

The Earth is floating like a little ball  
Upon thin air—and on its back—a  
man;

In such proportions do both stretch and  
sprawl,  
And all around, above, about, below,  
Are other bubbles dancing on the air;

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# The Further Research of Wickham.

By RITA KELLEY.

Thomas Henry Wickham was good-  
looking, intellectual and—twenty-  
eight. He had always considered  
girls unworthy of attention, and had  
devoted his time to research in old  
Gothic.

To be sure, once or twice during  
the year he had taught in the West-  
ern university he had accepted invita-  
tions to places of amusement where  
ladies were present. But that was be-  
cause, it being leap-year, the ladies  
had done the honors, and Miss Eug-  
enia Harned, instructor in French,  
was not a young woman to be re-  
fused.

Now the year was over and he  
was off for his home in Boston, glad  
to be free from Western crudeness  
forever. He had planned to leave on  
the evening train for Chicago, where  
he would join an excursion going past  
Niagara and Toronto, down the Hud-  
son, arriving at Boston in three days.  
He rushed with pleasure as he bade  
the president good-by. The old man  
was saying with admiration: "Good  
work, my boy. You are doing well  
to be called back to Harvard after one  
year of teaching, and I wish you suc-  
cess." Wickham was still blushing  
as he left the office and ran into Fan-  
shaw, fellow in English, and Jenks,  
of the philosophy department.

"Hello!" Jenks said. "They tell  
me you're leaving to-day?"

"Yes," Wickham announced; "I go  
out on the 10.30."

"Why," laughed Fanshaw, "Miss—"  
he suddenly choked—"we'll be down  
to see you off," he finished lamely.  
Wickham, absorbed in the business  
of getting out of town, walked off  
through the campus, unconscious of  
the winks and nods of the two men in  
front of the executive office.

He reached the station barely in  
time that night, and found the plat-  
form crowded with men of the  
younger university set and young  
women, among them Miss Eugenia  
Harned. Apparently they were down  
to see him off, and Wickham was flattered.  
He had never thought much  
of popularity, but if this was posing  
in the public eye he liked it. The  
train thundered in and he climbed  
aboard. After several of the young  
women, including Miss Harned, had  
preceded him. Some of the men fol-  
lowed, and when he got inside he  
saw a whole host of them coming  
from the other end of the Pullman.  
His heart warmed. He had never  
considered himself a general favorite  
before, and the thought pleased him.

Something was flying through the  
air like confetti on a fete night. The  
passengers in the other sections were  
all looking toward his end of the car  
and laughing uproariously. As he  
dropped his traveling bag on the seat  
an old shoe, thrown through the air,  
glanced off his sleeve. He turned and  
saw Miss Harned, the French instructor,  
in the opposite section, sur-  
rounded by bags and suit cases. She  
was blushing furiously and looked  
vexed. Wickham thought she was  
going to cry. He opened his mouth to  
speak. Something hit against his  
teeth and he bit on it. It was white  
and hard, like a kernel. He saw that  
it was sprinkled over seats, people  
and traveling bags, and that the floor  
was peppered with it. Someone at  
the door called out, "Where's the  
bride?" The bell rang, the train be-  
gan to move and the young people  
all scuttled.

The train was getting well under  
way as Wickham stepped out on the  
platform and slammed the door be-  
hind him.

Jenks and Fanshaw, returning  
from the station arm in arm, were  
rendered speechless by the apparition  
of Wickham coming toward them  
from the second corner.

"Why—why—what's the matter?"  
stammered Jenks.

"Nothing," returned Wickham; "I  
just came down to meet you. I'm  
going out on the morning train," he  
announced. "The lady is more com-  
fortable so," and, turning, he walked  
with them up the street.

He barely made an east-bound train  
out of Chicago the following after-  
noon, and was walking down the aisle  
looking for a seat when he stopped  
short, staring blankly. There before  
him sat Miss Eugenia Harned, look-  
ing very pretty, in a cool brown and  
gold dress. Strange, he had never  
thought her pretty before! She was  
smiling at him in a timid way. He  
pulled off his hat and sat down in the  
seat facing the one which she occu-  
pied.

