

Gambler's Throw

by Eustace L. Adams

SYNOPSIS: A... by Jimmy Ashwood's... Nancy Wentworth, musical... a gangster, Lucel, and four... millionaires are... entertained by Ashwood while he... collects installments of ransom. On... a neighboring island three men... plan a rescue, having traced the... kidnapers by plane, and Jerry... Ashwood determines to invade... Ashwood's island.

Chapter 16

SUSPICIOUS HOSPITALITY

SOMEHOW, to Nancy's relieved amazement, another breathless day had dragged through its laggard hours without bloodshed.

Mallory, bandaged and looking very sick, had remained indoors, glowering over one highball after another. Hamilton had been engaged, as usual, in his interminable Cantfield. Martin and Williams, vague, inoffensive figures, drifted like restless wreaths in and out of the rooms. Nancy's scalp tightened and prickled whenever she looked into their eyes, such depths of misery and madness were reflected there. Lucel and Ashwood had discussed business intermittently without, apparently, reaching an entente cordiale.

A faint whisper of cool wind rattled the dry palm leaves as the livid sun dived unceremoniously beneath the hard line of the horizon.



A swift motorboat dashed out of the camouflaged dock and headed across the channel.

Ashwood, lounging indolently a dozen feet away, was watching the kaleidoscopic play of colors with an appreciative eye. Suddenly, however, he sat bolt upright, gazing fixedly across the mile-wide stretch of iridescent water toward the sand bordering the nearest island to the east. He rose, shrilled his peculiar whistle and pointed across to where etched in black against the tinted background of sand, stood a solitary figure, waving a white handkerchief.

Instantly, it seemed, a swift motorboat, manned by a crew of three, dashed out of the camouflaged dock and headed across the channel. Lucel, Mallory, Wilson and Martin emerged from the house to stand lined up at the porch rail, watching the speeding boat in expectant silence, speculating inwardly upon the meaning of the stranger in the lives of those on the kidnapers' island. The mahogany boat coasted up to the opposite shore, the three men leaped out on the beach and, after a brief parley with the newcomer, took him aboard and returned with him to the boathouse.

As the lone man, surrounded by the three guards, walked toward the house Nancy became aware of an intuitive certainty this was not a casual wayfarer, but a messenger from those of the outside world who were interested in her rescue. He had been the water that much was evident, for his clothes clung wetly to his muscular figure.

Of medium height, the set of his shoulders and the narrowness of his hips gave his slight figure a litheness, a grace of modelling, which would have gladdened the eye of an artist. He was not handsome, for his mouth was too large and his jaw too prominent. But his tanned face—a little impudent, perhaps—had a carefree, reckless something in it which gave him a distinction not to be gained by mere good looks.

The girl's heart gave a sudden bound. She knew she had seen that careless grin before. The twinkling gray eyes, as they swept over the row of people lining the rail, hesitated briefly as they met her gaze, then passed on. She knew, now. The boy who had asked for a lift on the Merrick... Her flash of intuition had, then, been right; he

was in the vanguard of the rescuing party. It could hardly be that he had failed to recognize her. So she gazed straight at him with an unmoved expression, betraying not the slightest sign that she had ever seen him before.

"Greetings greetings, my friend," came Ashwood's lazy voice. "What is responsible for this delightful visit?"

Jerry gazed at him with astonishment. Surely this harmless-looking cripple could not be leader of a band of kidnaping desperadoes! It would be that, battered, saturnine person on his right or the powerfully-built, bandaged fellow on the other side of the girl. Yet as soon as the guards fell back to a discreet distance, where they remained, watchful, awaiting further instructions.

"Sorry to be butted in like this," replied the flyer, dolefully. "My boat sank and left me all wet, so to speak."

"Indeed?" Ashwood's voice was mildly satirical. "A boat, eh? I had expected to hear you had come here in search of a telephone to summon a tire repair crew."

"I'm not sure that I like your tone," observed Jerry, deliberately. "But since I'm already indebted to

PORTLAND CRASH FATAL TO WOMAN

PORTLAND, July 28.—(AP)—Mrs. Jack Pederson, 32, of Camas, Wash., was killed here yesterday, when her automobile, driven by Mrs. Zelma Lewis of Camas, was struck by another at a street intersection and overturned. Mrs. Lewis received a

broken arm, and a four-year-old daughter of Mrs. Lewis was cut on the shoulder. Marie and Jacquelin Pederson, 8 and 10 years old, escaped with minor injuries.

Miss Helen Greer, 18, was the driver of the other car. Both she and Mrs. Lewis were ordered held for questioning.

