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 Rogers' money. I'd like the low-down on it"

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER C. KLETT

DINA CASHMAN

By Kathleen Norris

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The Story Thus Far:

DINA CASHMAN, who lives with her impoverished family in Railway Flats near San Francisco, meets and falls in love with a young Yale Law School student—Vere Holland. Then—after Vere has returned to New Haven—she makes a dreadful discovery: she is going to become a mother!

She writes to Vere; but the boy (dominated by his hard, worldly mother) does nothing. Desperate, terrified, Dina then turns to Vere's wealthy uncle, Rogers Holland. Recently jilted by the woman he loves—Aline Pierpont, who has married Andrew Havens, an artist—Rogers is in an embittered frame of mind; hoping to arouse Aline's jealousy, he calmly suggests that Dina become his wife, *in name only*.

Wanting her child to have a legal father, Dina accepts the suggestion; she marries Rogers Holland. . . . Dina's baby (a girl) is born; whereupon her life and the lives of those around her become extremely complex and difficult. Aline, preparing to divorce Havens, professes to be in love with Rogers; and Rogers looks forward to the time when he and Aline—both free—may be happily married. Vere Holland returns from Yale; he is, apparently, in love with Dina. But Dina does not wish to marry him; she cannot forgive him for what he has done; and she is madly in love with Andrew Havens! . . .

Believing a lie that Vere tells him (Vere assures him that Dina still loves him—Vere—and wants to marry him), Andrew Havens goes away. But, unable to be happy unless he is near Dina, he presently returns; and, in the course of several long talks, he and Dina make their plans for marrying as soon as the necessary divorces are secured.

Aline gets her divorce, and Andrew Havens

is free. Unfortunately—after Dina has returned to her family's home—Rogers Holland suddenly realizes that Aline, far from being the sort of woman he would want for a wife, is a selfish, scheming person; and, although she does everything she can to inveigle him into matrimony, he postpones the Reno business.

Then he asks "a favor" of Dina—he asks her if she will write him a letter in which she informs him that she will not, under any circumstances, consider divorcing him or permitting him to secure a divorce!

Dina—remembering how deeply indebted to Rogers she is—says that she will write the letter.

Conclusion

NOW, let's you and I have an understanding, you bad boy," Aline said, freeing herself from Rogers' arms after his friendly welcoming kiss with more ease than she liked or had anticipated. "Sit down here—no, where I can hold your hand—and let's talk! What's all this about and what's the matter and what have I done?"

She had come to his house, self-invited, on this second night after his return from his long trip, dressed for dinner. She had said Caroline would be with her but Caroline had not come. And as always, Aline was beautiful beyond the lot of ninety-nine out of every hundred women in the world—beautiful

with that challenging completeness that was Aline's alone.

Her slender body was swathed in velvet; her bare ivory arms were without jewelry; her shining black hair looked like enamel and the flawless skin as smooth as tinted magnolia petals; her mouth was colored a deep Burgundy, and her mysterious, fathomless eyes were filled with their own peculiar light. Set against the tapestry of a high-backed chair, and with the subdued light of one garden lamp filtering over her and mingling with the early moonlight on the terrace, she was like a Velasquez portrait of medieval aristocracy and grace.

The night was warm, the garden below scented with sharp autumn scents, cosmos and chrysanthemums, and with the faint odor of burning brush. Rogers did not take the place suggested, but sprawled in his own favorite basket chair some feet away, and took his pipe from the pocket of his worn coat.

"To begin with," said Aline, "I want to say this; I've said it to Caroline and I mean it. You did just exactly what I would have done. I mean you just wanted to wash your hands of the whole

damn' business; you wanted to think; you wanted to get it all straight; and you took to the road! Why not? I knew just what you were going through and I respected you for it. Well," she added, after an imperceptible pause, during which Rogers did not make the expected protest or offer the expected explanation, "that's that."

Aline stretched a beautiful hand for a cigarette, bent forward as she lighted it. Rogers made no gesture of helping her, but then it would not have been like him to do so. That would have meant that he was treating her formally, and Aline did not mean this meeting to be formal. But she wished he would relieve her of the entire burden of the conversation.

"I mean," she began again, using the favorite formula that peppered all her talk, "I mean that like a fool I told one or two of my friends that you were getting your divorce, and that we were going to be married immediately. Katty von Behrens even offered their place for a honeymoon. Our honeymoon at last, Topsy, after all these years!"

"I mean I actually was that close to it!" Aline added in a silence.

Rogers took his pipe out of his mouth.

The Story of Lefty and the Blonde back of First Base



1. Lefty O'Sullivan, my star pitcher, couldn't sleep. Result... he lost so many games we slid into the second division. The girls, who used to want his autograph, began to boo him. All but one, a blonde who came often and craned her pretty neck for a glimpse of Lefty.



2. One day this blonde called me over to her box. "Do your men drink coffee?" she asked. "Sure, ordinarily," I replied, deciding she's a crackpot. "But I made Lefty cut it out—the caffeine keeps him awake."



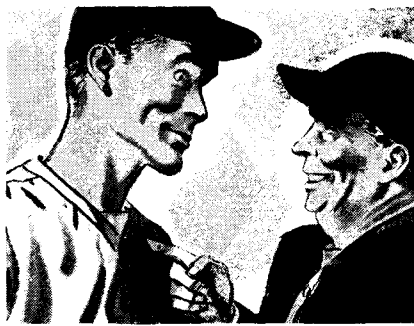
4. "It lets you sleep!" she continued. "The Council on Foods of the American Medical Association says, 'Sanka Coffee is free from caffeine effect and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden!'"



6. "Thank that blonde in the first-base box," I said. "It was her idea!" "Introduce me!" said Lefty. "Maybe I need a grandstand manager!" (You guessed it... she's Mrs. Lefty now. They were married the day we clinched the pennant!)



3. "You just think he cut it out," she stated. "I saw Lefty last night in a café! He drank two cups of coffee! Why don't you tell him to try Sanka Coffee... it's 97% caffeine-free, and can't keep him awake!"



5. "Thanks," said I. So I told Lefty to try it. Soon, he's winning ball games again. The team perked up at that, and by September we're back in the race. "Lucky you thought about Sanka!" said Lefty.



SANKA COFFEE
REAL COFFEE... 97% CAFFEIN-FREE

Sanka Coffee is real coffee... all coffee... a blend of fine Central and South American coffees! Drip or regular grind.

"I know. That was the plan," he said briefly, and put it back again.

"Well, exactly, that was the plan!" Aline echoed eagerly. "So, I mean what happened to the plan?" she demanded winningly. "I mean, here I was having to say to people, 'But he's not divorced!' When I got back from New York, you can imagine how I felt when they told me you were gone! I mean I'd shown Katty and Zoe and Louise some of my trousseau and, of course, it made me feel like a fool. Maybe I am a fool about you, anyway."

