

SERIAL STORY

BET ON LOVE

BY CHARLES B. PARMER

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YESTERDAY, Pepper Boy loses the Derby Trial by inches in a photo finish. Sherry congratulates Grant, who tells her Pepper Boy would have won with a heavier rider. A strange man questions Sam about the colt, but Sherry is too busy worrying about money to give it much thought. She decides to borrow Ted's \$700. She overhears Ted and Tonic Willie. Ted has bet and lost her \$700!

CHAPTER XV

SHERRY flung open the tack-room door, looked inside. Willis Bond, his face haggard, his hands shaking, was backed against the room's side wall. An infuriated Ted was facing him, but a new Ted. Her hair stood out in a halo of brown curls, as if she'd just stepped from a beauty parlor.

"Well, this is a pretty kettle of fish!" Sherry said, stepping inside, looking at one, then the other.

"You," she spoke scornfully to the man, who now fumbled with his monocle, "you congratulate this ignorant girl—ignorant of the turf—to bet on one of your sure things."

"And you," she looked at Ted Duncan Bond, "with all your college learning and degrees, believed you could beat the race! The smartest horsemen admit it can't be done. Even I, the owner of Pepper Boy, wouldn't bet a dollar on him—and you bet \$700. I overheard you."

"Oh, Sherry!" Ted began, but Sherry hadn't finished. "Glad you were cleaned out. Maybe you'll have sense enough not to try it again." She turned on her uncle.

"Now you, explain yourself! The idea of talking a gullible girl into betting. Suppose you were to get a cut on her winnings—in return for your marvelous dope!"

"Please, Sherry!" It was Ted herself who broke in, with a defense of the man.

"Well!" Sherry was thoroughly mad now.

"He didn't persuade me—at least, not much."

"How did it all start?" Sherry demanded.

"Willis and I had planned to write the story of the thoroughbred—she hesitated; Sherry prompted, "Go on."

"I saw that—well, the book had infinite possibilities. But we'd be months writing it—and we'd need money to live on. He said that he was—or—strapped, he called it."

"That's enough," Sherry interrupted, "I understand it all. He flouted you, persuaded you to bet on a horse of his choice—"

"But it was Pepper Boy!" Uncle William put in, coming up for air.

"Shut up!" Sherry snapped. "Guess you were going to get a cut of the winnings—"

"Sherry!" Ted flung her arms around Sherry, stayed her.

"What on earth!" Sherry demanded, freeing herself.

"You mustn't say such things about him."

"Well, I like that! And why not, may I ask?"

"Because—because—"

William Bond stepped forward with great dignity, spoke clearly: "Sherry, Theodora has honored me by—ah—becoming my fiancée."

UTTER silence for one long moment. Then Sherry Bond sank down on a locker trunk. "For the love of Pete," she ejaculated. Then she began to laugh, almost hysterically. At last she controlled herself, stood up.

"That's swell! Now listen, you two: you've both helped me out. You saved my horse for me, Willis, when I ran him for the claimer. You loaned me your car, Ted—"

"That was nothing!" the pair exclaimed in unison.

"Yes, it was, and I don't forget favors," Sherry said. "Now I promise you this—in appreciation, and as a wedding present: 10 per cent of the purse if Pepper Boy wins the Derby. Now scramble of you. I've got figuring to do."

SHERRY BOND hadn't been alone 10 minutes when Sam appeared at the opened door of the tack-room. "Miss Sherry, that oily-talikin' man's back ag'in', an' askin' for you."

The man came in, his hairless skull gleaming like a yellowed billiard ball; his coat cut like an hour glass under his arms; knife-edge crease in his trousers, spats over his ankles. His thick brown lips barely moved as he talked in the lowest of tones.

"Miss Bond, there'll be about 20 entries in the Derby this year. Your Pepper Boy has one chance out of 20."

"Well, what of it?" Definitely, she did not like his looks.

From a pocket he drew forth a wallet. Counted out a sheaf of bills rapidly, put a rubber band around them, and laid them on top of a locker trunk.

"There's \$5000—and it's yours, now, if you give me your word you won't start Pepper Boy in the Derby."

Instantly Sherry was on her feet. "You take up that money—at once!" she commanded, trying to control the anger that was rising in her.

"There's nothing illegal in what I'm asking, Miss Bond," his voice came now in a silken purr. "I represent a group of future book gamblers—"

"You take bets on the Derby nominees in advance of the race, giving longer odds than on race day, and if a horse doesn't start, you don't give the money back. That's where you make your big profit, isn't it?"

He nodded, his lips curving in

a slight smile. "Absolutely correct, Miss Bond. But we made a mistake this year, Miss Bond. We misjudged your colt. We laid odds of 50 to 1 against him. Frankly, we don't think he can beat Castanets or Monlor at Derby distance—and we'd almost swear that he can't beat Wharton's Red Soldier. But, of course, there's one chance in 20 that he might—"

"And if he does win—how much are you out?" Sherry demanded.