"Miss Harned," he gasped; "this is  
indeed unexpected."

"I'm sorry if you regret meeting  
me again." Her long lashes swept  
her cheek as she looked down. Then  
she glanced up at the man glaring  
discomfited at her. "But I'm glad I  
have a chance to tell you how unat-  
tractively mean you were to leave me  
in that—situation—last night."

"Why, Miss Harned—" Wickham  
was growing more uncomfortable  
every moment. "I couldn't do any-  
thing else! If I had stayed on they  
would have believed—"

"It was true. Exactly," she finished  
for him. "And they did. I spent half  
the night explaining that you had  
dropped off to save yourself from  
false accusation."

"But, Miss Harned, I tried to save  
you!" Wickham was flushing in his  
effort to justify himself.

"Well, you didn't," she announced,  
looking him steadily in the eyes.  
"They decided you had been kid-  
naped, and they are all on tiptoe to  
see you make this train."

"Here—now?" Wickham looked  
around him. "Are these the same  
people?" he asked, with a blank ex-  
pression.

"Yes," she said; "the excursion  
train was held over for twelve hours  
by a freight, and they are all bound  
for Boston."

Wickham groaned. Miss Harned  
settled herself in the extreme corner  
of her seat and looked steadily at the  
flying scenery. Wickham took to  
studying her face, because there was  
nothing else to do.

"Three whole days of this," he  
thought, and he decided to move on  
into the smoker. He made some at-  
tempt to excuse himself without at-

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## MATTHEW ARNOLD

—AND—

## BENJAMIN JOWETT,

ON THE RIGHTS OF PROPERTY.

Matthew Arnold says:

"Inequality, like absolutism, thwarts a vital instinct, and being thus  
against nature, is against our humanization. A system founded on it is  
against nature, and in the long run breaks down."

And again he says:

"Democracy is trying to affirm its own essence; to live, to enjoy, to  
possess the world. Ever since Europe emerged from barbarism, ever since  
the condition of the common people began a little to improve, ever since  
their minds began to stir, this effort of democracy has been gaining  
strength; and the more their condition improves, the more strength this  
effort gains."

"Our shortcomings in civilization are due to our inequality; or, in  
other words, the great inequality of classes and property, which came to us  
from the Middle Age, and which we maintain because we have the religion  
of inequality, this constitution of things has the natural and necessary  
effect of materializing our upper class, vulgarizing our middle class, and  
brutalizing our lower class. And this is to fail in civilization. We are trying  
to live on with a social organization of which the day is over."

And then there was serene old Benjamin Jowett, who pauses  
in his analysis of Plato's "Republic" to ask:

"Are we quite sure that the received notions of property are the  
best? Can the spectator of time and all existence be quite convinced that  
one or two thousand years hence great changes will not have taken place  
in the rights of property, or even that the very notion of property beyond  
what is necessary for personal maintenance may not have disappeared?  
The reflection will occur that the state of society can hardly be final in  
which the interests of thousands are periled on the life and character of a  
single person. And many will indulge the hope that the state in which we  
live will be only transitional, and may conduct to a higher state, in which  
property, besides ministering to the enjoyment of the few, may also furnish  
the means of the highest culture to all, and will be a greater benefit to the  
public generally, and also more under the control of public authority.  
There may come a time when the saying, 'Have I not a right to do what I  
will with my own?' may appear to be a barbarous relic of individualism."  
—From Collier's Weekly.

tracting the attention of the passen-  
gers, but she ignored him. He fell  
to wondering if she would forgive  
him for the embarrassment of the  
evening before, and remembered that  
he had not asked for pardon. She  
seemed unconscious of his gaze, and  
he watched the sensitive outlines of  
her face vary in expression. Really,  
she was very interesting. The brown  
of her dress just matched the sheen  
of her hair and eyes. He found him-  
self adjusting his panama on his  
blond head, squaring his shoulders  
that had been broadened by rowing  
in the Harvard crew. If only they  
had not been thrust together under  
such trying circumstances! He met  
her eyes and looked at her till she  
spoke.

"And you are such a woman-hater,  
too," she said.

