

Wibaux Pioneer

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WIBAUX, MONTANA

NOT JUST WHAT HE WANTED.

Shivering Man Unable to Appreciate Humor of Situation.

A well-known New Hampshire man was a guest one winter night at a hotel about ten miles from Boston, famous for its game dinners, and a favorite stopping place of the football players prior to the big games.

He was awakened long past midnight during a wild storm, by his window being blown in, and his bed drenched with sleet and rain.

Shivering from his icy shower bath



He Brought Him Ice Water.

he lost no time in jumping to the bell, which he rang again and again.

After an irritating wait of ten minutes, a sleepy porter appeared with a pitcher in his hand.

"Why in the deuce didn't you get here quicker?" demanded the irate guest, with chattering teeth.

"Why, boss, I was getting a pitcher of ice water. I couldn't think of anything else anybody would want in the middle of the night but that."

ODD STONES AND GRAVES.

Peculiarities Existing in Various Parts of the World.

There is a curious old gravestone in Proestbury churchyard which records the fact that one woman at least in this country died a bachelor, says London Tit-Bits. Her name was Sarah Pickford, and the stone gravely informs the reader she was there interred "August ye 17, Anno Dom 1703, and died a Bachelor in the 48th year of her age."

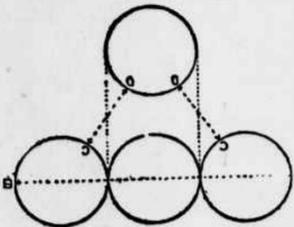
A stone in Westminster Abbey records the interment there of George Graham, who was the only workman that received the honor of being buried in Westminster Abbey. He was a scientific instrument maker, who in 1700 invented the dead-beat escapement in clocks. His funeral was attended by the Royal Society in a body.

In East Ham churchyard there is a tombstone placed crossways. The woman interred is said to have been born cross, lived cross, married a Mr. Cross, and died cross. Her dying request was to be buried cross, and this was carried out.

As to more ancient graves, that of Noah is reported to be in the small town of Nakhichevan, near the foot of Mount Ararat and is sixty feet in length. Another tradition says that the grave is merely a niche in the wall of an abandoned fortress.

The supposed grave of Eve can be seen at Jeddah in a cemetery situated outside the city walls. More than 40,000 pilgrims visit the place yearly. According to the Arabs Eve was the tallest woman that ever died.

OPTICAL ILLUSION.



Take three dimes and place them in a row, and try to move out the center one till the space C-D equals the space over all, as at A-B. There is a well-defined proportion in measurements that requires careful study, and with which the successful artisans are acquainted. The inexperienced eye becomes accustomed to certain forms, and when taken out of that channel is deceived.

Woman's Self-Sacrifice.

A Russian baroness, who wishes her identity to remain a secret, recently visited the hospital at Thounse and saw a poor Swiss peasant girl brought in, terribly burned by a petrol lamp explosion. The baroness was told that unless new skin was grafted on the girl the case was hopeless.

The young baroness insisted that they should take nearly a square foot of her own skin to heal the sufferer. The operation was performed and the Swiss girl will now recover.

WONDERFUL LITTLE VALLEYS

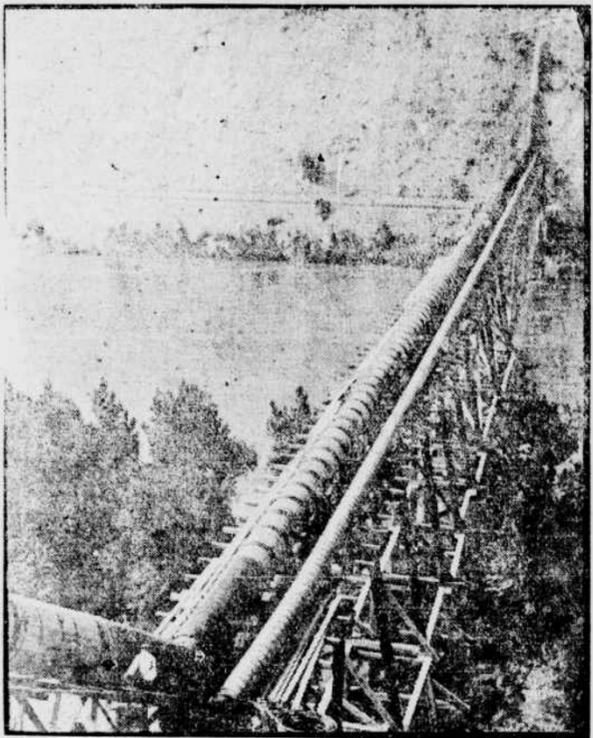
Irrigated Tracts in the Great Northwest Where the Yields Are Fabulous.

