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## REMEMBER THE SIGN

## Keeping a Record

By Walter Joseph Delaney

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"Note down every important event of each day," directed profound and systematic Julius Thurston, professor of philosophy at the Durham Institute. "At the end of the year go over it and sift out and preserve an epitome of the bearing of those incidents which have had an influence in building up character and mental strength."

"In other words, keep a diary!" whispered madcap Blanche Deeming to her close chum, Iola Vardaman, but the latter was covertly viewing the serious, interested face of Chester Massey.

She was the daughter of the local banker, he the son of a struggling farmer. He was masterful enough, however, to work his way through school, and was no burden on his aged parents. An uncle of some means had agreed to finance him as soon as he graduated, in starting him in as a lawyer, and there was no doubt among the professors that Chester Massey was destined to make his mark in the world.

It was a few days after that when Chester, entering the little stationery store near the school, found Iola there. Their errands proved similar. Both had come to buy a neat, compact pocket blank book following the suggestion of Professor Thurston.

"We seem to be on the same errand," she said pleasantly, and, as she received her purchase: "Do you know what my first entry is to be? 'This day Chester Massey patiently devoted an hour to constructing my Greek for me and won me high marking.'"

"And I shall write that the most kindly and gracious young lady in the school honored me as helper and cheered me with her approbation," responded Chester gallantly.

As the weeks went by Chester and Iola saw a good deal of one another. Several times they met at little school and college functions and seemed to pair off naturally. At least once a week Chester was included in invitations to tennis and archery at the handsome Vardaman place, and the banker father of Iola took a decided liking to Chester when, incidentally in conversation, the latter modestly discussed the subject of trade acceptances with Mr. Vardaman, both being interested in the possibilities of that new discounting system.

A closer bond was cemented between the two young people through the fact that they graduated together, the highest in their class. The wealthy uncle of Chester was present at the exercises, and before he left Durham arranged for Chester to start into professional life in a good way. Chester lingered a week away from home amid a series of frolics and parties given the class. The last day of his sojourn in the village he invited Iola to row down the river. She accepted in her pretty, pleasant way, and his heart thrilled as he fancied she was sorrowful over his prospective departure, and told him frankly she would miss him. A certain sense of sadness oppressed both as finally, slipping the oars, Chester allowed the boat to drift at will. They were each silent, a conscious restraint affecting them as they realized that parting was soon to come. Then suddenly the boat veered past an island that divided the stream.

"We must get ashore, and quickly!" he spoke. "Without oars we should soon be in peril." Iola uttered a cry meant to be deterrent, but the next moment, throwing off his coat, Chester sprang into the water, floated the boat toward the island, forced it upon the shelving beach, and emerged from the water, staggering and breathless.

"You can rest in the boat until I return with another one," he said as soon as he could recover his natural poise.

"But how—"

"I can swim to the mainland." "Oh, no! no!" She had arisen to her feet in the boat in a pleading attitude. You would risk your life?"

"But we cannot remain here indefinitely. No one might discover us through the whole day."

"Oh, don't go—please!" but with a light laugh Chester ran down into the water, struck out, and, her heart in her mouth, Iola watched him with fear and trembling until he had reached the other shore. A great sigh of relief swept her lips. She noticed a little book lying in the bottom of the boat. It had fallen out of the pocket of Chester's discarded coat. As it opened in her hand she read her own name, once, twice, thrice. Then, flushed and half ashamed that she had allowed herself to read what was never intended for her eyes, she sat and clasped the little book in bewildered and delicious gaze.

For the memoranda pages here and there told of the growing love in the soul of the writer. Iola was so engrossed in thought that she did not notice the arrival of Chester with the relief boat, until he leaped out and came toward her. He observed that she was swayed by some intense emotion. She arose and tendered him the memorandum book.

"I have read inadvertently," she said. "Would it not be only fair to read what I have written, also?"

Iola drew from her pocket her own little volume of confessions. A great cry of joy issued from the lips of Chester Massey as he traced hope, happiness, love in the crowded lines.

He opened his arms, and she nestled into them.

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## "The Poorest Girl"

By VICTOR REDCLIFFE

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The first time that Marvin Hull saw Netta Deane he was on business bent. Not that Marvin was a business man—as yet. He had just graduated from college and had a long vacation ahead before he decided what profession he would choose for the future.

His father was the attorney for Elias Druse in the Boyden will case. The same involved a fortune left by Gregory Boyden in such a complicated way that it was necessary to appeal to the law for a coherent decision, as to whether Elias Druse, or Miss Ottilia Marsden, a poor and humble spinster, was the beneficiary. Marvin's father was sure he would win for his client. Miss Marsden had no money to hire an attorney and in her patient, resigned way was willing to abide by what the courts decided.

Poor as she was, Miss Marsden had found the impulse in her charitable heart to adopt Netta Deane, orphan, and also a relative of Gregory Boyden. They had to live very close and carefully, those two, and both had to join their efforts in the sewing line to earn sufficient to keep the wolf from the door.

The mission that Mr. Hull sent Marvin on was to leave a legal notice for Miss Marsden. The latter chanced to be away from home on the occasion, but Netta, bright eyed, pleasant and scanning the visitor with an approving eye, made an instantaneous impression on Marvin. She charmed him into lingering about the modest little home for an hour and she hoped she would see him again. She did.

