THE FELLOW THAT'S DOING HIS BEST.

You may talk of your battle scarred heroes,
Of martyrs and all of the rest,
But there's another I think just as worthy—
The fellow that's doing his best.

He doesn't wear gold braid and tinsel,
Nor ride on the wave's highest crest,
But he's always where duty demands him—
This fellow that's doing his best.

No trumpet blare tells of his coming,
For fame he is never in quest;
But he's always a hero, this fellow
Who is always found doing his best.

And I'm sure in the day of the judgment,
When many shall fail at the test,
There'll be one who will pass without trouble—
The fellow that's doing his best.

And the gates of the heavenly city,
The beautiful home of the best,
Will swing wide for my hero to enter—
The fellow that's doing his best.

—Dallas (Texas) News.

A MATTER OF BUSINESS

I DON'T deny any of your claims, Rigby, but it has been one of our rules to give such a post as this only to married men. I believe there comes to a married man a certain sense of responsibility which makes him more valuable to us and more safe in the position."

"But, Mr. Johnson," protested young Rigby, "there isn't a man on your traveling force who has done better for you, considering the bad territory you gave me. If you'd give me a chance at New York State I'd break the record."

"Perhaps, but you'll have to get married first! No, don't argue," reiterated Mr. Johnson as Rigby tried to interrupt. "We'll hold the place open for two weeks. If at the end of that time you can show me a marriage certificate we'll talk business.

"You belong to a club here in town. Have apartments waiting for you when you come in from your trips, go to the theater some, play the races a bit, eh?"

Rigby nodded his head.

"Cut it out and get a wife."

"But I don't know any girl who'd——"

"What!" almost shouted Mr. Johnson, "do you mean to tell me that in all your bumping around the country you've never met a girl you would seriously consider marrying?"

"I HATE YOU—"

Rigby's mind traveled rapidly over his list of acquaintances. He raised his head, and caught a pair of brown eyes watching him from the desk in the far corner of Mr. Johnson's office. The eyes belonged to Johnson's private stenographer.

"No. I don't know a girl I'd care to marry, nor a girl who'd care to marry me."

"Well, I'll be hanged!" ejaculated Mr. Johnson.

Rigby was standing up. He had forgotten the brown eyes by this time. He usually forgot girls just this easily.

"But I'll tell you this much, Mr. Johnson. I don't propose to let a little thing like not having a wife stand between me and that job. I'm going to get both inside of two weeks."

Mr. Johnson, senior member of the Johnson Manufacturing Company, chuckled. He had liked Rigby from the hour the lad had started out in the Pennsylvania coal territory to sell Johnson shoes, but he would not vary his long-standing rule—the best jobs to the married men.

Willmet, who had long held the New York territory, was going into business for himself, and his position was the one for which Rigby was asking.

Charley Rigby crossed the square, his hands thrust deeply into his pockets, his hat pulled over his eyes. He was thinking about girls.

When his father's money had been swept away by ill advised investments he had cut loose from his mother's people, who had always resented her marriage with the visionary, easy-going Rigby. Now he wished that he had kept in touch with them and their social life.

Naturally of gentle breeding and instincts, he had not cared for the class of girls he met in his life as a commercial traveler, and he had a bit of his father's dreamy nature, which carried him to the theater and made him [illegible]

[illegible] was the lawyer who had tried [illegible] the unfaithful lover, but who [illegible] time the good day of his [illegible]

Rigby was the lawyer who had tried to recover the unfaithful lover, but who [illegible] time the good day of his [illegible]

in Scranton had invited him to dinner every time he called on her father—but she was not just the sort.

And matrimony was a gamble, a lottery, after all. It was just the same whether you knew a girl a day or a year. You never really knew her until you married her. Lots of the married men had told him so.

Then all of a sudden he remembered the brown eyes that had watched him during Johnson's merciless catechism.