The orchards and vineyards of the great Southwest have been portrayed as the place where lands reach their highest cultural development and most astounding value. As against the Eastern farm, worth \$150 to \$200 an acre, choice orange land in Southern California is valued at \$1,000 and even \$1,500 an acre. And this does not seem so highly unreasonable when it is remembered that oranges, figs, almonds, Malaga grapes, pomegranates and other tropical products cannot be grown anywhere.

Yet there are orchards in the great Northwest which are esteemed as richly and yield as golden a stream of peaches, apricots, berries and other common fruits, as has ever been

provements but upon the productive capacity of the soil. Apples, peaches, apricots, berries, cantaloupes, prunes, pears and all the large and small fruits yield a profit of from \$200 to \$500 an acre. Why then should not land, five acres of which will net one thousand or twenty-five hundred dollars, be worth five thousand or seven thousand five hundred dollars? The interest is liberal, is it not?

There seems to be something very superior in the fruit raised in the Northwest. It finds a ready market in such far points as Boston, and brings a price which more than warrants the heavy express charges. Washington apples have brought \$4 a box, of less than a bushel, at the Hub. Nor are



PIPE LINE 9,000 FEET LONG. Carrying water across Wenatchee river.

claimed for the orange. Take the Yakima valley, or the Wenatchee valley or a dozen other mountain valleys in Washington, or some of the finely developed fruit regions of Montana or Colorado. There you can find men growing wealthy on returns from ten and even five-acre orchards. Perhaps the valley of the Wenatchee in Central Washington affords one of the best examples of the fruit possibilities of the Northwest—situated in the midst of that region which Daniel Webster described as "fit only for the abode of wild beasts and wilder men." The wonderful development of this valley has been brought about entirely by private irrigation development, yet the government irrigation engineers consider it an almost ideal irrigation community.

In the first place there is a splendid water supply. To the west are the gleaming snow fields of the Cascade mountains whose glacial streams feed the swift-running Wenatchee river, which as it emerges from the valley becomes a tributary of the great Columbia. The valley is sheltered from the bleak winds by surrounding hills, so that fruit trees have never been known to be damaged by cold. There are no great farms on the Wenatchee. The entire valley is not so large as some of the vast bonanza farms of the

citizens of Wenatchee, or many other prosperous fruit sections of the Northwest tied down to a wilderness life in order to secure themselves large incomes. Wenatchee, for in-



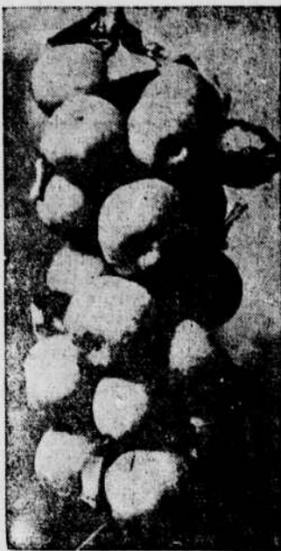
GRAPES GROWN IN WENATCHEE VALLEY BY J. H. LEBECK.

stance, is the initial point of navigation on the Columbia. Here the Great Northern railroad

meets the steamboats—where rail and so small that the entire valley resembles a great suburb. It is but calling distance from one house to another. Each has a telephone, running water, the rural free delivery, and electric lights are being installed. The roads are like streets and schools and churches are at close intervals.

No more highly developed communities can be found in the world than the irrigated fruit communities of this country.