She smiled her slow Oriental smile, spread her hands appealingly.

"Not a line or a note—"

"I sent you a note, following up that talk we had before you ever went to Reno. Remember the night I told you it was all off? But I wrote it, too, and sent it by Hall."

"I never got it!" Aline said quickly.

"I don't know what happened to it, then. He came back and said he had left it. But we'd talked it all out anyway. We'd settled it."

"I don't remember settling anything at all. Except that you hadn't gotten a divorce, as you promised to, and that you ran away. But I knew that you'd be home some day. Toppy, and that we'd talk it over and straighten it all out. I mean I haven't changed in the least. I mean I did go to Reno and get my divorce, and so where am I?"

"LOOK here, Aline," said Rogers, "I've been married twice, and you've been married three times. We're sensible people; we're not kids jumping into experiments. It seems to me that if one or the other of us comes to the conclusion that it would be a mistake, that ought to be enough."

"It wouldn't take me very long," Aline answered him patiently, "to convince you that it wasn't a mistake. That it was the happiest thing that ever happened to either of us. I mean that you've never been spoiled, Rogers, and I want a chance to spoil you. With all the dinners you've given in this house, dinners when poor Anna was alive, bridge dinners, men's dinners, you've never known what real hospitality is."

She looked so lovely, so entirely the alluring woman as she said this, that to Rogers himself it was strange that he could answer with outward calm:

"You never can tell, can you? It might work out."

But he was more shaken than he knew. He felt the curious power she had always held over him since as a boy he had seen a sixteen-year-old girl dancing in black lace with poppies in her hair.

"I think we could tell!" Aline said quickly. "You're the oldest friend I have."

"Light a fire in there, will you, Hinz?" Rogers said to the butler, hearing him busy with the fastenings of the tall French windows.

"It's lighted, sir."

"Good. And bring in this chair, will you? I brought it out here for Mrs. Havens."

"Aline," Rogers said, when they were settled with drinks and canapés by the fire, "has it ever occurred to you that it might be Dina?"

"Dina!" she echoed quickly. "You mean she's fallen in love with you? That's nonsense, no matter what she says. Caroline tells me that Vere is mad to marry her now."

"I don't know that she's fallen in love with me. I know that she refuses me a divorce."

A silence, while Aline looked at him steadily.

"What are you talking about?" she said then.

"Hasn't it ever occurred to you that might be it?"

"But—good gracious, it was all arranged!"

"We may have thought it was. But perhaps," Rogers said mildly, "she changed her mind, too."

"Hinz says dinner's ready, Rogers," said a voice from the doorway. The man and the woman at the fireside turned as if electrified. Dina had come into the room, a demure and well-brushed Dina in a simple dark dress that Rogers had seen many times before.

"Hello, Aline," she said, coming forward. "No Caroline? I thought she was coming, too."

She slipped easily into her big chair, completing the semicircle by the fire, smiled at the other two.

"No, nothing for me, Hinz," she said to the butler. "We'll be coming right out. I wasn't sure I could make it today, Rogers," Dina went on, "so I didn't write. I left the baby with Mother. But I've had a talk with Mrs. Bucket and a hot bath and it seems good to be here again!"

"I was just telling Aline—" Rogers began.

"Of your reconciliation," Aline put in as he paused. She was breathing a little hard, and her carved ivory nostrils were flaring and narrowing like those of a restive horse, but she gave no other sign of whatever she might be feeling.

"It could hardly be a reconciliation when there wasn't ever a quarrel," Dina said innocently. "I don't think we ever quarreled, did we, Rogers?"

"I don't believe we ever did." She knew he was all but speechless with surprise and satisfaction. "Unless it was about Russian bank," he added.

"Oh, well, I won't play Russian bank!" Dina declared firmly.

"Because you have never mastered its intricacies, my dear," Rogers' tone held just the pleasantly teasing note of the husband and householder.

"I didn't bring Margaret, Rogers, because I wasn't sure just how things were here," Dina said.

"You're very devoted to your little girl, aren't you?" Aline asked. Dina smiled dreamily, brought her eyes from the fire to meet those of the other woman.

"She's very cunning just now," she said, "walking and talking. But Rogers," Dina interrupted herself to say apologetically, "here you are back from real adventures and we've not asked you anything about them! Tell us about the ship you went off in—a freight ship, wasn't it? Wasn't it horribly uncomfortable? And let's go out to dinner before we get started, for Chong has probably half killed himself getting up something extraordinary!"

A FRIEND'S car was to come for Aline when she telephoned for it. Pleading a headache she had Rogers telephone immediately after dinner. Neither Rogers nor Dina attempted to persuade her to change her mind, but both knew that no powers of pleading could influence her to do so. While Rogers telephoned, Dina and Aline were for five minutes alone. Of that short interval Aline took immediate advantage, wasting no moment upon pleasantries. "You think you are very clever," said Aline, looking at the younger woman through narrowed lids. "You think that by this kind of play-acting you'll hold Rogers, and incidentally hold Rogers' money. I'd like the low-down on it. Why didn't he get a divorce?"

"I really don't know," Dina answered candidly. "I had gone up to Stockton to be with my mother. The first thing I heard was that Rogers had gone to China."

"I want to tell you something and I want to say it quickly," Aline said. "I can make it very well worth your while to drop this silly nonsense and get

your divorce as you promised to last winter. Vere's mother is my oldest friend and if you happened to want to marry Vere—"

"Vere asked me to marry him," Dina said simply, as Aline, seeing that she had made no impression, paused with her shrewd, cold glance as fixed as a snake's upon Dina's face, "when he thought Rogers and I were going to be divorced. But this way," she finished, "seemed wiser."

"It won't be wise for Rogers, I warn you," Aline began again quickly, "to have his wife discussed as you may be discussed."

"I think people have said everything of me that they can say," Dina answered, unruffled.

"And you propose to live along here with Rogers?"

"Well, that's what most wives do, isn't it?"

"That has nothing to do with it!" Aline said sharply.

"I COULDN'T raise the Harrison Garage at all," Rogers said, returning, "but it occurs to me that Hall's here; I don't know why I didn't think of it before. Where are you staying, Aline?"

"With Caroline. Did you tell Hall?"

"Yep, and he's waiting. But why rush? That aspirin may ease up your head any minute—" But even as he spoke, Rogers was walking with her toward the hall, and when he came back five minutes later he was alone, and Dina had heard the front door slam and the movement of a car on the drive. "Geraldine," he said, "what inspired you?"

"I only thought of it after you left Stockton yesterday," she explained. "I'd promised to write you a letter, you know, but when I thought it over it seemed silly not to come myself. It seemed so much more convincing to be right here, instead of your handing her a letter from me! In the first place," she went on, back in her seat now, with Rogers opposite her in the old way, "I knew you'd never hand it to her. I was afraid she'd talk you over."

