

Gambler's Throw

by Eustace I. Adams.

SYNOPSIS: "Marry me," Jerry Calhoun tells Nancy Wentworth when she says that Limmy Ashwood, the gangster who is keeping her and four men on an island for ransom, has threatened to make her become his wife. Jerry Emory, Butte and Stevens have been captured while trying to rescue the prisoners.

Chapter 26 A THOUSAND DEVILS

THE three had lost at Jerry as though he had lost his mind. He sifted loose sand through his fingers, not looking up.

"Of course," he continued slowly. "You understand that the marriage would be in name only. If we ever get back to civilization we could all work together and have it quietly annulled. Steve and Emory would be witnesses to prove that it had been done as the lesser of two evils."

A thousand devils were grinning from Emory's dancing eyes as he glanced from the sober-faced, flushed Nancy to the embarrassed Jerry.

"Fine scheme, if you ask me," Stevens said hastily. "You probably won't have to worry about a divorce, or an annulment, either, because if you aren't a widow by the time you leave here, it won't be Jerry's fault. He's more anxious to go and get himself killed

heat waves that rose in shimmering layers from the parched sand outside, made an atmosphere surcharged with electricity. Jerry felt that if a door were to be slammed, each man within that huge, darkened living room would leap for his neighbor's throat.

Nancy was the only one who, after dinner that evening, braved the torrid heat of her own room. The others in the living room had settled down to wait, as patiently as might be, through endless hours until bedtime.

Jerry, Emory and Stevens sat close together, the flyers attempting to read, the old man mildly watching the others with eyes that scarcely seemed to see what they were looking at. Hamilton was placidly shuffling his cards and placing them in neat rows and columns upon the green baize table top. Mallory, a highball on the arm of his chair, was alternately drinking and dozing. Lucet, sitting bolt upright in a straight chair, was finding the inactivity almost insupportable. He strode to the door with irritating regularity, peering out to see if the hoped-for evening breeze had risen. Then he returned to the chair to sit, chafing and sweating, waiting for something to happen. Martin, unobtrusively as usual, was half-hidden



"You are a dear boy, Jerry."

than any fellow I ever saw—unless it's his addle-headed running mate, here."

Jerry's ears burned as he saw the girl survey him thoughtfully. He had never been much of a ladies' man. But he did feel foolish, somehow. Talking about even this kind of a marriage as though they were discussing a missing engine or a spavined horse.

A small hand suddenly rested upon his knee. He looked up to see Nancy smiling at him through tear-washed eyes.

"You are a dear boy, Jerry, and I trust you," she said, simply. "I'll leave all the details to you three."

She rose and walked rapidly toward the house. Emory broke into a chuckle. Jerry glared at him.

"What are you laughing at, you sap? I've got a good mind to poke you in the nose!"

"I'm laughing out of pure relief," gasped Emory, "that I wasn't the fair-haired laddie who thought of that wonderful scheme! Oh boy! Our little Jerry, restless wanderer of the air trails, married!"

"Shut up!" growled Jerry morosely. "Didn't you hear the conversation?"

"Sure, I heard it," Emory's grin was maddening.

"Didn't you hear me say that the marriage would be in name only?"

"Sure, oh sure, we heard it, didn't we, Steve?"

The detective's eyes were twinkling, but his face was impassive.

"Well, then don't be an ass!" muttered Jerry.

"I heard you say it," glibbed Emory. "but it didn't mean anything. You wait."

"It's just because I have a wonderful control over my temper," observed Jerry wittingly, "that I don't beat you up. I'd do it right now if we had any privacy."

He rose and strode toward the house, very much on his dignity. The majestic hauteur of his retreat was not made easier by the sound of Emory's raucous laughter which followed him all the way to the porch steps.

An almost unbearable aura of uneasiness pervaded everything within the house, blended with the

in a dark corner. He shuffled his feet incessantly, unconsciously. Jerry found the noise irritating. Even Ashwood, stretched out in a chaise longue of Philippine wicker, seemed moody and dispirited.

"Good God!" snarled Mallory harshly. "Why doesn't somebody say something!"

Lucet snapped out of his chair and faced him, his dark eyes beady with hate, his mouth a crimson crack in his swarthy face. Then he began to advance upon the stockbroker, treading lightly, swiftly.

Mallory pushed himself out of his arm chair, grinning horribly. Hamilton swiftly moved his table away from the area of the impending clash.

"Lucet!" Steven's voice snapped like a bullet. Lucet paused uncertainly. "Sit down, both of you!"

The tension was suddenly broken. The gangster, surly, returned to his chair. Mallory seated himself and drank greedily.

Ashwood had not moved a muscle. He sat there, watching, an amused gleam in his deep-set eyes, a faint smile on his lips.

"Thoughtful of you, Steve," the white-haired cripple acknowledged drily, "to break up that little bout, but you must admit that it would have lived up to the evening."

