

The Double Squeeze

By Henry Beach Needham

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"How'd they manage with Shute?"

"Something like this," explained Ford: "The dummy came to see Noble in the afternoon, and the two of them kept ordering drinks right along—probably throwing most of the stuff away. When Shute called on Noble in the evening he was shown



"The Skunks!" Exclaimed the Ambassador.

Into the parlor of Noble's suite—the dummy was in the bedroom keeping dead quiet. Well, the crook—that's Noble—gave Shute a knockout in ginger ale—Win Shute never took a drink in his life; but they tell me ginger ale disguises that knockout powder better'n any beverage. Moment he began to pass away and lose consciousness, the dummy put on Shute's hat and overcoat, went downstairs, and was sent away by the doorman in the taxi ordered for Mr. Shute. Just before Shute became helpless—when he was able to stagger, but too dazed to know anything—the porter was called. Noble told him that his friend—Shute now passed for the dummy—must be helped down and put into his automobile, as Noble was leaving town. Thinking it was the case of a 'drunk,' the porter—probably well fed—willingly helped Noble to carry his victim down and put him in the machine.

"There was a doctor in the touring car—we got him, too; he's a sure-enough crook," continued Ford. "The doctor watched Shute every second of the ride to New York, keeping his hypodermic handy. But the lad didn't rouse before they got him to the Colonia's pier. Then they woke him up a little by slapping his face, so they could carry him aboard as if he was drunk—lots of young bloods are carried aboard steamers that way, I understand. They spilled liquor on his clothes and face, then called the ship's doctor—you know the ability of the average ship's doctor! Told him that Shute—who was hooked as S. W. Jones—had been celebrating before sailing! The doctor looked him over and said: 'He's all seas over, all right.'"

"But weren't they afraid he might come to before the ship sailed?"

"They took care of that. After the ship's doctor had gone, the doctor crook gave him a hypodermic—enough morphine to keep him asleep till noon the next day, when the ship would be away out to sea. A liberal tip to the room steward, who didn't suspect anything wrong, and the greatest second baseman in baseball was shanghaied!"

"All for the purpose of making a killing?" asked the ambassador.

"The biggest killing the gamblers have made in years," said Ford. "Jake Stinger and his crowd are supposed to have cleaned up several hundred thousand dollars."

"But you've got him now—Jake Stinger!"

"That's the trouble—we haven't," admitted Ford. "Not one of the crooks caught so far will admit Stinger had anything to do with it. They're being paid big money, no doubt, to protect him."

"Then how do you know that he's mixed up in it?"

"We know that the fellow calling himself Walter Noble has done dirty work for Stinger before. He would probably go to the penitentiary for Stinger—for money."

"Then you're up against it?"

"Yes—unless we're right in the way we size up the case. You see," con-

tinued Ford, "the crooks had to do more than put Shute aboard that ship and keep him unconscious until she was out at sea. When he came to and realized where he was he'd naturally send a wireless to me. If it went through, why—I'd try to rescue him. Say—I'd have gotten from the navy yard a torpedo-boat destroyer and overtaken him! The crooks guessed that. So what would they naturally do?"

"Try to buy the wireless operator?" answered the wily diplomat.

"They did better'n that, we figure. They made sure of their man and then put him on the boat—got him installed as the Marconi operator for the voyage."

"You don't tell me! Who'd they get?"

"You'd never guess. He's popularly regarded as a hero—the hero of the Regent."

"Wireless operator who saved the steamship Regent?" The ambassador was astonished.

Tris Ford nodded. "Jerrold Mansel."

"British subject, isn't he?"

"Believe he is. Does that complicate matters?"

"Somewhat. But we'll try to manage it," the ambassador assured Tris Ford.

"If you don't mind I'll give you our position in regard to Jerrold Mansel."

"Certainly—go ahead," said the ambassador.

"We have no desire to prosecute Mansel—provided we can get from him proof which will convict the man higher up. We aren't bothering with the tools."

"Anyhow, that man Mansel saved many lives—protected women and children—when the Regent was sinking. That deed shouldn't be forgotten—and we ain't going to forget it. We look upon Mansel as the victim of other men's greed. First, a greedy theatrical manager tempted him to commercialize his heroism—then cast him adrift when he was no longer a box-office attraction. Mansel was broke, got to drinking, and had no job. He was just ripe for Jake Stinger to pluck."

The ambassador nodded vigorously. "So if Mansel will confess—and name the man higher up—"

"We're satisfied," finished Ford. "We're after Jake Stinger. And it ain't just for revenge. The only menace to the integrity of baseball is gambling—and I want to hit the gamblers a crack that they won't forget. Say—putting Jake Stinger in stripes means as much to me as putting a trust magnate in jail means to the president! Understand, he's got his heart set on it."