Merrifield, the bookkeeper, sauntered in for lunch, and Rigby welcomed him joyously. After a few desultory remarks he inquired about the owner of the brown eyes.

"You remember Darnton, who was killed in the Somerville collision last summer? Well, she's his daughter, Belle Darnton. I think her mother's folks have money, but she was too proud to ask help, and she lives with her father's maiden sister. I guess all they have is her little salary."

Rigby tramped ten miles through the park that afternoon, and reached a decision. It was a coincidence that both should be very nearly alone in the world. And then her eyes were appealing. And he really knew her, for often when Mr. Johnson had been away she had written him little notes on the road.

That night he walked home with Miss Brown-eyes. The next night he called, the third night he took her to the theater—but all the while the brown eyes never met his.

And Sunday night of the following week he asked her to marry him. There were four days of grace.

"You know, I won't bother you very much," he explained awkwardly, wishing that the eyes were not looking straight into his. "I'll—I'll be on the road most of the time, and your aunt could stay with you—only in a much better house—and really, I'll do my best to make you happy——"

The brown eyes were shooting sparks now.

"I'm glad you didn't have the impertinence to tell me you loved me, anyhow. There is that much to your credit," she was saying scornfully. "But you couldn't make me happy. I hate you——"

She said more, but Rigby could not exactly recall it. Perhaps he didn't want to recall it. "I hate you!" That was quite enough.

And all of a sudden he realized that, above all things, he did not wish this girl to hate him. He wanted her to love him, wanted it more than anything else in the world—even the position.

Three days later Mr. Johnson opened a letter from Rigby, dated in a small Pennsylvania town.

"I have changed my mind. I don't want the New York job until I've earned my wife."

Then he wrote of sales and customers. Johnson dictated an answer to the business part of the letter and ignored the reference to a future marriage.

He gave Rigby's letter to the brown-eyed stenographer to file with the rest of his day's correspondence, and she read the all-important paragraph more than once.

And all that long, bitter winter Rigby stayed on the road. He shunned the theater and closed his eyes to the racing news. But he sold goods and wrote regularly to the senior member of the firm.

"Rigby's got the trade in Pennsylvania by the boot straps and pulling on it to beat the band," observed Johnson to his partner one day—in the presence of the brown-eyed stenographer. "He is surely trying to make a record."

And the little stenographer, under cover of her typewriter desk, gave a loving pat to a fat order Rigby had just sent in.

It was summer before Rigby put the question again, and fall before the wedding day was set. Rigby protested, but she was firm.

"I want you to make one more trip," she said slyly. "I want to write you every day—for myself. All our correspondence heretofore has been purely a matter of business." He looked at her reproachfully.

"Yes," she added, smiling tenderly, "I could read between the lines of your letter to Mr. Johnson, 'I'm doing this for you, dear, for you!' But I want some letters of my very own. We'll make it just a year from the day Mr. Johnson told you to go wife-hunting."

Rigby sighed resignedly.

"All right, but tell me just one thing, Belle, dear. Why did you watch me so closely the day Johnson asked me if there wasn't some girl I could marry in a hurry?"

"Because—because——" and the brown eyes were covered with the sweeping lashes now, "I was so—so afraid there might be."—Boston Globe.

PLACES TO AVOID.

Here Are a Few Regions in Which Life Is Not a Joy.

As places of residence, neither the Bahrien Islands, in the Persian Gulf, nor the city of Yakutsk, Siberia, have much to offer in the way of climate, says the Washington Post.

In Bahrien you cook and in Yakutsk you freeze. Bahrien is said to be the hottest place in the world. The thermometer often registers between 110 and 120 degrees, night and day, for months at a time. This rather beats Fort Yuma, Ariz., which is considered the hottest place in the United States.

Yakutsk is called the coldest city in the world. The thermometer frequently registers 73 degrees below zero.

Though Yakutsk is the coldest city in the world, Verkhowansk, in northeastern Siberia, claims to be the coldest inhabited place on the globe, the thermometer registering 90 degrees below zero in January.

