

THE MODERN MAN

Hurry the baby as fast as you can, Hurry him, worry him, make him a man. Off with his baby clothes, get him in pants. Feed him on brain foods and make him advance.

WIN OR LOSE?

He was released in the spring, as the sports writers had predicted in the fall; since his arm went bad last season everybody had known that Russel Fleet was through. The years of big-league pitching, with four World Series, is a life work for any man; and nobody but Russ wondered what a man is going to do whose life work is over when he's thirty-one.

He's strong with the church people because he makes it hard to get a drink—but a lot of people like a drink, and they vote, too. They might not vote for Earl if he made it too hard. Also, he'll need the Elmville delegates to get the nomination; and they'll vote the way Stukely tells 'em to.

He began to wish he hadn't stayed, hadn't taken charge of the ball club; but here he was, and there wasn't much for a leisure class to do in Acacia except drink and play poker at Augie Utz's—and take Bee Sloane out in the green roadster after supper. Haslock had first call on her time and politics had first call on his; and on evenings when his Congressional ambitions kept him busy Russ and Bee used to drive, talking endlessly of the old days in Florida.

for the restaurant from a man in the city. And I own some land on one of the Florida Keys, right by the Overseas Highway. Russ, dear, you know automobiles and I know the restaurant business; and if we opened a road house and garage for motor tourists—

people relaxed in unison; and with a sudden tingle Russ knew he had them. Nothing on the ball—but he had something on the Elmville hitters. The next man hit under a slow one and popped out; and in the ninth Russ set down three Elmville batters in a row.

bet a lot of money on it." "Is that my fault? Personally," said Haslock, "I think this excitement over baseball is silly. We'd outgrown it till you came back and stirred it up again. And why? Because you were too lazy to go to work like all the rest of us. You've thrown away the good name of your home town—and then you insult men who offer to let you escape jail for old times' sake!"