

HOUSEHOLD.

Broken Measures. Life is full of broken measures. Objects unattained; Sorrows intertwined with pleasures. Losses of our costliest treasures. Ere the heights be gained.

Every soul has aspirations. Still unsatisfied. Memories of the vibrations of the heart in quick pulsations. At the gifts denied.

We are better for the longing. Stronger for the pain: Souls at ease are nature wronging— Through the harrowed soil come thronging Seeds, in sun and rain!

Broken measures find completeness In the perfect whole. Life is but a day in fleeciness— Richer in all strength and sweetness Grows the striving soul.

Baby's Diary for One Day.

Waked up as usual at 3 o'clock in the morning, and cried until everybody else in the house was awakened. Then I went to sleep again.

Was aroused once more at 6 o'clock by a fly dancing on my face. I tried to hit him, and only succeeded in slapping myself so hard that I had to scream. I screamed until every body decided to dress, and when they were ready for breakfast half an hour before breakfast was ready for them, I fell asleep.

My breakfast was served at 8 o'clock. I don't think the cook can be much good, for I never had anything but milk for breakfast, dinner or any other meal since I can remember. After breakfast I saw my big brother playing with a jumping-jack. As I wanted it myself, I cried until nurse made brother give it up. Then brother began to cry, and because I was sorry for him I cried too.

Had lunch at 10 o'clock (same as breakfast). Went out riding afterwards in my carriage, and cried all the way home because nurse wouldn't let me have a nice big black doggie to carry. He was a lovely doggie, and when I screamed he barked, so I screamed real hard lots of times. It was great fun.

Got so tired screaming that I went to sleep. At 12 o'clock waked and had dinner (same as breakfast and lunch). Mamma played on the piano and sang to me. When I tried to sing she laughed, and as I don't like to be laughed at, I cried. Nurse said I was a cry-baby, and I cried all the time at everything, but I don't agree with her. I never cry now at meal-times, because I tried it once and found I couldn't eat and cry at the same time, so gave it up. I have all night to cry in if I want to, and I can't eat then.

Had lots of fun. Pulled nurse's hair, then pulled mamma's hair. It wasn't so much fun when I tried to pull brother's hair, for he slapped my hands. I didn't like that, so I cried. Then brother laughed, and I cried harder, and then brother was sent away. I cried harder than ever at this, for I wanted to play with brother.

Had supper at three o'clock (same as breakfast, lunch and dinner). Got mad and dropped the bottle, and cried because I couldn't have any more supper as the bottle was broken. I have discovered that bottles break. Horray! I tried to tell nurse about my discovery, and nurse said, "Poor little thing." I wasn't a "sing," I'm not "little," because there's no such word, and I'll never be "poor," so I cried.

From 4 until 5 I made a new record. I generally cry at half past 4 every day, but to-day I didn't. I was asleep.

At half past 5 I had the last meal of the day, a new bottle having been procured. I don't know the name of this meal, but it doesn't make any difference, for it was the same as breakfast, lunch, dinner and supper. I went to bed at 6 o'clock.

At 9 o'clock I waked up, and hearing company downstairs cried for some company myself. Mamma came up to me. Went to sleep.

Didn't wake up any more that night after I went to sleep the last time until the next morning.—Harper's Young People.

The Charm of Pleasantness.

Every woman has an inherent longing to be attractive, and if she has not, she should have. For what would this chaos, doubt and strife of our daily warfare become, were it not that sweet woman inter-fuses into it her calming, cheering influences?

And the natural tribute men pay to woman's attractive qualities is admiration. If a woman is incapable of appreciating the homage of man, and treats man's highest gift as though it were vanity, she makes a serious mistake.

But how can a girl best gain the love and respect of others? This is an all-important query, and it is best answered by a concrete illustration drawn from real life. Miss A is beautiful. Her statuesque form and magnificent face are always the same, with a cold, distant aspect which even her undoubted beauty does not redeem from reproach.

Miss B is neither so talented nor lovely, but she meets one heart to heart, and her continued pleasantness has a charm which draws around her a devoted circle of appreciative friends. She is her father's confidante, her mother's comfort, the recipient of her brother Jack's love-trouble and sister Nellie's struggles with French.