Dr. Wilson Will Speak In Salem

SALEM, July 28.—(AP)—Dr. Clarence True Wilson, secretary of the Methodist board of temperance, pro-

hibition and public morals will speak here next Sunday morning, it was announced today. He is now in Portland.

Rides Surfboard Up Willamette

SALEM, July 28.—(AP)—C. W. West, 75, of Portland, made the first surfboard navigation on record of the Willamette river from Portland to Salem, in safety yesterday despite three spills and some damage to the propeller of the outboard motor which furnished the motive power.

NAB CLEAN BURGLAR IN ROSE CITY HOME

PORTLAND, Ore., July 28.—(AP)—Police, always quick to attach denunciations who cross their path had "the clean burglar" in a jail cell here today. The youth gave the name of Jack Warren, 18, of Watsonville, Calif.

Police said he broke into an east side residence last night while the family was away, shaved and bathed in leisurely manner, and then proceeded to loot the house.

Wheat Exporting Showing Uptrend

PORTLAND, Ore., July 28.—(AP)—The Journal said today that "for the first time in over two years there is substantial business passing in the export wheat market," and that the "rather fair volume of export sales

have been confirmed out of Portland within the past 48 hours."

Child Wading, Drowns
CLOVERDALE, Ore., July 28.—(AP)—Sarah Pataak, six years old, drowned in Newkirk creek yesterday. It is believed the child was wading, fell into the small stream and was unable to arise. No one witnessed the tragedy.

CRANE.—W. W. Drinkwater acquired Frank's Service station.

CONDON.—New sidewalk being built from Main street past city hall.

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST

TAILSPIN TOMMY—A "Hitch" In The Program!

TWELVE HOURS SINCE TOMMY SET OUT ALONE INTO THE MOUNTAINS IN AN ATTEMPT TO SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF THE "GHOST SHIP" WHOSE STRANGE RAIDS ON THE AIR MAIL SERVICE HAS RESULTED IN THE LOSS OF TWO PLANES WITH VALUABLE CARGOES, THE WOUNDING OF ONE PILOT AND THE LIVES OF TWO PRIVATE FLYERS WHOSE SHIP CRASHED ALONG THE AIR-MAIL ROUTE. 1312

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND TOMMY'S ATTITUDE IN BEATING IT OUT ALONE. WHAT DOES HE HOPE TO ACCOMPLISH, ANYWAY?

(WELL, TOMMY'S NO CHUMP, YOU KNOW THAT, CHIEF! HE'S GOT SOME THEORY...

THEORY BE HANGED! WE KNOW THAT HERB'S SHIP WAS SHOT DOWN FROM THE GROUND! IF I DON'T HEAR FROM TOMMY IN AN HOUR I'M GOING TO SEND A POSSE INTO THOSE HILLS!

WHY NOT GIVE TOM A CHANCE, CHIEF? HE TOLD TH' RANGER HE WANTED TWENTY-FOUR HOURS. HE HAD A SPECIAL REASON, I'M SURE!

THAT MEANS HE WANTS TO WAIT UNTIL THERE'S ANOTHER SOUTH-BOUND MAIL SHIP DUE. AND I'VE ALREADY ISSUED ORDERS FOR A FLIGHT DETOUR TWENTY MILES NORTH OF DEATH CANYON.

GOSH, I WISH THERE WAS SOME WAY I COULD LET TOM KNOW ABOUT IT... THAT'S WHAT HE'S WAITIN' FOR!

S'MATTER POP—He Couldn't Convince Himself

GO TO BED!

JUST TELL YOURSELF THERE IS NOTHING IN THAT DARK ROOM THAT WILL HURT YOU!

YESSIE!

NOW, WHAT?

POP, I WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME!

POP, I WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME!

POP, I WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME!

By C. M. PAYNE

BOUND TO WIN—Off For Prisoner's Rock

WE'D BETTER GET THIS BOAT BACK TO CAMP AS FAST AS WE CAN--

YES, AN' LEAVE 'BIG FEET' WATCHIN' IT WITH A HIGH POWERED RIFLE!

GOSH, FOLKS, BUT I SURE AM GLAD TO SEE YOU! NOBODY TOOK HER AFTER ALL-- SHE JUST DRIFTED EN?

WE FOUND HER ABOUT A MILE DOWN THE COVE WITH HER NOSE IN A MUDBANK--

Y'AIN'T GOIN TO LEAVE ME, ARE YOU? THE MESSAGE SAID WE COULD GO BY SEA IF WE WANTED TO!