It also claims to be the place possessing the most variable climate, for while it is 90 degrees below in January, it is 86 above in the shade in August during the day, with a drop down to freezing every midsummer night.

The wettest place in the world is Greytown, Nicaragua, where the annual rainfall is 260 inches.

The driest place in the world is probably the rainless coast of northern Chile. They have a shower there about once in every ten years. Nothing grows on this desolate strip of barren coast and the dreary towns from which the nitrates and the minerals mined in that region are shipped depend for their subsistence upon food brought to them in ships from the fertile strips to the north and south of the desert.

Northern Russia and the shores of the French Kongo are said to be the cloudiest places in the world, and for fog there is no region like the Grand Banks, the southern coast of Newfoundland and the waters of Nova Scotia.

This region is one of fog for a large part of the year and the very home of the fog is the island of Grand Manan, at the entrance of the Bay of Fundy, where, the sailors declare, the natives manufacture fog. When a bank of specially thick fog is seen approaching over the waters the mariners turn to each other and say, "The Grand Mananers are at work."

Progress of American Press.

In addition to its other distinctions the year 1904 marks the completion of two centuries since the first American newspaper was started, says Leslie's Weekly. That paper was the Boston News Letter, whose publisher and editor was the postmaster of that town. Although the News Letter consisted of a sheet of only 7 inches by 10½, printed on both sides, it was the only paper that England's colonies in the new world had for over a decade and a half. Philadelphia got the second paper established in America and New York got the third. All these were technically weeklies, but often in the early days there were intervals of two or three weeks between their successive appearances. The first daily paper in the new world was the American Daily Advertiser, printed in Philadelphia. After nearly a century had elapsed since the first newspaper appeared on this continent—or in 1810—there were only fifteen dailies and 190 weeklies in the United States.

The contrast between those days and to-day is striking. There are 24,000 newspapers and periodicals of all sorts—weeklies, semi-weeklies, triweeklies, monthlies and quarterlies—published in the United States in 1904, of which 2400 are dailies and 16,000 weeklies. Any one or two or three of New York's daily papers of 1804 has a larger circulation than did all the daily and weekly papers published in the United States in 1804.

Waters that Are Magnetic.

A reputable scientific publication is sponsor for the statement that there exist in at least three places in the State of Indiana springs or wells whose waters possess marked magnetism and are able to impart it to steel objects dipped therein. This property has been reported of other springs in various parts of the world, but such tales have been received by scientific men with caution.

In this case the magnetism seems to arise from the fact that considerable quantities of carbonate of iron are dissolved in the water. When it stands for some time this decomposes into carbonic acid gas, which escapes, and magnetic iron oxide, which falls to the bottom of the containing vessel as a powder. When the decomposition has ceased the water is no longer magnetic.

These springs are said to cause perceptible deviation of a compass needle, and a knife blade immersed for five minutes in one of the springs is magnetized sufficiently to sustain needles by its point, retaining this property for thirty hours. The water corrodes locomotive boilers, but when allowed to stand still till the carbonate has all deposited can be used with impunity.

Popular Science.

One of the recent interesting food discoveries is that the growth and fattening of oysters may be promoted by supplying with commercial fertilizers the minute diatoms on which the bivalves thrive. This discovery is due to Dr. H. F. Moore of the United States Bureau of Fisheries.

A letter from Mr. Bruce, leader of the Scottish Antarctic expedition, indicates some additional discoveries in the south polar region. Mr. Bruce's party reached the southeastern extremity of Weddell Sea, and discovered here a great barrier of ice, part of the antarctic continent. Many soundings were made which, Mr. Bruce says, "revolutionize the map of the South Atlantic ocean by finding relatively shallow water where specially deep water was expected." The expedition went 180 miles farther south than Ross penetrated in that part of the antarctic regions.

