



The Double Squeeze
By Henry Beach Needham
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On the same day the Giant-killers, with Barney Larkin on the rubber, defeated the Senators while the White Sox were whitewashing the Tigers. No change in their respective standing—two leading American league teams but half a game apart.

Immediately after the third game Tris Ford took Barney Larkin into his private office and talked to him as a father to his wild son. He rallied every ounce of manliness, of sentiment, of fighting blood there was in the eccentric left-hander. He told him



"He Told Him He Must Face Washington Again the Next Day, and Bring Home the Bacon."

he must face Washington again the next day—and bring home the bacon. The pennant was at stake!

"You will be a hero if you win," urged Ford, "pointed out by everybody as the man who pitched the Giant-killers to another championship. But if you lose, why—you'll be nobody."

Meanwhile, James Winton Shute was giving orders to Ernest Steadman, just as the secretary of the treasury would have directed the chief of the secret service.

"You mustn't lose sight of Barney one instant! If he insists on drinking, start a row, and get locked up—the both of you. We'll bail you out. But only in time to get from City hall to the park in a taxi. See!"

Ernest Steadman slowly nodded his head. "I have been every place but in jail with Barney." The keeper was a man of few words.

That night Tris Ford slept badly. Being younger and having done a big man's work out of doors, Win Shute slept like a babe—the kind of kid you read about. Naturally Tris awoke with a feeling of depression, as if the Giant-killers weren't going to get the day's breaks. But Shute jumped out of bed singing: "Today we win the bunting!" Which goes to prove that premonitions are closely allied to the "morning after."

At two o'clock that fateful afternoon, when the last man left the locker-room for the field, Barney Larkin and Ernest Steadman had not reported at the park. For an hour, by order of Tris Ford, President Benn's limousine had been rushing about like a hack on election day, searching everywhere for the missing pair. In the business office the club's secretary had the telephone directory before him, open at "Saloons and Cafes," and one after another the proprietors were called, beginning with Aiello, Michele, and ending with Zbytnieski, Julian. Neither Michele nor Julian, not to mention the rum purveyors occupying the more intermediate portions of the alphabetical directory, had seen the erratic Barney or his slow-going conveyer.

On another telephone, Win Shute, marring the oak furniture with his spikes, was calling the various police stations. He remembered his final instructions to Steadman, and was looking for results. But Larkin was not behind the bars—not yet. As a place of last resort, John Benn suggested that some one telephone the morgue. Some one did. "No one answering the description!"

"He's made his getaway," said Tris Ford, "there's nothing to that." The game was played with Cummins and Arrow in the points. Washington won.

Tris Ford left the grounds with a

face as long as a rainy spot in April. But Win Shute was cheerful. An hour later he telephoned the manager:

"White Sox lose! Pennant's ours. Hoo-ray!"

"I know it—but what d'you s'pose has become of Barney?" were Ford's words. Already his quick mind was looking ahead—to the big battle for the world's emblem.

"He'll show up tomorrow—stop worrying and bug yourself tonight," counseled Shute.

"Well, I appreciate your grand work, Win—on and off the field," said Tris.

Next morning before ten o'clock, his eye bright, his complexion clear, his



"We Won the Flag Sure Enough; Am I Right?"

step elastic, Barney Larkin turned up at the park. He grinned as he remarked:

"We won the flag, sure enough; am I right?"

"Where you been?" growled John Benn, son of the club's president.

"Up-state," answered Barney unconcernedly.

"What the devil you been doing?"

"Fishing."

"Fishing—this time of year?"

"Didn't catch nothing."

"You'll catch something when Tris sets eyes on you."

"Mebbe."

Barney took the most comfortable chair in the room, bit off a generous chew of tobacco, then picked up last night's pink extra, and began laboriously to spell out the "Flashes from the Diamond."

Elsewhere Ernest Steadman was explaining to his mentor, James Winton Shute. It appeared that Barney had developed a robust thirst, which would not be denied. Lacking confidence in the jail as it haven, the worried keeper, drawing heavily on his meager imagination, had faked the story of a narvelous trout pond up state. In the crisis he conjured up such a remarkable picture of the pond, which was "lousy with trout," as he expressed it, that Barney was seized with a sudden determination to go thither.

"I tried to make him wait until the pennant was cinched," explained Steadman, "but he said he always pitched better ball on a bellyful of trout. Thought I planned it to get back in time for yesterday's game."

"But I thought this was a phony pond?" said Shute.

"It was—the one I told Barney about. But I hunted up the nearest one in the summer tour book of the Pennsy."

"Why didn't you get back?" demanded Win.

"Because Barney wouldn't come until he had one bite—kept putting off starting until, he says, 'one speckled beauty rises to my fly.' None riz."

"You must have picked a fine pond," said Shute.

"I did. They's an intake there from a can-a-beer cheese factory and it's killed all the fish."

When Win Shute talked with Tris Ford over the telephone about the disappearance, reappearance and "fool explanation," Tris replied:

"Well, we've won the pennant, and they're here. What we got to figure on now is so's it won't happen again. Want to talk over the world series with you."

There was an entirely new element in the approaching blue-ribbon event. Of course the Giant-killers to a man wanted to win. It meant perhaps fifteen hundred dollars more money in each player's jeans. It meant, also, to continue to be known and pointed

out as world champions. And the club owners were out to win—keen to win. First and foremost for the glory of it. Then for the prestige it would give the Giant-killers all over the league circuit—rather, which they would continue to enjoy another season. There was a third reason, a very important reason.