"She would have; she would have," said Rogers, pulling on his pipe, stretched luxuriously in his low leather chair, smiling at space. "I'm weak, Geraldine. I was beginning to think, 'Damn

it, it is Aline, after all, and Lord, but she's beautiful, and what of it? If she wants to try it here for a while and then get a divorce—"

"No, no, no," he interrupted himself, "it wasn't really getting me! But when you walked in, Geraldine, calm and affectionate and just the lady of the house welcoming a guest—"

He was silent again, and Dina was silent, too, her hands clamped on the arms of her chair as they had been in many a talk beside this fire, her eyes fixed on his.

"Well, you're a remarkable girl," Rogers finished. "Some day the lad'll come along who'll be good enough for you. But meanwhile, you'll pull me out of the tightest hole I ever got into. Whew! Never again. Now what do you plan to do?"

"I thought—I was thinking, driving down," Dina began.

"How'd you get here, by the way?"

"You had the big car in town, and Mrs. Bucket sent Porty Joe with the green car. I telephoned her last night and had a long talk."

"You're deep, that's what you are. Well, go on. How'll we manage this?"

"I was thinking this, Rogers: Suppose I go home every Monday and stay until Friday or Saturday. Then come down here so that at the club on Saturday or Sunday we'll be seen together."

"You don't have to do that every week end. Just until Caroline and Aline accept the idea."

"Well, nearly every week end."

"She'll have a grand powwow with Caroline, as soon as she gets there!"

"I suppose so."

"Lord, Geraldine, this is one house with you in it, and another without you!" Rogers said.

They sat in silent contentment until Hinz respectfully interrupted:

"Would you and Mrs. Holland like the cribbage board, sir?"

"By all means!" Rogers answered.

"I was eleven up."

"Nine. Don't you remember I won two games and I said you were a baseball team ahead?" Dina asked.

"Nine it is. This is fun!" They were both laughing as they drew up their chairs.

But Dina did not laugh in the long watches of the night, and she was not

How's your "Pep Appeal"?

—by Bundy



Uncle A: Well! Well! Doris. So your *engagement's* going to be announced tonight!

Uncle B: I must say you don't seem very *thrilled* about it!



Uncle A: Looks like a little job for us, Bert. The poor girl's short on "pep appeal."

Uncle B: Right you are, Andy. Maybe she isn't getting all her vitamins. We'll have to take her in hand.



Uncle A: Lucky your mother had some KELLOGG'S PEP in the house, for it's a grand place to start on vitamins. Yessir, PEP is extra-rich in the two vitamins that are least abundant and thus most needed in ordinary diets—vitamins B₁ and D. You start getting all your vitamins and you'll feel like a different girl!

The Girl: Wait a minute! Instead of all that talk about vitamins, why didn't you tell me how good PEP is? Wow! This tastes grand!



The Girl: See you later, and thanks a million for that tip about vitamins and KELLOGG'S PEP. You just watch what a different girl I'm going to be.

The Uncles (in unison): Where there's pep there's hope!

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B₁, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

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A. JOHN KAUNUS

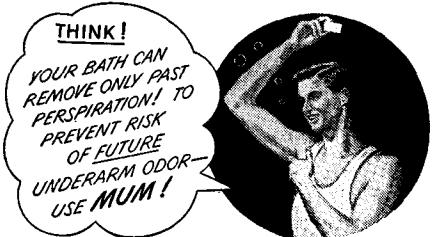
Ben's I.Q. was way up —but the world turned him down



BEN'S PROFESSORS called him "The Brain." Pretty girls called him "The Profile." But the closer Ben got to a girl, the more distant she became. For brains and good-looks go begging—when a man has underarm odor.



IN BUSINESS Ben figured his high-powered brains would zoom him up the hill to success in high. Imagine his embarrassment when he stalled! Ben was going nowhere fast—when a newspaper ad pulled him up—



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• NO MAN can afford to take chances with underarm odor. Remember your daily shower only takes care of past perspiration, but Mum prevents risk of odor to come. A quick dab of Mum—30 seconds to apply—prevents underarm odor all day or evening long. Harmless to skin and shirts—does not stop perspiration. Get Mum today!

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MUM TAKES THE ODOR
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laughing when she met Andy in San Francisco the next day. Her wire had said, "Under the clock at the Saint Francis at one," and it was in one of the high-backed red velvet chairs in the hotel foyer that he found her, sitting erect, lovely in her autumnal costume of browns and blacks, strangely pale.

"You did come down after all!"

"I came down yesterday."

"But you look tired; you've no color at all," Andy said solicitously, as they reached the street. "Don't you want lunch?"

"Yes, somewhere," she said nervously. "But not here. Everyone will know us in here! Where could we go to walk?"

"To walk! I thought you said you were hungry."

"I am. But I was thinking of the beach, maybe—the cliffs somewhere, or some place in the park. Let's go out to the Cliff House—I want to go somewhere we won't be seen."

"I know. We'll go to Julius' Castle." He helped her into a taxi, took her hands and held them tight. "What's the matter, darling?" he asked.

"Just—I'll tell you. But first let's get seated—"

"You drove yourself down yesterday and got tired?"

"No; I telephoned Mrs. Bucket and she sent Porty Joe for me."

"I don't seem to place Mrs. Bucket."

"Rogers' housekeeper."

"Oh. Oh, yes. And she sent up for you. But why didn't you telephone me? I'd have come like a shot. And why didn't you let me know you were down here?"

"Well, because—" She waited while he paid the driver and while they entered the little hillside restaurant and found a table in a corner close to a great window overlooking the city and the bay.

"Andy," Dina said then, "Rogers' is back."

"I saw that in the paper yesterday."

"Yes; and he came to Stockton to see me on Monday. That's—that's why I came down. He wants me to go back to him. I have gone back to him."

"What—darling! This doesn't make sense!" Andy said.

"He doesn't want a divorce."

A LONG silence. Andy looked at her steadily; Dina looked away.

"I see," Andy said then, clearing his throat.

"No, of course you don't see," she said in a low voice; "but I do. I see what I have to do."

"You mean he wants you to go back to him?" Andy said it patiently, not making it a question. "Why? I thought it was all a plan—I thought you never had been his wife—"

He stopped. Dina looked at him honestly, her cheeks suddenly red.

"Yes, that's true. But he wants me back."

"You mean—I don't get this," Andy muttered. "Anything, anything," he said to the waiter. "Bring us lunch; you select it. But, Dina," he resumed, "you can't do that."

"I have to," Dina said.

"You mean that now, after his throwing you out, after his saying he wanted to marry Aline—all that's wiped out, and now he wants you back!"

