

THE POET'S FAITH.

To-day the world may pass him by
With heedless haste, averted eye;
To-day the world may go unstirred
By all the witchery of his word;
To-day the clamor of the street
May drown his song so wild and sweet;

hadn't any nerve, and you ought to
hike back to the bush? What's the
matter with you, Jim?"
But his caller's glance did not wa-
ver.
"I tell you, Abner, I'm not the fail-
ure you and the boys think I am. Do
you know why I couldn't pitch that
day? It was 'cause I was getting over
a drunk."

Jim Ford's Redemption

He had dreaded most of all the return
to Hingham. He knew what the
boys would say. He knew how unmer-
cifully they would gibe at him. He
had no mother to care, but there was
a girl whose opinion was the dearest
of all. She wouldn't gibe at him. She
would look at him with those big,
questioning eyes, and—no, he couldn't
tell her. That was impossible.



LAURA CRANE WAS THERE.

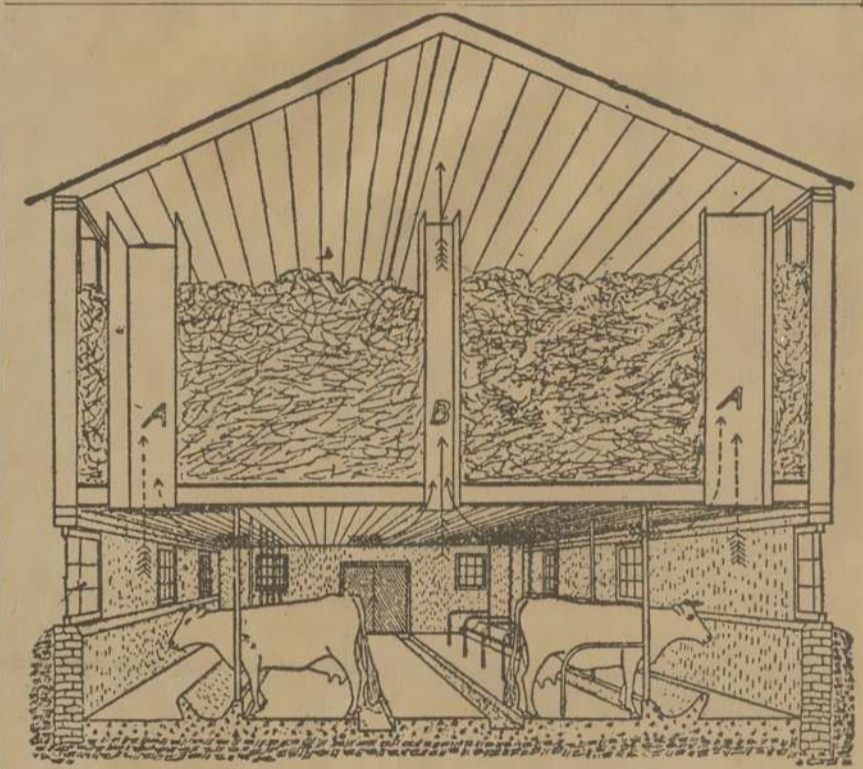
ner. "Why do you want to pitch
against the big fellows, Jim?"
"I want to show them I can pitch.
I mean to do my best to beat them,
Abner."
Abner laughed.
"That's the hardest hitting bunch in
the league, Jim. You know that. If
you can beat them you can beat the
others sure."
"Then you'll let me pitch?"
Abner hesitated.
"Here are here next Thursday. I'd
like mighty well to beat them. It
would make our Hingham backers feel
good for a month or Sundays. But of
course that's all nonsense. They'll
make monkeys of us, no doubt. If we
can score at all against 'em I'll be
satisfied. You're the best pitcher Hing-
ham ever had, Jim. If anybody can
hold 'em down you're the man. But
it's going to look mighty funny to see
you going up against the club that
turned you down."

