Gambler's Throw

by Eustace L. Adams

SYNOPSIS: A "new racket in kidnaping," the holding of Nancy Wentworth, musical comedy actress, and two millionaires by a coolly operating gang, while they demand "board money" for their captives, rouses widespread indignation. Apparently, the relatives must pay whatever is demanded, and perhaps keep on paying, with no surety of the return of the captives. The money has been placed, as demanded, in a rowboat ten miles southeast of the Montauk point lighthouse. All boats must stay eight miles away. But Jerry Calhoun, who was with Nancy when she was captured, and his friend, Emory Battles, fly over the scene in an airplane. They hope to remain unobserved. Another plane appears and heads for the rowboat. "They're after the money," Jerry shouts, gliding down toward the strange plane. He must get near enough to watch and himself remain unseen.

Chapter 6

PURSUIT BY PLANE

JERRY measured as best he could the speed of his own craft against that of the other. It was quite evident that the stranger was not expecting aerial pursuit since he was loafing along at barely three-quarters the rated speed of his ship. With his own engine wide open, Jerry was able to keep pace. So he sat comfortably back in his seat, hoping that the other pilot would not see him and leave him far behind.

When One-shot Lucci, the notorious gang leader, was kidnaped, his body guards had shot first.

The descent of the amphibian had been noted by observers in the crow's nest of the guarding vessels. Jerry and Emory saw destroyers and picket boats get under way, heading on a forlorn chase after the two airplanes. Jerry could imagine their radio operators busily hammering at their keys, trying to summon army planes from Mineola and navy flying boats from Far Rockaway to head off the escaping criminals.

The low-lying shore of Long Island gradually slid astern. The amphibian was edging out to sea, taking no chances of being observed and reported by the vigilant coast guard lifesaving stations which dotted the shore line. Sandy Hook appeared just abreast the airplane's right wing, followed by the Highlands, Sea Bright, Deal Beach and the other Jersey resorts.

With every mile covered Jerry's spirits sank lower and lower. He now glanced more often at the gasoline gauge than at the steadily flying amphibian. The old training ship was not equipped for long-distance flying.

Two miles beneath him and slightly ahead was the plane.

For a few desperate moments he considered the possibility of diving upon it, trying with his own expertness in maneuvering to force it to a landing. But he knew that it would be folly. By the mere act of shoving his throttle forward the other pilot could out-speed him.

Just as the irregular sky line of Atlantic City began to loom up in the haze to the southwest, Jerry, with bitterness in his heart, banked over on his right wing tip and headed inshore. The amphibian, continuing her straightaway course, rapidly dwindled to nothing in the southern sky. Jerry cut his motor and nosed down.

"Hardly enough gas to make shore!" he shouted.

Emory nodded silently.

On Tuesday morning, five days after the kidnapers had made a successful escape with the "board" money, the newspapers announced a new series of outrages.

Huge headlines across the front pages proclaimed that the kidnapers had descended upon Chicago the evening before and had been spectacularly successful. Ronald P. Williams, multi-millionaire grain broker, had been seized at the door of his luxurious home in Evanston. H. P. Martin, wealthy real-estate operator, had disappeared while going from his office in the Tower building to attend a private dinner at the Illinois athletic club, only a few blocks away. The notorious gang leader, One-shot Lucci, was getting out of his armor-plated limousine at the door of a Wilson avenue night club when he had fallen into the net of the kidnapers.

In only one case had there been bloodshed. One-shot Lucci had been accompanied, as usual, by two armed and alert bodyguards. According to the reports of eye-witnesses, the bodyguards had shot first. Their fire had been returned by a stream of flame from a machine gun. By the time the spectators had nerved themselves to approach, the gangster's chauffeur was the only living participant remaining at the scene. The two bodyguards were dead, their bodies riddled with slugs. One-shot had disappeared.

It was quite apparent that the kidnapers had made a thorough study of their victims' habits.

Conflicting accounts of the battle for the possession of One-shot Lucci were being investigated by the Chicago police and an early arrest was expected.

"Arrest expected—phoole!" exclaimed Jerry, throwing the newspaper to the floor beside the breakfast table.

"There, there," cooed Emory, soothingly. "You mustn't get yourself upset like that. I can hear your arteries hardening."

"Six people, plus the kidnapers themselves, hidden away somewhere," Jerry went on, rising to search the pockets of his dressing gown for another cigarette. "They'll have to lease a hotel if they keep on adding to their 'guest list.'"

"They must be having a nice time together, wherever they are," mused Emory, thoughtfully.

"Yes, mustn't they?" retorted Jerry violently. "Four wealthy business men, a millionaire gangster and one beautiful girl, to say nothing of the kidnapers themselves! All hidden away in some isolated spot."

Emory, who had never fallen under the spell of Nancy Wentworth's eyes, chuckled cold-bloodedly.

"Here's my bright thought for the day, Jerry," he said. "If those people are held prisoners together for a week or two, there won't be a patch of whole skin an inch square among the lot of them."

Jerry, restless, walked to the window and gazed out at the neat, orderly patch of grass that was Gramercy park.

Hawes, the butler, valet, cook and general factotum whom Emory kept on a yearly payroll to serve him on his frequent visits to his New York apartment, entered the room.

"A gentleman, sir, by the name of Stevens, wishes to see Mr. Calhoun."

"Let him in," nodded Jerry. "He's the detective bird who visited me at the hospital."

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Stevens proposes that the boys form a partnership with him, on Monday—and they prepare to fight airplanes with airplanes.

