

Gambler's Throw

by Eustace L. Adams.

SYNOPSIS: Warned not to betray the location of a mysterious island where Limpie Ashwood, a cultured gang leader is holding his prisoners for ransom, Jerry Calhoun hopes his friends, Emory Battle and Stevens, a detective, will rescue him. He has come to believe, planning to help one of the prisoners, Nancy Wentworth.

Chapter 19 AN ISLAND PRISON

THERE, on the beach, was their monoplane. Halfway to the house, a little procession, led by Emory and Stevens, was plodding through the sawgrass. Behind his two companions strode four guards, one of whom held an automatic. "Well, well, well, Captain Calhoun!" Ashwood turned to Jerry with a sardonic smile. "Now that I observe your comrade, Lieutenant Battles, coming to join our merry group, it seems hardly worth while for you to remain incognito, and, as I live and breathe, if this isn't the admirable Stevens! Well, well, what a wonderful little reunion!" Emory waved an unabashed greeting to Jerry, then fell to studying the face of the white-haired cripple. Stevens, looking about him with his faded blue eyes, caught Jerry's glance.

"Joke's on us, kid," he said gloomily. "I'm losing my grip." Then, turning to Ashwood, he smiled amiably: "Hello, Limpie. Haven't seen you in a long time—professionally, that is."

"Let's hope that this isn't a professional visit," Ashwood protested suavely. "After you have conferred with the dictates of your conscience, you will realize that you may as well put your silver-plated shield in my safe and enjoy yourself for the remainder of your stay on the island. I've always longed to make your acquaintance under suitable circumstances, you know."

"Listen, Limpie," said Stevens, drily, "I'm getting pretty old to change my ways. If you are still free a couple of years from now—which I doubt—come out and pay me a visit at my pecan grove in California. Then we can be good and sociable. But between now and then I'm on Uncle Sam's payroll and I got to try to earn my pay, which, God knows, isn't much."

"Dear, dear, such nobility of character!" signed Ashwood, plaintively. "It is so stimulating. I'm sure you will enjoy meeting Mr. Lucet."

"No," grunted Stevens. "I don't even enjoy thinking about him, much less meeting him. I'm going to have to kill that feller some day."

"Please wait," cried the cripple in mock alarm, "until I have collected my final board bill from his loving and loyal friends."

"I've got it!" interrupted Emory, suddenly. "Jerry, this is the bird we rescued from the British M.P.'s after the big party at the Claridge."

"He turned again to Ashwood. "My God, you've changed! What in the world happened to you to make you look like this?"

The scene came back to Jerry in a flash. A gay, rollicking British pilot, who had been drifting about with them all evening, from café to café. Then, after they had parted with assurances of life-long affection and esteem, the two Yanks had heard a sudden uproar and had raced through the darkened streets to find the young lieutenant in the clutches of three hairy military police. With shouts of joy Jerry and Emory had fallen upon the patrol and, after a gallant fight, had saved their new friend from a probable court martial. After another drink together, the three had departed for their respective units. And here they were again, reunited at last—and under what circumstances!

Ashwood looked first at Emory, then at Jerry, thoughtfully. "Come in, gentlemen. We'll have a drink and a little talk." Nodding to the guards, who departed forthwith, he led the way to the dining room.

Ashwood was first to speak. "All of us make mistakes at one time or another, but I had complimented myself that this little retreat of mine was well hidden. Since frankness is, at this moment, desirable, I wonder if you would mind telling me how you found this island?"

In the sun so you wouldn't spot us. We followed you clear down to a point near Tallahassee, where we had to land. But since you were steering a perfectly straight course, we were able to follow you all day long. It seemed only reasonable to suppose that if we followed the same course the next morning, we'd find your hide-away sooner or later. And we did."

Ashwood smoked silently. Then he smiled wryly. "How elementary! It is, I think, the first serious slip I have made since I entered this highly diverting profession. I should most certainly have followed an irregular course and taken more care to watch for pursuing planes. It was your altitude and position that misled me."

His thoughtful eyes were fixed in a moody stare. Then, pulling himself out of his momentary abstraction, he glanced at the three with sudden decision.

"I have a proposition to make in all seriousness and I am honest when I tell you that I hope it will be accepted. This island, as a prison, is as escape-proof as the strongest cell in the Tower of London. You haven't a dog's chance to escape and I hope that you won't attempt it. It would be absolute suicide. My guards have orders to shoot to kill every time they pull trigger."

"Stevens, I have the greatest respect in the world for you. Of all the policemen and detectives of one sort or another who have tried to trace this or that little matter to me, you have come the nearest to success. But you are too late, now. I have decided that this is to be my last trick and before you have an opportunity to use the evidence you now have against me, I will be in a spot where extradition will be impossible."

