

The Double Squeeze

By Henry Beach Needham

ILLUSTRATED

by IRWIN MYERS

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"Why not?" asked the captain indulgently. "Why not? It shows on its face why not. It says I was in the game today. And I'm on this ship!"

"Sit down," said the captain, who paused until his invitation had been accepted. "Mr. James—"

"My name isn't James—it's Shute." "Well, then, Mr. Shute, if you prefer it," said the captain, wishing to humor his guest. "I have made a careful inquiry about you. Your room steward reports, and the quartermaster on duty at the gangway confirms it, that you came aboard intoxicated—I may say, were brought aboard drunk."

"It's a lie! Was never drunk in my life—never took a drop of liquor in my life. What happened, I was given a knockout—brought aboard drugged."

The captain appeared puzzled, then continued: "I hardly think so, Mr. James—"

"Shute!" "—Mr. Shute. The ship's doctor examined you, at the request of your friends, after you were assisted aboard. He reports that he found you in an advanced state of intoxication. Your friends said that you had been celebrating unwisely before sailing."

"I tell you it's a lie." "Mr. Shute, if you are not inclined to take my view of this unfortunate circumstance, you will have to be sent where you will be looked after. I



"I Mean That if You Don't Stop Your Nonsense and Behave Yourself I Will Order You to the Hospital."

mean that if you don't stop your nonsense and behave yourself, I will order you to the hospital. Good morning."

Win Shute had never been put out of a game in his life. He eyed the "umpire" of the high seas critically and turned to go. But, like the average ball player, he couldn't leave the "field" without the last word.

"Captain, you've got me—I acknowledge that. And I'm not going to make any trouble for you—not while you're managing the ship. But once we strike dry land I promise you I'll start a brand of trouble that will bring up on this boat. I've been drugged—I repeat it. And there's been the dirtiest kind of a frame-up against me. What's more, that message you hold in your hand is a pure fake. Either the man who sent it or the man who received it is a crook—take your choice!"

Before the captain of the *Colonia* could reply, S. W. James, or, as he demanded to be called, J. W. Shute, was gone.

Quick thinking was a portion of his business in life. In less than the distance from home to first base he had definitely outlined his plan of action. Of course he would give the head man of the ship no cause to resort to war measures; that would be silly—worse than kicking yourself out of a big game which you might help to win. No, sir-ee! He would stand for "James"—he would be S. W. James. Quietly, but none the less decisively, he would devote himself to an unemotional consideration of his highly exasperating plight. He would see if past devotion to the stories of the Great Detective had taught him anything worth while regarding inferences and deductions from a limited array of facts. For the next nine days, or until the ship touched at Gibraltar, he would do nothing else!

On land James Winton Shute would have kept steadfastly to his resolve. But he was to find it different on shipboard. He was to discover something

revolutionary about a sea voyage, something that jars one loose and cuts one off completely from ordinary life. The great white trail which fetches up at the stern of the ship leads away from every-day existence, lengthening the space back to the confines of duty and custom and habit as one nautical mile is tossed high on another.

For the first time in Win Shute's experience the pleasing shape of a girl bending to the wind, skirts tant like a sail close-hauled, tousled wavy brown hair brushing her animated face, Irish blue eyes bright and beaming, cheeks aglow with the delight of living, suddenly swept into his ken, and away went the restraints of an orderly, carefully planned scheme of life.

"Gee, what a swell girl!" he muttered. Then: "Why's she with that crook?"

It was Miss Riley, and she was attended by Jerrold Mansel, the wireless operator. More to the point, they were having a jolly time together.

Miss Riley and her mother, Mrs. Daniel Riley, occupied Suite A 9 and 15 on the upper promenade deck, listing at \$700 for the voyage to Naples. It was the finest suite on the ship.