"Apparently," Dina said faintly.

"But you don't want to!"

"I want—" she began. Her voice thickened and her eyes filled, and she went on in a low tone that she tried to hold steady. "I want to marry you, of course, Andy," she said.

Instantly his hand came out and covered hers.

"But that's what you're going to do," he said; "and he can marry Aline."

"He doesn't want to, now."

"Doesn't want to!"

"No. That's it. She does."

"And you're to be the buffer?"

"As long as I'm his wife, and won't give him a divorce, she can't."

"But everyone knows what the plot was!"

"I know. Aline came down to see Rogers last night. She was to bring Caroline, but Caroline didn't come. Aline was dressed as if it was a party. She was going to fix it all with Rogers."

"Well?"

"Well, I was there," Dina said simply.

"So she couldn't. I see."

"She went home very early; she said she had a headache; and Rogers and I played cribbage."

Andy's handsome, hard face was grim.

"Why should you do that for him, Dina?"

"Because I must. Oh, you know,"

Dina burst out, suddenly abandoning the quiet, repressed manner she had forced upon herself during the beginning of the talk, "you know what a goggle-eyed simpleton Rogers can be! Mrs. Bucket tells me that his first wife was a hypochondriac, always imagining something was wrong with her, but that he took it all with the utmost seriousness, had nurses, sent her away for cures, believed everything. All his life he's believed everything Aline ever said about wanting to be a country lady, gardening and having a houseful of children! Until this year, that is; now he knows. I don't know what he discovered or saw or suspected, but last night just before I went upstairs, he said to me, 'She couldn't play fair with me even while we were engaged!' And I know she hasn't from something I saw. She doesn't love him. And he was good to me," Dina went on, her lips suddenly trembling, "and I'll stand by him. She shan't have him!"

"But great Allah! Can't he tell her so? Hasn't he any spunk at all?" Andrew said loudly.

"No; Rogers hasn't. Or not where she's concerned. He's loved her too long, or thought he did. Anyway, she has some hold on him."

"And he feels that keeping you there, young and lovely and—dear as you are—will keep her out? So you don't matter, and nothing matters except that that fat—that toad," Andy said angrily, "is to be protected by the ruin of your life!"

"Well, after all, you took her away from him, Andy," Dina said timidly, "and that started all this."

"I'd never heard of him! She never once told me about being engaged to him!"

"He stood by me," Dina persisted.

"Not because he felt any obligation to you!"

"No, but he was always kind—when I was so ill, when the house was full of nurses, and Margaret was squalling."

"HOW long, presumably, will this delightful arrangement go on?" Andy finished a ramekin of mushrooms and crabmeat and truffles with three savage bites.

"I'm finished, too. We'll have the salad," Dina said to the waiter. To Andy she answered simply, "I don't know."

"Can you see," Andy argued, "what the reverse situation would be? Can you think how you'd feel if I was going back to live in the house with some attractive woman, dine with her every night, stand before the world as her husband? How'd that seem to you? Would you believe—would it make sense to you that I never was going to touch her, to put my arm around her, to remember that after all she was my wife?"

"As to that," she said, her face hot, "you needn't worry. It would never occur to him to make love to me, to feel that I was anything but what I've been from the beginning—the daughter in his house, who keeps away complications."

Andrew looked at her a long time. When he spoke his voice was gentle.

"You are a wonderful woman, Dina. I wonder who else would do that?" he said. He saw her bite her lip, saw her

"Well! What can I do for you?"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

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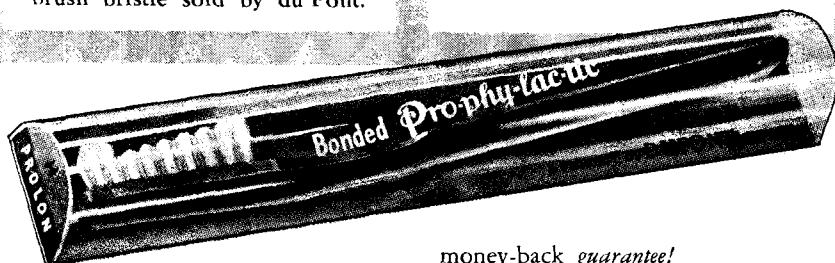


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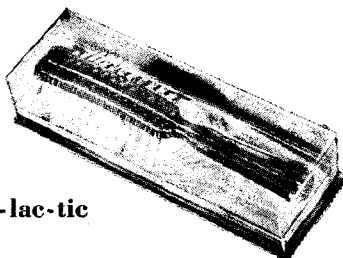
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face wrinkle, but when she spoke it was with complete self-control:

"There's something I want to say to you, Andy, and now may be my last chance. You'll be going east, and my plans are nowhere. I may get a divorce in five months; it might be five years."

"It won't be five years," he said steadily.

"No, it won't be five years. When you're kind to me," Dina said, blinking and gulping and attempting a smile, "you break—you break me all up. But we're going to part for a while anyway; we'll have to forget our little Connecticut farm for a while, and I want you to know something before you go. It's this—"

She looked down at the table in silence for a full two minutes. The waiter took away the plates, put cheese and coffee before them; withdrew.

"IT'S this," Dina began again. "I am your wife. Forever and forever, until we're both old, I'm your wife. When you've gone I'm going to live ahead all the years, years when I'll pour your breakfast coffee, with the snow outside, or the hot summer morning; years when we'll take Margaret and the other children off for beach picnics, pin up their clothes, dry off their sandy little feet; years when you'll take me to galleries and everyone will know that that's Andrew Havens, the artist, and his wife; years of evenings together, Andy, when the fire's burning, and you look up from your book and I look up from mine, and we smile at each other; all the years there are—your wife."

"And one thing more," she went on, as he did not speak, and they looked at each other with brimming eyes, "I'll never love any other man. You can marry someone else; you might die; it wouldn't make any difference; I'll never belong to anyone but you."

"I'll live on thinking that, Andy. I'll not change. And I'll write you, and tell you all about things at Mother's, and things down in Rogers' too. I'll send you pictures of Margaret, and no matter how long it is, I'll be living for the day when we two get into your old car and start off into heaven together!"

She was so stirred that she had to put her elbows on the table when she had finished, and cover her eyes with her hands. For a long time Andy did not speak. Then he said:

"Dina, will you give me tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow?" she echoed, swallowing, smiling, wiping her eyes.

"Yes. I think I'll go tomorrow. Jim Robinson, the curator, is here; he's lecturing at Town Hall at two o'clock. I'll drive east with him. But I'll have all tomorrow until—well, until five. Will you come to town again and lunch with me, and we'll go up into Chinatown, and buy each other presents as we did that first day?"

