

SERIAL STORY

BET ON LOVE

BY CHARLES B. FARMER

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YESTERDAY: Derby Day and the horse parade to the post. Paul comes to Sherry, takes her to the hotel to watch the race. Sherry is glad to have him near. Pepper Boy and Red Soldier are in second division—pecked. Red Soldier makes a bid. Grant holds his place as they come into the stretch. "Sheep!" shouts Sherry. "Make your real Make your real!"

CHAPTER XVIII

SHEP GRANT roared Sherry's shouts—or so it seemed; for she distinctly saw him lift the reins—then his whip-arm rose—and fell. He jerked the reins up again. Pepper Boy shot out from the pack.

Suddenly, Sherry's heart seemed to stop. A horse, colors of yellow with blue stars, was sweeping forward—was even with Pepper Boy. It was Castanets.

Paul Wharton was muttering at Sherry's ear. "You, Mann—come on—Get going if you're ever going to!"

Mann, too, appeared to hear; he lashed out with his whip—once—twice. Red Soldier shot forward on the outside—Red Soldier swept past Castanets and Pepper Boy at the furlong pole.

A stunned silence fell upon the course, like a wave's retreating; then cheers broke out again, louder than ever. Paul was shouting:

"Look, honey—look! Pepper Boy's coming again—look—it's you who's winning—it's you!"

Leaning far over his mount's neck, Shep Grant was putting up one of his powerful finishes. His hands were shooting forward with the horse's stride—were shoving against Pepper Boy's neck—they left Castanets behind—they were passing Red Soldier—Mann was lashing out with his whip, but Red Soldier had nothing more to give—while Pepper Boy's stride lengthened—he was tearing up the ground.

Pepper Boy went under the wire—winner by a full length. Castanets was second—the tiring Red Soldier third.

"PAUL—Paul, dear, I won!" Sherry cried. "You don't mind, do you?"

"Mind? I'm happy for you!" "I know, but you were trying so hard—and you gave me every advantage—even advised a heavy rider."

"Hush! She saw the light of joy in his eyes. 'Come on—you've got to lead the winner in!'"

She stopped. "I'm not going to face all this alone—" "Hush! Don't you hear the loud speaker?" It was blaring: "Will Miss Sheridan Bond please come forward and lead her winner in? Miss Sheridan Bond, please—make way for Miss Bond, owner of the winner of the Kentucky Derby!"

"And that means you, my dear! They think you're in the boxes—" "And I'm out here—and scared to death. I simply can't go out there alone, Paul!"

"But, honey, you're not alone!" "Then say something—quick!"

Her lips were trembling—her eyes were moist. Beyond them was the track: a little black horse with a scarlet and purple-clad rider was coming up to the line. Seventy-five thousands persons were looking at that horse—

"Sherry, I love you!"

"Say it again!" she whispered. His arms were about her; her face was buried in his shoulder. "Look up, darling!"

"Miss Sheridan Bond—Miss Bond—please! Make way for Miss Bond."

"Oh, darn it, let 'em wait." Sherry raised her face. Paul Wharton smiled shyly, then quickly his lips were on hers—in a long, cool caress of sheltering love.

Someone was speaking in breathless tones—someone small and black—alongside them. It was Elijah, the exercise boy. "Miss Sherry—didn't you know it?" "Know what, Elijah?" she managed to say, trying to hide her confusion.

"You done win the Derby, Miss Sherry."

"Come on, Paul." Now she had his arm, and together they ran toward the gate leading to the track. "I'm going to give Shep—10 per cent of the purse—for expenses—he's still such a boy—but he'll grow up—some day—"

SHERY found herself on the track—alone. Sam was leading the colt toward her; Shep Grant was lifting his whip in salute. He leaned over and whispered, "Told you nothing to worry about!" She flashed him a smile.

"Here be yo' winner, Miss Sherry," Sam, bursting with joy, thrust the reins into her hands. "Thank you, Sam." She looked up. "A great ride, Shep!"

The band was playing the Triumphant March. She was leading Pepper Boy into the winner's circle—a lot of fenced-off grass, reserved the entire year for this single moment. Garlands of flowers were being thrust into her arms—were being draped over Pepper Boy's withers—still cameras were clicking and movie cameras were trained upon her.

