

The Double Squeeze

BY HENRY BEACH NEEDHAM

Copyright, 1915, Doubleday, Page & Co.

(Continued From Our Last Issue)

Mansel was inclined to put up an argument, but a certain look in the eye of James Winton Shute—that or something else—caused him to think better of it.

"An S. O. S. from duty, Miss Riley. May I hope to see you after luncheon?"

"You may hope," she replied half jestingly, and turned to select a book.

Jed Mansel laid the court, but Win Shute set the pace.

This was the wireless message which was given to the operator of the steamship Colonia to transmit States.

TRIS FORD, Philadelphia:

Was probably drugged last night and carried aboard steamship Colonia, Hambarnd line. We are one hundred and fifty miles out New York, bound Naples. Have officers line wireless captain to stop ship and you send fast boat for me. Well and able to play. SHUTE.

"Hope you don't expect to land in time for today's game?" joked Jed Mansel.

Win came back strong.

"You speed up that machine so there's no delay starting that relief ship. Today won't decide the series. There's a ball game tomorrow—just as important."

It was an hour before the wireless operator reported that the message had been transmitted to the shore. He then announced that he was going to lunch.

"But how about the reply?"

"It'll be two hours at least before we get an answer," said Mansel.

An hour later Mansel returned and found the persistent passenger waiting at his cabin door. Slowly a half-hour passed.

"Can't you raise 'em?" asked Win impatiently.

"Here comes something," said the operator encouragingly. After much clicking, Mansel shook his head. "Sorry, but it's not for you."

"Repeat my message," ordered Shute, "word for word. Here's for both." He paid the operator with a yellow-backed bill.

Four times that afternoon the wireless operator repeated, at twenty-five cents a word, the message to Tris Ford. But there was no reply. Win was getting desperate, and showed it when the operator remarked:

"Here's something—maybe this is it."

Win braced up. But after a bit of the metallic chattering, Mansel

again shook his head. "Not for you—for the captain."

"For the captain?" Win's tone was eager. "That's the stuff!" He was thinking of orders from the officers of the line.

The operator transcribed the message, put it in an envelope, and went off to deliver it himself. When he came back he confided the information:

"I'm going to send a message from the captain—about you."

That was all, but it raised the warring spirits of the young man who would not leave the upper deck.

There was another tedious delay. Finally, along about five o'clock, the wireless operator played his important part in the space-conquering trick.

"Sorry, but it's not for you. For the captain again," he volunteered. "Might be just as good," said Win. "perhaps better."

The operator didn't reply. He went away to deliver the message and was gone "ages." Returning, he informed the "good waiter" that the captain would like to see him.

Win Shute was off to the bridge as he might have started for second.

The captain invited him into the chart room and closed the door. Without a word he handed him a CAPTAIN, S. S. "COLONIA":

Must be some mistake. Our player Shute here in game today.

TRIS FORD.

After reading it the captain's visitor spoke in no uncertain voice: "The mistake is in this message. Tris Ford never sent it."

"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.

"Mr. James—"

"My name isn't James—it's Shute."

"Well, then, Mr. Shute, if you prefer it," said the captain. "I have made a careful inquiry about you. Your room steward reports, and the quartermaster on duty at the gangplank confirms it, that you 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—"

"—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. Not infrequently, I regret to say, young, full-blooded fellows like yourself come aboard with so much extra baggage that a good night's rest does not set them up. Once in a while a fellow comes powerful near having the d. t. s. But the steward in charge of the hospital knows how to take care of them—he's an old hand at it. You will find him quite capable I assure you."

"Me? What d'you mean?"

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

CHAPTER VI.
Enter the Girl

Quick thinking was a portion of Win Shute's 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—! He would stand for "James"—he would be S. W. James.

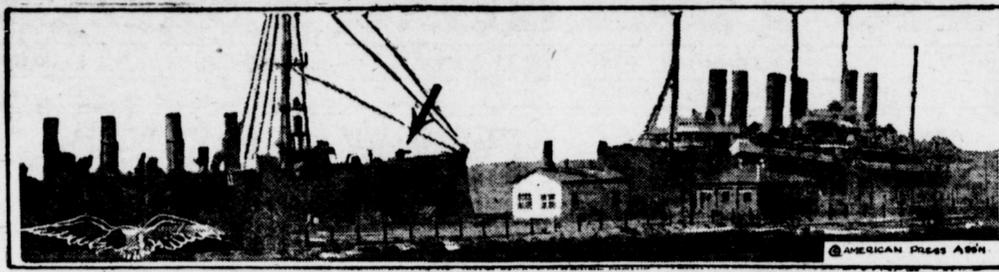
Quietly, but none the less decisively, he would devote himself to an unemotional consideration of his highly exasperating plight. He would see if past devotion to the stories of the Great Detective had taught him anything worth while regarding inferences and deductions from a limited array of facts. 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 discover something revolutionary about a sea voyage, something that jars one loose and cuts one off completely from ordinary life.