The Japanese excel in the making of paper from the bark of trees and shrubs. Among the remarkable varieties, D. G. Fairchild mentions the thin rain-proof paper, used instead of glass for windows, the oiled papers, serving for coverings and clothing, and the oiled tissue for wrapping delicate articles. The bark paper, employed for meal and grain sacks, is not readily penetrated by weevils and other insects. Most interesting of all, perhaps, are the leather papers, from which tobacco pouches and pipe cases are made, these papers being almost as tough as French kid, translucent, and as soft and pliable as calfskin.

It is generally known that lightning striking the ground sometimes forms tubes lined with fused minerals, but comparatively few persons have ever seen these phenomena. In April last, during a thunderstorm in Essex, England, a ball of fire, which seemed to cast darts in all directions, was seen to descend from the clouds. There was a crashing explosion, and afterward, in an oat field, three distinct sets of holes, ranging from nine inches down to one inch in diameter, were found in the ground. They were perfectly circular, diminishing in size as they went deeper, and were cut through the yellow clay as clean as auger holes.

In the investigation of the currents round the coast of Newfoundland it has been observed that there is at times a wide difference in the direction of the drift of icebergs and that of the flat or pan ice, which, having no great depth, is governed in its motions by the surface currents and the winds, whereas the icebergs, the larger part of which is submerged to a great depth, follow only the movement of the ocean water as a whole and are uninfluenced by the winds. In consequence, a huge berg may often be seen majestically maintaining its slow advance in opposition to the wind and across the general motion of the fields of flat ice surrounding it. The sealers often take advantage of this fact by mooring their vessels to an iceberg in order to prevent a drift to leeward.

Both in England and Germany motor cars and omnibuses are about to be employed for carrying and distributing the mails. The English postmaster general has just arranged for the carrying of the mail between the Helston terminus of the Great Western Railway and the Lizard by motor omnibuses, his attention having been attracted by the great success of these vehicles as passenger feeders for the railroad in sparsely settled districts. In Bavaria the plan is to employ railroad motor cars for mail and parcel post service, both for main and branch roads. On the main roads the cars are to be large enough to accommodate passenger traffic also. Street motor cars for mail distribution are also contemplated, and in country districts having no railroad connections such cars are to deliver and collect the mails.

ANCIENT PYX CHAPEL

Treasure Vault in Westminster Abbey Open to the Public.

The famous "Pyx chapel" in Westminster abbey, the ancient treasure vault of the English kings, is now open to the public and lighted with electricity, writes a special correspondent of the Boston Herald. This low-vaulted room, which for many decades has contained nothing but an old iron-bound chest, surrounded by heaps of rubbish, is about the best preserved authentic remnant of the original abbey of Edward the Confessor, and it rivals nearly every other portion in historical association. The chapel was given its name because, in addition to the royal funds, the regalia and other treasures, it formerly contained the "Pyx," this being the official box—still to be seen—in which the gold and silver coins used in detecting counterfeits were kept. At one end of the chapel are the remains of what is generally supposed to be an altar, though some experts insist that it is the tomb of Hugolin. He was the original treasurer of the Confessor and is said to have watched over the exchequer with a vigilance that kept even his royal master in awe.

The Kings of England are supposed to have kept their treasures and precious documents in the Pyx chapel ever since the Conquest to [illegible]

The place is reached from the eastern cloister of the abbey, and it is guarded by an ancient double door having no less than seven keys, some of them of gigantic dimensions.

And it is well that the old-time "thesauri," as the historians called it, should be strong, considering the valuables that were intrusted to its keeping. These included, besides the treasure chest, the regalia of the Saxon monarchy, the holy cross of Holyrood, from Scotland, the holy cross of St. Neot, from Wales, the ampulla of Henry IV., the dagger which wounded Edward I. at Acre, and the gauntlet worn by John of France at Poictiers.