He turned to Jerry. "Calhoun, there was something about that turbulent evening we three had in London that has remained in my memory throughout these many years. As things turned out, it was the last really happy thing I ever had. Disasters of which there is no need to speak began a day or two later; things over which I had no control changed the entire course of my life. That is why, perhaps, I have a decidedly friendly feeling toward both of you."

"I am sorry that you two fellows have, by chance, been thrown into this affair. I'm sorry that we are, this time, on opposite sides of the fence. You cannot possibly win. My exits are too carefully worked out."

He lighted another cigarette amid thoughtful silence. When he spoke again there was no mistaking the sincerity in his voice. "Now here's my proposition. Give me your parole until, for one cause or another, I permit you, voluntarily, to leave this island. I shall do so, believe me, within three weeks at the most, perhaps much sooner. If you make me this promise not to interfere, you will be treated as guests and made as comfortable as we know how."

Turning to Stevens, he declared candidly: "Old man, I would not suggest this if I thought you had a sporting chance of accomplishing what you are paid to do."

He glanced briefly at the other two and his voice suddenly grew hard and cold. "The alternative, gentlemen, is this: I shall give you what freedom I can. But my men will watch you. If, at any time, you become dangerous to the success of our undertaking, we will not have the slightest hesitancy about killing you in cold blood, even though I should regret it later. There is too much at stake to permit interference."

"I may add this," he leaned across the table, his mouth tight and grim. "In the past few years I have come to regard human life as a matter of the slightest possible import. The world went on merrily for hundreds of thousands of years before we gladdened it with our presence. If I am forced to kill one, or all three of you, the affairs of the world will still function without interruption. You will be mourned by a few, but in the face of the appallingly fast propagation of the human race, your loss will be slight and soon forgotten."

"Now what's the answer?" The grim lines were suddenly erased. His eyes twinkled again. "Let me remind you that your parole cannot conceivably affect the final results, one way or another."

(Copyright, Dial Press)

Paris, Aug. 1.—(AP)—France has committed herself to allow debt revision negotiations with the United States to be dormant until sentiment in America is more favorable and possibly until the presidential election is over, it was learned on high authority today.

The commitment resulted from an interview yesterday in which Premier Edouard Herriot, United States Ambassador Walter E. Edge and Norman H. Davis participated. Davis, a member of the American delegation to the Geneva disarmament conference, stopped here on his way home. He sailed today with his colleague, Senator Claude A. Swanson of Virginia.

HAND LABOR TO AID EMPLOYMENT

PORTLAND, Ore., Aug. 1.—(AP)—To spread employment as far as possible hand labor is to be employed, wherever expedient, in the administration of the new \$120,000,000 federal highway relief bill.

W. H. Lynch, district engineer for the bureau of public roads, today received detailed instructions from Washington as to how the emergency work is to be administered. His instructions read, in part:

PARAGUAY WARNS BOLIVIA OF WAR

ASUNCION, Paraguay, Aug. 1.—(AP)—Jose Guggiarri, president of Paraguay, in an interview today declared any new attacks in the Chaco by Bolivia will mean "the commencement of war."

PARAGUAY WARNS BOLIVIA OF WAR

"We don't worry about any new attacks from Bolivia," the president said. "These will mean the commencement of war provoked by Bolivia. Paraguay is firmly determined to resist with decision and courage."

Meanwhile the same unusual activity of recent days was noticeable at government house today. American, Brazilian and Uruguayan diplomats conferred at the foreign office.

DON'T BE BORED; FORD'S FORMULA

DETROIT, Aug. 1.—(AP)—Henry Ford's formula for a "youthful old age," given on his sixty-ninth birthday today, is: "don't ever be bored."

The motor manufacturer said today he "never was bored with anything in my life," and to prove it he talked

DON'T BE BORED; FORD'S FORMULA

about many subjects from the economic situation to hair shampoos. First of all, he said, the country has passed the "rocking chair period for old age."

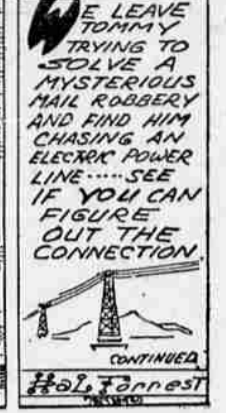
"Of course, we older folks like to have people think we get better as we grow older," he continued, "and I think that is more true than ever today."

