Teaching the Drummer.

It was the custom in the days of our old navy for the men to bring to the mast all the wornout articles which were to be inspected, handed in and exchanged for new. The drummer had applied for so many drum heads that the commodore felt sure he was being imposed upon, and one day set himself to watch while the band was playing. As one rattling martial air followed another his anger increased perceptibly until he broke forth in uncontrollable rage:

"There, now, confound you! I see why you use so many drum heads. Don't drum in the middle of it all the time. Drum all over that drum, I tell you!"

A Quarrelsome Family.

Mrs. Edgerton Blunt—But why did you leave your last place?

Applicant—I couldn't stand the way the mistress and master used to quarrel, mum.

Mrs. E. B. (shocked)—Dear me! Did they quarrel very much, then?

Applicant—Yes, mum; when it wasn't me an' 'im, it was me and 'er.

Waits and Measures.

"What sort of a table do they set at your boarding house?" asked the young man who was contemplating a change.

"A table of waits and measures," replied his friend, "the first long and the latter short."—Chicago News.

GROWING HOGS IN IDAHO.

Industry Is Receiving Greater Attention Than Ever Before.

Prof. H. T. French, Director Idaho Experiment Station.

The hog industry in Idaho is receiving more attention now than ever before in the history of the state. The tendency to diversify farm operations is stronger now than in the past. All alfalfa, or all sheep or all of any other one thing, unless it should be fruit, is out of date for the majority of farmers of Idaho, both in the northern part of the state, where irrigation is not practiced, and in the irrigated sections of southern Idaho.

The most succesful farmer, here as elsewhere, is the one who is making livestock on the farm one of the important factors. As the dairy industry increases in interest the raising of hogs will receive more attention. A farmer who is not adverse to milking cows will, as a rule, be a success in handling pigs, because no one can succeed in either line, to the fullest extent, unless he looks carefully after details.

In Idaho the dairy industry is growing, therefore I expect a more rapid development of the hog industry. In fact, there is a strong indication that this is the case just now in several sections of the state. In holding farmers' institutes in southern Idaho much interest was noticed in the subject of feeding and breeding hogs. Several shipments of pure bred stock have recently been made into southern Idaho. Pure bred Poland China, Duroc Jersey, Chester White and Berkshire pigs are found in increasing numbers in every farming section of the state. Poland Chinas predominate, no doubt; but the Duroc is becoming a close competitor in many sections.

Alfalfa pasture, with a small ration of shorts, ground wheat or finely ground barley, will grow pigs very rapidly. This, supplemented with separator milk, will produce a growth equal to that secured in the corn belt, and in quality we flatter ourselves that it is superior.

In growth, our pigs can be made to compare quite favorably with those fed on corn. Numerous reports were made last winter at farmers' meetings that it was not difficult to produce a pig that would weigh two hundred pounds at eight months old.

Some sugar beets and other roots can be fed, and are being used in feeding hogs in Idaho. Potatoes boiled and mixed with one and a half to two pounds of grain per hundredweight of pig, will produce good gains in live weight. Alfalfa, cut up with feed cutter, and softened by steaming or even a sprinkling of cold water, with a little grain, makes a good ration for brood sows during winter. A great many hogs are wintered largely on dry alfalfa hay, and they do very well.

In a state where so much cheap forage can be grown for hogs, there is great encouragement for the industry. Large yields of wheat and barley can be secured on irrigated lands, and often the wheat is of low milling quality, making it much more profitable to feed it than to sell it in the sack. A bushel of wheat will make from 12 to 15 pounds of gain in live weight when fed to thrifty young hogs weighing from 75 to 175 pounds. In young pigs even greater gains can be secured.

Field peas are grown in some sections for hog pasture, and serve an important purpose in providing good pasturage during the summer before the stubble fields are ready to glean. There is a period in summer when there is a lack of good pasture in the grain-growing sections of the state. Little alfalfa or clover is grown on many of the farms, and often pigs make very small gains during this period. Some farmers sow grain, such as wheat or barley, for hog pasture, but even this does not produce as good results as would a pasture of alfalfa, peas or clover.

Bluegrass and white clover will make a good pasture in some localities where there is plenty of moisture and good soil. This does not, in our opinion, give as good results, however, as the crops mentioned above. Idaho farmers are much encouraged in raising hogs from the fact that large packing plants are being established on the coast, thus insuring a steady demand for live hogs, and while the price may not be any more satisfactory than in the past, with a limited supply, there will be a permanency to the demand even though the number of hogs produced increases several times.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Valuable Information to Pacific Northwest Inquirers

By J. L. Ashlock, Washington Experiment Station, Pullman.

Elma.—"I have a tract of land near Quincy, Wash., that I wish to irrigate. In order to do this I will have to use well water, and possibly do the pumping with a gasoline engine, or some other mechanical device. Will you please give me any information that bears on this subject?" A. L. C.

