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"I have had more help, encouragement and enjoyment out of it in one year than I did out of my other papers in ten years," says C. M. Persons.

"It is a queer little paper. I have sometimes read it through and thought I was done with it, then pick it up again and find something new to interest me," says Alfred Krogh.

"Farm Journal is like a bit of sunshine in our home. It is making a better class of people out of farmers. It was first sent me as a Christmas present, and I think it the choicest present I ever received," says P. R. LeValley.

"We have read your dear little paper for nearly 40 years. Now we don't live on the farm any more, yet I still have a hankering for the old paper. I feel that I belong to the family, and every page is as dear and familiar as the faces of old friends," says Mrs. E. W. Edwards.

"I fear I neglect my business to read it. I wish it could be in the hands of every farmer in Virginia," says W. S. Cline.

"I live in a town where the yard is only 15 x 18 feet, but I could not do without the Farm Journal," says Miss Sara Carpenter.

"I get lots of books and papers, and put them aside for future reading. The only paper I seem to have in my hands all the time is Farm Journal. I can't finish reading it. Can't you make it less interesting, so I can have a chance at my other papers?" writes John Swail.

"If I am lonesome, down-hearted, or tired, I go to Farm Journal for comfort, next to the Bible," says Mabel Dewitt.

"Farm Journal has a cheerful vein running through it that makes it a splendid cure for the "blues." When coming home tired in mind and body, I sit down and read it, and it seems to give me new inspiration for life," writes G. E. Halderman.

"We have a brother-in-law who loves a joke. We live in Greater New York, and consider ourselves quite citified, so when he sent us the Farm Journal as a New Year's gift we nearly died laughing. 'How to raise hogs'—we who only use bacon in glass jars! 'How to keep cows clean'—when we use condensed milk even for rice pudding! 'How to plant onions'—when we never plant anything more fragrant than lilies of the valley. I accepted the gift with thanks, for we are too well-bred to look a gift horse in the mouth. Soon my eye was caught by a beautiful poem. I began to read it, then when I wanted the Farm Journal I found my husband deeply interested in an article. Then my oldest son began to ask, 'Has the Farm Journal come yet?' He is a jeweler, and hasn't much time for literature; but we find so much interest and uplift in this fine paper that we appreciate our New Year's gift more and more," writes Ella B. Burkman.

"I received 'Corn Secrets' and 'Poultry Secrets,' and consider them worth their weight in gold," says W. G. Newall.

"What your Egg Book tells would take a beginner years to learn," says Roy Chaney.

"Duck Dollars is the best book I ever had on duck-raising," says F. M. Warnock.

"If your other booklets contain as much valuable information as the Egg-Book, I would consider them cheap at double the price," says P. W. Mansfield.

"I think your Egg-Book is a wonder," says C. P. Shirey.

"The Farm Journal beats them all. Every issue has reminders and ideas worth a year's subscription," writes T. H. Potter.

"One year ago I took another agricultural paper, and it took a whole column to tell what Farm Journal tells in one paragraph," says N. M. Gladwin.

"It ought to be in every home where there is a chick, a child, a cow, a cherry, or a cucumber," says I. D. Bordus.

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[CONTRIBUTED.]

The boys of the college put up a very peart article of ball last Saturday. True, they didn't have any great shakes of a team to stack up against; those doctor boys don't have much chance to get in shape; they don't have any place to practice in except the hall-ways of the college buildings, or, now and then, a court-yard attached. Maybe they can play in the street, sometimes, when they find a policeman off his beat. So Washington College can't swell up and bust because they beat the young saw-bones. However, the game furnished its opportunities for good work, and, to the credit of the home boys, "they done their duty as they seen it, and they done it well."

That boy Pearson looks like he had been behind the bat before; there isn't any trouble about his receptive ability; he gets his flippers on 'em good and strong, and they stick there proper. Then again, he's a right hefty lad, and there isn't much danger of his being knocked off his pins by some of Smoky Troy's hurry up flings. Pearson, too, seems to have a mighty trusty wing. He caught about the only one who tried to pilfer a bag on Saturday, and Mr. Jarman didn't have to make a close decision either. That looks good to me, because the old college has been rather shy on catchers who could hold the runner where he's at, or nail him if he got uppish. Maybe Pearson can tone that Biddle boy down some, too. When the flinger gets three balls on himself he, somehow, doesn't like to have the umpire outdo him in generosity; so when that gentleman chalks up three balls on the slabman, Biddle very politely serves up the other one, or else allows the batter to spank out a juicy hit; then the next batter does the same, and up goes the balloon, taking the game along with it. Now if Pearson can keep Biddle on earth, when the latter feels himself "a' slippin'," those two will make a corking battery. Pearson is young yet—barely 17—and, as before said, he is a likely boy—likely to weigh about 180 lbs. Consequently he feels the weight of his years; maybe he is a bit sluggish—maybe not. But that will wear off soon, and every day will add to his ability to handle himself. Pearson comes very near to filling the bill.

Biddle seemed to be on edge Saturday; pitched good ball; let his opponents down with one hit; hurled a steady game; struck out 7 or 8, no kick coming. All he's got to do is to forget how many ball's he's pitched. Better stuff cotton in his ears, so he can't hear the umpire call 'em off. Then that hoodoo of his—"three balls"—won't paralyze him. He keeps us scared to death all the time; we don't sleep any for a week after he pitches—he's a regular heart-breaker, Biddle is. But he's our Biddle all the same, and Joe Wood, Rube Marquard, Rube Tesreau, or any other Rube, hasn't anything on him, and don't you forget it.