were, my boy," he said. "And I be-
lieve you are a little better."
And then the night before the game
Jim went round and called on Laura
Crane.
"Laura," he said, "I'm going to pitch
for Hingham to-morrow."
"You, Jim?"
"Yes, I want to show Hingham that
I'm not the quitter they take me to
be. I—I want you to see the game,
Laura."
"I'll be there, Jim."
Her searching eyes were on his face.
"Jim," she said, "some day tell me
why you quit the league team."
He flushed.
"I can't do that," he stammered.
"Yes," she said.
"No," he persisted.
"I think I can guess, Jim."
Then he turned and came away.
What did she mean? How could she
guess?
But she had promised to be at the
game. This would give him an added
incentive.
"With Cullinan there, and Laura
there," he muttered, "I'll have no ex-
cuse for not doing my level best."
The day of the great game dawned
bright and clear. At 1 o'clock Hing-
ham ball park contained pretty nearly
all the active residents of the town.
Abner Quigg was delighted.
"Boys," he said, "the town has
moved over into the park to see you
play. Now give 'em something to look
at that will be worth their while. And
another thing, boys, Jim Ford knows
these big fellows and he's going to
handle you in the field. Watch him."
There was a cheer from the Hing-
ham rooters when the team came into
the field, but Jim Ford realized that
there was very little of the encourage-
ment intended for him. The town still
looked upon him as a quitter, and he
knew that a good many friends of the
club blamed Abner for lettering him
play.
The Hinghams went to bat and Jim
Ford kept out of sight as much as
possible. He knew the men of the
league team had seen him and he fan-
cied they were laughing. Once he
looked up and caught Manager Cull-
inan's gaze, and Manager Cullinan was
smiling.
Jim realized that they considered
him an easy mark.
The first three Hingham batters
went down like stubble before the un-
erring shoots of the veteran Wingfield,
and a little later Jim Ford found him-
self facing that extremely confident
hitter, Jack Logan. And he was quite
sure that Logan winked at him
slightly.
Jim had firmly resolved that he
wouldn't waste a ball.
"One strike!" cried the umpire.
Logan looked surprised.
"Two strikes!"
Now the batter was in a hurry. Jim
shot the ball away from him. He
reached for it with a half-regretted
swing.
"Striker out!"
A little cheer went up from the
Hingham rooters.
The second leaguer was more wary.
He found the ball he wanted and drove
it straight at Jim. And Jim met it
pluckily and beat it down and flung
it accurately to Charley Grimes. As
he turned back to the points there
was another little cheer.
The third leaguer popped him a fly
and as he walked back to the bench
there was quite a little hand-clapping.
"You're slinging 'em like a demon,
Jim," said Abner as he laid aside his
mask. "But can you last?"
"Yes," responded Jim, and his teeth
clicked.
"The big fellows think you'll fall
down along about the fifth," whispered
Abner.
"I'll show 'em," growled Jim, and
his teeth clicked again.
"Laura Crane is here," said Abner,
and his voice dropped. "She's sitting
over there at the left. See her?"
Jim flushed.
"I can't see anything but batters
to-day."
Out went the Hingham men in on-
two-three order, and again Jim found
himself in the points. Now he faced
the mighty Norris, the leading batter
of the league. Jim shot a disconcert-
ingly close ball at him and Norris barely
escaped it. Jim grimly smiled. He
knew the big batter's weakness. Nor-
ris dreaded being hit. And Jim played
on his anxiety and eventually struck
him out.
This time Hingham's cheer was un-
doubtedly jubilant, and it grew still
louder as a fly to short and an easy
bouncer to second disposed of the
next two leaguers.
And then it was a pitcher's battle
to the very finish, with all the odds
against Jim Ford. The veteran Wing-
field had that wonderful human stone
wall about him, while Jim's support,
although generally excellent, was just
a little ragged at times. In the fifth
with one man out, the leaguers con-
trived to fill two bases, a scratch hit
and a low throw being responsible.
Then Jim bucked down and struck out
the next two batters and a mighty roar
went up from the excited crowd.
"The big fellows don't know what
to make of you, Jim," chuckled Ab-
ner. "They've stopped laughing."
And pretty soon it was the ninth
inning and neither team had scored.
Then Jim saw Harlow speak to Cull-
inan and Cullinan nodded, and then
Harlow pulled Wingfield aside, and
Wingfield flushed and shook his head
vehemently and went back to the
points.
Jim knew what this meant. The
veteran was getting tired, but he
wasn't ready to fall down before this
bush outfit. And Jim grimly smiled.
Then Wingfield caught his second

