

SERIAL STORY

BET ON LOVE

BY CHARLES B. PARKER

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YESTERDAY, Sherry's first workout at the Downs shows him in his condition. Pepper Boy was third—and running easily—at the half-mile.

CHAPTER XIII

SHERRY awoke with a start next morning. She sat up in bed, blinked her eyes. It was full daylight—must be at least 7 o'clock, and she should have been at the stable by 5.

She must get to the track—without delay. She swung her feet around to blue slippers waiting by the bedside. Then she jumped at the sound of sharp rapping on the door.

"Who's there?" she called, throwing a quilled robe about herself. "It's Ted—me—II!"

"Come right in!" The school teacher, fully dressed, was cheer itself. "The Major said you must be taking what he calls a nap of sleep—he's gone to the track. And I thought that—well, here, take it, Sherry."

She thrust a sheet of bills into Sherry's hand. The latter looked at them, with widening eyes. Seven \$100 bank notes. The robe dropped from Sherry's shoulders. She stepped forward impulsively, threw her arms around the teacher's angular frame.

"You're a honey—you're a sweetheart—but I can't take it—and I don't need it." She tried to force the money back into Ted's hand.

Ted saw that Sherry meant it. She said: "I'll take it back on one condition—you promise me that if Pepper Boy doesn't win, you will take this loan."

"I promise—that if Pepper Boy doesn't win, I'll take the loan and give you a piece of Pepper Boy to boot!" Sherry smiled.

SHERRY was the first owner in the paddock that afternoon for the second race—the Derby Trial, it was being called. Not a horse had been scratched; ten fast colts would fight it out, each inch of the mile and 70 yards. She wanted to see that every detail was perfect before her Pepper Boy went to the post.

"You know this colt, Madden—get him off smartly, make no mistakes, and win."

Madden nodded. He said: "Goin' to be a hoss-race, every foot of the way. That Castanets, the brown 'un, is speedy; and that Monitor—" Madden frowned, "he's the baby to watch. But I don't think so much of that gen'tleman steeplechase guy. This here's on the flat."

"That Mr. Grant you speaking of?"

The question was asked by Willie Bond, who had hustled up to the stall. "You'll be glad to hear this," he chuckled to Sherry, "Shep Grant's four pounds overweight. Couldn't pull it down. He rides at 124 pounds—against 120 pounds on the other entries."

"I told him he was a steeplechase rider," Sherry said. "What do you say to that, Madden?"

The little fellow grinned: "Not more'n 104—winter and summer. I made exact weight for this by my valet puttin' 16 pounds o' lead in that lead-pad." He indicated a pad beneath Pepper Boy's saddle.

At that moment the bugle blew, calling the field to the post.

"Excuse me, my dear—business to attend to," Willie Bond said, and dashed off toward the grandstand.

"Well, I like that!" Sherry was saying to herself when a familiar voice spoke at her elbow: "Come on and watch this one with me."

It was Paul Wharton. Sherry had so much on her mind that she forgot to be distant. "Why, Paul—where've you been keeping yourself?" She was really glad to see him.

"Might ask you the same," he smiled. "Been busy—as you've been; but come—they'll be at the post in a minute." A roar went up from watching thousands as the field leaped forward in a perfect start.

"Say!" Paul Wharton exclaimed, "look at your colt—he's improved!" Pepper Boy, breaking from the extreme outside, was shooting ahead—Madden was trying to cut a slant diagonal line across the field—trying to get to the rail at the head of the turn.

"But look there!" Wharton shouted again. "That Shep's not bad, is he? Watch him!" Shep Grant was hustling his bay, Monitor, to the front on the rail—he had blocked the fast-moving brown, Castanets, who had tried to take it.

Now, as they reached the first turn, the field was split into two divisions. Three horses in the first group: Shep Grant with Monitor on the rail; Farwell on Castanets next to him; and Madden running alongside on Pepper Boy. Seven horses were grouped behind.

"Too bad Madden couldn't get the rail. He's dropping back." So he was.

