

# Gambler's Throw

by Eustace L. Adams.

**NOTES:** Threatened by a machine gun, Jerry Calhoun endeavors to save Nancy Westworth from capture by five men who have held up her car. He is knocked out by a shot that temporarily disables him, and comes to in a hospital to learn that Nancy has been kidnapped. She is a popular musical comedy star, with a wealthy fiancé who can pay large ransom. Jerry, a detective, tells Jerry that ten millionaires have also been abducted, and Jerry, a fier and his friend Emory Battles decide to break up the gang and rescue Nancy. Relatives of the kidnapped person, meet with their lawyers and a police inspector, to discuss letters that have been received from the abductor. Reporters are told that the letters are written by someone of unusual intelligence. They cannot be traced by stationary or wireless, and are postmarked City Hall Station, New York city.

**Chapter 4**  
**ON THE AIR TRAIL**  
THERE was an immediate scramble for the photographs of the letter. Reporters for the afternoon papers dashed madly for the door, intent upon catching their next editions. The men from the morning dailies were more leisurely, most of them stopping to read the letter before leaving the reception room. It was as follows:  
"Dear Mrs. Mallory:  
"Your husband, who is honoring us with a visit, has suggested that

whistled under his breath and glanced at an acquaintance.  
"Say, Joe," he exclaimed, "do you notice that they have demanded \$100,000 apiece as a 'board bill' and make no promise to release those people when they have picked up the money?"  
"I'll say so!" replied the other. "Looks to me as though they might collect \$100,000 a month, or a week, maybe, just so long as they can keep out of the way of the cops."  
"All I've got to say," murmured the first man, thoughtfully, "is that it's a devil of a good story. It's a brand new racket in kidnaping."  
"It is," agreed Joe. "What's more, I don't think the whole piece has broken yet. My guess is that there'll be more kidnapings to come."

Shortly after eight-thirty on Thursday morning, Jerry Calhoun swung lustily on the walnut propeller of his old biplane, skipped nimbly away from the sudden death that lurked in the glistering arc of the whirling stick, and listened with vast satisfaction to the pulsating, deep-throated back of the eight-cylinder engine. Then, clambering into the rear cockpit, he grinned happily at Emory, who was already strapped into the passenger's cockpit between the wings.



Suddenly Emory turned and pointed to the southeast.

we list the possessions he carried with him in order that you may be assured that we are not perpetrating a hoax of doubtful humor.  
"The following items were in his pockets when he accepted the invitation to join our little house party:  
1 gold cigarette case  
1 gold fountain pen  
1 gold pencil  
1 gold cigarette lighter, not in good order  
1 gold flask, half filled with bathtub gin  
8 guest and membership cards to various clubs  
1 certificate Steel Ltd., 100 sh. common.  
1 bunch keys  
3 cigars  
1 man's handkerchief  
1 lady's ditto, embroidered  
1 leather pocketbook containing business cards, several miscellaneous personal cards and \$123.33 in cash.  
1 check book, folding, on New Union bank.  
1 photograph, presumed to be of Mrs. F. Mallory.  
4 personal letters.  
"In order that your husband's existence may continue to be pleasant and that his health may continue to be excellent, we make the following suggestion:  
"Attend a meeting with the lawyers who represent our other guests. After listening patiently to their protests, instruct them to place \$300,000 (\$100,000 for each guest) in unmarked one hundred dollar bills, in a black handbag.  
"Instruct them, further, to have this handbag placed in a white rowboat which, on next Thursday morning, at ten o'clock, must be anchored at sea exactly ten miles southeast of the Montauk point lighthouse. Impress upon them that no boats or ships of any kind must remain within eight miles of the anchored rowboat in any direction.  
"If no trap is attempted and if these details are carried out, your husband will not suffer. If you evade payment of his board bill, we will be unable to continue to give him the full benefit of our hospitality."  
There was no signature.  
A man from a morning paper

A jolting, careening rush across the rutted ground, a breathtaking zoom and they were off, climbing fast and banking over toward the east as they cleared the telephone wires at the end of the field. To their right, as they mounted higher and higher into the inverted blue bowl of the sky, lay the shimmering expanse of turquoise Atlantic ocean.  
At last, after six disheartening days during which there had been little or nothing accomplished, they were on a trail which might lead them to Nancy Westworth and to action. The passing of time had not softened, by the slightest degree, the bitter feeling of defeat caused by those few disastrous moments on the Merrick road. On the contrary, Jerry's longing for a return action had grown with the hours. Nor had the knowledge that somewhere that wonderful, clear-eyed girl was awaiting rescue added anything to Jerry's peace of mind.  
In periodic moments of reason, Jerry recognized what a quixotic task he had set for himself and for the violent, adventure-loving Emory.

With the police, man-hunters by trade, bending every energy in hope of finding some clue to the senders of the insolent ransom letters, how could he and Emory expect to succeed? They had no access to confidential information, no standing as official investigators. Just two men on their own, the one burning for revenge, the other bored with riches and the deep ruts of conventional living. Their chief assets were an intense personal interest in the chase, the ability, through their flying, to cover ground rapidly and adequately funds.  
Cutting across the easterly arm of Great South bay with fifteen thousand feet beneath them, they followed the tiny white thread of sand which separates Montauk and Shinnecock bays from the sea. Then, suddenly, Emory, who had been watching the magnificent panorama as it unrolled beneath them, turned in his seat and pointed to the southeast.  
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A strange plane appears, tomorrow, and Jerry and Emory play hide and seek with it in the clouds.

