

Gambler's Throw

by Eustace L. Adams.

SYNOPSIS: When Jerry Calhoun announces that he has recently married Nancy Westworth, a woman who is holding Nancy and four men for ransom on an island—a hurt in jealousy and pride Lucci also an outlaw who loves Nancy attacks Jerry. Stevens and Lucille, friends of Jerry, stand by him.

Chapter 23 BRASS KNUCKLES!

EVEN as Jerry drew his right hand back for a punch, Steve stepped forward and, bending slightly to the left, tripped the charging gangster, who lunged forward, fingers clawing desperately toward the pilot.

At the same instant Jerry threw the full weight of his powerful body into a terrific uppercut. It was a masterpiece of timing, smashing full upward to the point of Lucci's chin.

Lucci's head snapped back. He continued his precipitate fall to the floor and hit with a crash that caused the windows to rattle in their frames. He lay there, utterly limp, where he had fallen.

Jerry swung around hastily to face Ashwood. The cripple's right hand held the blue steel butt of an automatic which was outlined against the cream-colored fabric of the pongee suit. His eyes were

"What ho!" beamed Ashwood, regarding him in feigned astonishment. "Are you with us again, One-shot?"

"Was it you that slugged me?" Lucci's malignant eyes glared at Emory.

"No, old timer, but I wish I had. Someone beat me to it."

"It was I," interrupted Jerry, smiling politely. "May I help you up? If it happens that you aren't satisfied, get on your feet. I'll try to polish you off, this time."

Lucci rose painfully, faced Jerry and doubled his fists. He swayed on his feet and nearly fell. His opponent watched him with growing admiration.

"You have plenty of spunk," he said. "Let me put you to bed for a spell. Then, if you like, you can totter out here and take a fall out of me."

"I'll put him in the sheets," offered Emory. "You stay here."

The bright flare of animosity in the hard brown eyes faded and as Emory put his sturdy arm about the gangster's shoulders, Lucci permitted himself to be led from the room.

The minister, who had watched the conflict with pale face and wide open eyes, walked unsteadily to the nearest chair and fell into it.

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he announced profoundly, "and never in my life have I witnessed such brutality."

"Great Caesar!" he breathed, "let's see your brass knuckles, Captain Calhoun."

"Don't use them," retorted Jerry, surly.

As suddenly as it had begun, the tension in the quiet room snapped. Ashwood's laugh was almost gay as he shoved the automatic into its scabbard holster. Yet there was a cutting edge to his laughter which made Stevens and Emory glance sharply at him.

The natural color had flowed back into his cheeks but there was an odd twist to his lips which belied the merry laughter.

"My congratulations!" he bowed. "How careless of me not to have noted the budding romance. And how tactful of me to have supplied the minister. It occurred to Jerry that Ashwood was sparing for the time, readjusting his mind to the altered circumstances. "I'll confess that it has taken me quite by surprise. Miss West—pardon, Mrs. Calhoun, would it quite shatter your young heart to be forced to leave your bridegroom tomorrow?"

"It would!" snapped Nancy. "Except for a slightly heightened color on her lovely cheeks, Nancy might have been a conventional bride accepting her first congratulations. Jerry, close by her side, stared tranquilly at Ashwood, ready to precipitate immediate hostilities if the cripple turned out to be a poor loser. Emory looked at Nancy, winked openly at Jerry, then stepped into the breach. Turning to Ashwood, he suggested impudently:

"Well, old timer, how about setting the bridal party up to the drinks?"

The thoughtful expression faded from the cripple's eyes. "Excellent," he agreed, clapping his hands. The steward appeared instantly. "Alfred, have my champagne left in the bin?" The steward nodded. "Good. Serve it, please."

There was a groan from the limp form on the floor. Lucci stirred uneasily, then sat up.

he announced profoundly, "and never in my life have I witnessed such brutality."

"Parson, stick around," grinned Jerry. "It's my opinion that you are in right at the beginning. We're just warming up for some real fights."

Dr. Tiberington fanned himself with a newspaper. The lanky Bostoner returned just as the steward brought in the buckets of ice from which protruded the necks of several champagne bottles.

"Calhoun," said Ashwood, watching the golden bubbles rise in his goblet. "I would be almost tempted to postpone my retirement from this profitable and diverting racketeering if I could persuade you and Battles to become my right-hand men."

"Not sure I wouldn't take up your offer, Ashie," retorted Emory. "I almost dread the end of this party."

"You are," said he, ashamed of yourself," suddenly boomed Dr. Tiberington. In a voice which almost shook the goblet from Emory's hand. "Imagine! A young man of breeding and intellect, even considering casting his lot with these persons!"

He suddenly caught Ashwood's eye and collapsed, flushing.

"You were saying—" The cripple's eyebrows were arched in polite interrogation.

