

# Gambler's Throw

by Eustace L. Adams.

**SYNOPSIS:** Lumpy Ashwood, finding a kidnapping gang, ends his own men turned against him by Lumpy, whom he is holding for ransom. Nancy Westworth, also a prisoner, marries Jerry Calhoun as Ashwood captures merry her. Jerry has been captured, together with Emory and Stevens, a detective. The gangsters open fire.

## Chapter 33 A HAIL OF BULLETS

THE hall leading to the guests' rooms resounded with the clatter of feet. Martin, Mallory and Dr. Titherington burst into the living room, excitedly demanding an explanation of the gunfire. Jerry explained that the center panel splintered. The door sagged on its hinges. He kicked it into the room and stood for an instant at the threshold, glancing at the unattended bed and at the wide-open window. He dashed across the floor. The screen was missing from the window. He leaned far out, peering about until his eyes grew accustomed to the darkness. A hundred yards to the north

"Six inches more," murmured Stevens impatiently, "and you'd be lost the top of your head. Great help, aren't you?"

At redoubled speed the two scrambled on hands and knees through sand and sawgrass. The hangar was close, now. Its interior blazed with brilliant lights. From its open door a wide white apron of light shone across the black waters of the inlet. In its reflection glistened the silvery wing of Emory's monoplane, standing silently on the hard-packed sand thirty or forty feet west of the building.

Sudden hope surged into Jerry's heart. He quickened his pace, veering toward the monoplane. They could hear the hammering of the amphibian's engine as she taxied down the runway and into the water.

Jerry's muscles quivered with eagerness. Now, if ever, was the time to run for it. Everything depended on being able to seize the monoplane. Falling that, they would be helpless.

"Come on," he whispered, "make a dash for our plane."

The detective grunted inarticulately. Jerry did not wait. He rose from his crouch like a sprinter at the starting gun.

A large black guard blocked his path, that of a guard standing watch

# CRIMSON CRESTS AWARDED PRIZES

TAFT, Ore., Aug. 15. — (P) — Red hair, and freckles brought more prestige to visitors here yesterday than any other assets they might have as the coast city held its second annual round-up of redheads.

testants the judges selected Marial redheads for the day. Leonard of Seaside to be queen of the Winners in the several divisions included: Patricia Fritz, Portland, reddest hair; Darrell Beasey, Taft, most freckled boy; Louise Owen, Clatskanie, most freckled girl; Mrs. Charles A. Parsons, 68, Longview, Wash., oldest redhead; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Lowery, Orestown, and their seven children, all crimson crested, largest red-headed family, Robert Allen and Howard James Green, Corvallis, red-headed twins; Albert McMullen, Taft, best redhead make-up.

# SHOTGUN SNUFFS LIFE OF YOUTH

PORTLAND, Ore., Aug. 15. — (P) — Russell Baird, 21, of Portland, was instantly killed last night when his shotgun was accidentally discharged. With his brother, Ralph, Russell had gone out to train some hunting

dogs. They took their shotguns with them. While they were climbing thru a wire fence the trigger of Russell's gun was jammed, discharging the gun. The load of shot struck the side of his face. He had come here recently from his home at Van Dyke, Mich.

# HORSESHOE PITCHERS WILL HOLD TOURNEY

Some horseshoe pitchers, who have previously demonstrated their remarkable ability, will gather in Medford August 21 at 2 o'clock, from Ashland, Central Point and Grants Pass, to help dedicate Medford's new courts.

Five courts have been constructed for the many followers of barnyard golf here, and a 32-foot court is being prepared for the ladies who wish to participate.  
Feed grinding \$1.50 per ton. Quick service. Also low hauling rates.  
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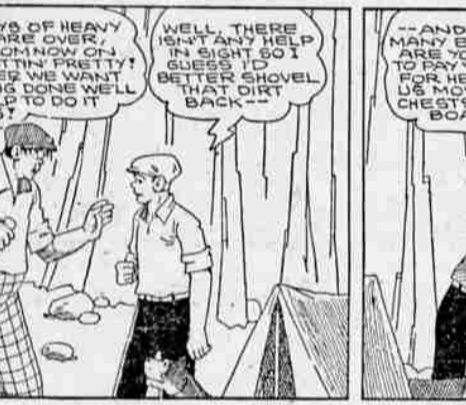
# TAILSPIN TOMMY—The "Ghost Ship" Exposed!