Here also formerly were some mightily interesting relics connected with Henry VIII.—the much-married king. Among them was the papal bull giving Henry the title of "Defender of the Faith," the will of the monarch and also that of his father, as well as a whole bag of documents in connection with Henry's divorce from Queen Catherine.

When American visitors are shown into the Pyx chapel, no doubt their attention will be called to the fact that under the clamps of the great door can be felt a substance which has nothing whatever to do with the door's construction. It is the skin of a man, and it was taken forcibly from its wearer because he had forcibly taken some of the treasures that the chapel contained.

This "burglarizing" of the chapel—the only on record—happened in the reign of Edward I. while that sovereign was in Scotland. How the thief managed to get in, the historians do not say, but when the treasury officials next visited the chapel, they found boxes broken open, jewels scattered about the floor and several precious objects missing—among them the consecration ring of Henry III., and the reigning king's own seal.

At this time, of course, the abbey still was such in fact as well as name. It was obvious that some of its ecclesiastical tenants must have been the thief, and forty-eight monks, as well as the abbot himself, were "taken into custody" and all tried, with the result that the crime was finally brought home to the sub-prior and sacrist, with what results the epidermis under the iron clamp indicates.

After this robbery, the royal funds were removed from the Pyx chapel and secreted elsewhere.

Finally the old room was placed in the prosaic hands of the board of trade, whose officials the public has to thank for eventually being allowed to inspect the famous room.

THE GHETTO GLOBEMAKER

Curious Occupation of an Aged Jew Who Makes Globes.

In a tenement house in the ghetto lives a skilled Jewish globemaker, whose handiwork finds its way into the homes of his countrymen and the museums of curio hunters uptown. The mapped spheres of manufacture are seen everywhere, but his globes are not of this ilk. The ball of wood which is the foundation is tenderly covered with a papery substance until he thinks it is thick enough. Wire painted a bright red or green is strung through the poles; wire also makes the axis. With the aid of instruments which have been in his family for generations, he divides the surface into hemispheres; then the equator is designated; the lines of latitude and longitude are painted in.

The maps which he uses are imported from France, and come in nearly 100 pieces. It requires the greatest possible skill to fit them onto the globe in exactly the right position. But the old man's fingers have become accustomed to the work and he rarely makes a mistake. He does not seem to be thinking of his work, either, but intones in an absent-minded way from his beloved Talmud. The fingers from long rubbing and fitting are as sensitive at the tips as those of a piano player.

"Ah," he says to the writer, "when I hold the globe that way I know my thumb will be in a certain town in Russia, and my small finger in an island in the Atlantic Ocean * * * If these things are not so, I am sure the map is incorrect."

For his own people and a few customers he indulges in novelties such as putting in moon, sun and stars of different metals. The bases of the globe are often of picturesque character. One was made of different woods from Jerusalem fashioned to represent the steps to Solomon's temple; the symbolism being that the globe rested upon the foundation of the holy structure. Another had crudely painted upon it various scenes from the sayings of the prophets with such lines as:

"Say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God."

"And the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come singing unto Zion."

"Break forth into joy, sing together, ye waste places of Jerusalem."

The old globemaker does not toil by the hour; his work is his day dream and fills all his waking moments. The children of the tenement rush into his humble abode to see him decorating his spheres before they go to school in the morning; at twilight they come again when their tasks are over; they gaze with wondering eyes as he pastes on Asia, Europe and Africa, late in the evening. When they have grown too tired, have kissed him good-night and are fast asleep in their beds, he is still making stars and moons or carefully fitting together the tails of recalcitrant rivers that have become mixed up with mountains, states, lakes and oceans having no relation whatever to them.—New York Evening Post.

"Don't you think that the world is getting better?"

"Yes," answered the misanthrope. "It's convalescent, but it's a long way from a cure."—Washington Star.

Which would you rather people would do: Chide or look grieved?

COLLEGE PRANKS.

Those of English Students Are Worse Than in This Country.