Who's that lean, lanky son-of-a-gun on first base? Is he that chicken who used to cavort around that corner for Chestertown High? He is? Well, well; "he went, he seen, and he beat 'em to it," didn't he? I ain't no prophet nor the son of a prophet, but I always said that gink could play ball; the only trouble is, the fielders don't have much to throw to but a chalk line, and they must have their glims working all right to get the pellets inside his lateral area. But you can bet your life he has his side arms working on time, and no matter if they can't see him, all they got to do is to draw an imaginary circumference, enclosing a circle with a diameter of ten feet, more or less, fling the horse hide inside that, and Usilton will do the rest.

We don't mention his elongating ability whereby he draws the high ones into his loving embrace, when they seemed ticketed for the railroad track; nor the way he scoops them up from the weeds, when they seem inclined to play tag with his toes. He seems to realize that he's there to save the other fellow an error, and to send the ambitious batsman back to the bench. And I've got a hunch he is going to make all our college first basemen, from prehistoric times down to Coach Porter, "go way back and set down." And did you see the way he put his weight agin' that one he slammed into right for a single? They said he couldn't hit, but that was a pretty good imitation of a hitter, and when the newness and the nerves get rubbed off and settled down, just watch how fast he goes.

Ah! here's a familiar face, but switched over on the other side of the pivotal corner. How are you, Captain Lewis, the top 'o the morning to you. Do you feel sort of chesty about bossing the bunch that lost the error column last Saturday? Well, you are a little excusable, but look out for storms. Well, Cap., you held down your job pretty well Saturday. You handled the second half of that double play just as well as your side partner handled the first half, and you kept the boys on their toes all the time. It's a good thing to have a veteran in amongst the youngsters; it sort of holds the colts down. But, Cap., you want to watch those grounders; you want to get right down to 'em, and keep your knees from knocking against one another, and your toes from catching against your heels, and from getting doubled up generally. You want to say, Hello! to that ball before it passes the time o' day to *you*, or else, nine times out of ten, it's going by on the other side. You want to march up to it like a man, and meet it with outstretched hands, not wait for it to throw itself in your arms. A base ball is a bashful creature, and has to be pursued before won. Don't let it play you; play *it*. Here's good luck to you, Cap., and I believe you've got a lot of good boys to handle this year, and if you did slip a cog in Baltimore against Hopkins, you are going to be hard to beat the rest of the season.

That man Wallace got tired of playing left field and made a bee line for short stop; and to see the way he is turkey-trotting around that position, pulling 'em down from the ethereal blue, scooping 'em up from the vernal green, and passing them out with the willow into colorless space, one would think that a Bush or a Barry had gotten his dates mixed, turned up missing in Philadelphia, and landed in Kent where he can play on a real good ball park. But, honest Injun, seems to me Wallace has just found something he's been looking for—has come into his own; found a place to play ball, found his batting eye and found a job he'll keep. It was real good to sit and look at the way he played that game Saturday—he was the whole show, and until he does something real naughty we are not going to say a word. He knows how to play ball better than we know how to criticize.

And here's the old reliable Capt. Mee —, excuse me, it's just plain Gib now. And, don't you know, he's going to play 50% better ball this year than last? The responsibility of captainship held the third-sacker down somewhat, and he played last year worse than he knew how. But he's got to hustle this year; they are playing such fast ball

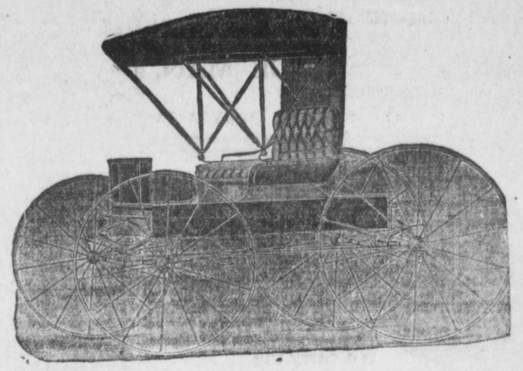
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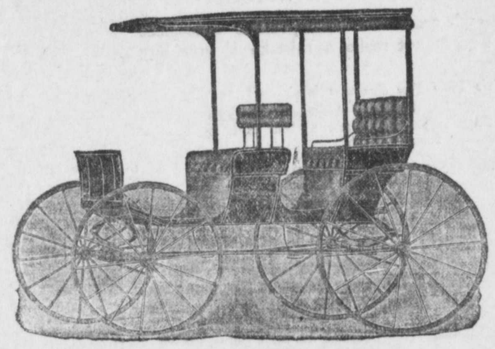
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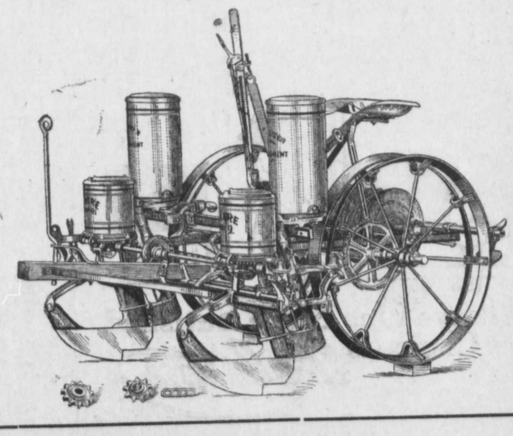
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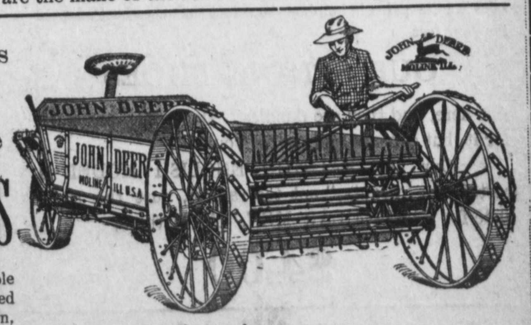


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