There was, however, nothing un-democratic about Miss Riley. Although she was the most fascinating person on the ship, she didn't let that bother her. Her mother was a subdued, almost timid, woman past middle age, who had a habit of falling into the furniture and becoming a stationary part of her surroundings. She was easily the best listener on the boat. Her daughter was devoted to her, and Mrs. Riley plainly showed that her interest was restricted to her "girlie," as she called her daughter.

Miss Riley's beauty, which, of course, endeared her to the masculine element, for some reason did not detract from her favor with the women. They liked her because she never failed to "notice" them. "She's nice to every one" was another general observation. Win Shute was not one of those who worshiped from afar. Just as in baseball he was in the game every minute, so in this new game he played it assiduously. The day of his interview with the captain he had performed a slight favor for Mrs. Riley, the ubiquitous steward being off duty. This led to an introduction to "my daughter," and that resulted in the transformation of the voyage. From the first he got on swimmingly with Miss Riley. They seemed to "perform in the points," as he put it, "like a veteran battery."

"What's a battery?" asked Miss Riley.

Win Shute was amazed, but he cheerfully explained: "Pitcher and catcher. Aren't you a baseball fan?"

"I never saw a game in my life," she confessed.

"You're got something coming to you," said Win.

"You can't get me excited about any game to watch. I'm devoted to tennis and golf, and I played hockey and basketball at school. But I played—I didn't merely look on. A baseball fan must be the laziest sort of human being; he runs away from his business, and then he hasn't the energy or the get-up to play. He sits idly by as other persons exert themselves. It's too vicarious for me."

It was a decided shock to Win that Miss Riley didn't care for the national game.

If anything were needed to enhance Miss Riley's charm, it was the mystery that developed about or enveloped her the third day out. Win Shute heard of it from his room steward, who had picked it up from the waiter at the purser's table. The purser was the agent of publicity, and it was rumored that he had gleaned his intelligence from the captain. Anyhow, it was a matter that the captain and the purser would naturally talk over.

Via wireless had come an inquiry to the captain of the *Colonia* about a passenger. The inquiry was from the United States government—so much was known. It concerned a young woman who was traveling with her mother. She was described in the general terms of strikingly handsome and clever. From this the descriptions varied according to the whim or imagination of the person repeating the morsel of gossip. The nub of the tale was that the young woman was a fugitive from justice!

Immediately a new ship's game was started—and the fugitive. The search was carried on by a process of elimination. First the sailing list was combed for a mother and daughter. It turned out, unfortunately, that in the first cabin there were exactly twenty-one pairs of mothers and daughters. As to whether these twenty-one mothered maidens were handsome and clever, opinions differed markedly

Some of the daughters were good-looking but undeniably dull; others were clever but plain. Not half a dozen could come within range of the specifications.

When the consensus of opinion was about to pounce upon Miss Riley, who headed the list of "suspects," another bit of information leaked out. The woman wanted was a stenographer. Here the search for the guilty one began all over. Miss Riley was wealthy—her ship accommodations and her dress denoted that—so it must be some one else. But after considering the qualifications of other possibilities for hours on end, Mistress Consensus again hovered about Miss Riley. Thus the first cabin divided itself into two camps—the partisans of Miss Riley and those of "the field." But paradoxically, in this instance, partisan meant enemy.

The ship got hectic about it, and because of it Win Shute got into trouble. He was watching the poker game in the smoking room when the loose-jointed conversation switched to the unsolved mystery of the ship—the identity of the fugitive from justice. Eventually there was an argument over the demerits of Miss Riley.

Win Shute was angry at mention of her name. To him it was contemptible that it should be dragged in and handled about over booze and poker chips.

Two men—one an ordinarily decent chap who had taken a little too much, and the other a cynical, self-contained man, the best poker player at the table—brought the unmanly discussion to a precipitate conclusion. There had been many references to Miss Riley, most of them complimentary in nature, and the decent but tanked-up chap had proved her champion. As a clincher he asked: "That girl has the finest rooms on the boat. Does that look like she is a stenographer?"

