

BOBBY SOX

By Marty Links

"Now . . . Who wrote this note to Alvin and signed it 'eternally devoted'?"

CROSS TOWN

By Roland Coe

"The way we stay home night after night it's no wonder our electric bill is so high!"

SPORTLIGHT

By GRANTLAND RICE

BEFORE the record season just closed, it had always seemed to us that baseball's 154-game schedule should have been cut to 140 games. As a general rule all interest has been withering on the September vine for 12 or 14 of the major league entries. The year 1946 has told a different story in the way of attendance figures, but certainly not enough to justify any 14-game increase to 188 contests as proposed by a few club owners.

With the wild rush to sport after the war, this has been an abnormal year. You get the main idea when the Phillies, a tail-end contender, could approach the million mark at home. Most major league clubs play at least 32 exhibition games. The 168-game menu would therefore give ball players 200 games to handle between early March and October. This is more than most ball players can absorb without going stale. Three hours of baseball each day seems easy work. But three hours of hustling competitive sport each afternoon or night is another story.

Even with the 154-game schedule the number of weary, injured, be-draggled ball players is something greater than you might think. Ty Cobb told me once that 154 games was about all any hard-playing hustler could handle.

"In the old days," Ty said, "I wasn't a hold out. I simply didn't need or want all that early training and all of those exhibition games. I hunted all winter and kept my legs in shape. I remember in 1911 I didn't join the Tigers until they reached Evansville, six days before the season opened. That year I hit for .420 and stole 83 bases as I recall it. One answer was that I was still keen and fresh in August and September when a lot of the others were stale and tired."

Danger of Staleness

This seems to make sense. No athlete who has lost his keenness, who has grown stale, can be of much help. The right sort of ball player will keep in shape all winter, through golf or hunting. The spring training and the spring exhibition campaign has been badly overdone. Add 14 extra ball games to the present list and it will mean more baseball than most players could handle—and still retain the badly needed hustle.

Also with the additional 14 games suggested, ball players' salaries should be lifted from 10 to 15 per cent over the 154-game pay. With the record attendances 1946 has offered, you can look for a rousing scrap on the part of the ball player for a big jump, even at 154 games. But who is going to see that the ball player gets this percentage increase above the demand he might make for the present schedule?

Roughnecks in the Ring

It was James J. Corbett, a great boxer and the smartest fighter the game has ever known in or out of the ring, who first set a rather sour example by being known as "Gentleman Jim."

For the ring is no spot for a gentleman, or anything approaching the same. And Jim Corbett was no gentleman in any ring. He told me this himself. The gentleman has his club or his box at the opera or track, but he is out of place.

It remained for Hughey Keogh, years ago, to tell the true story: "There was no high finance about the game of spoiling mugs. When the dear old tub from Boston was the King, When we paid our honest tribute To the other tanks and jugs And the soiree with the raw 'uns Was the thing.

"Fighting bade adieu to its Traditions long ago, And kissed its grimy hand To sentiment, When they took it to the steam heat From the hall and rain and snow And a champion aspired To be a gent."

I still recall a story Jim Corbett once told me. Jim was fighting Joe Choynski on a barge.

"I nailed him in the ninth round," Jim said, "and Joe fell to the floor. I stooped and lifted him up. The cheers were terrific. But I lifted him so I could nail him again before he recovered. Then the boos were terrific." Gentleman Jim Corbett also knew his game.

Dempsey the Killer

Jack Dempsey, at heart, was about as close to being a gentleman, outside the ring, as anyone I've known. But only outside the ring. There he was kind, generous, thoughtful and courteous. Inside the ring he was a killer. Anything went. I saw him once giving Max Baer a few lessons.

"You can't do that," Baer said. "It's illegal."

"You can get away with it once," Dempsey said. "I have."

Keys

By T. CARTER DODD

STUBBORNLY Barney Thorpe refused to leave the office or his work until the last estimate was checked and filed away. Refused in the face of the ominous warnings that blared forth from the radio at his elbow.

Go home at once. The storm is rising to hurricane proportions. Go home at once. Quickly."

"Oh that radio," there was cool disdain in Barney's voice, "they're too nervous. Besides it'll only take a few minutes more here. Go on down like a good fellow and wait in the car for me. You know, the one behind Harry's jalopy."

Downstairs, on the street level, peering through the heavy glass door, the storm appeared worse, if that were possible.

Across the street a light, blurred and faint, showed where Harry Thorpe's cigar store stood. Harry had not gone home. Was he going to ride out the storm in his place? Or was he too just delaying? Stubborn old fools. All the Thorpes. Just 15 years ago Harry had proposed opening the store. He was going to put all his savings into it because he was sure it would be a grand success.

Equally positive it would be a terrible blunder Barney told him profanely not to. Warned him he was courting disaster.

Harry was stubborn, opened the store and now still had his original jalopy. Barney was stubborn, swore that his brother was a fool, and bought himself a new car every year, when there were cars. Not because he needed one but because he wanted it for a purpose.

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End Table Easily Made From Spools

IF THERE is a table shortage in your home, here is an easy way to solve the problem. All you need is some plain shelf boards with holes bored in the corners, empty spools, a set of curtain rods and some glue. In a few minutes you can combine these things to make the attractive table shown here.

