

The Double Squeeze

By Henry Beach Needham

ILLUSTRATED BY IRWIN MYERS

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They were getting on famously. Together they had won many of the events in the sports, and at ship's tennis, which required agility and a sure, quick grip on the elusive open rings, they were in the finals to be played that morning. Miss Riley couldn't have avoided seeing him had she been so minded. They won, and were proclaimed champions of the sea—at least of that part of it dominated by the steamship *Colonia*.

It had been a hard-fought match, in which physical condition played not a small part. Miss Riley rather amused Win as they were resting in steamer chairs on the boat deck by saying:

"You seem to be pretty fit."

"Fit?" His tone had in it a shade of sarcasm. "I'm always fit—always ready to jump in and play—anything."

"Always?" She looked at him quizzically.

He was blid as a bat. "You bet—in season and out of season."

"You must have a splendid constitution."

"I have—but I don't abuse it. I want to last." This had a queer meaning, he saw too late, but he didn't try to explain.

To his surprise she said, quite impulsively: "I do believe that's sure."



Her Touch Gave Him an Odd Thrill.

And for emphasis she rested her hand for a moment on his sleeve. Her touch gave him an odd thrill.

Miss Riley got up to go to her stateroom, and then, as if under the spell of impulsiveness, added quite shyly: "It was good of you to take my part in the smoking room."

"You didn't hear?" asked Shute, his face horror-stricken.

"Oh, I didn't hear verbatim what was said about me," she explained, her tone a little hard. "But I can imagine. Men are such brutes—most men. And I wanted you to know that I—I liked what you did, no matter what others say about it. I must go now."

She slipped away, leaving Win happy and angry, turnabout: happy at her unexpected tender of gratitude, angry at the man who had blabbed. But happiness soon took the ascendancy. In his limited experience he hadn't much to compare it with, except breaking into the majors the very summer he graduated from college. This, on second thought, seemed a most unhappy comparison, as Miss Riley didn't care for baseball.

Then she could never care for a professional ball player! He hadn't thought of it before, but now, for some imperative reason that he didn't try to analyze, the idea forced itself upon him. If she couldn't care, what then?

"We land at Gibraltar tomorrow," Win Shute heard a passing remark and suddenly it dawned on him that the day he once had looked forward to most keenly, but which he had almost forgotten, was at hand. At last he could move against his enemies! Now he could establish his identity! But something held him back. Miss Riley wasn't fond of baseball! She had come to like "Mr. James," but would she, a "real swell," ever look with favor upon Win Shute, professional ball player? He shook his head gloomily.

Looking upon the much-advertised rock next day, he wasn't at all impatient to leave the ship.

"Going ashore?" inquired a voice at his side. It was Jed Mansel, the wireless operator.

"S'pose so," answered Shute without show of enthusiasm.

"Why not join me? I know the spot and the ways of the native holdup artists. I'll act as guide if you say so—glad to."

Never before had Jerrold Mansel offered to do him a favor. Their only contact after the first day's consultation over the wireless messages had come in rivalry over Miss Riley's time. Now the hero of the Regent was brimful of friendliness. Win Shute's suspicions, already sufficiently aroused regarding Mansel, were considerably augmented by this urgent invitation. But he smiled as he might have done in facing a pitcher who had something "on" him.

"Thank you—I've no time for sight-seeing. I have some business to attend to here."

Win Shute was off the ship among the very first—before the wireless operator; he saw to that. He hired a conveyance and ordered the driver to make tracks for the cable office.

"If you get there before anybody from the ship I'll give you double fare!" promised Shute—and he had to.

He wrote out a long message to Tris Ford, explaining in detail what had happened to him and how he had done his best to communicate by wireless, and how he stood over the operator while he sent it. Then he asked how long it would take to get an answer.

"From two to six hours," was the reply.

"I'll wait," announced Shute.

"But don't you want to see the fortifications?" asked the operator.

"You will have ample time."

"I want to see nothing except the reply to that message," replied Shute, sitting down and making himself comfortable for a long wait.

After six hours of waiting, the operator handed him a cable dispatch. It read:

"Ford out of town. Report to American consul, Naples. Do you need money?"

It was signed by the club's secretary.

He cabled in answer to address him care of the consul at Naples. He did not ask for money. And he went back to the ship in no bilious frame of mind. His team had lost the world's championship—the plot against him had been thoroughly successful! And he was no nearer spotting his enemies than he was before going ashore. And Miss Riley didn't care for baseball! This seemed to cap the climax. Strange how values change in a voyage across the Atlantic.

Aboard ship he ran upon the ship's doctor and the wireless operator in close confab. Wip Shute was not curious until he caught the doctor's words:

"The Giant-killers lost. I see by the Dispatch, and you won. I'll pay you when we get paid off."