Ah, girls! The snowiest skin will some day be sallow; the flush of youth will disappear; the bright eye grow dim, and the nervy limb be uncertain and feeble. But this inward loveliness, this beauty of spirit, is born of Heaven, and knows no death. The tender ministries of Miss B will creep into any true heart sooner than Miss A's icy beauty. Such a woman in any home is a glimpse of God's sunshine. Beauty and genius are the gifts of Providence, but a good heart all can cultivate.

Manners For Children.

There are few portions of household training that are more neglected than the education of children in the habits of eating. In the family it is the easiest thing in the world to grow careless or indulge in various practices not permissible in polite society, but, all the same, these habits are formed, and the children, as a natural consequence, grow up in such ways. It is a wonder that when they find it necessary to go out into the world they are obliged to have a thorough course of training to unlearn the habits of early life.

The only excuse for this is when the parents are themselves totally ignorant of the proprieties of life. It is a poor con-

ment on bad manners when the young person in response to reproof says: "We always did so at home." And no parent should permit it to be possible for the child to cast any such reflection on the guardian of his tender years. It is comparatively easy, once the habit of discipline is established, to compel the observance of the rules that govern good society. If parents do not know them, they should realize the necessity of learning them before they attempt the training of little children.

It must be a very unhappy reflection to father and mother when they come to comprehend the fact that their children are in disgrace because of lack of correct teaching. But this is often the case, and, though children rarely accuse the parents of being the cause of such unpleasant consequences, there are many instances where young people feel it keenly.

It is unquestionably the fact that a good deal of what is complained of by parents as neglect on the part of children comes from the feeling that they have been allowed to grow up in ignorance of many things which they should have known, and have experienced so much annoyance and discomfort on this account that they feel sensitive and sore of spirit in consequence.

It is natural enough to feel a certain degree of resentment toward those who are the cause of serious unhappiness or social disgrace, or whether it is the parent or some one else seems to make no difference; indeed, the responsibility which attaches to that relationship but increases the discomfort.

Social etiquette classes for the mothers of families might be a departure, but they certainly would be a lasting benefit to the rising generation.

House Linen.

The present styles in bed-linen are especially favorable to fine material and dainty stitches, for the ruffles and laces and embroideries which bedecked our beds a few years ago have been to a great extent superseded by delicate hemstitching, with sometimes a dainty bit of embroidery above it. Shams are not so much used as they have been, but they are so convenient that it is not easy to discard them altogether; and there is a noticeable disposition to regard them more favorably within the last few months than was shown when they first began to fall out of favor more than a year ago. When they are used they are made somewhat more elaborately than pillow-cases, though they most frequently consist of a square of linen, hemstitched, and with as much drawn-work as the time and taste of the user will permit.

THE FIT OF A PILLOW-SHAM.

is greatly improved by putting a triangular piece on the under side of each corner. The corners of the pillows are thrust into these, causing the sham to fit down closely over the pillow-case, and more nearly resemble a real pillow-case, than when it is simply laid over the pillow, or held by some of the patent devices.

Oblong pillows are now more used than square ones, and pillow-cases are made without the old-fashioned tuck along the sides. The open end hangs beyond the pillow about eight inches, and all the trimming is around this end. Even for square pillows the case is made with the long overhanging end, thus giving an oblong effect. The best style is to make the cases of fine linen, with simply a hem-stitched hem; but it is quite admissible to use drawn-work, embroidery, or even ruffles, across the end.

However fine the linen or dainty the stitching, much of the joy in a well-filled linen-closet is dependent upon the laundress. Though there be never a ruffle nor a bit of embroidery among them, so proper housewife can look upon her piles of snowy, shining linen, without a thrill of satisfaction at them. Starch should never be used in bed-linen. If it is ironed while quite damp and with a very hot iron, it will have a hand-some gloss than any starch can give it, and enough stiffness to make it lie smoothly, which is all that is desirable. Do not mar its beauty by many folds. Once crease down the centre of a pillow-case is sufficient.

If possible, one closet or set of drawers should be set apart exclusively for bed-linen and towels; and when this can be done it may be made deliciously fragrant by scattering among the linen

BUNCHES OF LAVENDER.

flowers tied up in little bags of Swiss or tarlatan. Bunches of sweet clover, or the leaves of the lemon verbena may also be used in this way; but no heavy perfumes or sachet powders should be substituted, as the object is to give only a sweet, grassy fragrance, suggestive of cleanliness and sunlight and pure air.