American students are hardly up to the British standard in the playing of college pranks. Not long ago on a wager a freshman of Trinity College, Cambridge, dressed in his sister's clothes and called on the head of the college to complain that "her brother" was being brutally ill-treated by the college authorities. He was, so "she" asserted, overworked, underfed and cruelly flogged.

The benevolent old head—a man much more sinned against than sinning—listened to these charges in helpless amazement.

"But, my dear young lady——" he exclaimed.

Thereupon "she" burst into a storm of sobs and would not be comforted. His protestations of innocence only made "her" weep the more copiously. The dear old man never had a worse quarter of an hour.

The following week he saw the Freshman play a woman's part in a comedy and the truth slowly dawned upon him. Meanwhile, the Freshman had collected the bet and spent the money in a "party," which ended in half a dozen students trying to fight the police force of Cambridge and spending the night in jail.

The old "town and gown" riots, which used to be such a strenuous feature of life in English universities, seldom occur nowadays, but there was one in Oxford not many years ago which raged for three days and nights uninterruptedly. Over 500 policemen were eventually required to restore the peace. Houses and shops were wrecked and many a townsman and gownsman had to be patched up in the local hospitals afterward.

Being an ardent politician, it is natural that the undergraduates should make the college elections, which are fought on political lines, exceedingly lively affairs. Some of the leading universities return members of Parliament to represent them in the House of Commons, but they are elected by the dons and graduates without much fuss and excitement. The real fun is over the election of the chancellor, the lord rector, or whatever the honorary head of the university may be called, for in that election the undergraduates take a hand.

This position is sought by the greatest men in the land—men of the caliber of Gladstone, Salisbury, Morley and Balfour. And they are willing to go through a most severe ordeal to win it.

A great statesman who sways the House of Commons and helps to shape the destines of Europe goes electioneering among a mob of yelling college boys, and they think nothing of pelting him with red ochre, bluing and rotten eggs if he happens to be of the opposite political stripe. Election day is always a wild pandemonium in a university town. Wise people stay at home and put up the shutters.

FIXING HIGH NOON AT SEA.

Wireless Telegraphy Expected Soon to Overcome the Difficulty.

The most momentous improvement in navigation since the invention of the chronometer, more than 140 years ago, has just been foreshadowed in a modest paragraph in the report of the chief of the bureau of equipment of the United States navy.

"It is believed," says Chief Manney, "that the development of wireless telegraphy will enable these (time) signals to be distributed over water as well as over land, and that before long every ship at sea, in addition to every land station, will receive daily noon signals from the standard observatory clock."

What does that mean? Nothing less than the elimination of the last element of uncertainty from the problem of finding the position of a ship at sea. Hitherto the one weak point in navigation has been the difficulty of carrying standard time on a voyage.

Observations for local time as well as for latitude have been exact, but the comparison of local standard time for obtaining the longitude has involved a certain amount of guess work. The best chronometer is not quite infallible, and some allowance, which may not be precisely right, has always to be made for errors.

But with time signals received from a national observatory every day at noon the mariner will know his way over any part of the wide ocean as accurately as if he were threading a buoyed channel. The chronometer will join the cross-staff and the astrolabe on the junk heap of discarded makeshifts.

And of course a ship that can communicate with the shore for one purpose is equally in touch with the world for any other communication it needs to make.

Almost a Confession.

Jennie—That spiteful Mrs. Chatterton said your husband was old and ugly and that you only married him for his money.

Nettie—And what did you say, dear?

Jennie—I said I was sure you didn't do anything of the sort.

Nettie—Did you ever meet my husband?

Jennie—No; I never had that pleasure.

Nettie—I thought so.

Point of View.

"Did you notice how I moved the audience last night?" asked the amateur elocutionist.

"Moved isn't the proper name for it," rejoined his critical friend. "It was little short of a stampede."

The trouble, children, is that Sleeping Beauty slept with her mouth open and snored.