Advice to the Curious.

Would you learn to tunnel through the hills,
Or solve most knotty problems?
Find an antidote for all the ills,
Or dissipate hobgoblins?
Ascertain the distance from the stars
Far in yonder heavenly span
From Jupiter to fabled Mars?
Ask the intellectual man.

Would you know the protoplasmic germ
That floats within our water?
The name of a thousand legged worm,
Or that of Pharaoh's daughter?
The fruit that most abundant grows
In eastern Hindostan?
Why, reference make to one who knows—
The intellectual man.

But if you wish to learn the latest score;
The horse that won the race;
The shop that has the swinging door;
Which fellow sets the pace;
Where eyes have ever softest glow,
In England or Japan;
If you really have a wish to know—
Don't ask the intellectual man.

—Columbia Spectator.

Right Here at Home.

Right here at home, boys, in old Hoosierdom,
Where strangers allus joke us when they come,
And brag o' their old states and interprize—
Yit settle here; and, 'fore they realize,
They're "hoosier" as the rest of us, and live
Right here at home, boys, with their past fer-give!

Right here at home, boys, is the place, I guess,
For me and you and plain old happiness;
We hear the world's lots grander—likely so—
We'll take the world's word for it and not go.
We know its ways ain't our ways—so we'll stay
Right here at home, boys, where we know the way.

Right here at home, boys, where a well to do
Man's plenty rich enough—and knows it, too,
And 's got a' extry dollar any time
To boost a feller up 'at wants to climb
And 's get the git up in him to go in
And git there, like he purt' nigh allus kin!

Right here at home, boys, is the place fer us—
Where folks' hearts' bigger 'n their money pu's;
And where a common feller's jes' as good
As ary other in the neighborhood.
The world at large won't worry you and me
Right here at home, boys, where we ort to be.

Right here at home, boys—jest right where we air—
Birds don't sing any sweeter any where;
Grass don't grow any greener 'n she grows
Acrost the pasture' where the old path goes—
All things in earshot's purty, er in sight,
Right here at home, boys, ef we size 'em right.

Right here at home, boys, where the old home place
Is sacred to us as our mother's face,
Jes' as we rickollect her, last she smiled
And kissed us—dyin so and rickonciled,
Seein us all at home here—none astray—
Right here at home, boys, where she sleeps to-day.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

A Prosperous Couple.

Wall, wife, it's fifty years ago sence you an me wuz tied,
An we hev clum the hills er life together side by side.
How we hev prospered, hain't we, wife? and how well off we be—
W'en we wuz spliced we owned one cow, an now, gosh, we own three.

I owed five hundred on this farm, five hundred dollars then,
But I hev prospered far beyond the gen'l run er men.
A kindly Providence hez shaped the rough course of events,
An now I owe four twenty-five an thirty-seven odd cents.

'Twas only fifty years ago you only had one dress,
To aggravate your beauty and increase your loveliness;
Now you've got two scrumptious dresses, an a most tremendous bonnet,
With a monst'ous horticult'ral fair a-flourishin upon it.

Three chairs wuz in our sittin room but fifty years ago,
But we hev prospered wonderf'ly, an now there's five, you know.
We've gained a lamp, a puddin dish, an extra yoke er steers,
A grin'stone, an a dingle cart, an all in fifty years.

It's all true wa't our pastor said, the worl moves fast today,
An with a quick, electric whiz goes spinnin on its way;
It jest goes spinnin on its way until its work is done,
But there's few spinners, my dear wife, who've spun ez we have spun.

—S. W. Foss.

KEYED TO HAPPINESS

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX ENJOYS THE MELODIES OF EXISTENCE.

An Interesting Estimate of a Complex Character—The Busy Life of the Poetess—She Is a Theosophist and Believes in Her Own Good Luck.

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The ease with which she lives is perhaps the most interesting feature of Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox's life. Like a speck of light in a ray, a duck in a shower, a petted child in a well managed family, she flits, dips and dances through life, unburdened by environment. It is not that she shirks blows of fate. In time of real trouble no one is better able to grapple with the lions of difficulty than the poetess, but she is born without the power to anticipate harm or evil. Keyed to happiness, it requires the coarse crash of some disagreeable chord to attract her attention from the sweet melodies of existence.