But for table-linen, even this much of a suggestion of perfume should be avoided. In delicate cookery a savory dish may be ruined by too great a preponderance of any one flavor; and to a sensitive taste a dinner may be spoiled by an incongruous perfume, though it be one that under other circumstances would please the most fastidious. Hence, whatever part of the closet be reserved for table-linen, it should be apart from the rest, and free from any odor.

THE UGANDA EXPEDITION.

It is to Have Soldiers and Porters Supplied by the Sultan of Zanzibar.

The British expedition which is about to start for Uganda under command of G. H. Portal is able to surmount the difficulty presented by the scarcity of porters in a way that is not open to private travellers. The numerous expeditions that have recently disappeared into the interior have drained the east coast of its supply of porters, but Portal has secured all the carriers he needs, and an adequate escort of soldiers from the Sultan of Zanzibar. He will be able to march rapidly to Victoria Nyanza, where he will study the situation and advise the British Government as to the best means to establish order and promote progress in Uganda.

In March next the Imperial British East Africa Company will march out of Uganda. English sentiment was so strong against abandoning the country that the Government lost no time in taking steps to assure its control over Uganda. There is every prospect that the railroad to the lake, the surveys for which are now completed, will be built at an early day, and the prospects for Uganda are looking decidedly brighter.

Good taste is frequently nothing more than an appetite for flattery.

FINE SCENERY AND BAD COLDS.

A Feature of the Glaciers at Grindelwald that the Guide Books Omit.

Europe is full of all sorts of devices for endangering and undermining the health of travellers. The big buildings, churches, palaces, and the like where the huge enclosure keeps the temperature of the air at the same cool level all the year round have caused sickness and death without number. For travellers coming into them from the heat of the summer day without do not think that this agreeable coolness means a sudden and unhealthy reduction of the temperature of the body until a chill or a succession of sneezes tells them that the mischief is done.

But there is one place which is responsible for more sickness than any score of large buildings. The glaciers at Grindelwald, especially the large upper glacier, is this danger-laden spot. Nearly every one who goes to Switzerland, and that means nearly every one who travels in Europe, goes to see the glaciers at Grindelwald, although few, indeed, do not regret having gone, because the difficulties and dangers are but slightly repaid by the rather disappointing scenic effects. And nearly all who go carry away with them a cold which may pass away, and again, may make them linger in bed at Inter-laken to curse the day they ventured to Grindelwald.

The glacier is an hour's walk or horse-back ride up a steep and winding mountain road, narrowly shut in because of the encroaching mountain farms on either side. If you have gone horseback they set you down at a mountain inn with a little pavilion overlooking the valley of the glacier, with its vistas of perfect Swiss scenery. Then one goes through a gate and walks down a winding road, arched with trees, crosses a stony valley, through the midst of which rushes a clear, pure, ice cold stream, fresh from the base of the glacier which the summer sun is melting. The glacier is before you, chilling the air which was of summer heat a few yards away.

You must have walked down to it, because there is no other way, and you are therefore heated. You stand near the glacier and instantly you are cool. Perhaps you go into the ice cavern, for the wonderful colors of the hehn ice are tempting. Ice water is dripping upon you and your feet are soon soaked from the wet boards underneath. You go out and start away, and before you have again reached the little gate near the inn you find that you have the worst cold you ever had in your life. If you are oversusceptible, you will have chills and fever.

But it is not necessary to go down to the glacier. You may have heard of these perils. So you decide to view it from afar. You sit in the little pavilion with the superb panorama before, above, and beneath you, with the long, striated back of the serpentine-like glacier and the stream gushing from its icy jaws as the central point of your landscape. You order something to eat and a bottle of wine, and life seems to be an extraordinarily good thing. For all around you is summer, hot, intense, luxuriant, while above you and down in the valley there is winter, eternal winter of snow and ice. But as you sit enjoying, revelling even, blissfully unconscious of danger. You begin to feel an icy chill, gentle and pleasing at first, but gradually increasing until you look about for frays, and then take to flight with a bad cold, pushing surfaceward within you as a memento of the glaciers. Off that huge river of ice blows a wind that is always wintry, that is felt in its full intensity a mile away through the heat of the hottest summer day. You may escape the worst of the score of curving venders urging you to take away a car to Grindelwald's glaciers. But the chances are that you will not escape that unpleasant or perhaps dangerous little memento in the shape of a cold which the glacier will force upon you.

