

SERIAL STORY  
BET ON LOVE  
BY CHARLES B. FARMER

YESTERDAY, Sherry Gray, a beautiful girl, told Sherry if she could not have Pepper Boy in the Derby, Sherry is willing to let her marry him. Red Soldier again the track record in a new victory.

CHAPTER VIII  
NOW the field was coming back to the finish line, for the jockeys to dismount and weigh out. Red Soldier was last in—and Sherry saw Paul Wharton push through the track gate, go out and meet his victorious colt on the center of the course.

But he did not take the shortest line, a diagonal, to the finish line. Instead, he turned his colt, walked straight to the fence, then turned again and walked down the fence toward her. He was coming toward her—her bench was next to the rail—he was going to pass in less than a yard of her. His eyes were searching the crowd on the rail—now he saw her.

A big and arrogant grin spread over his face. Now he was passing her—was looking up—and though the band was playing a triumphant march, she heard his words, "Not bad, eh? See you in Louisville."

He passed on—and a moment later flowers were circling Red Soldier's neck, and cameras were clicking.

"Did you hear what he said to me?" Sherry demanded. Uncle Willis smiled benignly: "Let the lad boast a bit. He won—I'm doubly glad to say." He finished in a tone so low that Sherry missed the last words.

"He can have decency—the cheap druggari!" she flared. "Calling to me as if—as if I were a rail-bird!" She took his arm. "Let's get out of this crowd."

When they pushed back toward the clubhouse she stopped him—though he seemed unusually eager to leave her. "Listen to me a minute, Willis Bond," she said sharply. "We're going to pack up instantly—leave for the Downs. Understand? We can't get there quick enough!"

"Why, er—yes. But there's the little matter of—er—transportation. First, do we have any bills—I mean track bills?"

Sherry frowned. She owed \$4 to the blacksmith; at least \$10 to the veterinarian; more than—She stopped counting as a collarless, smug man walked up to her. An oily smile creasing the furrows of his face, he spoke without even touching his greasy hat-brim—spoke fast:

"Mighty glad to see you come in the money that first race, Miss Bond. Knewed you'd be lookin' for me. You get \$180 running second. I'd appreciate the favor of my \$63 on that feed bill. I was mighty glad to accommodate. Some of the best owners—"

"Seems you wish money at once, my man. Am I right?" Willis Bond demanded.

The feed man shifted his weight. "I just want pay—"

"Certainly. You will get pay—in cash. Come with me," And to Sherry, "I'll handle it, my dear. And will pay our groom, too."

HOW much money was she going to have after everyone was paid? Standing there on the lawn, Sherry made rapid figures on her program. Twice she totaled the figures, the result was astounding. Why, she would have only \$16 left out of that \$180.

It had been a long and hard winter—for her. And she had to transport Pepper Boy from Long Island to Louisville, Ky.; had to transport her groom, her uncle, herself. Had to ship her tack. Would have to buy feed the moment they were stabled at the Downs. There would be other expenses—and \$20 more to enter the Derby! If Pepper Boy hadn't been left at the post; if his nose had only been six inches further to the front, at the finish—but it wasn't and he ran second.

She glanced at her wrist watch. No use staying here—she had no interest in the other races. She'd go home—could catch a train in 20 minutes. She started for the gate. Lanky Shep grunted and stopped her.

"Oh, say! Got time for a drink, Sherry? We can run into the clubhouse."

"You know I never touch the stuff, Shep."

flashed him a smile and moved swiftly away toward the gate.

THE sun had dropped behind the housetops when Sherry Bond reached home and faced the rear of a modern Noah's Ark, parked in front of her apartment house.

Drawn to the curb was an enormous, open touring car—a seven-seater, vintage of the late 'twenties; it was jammed with household goods. A rusty locker-trunk was securely lashed to the rear.

Who was responsible for this monstrosity?

Somebody was sitting behind the wheel. Deliberately, Sherry walked to the front of the car—stopped, looked at the driver: a horse-faced girl in her early thirties—perhaps—dressed in green tweed with a brown beret pulled back demurely from shiny, wavy, nut-colored hair parted in the middle. A mass of freckles flecked the features—the homeliest face and the most interesting that Sherry had seen since Christmas.

Sherry drew back from staring, murmured, "I beg your pardon," and was starting into the house when the stranger stopped her.

Leaning over the side of the car, the woman asked in breezy, clipped accents of the mid-west: "Can you tell me where—well if it is—it is Cousin Sheridan Bond?"

The car door flew open. An angular girl, whose bones stuck out like those of a half-starved race horse, leaped to the pavement, a joyous smile lighting her face. Phrases cascaded from her lips: "Cousin Sheridan, I am Theodora Duncan Bond. I recognize you from your pictures—but you're much prettier, much younger-looking."

"I've just driven in from Wyoming—brought my duds with me. I read about your thrilling apartment—I got the street number out of the phone book." She paused.

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"You know I never touch the stuff, Shep."

"Sure I do, but I wanted a chance to talk." He slipped an arm through hers. "Look here, Sherry—let's sit down a minute. Sherry, honey, I'd—"

"Wait, Shep. Is this another proposal?"

"You—you are Cousin Sheridan, aren't you?"

"I am," answered Cousin Sheridan Bond, in a still and small voice.

(To Be Continued)



FOXY FURS—Valued at \$4,000, this collarless hip-length spring jacket designed by Deina-Bacher has four platina fox skins worked together to emphasize spine line markings. Reverse treatment in sleeves eliminates shaggy shoulders.

STILL A PUZZLE  
Whether there is life on other planets of our own solar system we can only guess. We do know that any life there would be different from our own, because, in most cases, conditions are so very different.

OUT OUR WAY By J. R. WILLIAMS



SPRING POETS



RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



ALLEY OOP

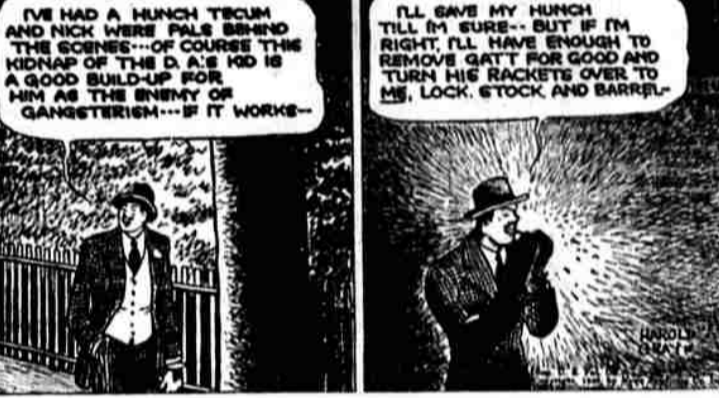
OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE



HE'S OFF AGAIN!



RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



ALLEY OOP

FLAPPER FANNY By Sylvia



FLAPPER FANNY

CABINET OFFICIAL

Word puzzle grid with clues for horizontal and vertical words. Includes a small illustration of a man's face.

Large crossword puzzle grid with numbers in the corners.

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