"The horse is in stride—Madden's giving him a breather," Sherry said. "Maybe," Wharton muttered. "But I don't like the way Grant is taking that nag of his to the front—Boy!—He's a length ahead as they start down the back stretch." "He's burning his colt up," said Sherry—and she hoped it was true.

"Maybe," Wharton muttered again. "I'm not crazy about Grant—you know it; but just the same he's a darn good judge of pace."

"He's four pounds overweight," Sherry said, as she noted that Pepper Boy was third—and running easily—at the half-mile.

"Is he?" Wharton looked at her a minute. "Then he's got an advantage over all the rest of you."

"How so?" "All the other jockeys are very light boys—and their saddle-pads are filled with lead. That's dead weight—and mighty heavy. Shep is all live weight."

"What of it?" she snapped. "There's Madden going into contention—now."

THE boy was starting his run with Pepper Boy. He lifted his reins at the three-eighths pole, as they went into the far turn.

Sherry knew he was clucking to Pepper Boy—she saw her game little colt spring forward—Madden was shooting into a space between Castanets and the rail; Pepper Boy got the rail—was alongside Castanets—was drawing away from Castanets—was shooting at a space between Monitor and the rail, ahead.

"Not this time!" Wharton whistled. "Madden almost got in that opening—but Shep has an eye in the back of his head. See, he's drawn close to the rail himself."

So he had. But Madden was taking Pepper Boy out—now they were straightening down the home stretch: Monitor in front by a length—Pepper Boy second—and the brown, Castanets, coming up fast on Pepper Boy's flanks. Behind them thundered seven other horses—vainly trying to catch up.

"Now he's coming—in the last furlong!" Sherry yelled. Madden had lashed out with his bat. Pepper Boy leaped forward. His nose was now at Monitor's neck; but Castanets surged forward on the outside—even with Pepper Boy.

In Los Angeles, Tarcila Mendoza Galindo, 19-year-old Mexican beauty, obtained an annulment of her marriage to General Octavio Galindo, who wooed and won her "with boldness and audacity."

The three colts—so close together that a handkerchief could have almost covered them—swept down to the wire together. Now they were head and head, nose and nose—They flashed under the wire. (To Be Continued)

In mid-ocean, the gravitational pull of the moon draws the water between 2 and 3 feet away from the earth's surface.

In the days of muzzle-loading guns, natives of Central America made powder flasks from the bills of toucans.

A flannel cloth dipped in dry oatmeal makes a good cleaner for painted woodwork.

'Was So Beautiful'



In Los Angeles, Tarcila Mendoza Galindo, 19-year-old Mexican beauty, obtained an annulment of her marriage to General Octavio Galindo, who wooed and won her "with boldness and audacity."

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia

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"Aw, let's not go to the farm this year—can't we take a vacation at a real place that's got picture postcards?"

LEADER IN CANADA

HORIZONTAL Answer to Previous Puzzle

1 Canadian statesman pictured here.
12 Bumble.
13 Ogles.
14 To become weary.
15 Metal.
17 Drops.
18 Enthusiasm.
19 Lets it stand.
21 Herons.
23 North America (abbr.).
24 Command.
27 Smoldering coals.
31 Silkworm.
32 Sack.
33 Ringworm.
35 Knobbed.
37 Form of "be".
38 He is a politician.
43 Whirlwind.
44 Ravine.
47 Giver.
48 False step.
50 Grew old.
51 Loads.
52 Atmospheric.

20 Tale, published in parts.
22 A hop.
24 His executive office is in the city of.
25 Man's reading room.
26 Sooner than.
28 Fence rail.
29 Self.
30 Drowsy.
34 Vivid describer.
35 Ankle cartilage.
36 Evening party.
39 Vainly.
40 Feather scarf.
41 To invest.
42 Fish eggs.
43 Half (prefix).
46 The same.
48 Ketch.
49 Buoyant tune.
54 Musical note.
56 Northeast (abbr.).



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