Norway's Pierced Mountains.

Thorhatten, the famous Norwegian mountain, has a hole extending entirely through it from one side to the other. According to a Norwegian legend this same Mount Thorhatten was once a hat, and belonged to one Thorg, and hence the name Thorhatten. It seems that in the mythical ages a giant and goddess fell violently in love with each other. They were forced to part for a time, but vowed that they would marry in the near future. Soon after, however, the fickle woman pledged her troth to another. This angered her giant lover to a degree unknown to modern men of smaller stature. He was seventy miles from her when she brought the news, but, selecting a good arrow, he shot it in her direction. Now it happened that her brother, Thorg, was standing in direct line of the arrow's flight. It went through his hat and skull, killing him instantly, and fell harmless at the feet of the faithless giantess. She had the power of turning all objects into stone, and forthwith willed that her brother's hat become a stone monument to the tragedy. The cruel lover was turned to stone where he sat astride his horse at Hestmand, and the giantess herself petrified at Lecko. The two latter objects have disappeared, but Thorg's hat (Thorhatten) is still the object of many curious pilgrimages.

Foiled Again.

In the brilliantly lighted parlor they sat: He and She. Alone.

She reclined at ease in an elegant satin-covered sofa chair, while he sat nervously on the extreme edge of a chair of severe pattern and listened to the convulsive thump, thump with which his agitated heart seemed to be jumping up and down on his ear drums.

"Can't you answer me now, Miss Marie?" he pleaded.

"Mr. Shackelford," she replied, after a pause, "do you think you ought to ask a young woman to be your wife who doesn't even know your name?"

"My name!" he exclaimed. "Surely, I have signed it often enough in my notes and letters to you?"

"You have always signed it Harry D. Shackelford. That is not your full name. What does the D. stand for?"

"You have guessed it, Miss Spangler," he said, rising to go. "It stands for Dennis!"

Finishing Touch Needed.

Rivers—"Haven't you finished that free-coing job at old Spocash's house yet?" Waters—"Yes, long ago; but I can't get my money."

Rivers—"H'mph! Call yourself an artist and can't draw your pay!"

Norwegian Wolves.

I have hunted coyotes on the western plains, and wolves in Canada and the North-West, and I have always thought that a conflict with Siberian bloodhounds would be as terrific as any, but for real work there is nothing like a pack of starving Norway wolves, says a writer in Sportsman's Review. It is something beyond the imaginative ability of an American hunter. Although we were told we might possibly meet an attack, we braved the risk, however, all being well armed in case of need. We proceeded about twenty miles without any serious incident, when, just as we were crossing a little frozen creek, some twenty yards wide, a strange sensation seemed to take hold of our deer—they shivered, trembled, and the hairs on their backs stood on end. "Wolves!" yelled my driver, and he began to lash the deer, one of which promptly slipped on the ice, fell down and tangled himself up in the harness, thus seriously impeding our coveted progress. "Boys," said I, "send every bullet home." Just at this moment six fierce, hungry wolves came galloping towards us, about twenty yards away. The deer regained his feet and away we dashed.

Wolves can run as fast against the wind as with it; so can the deer, but they had a heavy sled, five people and a foot deep of frozen, crusted snow to contend with. We had no run about half a mile, a wolf dropping once in a while; but on they came in increased numbers on our flank. You wonder, perhaps, how I did not shoot. Well, I will tell you. A running wolf, while the shooter is in a sled behind a trotting deer, is difficult to hit. I had only 100 cartridges and knew it would be madness to waste them. If the driver would only stop; but that was impossible, as he and the deer were frantic with fright. At this moment one of the wolves jumped upon the deer's flank and was promptly killed, but this kind of game could not last long, so I prepared to dismount some of our pursuers. Straddling the dashboard, every time a wolf jumped for the deer I shot at it, and hit hard or killed about seven. Just at this moment, as we were making progress in our defence, our deer, who had hurt his hip by his fall, came to a stop and the rear sled dashed into us. The collision was frightful, tumbling and spilling us all out, and the confusion was great as we were instantly surrounded by the maddened, beautifully-furred wolves. Deer, driver, wolves and we travellers were seen in a terrible melee for life. Just as I had begun to despair, all at once the wolves—that is, those that were alive—ran away as fast as they had come. We had lost two guides, one driver and three deer.

