

Gambler's Throw

by Eustace L. Adams

PROPOSING When a mystery gang of kidnapers carried away Wentworth, a musical comedy star, four wealthy men and a gangster, Jerry Gibson, and his friend, Emory Bollen, join forces with a detective in determined pursuit. The unusual letters from the kidnapers, and their plan of demanding board money with no insurance of the return of the abducted persons promise a difficult task. But in an airplane, piloted by Jerry, the three men follow the kidnapers' hydroplane when it collects the board money. They hope it will lead them to the place where the captives are concealed. Unknown to them, the group of prisoners are held in a lonely house in a place of which they know nothing except its extreme heat. Mallory, one of the abducted business men, is in love with Nancy, but he is told by the gangster, Lucchi, to focus his attention on the money.

Chapter II
HOST OF THE HOUSE PARTY
Mallory finished his highball at a gulp and went out into the hot night. Williams tossed aside a three-week-old copy of a Chicago paper and followed him. Martin remained in his chair, silent, moody. Hamilton found his game blocked and dealt a new hand. He could hear the girl's clear, vibrant contralto from the porch. The deep, resonant rumble in response would be Lucchi's. The sound of the airplane motor's hum changed to an uneven popping.

Hamilton saw that his left leg was a full three inches shorter than the right. His left shoe had an enormously thick sole which enabled the cripple to walk without crutches. "I am flattered that we need no introductions, you and I," observed Ashwood blandly. "When are you going to turn us loose?" the gangster demanded bluntly. "Don't tell me that you are bored already, Mr. Lucchi!" protested the cripple. "If any of my staff have been negligent, I'll give them two weeks' notice immediately."

He turned to the girl solicitously. "I'm sorry that I couldn't invite a chaperone, Miss Wentworth, but I'm sure that the impeccable respectability of your married companions, here, has served equally well." He beamed at the uneasy men, his eye resting for a full second upon Mallory. Hamilton wondered how much he knew. "Why are we here?" inquired the girl faintly. "Miss Wentworth! Are you not enjoying yourself?" She decided that if this very strange man did not wish to answer questions, he was well equipped to parry them. She studied him in

SOLONS DISLIKE PAPERS, IS CLAIM

SAN FRANCISCO, July 22—(AP)—After firing a broadside at asserted discrimination against the press by national legislators and hearing condemnation of government in competition with private industry, Traveling National Editorial association delegates prepared to continue on to Los Angeles from here today.

The three-day session of the annual convention in San Francisco was concluded with a legislative committee report which charged "powerful groups of national legislators" with animosity towards newspapers. The charge attributed the animosity to resentment that the press has "faithfully held up a mirror of congressional affairs x x x."

Hoover Acceptance Speech August 11

WASHINGTON, July 22—(AP)—Chairman Sanders of the Republican committee announced today that President Hoover would make his acceptance speech on the night of August 11 in Constitution Hall, a large auditorium near the White House.

PRICE STABILITY HOLDS OUT HOPE

SAN FRANCISCO, July 22—(AP)—Dun's Weekly Review of San Francisco business conditions, after commenting on lack of important changes in early July, said: "One of the most hopeful signs

that has appeared on the business horizon during the past few weeks is a tendency towards the stabilization of prices generally, particularly for foodstuffs x x x.

Should this continue the opinion is expressed that an improvement in business can be looked for within a short time."

Montana Wet Maintains Lead

HELENA, Mont., July 22—(AP)—Joseph D. Monaghan, young Butte

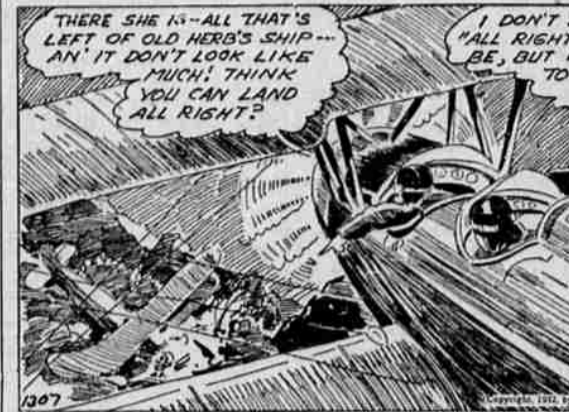
lawyer, today maintained his majority over Congressman John M. Evans for the Democratic nomination to congress from the western district in the Montana primary. Monaghan is an avowed wet and friend of labor, while Evans espoused the dry cause until recently.

To Treat Natives
FAIRBANKS, Alaska (AP)—The Indian service is building a two story hospital at Unalaska for supplying hospital service to natives.

Auto Glass Installed while you wait. Prices right. Brill Sheet Metal Works.

By GLEN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Herb Disappears!



S'MATTER POP—Pop, He Was On The Spot.