The cynical man answered: "If she is the stenog of one of them Pittsburgh millionaires. It's the kind of a suite you'd expect to find her in. Get me?"

There was a coarse laugh, which changed in the middle into an expression of concern. What happened was swift.

Win Shute said something to the gambler's ear and neatly slapped his face. The gambler, raging, jumped to his feet, scattering glasses and chips, which went clattering to the floor, and made a vicious pass at the interloper. With the celerity of dodging a wild pitch, Win Shute avoided the first, and, catching the gambler off his balance, floored him with a pretty uppercut. Then the gambler, blind with rage, seized a whisky bottle from the wreckage. But before he could use it his arms were pinioned from behind and Shute was pushed out of the smoking room.

As the loss in rum and glassware, generously estimated, was made good, and as the smoking-room steward was properly rewarded for his future reticence, the episode did not come officially before the captain. But unofficially, through the human wireless system, the story went all over the ship. In its travel it became embellished with the ship's doctor's account, based on personal observation, of James' arrival on the ship—dead drunk.

The story did not get to Miss Riley in expurgated form. An uncomplimentary remark had been made about her—"Oh, nothing of any consequence—bless your heart, no!"—and "James" had thought himself called upon to defend her with his fists. "Idiotic boy!"

Win Shute, in his wholesome and innocent view of things, believed that the unfortunate affair in the smoking room would be hushed up. Having liberally rewarded the steward for the trouble that had been caused him, and thinking that "those present" would treat the episode from the standpoint of the least said the quickest forgotten, Win went about in high spirits, as if nothing had happened—headed straight for Miss Riley.

(To Be Continued.)

FALSE FIRE ALARM SPRINKLER'S FAULT

Sprinkler Head Blows off at Brooks-Scanlon Plant—Autos Disregard the City Fire Ordinances.

A fire alarm was turned in Sunday afternoon by the watchman at the Brooks-Scanlon mill when a sprinkler head came off in some unexplained way. Concluding at once that the unusual heat had set the automatic fire-fighting system going at the plant, the watchman gave the alarm. The Bend department was out in quick time, but, before the engine arrived, the mistake had been discovered.

That many people are unacquainted with the law governing conduct at fires, or willfully disregard it, was the declaration of Fire Chief Carlson, following yesterday's alarm. Private autos hindered the fire truck and blocked the way to mains, which might have meant a disastrous delay if the alarm had indicated a real fire.

The Cheery Doctor.

"I am happy to tell you, Mr. Bump," said the eminent Esculapian to the victim of the reckless motorist, "that you will not have to dodge automobiles for a month or six weeks to come."—Kansas City Star.

BRITISH TIMBER EXPERT VISITS

H. J. SANKEY STUDIES PINE INDUSTRY

Eight Years Spent As Conservator Of Forests on West Coast of Africa—Describes Primitive Methods Now In Use.

Fresh from eight years as conservator of forests on the west coast of Africa, where all logging operations are conducted strictly by man-power, H. J. Sankey, representative of the British colonial office in the exploitation of timber resources in Nigeria, was in Bend Friday in the course of a three months' tour of the United States, made for the purpose of studying American logging and milling methods.

Timber, on the west coast of Africa, means mahogany, Mr. Sankey explained, and the smallest trees which may be cut under government regulations are 11 feet in girth. Draft animals cannot live on the west coast and each tree, felled with axes, and converted into logs with cross-cut saws, is roughly squared, then dragged by a crew of from 80 to 100 natives to the nearest watercourt. "The harder the natives sing, the harder we know they're working," Mr. Sankey said. The negroes receive from 20 to 25 cents per day.

"Your great advantage here," Mr. Sankey commented, "is your enormous stand of timber. In Africa, the trees suitable for cutting are only found at intervals, and there is much clearing to be done in making ready for the actual felling." The district of which Mr. Sankey has charge is in the fever zone, where a white man must take five grains of quinine daily.

