

Penthouse Frock Latest In Fall Vogue

By Ruth Cowan (Associated Press Staff Writer) CHICAGO, (AP)—"Penthouse frocks." That's the latest in fall fashions.

These new dresses were so named because their designers envisaged creations of silk, satin, velvet and lace dressy enough for a roof dwelling and yet warm enough to withstand a 20-story breeze on an outdoor terrace.

Numerous models of these were displayed at the 54th semi-annual fashion mart of moderately priced merchandise attended by several hundred buyers, mainly from the smaller towns over the country.

These new fashions are sleeveless

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and closely related to the simple dinner dress, except that they are shorter. Each has its jacket, its characteristic mark. The new formal gowns in this display were either fur or ostrich trimmed in the main. There were a few satins, but most of them were of heavy rough weave crepes. Jackets were seen, but capes predominated and are newer. Many of the latter fasten on the left side in an entirely new manner.

Canzoneri, Petrolle Fight is Postponed

NEW YORK, Aug. 3 (AP)—The scheduled 15 round lightweight championship fight Monday between champion Tony Canzoneri and Billy Petrolle Tuesday was indefinitely postponed when it was discovered Petrolle had a chipped bone in his elbow.

Charting The Olympic Games

By the Associated Press TODAY'S PROGRAM Men's Track and Field 2:30 p. m. 50,000-meter walk, start. 200-meter run, semi-final. Pole Vault. Discus throw. 3:45 p. m. 110-meter hurdles, final. 5:00 p. m. 200-meter run, final. 5:15 p. m. 1500-meter run, trials. 6:30 p. m. 50,000-meter walk, finish. Women's Track and Field 3:00 p. m. 80-meter hurdles, trials. Wrestling 11:00 a. m. Free style. 6:00 p. m. Free style, final. Cycling 8:00 p. m. Track cycling. 100-m. scratch, semi-final.

Gambler's Throw by Eustace L. Adams.

SYNOPSIS: Expecting an attack from Ashwood's gangsters, led by Lucel against their leader, Jerry Calhoun and Stevens prepare their defense. Ashwood is killed by Stevens' Watson. Lucel and three other prisoners on his island. Two men have been murdered by some unknown person, and all the prisoners are nerve-strained from the heat.

Chapter 31 "DROP YOUR GUN!" VERY quietly, listening for sounds from the servants' quarters, Jerry and Stevens walked down the long, silent hall of the west wing.

Door after door they passed until at last they reached that which they knew opened into Lucel's room. Here they stood for many moments, listening against the pine panels for sounds of the occupant. Of Lucel there was not the least sound, but their hearing was disturbed by the steady footfalls of a man in the next room, who appeared to be pacing back and forth within the close confines as a ship's captain marches to and fro on his lofty bridge. But Lucel was still out of the building. Of that much the pair were sure. He could scarcely have gone to sleep with his plans for the night so close to maturity.

"Who is doing all the walking?" whispered Jerry cautiously. Stevens glanced about, mentally tallying the occupants of each room. "Hamilton," he breathed and tipped to the door from which the sounds were issuing. After a moment of stony immobility, he beckoned to the flyer, who joined him, ear to panel. The man within, walking restlessly, could be heard muttering disjointed phrases. As his voice rose and fell, scraps of sentences came to the ears of the tense men outside.

"Chicago . . . always talking . . . driving me mad with . . . Williams, another word and I'll kill . . ." Ten steps forward, ten steps back. Ten forward and ten back, endlessly. The muttering subsided. Jerry straightened up and looked at Stevens with growing horror in his eyes. The little man still crouched, attentive, his calm face showing no expression. The voice rose again. "Martin's pop eyes, always looking . . . looking . . . can't play Canfield with these eyes staring. . . Too hot to wear wool. . . Price going down . . . Martin's fault, damn him." The voice rose in sudden crescendo. "I'll kill him and then I'll be cool again!" The footsteps ran across the room. There came the sound of a key turning in the lock.