"I am quite familiar with the conditions around Quincy, and believe that irrigation in that region would bring very good results, providing the cost was not too much. In that locality the depth to water is quite considerable, and the cost of operating a pump would therefore be heavy. The farmers there use windmills quite exclusively, using gasoline engines only when the wind fails. However, the water is quite abundant when it is reached. I do not believe that it would be profitable for you to irrigate as many as ten acres unless you have a system of pipes to conserve the water. The soil around Quincy is so light that the water will seep away and be lost, unless you put in such pipes. A ten horse-power engine would be sufficient to raise water for ten acres, but it might be necessary to sink more than one well. I am beginning to believe that irrigation will be necessary in the Quincy section to obtain the best results."

Baird.—"I have been quite successful with corn in this locality, except that the corn matures rather small. Can you advise me of varieties of corn that I might try?" FARMER.

"I advise that you experiment with Kaffir corn, since it seems that it will do well in your region. Try a good, early maturing Dent variety. This should be preferable to the Flint, and it certainly makes better feed. The conditions of your region require that you cultivate to retain moisture, as well as to destroy the weeds."

Chewelah.—"Is wood as desirable as cement for building a silo? Is silage apt to freeze in this country? What forage plants should be grown in the Chewelah region?" STOCKMAN.

"Brome grass might do well, if the soil is not too gravelly, but it should not be grown in rocky soil. Vetches will be desirable in such soil as you have, as these plants reseed themselves. If you can get lumber at a reasonable price in your vicinity, it would be more costly to build of cement than of wood. Silage stays warm, and it is not apt to freeze in this country; but if it sticks to the sides of the silo from any cause, it should be tramped down in order to prevent it from settling unevenly."

Leahy.—"I would like to know if it would be advisable to plant the Australian salt bush in this region? Has the plant any desirable qualities?" J. S.

"I advise you to let the Australian salt bush alone. The plant has a few desirable qualities, but we have heard that in the Walla Walla country it has developed into a pest. It resembles tumble weed in its manner of growth, and in windy weather will break off and roll for a great distance, scattering seed as it goes. Except when young and tender, it is undesirable for stock."

Washtucna.—"I have a white clover lawn, and would like to know what sort of bone fertilizer is best to use on it." W. A. P.

"I question the advisability of using a bone fertilizer on your lawn. Commercial fertilizers are generally poorly adapted to the soils in semi-arid regions. Well-rotted manure placed on the land late in the fall and raked off in the spring would, I believe, be far more preferable. The soil in your region needs humus rather than fertilizing elements. Manure is well supplied with phosphates and nitrogen, and should therefore give your soil the needed stimulation."

Sunnyside.—"Would your station advise me to feed grain hay with alfalfa? I am a dairyman, and have been feeding only alfalfa." F. W.

"I am sure that there would be economy in combining alfalfa with grain. From four to ten pounds of grain per day should be sufficient, using rolled barley rather than wheat or bran. The bran would practically be wasted. You would get good results, I believe, by feeding about one-half a pound per day of linseed meal. Alfalfa is entirely nitrogenous in composition, and should be balanced by a more concentrated form of the carbo-hydrates."

QUERIES BY FARMERS.

Experiment Station Called Upon for Advice on Various Subjects.

From the Washington State College, Pullman.

A Seattle correspondent asks for a statement of the experience the station has had with the "novelty vegetables." He was informed as follows:

"The station has experimented with all of them, and finds that they will grow successfully in eastern Washington. The tomato and egg plant should be started early in the season in hotbeds, or cold frames. With this care a creditable crop will be matured. The egg plant is a native of warm climates, and, like the tomato, should be given a high, warm elevation. The okra and artichoke have each done very well with us, requiring only the ordinary garden culture."

A farmer of Arden wishes to know what apples would do well where he lives. Professor Thornber advised him as follows:

"For the soil and general climatic conditions you have, I advise the use in equal quantities of the Jonathan, Rome Beauty and Wegener. It is possible that you might make use of a great many other varieties, but these are apples that the all doing well, and sell for very good market prices in the annual markets.

"Vary the number of tree, according to whether you are going to irrigate or not. If you are going to irrigate, plant your trees from twenty-five to twenty-seven feet apart, in alternate rows. If you are not going to irrigate, you had better plant them on the hexagonal plan, placing the trees in the rows thirty-three feet apart, with the rows themselves about twenty-seven feet apart. It will not injure the trees to grow vegetables between them for the first three to five years, but, of course, you should plant nothing that will take the moisture or plant food from close to the young trees."

Edward Guerr, who drove a horse attached to a buggy over a railroad trestle 150 feet above the Cuyahoga river, in Ohio, the horse trotting over a plank a foot wide, was arrested on a charge of lunacy.