FOR A TABLE 26" HIGH USE 3 BOARDS WITH HOLES BORED IN THE CORNERS

USE 52 SMALL SPOOLS AND 24 LARGE ONES

USE 4 BRASS CURTAIN RODS RUN THROUGH SPOOLS AND BOARDS

USE GLUE BETWEEN SPOOLS

This is just one of more than thirty clever ideas in BOOK 5. With its aid you can work minor miracles throughout your house and neither inflation nor the scarcity of materials need stop you. A copy of BOOK 5 may be obtained by sending 15c with name and address direct to:

MRS. RUTH WYETH SPEARS
Bedford Hills, N. Y. Drawer 10
Enclose 15 cents for Book 5.
Name _____
Address _____

NANCY

WE CAN'T USE D' SWIMMIN' HOLE--IT'S FULL OF ANIMALS

HOW ABOUT THE LAKE?

WE CAN'T USE D' LAKE EITHER--IT'S ALL MUD

WE'VE STILL GOT THE RIVER

MUTT AND JEFF

YOU GOTTA GO TO COURT?

YEAH! SOME GUY IS SUING ME FOR DAMAGE TO HIS CAR!

YOUR HONOR, CAN I ACT AS MY OWN LAWYER?

THERE'S NO LAW AGAINST IT! GO AHEAD!

WHAT IS YOUR NAME?

WHERE WERE YOU BORN?

JUST A SECOND! HAVE YOU EVER BEEN UP BEFORE ME?

I DUNNO! WHAT TIME DO YOU GET UP JUDGE?

MY NAME IS LITTLE JEFF!

HOME!

COURT

LITTLE REGGIE

REGGIE!

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Pull the Trigger on Lazy Innards

WHEN CONSTIPATION makes you feel punk as the dickens, brings on stomach upset, sour taste, gassy discomfort, take Dr. Caldwell's famous medicine to quickly pull the trigger on lazy "innards" and help you feel bright and chipper again.

DR. CALDWELL'S is the wonderful senna laxative contained in good old Syrup Pepsin to make it so easy to take.

MANY DOCTORS use pepsin preparations in prescriptions to make the medicine more palatable and agreeable to take. So be sure your laxative is contained in Syrup Pepsin.

INSIST ON DR. CALDWELL'S—the favorite of millions for 50 years, and feel that wholesome relief from constipation. Even finicky children love it.

CAUTION: Use only as directed.

DR. CALDWELL'S SENNA LAXATIVE
CONTAINED IN SYRUP PEPSIN

JITTER

YOU'RE A NEW KID AROUND HERE, AN'TCHA? HAVE A HUNK OF CANDY?

FUNNY, I WAS GONNA OFFER YOU SOME OF MINE.

HOW'S ABOUT JOININ' ME IN A SODA--WE KIN GET TWO STRAWS!

WELL--I'LL BE--I WAS JUST GONNA MAKE TH' SAME PROPERSTH SHUN!

AHEM--ER--DONT YOU LIVE IN TH' TOP FLOOR OF THAT HOUSE OVERLOOKIN' TH' FOOTBALL PARK?

AMAZIN'! I WAS JEST THIS MINUTE GONNA ASK YOU TH' SAME!

BETCHA I THOUGHT OF THIS FIRST!

OH YEAH? BETCHA YA DIDNT!

HEY!

HEY!

REG'LAR FELLERS

FOR PETER'S SAKE-- QUIET!

QUIET!

GR-P

QUIET!

SILENT SAM

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DR. CALDWELL'S SENNA LAXATIVE

CONTAINED IN SYRUP PEPSIN

Safe on an upper landing on the side of the building, I stopped.

And that purpose? Every day he parked that car right behind Harry's jalopy just to prove how right he, Barney, was.

A heavy hand on my arm. Not having heard a sound I jumped. It was Barney. "It looks kind of nasty," he said soberly.

Who waited for it to get nasty, I felt like retorting. We made a dash for the car and were soaked before we had gone ten feet. In the car Barney fumbled for the keys and I peered out into the storm.

"Damn!" said Barney, "I can't find my keys." He searched every pocket and then started in all over again.

At that instant I saw Harry sloshing toward us. Barney gave no sign that he saw him. But he did crawl over me to get out. He went out one door even as the door on the opposite side was opened. Whether by design or not they just missed each other. I looked at Harry and my irritation boiled over.

"You're both fools," I said angrily, "why don't you break down and talk to each other. I'd like to break your necks."

To Harry's credit it must be said that he looked kind of foolish. He dropped some keys on the car seat. He was soaked.

"Mine," he said, "I thought he was stuck. Tell him he can have my car. I'm staying."

Barney reappeared. He looked as if he had fallen into the Sound with his clothes on. He saw the keys. "Whose are they?" he demanded suspiciously. "Harry's," I told him, "he said to use his car."

With a face as black as the storm Barney grabbed the keys and sloshed off into the wind and rain. He went straight for Harry's store. I could see him as he opened the door. Then he closed it and came back.

"I flung 'em in his face," he growled, "he'd better mind his own business."

Then I saw it. A great wall of water rolling along the street. Straight toward us. It looked as black as ink and as terrible as night.

At such a moment one does not know what one does. One acts from instinct. And what one does is beyond all reasoning. The next thing I knew I was leaping madly up the fire escape with the water swirling about my legs.

Safe on an upper landing on the side of the building I stopped. A river of water churned about below me. Across the street the light in the cigar store still shone. The driving rain blurred my vision. But not entirely. I could see into the store and what I saw was forever after seared into my mind. A living, lightning-flash picture.

Inside that cigar store were two men, shoulder to shoulder, struggling desperately to keep the door closed. Barney and Harry Thorpe. Brothers.

Then the lights went out.

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KID O'SULLIVAN SAYS

Outdoors in any weather, feet keep comfortable with SOLES as well as Heels by O'Sullivan

AMERICA'S No. 1 HEEL and sole Lough and Springs

Starts Relief in 6 Seconds

from All 6 usual Cold Miseries

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PERFECT HOTEL SERVICE

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