She never sees obstacles arise in the path of accomplishment. Risky and venturesome, her mind concentrates itself upon the end, and the intermediate drops into parenthesis. She never imagines that messages may miscarry; that expected people or checks will not come; that the weather may be unfit for the picnic. She never calculates "what if," but takes for granted the desirable and "grapples" only when interference really comes. This is not the result of philosophy; it is her nature. This leaves her an immense fund of vitality and animal spirits, and is by herself said to be the cause of her extremely youthful appearance.

She firmly believes herself cared for by guardian spirits, and truly it would seem as if she were. Her plans are seldom thwarted; things seldom go wrong. Upon the fingers of one hand she could count the things in her life for which she has earnestly desired that have not come to pass. "Just my luck" is a common expression of hers; "Just your luck, Ella," as common with her friends. She is withal timid and humble in spirit. She believes unselfishness to be the propitiation of these good angels. "Whenever I seek for myself they leave me," she says; "I can feel their support so long as I do and plan for the good of others." Certainly "good luck" or its equivalent in some more scientific term is with Ella Wheeler Wilcox eight times in ten. The most careful calculation cannot score a better record.

She never broods or reflects on past misfortune or disappointment. Indeed, her friends say she does not dwell long enough upon pleasure to get the good out of it. Her mind is like a bow, tense always for the next arrow's flight. Her mentality has an abnormal capacity for reaching forward—going on, building up, accomplishing, getting into new molds, finding new worlds to conquer. Events drop out as soon as happened—not out of memory, for she has a remarkable faculty of recalling the right thing at the right time, but like knitting or weaving, each row of stitches is dropped off the needles as soon as made, not to be lost, but to go into the woof of action.

She will not fuss with a perplexity, hunt for a lost article, undo or do over for the sake of possible improvement, no matter how easy the improvement may appear. She acts with a sharp, quick, clear insight, and direct force. That done, "Let it go," "It will come," "Can't waste time." Package, poem or seam must stand as it has come. Well for her that she has a clear intuition to steer clear of the rocks in this current! Well for her that she had a natural ear for poetic rhythm; she never would have acquired it.

Hers is a nature of reserve forces. Womanly to a degree, with all of the weaknesses of the sex, beyond a certain limit she is fitted to guide and direct both preacher and philosopher. Coquettish and fascinating, a dangerous girlhood was passed safely through unguarded. Open handed and free with money, and with a passion for purchase, her obligation record is straight as that of the most able and honorable financier. She will not owe a postage stamp or overrun an allowance one dollar.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.
[From a recent photograph by Rockwood.]

With an abnormal love for society, she has never been known to neglect a duty for a pleasure. Her strong love of dress never descends to silliness or vanity or cruelty to caterers. Her desire for beauty leads to care and preservation of self and others, not to complacent selfishness. Incapable of systematic method or plan for its achievement, she maintains an absolute daintiness, cleanliness and fitness of arrangement in her surroundings of household, wardrobe and literature. Careless and level headed, jolly and prudent, poetical and practical, imaginative and strictly truthful, frank but never rude, a more satisfactory friend does not exist.

It is impossible for her to reason or to accept conclusions based on logic. She sees or not as it happens, and is positive of the fact arrived at and slow to perceive how one may see differently. "I think that is why I am so superstitious," she says. "My guardian spirits saw that I never could learn by the big, heavy ways, so gave me the easy, pleasant ones by which to develop and see truth." "I have a superstition for every day in the week," she says. She leans strongly to the occult by nature, is a born Theosophist. In her poems written at fifteen and seventeen years, are many truths now being scientifically taught by leaders of the new religion. The knowledge is wholly intuitive, however. After a visit to a meeting of advanced Theosophists she said, "They sounded like gibbering idiots."