Just as Happy.

"Jones' new stenographer can't spell a little bit."

"That's all right. Neither can Jones. He's happy and if you leave him alone she'll hold her job and he'll never know the difference."—Detroit Free Press.

Coldly Considered.

"I, sir," remarked the self-important statesman, "was never approached with a proposition of graft in my life."

"That fact," answered Senator Sorghum, "may be a recognition of your honesty, and then again it may be a reflection on your influence."—Washington Star.

Mrs. Knicker—Henry, why did you leave your shoes on the stairs last night?

Knicker (dazed, but inspired)—English custom, m'dear. Left 'em to be blacked.—Puck.

Mild Punishment.

Stranger—In your town they close the front doors of the saloons on Sunday, and open the side doors, do they? Isn't that whipping the devil around the stump?

Native—Yes, and the whipping doesn't hurt him a bit, either.

Quite a Difference.

"What does Vernon do for a living?

"He works in a paint shop."

"Why, I understood he was a writer for the magazines."

"Well, you asked me what he did for a living."—Bohemian.

The bank at Bremen, Kan., having been burned, experts in the treasury department at Washington have figured out that a quart of ashes sent on for redemption will be worth about $4,000.

Having bet $500 that he had seen one

The Quarrel.

"You call yourself a poet—and write rhymes about the virtues of Peekabor soap?"

"And you call yourself an artist?"

"Well?"

"And make comic valentines."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Kept Busy.

One of the contemporary poets asks, "Where are the bright girls of the past?" Our own observation is that some of them are administering cautious doses of paregoric to the bright girls of the future.

Old Favorites

The Owl Critic.

"Who stuffed that white owl?" No one spoke in the shop;
The barber was busy, and he couldn't stop;
The customers, waiting their turns, were all reading
The Daily, the Herald, the Post, little heeding
The young man who blurted out such a blunt question.
Not one raised a hand or even made a suggestion,
And the barber kept on shaving.

"Don't you see, Mr. Brown,"
Cried the youth, with a frown,
"How wrong the whole thing is;
How preposterous each wing is;
How flattened the head is; how jammed down the neck is—
In short, the whole owl, what an ignorant wreck 'tis?
I make no apology;
I've learned owl-eology;
I've passed days and nights in a hundred collections,
And cannot be blinded to any deflections
Arising from unskilled fingers that fail
To stuff a bird right from his beak to his tail.
Mister Brown! Mr. Brown,
Do take that bird down,
Or you'll soon be the laughing stock all over town!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

"I've studied owls
And other night fowls,
And I tell you
What I know to be true:
An owl cannot roost
With his limbs so unloosed;
No owl in this world
Ever had his claws curled,
Ever had his legs slanted,
Ever had his bill canted,
Ever had his neck screwed
Into that attitude.
He can't do it because
'Tis against all bird laws.
Anatomy teaches,
Ornithology preaches
An owl has a toe
That can't turn out so!
I've made the white owl my study for years,
And to see such a job almost moves me to tears!
Mister Brown, I'm amazed
You should be so gone crazed
As to put up a bird
In that posture absurd!
To look at that owl really brings on a dizziness;
The man who stuffed him don't half know his business!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

"Examine those eyes;
I'm filled with surprise
Taxidermists should pass
Off on you such poor glass;
So unnatural they seem
They'd make Audubon scream
And John Burroughs laugh
To encounter such chaff.
Do take that bird down;
Have him stuffed again, Brown!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

"With some sawdust and bark
I could stuff in the dark
An owl better than that;
I could make an old hat
Look more like an owl
Than that horrid fowl,
Stuck up there so stiff, like a side of coarse leather;
In fact, about him there's not one natural feather."
Just then, with a wink and a sly normal lurch,
The owl very gravely got down from his perch.
Walked 'round and regarded his fault-finding critic,
(Who thought he was stuffed) with a glance analytic,
And then fairly hooted, as if he would say:
"Your learning's at fault this time, anyway;
Don't waste it again on a live bird. I pray.
I'm an owl; you're another, Sir Critic, good day!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

—James T. Fields.

Town Beauty Scheme.

The first move in the plan to make York, Pa., the "city beautiful" was made recently, when under the auspices of the York Assembly of the Dauphin Institute, assisted by public-spirited citizens, Prof. Zueblin, of Chicago University, delivered his lecture on "The Twentieth Century City, or the City York Ought to Be," says the Municipal Journal and Engineer. Prof. Zueblin would have the city by its regularly constituted bodies or through its public-spirited citizens lay out a definite plan of action, a plan that would provide for parks, sewers, the elimination of poles, the beautifying of the laws, the prevention of corporations from doing as they please in tearing up streets, street car congestion in the public square, and a hundred and one everyday common sense remedies that most citizens have long been aware of, yet fail to get at the foundation of, for lack of a general plan of action. Prof. Zueblin would have the city fathers, official or real, decide on what they want in the years to come, and then "go after it," so that the future generations may take up the work that has been started and carry it to completion.