The detective straightened up and dragged Jerry to a position against the wall, just beyond the hinges of the door. Hamilton, wild-eyed, disheveled, stepped out into the dim hall, a heavy automatic in his hand. In an instant Stevens had twisted the gun out of his grip. Jerry, his powerful arms around the slender figure of the crazed man, pushed him, struggling, biting and kicking, back into his room. "It's too hot to start anything tonight, sir," Stevens told him, soothingly. Hamilton still struggled, but his emotional crisis had passed. He looked this, haggard and old. "I must see Martin," he whispered helplessly. "If I can see Martin for a minute, everything will be all right. It'll be cool again, the price of wool will go up and we'll have a little peace."

"That's all right," murmured Jerry, lifting him and placing him at full length on the bed. "You'll see him in the morning." Swiftly, skillfully, Stevens tied his hands and feet with torn strips of sheeting, adjusted his limp figure to a comfortable position and pushed a pillow under his head. He walked to the dresser, opened several drawers, then, with an exclamation of satisfaction, took out a double handful of cartridge clips and stowed them in his pocket. "See you in the morning, Mr. Hamilton," he said quietly. He switched off the light and followed Jerry into the hall, carefully locking the door behind him. "Come on, kid. We got a gun, now."

The living room was still deserted. They stepped out on the porch, looking toward the north where, near the end of the long, narrow island, the hangar nestled beside the inlet. From the direction of the hangar came a dark figure, making no effort at concealment. The sound of voices could be heard from the westerly corner of

the porch. The footsteps of two men crunched through the grass and the sand. Those would be Ashwood and Emory, Jerry decided, returning from their stroll. The flyer crouched a little, sending an approaching crisis. The three walking men would reach the porch steps simultaneously. He felt Stevens' arm brush against his side and heard the faint metallic click of a safety catch. He could see the cripple's white hair, now, almost within reach from the porch rail. Suddenly the two strollers stopped. The white head turned toward the oncoming figure. "Who is that?" Ashwood inquired, idly curious. "It's me, Lucel." "Have you forgotten that I told you to remain in your room at night?" Stevens, on hands and knees, crept toward the rail, Jerry close at his side. "Ah, to hell with you and your orders!" snarled Lucel. "Stick 'em up, guke! I'm covering you and aching to drill you both!" "You are indiscreet, Lucel," the cripple told him coldly. "Have you forgotten my guards with their machine guns?" "Not by a damn sight!" retorted the gangster. "They're my guards now! Since you're fading out the picture they're joining my men, starting now. Listen, Limpy, either you're joining up with me, or I'm going to bump you off, here and now, see?" His voice was malignant. Jerry had no doubt that he would carry out his threat. "Drop your gun, One-shot!" Stevens did not raise his voice but the effect of his words was almost magical. Ashwood and Emory jumped in surprise. There was a crimson spurt from Lucel's automatic. The bullet spattered between the two crouching men on the porch. The gangster, with a curse, turned and ran at full speed toward the hangar, zigzagging and dodging behind the slender trunks of the palms as he continued his precipitate flight through the darkness. Ashwood's gun flamed once, twice. "Better cut it, Limpy," said the detective calmly. "You'll need all your cartridges. Wish you could get my old revolver from the feller who frisked me. These new-fangled automatics are always jamming at the wrong time." His voice was mildly regretful as he fussed with the instrument in his hand. The cripple gazed wonderingly at the porch. "And they say there's no Santy Claus!" he marvelled. "Better come up here and let's talk it over," suggested the old man casually. The screen door squeaked on its hinges. Jerry spun around, his muscles quivering, tensed for sudden action. Then he relaxed. It was Alfred, the steward. He glanced at the two vigilant men. "Beg pardon, sir," he bowed, an anxious frown on his usually expressionless forehead. "I was looking for Mr. Ashwood, sir."

"Here I am, Alfred," called the cripple, limping up the steps. "What is it?" "Sir, I must tell you that the other servants have all gone down to the hangar. I'm afraid there is trouble, sir. Here is a revolver. You will need it soon, I think." "Good boy, Alfred. Better keep the gun. Any more of them around?" "No, sir. I had this one hidden under my mattress." "So the whole outfit has deserted, eh?" The leader's voice held a tinge of regret. "I had thought they were loyal." "They were, sir," the steward assured him, "until Lucel told them they would be arrested as soon as you left. Since they knew I would not join them, they did not trust me. I do not know their plans but I think they are going to steal the plane and fly away." Ashwood turned to the others. "Alfred was my batman during the war," he explained simply. "We can count on him."