For the first time in Win Shute's experience the pleasing shape of a girl bending to the wind, skirts fast like a small close-hauled, tousled way, brown hair brushing her animated face, suddenly swept into his ken, and away went the restraints of an orderly, carefully planned scheme of life.

"Geo, what a swell girl!" he

U. S. Cruiser Trained Guns On Raiders



One of Uncle Sam's scout cruisers is here shown with a gun trained on two interned German raiders at the Philadelphia navy yard—the Kronprinz Wilhelm and the Prince Eitel Friederich, seized a few days ago by the U. S. Arrow points to the gun held ready for use on the instant any suspicious action is observed on the interned ships.

Many Tacoma Women Enlist To Serve Their Uncle Sam

Many women of Tacoma are volunteering for various branches of work in the National League of Women's Service. Nearly 100 women are applying daily, with as many more inquiring at the headquarters.

Here are some of the latest to enlist:

Mrs. Mamie A. Ward, Miss Ada Bel Tutton, Agnes H. Wilson, Miss A. J. Sterba, Miss Ellen Pilquist, Mrs. Chas. Bowers, Miss Jessie Loose, Miss Edith May Bull, Miss Irene Yeomans Martin, Mrs. Edward F. Tyler, Mrs. M. G. Denton, Mrs. Geo. Marks Walls, Mrs. Orville Espy, Mrs. Hunter Kennard, Miss Edna V. Hamilton, Mrs. John A. Wolfe, Mrs. Charles C. King, Mrs. Henry Shaw, Mrs. Ben Olson, Mrs. R. R. Mattison, Mrs. Jennie Hupp, Mrs. W. H. Johnston, Mrs. Robert F. McElvanny, Mrs. H. Y. Walker, Mrs. Andora Cox, Mrs. Charles H. Hull, Mrs. Blanche M. Travis, Mrs. W. S. Bassindale, Miss Clarice Brown, Mrs. P. C. Gifford, Mrs. Mary Reehling, Mrs. F. H. P. Rogers, Mrs. Florence Liston, Miss Ella B. Dyer, Mrs. L. V. Jones, Mrs. Win. Van Deventer, Mrs. John W. Skidmore, Miss Jennie A. Johnson, Mrs. F. A. Kiltover, Miss Marie Murphy, Miss Doris Jane Peck, Mrs. Mary C. Emmons, Mrs. Fanna N. Price, Miss Beatrice Irene Mills, Mrs. H. G. Winsor, Mrs. F. G. Zahn, Mrs. Estelle Hecker, Mrs. Flora Taylor, Miss Mary Lytle, Mrs. Roy F. Clark, Miss Ester N. Johnson, Miss Madeline G. Adams, Miss Harriet H. Lemon, Clara L. Warner, Mrs.

WAR WOMEN OF AMERICA!

A flickering fame illumines the names of the American women who have been conspicuous in doing the work of men in war time, but much honor is heaped upon the mothers who have given their sons to their country.

Deborah Sampson, posing as a man, was engaged in the army of the revolution three years under the name of Robt. Shurtliffe.

In her girlhood she was a friendless and destitute charge upon the poor house authorities; after her military service she was honored by congress with a pension and a grant of land.

Yet who believes that her sacrifice for the common good is to be compared with that of the many unwearied mothers whose sons have won the nation's wars?

The annals of American history are crammed with the stories of such sacrifice. And whoever reads must remember that "going to war" lacks for a mother, the lure of adventure and heroism.

To her it means a mother's supreme horror, that her child may suffer and that she cannot reach him in the great hour of his need.

Yet from the beginning of our history, the patriotic American mother has sent forth her sons in the spirit of that famous Virginia woman, Elizabeth Barton.

She wanted Fifty.

She heard the cannon booming at the siege of Charleston, and she knew that of her seven soldiers-sons, three were under fire. And yet, ignorant of whether they were living or dying, she exclaimed:

"THANK GOD THEY ARE CHILDREN OF THE REPUBLIC!"

When a British officer stopped at her house for food and asked the number of her children she answered, "Eight! Seven are in the service of their country!"

THE KIND WORDS CLUB

Chief of Police Harry M. Smith does many kind deeds that no one hears of. Saturday he drove out to Old Tacoma, where lives Stephen Murphy, veteran city jailer. Steve was stricken with paralysis on Easter Sunday, 1915, and has been practically helpless ever since.

Chief Smith carried with him a huge bunch of daffodils, and presented them, with some kind words, to the former jailer.