In daily life the practical and humorous are uppermost in her nature. All the romance and sentiment go into her poetry. "Habits" she has none. She likes late hours for rising in the city, but at the shore she rises at 6 or 7. She writes, swims, visits, sails, entertains, walks and rides, but never lolls through the waking hours. Her writing may be disturbed by man, woman, child, dog or cat, and continued at will. "I do everything else first," she says; "I know that I will write anyway." Really her writing is but a parenthesis of her resourceful life. She believes in regular meals as the basis of all sensible thought and action. She drinks quarts of clover tea and ascribes strength, flesh and color to its use.

She never reflects or ponders about doing things; she thinks and acts at once. She never dawdles and seldom rests. "Not a bit tired," she will say when urged to lie down after some heavy duty or shopping expedition. "I could move pyramids today!" is written under date of July 24 from "The Bungalow." She is at her best in the greatest heat of summer.

While accepting germs for poems from all sources, she cannot endure suggestion as to their carrying out. She suffers under bad rhythm, but loves good comic verse and above all a good parody.

She is devoted to physical culture. Dancing is a passion, and she is more proud of her grace and skill in it than of her poetic gift. The cat is her favorite animal. She believes that she was one in a former incarnation. She has its grace and lovable caprice.

THE BUNGALOW.
[Mrs. Wilcox's summer home at Short Beach, Conn.]

She makes a splendid president of the comfort of her home. She loves to direct, hates to do, although she has become proficient in housekeeping details that her husband's comfort may not suffer through change. She cares not a cent for credit of accomplishment so long as all are comfortable and happy. Desire for credit is the bane of almost every well managed household. The poetess has not a trace of it. She arranges her menus a week ahead. She never makes a note and seldom forgets.

She answers correspondence immediately on receipt. "If I don't I never do," she says; "they get buried!" She is very respectful to strangers, loyal to old friends and filial to a marked degree. She never misses her annual visit to her aged mother in Wisconsin, no matter for the sacrifice of advantage the autumn trip may cost.

The strong points of her character are intense love for her husband, which is almost more than human; loyalty to relatives and friends, directness and integrity of character, good humor, haste. Her philosophy is love, her practice a smile and an open hand. She believes in death as but a change of existence. She believes herself to be the happiest woman in existence. Her thought is punctuated by prayers for the continuance of the present and gratitude for her blessings. MAY ROBERTS.

Women as Breadwinners.

Some time ago Helen Campbell, in an article in The Arena, said: "The pale, anæmic, undeveloped factory girls of today, swarming in factory and shop, are the mothers of a large part of the coming generation, defrauded before birth of all the elements that make strong bodies and teachable souls. It is not alone the present with which we deal. Out of the future comes a demand as instant, and justice today bears its fruit in larger life for other days to come."

In view of the manifest truth of the foregoing statements, it seems strange that so many of the most generous souls of earth should have such erroneous ideas as to the remedy for the evil existing. Widening the sphere of woman's work, extending her opportunities and increasing the number of vocations for her can scarcely be considered the best way to create in her children "the elements that make strong bodies and teachable souls."

It simply means a still greater number of "pale, anæmic and undeveloped girls." It means fewer of the good old fashioned kind that they once made mothers of, and that we now sometimes see playing with their grandchildren.

Kate Field's Washington not long since said: "I do not believe that a woman under any circumstances should have to earn her own living; and further, the modern idea that it is a suitable or even praiseworthy thing for her to do so is bad political economy, bad morals and bad sociology."

One or two of the newspapers of the day, particularly the Boston Budget, have attacked this position with ridicule and sarcasm. The Budget regrets that any portion of mankind or womankind should fall into "the stupid and erroneous idea of wasting life by spending it in earning a living." The fact that there are 20,000 husbands in Chicago supported by their wives and that there are over 100,000 self supporting women in New York city changes The Budget's remark about "wasting life" from a piece of sarcasm to a touch of the deepest pathos. REBECCA BEEMAN.

CONCERNING BACKS.

How the Shoulder Blades Betray Age. Backs Should Be Straight.

"Young looking, isn't she?"

"She does look so in the face, and her bonnet is becoming, but I thought by the spread of her back that she wasn't very young."

It was a scrap of conversation overheard in the street. Although the criticism was made laughingly, it betrayed the fact that the speaker was neither kind nor refined, as the other woman's shoulder blades betrayed her age; but it hinted at one of the secrets of a youthful looking figure.