There came a series of staccato snapping noises, as though an ex-driver were flicking his whip about their ears. The five dived unceremoniously for the shelter of the living room. From the easterly corner of the house the knife-like flashes of a machine gun stabbed the darkness. "That's the guard on the inshore beach," said the cripple. "Seem to be pretty well surrounded, don't we?" (Copyright, Dial Press)

200-m. tandem for 3d prize. 1000-m. scratch, final. 200-m. tandem, semi-final. 2000-m. tandem for 3d prize. 2000-m. tandem, final. 100-meter by time, final. Fencing. 8:00 a. m. Pentathlon-fencing. 1:00 p. m. Pentathlon-fencing.

DEATH TAKES BROUHERS, OF OLD ORIOLES

EAST ORANGE, N. J., Aug. 3 (AP)—Baseball has lost another of its "immortals" with the death at the age of 74 of Dan Brouthers, mighty slugger with the Baltimore Orioles of a half century ago. Brouthers, the "Babe Ruth" of his day, succumbed at his home here last night after a heart attack. Old timers insist that Dan could have hit a baseball further than Ruth if he could have had the privilege of swinging at the lively pellet in use since the war. He didn't hit as many home runs as his contemporary, Sam Thompson, but he whalloped them further. He led the National league four times in batting but suffered a bitter disappointment in his best year—1887. He clouted .419 that season and failed to win the league batting championship because "Pop" Anson finished with an average of .421. Although a great batter at all times

he was especially feared when men were on the bases. Legend has it he once was chased around the bases by a pitcher whose game he had ruined with a home run.

CHASILESS' PLANE CHEATS OWNER IN ITS SALE HOPKINSVILLE, Ky. (AP)—Charles Laverne had a streak of bad luck. He agreed to crash a 16-year-old airplane for the benefit of movie news reel men. Repeatedly he went aloft and brought the plane roughly to earth. Each time it refused to crash and he finally gave it up as a bad job. But that was not all. He had agreed to sell the plane to Tom Lenn for \$50, a good price for a wrecked ship. Lenn got plane, sound and whole, for \$50. DIAMONDBALL ACE TURNS IN TWO HITLESS GAMES ST. PETERSBURG, Fla. (AP)—The diamondball fans have a hero here now in "Bullet" Moore. Time was when a diamondball pitcher who hurled a hitless game was so rare as to be almost unheard of, but young Moore has two perfect games to his credit this week, both won in succeeding weeks. He is the first St. Petersburg pitcher to hurl a no-hit game, and his second victory makes a record that is likely to stand for some time to come.

Daily Cross-Word Puzzle Solution of Saturday's Puzzle. ACROSS: 1. Japanese statesman. 4. Angry. 9. Entangle. 12. Head covering. 13. Fresh supply. 14. Self. 15. Through train. 17. Bar legally. 19. Dwarf. 20. Hint to a solution. 21. Corrupt. 22. Oldster. 23. Waistcoat. 27. Sudden squall. 28. Note of the scale. 29. Dutch meters. 30. Gambling game. 31. Felony. 32. Symbol for radium. 37. High winds. 38. Small particle. 39. Drapes. 37. Highwinds. 38. French river. 39. Vend. 40. Author of "The Aesop of Reason". 42. Workshop. 43. Entirely. 44. Musical characters. 45. French down. 46. Goddess of justice. 47. Remainder. 48. Aus. German. 5. Frozen water. 6. Put to a severe strain. 7. Welsh down. 8. Godness of justice. 9. Sin. 10. Cereal grass. 11. Exclamation. 7. Symbol for tantalum. 8. Small holes. 9. 23.7 inches. 10. Fast. 11. Summit. 12. Corrosion. 13. Entrata. 14. Crescent moon. 15. Open. 16. Make fast. 17. Nautical. 18. Blank type used for spacing. 19. Part of a stove. 20. Give permission. 21. Strike together. 22. Shower. 23. Public walk. 24. Turbid. 25. Web-footed birds. 26. Stalk. 27. Hatco step. 28. High mountain. 29. Treasured. 30. Sin. 31. Cereal grass. 32. Exclamation.