ASHLAND BANK TO PAY FIRST CLAIM

A motion was filed in the circuit court Saturday, seeking an order of the court for the payment of preferred claims in the liquidation of the Citizen's National bank of Ashland, which came under the jurisdiction of the state bank department last March. The preferred claims have the approval of the state bank superintendent, and the motion was filed by Assistant Deputy Superintendent of Banks Treve B. Lumsden.

The preferred claims are as follows:

Farmers and Fruitgrowers bank, Medford, $617.34; Federal Reserve Bank, San Francisco, $682.21; Federal Reserve bank, San Francisco, $1,159.98; First National bank, Ashland, $1,825.49; Jackson County bank, Medford, $511.42; Martha Saunders, Kansas City, Mo., $1,198.80, and Lillian S. Van Riper, Santa Monica, Calif., $490.

Before the preferred claims can be paid, under the Oregon law, they must be approved and ordered paid by the court.

The total amount of the preferred claims as presented is $6,485.84.

Card of Thanks

To the many friends who have made my recent bereavement more easy to bear, I am indeed grateful, and for their kind sympathy and floral offerings, they have my deep since regards.

Signed
P. W. FOSTER.

PORTLAND TO HAVE STEEL ROLLING MILL

PORTLAND, Ore., July 16.—(AP)—Construction of buildings for a steel rolling mill here is expected to start within three months, the result of a decision of the Texas Rail Joint company to establish an outlet in Portland. The company said the business will develop an income of $3,000,000 annually and will add 100 men to its regular payroll.

Manufacture and reclaiming of steel rail joints will be handled by Poole & McGonigle, Portland structural steel manufacturers, who will distribute their products throughout the Pacific Coast states.

Kreuger Stole Millions, Claim

NEW YORK, July 16.—(AP)—The Irving Trust company, trustee in bankruptcy, alleged in a motion filed in federal court today that Ivar Krueger, Swedish capitalist, stole $50,000,000 in bonds of the International Match company while he was its president. He committed suicide last March in Paris.

Card of Thanks

We are so grateful to the good people of Rogue River for their helpful sympathy and beautiful floral offerings at the last sad rites of our dear mother.

Addie Walker
Margaret Knellan
Fred and Will Witt.

MILLMEN PROTEST DISCRIMINATION AGAINST LUMBER

PORTLAND, July 16—(AP)—Alleged discrimination against use of wood products in construction of the new federal building at Portland was cited before the house postoffice committee Thursday, according to a special dispatch to the Journal today, "as an example of waste and ill-considered governmental policy in the treatment of the lumber industry in its homeland." Particular stress was laid to the use of metal at the expense of wood

The dispatch continues: "In specifications for the Portland building, wood was eliminated at many points where it was just as suitable, or more so, and would have cost less than the substitutes which are required, according to testimony of Walter F. Shaw, trade extension manager of the National Lumber Manufacturers' association. He was a witness in the general postoffice investigation.

"In different parts of the country," Shaw said, " the treasury has discriminated against wood in such uses as window sash and frames, doors and door frames, interior trim, flooring, piling and concrete forms. He charged that bidders have not been permitted to make alternate bids for wood. Fads and hobbies have been allowed to displace the natural choice of materials," he said.

New Location
Baldwin Piano Shoppe
"In a Piano it's tone."
Bargains in New & Used Pianos
Lelia M. Purucker 26 So. Grape

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Herb Shot Down!

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST

S'MATTER POP—There's No Salve For Hurt Feelings

By C. M. PAYNE

BOUND TO WIN—"Big Feet's Story"

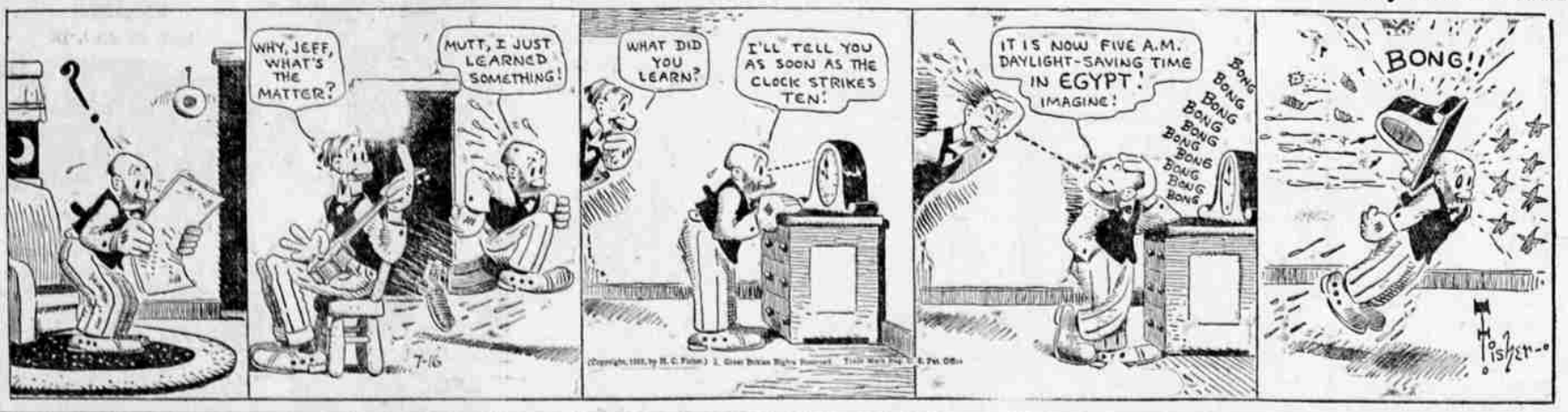
By EDWIN ALGER

THE NEBBS—The Kid Is Right

By SOL HESS

MUTT AND JEFF—A Little Knowledge Is Dangerous

By BUD FISHER



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus