

The Double Squeeze

By Henry Beach Needham

ILLUSTRATED BY IRWIN MYERS

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Regardless of party affiliations the press, the country, hurled at the White House the verdict—outrage!

The president was not without his excuses. Proof of J. Pierce Lamont's guilt under the criminal section of the Sherman law lay in a secret memorandum whereby the restraint of the powder trade was maintained. This memorandum had been dictated by Lamont to his stenographer, Imogen Leonard, and by her transcribed and mailed unsigned to the smaller, fear-ridden manufacturers of powder. Wherefore Miss Leonard could give testimony that would convict J. Pierce Lamont—land a trust magnate behind the bars.

Unfortunately, Miss Leonard's vacation, comprehending a sea trip at the expense of her employers, was so timed—owing to a leak in the United States attorney's office—that she was beyond the three-mile limit before the secret service knew it. Nothing remained, therefore, but to engage the co-operation of some foreign power in the enterprise of detaining the vitally important witness and effecting her return home—to the witness-box. Italy's fight with the Powder trust dovetailed into this scheme. Miss Leonard was to be detained by the Italian authorities and pumped, but with the American ambassador standing by, ready to offer a refuge—and safe return home!

On the part of the administration at Washington it was Machiavellian, on Italy's part, the execution of America's "third degree." At best it wouldn't look well in print—at worst it would defeat the president's party at the next election. Wisely, the White House kept silent. But the American ambassador to Italy bestrid himself.

Less than twelve hours after the storm broke in the United States, Imogen Leonard, under the courteous escort of his excellency John Bismar, started for Rome to rejoin her mother.

Out of the horde of Americans who have invaded Europe, three are remembered: General Grant, Colonel Roosevelt and Pitcher Larkin. Each made his impress, but of these impressionists Barney Larkin contributed by far the most color. He said when he got back to the Giant-killers' ball park that he might forget his trip abroad, but he didn't think Europe would!

Naples, where the globe-trotting baseball players landed, was the one place where Barney devoted himself strictly and wholeheartedly to sight-seeing. Accompanied by Ernest Stendman, his guide, custodian, and friend, he fared forth, with the best intentions to behold every treasure that the city and its environs advertised. But he was first conducted to the Neapolitan aquarium—and never left it. Here "Damon and Piscatorius" were enraptured with the curious marine wonders of the Mediterranean—cuttle fish, crested blubbers, impossible-looking crabs, crayfish, and pipefish, the electric rays, which Barney, after experiencing a shock, pronounced, "live wires, all right!"

Above all, the eccentric twirler was delighted with the octopus! At home Barney had seen pictures of it in the papers, usually labeled "Standard Oil," or "Sugar," or "Steel," but in a foreign land he saw it in the original—mother of the trusts! He had to be dragged away to the train.

At Rome he announced that he was tired of "lookin' round." But some one told him of the Catacombs—cellars where the early Christians were laid on the shelf. He apparently became fascinated with the subterranean phenomenon, and devoured all of the literature he could find on the subject. The reason he gave for visiting the Pantheon was that "twenty-eight wagon loads of the best bones" had been carried there from the Catacombs and planted beneath the altar.

When he made his excursion to the Roman Catacombs he took Ernest Stendman with him. Apparently he wandered through the galleries absorbed in what he saw. But there was malice aforethought in his wanderings. He succeeded in losing his keeper!

Rome remembers to this day what ensued. The alcoholic eruption ended shortly after midnight. Barney Larkin, a dirty sweater draped togwise about his powerful shoulders, his head bare save for a wreath fished from the tomb of Raphael, paraded up and down the middle of the Piazza di Spagna, pausing only to cool his brow in Bernini's nautical fountain, and proclaimed himself Caesar! At his heels shuffled the riffraff, tigring, and hollering of modern Rome shouting: "Evviva l'Amer-ica-no!" It required six Roman policemen, re-enforced by a pair of Carabinieri, to complete his arrest. The next day he pitched one of the most effective games of his careless career.

This game was staged in the Villa Borghese, where Rome annually engages in the battle of flowers. It was a rare occasion, honored by the king of Italy and his suite, all in brilliant uniform—especially the representative of the cavalry arm who wore a long cape of Alice blue. The diplomatic corps contributed quantities of gold lace to render the spectacle even more splendid. It really transcended the posters with which the late Phineas Barnum was wont to commemorate the performances of his circus before "the crowned heads of Europe." Barney Larkin said it beat pitching on ladies' day with the president of the United States looking on—"beat it all hollow."

Tris Ford was in the king's loge, seated next to Victor Emmanuel III, to explain the game to his majesty. In the adjoining box was the American ambassador. His excellency John Bismar had with him Mrs. Leonard and her daughter, Imogen Leonard. He had insisted that they be his guests, and as James Winton Shute offered no objection—indeed, offered no conflicting invitation—the ladies had accepted.

Baseball history repeats itself. The Giant-killers went to bat in the last half of the ninth inning with the score 2 to 1 against them. On the first ball pitched, Ryan singled—and the king nodded approvingly at Tris Ford, who was trying to sit unmoved in his chair. The Giant-killers then fooled their opponents—rated as the world's champions—who figured that Olds, the next man up, would bunt. Instead of that, the signal was given for the hit and run, and Ryan sprinted for second base at the same time Olds was swinging at a fast ball. Expecting a bunt, the first baseman was almost toppled over by the "grass cutter" and juggled it long enough to let the batter get to first and Ryan to second. A moment later the pair pulled off the double steal. There was a man on third, a man on second, and nobody out!

John Bismar leaned into the adjoining box and whispered to Tris Ford: "Exactly the situation in the last game of the world series!"

"One big difference," corrected the manager of the Giant-killers, "there ain't the same lad at bat. Watch!"

The man who came to bat in the crisis had a familiar bearing. He carried himself like a figure known to this recital. But his face was either unknown or strangely transformed. The sporting writers at home could have explained this: Those prehistoric caps worn by the Giant-killers! Long had the homely headgear been condemned as something which dated known as "rounders," but Tris Ford back to the time when baseball was wouldn't change. To alter the design might bring bad luck! Now the man at bat was glad that there had been no change. Not a soul—not even hers—would recognize him!

He shifted around restlessly at the plate. "Hardest man to pitch to in the league!" he was called.

"One ball."

"One strike!" he had let it go by.

He moved about, swung his bat, raised his shoulders to let out a kink in his muscles, and, quickly but unostentatiously, pulled down the visor of his cap.

Instantly the runner on third edged off the bag, more and more, and the moment the pitcher lifted his arms and began to wind up he dashed for the plate. There was a gasp, for it seemed that the man was rushing in to certain destruction. But the agile youth at bat reached out and deftly tapped the ball! It rolled with exasperating slowness toward the pitcher, who was hurrying to field it.

Up went a shout. The tying run was scored for the Giant-killers! And like unleashed lightning the batsman was making tracks for first base.

At the same time, rounding third and never pausing for an instant, the base runner who had been on second was coming home. Of course he was crazy! The pitcher would look up, see him halfway to the plate, toss the ball to the catcher, and the foolish base runner would be an easy out.

But the pitcher was rattled. Already the score had been tied. He must make sure of one putout. So, blindly, he wheeled and threw the ball to first base. The man who had bunted was out by inches. But—another runner had flashed over the plate!

The Giant-killers had won! When it was explained to him, the king congratulated Tris Ford. The next thing John Bismar got the manager's ear:

"That proves it—proves you have the best team. With the king of second basemen in the game you would have won the world's championship—sure!"

In a grotto of the Borghese gardens they met right after the game.

With his uniform there was no mistaking his profession. He was a ball player. And she had said she didn't care for baseball! Courageously, but not with much confidence, he had submitted to the test. She should look upon him in his true setting—in the pastime he loved. If he was to lose out in the Important Game, as he had come to think of mating, he would be seen playing for all he was worth. And he had so played—had never played better in his brilliant service on the diamond.

"You know now—I'm a ball player," he said.

"And you know—I'm a 'steno,'" she returned.

"Mighty glad you're not a swell," he told her.

"And I'm glad your side won," she told him.

Then a look of sadness swept over her. His heart almost stood still. Was



Then a Look of Sadness Swept Over Her.

at the end of the Important Game—and defeat!

"But I'm so sorry—very sorry—that you didn't hit the ball," she assured him.

"When?" He was confused.

"That last time—with two of your own men on bases, nervous to get where they started from!" She was very earnest. "I knew you wanted to send the horrid little ball way out—far out so it couldn't be thrown back till the two men were through running. And you tried—tried so hard, you dear boy. I was so disappointed—for your sake—that you couldn't knock it square—but just rolled it on the ground as I did when I first tried to play golf. If it's any comfort to you, I'm heart sick over it!"

He stared at her, wondering if possibly she could be making fun of him. Then, noting the heartfelt pity in her Irish blue eyes, he said, for the first time: "Imogen!"

And for the first time she answered: "Win!"

What eventuated was not lost upon Tris Ford, who came that way, with Mrs. Leonard in charge, at the right—or the wrong—moment. To the surprised matron, Tris Ford observed: "Say—that young fellow was always the best in the country at pulling the play."

"What play?" anxiously inquired the mother of Imogen.

"Why—the double squeeze!"

[THE END]

EX-MARINE IS MADE NEW NIGHT OFFICER

On the resignation Friday of George Stokoe as night officer, W. T. Carpenter, formerly of McMinnville, was appointed to that position by Mayor J. A. Eastes. Carpenter takes office at once. The new member of the police force served during the war in the marine corps, and a year ago was employed in this city by The Shevlin-Hixon Company.

DIES IN HOSPITAL AFTER OPERATION

Mrs. Frank Kelly, age 36, died following an operation last Friday night at the St. Charles hospital. She leaves a husband and four children living in Bend. Her mother will arrive in Bend tomorrow from Newburg to attend the funeral, and other relatives from Gaston, Oregon. The Kelly family have lived in Bend about a year, living formerly at Powell Butte and Cloverdale.

HEATER CLOSE TO WALL STARTS FIRE

A water heater, placed too close to the wall, is believed to have been responsible for a small fire which started at the T. A. McCann home in Bend early last Saturday. The volunteer fire department answered the alarm, which was turned in a 4 o'clock, but found that Mr. McCann and Carl A. Johnson, armed with a hand fire extinguisher and a garden hose, had already extinguished the blaze. The damage will reach approximately \$100.

SWIMMING CLUB NEWLY FORMED

ORGANIZATION TO PROMOTE INCREASED INTEREST IN WATER SPORTS IN BEND FORMED AT Y. M. C. A.

At a meeting held for the purpose at the Y. M. C. A. last night a swimming club, Bend's first, was formed among the men who are members of the "Y." The object of the club will be to promote the interest of aquatic sports in Bend and to teach swimming and life saving. It will also conduct games, competitions and exhibitions, under the jurisdiction of the physical committee of the Y. M. C. A.

Officers elected at last night's meeting are Ray Trickey, president; Homer Eperson, vice president; E. F. L. Corneliusson, secretary-treasurer; Charles Ross and John Logan, committeemen.

The time of meeting was placed at 7:30 each Saturday evening. The first meeting will be tonight, with a 20-yard, free-style maiden handicap race, diving competition and swimming practice.

The club extends an invitation to all men members of the "Y" who are over 16 to join. This applies to both swimmers and non-swimmers, who wish to learn. A charge of 50 cents per season was decided upon by the members, to be used in purchasing trophies for the prize winners.

ONE OF APPLICANTS QUALIFIED TO TEACH

Nine Write City Superintendent Asking For Positions—Principals Still Vacant.

Applications for teaching positions in the Bend schools are continuing to pour in, but out of nine received on last night's mail by City Superintendent S. W. Moore, only one is qualified under the rules agreed to by the district directors. Mr. Moore states. The one applicant who meets the requirements is Miss Hazel Hazleton, formerly a teacher here.

Mr. Moore also reported receiving the resignation of Miss Nora McClay, a teacher in the junior high school last year.

The problem of selecting a high school principal for the coming year is as yet unsolved, but the superintendent has two men in view who may be qualified for the work.

COUNTY'S SCHOOLS TO RECEIVE \$5,241.90

Apportionment of Interest From Irreducible School Fund Is Completed By State Treasurer.

Deschutes county's share of the 1919 per capita state apportionment of \$2.02 for each child of school age in Oregon, will be \$5241.90. The children in the county number 2595. Word has been received from Salem that State Treasurer O. P. Hoff has just apportioned the \$432,267.88 accrued interest from the state's irreducible school fund.

A summary of the apportionment shows a total of 213,984 children of school age within the state under the last census, as against a total of 209,613 a year ago. The school fund now totals \$6,656,974.48, including loans, certificates of sale and cash on hand.

NUMBERING SYSTEM TO BE COMPLETED

R. L. Polk & Co. to Furnish the Numerals For Bend Houses As Directory Is Made.

R. L. Polk & Co., who are preparing to get out a new city directory of Bend, started work Monday to complete the house numbering system as outlined by the city engineer according to city ordinance 87. The directory people have offered to supply numbers for the houses at cost, 35 cents each. City officials have agreed to cooperate with the directory company, and are preparing to enforce the ordinance which calls for a number on each house. The law provides for 100 numbers for each block where possible, with the odd numbers on the south and east sides of all streets, with one odd and one even number for each ten feet of distance. The work of supplying numbers will begin Monday.

Pop, dash, personality—what you will! The folks who have it get the most fun out of life. Aquaplaning, diving, and all water "stunts" are more enjoyable when you wear the famous

Jantzen Bathing Suits

The construction of these suits permits perfect freedom of action and speed. They make it possible to attempt the feats of the Hawaiian boys, who aqua-plane so wonderfully and swim without suits of any kind.

Jantzen Bathing Suits are built along the natural, graceful lines of the body. The elastic Jantzen stitch makes them fit perfectly and permanently. They never sag, they never bind—they do not hold water between the body and the suit. They make swimming easy, speedy and joyous.

Those people who look so well in their bathing suits—who look perfectly at home in and near the water—eight chances out of ten are wearing "Jantzens!"

You'll find "Jantzens" at the good stores of your city.

From the famous JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS, PORTLAND, OREGON.

A JANTZEN ALWAYS FITS—NEVER SAGS

PAPERS FILED FOR AIRCRAFT COMPANY

Half of \$20,000 Capital Stock Is Subscribed—La Grande Company Has \$5,000.

Incorporation papers for the Bend Aircraft corporation were mailed today to Salem. H. H. De Armond, attorney for the new organization, announced today. H. J. Overturf, W. C. Birdsall and William Pattison are the incorporators, and 50 per cent of the capital stock of \$20,000 is paid in. Of this amount, \$5000 is subscribed by the La Grande Aircraft company. A chain of companies, either planned, or already organized, will provide for aerial transportation between Spokane, Portland, The Dalles, Bend and La Grande.

George Love arrived here Monday from Portland to take charge of preparations for starting flying from here.

CUPPER ATTENDS WATER MEETINGS

Percy A. Cupper, state engineer, is conducting a series of water meetings in Cloverdale, Sisters and Plainview, preliminary to the organization of an irrigation district by the ranchers in those sections.

FOREST OFFICIAL MARRIED RECENTLY

Vernon M. Harpham, superintendent of the Ochoco national forest at Prineville, was married to Miss Esther M. Stephens of that city July 25. They will be at home in Prineville after August 1.

Actions That Count.

Let us, if we must have great actions, make our own so. All action is of infinite elasticity, and the least admits of being inflated with celestial air until it eclipses the sun and the moon.—Emerson

LADY CANVASSER WANTED!

We desire a saleslady to canvass Bend and adjoining towns and communities selling our extensive line of choice rosebushes and other shrubbery, shade trees, etc., for home ornamentation. Experience unnecessary. Complete supplies for the work furnished. Pleasant work and remunerative to a good canvasser.

For full particulars, address, Sales Department, OREGON NURSERY CO., Oreno, Oregon.

BUCKHECHT Fine Shoes are priced \$8.50 to \$14

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