"Yeah, we all know what he was going to say." Stevens came to the harassed man's rescue. "He's right, too. Lot of comfort you're going to be to yourself in your old age, Limpy. As a matter of fact, though, you're about as old as you'll ever get, right now."

"Dear, dear, Banquo at the feast! Why be so pessimistic when we were all so merry?" Ashwood sighed, then cast a sardonic glance at Jerry and Nancy. "Why so pessimistic, bride and bridegroom? You are not, by chance, regretting your rashness already?"

Jerry faced him, his eyes glinting.

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Jerry overhears Lucci and members of the gang in conspiracy together, tomorrow.

Pender and body repairing. Prices right. Brill Sheet Metal Works.

PORTLAND BONUS FORCE BACK HOME

PORTLAND, Ore., Aug. 11.—(AP)—Forty-three members of the original bonus expeditionary force returned to Portland today from Johnston, Pa. They were under the leadership of Arthur E. Wilson, who carries the title of "regimental commander," and of George C. Clark, personal aide to

W. W. Waters of Portland, elected commander in chief of the bonus army.

In buoyant spirits, they piled off the train at the union station and dispersed, to meet later at their headquarters. They rode to Portland on charity passes.

"We are home to organize and get our strength solid enough to make a real showing," Wilson said. "We intend to do our utmost to defeat all senators and representatives in congress who voted not only against the bonus, but also against other relief measures."

BOLD PAIR ROB BANK OF \$16,848

PRESCOTT, Ariz., Aug. 11.—(AP)—Two men, binding and gagging six employees as they arrived over a period of more than three hours, robbed the First National bank of approximately \$16,484 in gold, silver and cur-

rency today, and escaped in an automobile. Insurance covered the loss. Both men were masked. One threatened the employees, as they entered one at a time, with rifle or pistol, while the other applied balling wire and placed adhesive tape over the mouth and eyes.

The men, assured they had captured all likely to enter the bank before the opening hour, untied Herbert W. Falkner, teller, and forced him to open the vault.

August special. Three loads 16-in. slabs for \$6.75. Med. Fuel Co. Tel. 631.

PIONEER SLAYS SON IN QUARREL

COLORADO SPRINGS, Colo., Aug. 11.—(AP)—George A. Thomas, 66-year-old pioneer of the Pike's Peak region, shot and killed his oldest son, Harry Thomas, 41, as they stood in the backyard of their home here last night.

The father fled, and was sought by police.

The shooting was witnessed by Mrs. Julia Thomas, 74-year-old wife of George Thomas, and a granddaughter, Gladys, 16.

The men quarreled after the father had asked the son to sell some bonds in a building and loan association, Mrs. Thomas said.

Permanent waves \$1.95, wet finger waves 25c. Prevost Beauty Shop, 16 Laurel. Phone 727-J.

Phone 542. We'll haul away your refuse. City Sanitary Service.

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FOREST

TAILSPIN TOMMY—An Emergency—And How To Meet It!



S'MATTER POP—The Big Wind



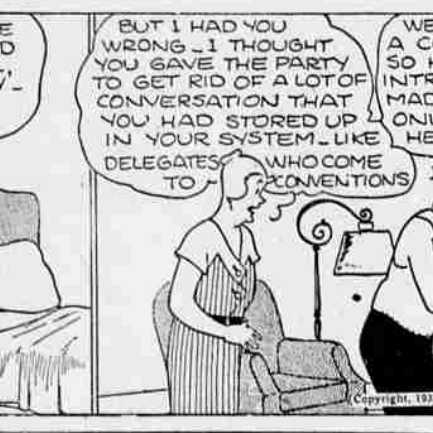
By C. M. PAYNE

BOUND TO WIN—The Next Day



By EDWIN ALGER

THE NEBBS—His Little Pal



By SOL HESS

MUT TAND JEFF—Modern English



By BUD FISHER

200 FIGHT FIRE EASTERN OREGON

BAKER, Aug. 11.—(AP)—Approximately 200 men were reported this morning to be holding the Anthony Creek fire west of North Powder to the 600 acres covered Tuesday, but had not placed the flames under control.

Cool weather Tuesday night assisted firemen in their efforts to extinguish the fire, which was started by lightning Sunday afternoon. The fire is burning in lodge pole and white fir timber over a wide front, having spread up a canyon before a strong wind Tuesday.

AMAZON BOATBILL QUILTS IN DISGUST

WASHINGTON, Aug. 11.—(AP)—Three months of failure will convince even an upper Amazon boatbill that it is wrong.

That long ago, the bird was put in the capital's zoo. Daily it stood beside the waterfall in the big flying age from dawn to dusk hoping to catch a fish as it fell, just like at home.

BRINGING UP FATHER



By George McManus