it every man for himself? If you don't recognize the Jockey Club, maybe the stewards would like to know it."

"Aw, thunder!"

"Thunder yourself — your claim's thrown out. Right, Mr. Secretary?"

The latter nodded, said: "Correct. Horse goes to the next man."

"My winnin' day," the unshaven trainer grinned. "Gimme the order for that colt."

"Not so fast, my good man," Willie Bond protested. "The colt isn't yours—yet."

"Ain't, eh? Didn't the secretary just say it is—we go by rules on this track." He smacked his lips. "And here's $2500 cash-money for that colt." He laid a pile of bills on the counter.

"No doubt excellent currency—but may I ask, Mr. Secretary," Willie Bond spoke in his suavest tones, "whether this—ah—fellow has $2500 to his credit with the Racing Association? Has he, Mr. Secretary?"

The latter was distinctly annoyed. He glared over his glasses at the big man in front of him. "Racing season's just begun—"

"Correct," Willie Bond conceded, "and we've agreed that Jockey Club rules govern here. The rules distinctly say"—he waved a fat finger under the secretary's long nose—"and see if my memory is correct, 'each person desiring to make a claim, unless he shall have such amount to his credit with the association, must first deposit with the association the whole amount of his claim in cash.'

"This—ah—fellow hasn't that much credit on your books; and I take it the—ah—fellow didn't deposit $2500 with you, sir, before the race; else he wouldn't tender the currency now."

"One minute, Mr. Bond," the official smiled, tried to speak placatingly. "Generally there's a bit of latitude—when intentions are known to be good. Usually we'll take a man's money after the race."

"Say! If you're going to make that kind of exception," Paul Wharton exploded, "then you've got to accept my claim. What's two minutes, when my intentions are good?"

William Bond stepped back, looked straight at the harassed official: "Suppose we take this to the stewards, ask them whether or not Jockey Club rules govern—"

"Please, please!" The secretary had no desire to admit to the stewards that he could not rule his own bailiwick. He smiled unctuously, rubbed his hands together, finished, "I should say—in fact I do say, that—ah—ladies, gentlemen, all claims are disallowed; the colt remains the property of Miss Bond. And better racing luck next time, Miss Bond."

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SHERRY BOND was weaving her way through the race track crowds when she stopped, annoyed, as someone grasped her elbow. She shook free the hand, glanced over her shoulder. It was Paul Wharton—an eager look in his eyes.

"Sherry!"

"Well?"

The steel in her manner made him pause. She spoke again, sharply:

"You tried to claim my horse."

"Sherry, you've got to listen—"

Again she shook his hand free. Turned, saying, "You'll excuse me." She started toward the clubhouse.

Paul was beside her—was keeping pace with her going up the steps—was talking—she was not hearing a word he said—she went into the first vacant box. "Will you please go away?" she asked.

"Sherry, I was trying to protect your horse. Remember, twice I urged you not to start Pepper Boy in a claiming race? You wouldn't listen. So when I learned another man was going to claim him, I had my trainer put in a claim."

Sherry was silent; she stared at him.

"Racing's a man's game, Sherry—"

"One-third of the race horses in America are owned by women—"

"And raced by men trainers! There are only a fistful of girl trainers in the country. This business requires experience, and you simply haven't any, Sherry."

"But fortunately my uncle has!"

Paul Wharton shrugged. "Don't you understand, Sherry? I was trying to save your colt; I was going to give him back to you—as one friend to another."

So Paul had been trying to save her colt, not take Pepper Boy away from her. Sherry's smile returned slowly.

"Thanks, Paul," she said, extending her hand. "I didn't understand."

"I know, darling." He did not release her hand. "Sherry, won't you give up this racing business, marry me, now." He was almost pleading. "You've had a try at it, and you came through only by sheer luck.

"You know I love you Sherry. We can be married here, have our honeymoon at the Derby, watching Red Soldier win."

"Watching Pepper Boy win," Sherry corrected. The hatred had gone from her voice. If she married Paul now all her worries would be over. No more fretting about bills, no more risking Pepper Boy in claiming races. She could keep on racing Pepper Boy, not against Paul, but with him.

"Paul," she said. "I—I—"

(To Be Continued)

Labor, inspired by a new dignity and purpose, can be the foundation of a new age of mutual trust. —George M. Harrison, president, Brotherhood of Railway Clerks.

Female oysters are said to be larger than the male. And more elusive, we conclude, sitting down to an order in the oyster house.

LAW BOSS—Head of new neutrality laws unit of department of justice is Lawrence M. C. Smith, whose department will arrest and prosecute violators of laws concerning neutrality, treason, espionage, sabotage, foreign enlistments.

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia

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"I'll go to college if the family wants me to—after all, it's only four years out of my life."