"Oh, yes; I'll do that!" she said, eagerly and gratefully. And then in a whisper, "Oh, Andy, I love you so!"

"Love! You don't know anything about love," he said gently, his lean, sunburned face wearing its pleasantest smile. "But some day I'll show you what it is. So we have today and tomorrow, Dina."

"I'm meeting Rogers late this afternoon. There's a wedding at four, but I can skip that and meet him at the reception. He wants people to see us together. But we have until then! Andy, you are so kind not to make this too hard for me!" Dina said, her wet eyes trying to smile at him.

"I'm dazed. The bullet has gone clear through me," Andrew said. "Now I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll walk to the garage—that's quite a walk—and get my car, and go out and sit on the cliffs. Or go over the bridge into Marin if you like, and walk there. And tomorrow

we'll see the mural and do Chinatown, and then maybe, if you're tired, go sit in some dark movie where there are comfortable chairs, and I can have my arm around you. Then we'll say goodbye, and I'll pick up Robinson, and we'll be on our way. We're starting late because of his lecture."

"You'll go through Stockton?"

"Not if I can help it! Dina, will you do one thing for me?"

Her eyes, bright and dark with tears and happiness and relief, answered him.

"Tomorrow, you know, when we're shopping in Chinatown, I wish you'd do something for me."

"What?"

"Do you know that old red brick church right on the edge of Chinatown? That's one of the oldest Catholic churches in San Francisco. That's the old Cathedral—Saint Mary's. Will you go in there with me tomorrow and go up to the altar and say that you'll be my wife forever and ever, in sickness and in health, for richer or poorer, until death do us part?"

Their hands were locked together. Dina's eyes were shining; her lips parted like those of an awestruck child.

"Oh, you know I will, you know how I will love to do that, Andy! How ever did you think of it?"

"I thought of it just now. When you said how you would think ahead across the years and think of yourself as always my wife. All right then," Andy said, signaling for the check, "we'll get the car. We have until five o'clock today and we have tomorrow!"

"Tomorrow will be the hardest!" she half whispered, keeping very close to him as they went into the street. And she counted the hours jealously. "Until five—that's only two and a half hours. Andy; and then tomorrow, ten to five—that's only seven more."

"We'll pack 'em!" he said. But for both of them the present ecstasy and the thought of the coming parting were almost too much, and when she and Hall left Andrew at his hotel the following afternoon Dina looked white and wan.

"I think I'll not get out, Andy. Goodby, dear."

"Goodby," he said. And for Hall's benefit he added, "And a million thanks for everything!"

But he had kissed her in the darkness of the almost empty movie house, had kept his big arm about her, and she could remember that. She could remember the marvelous moment in the old church, when they two had knelt in a dark back pew and stared at the altar that was blazing with candles for Exposition, and had whispered their vows.

"I'll always be your wife, Andy, forever. In sickness and in health. For richer, for poorer. Until death do us part."

THEY had come out of the church solemn and with eyes strangely alight. There had been no flowers, no kisses, no joyous congratulatory group, but Dina had known that many a bride had felt less married than she did as she and Andy walked to a little French restaurant in Bush Street for lunch.

It had been bewildering, unreal to go from him to meet Rogers, to be caught in a tide of a real wedding party, to move in a dream among chattering groups in a city mansion. A score of friendly voices had greeted Dina as the reception went upon its milling, laughing, crowded way.

"He got back Monday. Yes; I was with my mother while he was on his travels," Dina had said over and over again. "My baby's quite small, you know."

"And you'll both be home now for a while?"

"For a while."

Rogers had been in great spirits as they drove home.

"See Vere there?"

"No, I didn't. I didn't get out of the dining room once I'd gotten in there. Things were so congested that I helped pass coffee."

"Vere spoke to me for a moment, he asked for you, and I said very casually that you were there somewhere, that we'd gotten separated somehow in the crush. He said, 'Oh, she's here, then?' and asked how he could telephone you, and I said, 'At the house any time,' and that was all."

"Aline wasn't there?"

"No, but Caroline was, and Aline will get a full account of it."

Dina had rested contentedly against the comfortable cushions of the big car. Tomorrow was to be their day—hers and Andy's. She would look no farther than that.

But when tomorrow had come and gone a great blankness seemed to come over her, a languor of soul and body, the voice of Andy was continually in her ears and the touch of his hand on hers. Dina would lie flat in the long wakeful nights, remembering, remembering. She thought of the streets through which they had walked, of the little restaurant tables where they had lunched; she thought most often of the old Cathedral and of Andy and herself kneeling and whispering in one of the shadowy pews, and her heart shook within her, and she felt that she could not live with the knowledge that he was going farther and farther away from her.

Christmas came, and this time Dina's family came down to spend a day with their married daughter, and to marvel at the big house and impressive state in which Dina lived. Rogers—himself the suggester of the plan—had said that he probably would not be able to be present at the one-o'clock feast, but loitering on from moment to moment, he had remained to the end, which had come with surprising abruptness.

For the Cashmans were not experienced in social niceties. They arrived at noon, cold and car-tired; they admired the house, they left Dina's presents tied nicely in ribbons and silver paper, and accepted their own presents quietly, stowing them in the cars for examination later. They did full justice to the hearty dinner; Myrna trying her

young conversational arts upon Rogers, Donny solemn, with a napkin tied about his neck, Margaret kept up after nap time to occupy the high chair.

But when the meal was over there were unmanageable silences, and Dina's father said restlessly that they had better begin to think of starting for home. It was a long run and a pretty cold day. At half past two, to Dina's secret relief, with thanks that were expressed in their awed faces and subdued manners rather than by anything they said, they left in two cars, everybody well muffled and Art grinning in great if secret pride over his first pair of fur-lined gloves.

Five minutes later Margaret was asleep and Dina was off for a rapid walk through the hills and roads.

"I'm glad we did it," she said to Rogers that evening, when they were going in the big car to a quiet Christmas dinner at Woodside. "They'll talk of it forever! But—it's a funny thing, I feel more at home—I mean here, than I do even at home. But I told them Margaret and I would be up tomorrow, to stay three or four days, and it'll be then that I get the whole reaction, all about every chair and table and maid and dish!"

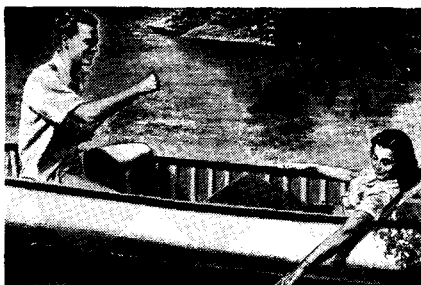
"I could see they were taking it all in," Rogers said. And then, in a businesslike tone: "Now listen, I may go on to play cards at Ned's tonight. All right if Hall takes you home around ten?"