Eating Onions.

Persons with dropsical tendencies should eat onions frequently. This simple cure has proved effective in many cases. In one instance the patient had been given up by several physicians and only tried the onions to please a friend. She was completely restored to health and, though that was five years ago, has never had a return of the trouble. She ate the onions just as she would an apple, taking a great many during the day.

A Sacrifice to Science.

A jolly young chemistry tough
While mixing a compound of stuff,
Dropped a match in a vial,
And after a while,
They found his front teeth and one cuff.

—Success Magazine.

Every business man frequently hears this: "You charge too much."

The butcher should be careful how he steaks his reputation.

Their Opinion.

The visitor had already spoken at considerable length when he said to the children, whose attention had begun to wander, "And now I want to tell you of a boy I once knew.

"He had a good father and mother," the visitor continued, when he found several pairs of eyes had returned to their survey of his face, "and they did all that lay in their power to make him happy. But the boy was thoughtless and selfish; he frittered away his time, and never thought of the future.

"To-day, instead of filling an honorable and useful position in life, where do you suppose he stands, children, as a man?"

"He stands before us!" shrilled all the little boys and girls in prompt and joyous unison.

A Bad Bargain.

A story is told of the famous Richard Brinsley Sheridan, that one lay when coming back from shooting, with an empty bag, and seeing a number of ducks in a pond, while near by a man was leaning on a fence watching them, Sheridan asked:

"What will you take for a shot at the ducks?"

"Well," said the man thoughtfully, "I'll take half a sovereign."

"Done," said Sheridan, and he dived into the middle of the ducks, killing a dozen or more. "I'm afraid you made a bad bargain," said Sheridan, laughing.

"I don't know about that," the man replied. "They're not my ducks."—The Christian Advocate.

Stung.

"Bigley doesn't bother about politics any more, does he?"

"No, indeed."

"Let me see, when was it that he got the gubernatorial bee in his bonnet?"

"Just before he got it in the neck."—The Catholic Standard and Times.

Not Eligible.

"Didn't that new nurse come that I engaged for little Mortimer?" asked Mr. De Style.

"Yes," replied Mrs. De Style, "but she wouldn't do. She had nothing but blue dresses to wear, and blue, you know, is only for girl babies; pink is for boys."—Philadelphia Press.

As to Oklahoma.

"Speaking of tornadoes," observed the boarder with the high forehead, "if the one that visited Oklahoma the other day had happened along a few months sooner there would have been a provision in the State constitution abolishing tornadoes. That's about the only thing they overlooked."

The world contains at least four mountains composed of almost solid iron ore. One is in Mexico, one in the United States, another in India and a fourth in Africa just below the Soudan, and there have been reports of such a mountain existing in Siberia.

Not a Professional.

Wareham Long—Did jevver attend a hobos' convention?

Huffold Knutt—No, ye blame fool. Reckon I want to forfeit me animychure standin' by doin' a thing like that?—Chicago Tribune.

Rewards of Scholarship.

"He took a full classical course at college, did he? Did it ever get him anything?"

"Well, he has made several hundred dollars, that I know of, by inventing Latin and Greek names for patent medicines."

"Abstemious" and "facetious" are the only words in English having the vowels in their order.

Puzzle: What Style?

"Has she adopted a new fad? She carries her head tilted to one side now."

"That's no fad. It's a habit she has fallen into in consequence of having to go through so many narrow doorways with that new spring hat of hers."

Impracticable.

"Your husband smokes his pipe in the house, does he? I suppose there is no way of getting the odor of tobacco out of the rooms, either."

"Yes, there is one way—but I hesitate about resorting to it. Our house and furniture are only partly insured."

Trying It on Hubby.

"John, dear, I wish you would taste this milk and see if it's perfectly sweet."

"What for?"

"Because if it's the least bit sour I don't want to give any of it to Fido. It isn't good for him."

His Usual Course.

"What do you do," asked the fair bridge player, whispering to the man sitting behind her, "when you have a hand like that?"

"I generally swear," he answered.—Chicago Tribune.

Gleam of Hope.

Orville Ardup—Ah, here comes that infernal bill collector!

Caller (producing folded document with alacrity)—I am glad to hear you say so, Mr. Ardup. I have been here nine times without having been a collector, you know.

Honor Vs. Safety.

"Don't you consider it honorable to tell a man his faults to his face?" queried the youth.

"Yes," replied the wise guy, "but I consider it safer to tell them to his neighbor."