"Oh, but I'm not!" He flashed it out  
and smiled dazlingly at her to see  
the light in her eyes. Truly, Wick-  
ham was waking up. "Some women,  
perhaps; but certainly not of you."

"Oh, your husband has found you,  
I see!" exclaimed a thin, little voice.  
And Wickham turned to see a moth-  
erly person beaming upon them with  
kindly eyes. He bent toward Miss  
Harned with the least bit of a wicked  
gleam in his eyes.

"We'll have to stick it out to the  
end," he said.

"To Boston," she corrected.  
"Madam, won't you be seated?"  
He rose and bowed gravely to the odd  
little person in a brown alpaca dress.  
She slipped into the seat shyly, her  
thin, worn hands fingering a pleat  
down the front of her dress. Her  
eyes redeemed her plain face; they  
grew large and almost wistful as they  
looked at Miss Harned.

"You must be so happy," she said,  
her voice lingering over the words.  
Eugenia Harned flushed crimson.

"Pardon me," the little woman  
hastened to add. "I know just how  
you feel; it is all so new and—wonder-  
ful. And you can't hardly realize  
that it is all true yet—that you've  
got each other." She looked from  
Miss Harned to Wickham. That  
wicked person returned the glance  
steadily and smiled.

"Exactly," he agreed.  
"I remember when John and I  
were married," she continued, "we

went from Meadowville to Chicago  
on our wedding trip." She smiled  
reminiscently. "That isn't such a  
nice one as yours—" Eugenia  
squirmed in her seat by the window.  
She threw Wickham a glance that  
should have softened his heart, but it  
didn't.

"Are you going to live in Boston?"  
the little woman was questioning.  
And Wickham, with a charming bow,  
acknowledged that they were.

He looked at Miss Harned. He de-  
cided all at once that he wanted a  
smoke. He bowed himself off as  
smoothly and as quickly as possible.  
By the time he had reached the  
smoker he had forgotten all about  
cigars. His face betrayed unusual  
perturbation of mind, and he adjusted  
his hat several times before it rested  
entirely to his satisfaction. He was  
conscious that he had gone too far  
with Miss Harned, and he had the  
uncomfortable thought that she  
would never forgive him. And  
through all he knew he should be  
proud of Miss Harned if she were ac-  
tually his wife.

His wife! The mere thought had  
all the flavor of wildest romance. To  
the man's man—a digger of old  
Gothic roots—the first realization of  
femininity as a potent force in life  
struck him broadside with a force  
that made him gasp. His wife! Why  
not? He started up with his chin out,  
a full light of determination in his  
eye—he would go and ask her now.  
And he swung down the aisle.

Miss Harned was being entertained  
by the little woman in the brown al-  
paca dress. She looked tired and  
cross, and a red spot glowed in either  
cheek. He ignored the little woman,  
who looked up brightly at him, but  
went on talking, and, leaning over  
toward Miss Harned, he said steadily:

"Come on out here; I want to talk  
with you."

She threw him a glance that was  
half scorn, half entreaty.

"Then they all got the measles and

"I'm sorry, but I'm really afraid  
the door is locked—a little formally  
the porter saw to. This road is particu-  
larly kind to newly-married people."

"Dr. Wickham," her eyes blazed  
dangerously as she confronted him,  
"are you a fool or a madman?"

"Neither, my dear," he said, sooth-  
ingly; "only this thing has got to  
end here, and the only way out of it  
is for you to promise to marry me.  
Will you?" Again Miss Harned could  
only gasp.

"You see, these people are mainly  
Bostonese, and I've met a few who  
are personally acquainted with our  
families (may the Lord forgive me),"  
he said under his breath, "and there  
is really no other way out of it. Will  
you, Eugenia? You see, our family  
has known yours for generations, and  
it is truly not so bad, and—and I  
love you, Eugenia. Say yes."

His arm was like iron about her.  
The people in the coach sat with eyes  
turned discreetly away. She looked  
up at his broad shoulders, his fine  
head, and reluctantly into his serious  
blue eyes. She had half expected to  
find them mocking, but they held her  
reluctant ones with a quiet force that  
fascinated her. She could not look  
away.