Not once before in the thirty-five years of the club's existence had the Phillies won a pennant. Yet within ten years pennant winning had become something of a habit with the Giant-killers. Naturally, therefore, they had the call on the patronage of Father Penn's home town, having commanded popular favor for a number of seasons. This popularity was now in jeopardy. If the Phillies demonstrated that they were the better team, the fans would turn to the new kings of baseball the next season. For the fan dearly loves a winner.

On form—relying on the weak brother, Barney Larkin—the Giant-killers looked to have a shade the best of the argument. This being so, why were the Phillies the favorites in the betting? Even money was at first the rule. But over in New York the gamblers soon had the odds hammered down until the Nationals were favorites at 10 to 6.

Gambling Tris Ford abhorred, regarding it as the ever-present menace to the integrity of the national game; and if he thought a man, however prominent, or important, was seeking a line on the Giant-killers as a guide in betting, Tris would shut up like a steel trap. It wasn't the betting itself, but the information behind the odds, that troubled him.

It did not surprise him—why, he did not know—when he received a letter, special delivery, from the sporting editor of one of the New York papers. The man who wrote it loved fair play and clean sport, and looked upon Tris Ford as the apostle of the one and the exponent of the other. The letter read:

"In this town the gamblers are plunging on the Phillies. Regardless of form, your club is being forced down steadily in the betting. Jake Stinger and other big gamblers don't look upon this betting proposition as a 'game of chance,' not they. Gambling to them on such a scale means a sure thing. It is no secret on the inside. They say you have only one pitcher who can stop the Phillies, now at the top of their batting, and that is Barney Larkin. They boast that they have got him.

"Take this for what it's worth. You doubtless know Larkin—but I know Stinger's crowd. They are betting on a sure thing, or else somebody is fooling them most awfully. Anyhow, look out. Good luck."

After reading this letter to Win Shute, Tris Ford observed: "There's

something behind those long odds—I've thought so right along."

"You don't think they could bribe Barney? With all his vices he wouldn't sell out, would he?" asked Win rather anxiously.

"Not for one minute," said Tris positively. "Money means nothing to him—leastwise, a great deal of money. I keep his coin for him—deal it out in small bits. I find he's as pleased over a two-dollar bill as he is over a five. And a tenner looks to him like Rockefeller's dividends for a whole day!

"The money end of it don't worry me," Tris repeated.

"Then what is bothering you?" The manager of the Giant-killers hesitated, his expression becoming abnormally serious. "I don't know that I ought to speak of it even—it might get the idea started, if it hasn't already."

"What idea?" almost snapped Win Shute. "What's on your chest? If it's something threatening, we ought to plan to beat it. Tell me!"

Tris showed his anxiety in his face. "Kidnaping!—that's what I'm afraid of," he whispered to Win Shute.

"Kidnaping Barney Larkin? They'd have to bind and gag his giant keeper first!"

"Oh, they'd manage that if they set out to try," said Tris gloomily.

James Winton Shute fell back on his gray matter. Then came the beam of dawning solution.

"We'll put some one to watch the keeper that watches the victim," he said.

"Who?"

"The best detective we can get in the city, with two strongarm boys for a bodyguard."

And they did. Unknown to Barney Larkin, his piscatorial friend, Ernest Steadman, sat in front of his bedroom door, keeping watch. Unknown to Larkin and Steadman, downstairs the cleverest detective in the city kept vigil, reinforced by two able diamonds in the rough, very rough.

In his home, not three blocks away, Tris Ford tossed on the bed, unable to sleep. He had a vague feeling of impending disaster.

The day of the first game of the world series, all Philadelphia's own, was clear and mild, built to order by the gods for the American Olympian. There were crowds of hilarious people, parades, music, and speculation—both idle talk and money talk. The odds closed 10 to 6 on the Phillies. If rumor was right, this was portentous.

(To be continued.)

Put it in The Bulletin.

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RIVER MAKES RAPID CHANGE

LOW WATER RECORD IS SET FOR JUNE

Deschutes Decreases to Half Normal Width in Morning, Is Back to Usual Height at Noon.

Freeze Is Blamed.

Although no results on accurate measurements were available, observations indicated on Friday that the Deschutes river had reached its lowest level in 10 years. By noon the river had again risen to its normal June height.

Manager T. H. Foley of the Bend Water, Light, & Power Co., estimated that the morning flow was less than 600 second feet, and he believed it to be less than that in August, 1915, when the minimum record for this point was established. He was certain that it was smaller than any previous time in June, when under ordinary conditions the water is somewhat higher.

While the river was at its lowest, the width south of the footbridge, was only slightly more than one-half of normal, and an indication as to the quantity of water passing through Bend was given in Mr. Foley's statement that the hydro-electric power plant operated by the company, could have run at only half capacity. As a matter of fact, the steam auxiliary was producing most of the power used today.

No cause could be definitely assigned for the sudden shortage, but it was believed that feeder streams might have been temporarily dammed by a severe freeze in the mountains Sunday, and that the Deschutes at this point was just feeling the effects, the result of the subsequent thaw showing by noon today.

The Fourth Trial.

"I admit," said the district attorney in summing up, "that a man is held to be innocent until proved guilty. However, when he has been found guilty three times it kind of puts a crimp in his amateur standing. Gentlemen of the jury, I thank you."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

To Remove Paint. When paint has splattered the windows, it may be removed with steel wool more quickly and easily than with a coin, a putty knife or other devices which are often tried.

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The International Correspondence Schools of Scranton, Pennsylvania, celebrated their twenty-seventh anniversary in October, 1918, with an enrollment of over 2,000,000 students. Thousands of these students have figured in dollars and cents the actual value to them of the spare moments devoted to the study of I.C.S. technical courses and other subjects ranging from Advertising and Salesmanship to Agriculture and Poultry Husbandry.

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