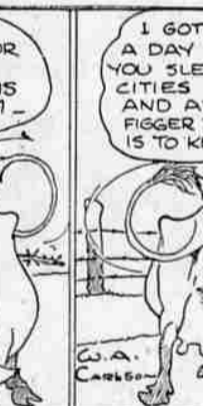
# S'MATTER POP—He Should Have Taken A Dinner Pail



# S'MATTER POP—Boring Into Things



# THE NEBBES—Rural Problems



# MUTT AND JEFF—Making The Identification Easy



# BRINGING UP FATHER



"All right, son, get her started," Stevens said. "I'll stay here and hold 'em off."

were three dark figures running toward the hangar. Jerry placed one hand upon the sill and vaulted to the ground.

At the same instant, Stevens burst into the room, just in time to see Jerry's hand flash downward out of sight. With an agility that was amazing for a man of his years, he slid out of the window.

Two men were pulling and pushing at Nancy, hurrying her away from the house. Jerry, running silently, closed up on them with every stride. Far over to the right the machine gun stammered into action. The first bullets whined through the palm leaves just over his head. With despair in his heart the pilot flung himself on his face. The detective's voice, incredibly calm, came from behind him.

"Guess you flying fellers didn't learn much about the war," he panted, crawling up on hands and knees. "You were outlined against the moonlit water plain as broad daylight."

"We've got to rescue Nancy!" declared Jerry vehemently.

"Sure," agreed the imperturbable voice, "but we can't do it if we're dead. Come on, let's crawl a mile."

A burst of firing sounded from the house behind them, echoed from the east by the chatter of another machine gun. The two crawling men worked their way patiently toward the hangar. The whole island was now crackling to the sound of gunfire. Jerry thought of Emory back there in the beleaguered house. Its paper-thin walls would offer little protection against the crashing bullets. The pilot wished desperately to return to his friend's side, but Nancy was somewhere ahead.

The vibrant roar of an airplane engine thundered through the night. Jerry listened carefully. It was the amphibian. The two men who had carried Nancy had disappeared in the shadow of the hangar. In a few moments it would be too late. They'd have her in the plane. He forgot the snapping bullets which were cutting through the palm leaves above. He attempted to rise. The iron hand of the detective fell upon his shoulder and forced him back to his knees.

over the monoplane. But his attention was upon the taxiting amphibian, from whom exhaust issued a varicolored ribbon of flame. With all the momentum of his plunging body, Jerry dived at him. The two went down in a tangle, beneath the shadow of the great wing.

Stevens, arriving almost as they fell, swung the butt of his gun down with terrific force upon the gangster's head. There was a hollow thwack. The man's arms relaxed. Stevens jerked Jerry to his feet and shoved him into action.

In another moment the pilot's flying feet had reached the stirrup beneath the cabin door. Fumbling at the handle, he became conscious of flashes and spurts of flame which came from every side. The slap-slap of bullets was almost continuous. He wondered how so many shots could possibly miss him. It seemed to take hours and hours to open the cabin door. Stevens' voice, calm and matter-of-fact, cut through the inferno of sound.

"All right, son, get her started. I'll stay here and hold 'em off."

Jerry squirmed into the bucket seat and felt for the starter. Cold perspiration beaded his face as it occurred to him that the guards might have disabled the engine to forestall just such an effort to capture the monoplane. No use worrying about that, now. The next few seconds would tell. The whirring, churning noise of the turning engine sounded cold and dead. Not a single kick out of her. Would she never start?

The heavy crash of Stevens' service automatic came almost from beneath the cabin floor. The old man was still alive, then, probably crouching beneath the aluminum-cowled right wheel as he held the mob at bay.

Why didn't the engine start? Churning, churning—would she never take hold? Jerry jacked the throttle desperately, ducking instinctively as a bullet tore through the wall of the cabin and snapped close by his head.

(Copyright, Dial Press)  
Will the engine start in time? The motor roars, tomorrow—and then dies away, while bullets rake the cabin.

# CANADA, BRITAIN ARE AGREED ON COMMERCE PACT

OTTAWA, Ont., Aug. 16.—(AP)—Canada and Great Britain were reported today to have solved most of their important differences and virtually to have reached an accord on a trade agreement which would include preference in Britain for Canadian farm products and reciprocal favors for Canada for British iron, steel and coal.

at a meeting between Premier Bennett and Stanley Baldwin today.

Delegates estimated, however, that with all the agreements completed, the diversion of trade from the United States was not likely to reach more than one-third of the \$200,000,000 additional business Great Britain might expect from the dominions.

Foodstuffs now on the free list will be brought within the preferential field. Subject to later changes, the tentative basis of the accord was understood to include the following:  
1. A duty of four cents a bushel on foreign wheat with a preference of 2½ cents in favor of empire wheat.  
2. A duty of one and one-half cents a pound on foreign lamb, mutton, pork and bacon.  
3. Four cents a pound on foreign butter as against the present duty, approximately two cents a pound.  
4. Additional restrictions by special order on products such as wheat and lumber, whenever the necessity arises.