The back should be straight; I don't mean the spine—that contains a curve in the most erect figure; but the line across the back from shoulder to shoulder. A stick laid across here should touch all the way along. The line of beauty is straight here, for a change.

The muscles of the back are like elastics; they should spring back into place, but they grow weak from age, the shoulder blades fall away from the spine and throw the shoulders forward, and the edges of the blades stick out, making the back round in a fat person and angular in a thin one, and always broad—"spreading."

The comparison to elastic is not perhaps the best one, since elastic wears out from use, while a muscle becomes stronger and tauter by use.

What backboards did for a past generation was to keep the back flat, but there are better ways now. The point is to exercise the muscles and not let them get flabby. This is the secret of the fact that many women who have worked hard all their lives and who might be expected to be worn out are what is called "spry" and young looking. Bed making and sweeping and any work that uses the arms without having to bend over develop the muscles of the back and tend to make the shoulder blades when at rest return to their normal position. Sedentary work, in which the hands are used in one position, as sewing or writing, draws the shoulders forward. The woman who does not need to work, if she happens to be too indolent to exercise for the love of it, and to incline to easy chairs and morning naps, will pay the same penalty and will need to look to it that her bonnet is becoming.

Any one can correct this tendency, however, if she will. Dumbbells are grand exercise for the back. To swing them with the arms straight you must stand upright. When they meet behind the back, still standing upright, the shoulder blades seem to shut in like doors.

But if you haven't five minutes a day to spend in this way don't give up, like Mrs. Dombey, without an effort. You can at least go through the motion of throwing the shoulders back fifty times a day. It takes no time, for you can do it sitting, standing or walking, and a determined effort of the will to keep them back will soon pass into a habit.

M. H. F. LOVETT.

A Dakota Artist.

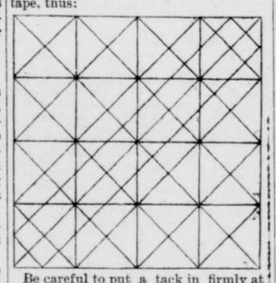
Among the struggling geniuses of the sunlit plains of far North Dakota is a little dark eyed Boston girl, whose landscape and scenic painting have won her rich encomia. Emma R. Gary was born in Boston, Feb. 28, 1870, and received her education at Leavenworth, Kan., whither her people went with the westward tide. An early inclination for painting led her to take special lessons in the art. A year ago she located at Grand Forks, N. D., where she has executed many oil paintings of real merit.

EMMA R. GARY.

How to Arrange Photographs on a Wall.

Don't nail them or paste them up. You will injure the wall and the photographs and will not be able to change the arrangement easily. Get strips of what the painters call molding with a deep slot in it. An end view of it will look like this:

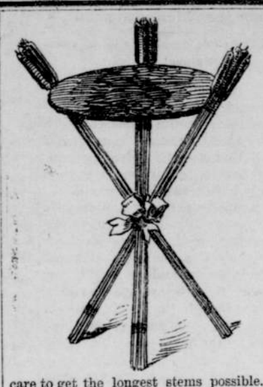
Nail these strips, as many as you need, on your wall and stand the photographs in the slot. Or, if you don't want the pictures in rows, cover that part of the wall which you want to use with a crisscross or lattice work of strong tape, thus:



Be careful to put a tack in firmly at each crossing of the tape. Different colored tapes may be used. Cover space enough to accommodate all your pictures and slip the corners under the tapes.

How to Make a Cattail Table.

The "cattail," so called, lends itself to household decoration more effectively than almost any other vegetation of this climate. Among the pretty ornaments that may be made of cattails is a table. Cut about eighteen or twenty-four of the largest that can be found, taking care to get the longest stems possible. Tie them into three wands and tie these wands together in the middle. Spread them so that the tops and bottoms will be equidistant. Have a small disk of extra stout pasteboard covered with plush and sew it firmly to each of the three wands just below the heads of the cattails. Make the center fastening very secure. Decorate with ribbons.



Woman's World in Paragraphs.

In these two things put not overmuch faith: A man's honor and woman's silence.