By C. M. PAYNE

BOUND TO WIN—That Night



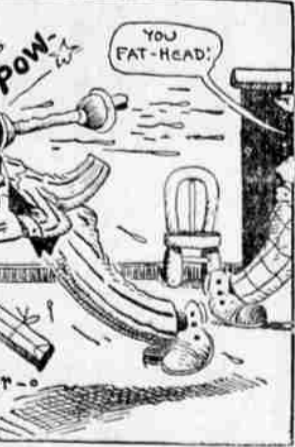
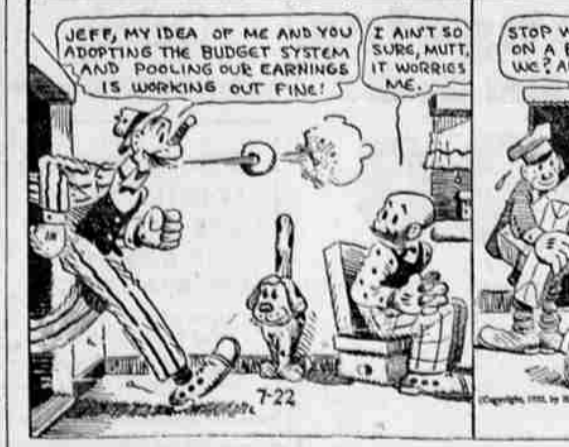
By EDWIN ALGER

THE NEBBS—Smile A While



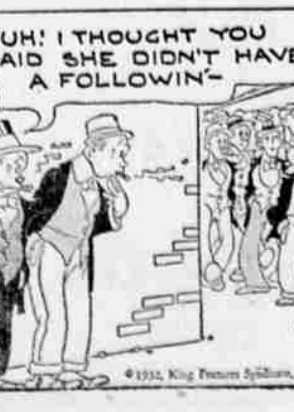
By SOL HESS

MUTT AND JEFF—Fair? Oowah!!



By BUD FISHER

BRINGING UP FATHER



By George McManus

GUARDSMEN SENT TO MINE REGION

DUOGER, Ind., July 22—(AP)—Three companies of Indiana National Guardsmen were ordered today to the vicinity of the Hoosier coal mine, which twenty non-union workmen have refused to leave until assured protection from more than a thousand union sympathizers maintaining a picket around the shaft. Sheriff Wesley Williams of Sullivan county was notified of the order this morning by Governor Harry O. Leslie, who said he would accompany the troops when they assemble at Shastak state park, about 10 miles from the mine. Companies from Indianapolis, Attica and Ladoga were called. Mill blocks \$5.00 per load in 2-load lots. Medford Fuel Co. Tel. 631.

BOMBERS WRECK GAMBLING HOUSE

PORTLAND, Ore., July 22—(AP)—A bomb, placed on the stairway, wrecked a room which police say housed a gambling establishment in the downtown area shortly after midnight today. No one was injured. Police who sped to the scene said they found cards, poker chips, dice and shakers, gambling table covers and records of winning and losses. Investigation disclosed that the intruders had ransacked the room before blasting it. Detectives did not know whether the bombing was revenge of a loser at cards or of a rival in business. Body fir in 3-tier lots at \$1.75. Medford Fuel Co. Tel. 631.



"We'll either be damn good friends," Lucchi told Ashwood, "or one or the other of us'll get a spade full of dirt in the face before long."

Those who had watched the descending airplane from the porch returned to the room, hoping that with the return of the ship something might occur to break the monotony. Although they were accustomed to frequent short flights when the amphibian departed upon brief shopping expeditions, the last time it had been absent for more than twelve hours, it had returned to add Lucchi, Martin and Williams to the trio of bored New Yorkers who had been sole "guests" of the large house. Now it was returning from a three-day trip. Perhaps other victims would join the group.

Nervous, the staccato conversation eddied back and forth. A strange figure entered the room, that of a tall, thin man who limped painfully with the aid of a very heavy stick. As he stood in the doorway glancing about, Hamilton took him to be an elderly man, sixty or sixty-five years of age, perhaps. Upon a second glance, he noted that the pale, parchment-like features beneath the snow-white hair were those of a man in his early thirties. The eyes were young, vivid blue, and with a directness of gaze that was almost disconcerting. There was a cynical, sophisticated twist to the deep lines at the corners of the mouth, a perpetually inquiring arch to the jutting white eyebrows. The nose was that of a thinker, thin and prominent.

"Good evening, One-shot," said the old-young man as he bowed to the swarthy gangster. "You have no idea how delighted I was to learn that you had joined our delightful little gathering." His deep-set eyes flickered over the others, finally coming to rest upon the girl, who stood beside the center table. "Miss Wentworth, my apologies. It is an unpardonable breach of social etiquette for a host to absent himself while his guests are visiting. I assure you it was unavoidable. There are many harassing details connected with such a large house party."

"Ain't you Limpy Ashwood?" Lucchi's voice broke the silence like the clang of a Chinese gong. The stranger hobbled into the

Ashwood is "not quite ready," he explains tomorrow—because he is planning further unpleasantness for his guests.