

SERIAL STORY

BET ON LOVE

BY CHARLES B. PARMER

COPYRIGHT, 1940. NEA SERVICE, INC.

YESTERDAY: Ueelo Willie makes some good bets, wise enough to pay the bills and buy a trailer. Sherry is too happy to scold. Early in the morning, they hurry to leave for Kentucky. She and Paul are in a flash. Paul wants to take Pepper Boy for Sherry, but she refuses. She is sincere in wishing him "good luck" as he walks away.

CHAPTER XI

"MY turn next, isn't it?" Shep asked with a slow grin, coming up to Sherry Bond. She looked around. "Oh, Shep, I'm sorry, but you see, we're leaving immediately for the Downs." "I'm going, too," he said. "So early? The Derby won't be run for 14 days—and there's no steeplechasing there."

He smiled, but it was a forced smile. "I'm riding on the flat this season, too, you know." Something in his manner caused her to look at him searchingly. "What's up, Shep?" she asked. She hesitated an instant. Then she gave a quick look at Shep's get-up. Amid the tang of the stable, the crunching of leather, the neighing of horses, and the muffled clump of hoots from the training track beyond the barn, his immaculate figure was out of place. "Shep," she said, "I never saw you so dressed up. What's happened to you?" she insisted. Generally, Shep went about in torn sweaters and increased breeches and old riding boots.

"Well, er—" he hesitated, then the words came tumbling out, while he looked her in the eye: "I'm driving down with May Belter's string—I'm going to ride for her Bonnie Lad stable."

"So that explains this comic opera get-up of yours," Sherry said quietly. Then added with a shrug: "She couldn't get my coil, so now she's trying to get my friend."

Shep looked at her quickly. "What are you saying, Sherry?" "The Bonnie Lad tried to claim my Pepper Boy yesterday."

"Sherry!" Grant's voice was harsh. "Are you sure about that? I only knew that Paul Wharton tried—"

She raised a ha: "Shep, I feel that maybe Paul was trying to protect my coil—but we won't go into that. I know May Belter wasn't. She hasn't a coil of Derby caliber in her barn, and she tried to get Pepper Boy."

"Gosh, Sherry, I'll swear I didn't know it!" "Gosh is right. The woman has everything, Shep; horses and money and diamonds—everything but youth. Now she's gone after you because you're young and attractive; you'll make her feel she is, too."

"The girl finished quickly, 'Suppose she donated the money for those fancy toys?'"

"AMAZEMENT, then anger, swept Grant's face. "That's going too far, Sherry," he said sternly. "I've never fallen so low as to take money from a woman."

"But you will, my dear! You can't be lucky at poker always." She was very close to him, and she made her voice low and intimate. "She let you win, didn't she, Shep? And it was her money you wanted to lend me?"

"A browned hand shot skyward. "I swear, Sherry—I won that money from a bunch of men. Will you believe me?" His young face was exaggerated, yet full of concern. "Maybe it was foolish, when Belter asked me to ride for her this season—"

"And offered you one of her imported cars to drive to Churchill Downs in?"

He nodded. "Then I went out and got this fool outfit—"

"I understand," she repeated, less harshly. "You're my age, Shep—pretty young. That's why I hate to see you roped in. Like me, you've lost the silver spoon, and like me, you have had to shift for yourself. You happen to know horses—a lot better than you do humans!"

Sherry moved away from him, as if to end the conversation. "Just forget what I've said." She waved her hand to impatient Ted, now behind the wheel of the roadster. "My crowd's ready, Shep. We aren't swank at all; the trailer even needs a coat of paint, but we're real racing folks. Bye, Shep."

"Wait a minute!" he grabbed her hand. "Listen, I'm going to the Downs—but not with May Belter's stable. I'm getting out of this mess—"

"Any help, miss?" he called.

"Oh, yes!" She seemed to relax with relief. Then she leaned forward, a gorgeous smile crossing her smooth features.

"You ready for us?" "What—" he looked keenly at her, the smile leaving his face. His manner changed. "Ready for what?" he asked.

"For us—for Pepper Boy. You see," the words came fast, "we're on our way to Churchill Downs—for the Kentucky Derby—I thought the track telephoned—might have, for a motorcycle escort through traffic—the Holland Tunnel, you know—"

Now he grinned, as he caught on. "Nope! They didn't phone for me, miss—but, there! we've got the light—Holland Tunnel!"

"Yes—yes!" Sherry said breathlessly. "Follow me—I'll give you a break!"

HE snapped the goggles down over his eyes, touched a lever and his motorcycle burst into full-throated roar. He settled back in the seat, called to Sam, "Follow me!" and with a gesture ahead led them down Fifty-seventh Street, his siren shrieking.

The escort ended at the tunnel's approach. The cop dropped back alongside as the truck halted for another light. He spraddled his wheel again, pushed up his goggles. Grinned.

"All right!" "Swell! Thanks to you!" "What's the name of your horse?"

"Pepper Boy, from the Lone Tree Stable."

"Lone Tree Stable—Pepper Boy—say! I'm going to lay a couple bucks on his nose for luck. He better win."

"He'll win—with half a chance." The light turned from red to green. The cop let go her hand, grinned broadly as he waved her on, calling:

"Good luck—Pepper Boy!" The car and trailer carrying Pepper Boy to Churchill Downs swept into the Holland Tunnel—New Jersey ahead—Kentucky far, far ahead. (To Be Continued)

The Automobile Club of America was organized in 1899.



Garbed in West Liberian native costumes, comely Ruth Kirkhope (left) and Myrtice Crory are an eye-catching part of a realistic (?) reproduction of a rubber plantation at a tire company's exhibit in New York.

OUT OUR WAY By J. R. WILLIAMS



BORN THIRTY YEARS TOO SOON

RED RYDER



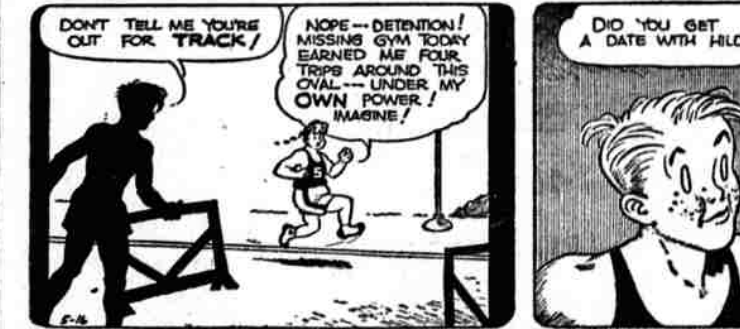
LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



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



COAT OF ARMS

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for horizontal and vertical words. Includes a small illustration of a coat of arms.

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for horizontal and vertical words. Includes a small illustration of a coat of arms.

FLAPPER FANNY By Sylvia



Whaddya say, baby?—wouldya like to do this with me the rest of your life?"