The water for irrigating the valley is drawn from the Wenatchee river,



22 APPLES ON 22 INCHES OF LIMB.

through some thirty miles of ditch of the Wenatchee Canal company. This company is now projecting an extension to cross the Columbia river—a great \$160,000 combined bridge and viaduct to carry water for irrigating 8,000 additional acres.

In commenting upon the fact that the national government is not antagonizing legitimate private irrigation development, but that, on the other hand, the reclamation service is favorable to it, and even willing to assist, Engineer Arthur P. Davis, who in Chief Engineer Newell's absence was found in charge of the bureau at Washington, mentioned the case of the Wenatchee valley as somewhat exceptional.

"Many small companies," he said, "have accomplished much good in transforming the great American desert into profitable and habitable farms. A very valuable object lesson of an instance where private influence has stepped in and reclaimed land which was formerly waste may be found in the Wenatchee valley. This is not a community consisting of hundreds of thousands of acres; it is a comparatively small area, but every bit of it is intensely cultivated, wresting from

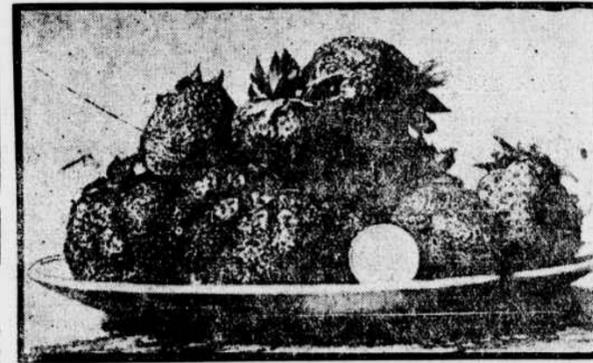
Mother Earth every particle of plant life which the land can be made to give up. The Wenatchee valley land, before the irrigation company stepped in, had, I might say, no value. It was but the home of a few wild animals, with little or no semblance of plant life. Under the wise administration of the company, the tract has enormously increased in value. The climate is ideal; no icy winds come into the valley to injure crops before maturity, and the soil which had been reeking in fertility for centuries, only needed the kind touch of water to make it blossom and bring forth fruit. We have considered the settlement of the Wenatchee valley so ideal that it has been taken as an example after which to pattern the Okanagan project, in Washington, now under construction by the reclamation service."—Guy E. Mitchell.

In Tune With the Finite.

Visitor—Good morning, madam; I came to tune your piano.

Mrs. Hammer—Piano? I didn't send for you.

Visitor—No, ma'am; but the neighbors suggested that I had better call.



STRAWBERRIES OF MAMMOTH SIZE.

West, but every acre is made to produce its utmost, and land values reach \$1,000, \$1,200 and \$1,500 per acre, not based on the value of houses and im-

provements. It is but a few hours to Tacoma and Seattle, while the local advantages are in themselves very great. The orchards and farms are



SCENE IN THE WENATCHEE VALLEY.



Know What You Have to Do

AND WHAT TO LEAVE UNDONE, IS GOOD ADVICE.

Only Way in Which Real Progress Can Be Made in the Science of Housekeeping—Stop Wasting Energy.

A friend once told me that the finest compliment her husband ever gave her was: "My dear, you are a sane housekeeper."

This little woman had the right appreciation of the value of such an opinion, for it is the sane housekeepers only who are making real progress in the science of good housekeeping.

It is the woman who knows what to do and what to leave undone; the woman who never plans a day's work she is incapable of accomplishing; the woman who realizes when she has reached the limit of her strength and rests, writes Ellen Bergh in the Boston Herald.

The old idea is fast becoming a thing of the past, that

"Man's work is from sun to sun,
But woman's work is never done."

Nowadays women take a quiet moment as they dress in the morning and plan the day's work and live up to it. If they do this they will generally have time for a little rest of some kind. This reminds me of a busy housewife who said to me: "I don't get a chance to go out very much, for when I'm through with my work I just want to rest." If she knew when her work was done she had solved one problem.

If one wish of mine could be granted for the new year, it would be that I might be inspired to send such a message to the home-makers that the drudgery of housework will become a

pleasure; that the wrinkled brow of care and anxiety will disappear with love guiding the work; that the drooping corners of the mouth will often soften into a smile as desire takes the place of duty; that the words of complaint and irksome responsibility are silenced by the spirit of joy in everything you do.