"Fine. But I'm glad we had them," Dina repeated; "it was a happy Christmas Day!"

"Perhaps the happiest that the old place ever knew," Rogers said thoughtfully. And when she heard one of his rare, half-involuntary admissions that he was satisfied, Dina was satisfied too.

IN THE cold spring weather and over roads against which floodwaters were brimming, she drove to and fro between her husband's home and her mother's every week. Dina came to know all the turns and the gas stations; she and Margaret and Ida welcomed the first waves of rich green grass in February and the first white and pink of the orchards. Acacia was powdered gold in the door-yards of the villages through which they drove; there were days in which Dina arrived in driving rains, there were hot days when her forehead was wet beneath the brim of her hat.

Art had had a raise; Myrna had a



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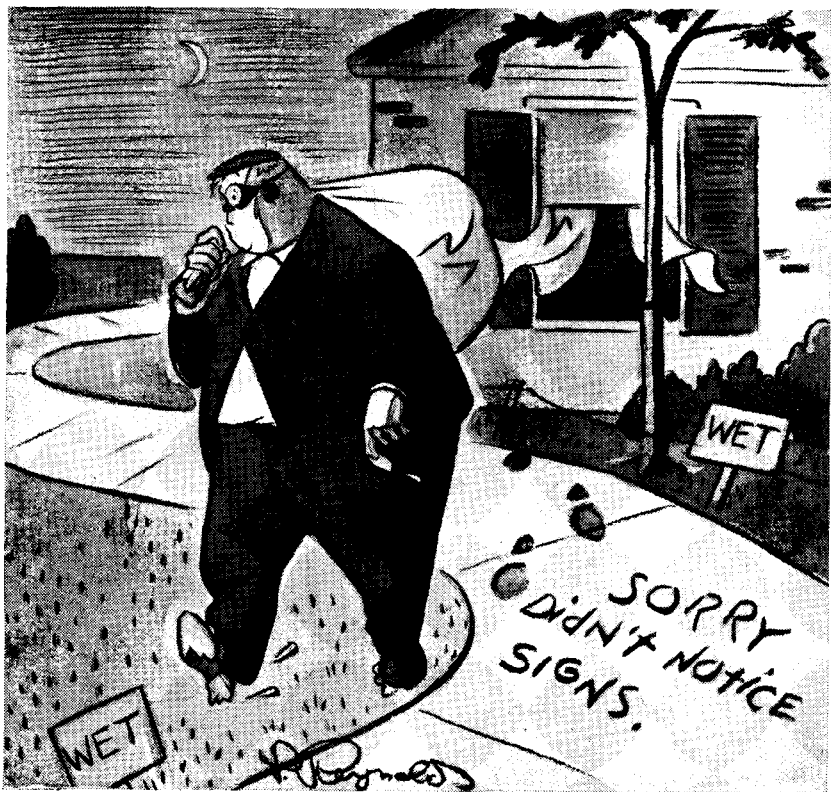
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By Larry Reynolds



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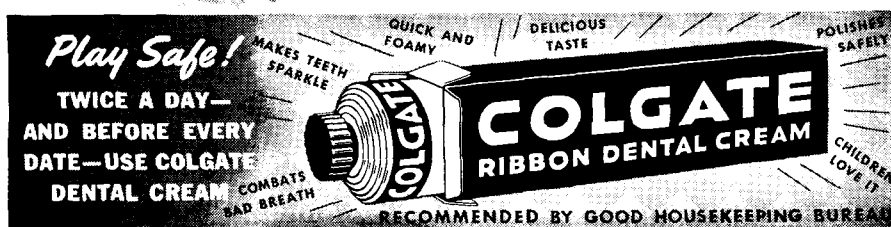
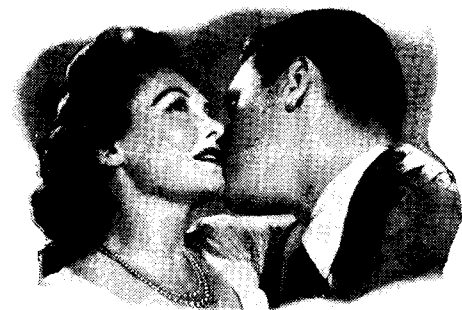


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job with the telephone company; Dooley spent all her spare moments at the hospital and was going to start training as a nurse when she was eighteen; Art had Amanda, and bored his sister into actual sleep with confidences about her; Dina's mother was having all her teeth replaced; her father had been put on a strict diet by the company doctor and discussed fats and calories at all meals; little Lou still clung in silent, passionate devotion to her oldest sister, cried regularly when Dina went away, welcomed her back as one returning from the dead. Dina brought all the girls down in turn for week ends at the Holland mansion, but although the novelty entertained Myrna and Dooley, it was only Lou who really enjoyed them.

SO THE weeks went by, and it was summer, and this year the Cashmans rose to the dignity of having a cabin of their own at the lake; one hundred dollars' rent for two months, but Dina paid it, and Dina was sure it was worth it. Again they loaded the car and again the family packed itself into it, but this time it was Dina and Art who took up the first delegation; their mother, self-consciously clicking the new teeth, would remain at home to take care of the man of the house, following the children only when his vacation began.

It was hot July weather as they drove up past the flat river country and into the mountains; this was sheer delight and adventure, and Dina's mood of excitement and joy affected all the rest. The woods were green, pressing against the winding white road; long before they came to the lake itself they could see other lakes, still and cool and sapphire blue between the great shoulders of the hills.

A stop at the grocery; the usual moving-day order of butter and eggs and bread and coffee. The smaller girls roamed about with baskets; their purchases filled two high heavy paper bags.

"Oh, I wish everybody in the world could have as much fun as we do!" Dina said, when they had found the brown cottage perched on a great waterside outbreak of boulders, and had investigated its three bunk-lined rooms, and started their first fire in the great black-mouthed chimney. The sun was sinking now, long lances of light touched the golden shafts of the pines; every high tuft of green stood apart in the crystal clearness as if seen through water; bees were going home; spears of tobacco-brown yarrow and clouds of blue Michaelmas daisies lined the rocky path that led down from the cabin porch to the water.

The Cashmans were into the water like fish restored to their natural element; other groups of bathers were enjoying a dip at the end of the hot day; two young swimmers went by with the speed of dolphins curving through the lake and shouted a welcoming, "Hello, girls, you got back, did you?"

Myrna, as she swam gallantly beside Art and Dina told them that the swimmers were Berkeley boys, Stuart Wilson and Mart Pepper.

It was only fifty feet to the great flat-topped rock still baking in sunlight, but the Cashmans were not experienced swimmers and were glad to get there. They lay like three seals, panting, and occasionally shouting a warning to the three small sisters who were busily splashing, digging and shouting with a few other children on the narrow strip of beach.