DON'T BE BORED; FORD'S FORMULA

PORTLAND, Ore., Aug. 1.—(AP)—The Oregonian says E. B. MacNaughton, president of the First National bank, today applied for a charter for the opening of a new unit bank at Mount Scott.

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST

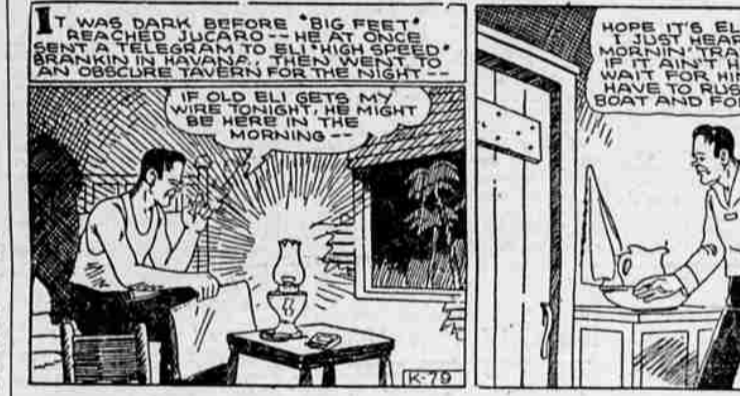
TAILSPIN TOMMY—Power—But As Yet No Light!



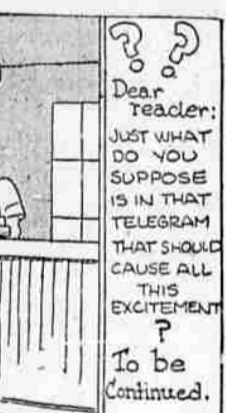
S'MATTER POP—Pop Should Be Sent Right Back



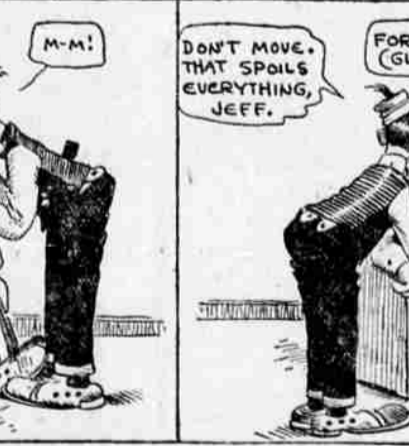
BOUND TO WIN—Birds of A Feather



THE NEBBS—The Surprise!



MUTT AND JEFF—Extraordinary Entertainment



BRINGING UP FATHER



ZANE GREY OFF TO VISIT CANADA

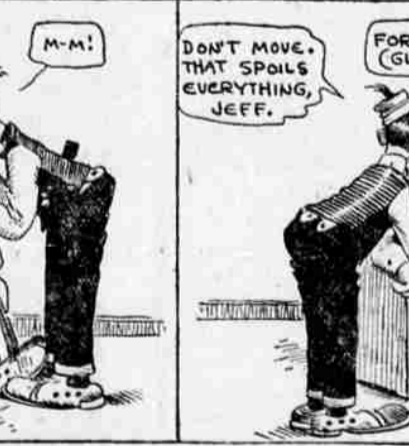
ROSEMONT, Ore., Aug. 1.—(AP)—Zane Grey, noted novelist, who has been sojourning since May 20 at Steamboat, on the north Umpqua river, broke camp today, to go to Campbell River, Canada, to spend the remainder of the summer. He has been engaged in fishing and writing and is understood to have prepared several stories concerning the Umpqua country for publication soon. His son, Homer Grey, head of a motion picture concern, has been making some movie thrillers by navigating some of the most dangerous stretches of the north Umpqua river.

FRANCE TO WAIT ELECTION IN U. S.

PARIS, Aug. 1.—(AP)—France has committed herself to allow debt revision negotiations with the United States to be dormant until sentiment in America is more favorable and possibly until the presidential election is over, it was learned on high authority today.

The commitment resulted from an interview yesterday in which Premier Edouard Herriot, United States Ambassador Walter E. Edge and Norman H. Davis participated. Davis, a member of the American delegation to the Geneva disarmament conference, stopped here on his way home. He sailed today with his colleague, Senator Claude A. Swanson of Virginia.

MUTT AND JEFF—Extraordinary Entertainment



MUTT AND JEFF—Extraordinary Entertainment



MUTT AND JEFF—Extraordinary Entertainment



BRINGING UP FATHER



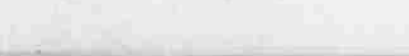
BRINGING UP FATHER



BRINGING UP FATHER



BRINGING UP FATHER



BRINGING UP FATHER



BRINGING UP FATHER