Two American women writers, Kate Sanborn and Marietta Holly, are blessed with an exquisite sense of humor.

Susan B. Anthony says she can always tell what kind of a wife a man has by his views on the woman question.

Carroll D. Wright, United States commissioner of labor, makes one of the best contributions to knowledge of the woman question that has appeared in years in his recent magazine article on the "Industrial Emancipation of Woman." In that noble paper he declares that this industrial emancipation is the forerunner of all other emancipation for the sex. He is right.

Score one for woman. The opening ode to be read at the dedication of the Columbian fair in October was written by a woman, Miss Harriet Monroe, of Chicago, and the committee on ceremonies paid her $1,000 for it.

Kindergarten training is the foundation of the new education which is to make mankind happier, better and more beautiful. Every woman whose soul is large enough and sweet enough to understand the true meaning of kindergarten work has a field of usefulness here. If she is rich, she can pay her debt to the race by working gratuitously in this field. If she has her living to earn, she can earn it nobly here.

PARIS FASHIONS.

The Watteau and Empire Styles Will Be Conspicuous This Fall.

The outlook for fall fashions shows many picture effects which have been taken from old paintings, and particularly the Watteau and the Empire.

The Watteau is shown principally in the double plaits that are to be seen in the new wraps on the backs of princess gowns and in the trained skirts, which have a deep plait double box which reaches a point in the center. Nearly all new skirts which are intended for house wear have a decided point in the middle of the back.

EMPIRE STYLE.

The trimming is scant but very neat, consisting mainly of very narrow ruching, plaiting or rose plaits or reversed plaiting. A few flounces of lace are seen, but they will be of real lace in black or white. Light silks have self flounces headed by very narrow ruffles of some other color, or with the upper edge bound with color. A black pongee was bound with pale blue and the revers were similarly trimmed.

The Josephine gowns are very pretty and picturesque, though quite simple in everything, and something that sends one's thoughts back to the days of the glory of France is seen in every one, but if you search to know exactly what it is it eludes you, but the effect is there all the same.

A dress of this style made for a lovely young bride is of dark chocolate brown (which by the way is to be a favorite color), with pansies scattered over the surface in natural size and color. The waist is gathered plain in the back and in front are double revers bordered with gimp. There is a full vest of crepe de chine in cream. The revers and sash are of moss green. The proper hat to go with this is a sort of magnificent gypsy, with moss green ribbon and velvet pansies.

For fall street wear the Russian cloths and velours du Nord, which is not velvet at all, but a sort of rep wool, will probably be the favorite for those who like the new. For those who like the quieter styles there are the standard wools in new and very beautiful designs, with a great deal of warm browns merging into and mingled with yellow. I notice more than ever of the changeable effects, and now they are found in woolen goods as well as silks.

Before Starting on a Journey

A person usually desires to gain some information as to the most desirable route to take, and will purchase tickets via the one that will afford him the quickest and best service. Before starting on a trip to Chicago or any point east, you should provide yourself with a map and time table of the Wisconsin Central lines. The trains run on this route are vestibuled and are equipped with Pullman's latest Drawing Room Sleepers, elegant Day Coaches and dining cars of latest design, built expressly for this service, and are exquisite in furnishings and convenient and comfortable in arrangement and so complete in every detail that they have no superior in comfort and elegance. The Dining car service is pronounced by all the most elegant ever inaugurated, and is operated in the interest of its patrons.

Fast trains via the Wisconsin Central Lines leave Minneapolis daily at 12.45 p. m. and 6.25 p. m., and St. Paul at 1.30 and 7.15 p. m., making favorable connection with all trains from the west and southwest.

For tickets, time tables, berth reservations, etc., apply to G. F. McNeill, C. P. & T. A., Minneapolis, Minn., or Jas. C. Pond, G. P. & T. A., Chicago, Ill.

For Sale—Will sell 80 acres or 200 acres of first class hill land, suitable for fruit or stock ranch, 11 miles from McMinnville. Price 80 acres, $4 per acre; 200 acres $3.50 per acre. Call on or address J. E. Jensen, box 203, McMinnville, Or.