Two familiar and proud faces popped out of the crowd: Uncle Willie and Cousin Ted. The school teacher was seeing life at last. . . . and now, Miss Bond—ladies and gentlemen of America—will tell you how it feels to win America's greatest horse race. Talk to America, Miss Sheridan Bond!"

IT was great—and gorgeous—and wonderful—and thrilling—and so terribly, terribly lonely. Where was he—where was Paul? He had vanished from the earth—and this triumphant moment was empty without him.

Paul had fought to save her colt—

when she foolishly entered him in that claiming race—Paul had tried to advise her—he had pointed out the advantage of riding live weight on her colt—Paul had kept her rider from getting drunk this Derby morning—she owed everything to him.

Now she knew that she had loved him always; he was manly and strong and unselfish. Shep Grant was just a charming, irresponsible boy—who might some day grow up. Shep would be a pal, never a husband.

Sherry was speaking into the microphone, speaking from the heart: ". . . I know I won—but it was the advice of a rival, Paul Wharton, that caused me to win. He was trying to win, too—but he wouldn't take advantage—He's a great sportsman, and—"

It was just as well the cheers of the crowd drowned her next words. Now Paul Wharton appeared from nowhere, and escorted her across the track into the clubhouse. Here a telegraph messenger thrust an envelope into her hands. "Come in a second ago, Miss Bond," he grinned.

"Read it aloud, Paul," she said. He read:

"To the Blue-eyed Owner of the Derby Winner: 'Congratulations and thanks. Entire squad bet early on Pepper Boy at good odds and we won plenty. You are a swell thoroughbred yourself and you told the truth. Telegraph when you return and entire squad will escort you.'"

"Respectfully, 'Motorcycle Patrolman McGinnis.'"

"Oh," Sherry beamed, recalling the early-morning dash across

Manhattan behind the red-haired cop.

"Don't you think, Paul," she said, smiling through the mist in her eyes, "that a motorcycle escort would be simply swell when we get married?"

THE END

Country boys get almost all the hiking they want behind a plow. —Wheeler McMillen, farm journalist, on extension of Boy Scouting in country districts.

Regal Rose Ruler



Queen Virginia I, better known to her friends as Virginia Esther Rothenberg, is shown in all her glory as she will rule over the 1940 annual Portland Rose Festival, June 5 to 8. The lovely, 17-year-old queen is a Portland high school girl.

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia

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"Every one of my very dearest friends has signed in it, 'cept Emily, an' we jus' hate each other this week."

RED-BREASTED WARBLER

HORIZONTAL

1 Red-breasted

2 It belongs to

3 family.

4 Ashen.

5 Pertaining to

6 air.

7 Satins.

8 Ranges of

9 hills.

10 To buzz.

11 Self.

12 Form of "be."

13 You and I.

14 Long bench.

15 Half an em.

16 Put to

17 inconvenience.

18 Short jacket.

19 Opera

20 melodies.

21 Gentle blows.

22 Child.

23 Boxed.

24 Humor.

25 Railway

26 (abbr.).

27 Japanese fish.

28 A dandy.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

PAUL REYNOLD
CITY RATE
COMBATS
VETS FEELS
EAT THE WHAT
RIP LINGLES
FINANCE PREVIEW

15 It is a good

16 or

17 warbler (pl.).

18 To be

19 victorious.

20 Married.

21 Period.

22 Headlike in

23 form.

24 Coin.

25 Filthy.

26 Blemlish.

27 Serrated

28 tool.

29 Pleading.

30 Coal box.

31 Monkey.

32 Male bee.

33 Sings.

34 Part of a

35 waistcoat.

36 44 It lays

37 greenish

38 eggs.

39 To pack away

40 wings.

41 Canter.

42 Legal rule.

43 Unit.

44 Clamor.

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. WILLIAMS



BORN THIRTY YEARS TOO SOON

J. R. WILLIAMS
COPY, 1940 BY NEA SERVICE, INC. T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

RED RYDER



OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With MAJOR HOOPLE



BY FRED HARMAN

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



BY HAROLD GRAY

WASH TUBBS



BY CRANE

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BY BLOSSER

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



BY MARTIN

IT SURE RINGS THE BELL!



BY BUTTON