The ambassador smiled—but gave no sign. After a diplomatic pause he continued the conversation: "We ought to be able to bring Jerrold Mansel to him, somehow. He could be detained on the landing of the Colonia tomorrow and paroled in the custody of the British ambassador. Then it could all be fixed up diplomatically—quietly. I'll see Sir George Claughton at once."

Tris Ford looked puzzled.

"The British ambassador to Italy," explained John Blumer. "Great cricketer in his day—he'll take a keen interest in this case."

"Tell him if he'll help us out with Mansel I'll acknowledge that American baseball came from English cricket!"

"You're a born diplomat," was the ambassador's compliment.

"That's strange—for I happen to be an Irishman."

Tris Ford thought it a good joke.

If Win Shute marveled at sight of Tris Ford waiting on the quay at Naples, the manager of the Giant-killers returned the compliment and opened his mouth in astonishment. For James Winton Shute, quite evidently in the best of health, did not disembark alone!

On his arm, glancing up at him in perfect trust, was a timid, sweet-faced woman of middle age, whose wistful eyes confessed that she had been weeping. She was treated with a kind of gallant deference enjoyed only by the mother of a particularly attractive daughter.

Win Shute bowed Tris Ford over with his effusiveness. "How are you, old boy? Ticked pink to see you! Let me introduce you to Mrs. Leonard—Mrs. Leonard, Mr. Carlingford—Isn't this sky some blue!"—all before Tris Ford could get in a word. Incidentally, Win Shute had never said "Carlingford" on any other occasion. Pulling the manager aside, while Mrs. Leonard obediently examined the sky once again, Win whispered: "My name's James—S. W. James—remember! Explain later."

Getting the sign, Tris Ford nodded. "When's the next train to Rome?" asked Win, smiling significantly upon Mrs. Leonard.

"I don't know exactly," answered Ford.

"Must start at once," announced Win.

"W-h-a-t for?" Tris Ford could not suppress his curiosity entirely.

"To see the American ambassador." The manager's face brightened. "He's here—on the dock—waiting for—"

Win scowled.

"—for an American he has to meet," completed Ford.

"After he sees his friend—whoever he is—have the ambassador look us up at the Excelsior—that's the top-notch hotel, isn't it?"

"Mebbe it is," acknowledged Ford. "I'm stopping there."

"On our way," ordered Win, rather arbitrarily. But he winked at Tris Ford.

"I'll join you there in—half an hour," said the manager, "after I've arranged with the ambassador. Say—John Blumer's all right. Why—he's a real fan."

But Win Shute was hurrying away—out of range of the human ear. With Mrs. Leonard he rattled off in a cab-horse victoria fortified by a taxi-fare register. That's why he didn't see the wireless operator of the Colonia taken from the ship and paroled in the custody of the British ambassador.

At the time agreed Tris Ford knocked at the door of S. W. James—for so James Winton Shute was registered at the hotel in Naples. "Shall we talk here?" Ford asked, "or go to my room?"

"Here—Mrs. Leonard is across the hall."

"Say—who's this Mrs. Leonard and what's the game?" demanded Tris Ford. "You didn't wise up to it, but the American ambassador was down on that dock looking for you."

"Honest? Are you next to the ambassador?" Win Shute asked eagerly.

"Sure I am. The president of the United States has 'released' him to me!" There was a matchless smile.

"Fine business! Now you can help me get Miss Leonard out of trouble."

"Miss Leonard?—daughter—"

"Only daughter—only girl!" Win's eyes gleamed. Then catching the look of understanding on Tris Ford's face, half humorous, half glad, he blushed—flushed as a bush leaguer sometimes does when returning to the bench after his first safe hit.

"You haven't been signed, have you?" asked the manager.

"Not yet," confessed Win, suppressing the inevitable sigh. "But I'd sign in a minute if she'd offer me a contract—contract with a reserve clause for life," he announced boldly.

Then he told all about it, ending with the why and the wherefore of his incognito of "S. W. James."

"She'll never care for me a second when she knows I'm a professional ball player. She's a dead swell." Win exuded gloom with every syllable.

"If she won't have you," said Tris Ford, "you wouldn't have her." This was not an Irishism.

"Tris—the unclad lad with the bow and arrow has winged me—might as well confess it."

"You don't have to tell me that," laughed Ford.

"Why not?" Win was startled. Had the world begun to guess?

"Because you haven't so much as referred to your own case—how you got aboard that ship, and how you were treated."

"Oh, I cabled that from Gibraltar. I'm all right—so what's the use bothering over it now?"

"Well, I'm—" Tris Ford didn't finish. His expression was enough.

"I know—you think I ought to be fighting mad at the crooks that put me aboard that boat drugged," said Win. "One way I am—another I'm not. If I hadn't been sent off on the Colonia I shouldn't have met Imogen Leonard."

(To Be Continued.)

DESCHUTES BACK TO NORMAL LEVEL

Gates Are Repaired at Power Plant, and Strengthening of Wing Dam Will Come Later in Season.

