

The Double Squeeze

By Henry Beach Needham
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Tris Ford wagged his head from side to side, looking the while like a fair reproduction of Resignation. He asked the king of second basemen if he had any objection to further activities on the manager's part to land the chief crook in prison. Win Shute had none, provided he was not dragged into it until he had made his "play for the girl." But when Tris Ford sought information about Jerrold Mansel, there was a protest.

"See here, Tris," argued Win, "what Mansel did to me—suppressing my messages and faking a wireless from you to the captain—was rotten bad, I know. But let me tell you something: at the same time he was protecting Miss Leonard!"

"How?"

"The captain of the Colonia was getting messages asking him if a person answering her description was aboard the boat—she traveled under the name of Riley, remember I told you. Same time she was getting wireless messages from some friend ashore warning her. As I understand it, her wireless were in code—but she didn't have the right code with her; so couldn't read 'em, and had to ask for translations in plain English. Of course then the wireless operator spotted her. But Jerrold Mansel didn't give her away to a soul on the ship—not even to the captain!

"What's more—he didn't take advantage of his inside information; he didn't try to—work on her sympathies because he was shielding her. There's some good in that chap yet."

Tris Ford gave assurances of fair dealing in regard to the wireless operator—for Miss Leonard's sake! Abruptly he asked about the young lady; where she was. He was told that Imogen Leonard was detained in the best hotel at Genoa, which was surrounded by guards, and that Win Shute wouldn't have left her there alone if she hadn't insisted that he take her mother to Rome to see the American ambassador. This mission had made it possible for Win to obey the cablegram directing him not to leave the ship until arrival at Naples.

"You don't tell me! He has got it bad. Hope she's the right girl."

"Shute swears she is—all right in every department. She's what I want to talk to you about if you'll give me a minute more."

The ambassador was obviously surprised.

"You can help," Tris Ford added quickly. "You see, she's an American girl, and she's in trouble—in trouble over here."

"Over here? Where?" For the first time the ambassador spoke sharply.

"Genoa."

"She's not Imogen Leonard?"

"That's her name—Imogen Leonard. And Win Shute says she's a mighty fine girl."

"I'll be d—d!" exploded his excellency John Bismar. Then, after a period devoted to deep thought: "Does the White House know anything of this—know your man Shute's interested in this particular young woman?"

"Not as I know," answered Ford. "Didn't know it myself till less'n an hour ago. But I say—why did you ask?"

It was the born diplomat, Tristram Corlingford, who put the question.

It was the ambassador ex-officio who parried:

"Because Washington knows that Imogen Leonard is under surveillance by the Italian government. It is an international matter. And for the present, I regret to say, I can do nothing for you. I bid you good-morning, Mr. Ford."

The ambassador bowed—rather stiffly, the manager of the Giant-killers afterward thought—and hurried off. His gait at least was not according to the canons of diplomatic usage. Literally and figuratively Tris Ford



Literally and Figuratively Tris Ford Threw Up His Hands When He Got Back to Win Shute's Room.

The ambassador of the United States of America accredited to Italy welcomed Tris Ford with a broad, somewhat-big-boy-am-I grin. Ford could guess—'twas the symbol of accomplishment.

"Job's done!" exclaimed John Bismar. "Jerrold Mansel has confessed and incriminated that scoundrel Stinger! Seems it took a lot of work and pull to get Mansel reinstated as an operator and assigned to the Colonia. The wireless company had kept tabs on him—knew he was drinking and slipping down grade—and they weren't keen to have him back at the key. Jake Stinger had to give that part of the plot his personal attention. He dealt directly with Mansel. So you'll get your man higher up, all right."

"Will Mansel testify against Jake Stinger?" asked Ford joyously.

"No doubt of it—that is, if you promise him immunity."

"We'll do more than that," said Ford. "I've been thinking of what Mansel did—saving the Regent's passengers—and can tell him that after he's helped us out by testifying he can come to me and I'll see that he gets a fresh start."

"I call that mighty liberal of you," said the ambassador.

Tris Ford shook his head. "No—Mansel will be doing a great thing for baseball—helping to soak the gamblers—so he deserves consideration. Besides, there must be plenty of good in a real hero like him."

"Ought to be, and bet there is." The ambassador pulled out his watch, caught the time and got quickly to his feet. "If you'll excuse me," he said. "I'll complete the job with the British ambassador so's we both can get back to Rome. Won't I see you there?"

"Sure," answered Tris Ford. "we play a game of ball there before long—our club and the new world's champions."

"Of course! I hadn't forgotten that big event. Keep this under your shirt—I've promised the president to get the king to see the game!"

"Fine!"

The ambassador gripped Tris Ford by the hand preparatory to going.

"One minute, please," begged Ford. John Bismar bobbed his head.

"Funny thing—but Mr. Shute has got it awful bad—got stuck on a girl! Why?"

Tris Ford leaned toward the ambassador—"she's made him forget all about being kidnapped—forget all about baseball!" This was the climax.

Forget baseball! The ambassador couldn't believe it.

"Yes, sir. Why—he hasn't asked me a thing about the world series yet, and I haven't had a chance to tell him about the round-the-world trip of our club and the world's champions."

ected by her employer, who explained that her confidential relations with him, big figure in the business world, would subject her to the importunities of interviewers.