wind and quickly disposed of the
Hingham trio, and Jim, steady as
clockwork, was equally fortunate.
Whereat Hingham suddenly lost all
control of itself and swarmed over the
field. It was some little time before
it could be driven outside the ropes.
And then the tenth inning began, and
it began with Wingfield out of sorts.
He was tired and Harlow had irritat-
ed him. And Tom Cannon caught the
second ball pitched and cracked a liner
a little too high for the third base-
man. And Dick Steele had advanced
him by a double fly. And Jack Groom
drove a long fly to right and Tom
Cannon was on third with two out.
Then Jim Ford came to bat. And
there was a dead silence.
"One strike!"
Jim hadn't moved.
The crowd groaned.
"Hit it out, Fordy!" shouted a small
boy.
Wingfield paid no attention to Tom
Cannon. He was determined to strike
out this saucy upstart.
He sent the ball in like a shot from
a gun. And Jim met it with a light
tap that drove it gently a little to
the left of the pitcher. And Wingfield
sprang for it, but it was an awkward
ball to handle and when he had it in
hand he threw it wide—and Jim was
safe, and Tom Cannon had crossed the
plate!
The next man was an easy out and
then in the midst of an awful uproar
Hingham took the field.
Jim had never felt better in his life.
With five balls he disposed of the first
man up. And Hingham roared. The
next man batted a high fly for Tom
Cannon at second which that reliable
player harvested. And Hingham
roared again.
When Tom returned the ball to Jim
he threw a little wild and Jim had to
cross the base line to get the sphere.
As he picked it up he suddenly en-
countered the gaze of Manager Cull-
inan, who was only a dozen feet away.
And Manager Cullinan's face was
beaming.
"Great boy!" he distinctly uttered
as he caught Jim's eye.
And then with four heavy shots the
great boy disposed of the third batter,
and Hingham had beaten the leaguers!
Jim dodged the eager arms that
were stretched to embrace him and
ran to the dressing room. And Abner,
half crying, hugged him tight and the
other players showed their jubilant
delight in his prowess.
He waited until the crowd had
thinned away. When he reached the
sidewalk Laura was there. Her eyes
were shining as she gave him her
hand.
And then a voice hailed Jim. He
looked around. It was Manager Cull-
inan.
"Just a word, Ford," he said as he
came up. "You will report on the field
Monday. I am going to put you in
against the Browns." He paused and
looked at Jim with his keen eyes.
"I'm in a business where a man has to
be careful with his compliments," he
said, "but you certainly are one of
the finest youngsters that ever walked
on spikes. And now tell me why you
didn't do what you have done to-day in
that game against the Browns."
Jim hung his head.
"I think I know, sir," Laura said.
"You must remember that he is a
country boy who has seen little or
nothing of the world. Is it to be won-
dered at that its allurements caught
him unawares?"
Cullinan nodded.
"I understand," he said.
"Jim needs somebody to look after
him," said the girl and her voice
trembled a little.
Cullinan suddenly smiled.
"You mean a wife?"
The girl flushed and nodded and laid
her hand on Jim's arm.—W. R. Rose.



Stable Ventilation.
Some years ago Prof. F. H. King,
of Wisconsin, made an experimental
study of the effect of ample and de-
ficient ventilation upon twenty milch
cows. The experiment was made in
a half-basement stable, represented in
accompanying figure, having three out-
side doors, thirteen large windows and
a door leading by a stairway to the
floor above. The ceiling was nine feet
above the floor and the stable con-
tained 960 cubic feet of space per cow.
Leading upward from the ceiling were
two hay chutes two by three feet in
cross sections, twenty feet high, which
could be opened or closed at will, and
a ventilating shaft terminating near
the ridge of the roof inside.
During the trial the cows were kept
continuously in the stable with the
hay chutes closed during two days and
then with them open two days, the
trials being repeated four times. Fol-
lowing these four trials the hay chutes
were left closed during three consecu-
tive days for poor ventilation and left
open the following three, making four-
teen days in all.
It was found that measurably the
same amount of feed was eaten under
both conditions of ventilation. But
during the days of insufficient venti-
lation the cows drank, on the aver-
age, 11.4 pounds more water each
day and yet lost in weight an aver-
age of 10.7 pounds at the end of each



period, regaining this again when good
ventilation was restored, and this, too,
when they were drinking less water.
During the good ventilation days, too,
for each and every period, the cows
gave more milk, the average being
55 pounds per head per day.
At the end of the fourteen days the
cows were turned into the yard and
exhibited an intense desire to lick
their sides and limbs, doing so in
many cases till the hair was stained
with blood.
Examination showed that during the
interval a rash had developed which
could be felt by the hand, in the form
of hard raised points, and the rasping
of these off caused the bleeding.

Sell Less Wheat Abroad.
The calendar year 1909 will show a
smaller exportation of wheat than any
year in the last decade, and an in-
creased home consumption, both in
amount and per capita average, says
a report of the Bureau of Statistics on
wheat production, exportation and con-
sumption of the United States.
The continued decline in exports of
breadstuffs lends interest to the state-
ment. The exportation of wheat for
the nine months ending with Septem-
ber amounted to only 27,768,901 bush-
els, against 68,178,935 bushels in the
same month of 1908; flour exports were
6,288,283 barrels, against 9,428,347.
This reduction in exports of wheat
seems to be due to increased consump-
tion at home rather than at any de-
cline in production. The average an-
nual production for the last five years
has exceeded any earlier five-year
period.