Two other swimmers came up to their rock, hung there breathless for a moment, swam away again. When a third stranger was suddenly there, dragging his dripping form up to a level several feet away from them, sitting with his back toward them, they paid him no attention.

But after a moment he said, "Hello, Dina," and Dina turned with a sudden stop at her heart and looked at him. In that dazzling second the beautiful summer world about her, the satin lake and the ripples against the rock, the green-tufted, golden-shafted pines rising high above the brown cabins into the sunset sky were heaven itself.

"Andy!" she said. Art and Myrna were gone, swimming back to the shore, and the world was all themselves, man and woman, their dripping hands together, their eyes seeing nothing but each other.

"I arrived here today," he said. "I'm over at the hotel. I thought you people wouldn't be here until late tonight. But when I saw you drive by I got my bathing suit out."

"But who told you we'd be here at all?"

"Rogers."

"You've seen him?"

"I telephoned him, night before last, from New York. And then I flew, and we had a talk today."

"From New York? But, Andy—you can stay how long?"

"I don't know. Until Sunday, anyway."

"Only until Sunday!"

"That's three days."

"Yes; that's richness." Dina took off her cap, shook her mop free. Her slender long body was stretched on its side; she rested one elbow on the smooth weatherworn boulder, supported her cheek on her hand. "Oh, we're talking together again!" she said under her breath.

"I'll ask you all to dinner tonight over at the hotel."

"Oh, no; not tonight. Give Myrna a chance to get her orandy out and to press it. Andy, how goes it?"

"It goes well, darling. And with you?"

"I reported to you every week that it goes well, too. It's done what I wanted it to do, Andy. Aline doesn't ever see Rogers now; she's stopped telephoning and trying to see him. He's happy, really happy, and sometimes you wouldn't know him for the man he used to be. I mean with Margaret, for instance—but, of course," Dina broke off to say, smiling, "Margaret is the irresistible baby of all time, saying everything and running everywhere."

"I took a look at her on the beach with Ida. With a mosquito's bathing suit on and a straw hat."

"That's a sun suit. But Margaret doesn't discriminate; she is probably swimming by this time. But tell me—tell me what brings you, and whether you're half as glad to see me as I am you!"

"I'M AWFULLY glad, Dina," Andy answered seriously. "Well, what brought me was, of course, telephoning to Rogers," he added.

"Rogers doesn't know we love each other," she said quickly; "oh, of course, he knows we're good friends," Dina amended it; "but he doesn't know about those few minutes in old Saint Mary's."

"Rogers may not know that detail, but he's known all along how things were with us."

"You think so?"

"Leave it to that old fox. Oh, yes, he wrote me about six weeks ago, and asked me to come out this summer," Andy said, "but what brought it to a head yesterday was an item in the paper."

"An item in the paper?"

"Yep. To the effect that my late bride," the man went on, "was married to J. Beardsley Mackinnon last Tuesday night."

"Aline married! And to Beardsy Mackinnon! But he isn't—he isn't that dull, rich, old, talkative Mr. Mackinnon who goes tarpon fishing!"

"I don't know him. But that seems to tally with what Rogers said."

"But he's—he's sixty! And he's so dull!"

"Aline felt it would be wise to marry, apparently," Andrew said noncommittally.

"But why him?"

"It was marry somebody or face a suit for alienation of affection," Andy answered. "A Mrs. Sanford Smith, so I am informed, threatened to sue. She threatened, as a matter of fact, last fall, but Aline went away and the thing died down. However, it started up again about two months ago when they were on the same steamer going to Hawaii, and I gather that the way Aline behaved down there was enough to start fifteen suits. Smith was to be there a week, studying the site for a house, and he stayed five. Mrs. Smith was at home in California with the children. Aline got back last week, and on Tuesday she married Mackinnon."

"I SUPPOSE he's been following her around for years perhaps," Dina said, still amazed, "but nobody ever takes Beardy very seriously."

"Rogers is pretty well set up about it," Andy said. "He says that Mackinnon was divorced fifteen years ago, and flashed on the divorce lawyer a statement he had made his wife sign agreeing to an alimony of a hundred a month and no authority over possible children. Well, there weren't any children, but Rogers is pretty sure that he's made some such conditions now."

"But then why should she do it? Oh, yes; I see," Dina added on second thought. "She couldn't face a law suit. But what a—what a mess of a life!" she added.

"And have you thought what it means to us?" the man asked.

"But, of course—" Her eyes were wide. "Rogers will agree to a divorce now?"

"Agree to it! I telephoned him, asked if I could see him if I flew out. Of course, he suspected it was about you. Anyway, he said, 'Come ahead,' and we talked it out last night. There were tears in his eyes when he talked of you, Dina. He said, 'She's earned all the love and all the happiness any woman ever had. You see that she gets it!'"

"But, Andy—" It was her anxious, little-girl look. "You see I've just got the youngsters up here for the summer. Mamma won't be up for a month yet. Donny had pneumonia and he's got to be built up, and Myrna and Art have to go back to their jobs in three weeks; they can't change their vacations now and I can't let them down. Do you think

we could wait until almost September?"

"Listen, bird-brains," he said. "Where do you think you are?"

"Why, I'm at Piny Cove at Lake Tahoe."

"You're in Nevada now, Innocence."

"I'm—oh, heavens, this is Nevada! Oh, I always think only of Reno. But, of course, I'm in Nevada!"

"You're just across the state line. I've checked it. So all you have to do is to drive over to Reno—won't take you an hour—and see Rogers' lawyer, and establish your legal residence. He's George Hammersmith, and Rogers phoned him last night when we got through talking. Then six weeks from now, my darling, you and Rogers and I will drive to Reno, and all the family can come along later for the wedding."

"Oh, Andy," said Dina, "is it coming right this time?"

"It would seem so. If you could see 'Elmover' you'd think so. All I've done is have a few fallen trees cut up for my wife's firewood next winter, and removed two dead rats from the parlor. The rest is up to you. But I've been living in the barn chamber since June."

"Will you stay for tomatoes and corn and weenies for supper?"

"Try to get rid of me. I'll wash the dishes and sweep up and then you and I'll take a walk. There's a moon ordered."

"Can you imagine a Sultana or a Begum with ropes of emerald and pearls from here to that inlet?" Dina said, standing now, her young, sleek figure silhouetted against the last of the warm light in the west.

"Why should I?"

"Because I want you to know that I wouldn't change places with her! Ah, you can dive," Dina said enviously, as he poised himself beside her, "but I have to slide in like a baby."

"I'll teach you to dive tomorrow. We have all the tomorrows from now on," Andy reminded her.