"My tip was pretty good," admitted Jed Mansel. "I made quite a killing. Cleaned up two thousand dollars."

"Two thousand?" repeated the doctor. "You were lucky."

"Not lucky—wise," corrected Mansel, winking slyly. "I knew that one of the Giant-killers' best men couldn't play."

Win Shute was certain. The wireless operator was a crook. He was a party to the devilish conspiracy that had drugged and put him away on the ship!

Rage such as he had never felt in all his life consumed him. He could not curb his desire to hurt himself upon Mansel and beat him to insensibility. But as he was on his toes to spring, a restraining hand was laid upon his arm.

It was Miss Riley. "May I speak to you, please?"

Reluctantly Win Shute turned from his enemy. He and Miss Riley walked along the deck until they were out of hearing of everybody.

"I looked for you before the passengers went ashore," she said. "You see," she went on, then faltered—"you see—I wanted to ask a favor of you." She stopped.

The ship's mystery unaccountably flashed across Win's mind! But he didn't pause a second in replying:

"Sure! Ask something hard. Wish I could do a real big favor for you."

"You can. I have a queer feeling that something is going to happen. It's perfectly silly, of course, but—if something should, will you look after mother? She is so devoted to me and so dependent on me that I don't know what she—"

Again she faltered.

"I sure will—and look after you, too," answered Win.

"That's so good of you. But don't trouble about me. It's mother I'm worried about." Then with a look of unconcealed admiration she concluded: "But I feel better now. It seemed to me that you were the only one on the ship that I could go to—the only one I wanted to trust mother to."

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Notwithstanding the bitter disappointment of the day, Win Shute went into dinner that night with a heart as buoyant as a toy balloon. He was planning a walk and a talk by southern moonlight with Miss Riley.

But all evening she paced the deck in earnest conversation with Jerrold Mansel.

Win Shute figured out to his own satisfaction why things were thus. He knew that Miss Riley was receiving wireless messages—he had seen Mansel hand her more than one—and Shute decided that the operator was



Rage, Such as He Had Never Felt in All His Life, Consumed Him.

taking this means to keep in touch with her. Whereas a steward would carry Marconigrams to other passengers, Jed Mansel invariably delivered Miss Riley's messages himself. Naturally this attention would be recognized by an appreciative person like Miss Riley.

That Jerrold Mansel was downright crooked, there wasn't much doubt. But Win had to admit that his proof was far from conclusive. Tris Ford's wireless was a fake—but there was the possibility of faking somewhere along the line of transmission. Mansel had bet heavily against the Giant-killers—but so had thousands of other persons. The operator's remark about the player who would be missed from the line-up was strong circumstantial evidence against him—and still it could have been a "second guess;" he might have heard after the series that one of the best men had been out of the game. Certainly there wasn't enough solid proof to warrant Win Shute in denouncing the wireless operator.

And if he did—if he warned Miss Riley against Jerrold Mansel—it would involve a disclosure of the fact that he, James Winton Shute, was a professional baseball player. He wasn't ready to make that admission. The fact that the finest girl didn't care a hang for the national pastime constituted a mighty serious problem. It wasn't pleasant to continue to masquerade as "Mr. James," but it was an income to drift.

It was moonlight on the Mediterranean, the last night but one of Win Shute's long voyage to Naples from unconsciousness. He had started out to act the part of a "trusty"—to do nothing against the captain's authority, but secretly to work toward one end, namely, the circumvention of his enemies. After a fortnight at sea, although he was naturally interested in his own case, he had lost much of his violent anger against those who had forced him to become a passenger on the ship. For if they hadn't—if he had remained at home—he would not have met the finest girl! As Tris Ford would have said: "There ain't nothing to that."

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LIVE STOCK

HIGH-CLASS HORSES NEEDED

No Provision Made for Future by Many Farmers Who Are Using Up Their Work Stock.

The thing most needed in the production of work horses for American farms is greater care in the selection of the stallion and the brood mare, say animal husbandry experts of the United States department of agriculture, who have been studying the present situation with respect to horses. Not only was there a net decrease of approximately 375,000 in the number of horses on farms on January 1, compared with a year ago, but the experts are of the opinion that there has been an even more marked decrease in the number of mares bred during 1919. The extent of this decrease cannot be accurately determined until the colt crop of 1920 is estimated. However, if the decline in breeding is as great as conditions now indicate, the coun-



General Gates, a Morgan Stallion in Use at the Morgan Farm, Middlebury, Vt.

try will be confronted with a seriously depleted supply of good horses within the next few years.

Many farmers are using up their work stock without making any provision for the future. Such a policy is short-sighted and will have serious results, according to department of agriculture representatives. The present need is to increase the percentage of efficient horses by careful selection of parents. One of the principal factors from which the market is suffering is the breeding of too many low-grade work animals. There is a strong demand for high-class horses, at good prices, the department says.