Two Remarkable Islands.

The Volcanic Rocks in the Indian Ocean that France has Just Annexed.

The French have just hoisted their flag over the little islands of St. Paul and Amsterdam, in the southern part of the Indian Ocean, about midway between Australia and the Cape of Good Hope. No one knows what the French expect to do with these uninhabited specks in mid-ocean. Amsterdam is densely covered with vegetation, but St. Paul, fifty miles to the south, is almost bare, and neither island has any inhabitants. It was on St. Paul that the British steamship Megera, bound for Australia, with 400 people on board, was beached in June, 1871, after springing a leak. The cast-aways erected huts and lived on the island for eleven weeks, when a steamer came within sight of their signal and took them off.

These volcanic islands are among the most remarkable in the ocean. The eruptive rocks that form them were lifted from profound ocean depths. Five miles from St. Paul the sea is about a mile in depth. Neither fossils animals, nor plants testify to an ancient connection between the islands and the lavas of the Mascarenes or Madagascar. Though only fifty miles separate the islands, they differ greatly in the composition of their rocks, and probably they were never united.

For a century past the islands have occasionally been visited by shipwrecked sailors and since 1841 fishermen have established themselves for weeks at a time on the island of St. Paul. Scientific expeditions have also visited them, notably that of 1874, when French savants went to St. Paul to observe the passage of Venus, and profited by their sojourn to study the geological structure of the two volcanic masses. All the craters on Amsterdam are extinct. St. Paul is only about one-fifth the size of Amsterdam, and has a notable peculiarity. The waves gradually broke away the rock on one side of its great crater, and finally the sea was admitted through the large opening thus made. The sea entering the crater formed a tranquil lake, with a depth of about 300 feet. The entrance from the sea is barred by two peninsulas of debris, which are constantly changing their form under the action of the waves. The highest part of the crater wall surrounding the lake is about 500 feet. This wall is pierced with holes through which steam and smoke issue. Little depressions in the wall are filled with hot water flowing through cracks in the rock and constantly kept at boiling heat, so the fishermen angle in the crater lake and cook their dinner within a few feet of the place where they catch their fish. So, while the craters on Amsterdam are dead, those of St. Paul still exhibit considerable activity, though according to the reports of the earliest visitors, its volcanic energy has considerably diminished.

The scanty flora of St. Paul consists of about forty varieties of mosses and lichens, and fifteen herbaceous plants. Trees planted by fishermen and botanists have not succeeded. Potatoes, carrots, and other vegetables raised in St. Paul are sorry specimens. Cabbage, however, seems to thrive in an astonishing way. A few butterflies are found, but terrestrial shells are entirely lacking. Amsterdam on the other hand has a very considerable flora and fauna. The French expedition of 1874 found fifty different herbaceous plants on the island, of which twenty-five species were peculiar to it. The *Physalis arborea*, a tree which had not previously been seen except upon the volcanic island of Tristan da Cunha, in the Atlantic, is also found on Amsterdam.

Prudential Considerations.

Blather—"Engaged to a widow with six children, are you best fellow? I congratulate you—when are you to be married?"

Skyte—"After the holidays, old boy. After the holidays."

Don't sing a song of sixpence, It wouldn't last an hour. 'Tis you the awful Christmas bills That now beside us tower.

MISS DAVIS'S BETROTHED.

About Lord Dufferin's Son, Who is to Wed an American Heiress.

For personal charm, the Hon. Terence Blackwood, the fiancé of Miss Flora Davis, is far and away the most agreeable Englishman ever captured by an American beauty. He is his father's own son, though unluckily not his heir, and, as every one knows, the Marquis of Dufferin is quite irresistibly attractive. A gay, warm-hearted, brilliant Irishman. Dufferin's manner and talk have won him even more honors than his shrewd diplomatic intellect. It is his practice when setting out to wheedle a Cabinet Minister or entangle a foreign antagonist to tug his witty tongue with a touch of blarney and brogue that has never yet failed to bring down the game. He is tremendously popular both at home and abroad, and his every step in life has been upward. Blackwood is a duplicate of the delightful Marquis, and as different as possible from his elder brother, the titular Earl of Ava, who, thoroughly respectable and hopelessly dull, will in course of time succeed to the title.