'BIG FEET' WE AIN'T TAKIN' NO CHANCES-- YOU HAVE TO GUARD THIS CAMP-- IF WE AIN'T BACK INSIDE O' THREE DAYS YOU'RE TO COME AFTER US BY SEA!

ALL RIGHT, BEN, WE'RE STARTIN' FOR PRISONER'S ROCK! ARE YOU READY?

THE NEBBS—Turn About Is Fair Play

YOU'LL PARDON MY FRANKNESS, BUT IF YOU'RE A GRANDMOTHER, YOU MUST HAVE MARRIED VERY YOUNG BECAUSE YOU DON'T LOOK A DAY OVER 35-- AND PARDON AGAIN, YOU'RE STILL BEAUTIFUL!

I CERTAINLY DO PARDON YOU, THAT ISN'T HARD TO LISTEN TO EVEN THOUGH YOU DON'T MEAN IT. IF YOU CAN THINK OF ANYTHING ELSE ALONG THOSE LINES, I'VE GOT HUNGRY EARS.

NOW LISTEN, DON'T PULL ANY MORE OF THAT 'HUSKY STUFF' ON ME-- I NOTICE YOU SEEM TO GET A LOT OF PLEASURE IN THIS BILL DAVIS SOCIETY.

IS THAT SO? IT'S FINE TO LISTEN TO AN INTELLIGENT MAN TALK-- HE'S TRAVELED ALL OVER THE WORLD.

YEAH? I SUPPOSE HE WAS TELLING YOU ABOUT BORNEO WHEN YOU WORE THAT COYISH SMILE?-- I'VE LIVED WITH THAT FACE FOR A FLOCK OF YEARS AND I KNOW ITS EVERY EXPRESSION AND NOTHING EVER TWISTED IT INTO THAT SHAPE BUT WORDS OF FLATTERY.

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By SOL HESS

MUTT AND JEFF—A Hand-Shake That Meant Nothing

BUT MUTT, EVEN IF YOU AND JEFF ARE BITTER POLITICAL ENEMIGS-- THAT'S NO REASON WHY YOU CAN'T POSE WITH HIM FOR A PICTURE FOR THE NEWSPAPERS. IT'S GOOD PUBLICITY FOR YOU! JEFF'S WAITING FOR US, COME ON!

OH-- WELL--

NOW SHAKE HANDS AND ACT LIKE DIGNIFIED PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES!

SURE! OKAY!

THANKS, GENTS! AND MAY THE BEST MAN WIN IN NOVEMBER!

DON'T WORRY--

I'LL WIN!

By BUD FISHER

SIX-FOOT THIEF FOUND IN HOME

A six-foot thief Tuesday afternoon entered the home of Thomas T. (Hungry) Higgins, city park tender, while Mrs. Higgins was absent, across the street at a neighbor's and stole \$2. A little daughter rushed into the house from her play, and frightened the prowler away.

A. B. Williams reported to the city police today that late yesterday someone entered his home and stole 24 quarts of canned fruit.

Fred Jayo, charged with driving with illegal motor plates, and passing of forged checks in Klamath Falls, was arrested here, and will be returned to Klamath county for prosecution.

GERMAN AVIATOR WILL VISIT COAST

MONTREAL, July 28.—(AP)—Wolfgang von Gronau, who reached here late yesterday after a transatlantic flight from Germany over the Arctic route, is going on to Detroit, Chicago, Milwaukee and the Pacific coast, he said today.

He will stay here until Thursday and then go on to the coast. He expects that the trip will take about two weeks, for he intends to make a complete study of flying conditions along the way.

California's old-age pension involved an expenditure this year of \$2,650,000.

BRINGING UP FATHER

I ALMOST FORGOT THAT MY HUSBAND IS ABOUT TO BROADCAST AT THE 3 O'CLOCK OH, I DO HOPE HE DEFEATS THAT MISS LOTTA VOTES SHE'S HORRID! I'D LEAVE TOWN IF SHE WAS ELECTED MAYOR.

BANG! POW!! ZOW!! CRASH!!

GRACIOUS! THAT'S THE STATION, MY OH, MY! CAN THAT BE STATIC?

SORRY TO ANNOUNCE THAT, OWING TO THE MEETING HELD IN ORDER TO LAUNCH MR. JIGGS FOR MAYOR, ENDING IN A FREE FOR ALL FIGHT, THERE WILL BE NO BROADCAST.

MAN HUSBAND JUST PHONED. HE WUZ AT MR. JIGGS'S MEETIN'. NOW HE'S IN JAIL AN' SAYS HE DON'T THINK HE'LL GET OUT IN TIME TO VOT FOR MR. JIGGS.

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By George McManus