TUBERCULOSIS RAVAGES BIG

Information Shows That 59,547 Carcasses of Cattle Were Condemned on Inspection.

Tuberculosis was responsible for the condemnation of more cattle, slaughtered under federal meat inspection last year, than all other diseases combined. Information from the bureau of animal industry, United States department of agriculture, shows that 59,547 carcasses of cattle were condemned on post-mortem inspection and of that number 37,900 were the result of tuberculosis. In addition 53,652 parts of cattle carcasses were condemned for the same cause.

The bureau points out that tuberculosis in cattle and hog cholera in swine are the two most serious contagious diseases affecting meat animals, and there is evidence that a heavy loss occurs on farms in addition to condemnations at establishments where government inspection is maintained. The department of agriculture is prepared to give information on the best methods of reducing the losses.

MORE HOGS WERE IMMUNIZED

Chief Purpose of Inspection Is to Permit Reshipment to Farms and Feed Yards.

An outstanding feature of federal activities for the control of hog cholera during the last year was the great increase in the number of swine immunized so that they might be distributed from public stockyards for purposes other than slaughter. The

last report of the bureau of animal industry, United States department of agriculture, gives the number of feed hogs immunized as 614,673. This is a large increase over the preceding year. The chief purpose of the inspection and inoculation is to permit reshipment to farms and feeding yards for further growth or fattening without danger to herds in which they are introduced.

SHEEP DOGS IN QUARANTINE

Examination Showed Many of Imported Animals Were Infested With Various Parasites.

Because of the danger to live stock, especially sheep, of the gid tapeworm, imported sheep dogs are subjected to federal quarantine. Sheep dogs have been found to harbor that parasite. During the last fiscal year representatives of the United States department of agriculture examined 131 imported sheep dogs for the presence of parasites transmitted to live stock, and 69 were found to be infested with parasites of various kinds. Twenty-two showed the presence of tapeworms, and one of the tapeworms expelled by treatment proved to be of the dangerous gid variety.

Nothing Doing.

"The overall club is a fine idea for men, but I'm afraid it won't work out."

"Why not?"

"Well, we're going to have trouble if we try to get the women to follow suit and appear in public in house-wrappers."

RECORD MADE IN HANDLING SHEEP

57,000 HEAD TRANSFERRED TO BEND FROM NORTH BY OREGON TRUNK, WITHOUT LOSS OF SINGLE ANIMAL.

A perfect record in the handling of livestock has been established last week by the Oregon Trunk railroad in transferring 57,000 head of ewes and lambs from Shaniko and Antelope to Bend, without the loss of a single animal. The shipping was completed Friday night under the direction of J. T. Hardy, S. P. & S. traveling freight and passenger agent. The sheep will graze during the summer months on the ranges of the Deschutes National forest, and in the fall will be shipped north again.

The entire shipment from the Shaniko and Antelope ranches this year included nine trainloads of approximately 30 cars each. Thomas Connolly and James Hinton sent two trains each and J. W. Fisher, J. Dixon, H. C. McKenzie, H. C. Looper and Henry Padjen sent one each.

Jantzen Knit Wear

The old swimmer's hole has its charm and delight for your child—hand dips—but NOW those shorts are those hours at the beach when water sports take first place! And water sports call for the famous

Jantzen Bathing Suits

These wonderful suits offer the nearest possible thing to swimming in one's skin—no loose trunks to flop around one's body and impede swimming. The elastic Jantzen stitch makes them fit snugly, comfortably, perfectly. They do not bind. Men, women and children—there's a Jantzen Bathing Suit in the size and color combination you want at the good stores of your city.

From the factory: JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS, PORTLAND, OREGON

A JANTZEN ALWAYS FITS—NEVER SAGS

BUCKHECHT Fine Shoes
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BUCKHECHT SHOES

A QUIET elegance, a rich simplicity, a colorful harmony—conspicuously beautiful are the fine points of our No. 438. Mahogany calf with invisible eyelets, and modeling that shows the latest refinements in style. And on the sole is our trademark BUCKHECHT—a symbol that distinguishes shoes that wear as well as they look.

Tell us when your dealer doesn't show them and we will endeavor to have you supplied.

BUCKINGHAM & HECHT
MANUFACTURERS Since the early fifties SAN FRANCISCO

WOMEN ANSWERING OUR FOOD PROBLEM



Ohio farmers are proving that a real agriculturist cannot be defeated—that he will overcome all obstacles. Ohio, more than any other state, it seems, is suffering from the farm labor shortage. The tractor—and the farmer's wife as operator—is proving the answer. One farm-tractor—with a woman operating it—can do the work of three plows, three men and six horses. It is another triumph for farm women. They are helping to keep famine from all our doors.