
ANOTHER INFANT INDUSTRY

She hated his love of baseball, and he hated her devotion to house drudgery. She said he was "nutty," and he said she wasn't extra bright herself, and, of course, they quarreled.

Something had to be done. The husband cast about for a means whereby he could bring his wife and his other love together and make them friendly. He found it. He heard of a man who had invented a parlor baseball game that was guaranteed to make baseball lunatics out of the most sedate—change them in an hour from staid, sober "kill-joys" into regular loons.

He sneaked a Steele's Game of Base Ball into the house one day and presented it to his wife for a birthday present, along with a \$400 sealskin coat. She was so pleased with the coat that she couldn't refuse to grant his request for a session with the ball game, and—that's nearly the end of the story. They played until midnight that night, until two the next night and the sky was gray with the first streaks of dawn before, on the third night, they reluctantly called a nineteen-inning game a tie and sought their pillows. It was the first game in history that was ever called on account of light.

One month later, seated at a league park, beside this erstwhile slave to housework, a reporter for a morning paper jotted down, verbatim, this remarkable conversational evidence of her capitulation to the charms of baseball:

"Come on now, Jimmy! Crown that pill! 'At a boy! Stretch it, Jimmy! Make it a homer! Go! Aw, who's that bonehead coaching? Jimmy coulda made home on that one easy!"