Mr. Sankey is making his investigations in Central Oregon under the guidance of officials of the Deschutes national forest.

COUNTY DAIRIES SHOW GOOD TESTS

Many High Percentages of Butterfat Found in Samples Taken By State Food Inspectors.

Reports on butterfat tests made of samples taken from Deschutes county milk, cream and ice cream by food and dairy inspectors' list gives but two as below the legal limit—the milk sample taken from the Henry McFall dairy and that taken from the Tom Merchant establishment. The first sample tested 3.1 per cent and the second 2.9.

Cream from the Smead dairy tested 25 per cent, with a like percentage for the Bend Dairy store, and ice cream from the Central Oregon Farmers' creamery and from the Childers & Armstrong confectionery, both of Bend, showed 9.5 per cent.

Other samples sent in were all of milk and their butterfat percentages were given as follows: W. E. Redman, Bend, 3.8; Smead's dairy, 4.2; Central Oregon Farmers' creamery, 3.5; C. Christopherson, Bend, 4.9; Nels Anderson, Bend, 4; H. Helmholtz, Redmond, 5.3; J. Ledbetter, Redmond, 4.5; A. L. Wilson, Redmond, 4.5; E. Ruehr, Redmond, 4.3; H. F. Aldrich, Tumalo, 4.2; Rolla Chase, 5.2; George Erickson, Bend, 4.3; M. W. Pettygrew, Bend, 4.3; M. G. Coe, Bend, 3.7; W. B. Smith, Bend, 5.4; O. P. Dahle, Bend, 4.4; Archie Pattie, Bend, 4.3; R. C. Groff, 4.2 per cent.

SENSE OF HEARING IS LOST BY DIVER

L. C. Coleman, Postoffice Clerk, Made Totally Deaf By Pressure Of Water in the Plunge.

Pressure of the water in the "Y" tank—only eight feet in depth—ruptured the ear drum of L. C. Coleman, Bend postoffice employe, and he was totally deaf when he left here to consult a specialist in Portland. He is not expected back for several days. Postmaster W. H. Hudson states.

Mr. Coleman lost his hearing immediately after a dive and examination showed that the drum of one ear was broken. Deafness, however, was just as complete in the apparently uninjured ear.

It is believed that Mr. Coleman may have hit the water in such a way that the force of the blow was almost directly against the ear.

That office boy was a good picker



IT WAS my busy day.
AND I told the boy.
I COULD not see.
ANY VISITORS.
AND HE popped back.
AND SAID there was.
A GENTLEMAN outside.
WHO WISHED to see me.
AND I said "No."
BUT I guess the boy,
IS LIKE my wife.
AND DOESN'T know,
WHO'S BOSS.
FOR BACK he comes.
AND SAYS the man.
WANTS JUST a word.
AND I told the boy.
I COULD tell the man.
JUST WHERE to go.

IN JUST three words.
BUT THE boy came back.
AND SAID the man.
COULD SPOT me one.
HIS BUSINESS needed.
JUST TWO words.
AND I'M a sport.
AND CURIOUS too.
SO IN he came.
AND HANDED me.
SOME CIGARETTES to try.
AND SAID "They Satisfy."
AND I will state.
HE SAID something.

THEY satisfy—that says it. Never were finer tobaccos used in any cigarette and never were tobaccos more carefully and skillfully blended. Chesterfields give you all that any cigarette could give, plus a certain "satisfy" quality that is exclusively theirs. The blend can't be copied.



PNEUMONIA ENDS AGED WOMAN'S LIFE

At the end of a three weeks' illness, Mrs. Carolyn Moss, for the past three years a resident of Bend, died shortly after 6 o'clock on Mon-

day at Mountain View hospital, of pleural pneumonia, aged 81 years. Funeral services were held from the Methodist church at 2 o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, Rev. J. Edgar Purdy, Methodist pastor, and Rev. E. B. Johnson, of the Baptist church, officiating. Burial will be at Pilot Butte cemetery.

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