"Will you, Eugenia?" he asked.  
She could not bring herself to say  
either the one thing or the other.  
His eyes were searching hers, and she  
felt herself yielding irrevocably. She  
made a last futile effort to get away,  
and stopped motionless.

"You will, Eugenia," he said, soft-  
ly, and bending over he kissed her  
full on the lips. He smiled to see the  
hot color surge in her face. She  
laughed with embarrassment.

"Have it your own way," she said.  
"But, thank heaven, getting engaged  
doesn't mean getting married. If I  
ever get off this train—"

"You'll marry me," he said, smiling  
down at her.

"Well, we'll not speak of that now,"  
she said, disengaging herself with a  
sigh of relief and glancing into the  
car.

"Yes, time enough when our  
friends meet us at Boston," he as-  
serted, lazily. "Have you had enough  
fresh air?" he asked, turning toward  
the door and opening it.

"Why—I'll never speak to you  
again!" she said, looking at the open  
door. "You said it was locked."

"All's fair, you know," he said,  
stepping aside for her to pass, and  
looking so handsome that she had  
not the heart to more than frown.

"I'll say good-by to you for a little  
while, Mrs. Wickham," he grinned  
as he left her in her section.

It is not known definitely what  
Wickham did in the following two  
days, but he must have made himself  
very engaging, for Eugenia had prom-  
ised to marry him in the fall, and  
they were on good terms when the  
train pulled into Back Bay station.

She was stunned to descend into a  
very bedlam of old friends and rice-  
rice everywhere. She threw one van-  
quished glance at Wickham, who  
stood smug and complacent, his arm  
around an elderly woman with nose-  
glasses, who clung to his coat buttons  
with tremulous hands.

"But I thought you were going into  
further research, Thomas," with a  
discomfited glance at Miss Harned.

"Yes, so I have, mother. Come,  
meet my wife," and he went toward  
Eugenia, who stood expostulating to  
the hilarious and utterly incredulous  
crowd. He bent over her.

"We'll run out to Cambridge to-  
morrow at 10 and have it fixed up,"  
he said.

She looked at him with relief and  
resignation in her eyes.

"I guess we'll have to!"—McCall's  
Magazine.



The American Museum of Natural  
History has received samples of the  
hair, wool and hide of a mammoth,  
probably the only samples of the out-  
er covering of this extinct animal  
now in America. They are from Ele-  
phant Point, Alaska.

Most of the opium in India is pro-  
duced in the agencies of Bihar and  
Benares, which have, respectively,  
106,000 and 215,000 acres under cul-  
tivation. The net revenue derived  
from the opium in 1907 amounted to  
\$14,574,893.

A machine for making corks out of  
waste paper and paper pulp has re-  
cently been perfected and patented.  
This machine makes corks out of all  
kinds of waste paper, which are much  
superior to the ordinary corks, as  
they are impervious to acids or oils.  
Tests made by chemists and the larger  
users of corks say they are far su-  
perior to the old style in every way.

A learned Italian doctor says that  
giantism is a morbid process—a dis-  
ease due to an enlargement of a part  
of the brain which is endowed with  
growth-regulated functions. When  
that part of the brain enlarged, the  
limbs grew to an abnormal extent and  
other physical changes occurred, the  
excess of growth being chiefly in the  
lower jaw, the arms and legs. The  
average life is only a fraction over  
twenty years. Ireland has produced  
at least four giants—McGrath, born  
in Tipperary, in 1735 (he was 7 feet  
5 inches in height); Malone, 7 feet 6  
inches; Murphy, 7 feet 3 inches, and  
Charles Byrne, 7 feet 6 inches. None  
of them ever reached great mental  
development.

## CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.



### SILENT LETTERS.

Of vowels, all—good, better, best—  
The loud, round "O" is noisier;  
The rest have ways more laudable.  
Because they're all in A-U-I-E.  
—Nixon Waterman, in St. Nicholas.

