

Gambler's Throw

by Eustace L. Adams

SYNOPSIS: Betrayed by his own gang, Limpy Ashwood, with Emory Muller and the new Ashwood's blond house, Jerry Oshawa is racing by airplane after the members of the gang who have captured his wife. A detective, Stevens, is with him.

Chapter 24

"SHOOT AT HER PROPELLER!"
The other three separated, two of them dodging behind one tree after another until they had worked their way as close to the house as they dared. The fifth pulled a handkerchief out of his pocket and advanced boldly, waving the white bit of cloth.

"Far enough, Mueller," called Ashwood as the gangster reached easy halting distance.

"Come out on the porch, Limpy," yelled the lone man. "I want to talk to you."

"You hardly inspire me with confidence," retorted the other, "while you have a white flag in one hand and a gun in the other."

Mueller placed his automatic upon the ground at his feet. Ashwood lunged out on the porch. Under his straightforward gaze, the man with the flag of truce shifted about uneasily.

In the non-shatterable glass windshield and warned him against firing through the shimmering arc of the propeller. Then both lapsed into silence, their eyes fixed upon the irregular blur of blackness which was slowly resolving itself into the distinguishable outline of the amphibian.

All sense of forward motion was long since gone. Droning steadily through the night skies separated, the utter blackness of the water ever beneath them both men in the cabin felt as though they had been flying for hours without getting anywhere. There were no islands directly below by which they might gauge speed or distance. The dark mass of the coast line rolled past their right wing like a treadmill.

A sudden stream of spitting fire shot from the rear of the amphibian's fuselage. Jerry's heart thumped. Action at last! He watched the flickering spot of crimson carefully, holding steadily to his course. Time enough to dodge the machine-gun when he could see its tracer bullets. The detective slid open the glass panel. The cabin was instantly filled with a tornado of noise and wind. He inserted a clip of cartridges into the breach of his gun.

"Going to be a mite awkward,"

FAMOUS VIOLINIST WITH DR. CLAUNCH

Luce Bruch, internationally known violinist and grand niece of the famous Max Bruch, German composer, will entertain in connection with the lectures in this city of Dr. Stanford Kinley Claunch, who will open his series at the Knights of Pythias hall Sunday evening.

The violin recital, beginning at 7:45 o'clock, will precede the lecture, which is scheduled for 8:15. The program will be repeated Monday and Tuesday, five lectures being included in the series.

Mrs. Bruch has been an important figure on the opera stage of the United States and Europe for the past 15 years, beginning her musical career at the age of 10.

S. P. WILL CLOSE NINE STATIONS

SALEM, Aug. 18.—(AP)—Nine more station agencies will be closed by the Southern Pacific during the next two months, the railroad firm notified the public utilities commission today. Lack of business sufficient to retain

these agencies, was given as the reason. The agencies to be closed on August 31 are Mountmouth, Lafayette, Dayton, Yonah, Brownsville, West Soto and Palomath. On September 15 the station at Sutherlin will be closed and on September 30 the one at Halsey will close.

Hillsboro Plans Municipal Water
SALEM, Aug. 18.—(AP)—Plans for the organization of a municipal ownership league at Hillsboro was given as the reason for the withdrawal of complaints by citizens of that city against the Oregon-Washington Water Service corporation and the Portland General Electric company. The public utilities commission today was notified of the withdrawal of the complaints on rates and charges of these firms filed sometime ago.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—The "Sky Projector"—And The Attack!

NOW THAT WE HAVE ESTABLISHED THE FACT THAT THE "SHOOT SHIP" IS A MOTION PICTURE PROJECTED ON THE CLOUDS BY MEANS OF AN ULTRA MODERN TYPE OF "SKY-PROJECTOR" USING A POWERFUL INVISIBLE RAY, LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT THIS MONSTRIOUS MAN-MADE MACHINE THAT IS BEING USED AS AN INSTRUMENT OF TERROR.



"We'll dive straight across her top wing," shouted Jerry. "Shoot at her propeller."

don't want to bump you off, but we want two-thirds of all the jack you got in the house. We'll take your word for how much you got."

"Aren't you flattering!" mocked the slender, white-haired man from his exposed position on the porch.

"Mueller, aren't you the man who persuaded the others to join Luce's mob?"

"What if I am?"

"Nothing of importance," replied Ashwood evenly, "except that I'm going to write your name on a bullet."

"What about the jack? Are you going to kick in? If you don't, we'll charge the house and take it all."

