Entirely Superfluous.

"A word to the wise is sufficient," remarked the man with the quotation habit.

"Wrong again," rejoined the contrary person. "A word to the wise is unnecessary."

In the Long Ago.

Cardinal Wolsey had fallen.

"I was trying to dodge an automobile," he explained, "and a roller skater ran into me."

The historians, however, with singular obtuseness, have persisted in placing the blame on Henry VIII.—Chicago Tribune.

When Mrs. Carrie she became she didn't
quite forget;
She took her low, sweet voice along, and
has it even yet.
But if hubby's just a little slow to answer
to her call
She can jar him with a voice that cracks
the paper on the wall.
—Chicago Tribune.

Closing the Incident.

The famous ball player was looking through the sporting columns of the newspapers.

"I see they've quit mentioning me," he said. "I may as well sign."

Upon doing which he secured one more mention in the newspapers.

Circumstantial Evidence.

Sir A. Conan Doyle, at the Authors' Club Christmas dinner in London, related that in America some colored people were keeping the festival of Christmas and they were told to hang up their stockings at night. One poor fellow had no stockings, and so he hung up his trousers. In the morning he was asked what he had got. He replied: "I guess I got a man, for my pants are gone."

Use for Old Tin.

Old tin is put to a variety of uses For instance cheap trunks are covered with tin from discarded tin cans and other utensils, the tin having been first cut to desired size and straightened and smoothed out. There are also concerns in different parts of the country which make a business of removing the tin coating from old tin cans and scrap tin.

Woman Railway Workers.

In the South of France one may see, at the little wayside stations, women attending to the signals of the half dozen daily trains; while the companies regularly economize at the level crossings by employing female labor. The husband can be seen at work at his vines upon the hillside, while the wife waves the green flag and keeps the children quiet.—Detroit News-Tribune.

Ignorance of the Rudiments.

"What a singular looking counterpane!" said the eminent physician.

"Counterpane!" exclaimed his wife. "Yet you are supposed to be one of the greatest authorities in the country on brain diseases!"

"I fail to see the connection."

"That's a crazy quilt, you ninny."

Uncle Allen.

"It's a mystery to me," said Uncle Allen Sparks, "that Senator La Follette, when he was counting up the men that control the money of the country, forgot to include Mrs. Hetty Green."

A Surprise.

Teacher—Freddy Fangle, you may give the German name of the river Danube.

Freddy—Dunno.

Teacher—Donau! That is right. I am glad you have studied your lesson so well.

Freddy is surprised, but keeps still.

Its Evolution.

Friend—How did you come to write that "best seller?" The Modern Lit'ry Gent—First I was struck by a thought. I epigramized the thought, sketchized the epigram, playized the sketch, novelized the play and advertised the novel!—Puck.

Misstatement.

"You told Titely that the man who lent me $10 would always have $10 coming. I demand an apology."

"You're right; I was wrong. I should have said the $10 would never be coming."—Kansas City Times.

Juvenile Ignorance.

"Paw, why do we have to pay for the water we use? We don't have to buy our air."

"That only shows, my son, that you have never had to pay a gas bill."

GRASSES AND CLOVER.

Possibilities of Its Successful Growth in Northern Idaho.

By H. T. French, Director Idaho Experiment Station, Moscow.

Much interest is being manifested in the possibility of growing grasses and clovers in the section about Moscow and other portions of Northern Idaho. This matter is of special interest at this time, for many new settlers are coming into this state from the older states, where these crops constitute a very important part of farm production.

Our experience extends over several seasons and we thought it might be of profit to some to know what is being done in this direction on the experiment station farm.

We have undertaken to establish a seeding of clovers and grasses on a portion of the farm and herewith give a brief account of the results of our work during the past season.

Last April we plowed up ten acres of land on which wheat was grown the year before, and fitted it for the seed by harrowing twice with a fine toothed smoothing harrow. We then sowed broadcast the following mixture, covering six acres, leaving the balance until later, on account of the ground being in a lower portion of the field and too wet to work.

40 pounds common red clover.
6 pounds Alsike clover.
25 pounds orchard grass.
6 pounds meadow fescue.
5 pounds English rye grass.
10 pounds timothy.
4 pounds tall meadow oat grass.

This made 16 pounds of the mixture per acre. The balance of the field was sown to the same combination, at the same rate per acre, except eight pounds of alfalfa seed was added to the mixture in place of the alsike clover and timothy seed.

No nurse crop was sown with the grass mixture. And here is where many farmers make a mistake, by sowing wheat, oats or barley with the grass or clover. It is the experience of the best farmers now that it is not wise to sow a crop of grain with the seeding. The more rapidly growing grain crop takes the moisture away from the tender grass, and clover plants, and when the grain is cut the hot sun burns these tender plants up. The wild oat which is so abundant in the soil of this locality is quite enough of a nurse crop, and some attention should be given to cutting this out of the way when it reaches the proper stage. We cut two crops of wild oats from our field. The first crop made a fair yield of hay. In cutting the wild oats the mowing machine should be set high enough so that it will not cut the clover or young grass.

The last of November, when the yield was last examined, there was a fine stand of clover and of all the grasses sown, so far as we were able to detect them. Much of the clover headed out last season making a growth one foot high or more.

Unless last season was an exceptionably favorable one there is no reason why clovers and grasses should not be grown in the hill lands in this section.