"What d'ye know about this?" said Murphy, his eyes filling with tears at the gift. "Can ye imagine anyone giving yellow flowers to a hard-boiled old Irishman like me?"

There may be a lot of considerate street car men in Tacoma, but they'll have to go some to beat Conductor Bill Johnson, who conducts a Pacific ave. car.

The other evening a boisterous "drunk" boarded the car to go to the County hospital. He was having a merry time of it. Instead of handling him roughly and throwing him off, Conductor Johnson took him to the rear platform and talked to him until he was quiet.

"When you want to come back wait for my car and I'll take you home," Johnson told him as he got off.

He was so good he would pour rose-water on a toad.—Jerrold.

Speaking of landlords, whadda you know about Mr. A. C. McIlvaine, who owns the McIlvaine apartments, Ninth and J streets? Last week this landlord sent a dray up to his apartment house, filled with window boxes, and he provides some big window garden spots for each of his tenants.

Now some of the apartment house dwellers who had planned on going to the country to live among the flowers this summer will stay at home and enjoy their window-sill plots.

Can you think of any two men you would rather pick to go back to Washington to name the mountain than Sam Wall and Dr. Frank Dyer? Neither can we.

Go to it, boys, Tacoma's the name.

Let it please thee to keep in order a moderate-sized farm, that so thy garners may be full of fruits in their season.—Hesiod.

Speak a kind word and win that \$10 prize.

(The youngest was a child.)

"Really, madam," sneered the officer, "you have enough of them."

"No, sir," said Elizabeth Martin, "I wish I had fifty!"

Another inspiring story concerns Mrs. Catherine Steele, a widow of South Carolina. Her neighbor was a certain Judge Gaston whose many sons marched off to enlist in a body, while the community commented with admiration. Mrs. Steele had one enlisted son, and a second who was but 17 years old.

Orders Son to Go.

In spite of his youth and her own lonely and dependent condition she ordered the youth into the army, saying: "You must go now and fight the battles of our country with John. It must never be said that old Squire Gaston's boys have done more for the liberty of their country than the Widow Steele's."

Mary Draper of Massachusetts, not only hurried her husband off at his country's call, but bound a knapsack on the back of her only son, a boy of 16 years. And later she melted down her precious stock of powder into bullets for their guns.

True American Spirit.

Another woman of the revolution directed her two sons to volunteer, but one replied that he had no rifle. "You will find plenty of spare weapons on the field of battle," explained the valiant lady.

Each American family which now numbers three generations of adults has its stock of Civil war stories and tales of woman's sacrifices. But perhaps none is more typical of the true spirit of the American mother than that of the Tennessee woman who gave five sons to the confederacy. When a messenger brought her news of the death of one of them she had no tears to shed. She only said softly, "My son Billy will be old enough next spring to take his place."

PANTAGES

"THE SMART SHOP"
JOHN P. WADE & CO.
FOUR OTHER ACTS
MRS. VERNON CASTLE IN EPISODE NO. 3, "PATRIA"

SEATTLE ROUTE

Steamers Tacoma and Indianapolis for Seattle

Leave Municipal Dock, Tacoma, 7:15, 9:00, 11:00 a. m.; 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 7:00, 9:00 p. m.

Leave Colman Dock, Seattle, 7:00, 9:00, 11:00 a. m.; 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 7:00, 9:15 p. m.

Fastest and Finest Steamers. Eight Round Trips Daily. S. S. JONES, Agent. Offices Municipal Dock, M. 2448.

MEN, Just a Word

Make No Mistakes. Consult a Physician Who Specializes—One With an Established Reputation, Whose Whole Practice Is Limited to Your Particular Ailments.

My fees are very low and you can pay as able in weekly or monthly installments. Do not let money matters keep you away. Call and talk it over with me.

DR. W. F. BLAIR
Specialist for Men, Longest Established.

938 1/2 Pacific Avenue, Tacoma, Wash.

Hours—9 a. m. to 5 p. m. daily. Every evening 7 to 8 p. m. Sunday, 10 a. m. to 1 p. m. only.

Remember, My New Location Is 938 1/2 Pacific Ave.

TURN TO THE CLASSIFIED RESULTS. SEE PAGE SEVEN. WANT ADS ON PAGE 7 FOR

WOOD and COAL

Lady Washington ... \$6.00 ton
Lady Wellington Egg \$5.50 ton
Wingate Furnace Coal \$5.25 ton
South Prairie Coal ... \$5.25 ton
Pocahontas Coal ... \$5.00 ton

Prices on Other Kinds of Coal on Request.

Fertilizers, Blood and Bone, Lime, Sheep Guano, Sea Pro. Co.