"Charge if you like," retorted the cripple indifferently. "I'd advise you, Mueller, to remain behind a tree."

A sudden flush suffused the gangster's face. So quickly that the eye could scarcely follow his movements, he dropped the flag and scooped up the automatic.

Emory, crouched behind his table, felt his own gun kick back in his hand. He saw Mueller stand upright, rigid, a look of astonishment replacing the rage on his features. Standing still as a statue, the man dropped the gun, coughed and suddenly pitched forward, full length upon the sawgrass.

A gust of machine-gun bullets rattled against the side of the house and knocked long splinters from the porch rail. Ashwood turned, calm and unburied, and strode back into the living room, where he took his place beside Emory.

"Much obliged, old thing," he said quietly. Then, turning toward the others, "They'll be coming, now. Don't let one of them slip past the house. We can't have an attack from the rear."

"How long now, Jerry?" asked the detective.

"Ten or fifteen minutes, at least. If that bird could get another fifty revolutions a minute out of his engine we'd never catch him!"

"I'll be wanting to poke this gun out of the window."

Jerry showed him a sliding panel

he shouted peevishly, "to stop them without making them fall."

Jerry watched a luminous streak of ruler-straight smoke draw a line from the gangster's flashing gun to a point scarcely six inches from the monoplane's left wing tip. The gunner was getting the range. The sulphurous stream veered, disappearing within the trailing edge of the wing. Jerry pulled hard back on the stick. The ship zoomed vertically for a hundred feet, leaving the smoking line of bullets far below. He straightened out, watching the tracer carefully. Up, up, it came. He swung to the right, then plunged downward. During the maneuver he had gained perceptibly upon the fleeing amphibian.

Stevens, his gun ready, paid no attention to the other's fire, nor to the violent motions of the plane. He waited patiently for an opportunity to shoot without endangering the girl or causing a fatal crash.

The smoking line had been coming from a point just behind the pilot's cockpit in the bow of the other plane. Nancy was probably confined in the main cabin within the fabric-covered fuselage, to the rear of the cockpit. Jerry could now see every detail of the ship. The tracer bullets were almost constant. He avoided them automatically.

"What shall I aim at?" inquired the puzzled detective. "No use killing the girl so you can rescue her."

"Wait," snapped the pilot as he pulled back into a zoom. Full two hundred feet above the amphibian he levelled out and held her to her course above and slightly behind the lower ship.

"I'm going down," he shouted. "We'll dive straight across her top wing. Shoot at her propeller."

Stevens nodded silently and pushed the muzzle of his gun through the panel. Jerry threw his weight on the stick and the plane dropped from under the two men as she hurried downward like a falling projectile.

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As the two planes draw dangerously near each other, tomorrow, Jerry waits for the crash.

BOUND TO WIN—Not Tonight



SMATTER POP—A Little Boy Wants Unpainted Affection



THE NEBBS—To Err Is Human



MUTT AND JEFF—News! And Such News!



GIRL SCOUTS PUT OUT WEEKLY PUBLICATION

A new weekly publication entitled, "The Willpen Pines Mirror," has made its appearance in Jackson county, and is unique in the fact that it is written, arranged and published entirely by very young feminine journalists. This news sheet originates at the Girl Scout camp, now in session on the Applegate, and is a new, but highly entertaining feature of the camp program.

Publication is made on Saturday night and distribution to the camp made on Sunday morning, and starting each week with a new "staff" to guide its destinies.

Call Lottie Howard, Rep. Investors Syndicate, 1336-14.

HERDER FOUND DEAD PENDLETON SUBURB

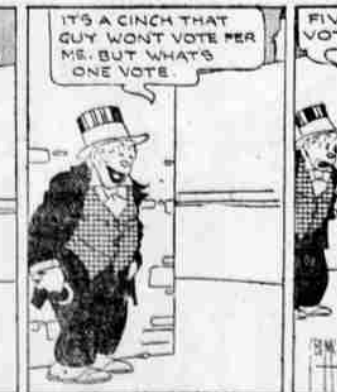
PENDLETON, Ore., Aug. 17.—(AP)—A man believed to be Fred Steel, sheep herder of Enterprise, was found dead in a patch of weeds near the Pendleton Gun club today. The top of his head had been blown away by a shot. A high-powered rifle was clasped in his hands.

The man, about 60 years old, is believed to have been dead since last night.

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BRINGING UP FATHER



By George McManus