The yield of wheat will not be less when the farmers learn to grow these crops which restore fertility, and the possibilities of diversified farming, with stock as an important factor, will be greatly strengthened.

VARIETIES OF FRUIT.

Washington Professor Makes Study of Each Region.

By J. L. Ashlock, Washington State College, Pullman.

During the past year numerous inquiries have come to the State college department of horticulture asking questions which generally can be summed up in the one question: "What kinds of fruit will do best where I live?" This class of quiries has given the staff of the state experiment station considerable trouble, since, as stated by Professor Thornber, head of the department of horticulture, unless the staff members know exactly the climatic and soil conditions of the region from which the question came, erroneous information may be given, leading the seeker for information to plant trees not at all adapted to his region.

"Now we have solved the problem," said Professor Thorber, recently. "During the last year we have made a careful survey of the state with reference to the particular varieties of fruits which are adapted to each region. We have classified the lists into 'Western Washington,' 'Inland Valleys,' and 'Upland Valleys.' In this list is included apples, pears, cherries, peaches, apricots, plums, raspberries, prunes, blackberries, gooseberries, currants, strawberries and nuts. Early, medium early and late varieties are given where it is necessary. We submit these lists to all inquirers now, and from a dozen or so good varieties of apples, pears, etc., he may choose as he likes, according to the adaptability of the fruit for his region.

"Another experiment we have in hand is one in which we have selected sixty-five good varieties of apples from the eight hundred or so varieties in the state experiment station orchard, and are sending two varieties of each of the sixty-five varieties to ten farmers or fruitgrowers of Washington. We wish to determine by this experiment how each variety will do in the particular region in which it is tried, and in this way we hope to collect much valuable data concerning the possibilities for new varieties of apples in this region."

Cabbage Salad.

One head of cabbage chopped fine, two cups of vinegar, one cup of sugar, one cup of water, one tablespoonful of mustard, two eggs; place this on the stove and let it come almost to a boil, then pour over the cabbage, add a little salt and pepper, and mix well together.

All papers left on the trains of the Belgian State railways are appropriated by the government and are utilized in the manufacture of card for tickets.

Telephone Girl's Romance.

Conscientious Carrie always tried to do
her best;
Never lost her temper—she was different
from the rest;
Carrie was a "central," with a voice of
sweetest tone,
And that is why Miss Carrie has a cottage of her own.
—Portland Oregonian.

Out of the Dim Past.

Samuel Woodworth had just written "The Old Oaken Bucket."

"Nothing in it!" he muttered as he read it over and reflected upon the probable price it would bring.

But posterity evidently found something in it.

The proposed Henry Hudson memorial bridge will be the largest span of concrete or stone in the world. It will be 703 feet in the clear. There are some larger spans of metal.

Uncle Allen.

"Some men," muttered Uncle Allen Sparks after the tiresome speaker had sat down, "remind me of an old water mill that's running with empty hoppers. Their wheels keep on going, but they don't turn out any grist."

For the Housewife.

Some active women who pride themselves in housekeeping seem to forget that the object of keeping house is that human beings may be accommodated in it. Their sole idea seems to be this that the house may be kept in a certain form and order; and to the performance of the form and order they sacrifice the comfort the house was established to secure.

Aiming and Hitting.

Mr. Kidder—I think a woman's club, to be successful, should aim at something far removed from female suffrage.

Miss Strong—I don't agree with you, sir. That should be its sole object.

Mr. Kidder—Yes, but it's more likely to hit that object if it aims at something else.—Philadelphia Press.

Had Been There.

"I read in a book of statistics that the average woman carries from thirty to thirty-five miles of hair on her head."

"And then she raises the deuce if her husband happens to carry a yard or two of it on his coat sleeve."

Poor Old Sophocles.

"Yes, John is getting quite a reputation as an actor. They gave him one of the leading roles in a play at college."

"John! Why, his enunciation is atrocious."

"But this was a Greek play."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Weekly Touches.

"Poor Hiram!" sobbed Mrs. Hardapple. "He writes his college life isn't as gay as it is cracked up to be. He says some parts of it are very touching."

"Blamed if I don't agree with him," chuckled Mr. Hardapple, as he greased his boots. "I notice he is always writing touching letters for ten or twenty dollars."

Too Plain.

"Norah," said her mistress, "I don't mind it if the policeman on the beat drops into the kitchen once in a while of an evening, but I object to your entertaining such shabby and disreputable looking fellows as the one who was there last night."

"He's all r-right, m'm," said Norah. "He's me plain clo'es p'leecem'n."

His Credit Impaired.

Dinguss—Shadbolt, I haven't asked you for any money for a long time, have I?

Shadbolt—No; you never asked me for any money for a long time. You always wanted it for "just a day or two." That's why you're not going to get any this time, Dinguss. Air feels a little like snow, doesn't it?—Chicago Tribune.

Lightning in South Africa.

In South Africa, where thunderstorms are terrific, lightning often strikes the beds of ironstone, and blue flames, sometimes firing buildings, are alleged to play about such ironstone outcroppings two or three hours after a storm.

Terrible Woman.

"My wife," growled Kadley, "is the most forgetful woman."

"Yes?" mildly inquired the polite visitor.

"Yes, she can never remember in the morning where I left my pipe the night before."—Philadelphia Press.