INDIAN REFORMER

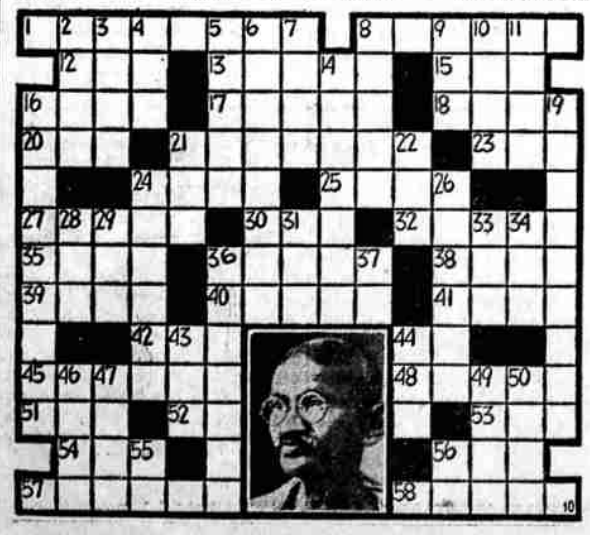
HORIZONTAL

1, 8 Indian political leader.
12 Obtained.
13 Market place.
15 Heavenly body.
16 Shield fillet.
17 Wearied.
18 Money.
20 Scarlet.
21 Train of attendants.
23 To sue.
24 High terrace.
25 Domestic slave.
27 Cant.
30 Label.
32 Fishhook line.
35 Christmas carol.
36 Odin.
38 Three united.
39 Frosted.
40 Ascended.
41 Afresh.
42 S-shaped object.
44 Sloth.
45 After songs.
48 Pulpit block.
51 Animal pest.
52 Rough lava.
53 Type standards.
54 Part of mouth.
56 Thrice (prefix).
57 He seeks —— and political reforms for his people.
58 He is a native ——.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

VERTICAL

2 Monster.
3 Below a ship's decks.
4 Consumed.
5 Desert fruits.
6 Rabble rouser
7 Spore clusters
8 Codfish.
9 Pile of fabric.
10 Sketched.
11 Nimbus.
14 Revokes.
16 He is a splendid —— or leader.
19 He and his —— practice passive resistance.
21 To rot flax.
22 Being.
24 Shaped.
26 To impose as a result.
28 Bird.
29 Horse command.
31 Bustle.
33 Bird of prey.
34 Untruth.
36 Lamb's wool.
37 Northeast (abbr.).
43 Ocean.
44 Measure.
46 Pole.
47 Auditory.
49 Gull.
50 Amidst.
55 Jumbled type.
56 Note in scale.



OUT OUR WAY By J. R. WILLIAMS

OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE

RED RYDER

BY FRED HARMAN

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

BY HAROLD GRAY

WASH TUBBS

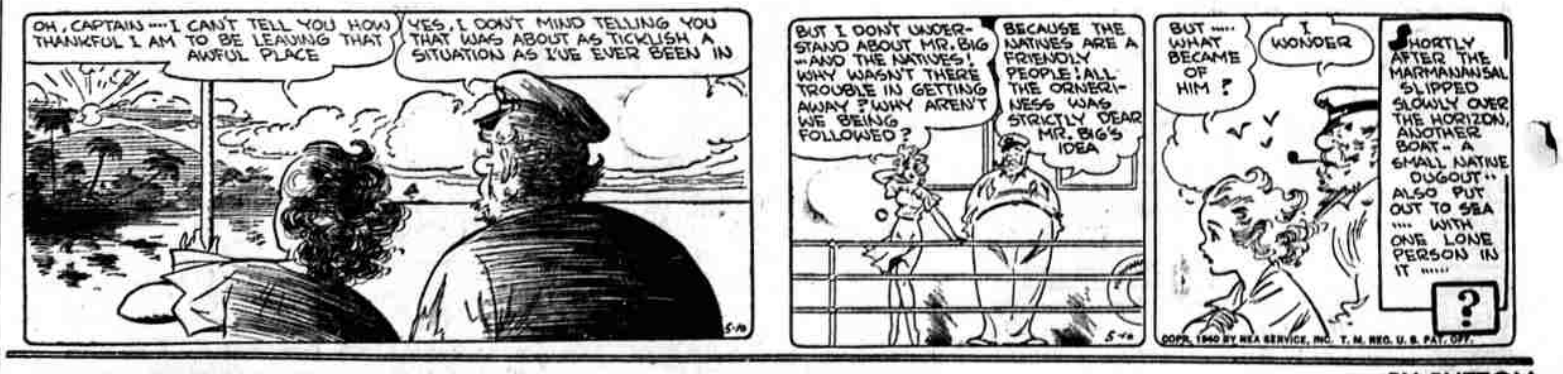
BY CRANE

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

BY BLOSSER

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

BY MARTIN



BY BUTTON