Within two weeks' time Marvin had called at the Marsden home no less than seven times!

"I shall never see her equal," Marvin fervently declared to himself. "I'd marry her tomorrow if she'd have me and if the folks—"

There Marvin halted, and quite depressedly, in his self commending. His father and mother had high social views, as he was well aware. Mr. Hull was quite wealthy, and Marvin was assured, would look upon any attention to a portionless maid as almost a crime. Marvin therefore employed a good deal of circumspection in his initial wooing. He reached the object of his devotion by a detour route, so that no one would learn of his visits to Netta.

One day Marvin met on the street Midge Warren. At college her prospective fiancée had been Marvin's closest chum. Marvin had all kinds of delightful things to say about Jack Darlow and Midge was only too glad to hear it all. While they were conversing in an animated, friendly way, Mr. Hull passed on the other side of the street. The latter lifted his head a trifle higher, a scowl came to his stern, severe face.

"Now I'll catch it!" ruminated Marvin as he left Midge, and he was right. When he reached his father's office Mr. Hull closed the door and regarded Marvin with acute displeasure.

"I saw you with John Warren's daughter," he spoke aggressively.

"Why, yes," responded Marvin, "we don't often meet and I wanted to give her a message from Jack Darlow."

"Well, don't let it occur again. You know that Warren and myself have not spoken for years, and my dislike extends to every member of his family. I shall discourage any attentions in that direction. Understand me?"

"I think I do," replied Marvin, and then a brilliant idea came into his mind. He managed to meet Midge quite frequently for a week after that. He even encouraged the gossip among his friends implying that he and Midge were something more than friends. It led to another office lecture. The watchful, wary attorney-father had heard of the purchase of a ring, boxes of candy and flowers by Marvin. They had gone to Netta Deane, but Mr. Hull did not know that.

"Marvin," he spoke with unusual firmness and decision, "if I learn of your having anything further to do with the daughter of that despicable Warren, whom I look upon as a deadly enemy, I shall send you away for a year to come. Why, I would rather see you married to the poorest girl in Bromley than to any member of that brood!"

The poorest girl in Bromley! Marvin chuckled as he repeated the remark. The poorest girl in Bromley—why, Netta Deane was that. Ah! what a fortuitous observation! What a suggestive means of solving his intense problem of love! Two weeks went by. Marvin came into the office, looking pale and worried, although his heart was overflowing with joy.

"Father," he said, bolting desperately into the subject of the moment, "I have been in love for the two past months. You said you would rather I married the poorest girl in the village than Midge Warren. I've done it. Netta Deane is my wife. She is poor, mother will probably storm, you may perhaps disown me, but—we adore one another!"

In blank amazement Marvin noted a most engaging, benignant smile come across the face of his father. The latter seized his hand and shook it fervently.

"Netta Deane?" he spoke. "The poorest girl in town! Hadn't you heard? The court this morning found for her aunt, Miss Marsden, and, as her heiress, Netta will be the richest girl in Bromley!"

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## LUXURY IN EARLY TRAVEL

"Safety Barges" Instituted for Those Who Feared Hazard of Voyage on Hudson River.

The frequency with which boilers blew up on the early Hudson river boats led to the use of what were known as "safety barges," and these, in their day, were considered the utmost luxury in travel, comparable to the private cars of the magnates of today. The barges were boats with main and upper decks and were almost as large as the steamers which towed them. The rabble rode on the steamers, inhaled the smells of the kitchen and the freight holds, endured the noise of the engines, and took the chances of explosions, while on the barges behind the elite traveled in luxurious state. Food was brought from the boat kitchen to the barge saloon over a swaying bridge between the vessels and was served with great aplomb under the direction of the barge captain, who was a noble figure in the setting.

The upper decks of the barges were canopied and decked with flowers, with promenades and easy chairs from which to view the scenery. At night the interiors were transformed into sleeping accommodations much the same as a modern Pullman, except that they were more commodious. Not the least attractive feature of these barges, according to a chronicler of their excellence, was "an elegant bar, most sumptuously supplied with all that can be desired by the most fastidious and thirsty."

Recent news dispatches which tell of plans to establish floating cafes on the ocean just outside the three-mile territorial limit when the nation goes dry, indicate that luxurious floating establishments somewhat similar to these "safety barges" may again come into use.

## SCIENTIST TELLS OF TRIUMPH

Professor Claims to Have Perfected System for Underground and Submarine Messages.

Speaking recently of his work for the navy, Prof. James R. Rogers, the inventor of a wireless system for underground and submarine transmission, stated: "Six or seven years ago, I began experiments with the transmission of electric impulses by the ground. They were renewed during the war with the audion bulb, which renders the receiving apparatus more sensitive. I first established contact with nearby points and before long received with perfect distinctness impulses sent from Europe. I placed my antennae in trenches radiating from a center and pointing by the compass toward the distant station from which I wished to receive. I demonstrated to the navy department that eight operators may receive at once from eight separate wires. My system was installed at New Orleans, the Great Lakes station, and Belmar, N. Y., and is now used at the principal wireless stations in the United States. I have found the best results with my wires buried six feet below the surface in damp ground. Some of my experiments were conducted in water 25 to 50 feet deep."—Scientific American.