She did not answer in words. But with a quick movement she was close to him, his arms about her, her beautiful mane of hair fallen back, her lips against his. For a long moment they strained together hungrily as if the kiss never would be done. Then they were swimming together toward the shore. The swimmers were all gone from the beach now; the tall pines and the rocks and the lapping waters had the warm summer evening to themselves.

Dina swam close to Andy. Presently she put a hand on his shoulder. It was good, even so near to the safe, shallow water, to feel him strong and steady beside her.

THE END

Fred Allen says:

"WANT A GOOD STEER? Steer for a **FIRE-CHIEF** pump and rope yourself a heap of extra mileage"

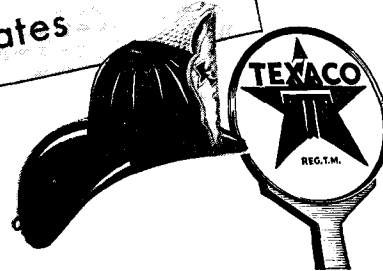


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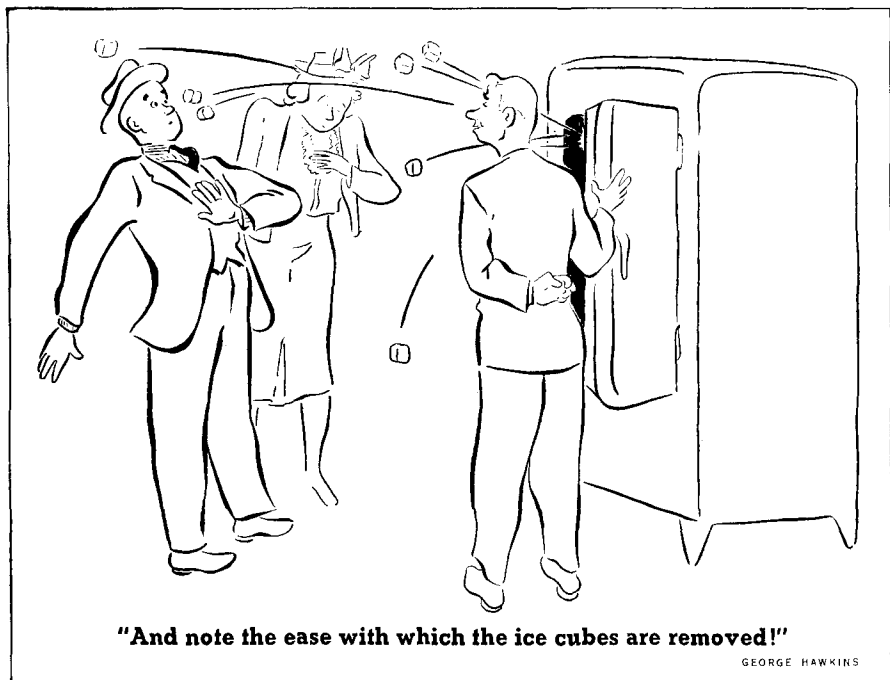
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"And note the ease with which the ice cubes are removed!"

GEORGE HAWKINS

ork



The man who holds down the right-field spot in the Polo Grounds is never an ordinary player; he's a sort of superman to the fans. The almost continuous parade of baseball greats through this position has created a tradition in baseball

THE first time Gabby Hartnett came to the Polo Grounds as manager of the Chicago Cubs, a Giant fan said: "I don't have to tell you how to run your ball club, Gabby. But here's a tip—any time Mel Ott comes up to bat with men on the bases, pass him."

Gabby laughed: "Even if there are three on base?"

The fan nodded. "It wouldn't be a bad idea."

Joe Moore, leading off that day for the Giants, banged a single into center field. The next two hitters were easy. Then came Ott. Bill Lee, Cub pitcher, tried to work on him. On the second pitch, Ottie hit the ball into the right-field stands for a home run.

Gabby, forlorn behind the plate, looked over at his friend, and nodded as if to say: "You were dead right, pal." Ott's home run, with Moore on, pro-

vided the only runs of the day, and so another Giant right fielder had won another ball game for the New Yorkers.

The string is running out for Melvin Thomas Ott. Next season, there almost certainly will be another fellow playing right field regularly. Ott will be back, of course. He'll play in fifty games or so, and serve as a pinch hitter, but the Giants aren't counting on him to play much beyond this year.

Whoever the new boy is—he might be Herbert (Babe) Barna, recently purchased from Minneapolis—he'd better be good. He'll be walking in a great tradition when he leaves the dugout for the first time. For almost forty years, or since John McGraw took command of the Giants, there has been a succession of standout, colorful ballplayers in the right field at the Polo Grounds.

George Browne . . . Mike Donlin . . . Harry (Moose) McCormick . . . John (Red) Murray . . . Davey Robertson . . . Jim Thorpe . . . Ross Young . . . Ott . . . and, for a brief time, while Ott was playing center field, Freddy Lindstrom. Four or five others were stuck in for a little while, but they were out of their class. None lasted long.

Giant right fielders could hit and run and throw—and they all had about them that something extra that draws the mob. Some call it "class."

George Browne Started It

The first was one of baseball's early matinee idols. Women didn't go to ball parks as they do now, but those who went in New York liked slim, handsome, curly-haired George Browne. He received more mash notes than many a popular actor.

But female adulation never seemed to make any difference. He was more interested in base hits. He hit .313 one year in the dead-ball era when anywhere near .300 was very good.

Browne was the right fielder on the 1905 team, the first of McGraw's ten pennant winners. By 1907, it had begun to slow down. McGraw broke it up. Browne went to the Boston Braves. His successor in Right Field, New York, was Mike Donlin, one of the game's memorable characters. Turkey Mike, they called him. Because they said he had a turkey neck. He had close-cropped, dark hair, hard gray eyes, and a long scar down the left side of his face. No one knew how he got the scar, but a friend said:

"The only thing I can guarantee is that Mike didn't get it running away."

That was sure. He never ran away. He walked to the plate with a swagger that terrified enemy pitchers. He had come from the Cincinnati Reds to the Giants, and played only through the season of 1908. He hit .334, and was second to Honus Wagner in the race for the league batting championship.

He was the captain of the Giants, a rough-hewn idol of the fans. Once, when he was being heckled unfairly, he started to climb the low fence to get the fan. By the time he got into the bleachers, the other fans had already thrown the heckler out. His salary was \$4,000 a year. For the 1909 season, he wanted \$8,000.

The club was obdurate. So was Mike. Attempts at a compromise failed, and Turkey Mike did something players have been threatening ever since: held out for a season. He teamed up with his wife, Mabel Hite, a vaudeville favorite, and together they packed them in on the two-a-day.

"I don't need the Giants," he said.

The Giants went south . . . came north . . . opened the season. Mike and Mabel were playing in the Middle West. By and by, his drawing power as an actor waned. The season was in full swing, and here, of all places, was the