

SERIAL STORY

BET ON LOVE

BY CHARLES B. PARMER

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YESTERDAY, The Derby Trial... Sherry gasped with shock.

CHAPTER XIV "Did I win?" Sherry turned an anxious face to Wharton.

He was frowning. "I think... look, it's a photo finish—the light is flashing."

His words were lost in the wild shouts that rose from thousands who had bet on the favorite.

Sherry sat up stiffly; tried to keep her lips from trembling. The numbers were going up:

The winner: No. 1, Monitor. Second: No. 3, Castanets. Third: No. 10, Pepper Boy.

"I took a picture to separate you from the winner," Wharton tried to console her.

"Nose ahead good as a mile ahead," Sherry said. Another shout from the crowd, this time a roar of admiration.

Wharton whistled, seized her arm. "Know what that means?" he asked.

"You pick him out—I don't care, just so he's a good fierce watchdog."

Sherry had gone straight to Grant, as though there had been no coldness between them a few minutes earlier.

"You mean it, Sherry?" "I do. He would have beaten both Monitor and Castanets, except he broke from the far outside, had to run further than any horse in the race.

"Then he's real good, Sherry?" "You bet he is. He was the best colt in the race," he assured her.

"Sell him? Certainly not! What have you such a crazy notion?" "Well, ma'am, I ain't no more'n got back here with him, right after the race when a dressed-up white man come up to me, right here."

Sherry—"Sam shuffled uncomfortably, 'you ain't going to sell the little fellow for nothin', is you?"

"Not for anything, Sam," she reassured him. "Thank you, thank you, Miss Sherry!" he glowed with relief.

"I thought struck her; she had to have money instantly, or there would be no next time. Tomorrow was Saturday; Sam and Elijah had to be paid.

Sherry stopped abruptly, in front of the partly-closed door of her tack-room. Someone was in there—two persons—and they were arguing in low but heated tones.

"But, my dear," well-known English accents answered, "he did give the colt a great ride! Beautiful! He was within two inches of winning—"

"Beautiful, was it? Those two inches cost me \$700."

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"Yes, go on." "He was dark-complected, and was dressed in a suit."

"What did he want, Sam?" "I 'spec' he was scoutin' for some rich man who wants his colors in the Derby. Them sorts is always tryin' to buy a good colt at the last minute. But, Miss

Sherry gasped with shock. "Good Granny Moses!" she exclaimed to herself, "Uncle Willie touted Cousin Ted."

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. WILLIAMS



WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY

Dutch Premier Arrives in London



Premier Jan de Geer, of the Netherlands, pictured as he arrived in London shortly after Queen Wilhelmina fled there.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With MAJOR HOOPLE



THE EXPEDITION EN ROUTE TO FIND THE MAJOR

RED RYDER



RED RYDER

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



FLAPPER FANNY

WASH TUBS



WASH TUBS

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

TALKING BIRD

Crossword puzzle with clues and a grid.

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

ALLEY OOP



ALLEY OOP

Crossword puzzle with clues and a grid.

ALLEY OOP



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