### A SYRUP-CAN MOTHER.

Dorothy Deane and her little  
brother Laurence were standing by  
the window watching for papa. Ev-  
ery night when it was time for him  
to return home they waited until they  
saw him come in sight around the  
corner, and then ran as fast as they  
could to meet him.

Unless papa was very tired indeed,  
he always carried one of them home  
on his shoulder, while the other took  
hold of his hand, and both tried to  
tell him of all that they had been do-  
ing that day.

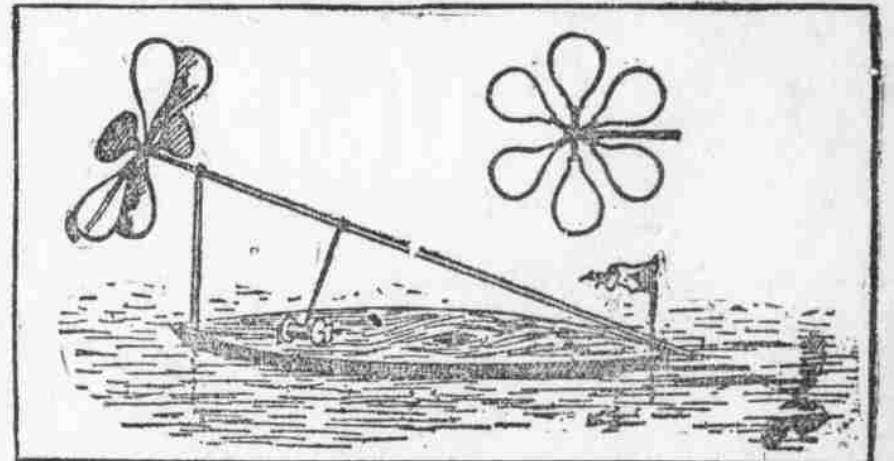
"There he comes!" cried Dorothy  
at last, and the children raced toward  
the corner as fast as their chubby  
little legs would carry them.

"Careful, now!" said papa, warn-  
ingly, as the two hurrying little fig-  
ures reached him. "Don't hit against  
my dinner pail!"

"What is in it?" asked Dorothy and  
Laurence in one breath, as they stood  
on tiptoe, trying to peep inside the  
cover.

"Guess!" said papa, laughingly. "A  
nickel to the one who guesses right!"

### BOAT TO SAIL AGAINST THE WIND.



You can even make a boat that will sail readily against the wind, and  
it's quite simple at that.

For the deck or body of your boat take a piece of wood about twenty  
inches long, six and two-thirds inches wide and about five-sixths inch thick.  
Taper at the ends.

Draw a line from end to end along the flat surface. On this line and  
about five-sixths inch from the end, which will finally serve as a stern, make  
a hole and insert in it a little mast about seven and one-third inches high  
and one-half inch in diameter. To its top fasten a little ringbolt.

Then, at about half an inch from the prow of the boat fasten another  
ringbolt of the same diameter hole as the other—about one-third inch.  
Your propeller should be thirty-three inches in length and thirteen  
inches in diameter, tapering at the ends. To one end you will attach the  
"sail" and to the other the "paddle."

This diagram shows you exactly how the different parts of the boat are  
put together and how they look. By following these details of measure-  
ment carefully and using a little patience in construction you will soon have  
a fine little sailing vessel that will make good time through the water.

"Candy!" cried Laurence.

"Oranges!" said Dorothy.

Papa shook his head at both these  
guesses, and at all the others that  
followed, until they had reached the  
house.

"Now let mamma have a turn," he  
said, holding the dinner pail up to  
her ear.

"Why, it isn't—" mamma began,  
with a look of the greatest surprise.

"Yes, it is!" papa declared. Then  
he took off the cover and tipped the  
pail gently over in the middle of the  
kitchen table, and out came ten of the  
fluffiest, downiest little chickens that  
any of them had ever seen. Several  
of them stepped about timidly; but  
most of them huddled together near  
the pail, peeping softly.

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried the children,  
delightedly, jumping up and down in  
their excitement. "Are they really  
ours? Where did you get them?"  
"They are power house chickens,"  
papa replied, smiling at their enthusi-  
asm, "hatched right in the engine  
room!"