The TINYMITES! STORY BY HAL COCHRAN PICTURES BY JOE KING



(READ THE STORY, THEN COLOR THE PICTURE)

WHEN Copsy saw the big, fat pig he jumped, and then began to jig. "Oh, let me ride on that," he cried. "I won't tons me around." "Of course the porky may move slow because his body is so low, but I am glad to have one that is built close to the ground." "All right, hop on," the man replied. "I'm sure you'll have a fat day's ride. Just hang on to the fat pig's ears and then you'll hold your seat." So Copsy promptly climbed aboard. The other happy Tinymites roared. "My goodness, you look funny," shouted Duncy. "It's a treat!" "Wee Duncy was the last of all. He picked a giraffe, lean and tall. "How am I going to climb on him?" the little fellow cried. The kind balloon man said, "I'll lend a hand," and Duncy cried, "That's grand!" In just a moment everyone was ready for a ride. (Copyright, 1932, NEA Service, Inc.) (Copsy gets a sudden scare in the next story.)

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THE NEW FANGLES (Mon'n Pop)

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Rogers Hornsby Out as Manager Of Chicago Cubs

By William Weekes (Associated Press Sports Writer) CHICAGO, Aug. 3 (AP)—Baseball's most famous nomad, Rogers Hornsby, was on his way again today—deposed as manager of the Chicago Cubs. The announcement of Hornsby's dismissal came suddenly last night, leaving the baseball world agog—as much agog as when John McGraw, without warning, quit as manager of the New York Giants last June. In making his announcement, Wil-

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

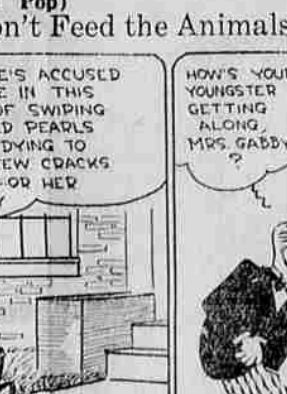
The Os-car!



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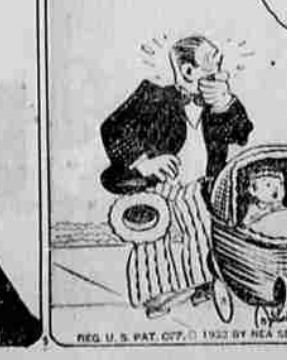
AN' STUFF LIKE THAT!! NO BREAKIN' YOUR ARM, OR BACK, TRYIN' TO GET AN OS-CAR TO GO... NOSIR... IT JUST GOES !!



WHY, SAY! WITH MY INVENTION THE WHOLE WORLD WILL SIT UP AN' TAKE NOTICE... THE OS-CAR WILL BE TH' GREATEST INVENTION SINCE THE HAIRPIN, I BETCHA !!

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Ham L. Vecek, president of the club said: "It was to the best interests of the club that Hornsby retire at this time." Not only is the rash, probably the stormiest figure in modern National league history, all done as manager of the club—the third to be placed in his charge—but he is no longer a member of the club, having also been released as a player. Hornsby, manager of the Cubs since the last four days of the 1930 season, when he replaced Joe McCarthy, will be succeeded by Charlie Grimm, first baseman for the club since 1925. He also has been team captain. Hornsby's only comment before leaving the club at Philadelphia for his home at Robertson, Mo., was that Vecek had wanted to make the move and "it's perfectly all right with me." His salary, said to be \$40,000 annually, will be paid to the end of his contract, which expires Dec. 31, 1932.

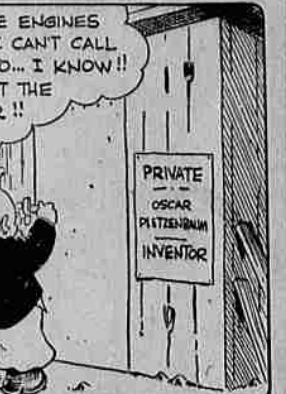
More Valor of Ignorance

The man who knows all about and understands women never has lived with one to put him wise to just how plumb ignorant he is.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

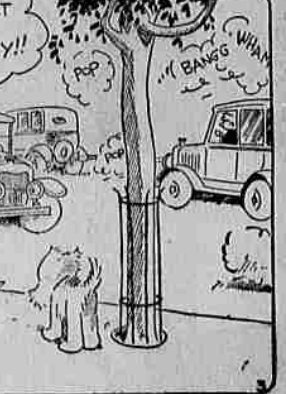
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By Blosser



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