I tell you truly the time Kipling sang of is here and now.

"And only the Master shall praise us,
And only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money,
And no one shall work for fame;

But each for the joy of the working—"

If you put joy into your work, into your face and into your voice, the money, the fame, the reward will surely come. Perhaps not in just the way you planned, but the fruits of the spirit will be there, and life to you will be thrice worth the living. Money, fame, reward, can give no greater gift.

The great desire I have to aid you in your daily life resolves itself into this message for the new year:

Take your regular routine work as a matter of course; not for one instant dread anything you have to do; stop dreading, go right at it as a matter of course.

Practice this with the simplest round of household duties, and the evening will find you fresh as a young girl.

I knew of a woman who expended enough energy dreading to clean the lamps each day to do a week's washing. A visiting friend fairly forced her to clean them at just such a time each morning. All the afternoon she kept thinking, "Oh, what is it so nice? Oh, yes, the lamps are all cleaned." She derived enough enjoyment out of this to rest her more than an hour in a rocking chair.

Half of life's ills are fanned. Stop dreading—just do.

Reminds One of Small Duties

Here's a Useful Memorandum Slate and Cotton Holder.

If there is a blouse or any other garment to make, we are not likely to



forget it, but the little odds and ends of mending are often overlooked, and a loose button or a piece of

torn braid may remain displaced for weeks, and cause the wearer annoyance each time the article is worn, not because there is no time to repair it, but for want of remembering at a convenient time. Now, a slate upon which to make a note of these little duties, and fitted up with needles, pins, and cotton, would be a great convenience and help to memory. Our illustration gives an example of how this might be done. Choose one of the unbreakable varieties, with a white cardboard-like surface upon which a lead pencil will write, and paste upon the frame ribbon so as to completely cover it and go over to the other side, using colorless glue for the purpose. Stitch upon the two upper corners tiny round cushions, and fix reels upon the bottom edge with a length of ribbon-covered wire. This must be firmly sewn at each end, and finished with bows of ribbon. The words "Things to Mend" might be painted or worked. In the latter case the ribbon would have to be embroidered before pasting it on the frame. Instead of covering with ribbon, the frame of the slate might be enameled some pretty color, or painted with liquid gold.

Enjoyable Doll's House Party

Entertainment Vastly Pleasing to the Little Ones.

Little children of eight or nine, and even some bigger girls of ten or 12, are fond of playing with paper dolls, so it was a bright thought that came to one little hostess to give a Doll's House Party in order to amuse her young friends.

This is how the entertainment was given—and it was such a complete success that instead of dolls' house parties being quite a novelty, as they are at present, they should soon become quite popular. First of all the little girls were invited to tea, from five to eight. On arriving they were received by their hostess and her mother, and when they had all assembled, the latter read them some short stories, new stories or old favorites, as preferred.

When the reading was over, the children were asked to illustrate one of the stories by making a dolls' house and inviting the other children to visit the home of the "story book people." A large cardboard box was given to each child, arranged for a two-story house, and pictures of furniture, curtains, rugs, etc., cut from shop catalogues, were put in boxes on the table so that each child could choose her own furniture. The dolls themselves were cut from fashion catalogues and illustrated papers, and each child was asked to select her own amily.

The children were busy with paste and scissors until tea time, and then they left off playing to go into the din-

ing room, where a dainty repast, with plenty of cakes, fruit and biscuits, awaited them. They were all eager to get back to their dolls, though, and were told that they could have half an hour longer to complete their houses.

At the end of the half-hour a committee of grown-up people voted for the best house, and a prize of a big scrap book was given to its lucky builder.

The plan of entertainment can, of course, be varied and even improved upon; for instance, no party need be given at all; but here is an idea which will be welcomed by many a mother whose anxious cry is: "What shall I do to amuse the little ones?"

Perhaps the most highly favored miff style of the year is large, flat and square.

BORDER: CROSS-STITCH.



This simple little pattern will come in for a variety of purposes either used by itself or with other and wider designs. It is all in cross-stitch, and may be worked in one or more colors, as preferred.