"What do you mean?" asked  
mamma in astonishment, gazing at  
the pretty little creatures.

"Just what I say," replied papa,  
who was an engineer in the big power  
house down town; "they were hatched  
on a shelf in the engine room."

"You are joking," mamma de-  
clared, but papa shook his head at  
once.

"It was just this way," he ex-  
plained, hanging up his hat. "Tom  
Morgan brought me a dozen eggs  
from his new henry about three  
weeks ago. I put them up on the  
shelf, intending to bring them home  
that night, but never thought of them  
again until this morning, when there  
seemed to be something stirring up  
there. I looked, and, sure enough,  
there was a fine litter of chickens  
just picking their way out of the  
shells!"

"But how did it ever happen?"  
asked mamma in a puzzled tone,  
while Dorothy and Laurence scattered  
tiny bread crumbs near the new-  
comers.

"Because the engine, running night  
and day, gave the eggs just as much  
heat as they would have found under  
a hen's wings," papa replied; "and  
so they thought they were put up  
there to hatch."

"Oh, aren't they darlings!" cried  
Dorothy, clapping her hands as the  
chickens began to eat the crumbs.  
"They are the nicest pets that we  
ever had in all our lives!"

"The only question in my mind is  
how they are to be mothered."

night," papa said, patting Dorothy's  
bright curls as he spoke. "If mamma  
can decide that question for us, I will  
agree to make a nice home for them."

Mamma looked thoughtful for a  
moment, then told papa that, if he  
would make the little house, she  
would soon have a mother ready to  
put inside it.

While papa was making a nice  
coop out of a wooden box, mamma  
found an empty tin can that had once  
held a gallon of maple syrup. She  
filled this full of boiling water,  
screwed the cover on tight, and then  
wrapped it up in pieces of flannel.

"There," she exclaimed, triumph-  
antly, fastening the last strip, "let us  
see how the chickens like this for a  
mother!"

Setting the can carefully in the cen-  
tre of the coop, she put the little  
chickens close by it. Finding it soft  
and warm, they cuddled up against  
the flannel cover, and began to chirp  
as contentedly as if it were a mother  
hen. Then she pinned a square of  
flannel to the upper side of the can,  
letting it spread either way like a  
mother hen's wings, and leaving the  
ends open for the chickens to go in  
and out.

"We will fill the can with hot water  
every night," said mamma, "and it  
will keep the chickens nice and warm."

### WISE WORDS.

Many years ago, when your grand-  
mother and grandfather went to  
school, they had reading and spelling  
lessons very much like ours to-day,  
only now they seem to us "old-fash-  
ioned." Here are some of the sen-  
tences from their old English spell-  
ing book:

It is wiser to prevent a quarrel than  
to avenge it.

He is always rich who considers  
himself as having enough.

Sincerity and truth are the founda-  
tions of all virtue.

He can never have a true friend  
who is often changing his friend-  
ships.

There is no real use in riches, ex-  
cept in the distribution of them.

By taking revenge for an injury,  
a man is only even with his enemy;  
by passing it over he is superior.

It forms no part of wisdom to be  
miserable to-day, because we may  
happen to become so to-morrow.

Which do you think you prefer,  
the old-time reader, full of advice, or  
your own pretty book, with its wealth  
of stories?—Washington Star.

### His Dream of Buried Wealth.

For a week past Thomas Wade, a  
prosperous farmer in Tuckahoe dis-  
trict, Henrico County, dreamed each  
night of a buried box bulging with  
gold in ingots and ancient coins. The  
spot where this treasure was secreted  
was indicated unvaryingly in his  
dreams by an old stump, which he  
recognized as being on his farm.

Yesterday, with the assistance of  
Constable I. H. Henley, he went to  
the place indicated in his dream, and  
after digging for several hours his  
shovel struck the traditional "hard  
metallic substance."

Believing his dream of wealth real-  
ized Wade fainted from emotion, but  
the constable nursed him back to  
consciousness and then the box was  
unearthed and examined. It con-  
tained three big copper cents of an-  
cient date and four shankooks.—Rich-  
mond Correspondence, Washington  
Star.