"Uh, huh," granted the other shortly. "But at my age, killing isn't funny. Sometimes it's necessary, but it's not funny."

"Oh, I don't know," yawned Ashwood. "Once in a while it may be amusing, either in its cause or effect." He looked about the room, eyeing each of the men speculatively. "I doubt, however, that it amused any of us last night. I might remind you gentlemen that one of you has committed two rather cold-blooded murders."

Stevens watched Jerry who, with a faraway expression on his tanned face, was listening to something which was apparently inaudible to the others. Emory, too, heard it.

"An airplane," he whispered.

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Stevens evolves a plan to trick Ashwood, in the next installment, but it threatens to lead to pitched battle.

BASHFUL GARBO RETURNS HOME

STOCKHOLM, Sweden, Aug. 9.—(AP)—A hundred straining policemen reinforced by strong-armed dockhands were required to restrain thousands of ardent admirers of Greta Garbo when the liner Gripsholm arrived here yesterday.

WHITE COLLARED MEN TO GET AID

MINNEAPOLIS, Aug. 9.—(AP)—The "white collared" man is coming in for help. Some 50,000 of them have been organized under a vast creative self-help plan in which barter money is

WHITE COLLARED MEN TO GET AID

to replace United States currency as a medium of exchange. Seeking to aid those unemployed who have not yet asked for direct relief and who are trying to avoid charity if possible, Dr. George Mecklinburg, pastor of the Wesley Methodist Episcopal church here, has launched an enterprise known as the organized unemployed, to be operated and directed by the idle themselves for their own benefit.

Companion Of Byrd Is Drowned In Elbe

PRAGUE, Czechoslovakia, Aug. 9.—(AP)—Wegzel Vloetech, who shared the dangers and hardships of Admiral Richard E. Byrd's expedition to the south pole, met his death yesterday in a rowing trip on the Elbe. His boat capsized and Vloetech, stunned when his head struck the gunwale was unable to have himself

PHOENIX ORGANIZATIONS TO MEET THIS WEEK

PHOENIX, Aug. 9.—(Sp.)—Ladies Aid Society of the Presbyterian church will meet at the church on Thursday with an all-day meeting and covered dish luncheon at noon. All ladies of the community are invited to attend. Work commenced at the meeting last Thursday will be completed.

PHOENIX ORGANIZATIONS TO MEET THIS WEEK

Neighbors of Woodcraft Circle will meet at the grange hall Wednesday night. All members are urged to be present.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—A Three-Point Aerial Holiday—Or Else!



By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST



S'MATTER POP—The Smartest Kid



By C. M. PAYNE



BOUND TO WIN—The Real And The Imitation



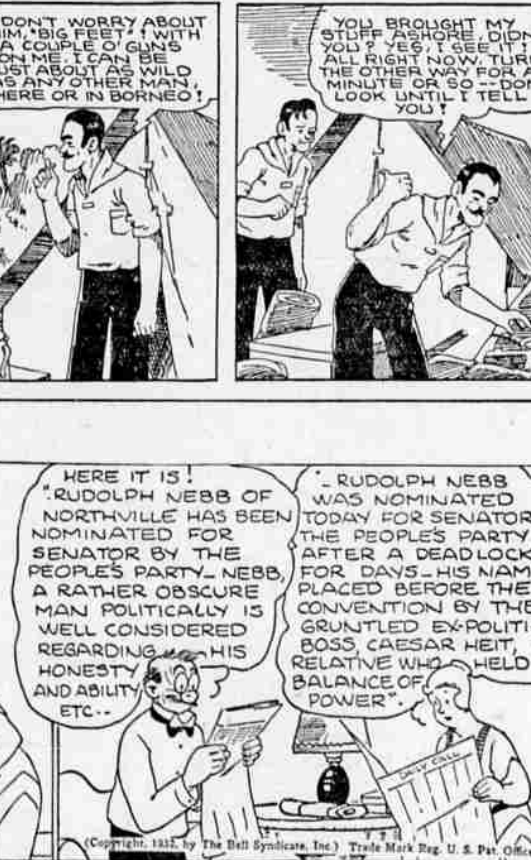
By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBS—It's True



By SOL HESS



MUTT AND JEFF—Jeff's Sense of Taste Is Perfect



By BUD FISHER



NATIONWIDE AIR EXPRESS STARTS

OMAHA, Aug. 9.—(AP)—Inaugurating a nationwide air express service an American airways plane took off from the municipal airport here early today for Kansas City with nine packages.

DEAD MAN IN BAG TOSSED IN STREET

NEW YORK, Aug. 9.—(AP)—Joseph Miller, returning home at 3 o'clock this morning, stumbled over something in a burlap bag which had been tossed into the middle of the street.

BRINGING UP FATHER



By George McManus



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