Peterson Bros.
16th and K Sts. Main 331.

SAFETY FIRST

Service to "American Lake Camp" (Formerly "Cosgrove")

For the accommodation of the soldiers and for those who desire to visit the mobilization grounds at American Lake, we are operating our South Side service to "American Lake Camp," formerly Cosgrove station, the entrance to the training grounds.

The cars running all the way to the camp will leave 9th and Broadway as follows:

WEEK DAYS
All regular schedule South Side cars from 7:50 a. m. to 6:50 p. m. will make connections to the camp.

SUNDAYS
All regular South Side cars from 9:10 a. m. to 7:10 p. m. will make connections to the camp.

Pacific Traction Company

DON'T FUSS WITH MUSTARD PLASTERS!

Musterole Works Easier, Quicker and Without the Blister

There's no sense in mixing a mess of mustard, flour and water when you can easily relieve pain, soreness or stiffness with a little clean, white Musterole, made of pure oil of mustard in the form of a pleasant white ointment. It takes the place of the out-of-date mustard plaster, and will not blister.

Musterole usually gives prompt relief from sore throat, bronchitis, tonsillitis, croup, stiff neck, asthma, neuralgia, headache, congestion, pleurisy, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and aches of the back or joints, sprains, sore muscles, bruises, hemorrhoids, frosted feet, colds of the chest.

MUSTEROLE
WELL-NOT-BLISTER

WANT TO JOIN? HERE'S HOW TO RECRUIT!

If you want to fight for Uncle Sam, here is a list of places to go and talk it over with the officers in charge:

NAVY
Room 200, second floor, Bank of California building, 13th and Pacific.

ARMY
Second floor, Croft hotel, 1515 Pacific ave.

MARINE CORPS
Ground floor, 1317 Pacific ave.

SECOND INFANTRY
Camp Maurice Thompson, American Lake.

COAST ARTILLERY
Armory, 948 Pacific ave., 915 Pacific ave., 1117 Pacific ave., Old Tacoma drug store, North 30th st., corner of Union ave. and 54th st., South Tacoma.

N. G. W. CAVALRY
Troop B headquarters, Armory, South 11th and Yakima ave.

WOMEN
Registration offices of the National League for Women's Service, ground floor, 913 Broadway.

WINONA WILCOX
Honored by Congress.

In her girlhood she was a friendless and destitute charge upon the poor house authorities; after her military service she was honored by congress with a pension and a grant of land.

Yet who believes that her sacrifice for the common good is to be compared with that of the many unwearied mothers whose sons have won the nation's wars?

The annals of American history are crammed with the stories of such sacrifice. And whoever reads must remember that "going to war" lacks for a mother, the lure of adventure and heroism.

To her it means a mother's supreme horror, that her child may suffer and that she cannot reach him in the great hour of his need.

Yet from the beginning of our history, the patriotic American mother has sent forth her sons in the spirit of that famous Virginia woman, Elizabeth Barton.

She wanted Fifty.

She heard the cannon booming at the siege of Charleston, and she knew that of her seven soldiers-sons, three were under fire. And

Squirrel Food

EGGCHIN (MS) ZEKE ORTCAKE SENT HIS HIRER MAN OLE OMARGARNE TO THE DEPOT TO BRING BACK A HEN HOUSE HE ORDERED FROM THE CITY. IT WAS DISCOVERED A WEEK LATER BY THE STATION MASTER THAT OLE WENT OFF WITH THE WAITING ROOM.

ROUNDSTEAK (LA) LEM WEAKBROW BOUGHT A HORSE FOR GOING TO TOWN PURPOSES. THE HORSE AFTER STARTING WOULDN'T STOP FOR TEN MILES, BEING AS HOW LEM ONLY LIVED FIVE MILES FROM TOWN HE HAD TO BUILD THE BARN FIVE MILES FARTHER OUT.

BUTTONHOLE (ORG) - WHEN CITIZEN LEARNS HIS SPONGE SPANIEL WATCHDOG DIDN'T HAVE A BARK LOUD ENOUGH TO SCARE NIGHT PROWLERS, HE PUT PHONOGRAPH HORN OVER CANINE'S DOME AND NOW HIS YOBEL MAKES A FOG HORN SOUND LIKE A WHISPER - (PATS NO. 98621501917)

By Ahern

WHISKROOM (G). OLD GENT CHASES INNOCENT TEA TERRIER AROUND STREETS FOR AN HOUR. HIS QUEER ANTICS WERE EXPLAINED WHEN A COP STOPPED HIM AND LEARNED THE OLD GENT WAS WEARSIGHTED AND MISTOOK THE PUR FOR HIS HAT WHEN THE WIND CHASED IT OFF HIS NOODLE - GENE AHERN