Skim Milk for Hens.
In some tests by the Virginia experi-
ment station skim milk has been
proved a valuable food for laying hens.
In a test of 122 days 22 hens were fed
skim milk, laying 1,244 eggs, as
against 996 laid by 22 hens fed a wet
mash with water. In a test covering
37 days 60 hens laid 862 eggs on a
skim milk diet, while a like number
fed no skim milk laid 632 eggs. Other
experiments conducted recorded simi-
lar results. The station, from these
tests, estimates that when eggs are
worth 20 to 25 cents per dozen skim
milk has a feeding value of 1 1/2 to 2
cents a quart.

Agricultural Statistics.
At the approaching census special
attention will be given to the gather-
ing of agricultural statistics. Farmers
will be asked for information which
might be regarded as of a very per-
sonal nature concerning their opera-
tions, but they will be assured that the
facts will be held sacred.

Rural Delivery and Roads.
The Postoffice Department at Wash-
ington has again sent out orders that
rural mail delivery is to be disconti-
nued on routes not properly maintained
by mail patrons, who are supposed to
keep the roads in good condition. In
many parts of the country the roads
are maintained and kept in fairly good
condition, but thousands of miles of
roadways traversed every day by the
carriers are wretched, and later in the
year will become next to impassable.
Were it a matter of great expense or
effort to keep country roads in good
condition it might be something of a
hardship to farmers, but the intelli-
gent use of the split-log drag has prac-
tically solved the problem of country
road making and road maintenance,
and people need to get busy in em-
ploying them on the highways. In
many parts of the country, especially
in Iowa and Missouri, hundreds of
miles of roads are kept in passable
condition the year around by means of
this cheap and inexpensive implement.
When once a highway is placed in
good condition any farmer can keep up
one mile of road the year around by
dragging it a few times a month after
rain has fallen, a work that will take
the time of a man and team less than
a half a day all told.—Denver Field
and Farm.

Experience with Alfalfa.
In the first place, I made two mis-
takes in sowing with grain and of
course made two failures in getting a
stand that suited me. For my third
endeavor I selected a piece of ground
which had been in hoed crops for a
number of years and heavily manured
each year, plowing it in April and
keeping it cultivated till July, when I
seeded it at the rate of 20 pounds
per acre.
On the night following my sowing
we got a very heavy shower, and I

got a magnificent stand. On part of
the field I had sown wheat and red
clover the fall before. So that in the
fall after sowing my alfalfa the red
clover was knee high and in full
bloom, and as I did not wish it to go
to seed I turned my cattle and sheep
into it, thinking they would not trou-
ble the alfalfa, but I found that I had
made a great mistake, as they fell
upon the alfalfa and eat it nearly into
the ground. I gave it up, thinking
it was entirely ruined, but the next
spring it came up as green as a bed
of lettuce, and since then, now five
years ago, I have mown from two to
three crops each year, of the very
finest of hay, and the stand of alfalfa
is now as good as ever, and all with-
out being manured or fertilized in
any way.—A. C. Gowdy, in Michigan
Farmer.

Glass Walls for Fruit Trees.
An interesting experiment in fruit
growing has been recently carried out
by the Count de Choiseul and de-
scribed in Cosmos. When a south wall
is used for fruit trees the north side
of the wall is practically wasted as far
as fruit is concerned. Count de
Choiseul has used a glass wall, and
grown fruit trees on both sides. The
produce on the north side is little in-
ferior to that on the south. A photo-
graph shows heavily fruited pear trees
on both sides of the wall. The wall,
60 feet long and 6 1/2 feet high, had
fifteen pear trees planted on each side.
In 1907 134 pears, weighing 91 pounds,
were gathered on the south side of the
wall, and 109, weighing 77 pounds, on
the north side. The variety grown
was the Doyenne d'Hyver.

Fruit Stones for Spring Planting
Peach, cherry and plum stones
should be spread thin on high, dry
ground in narrow rows, and then covered
with about 6 inches of fine earth,
with a little trench on each side of
the row to draw off the surface water.
After the ground freezes a little fine
horse manure may be spread over the
frozen ground, just enough to cover the
ground. If too much is used it will
make a harbor for mice and rats.
Apple seed may be sown in the same
way, but will need a heavier covering.
These seed will sprout and take root
as soon as the weather turns mild,
when they should be taken up and
planted out in rows.

A Skilled Estimate.
Richard Pybus, of the Old Lodge,
Derby, Pa., at the local agricultural
show in 1906, guessed the exact weight
of a live bullock—854 pounds. In 1907
his estimate was only 1 pound out,
and this year he was within 1 1/2 pounds of
the correct weight.