Everything was done with unwonted secrecy, considering that it was a government undertaking, and the man hunt was progressing most favorably when, one day, the Washington correspondent of the New York Standard called at the White House and requested an interview with the president. The Standard was an independent paper which leaned toward the president's party; its support the executive fervently desired for his administrative and legislative program. The Standard was a great newspaper, therefore not untiring with "yellow."

The details of that interview will never be known. But it subsequently leaked out that the president, after in the day, made the big mistake of his term in attempting to go over the correspondent's head by appealing directly to the editor. In a word, the president tried to suppress news! Result—"pitiless publicity." (The phrase is quoted because it was the president's own, uttered before election and turned on him when he ran counter to it.) In twenty-four hours the country rocked with indignation.

An American girl, sole support of a widowed mother, while enjoying her first real vacation in years—a trip to Europe—had been torn from her parent by Italian soldiers, thrown into prison, and there given the "third degree." Poor, persecuted Imogen Leonard!

Such was the "flash." In newspaper parlance, that traveled over free America. In more detail:

Miss Leonard was stenographer and private secretary to one of the officers of the Pierce Powder company. This concern, sometimes called the Powder trust, because of its command of the industry, had manufactured powder for the Italian government under a secret formula furnished by Italy—a powder peculiarly adapted for transportation and for use in the tropics. The manufacturing was done by agreement that powder so made was not to be sold to any other country than Italy, excepting, of course, the United States.

In the war with Turkey over Tripoli, Italy found that the Turks were using identically the same powder! And while the Turkish supply could not be directly traced to the Pierce company, the Italian government was convinced in its monarchical mind that the American Powder trust had violated its agreement.

If Italy could prove this, there was a large monetary forfeiture provided in the original agreement—something that could be enforced either through diplomatic channels or through The Hague. All that Italy needed was the proof.

Imogen Leonard could furnish the proof! Because of her confidential relations with the head of the trust, Italy believed there was no doubt about it. This was why she had been forcibly taken from the Colonia when the steamship called at Genoa, and placed under surveillance.

(To Be Continued.)

M'KENZIE PASS ROAD NOW OPEN

HIGHWAY STILL ROUGH, BUT T. H. FOLEY HAS LITTLE DIFFICULTY ON TRIP TO EUGENE—LANE COUNTY SIDE WORSE.

Although still somewhat rough, the McKenzie highway is now passable. T. H. Foley, general manager of the Bend Water, Light & Power company, reported Friday on his return from an auto trip to Portland. The Windy Point cut is nearly completed and, while the road over the lava flows is far from first class, Mr. Foley experienced no difficulty whatever in making the trip from Bend to Eugene. On the Lane county side the highway has suffered from lack of maintenance work and is in worse condition than in Deschutes county.

HOW HOG MANGE IS SPREAD

Disease is Contracted More Rapidly Among Animals of Low Vitality—Cure by Dipping.

Hog mange is spread mainly by direct bodily contact, according to investigations recently conducted by the United States department of agriculture. The disease is contracted most rapidly among hogs of low vitality, especially those kept in small inclosures. It spreads more slowly among vigorous animals kept in pastures or in clean, well-lighted roomy pens or buildings. Failure by swine owners to control hog mange results in heavy losses from shrinkage as well as from a high death rate. The department states that the disease can be eradicated by four dippings in a lime-sulphur or arsenical solution with intervals of 6 to 7 days between dippings.

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CIGARETTES

RAPID WORK IS DONE ON TRAIL

36 MILES FINISHED BY LOCATORS

Future Highway Along Cascades To Be On South Slopes Wherever Possible to Take Advantage of Early Melting of Snow

Thirty-six miles of general location on the Cascade Skyline highway has already been completed. Jack Horton, forest examiner on the Deschutes National forest, and one of the members of the party making the survey, reported on arriving here for a few days' stay at forest headquarters. The location so far accomplished is from Crater Lake to Windago butte, and the maximum grade in the 36 miles is 5 per cent, Mr. Horton states.

AUGUST TOURNAMENT PLANNED ON COURTS

Silk Stockings Will Reward Woman or Girl Winning Contest Which Begins Next Week.

All girls and women in Bend are eligible to participate in a tennis tournament, the first round of which will be played off next week, beginning Monday, on the Pilot Butte Inn courts. Contestants, however, must register with Miss Ella Dewa, head of the Y. M. C. A. summer playground activities, before Friday, July 30, and must pay the nominal entrance fee of 10 cents to Marion Sather, secretary of the tournament. A pair of silk stockings will be the prize to the winner.

Entries already made are as follows: Mrs. E. J. Catlow, Lola Whitmore, Eunice M. Catlow, Dolores M. Catlow, Frances Heyburn, Gene

PLEADS GUILTY TO GET CAR; FINED \$150

J. D. Lane of Jefferson county pleaded guilty to a charge of having liquor in his possession in the police court this morning and was fined \$150.

Three weeks ago a car was found near the Presbyterian church containing four quarts of moonshine. Attempts were made to find the owner of the car, but were unsuccessful until this morning, when Lane appeared through his attorney, R. S. Hamilton and pleaded guilty in order to regain his car. The fine was paid.

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