In view of his American marriage, some of the Hon. Terence's friends are recalling his gay larks at Oxford, where he was ever the despair of his tutors and the darling of every woman who knew him. Being a Merton man, and therefore the natural foe of Magdalen, as between the two colleges a deadly rivalry reigns, he never lost an opportunity for annoying the opposition. One night after making a careful collection of the caps worn by Merton's faculty, he climbed to perilous heights and hooded every gargoyle adorning Magdalen's stately structure with a doctor's hat. The heads of the saints he tied up in nightcaps, and every bonnet was set at a rakish angle. Next morning when Oxford opened its eyes they were promptly stretched wide in horror at such daring desecration. The offence was as absurd as serious, for the learned professors and the masters used violent language, and Magdalen's President declared that nothing short of expelling the culprit could appease their wrath or condone for the insult offered his beloved alma mater. Fortunately Blackwood's secret was well kept, and he laughed in his sleeve at the enemy's discomfiture. Possibly his best remembered prank was on the occasion of a splendid garden party tendered by Merton to some of Oxford's distinguished visitors. Now, as every tourist remembers Magdalen possesses a beautiful park full of valuable deer, and to the heart of the Merton man it is a constant reproach that no antlered herd nips the grass of his college enclosure. For once Blackwood determined to make good this deficiency. The day before the function, therefore, he went through the country, gathered together as many donkeys as he could find, and then proceeded to beg, borrow, and buy every pair of deer horns he could lay his hands upon. The consequence was that the afternoon of the tea a drove of braying asses was turned loose on the lawn, and upon the wretched brow of each noisy jack and jenny tossed a pair of ill-fitting antlers. The sight was inexpressibly funny. The joke was a great success and Terence the hero of the hour. Those who know the young aristocrat best assert that Miss Davis is in luck, so long as she desires a title, to be able to find so clever and attractive a man to accompany it.

Telephones at Sea.

A New Method of Signaling Between Vessels.

Professor W. W. Jacques, who is sanguine of the early adoption of electrical signaling between vessels, has shown how simply such a system can be carried out, says the Pittsburg Dispatch. He pictures two ocean greyhounds approaching each other with a combined velocity of forty miles an hour through a heavy fog. The lights are useless, even on a dark night, for in foggy weather even an electric searchlight will not be visible a mile away. The steamer's whistle is useless, for the fog soon absorbs the sound. Yet although the vessels may be approaching each other with a force that, in case they meet, shall mean total annihilation, there is no danger if the ships are already fitted with electrical signaling apparatus. Thus provided, the ships will signal to each other when miles apart.

Professor Jacques proposes to equip each vessel with an insulated wire running from bow to stern, dipping into the ocean at each end. In connection with this wire, one vessel is provided with means for producing strong and rapidly alternating currents of electricity, and the second vessel has its wire connected to an ordinary telephone. Electrical undulations will be radiated from the first vessel through the water in all directions, until, reaching the vessel many miles away, they will be heard in the telephone. With the telephone can be connected an alarm bell, so that any sound received will automatically call the notice of the attendant. By thus equipping each vessel with means for sending out electrical undulations and for listening for any that might be received, each vessel would be made aware of the approach of the other, and the danger of collision would be avoided. This principle is not by any means new, and experiments in ship signaling have already demonstrated its feasibility.

A Bargain Beyond Doubt.

Oppenstrauss—"My fren't, dot ring is wort five hundret tollars and I let you haf it for sixty-five."

James—"But it has the initial letter 'W' on it."

Oppenstrauss—"My fren't, dot ring is such a bargain it would pay you to haf your name changed."

A Question of Moral Responsibility.

Willie (at breakfast)—"You can't help what you dream, can you, mamma?" His Mother—"No, Willie."

"Then if you dream you're havin' a fight you ain't to blame for it, are you?"

"No, but if you have been a good boy you are not likely to have such dreams?"

"Still they ain't wicked, are they, if you can't help it?"

"N-no, I suppose not. Did you dream last night you were doing so wicked a thing as fighting?"

"Yep! An' it would'a done you good to see how I licked that yeller-haired, freckle-faced, good-for-nothin' Bob Stapleton till he couldn't stand up, dog-on him!"

There is room enough for all. In fact, space itself is full of room.