"More than 50 grand. I'm playing fair—telling you the facts. We've taken in almost 35500 on Pepper Boy. To play safe, we're willing to pay you \$5000 to keep him in the barn. Then we'll make a profit of about \$1800 on the transaction."

"I see—I see," said Sherry, huskily. "Pretty neat!"

THE man misjudged her, went on, speaking with more enthusiasm:

"You are using business sense, Miss Bond—and I congratulate you. Your word is good, Miss Bond."

"You're right it is," she managed to say. "It's so darn good, that if you don't get out of here instantly—and take your filthy money with you—I'll call the police!"

"Very well." The man picked up the money, put on his hat carefully. "You'll regret this."

SHERRY felt unclean after the encounter with the thick-lipped, goggle-eyed gambler. Paul Wharton had warned her that racing wasn't all romance and roses; she never thought the scordid side would touch her—but it had.

She walked to her roadster, parked at the end of the barn. An imported car, gleaming in its almost-newness, it gave her a sense of well-being just to sit in it. Suddenly an idea struck her. Sherry jammed her foot on the starter—rolled between the barns,

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drove until she came to a building with a big sign hanging down: "Money to loan on autos—no waiting." (To Be Continued)

SPECIALLY EQUIPPED Arctic hares of the far north have developed special features to help them meet the sterner conditions of life in their native habitats. Mother Nature has given them larger, stronger bodies than the southerly species, as well as special tooth development, heavier fur, and larger claws for digging.

First Foreigner in 500 Since '33



Raul Riganti is first foreign entrant in the 500-mile Memorial Day race over Indianapolis Motor Speedway since 1933, when Argentine champion made second appearance. Riganti also competed in 1923. He is driving 420-horsepower Italian Maserati.

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



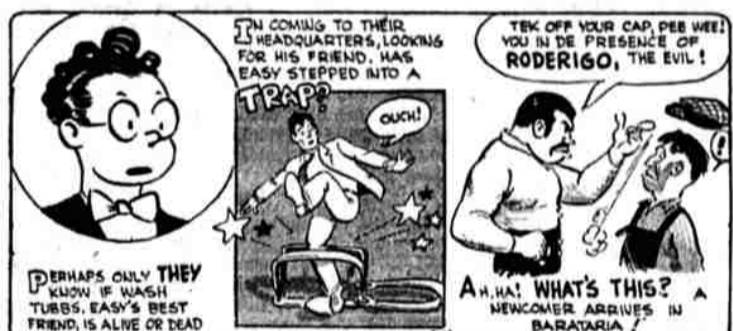
BY FRED HARMAN



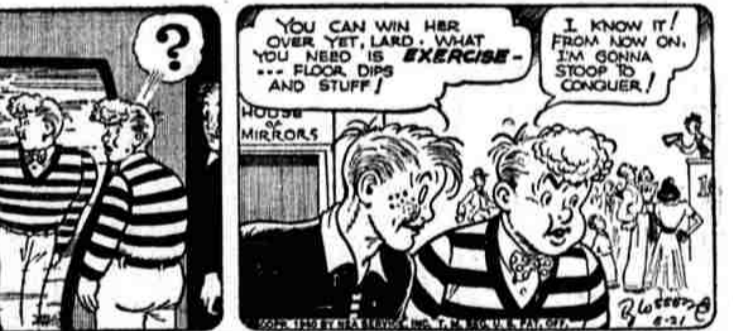
BY HAROLD GRAY



BY CRANE



BY BLOSSER



BY MARTIN



BY V. T. HAMLIN



FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia

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"I know it's your first party, but the boys are liable to think you aren't enjoyin' yourself if you keep sayin' 'I want my mommy.'"

ENGLISH AUTHOR

- 1. Author of "Pilgrim's Progress." 2. Granting that. 3. To do wrongly. 4. To chop. 5. Driving command. 6. Paris of type. 7. To proffer. 8. Read. 9. Half an an. 10. Male offspring. 11. Circle part. 12. Granting that. 13. Chum. 14. Indian. 15. Silkworm. 16. Brittle. 17. Spotted. 18. Chewed. 19. Eye. 20. Cereal grass. 21. Spike of corn. 22. To cook in fat. 23. Opposed to weather. 24. Flightless bird. 25. Loves excessively. 26. A master's disciples. 27. With a boss. 28. Naked. 29. To hear again. 30. He was a member by trade. 31. He was imprisoned for preaching. 32. Sweet preserve. 33. Inception. 34. Drenched with a boss. 35. Naked. 36. To exist. 37. Theater guide. 38. Gapes. 39. Paid publicity. 40. Forthwith. 41. Therefore. 42. To burst forth. 17 Cognizance. 18 Ocean. 19 He wrote part of his book in jail at England. 20 Courtroom. 21 Gloomy. 22 Historical legend. 23 Baby's bed. 24 Restlessness. 25 Father. 26 Whirlwind. 27 Bone. 28 Within. 29 Conductor. 30 Beam support. 31 Ascefic. 32 Paradise. 33 Wand. 34 Flower part. 35 Unbleached color. 36 Tree. 37 To embroider. 38 Of the thing. 39 Laughter sound.