After being down to its original channel for the better part of the week, the Deschutes river filled up again on Saturday when the draining of water above the Newport avenue dam was discontinued by the Bend Water, Light & Power company. Repairs to the gates at the power plant are completed, General Manager T. H. Foley announced Saturday and most of the remaining work of overhauling the plant will be done behind their protection.

Later in the season the reinforcement of the wing dam, which was partly washed out last winter, may necessitate lowering the water in the river again.

Ideals and Happiness.

Lasting happiness results from building ideals into concrete structures that minister to human happiness. The material things of the world have their worth, but even that depends upon the uses they are put to. Many a log valuable for furniture building has been used to fill swampy places over which cord-wood was hauled. And the same is true of ideals. To really count they must be fitted to good ends. Joy comes from projecting yourself into the future and the welfare of the race.



NEED QUALIFIED SHEPHERDS

Important That Sheep Raising Be Encouraged Where Conditions Are Suitable for It.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

"I am not convinced that a general campaign to increase the number of small-farm stocks of sheep is thoroughly wise unless the field for such an effort is first prepared," said Dr. J. K. Mohler, chief of the bureau of animal industry, in an address before the More-Sheep-More-Wool association. "There must be established a popular understanding of principles which experienced shepherds are likely to take for granted."

"With dairy herds we find that best methods of production seldom prevail when only a few animals are kept. The owner of a very small herd is not often interested in better breeding, feeding or disease control. He is not a dairyman. But when he has a herd of a dozen cows or more he becomes a real asset to a great dairy business."

"So with sheep. We must aim, it appears to me, not so much for an increase in the number of flocks as an increase in the number of sheep kept by men who are real shepherds or have the qualifications and desire to become shepherds. Nor should we forget that farmers in general may not be versatile enough to add a profitable



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flock of sheep to their present live stock. It is, therefore, important that sheep raising be encouraged chiefly where the land and other conditions are suitable for it."

MANY ASSOCIATIONS FORMED

One of Purposes is to Eliminate Scrub Sires and Replace Them With Purebreds.

Fifty-nine live-stock breeders' associations, with a reported membership of 1,524, were organized during the last fiscal year with the help of the United States department of agriculture extension specialists. In addition numerous calf clubs were organized among the boys and girls. Much of the work is being done in regions where the beef-cattle industry is practically new.

One of the purposes of beef-cattle extension activities is to eliminate scrub bulls and replace them with purebreds of good quality. The federal workers co-operate with the state agricultural colleges through their extension divisions and particularly with county agents.

SILAGE FOR LITTLE CALVES

Heavy Ration Fed to Young Animals Has Tendency to Cause Repeated Scouring.

Young calves under a year old do not benefit from a heavy silage ration, because on such young animals it has a tendency to cause repeated scouring. It can, however, be satisfactorily fed to calves between six months and one year old, provided it is limited to a small part—say not more than one-third—of the weight of the entire ration.

GREATEST DEMANDS ON EWES

Imperative That Animals Be in Proper Condition Prior to Lambing for Best Results.

It is during the suckling period that the greatest demands are made on the ewes, and in order to have the ewes in condition to stand this drain on their systems it is necessary for us to see to it that they are in good condition of flesh prior to lambing.

MAKE PROFIT OUT OF LAMBS

Young Animals Must Be Fed for Period in Dry Lot on Harvested Feeds for Top Price.

While it is entirely possible to make money out of lambs by feeding entirely in the fields, yet to make market toppers they must be fed for a period in the dry lot on harvested feeds, some feeders combining field feeding and dry-lot feeding at the same time.

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DEATH IS CAUSED BY TUBERCULOSIS

Father of Hobart Long Arrives from East Too Late—Body Shipped to Arkansas For Burial.

Tuberculosis, with a terminal pneumonia, caused the death early last Thursday of Hobart Long, aged 39, at the Lumbermen's hospital. Long had been a resident of Bend for the past six months, being employed at the Shevlin-Hixon mill. The body was shipped last night to the family home at Manila, Ark., B. A. Long, the father taking the same train back. Mr. Long, knowing of his son's illness, had hurried to Bend, intending to take his son to the Middle West that he might spend his last days at home.

LIGHTNING BLAMED FOR FOUR BLAZES

Fires Near Big River and Long Prairie Ranger Stations Controlled with Little Difficulty

Four fires, reported late Friday afternoon on the Deschutes National forest, are now all well under control, Deputy Supervisor W. O. Harriman stated on Saturday. Three of the fires were 10 miles to the southeast of the Long Prairie ranger station and one was at Pistol butte, west of the Big River ranger station. Lightning is considered to have been responsible for all.

The four blazes were all within the territory of Ranger Burton Oney and prompt action resulted in their control.

ROAD CREW IS OUT ON EAST LAKE WORK

To complete the forest road from La Pine to East lake, a crew of five men was put on the job this morning. Four miles remain to be finished.

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