## AIMEE PROMISES HOUSE CLEANING

LOS ANGELES, July 14.—(AP)—David L. Hutton, husband of Aimee Semple McPherson, told the city's social service committee today two of three employees of the Angelus Temple commissary department had betrayed the temple, bringing on

the investigation of petty graft and charity racketeering by the commission. Hutton, who was elected chairman of the board of elders of the temple yesterday, said his wife promised a thorough "house cleaning" Mrs. Hutton is ill, having suffered a relapse when a jury awarded Myrtle St. Pierre, a Pasadena nurse, a \$5000 judgment against Hutton for breach of promise.  
The commission opened the investigation at the request of police who said they had questioned Robert E. Fisher, 70, who had in his possession a letter signed by a temple

## Lindbergh Nurse Will Take Rest

TRENTON, N. J., July 14.—(AP)—Betty Gow, the Lindbergh baby's nursemaid, plans to leave shortly for Scotland for a long deferred vacation. Miss Gow will spend perhaps a month abroad visiting her mother and will return to the employ of Col. and Mrs. Charles A. Lindbergh.

## SIX MILLION FOR OREGON HIGHWAYS

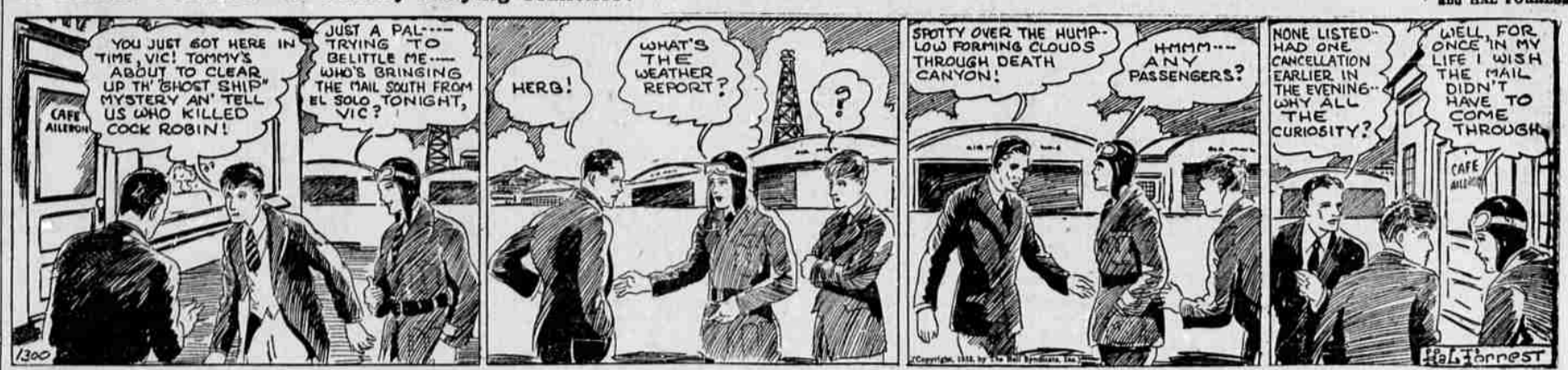
PORTLAND, Ore., July 14.—(AP)—More than six million dollars of federal money will be available for Oregon's highway system in the fiscal year just started. A Washington, D. C., dispatch to

## BANDANAS MAKE WAIST FOR SPORT

WASHINGTON.—(AP)—Miss Helen Coolidge, daughter of Senator and Mrs. Marcus Coolidge of Massachusetts, combines red and white bandanna handkerchiefs for the waist

of a smart sports dress. The shirt is all white and the figures in the handkerchief are effectively displayed in the long full sleeves with wide skin fitting cuffs.  
Guess Census in Harbin  
HARBIN, Manchuria.—(AP)—In the absence of an accurate census, the police estimate this city's population at 170,000 with 40,000 "white Russians." 30,000 citizens of the soviet union, and almost all the remainder Chinese.  
Dolph.—Portion of highway to be oiled between here and Hebo.

## TAILSPIN TOMMY—Is Tommy Playing Hunches?



By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST

## S'MATTER POP—Willyum's Too Generous



By C. M. PAYNE

## BOUND TO WIN—The Alarm!



By EDWIN ALGER

## THE NEBBS—Life Is Just A Game



By SOL HESS

## MUTT AND JEFF—This Parrot Must Be Some Cusser



By BUD FISHER

## BRINGING UP FATHER



By George McManus

## FATHER MURDERS CHILDREN WITH AX

LYONS, N. Y., July 14.—(AP)—Barney Godleski was placed under arrest today charged with killing three of his four small children last night.  
Police said that Godleski, who is 31, had been drinking and that his wife left him yesterday.  
The children were: Paul, 8; Lillian, 6; and Albert, 4. Helen, 10, saved herself by fleeing from the house.  
The justice of the peace, James Golden, said Godleski had carried the three sleeping children, one by one, to the cellar and killed them with an ax.

## ANTI-CATHOLICS PARADE BELFAST

BELFAST, Northern Ireland, July 14.—(AP)—A host of 100,000 Orangemen from Great Britain, Canada and other parts of the British empire paraded here yesterday in celebration of the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne and proclaimed their loyalty to the king, their belief in the British empire and their faith in the Protestant church.  
It was one of the greatest Orange gatherings in history.  
Northern Ireland Orangemen passed a resolution reiterating their determination to resist any attempt to force them into the free state by a union of both parts of Ireland.