

ONLY A REPORTER

By ALVAH JORDON GARTH.

Ned Bartels was a reporter for the Empire Commercial Agency. By chance or mischance he had fallen in love with a most estimable young lady.

This was Lillie Wayne. Her father was wealthy. That fact did not make her despise Ned, who was poor. He had a chance for her company with half a dozen other social admirers. Ned was aware, however, that her father was not so democratic in his leanings as his sole child and heiress.

One morning the superintendent of the Empire called Ned to his private office. He held a telegram in his hand.

"Bartels," he said, "here is a special by wire. Robert Wayne—know of him?"

"Oh, yes," nodded Ned, somewhat flustered at being thus brought in close business contact with the father of his inamorata—"quite well."

"All right, look him up a little, get an estimate on him and hand in the report so we can telegraph it this afternoon."

Ned departed on his mission. He was an expert in his line. He soon gathered up the antecedents of Mr. Wayne, saw his bank, and according to what he learned felt safe in quoting the subject on a quarter of a million dollar basis and in high credit standing. Then fortified with the essentials for his report he proceeded to the office of Mr. Wayne. It was merely as a matter of form, but it was a rule of the agency that in all cases where possible the reporter should personally interview the party under inquiry.

The extent of Ned's acquaintance with Mr. Wayne was an informal introduction at a reception at his home. Ned naturally felt impressed at the thought of interviewing the father of his adored one. He dressed in his best, he figured out how he would approach Mr. Wayne so as to convey to him an idea of the importance and dignity of the Commercial Agency.

"Be seated, please. Mr. Wayne will be at leisure shortly," the stenogra-



Suddenly Ned Started in the Chair.

pher in the office advised Ned, and he stepped into an ante-room.

Beyond it was the private office of Mr. Wayne. Its transom was open. Suddenly Ned started in the chair in which he sat. Drifting through the transom came a startling sentence.

"Mr. Wayne," spoke a voice, "you sent for me for legal advice. As your lawyer I am bound to tell you the truth. You are on the rocks."

There was a low murmuring response. Then the lawyer went on: "Let us not disguise the fact, for as I have told you an inspection of your books shows that you are insolvent. The world thinks you wealthy. In reality, with the enormous debts you owe, if thrown into bankruptcy your estate would not pay fifty cents on the dollar."

An exclamation of desperate helplessness reached Ned's appalled ears. "My advice is to call in your creditors, offer a composition, get two years' time for the payment of the same, and by hard work you may pull the business through."

Ned arose to his feet in sheer astonishment. Bankrupt—the man supposed by banks and the business community to possess a million! Oh, this was ghastly! A sensitive flush of shame passed over Ned's face as he realized that he had unconsciously played the part of the eavesdropper. Then, a set look in his eyes, he walked out of the place.

"Duty!" he breathed hoarsely, once out in the street. And then: "Poor Lillie!"

Ned winced as he realized that he must aim a blow at the business standing of the father of the girl he loved. His duty to the agency was plain and clear, however. He wrote out the facts of his discovery.

"Whew!" ejaculated his manager, as he inspected the report. "We won't send this out generally till we have made a closer investigation. I

will send the details by letter to the inquiring office. Take the matter up again tomorrow, Bartels, and go through it thoroughly."

Ned was a good deal unnerved by the happenings of the day. He found himself unable to confine his thoughts to business. He was grieving over the shock the failure of her father must bring to Lillie.

At the same time, somehow he took new heart of hope. It appeared to him as if a barrier had been removed—that of wealth. Now she was poor. They were on an equal social footing.

"I'll do it!" he decided forebly, and he went to see pretty Lillie that same afternoon. He spoke out boldly. He knew from the sweet delight in Lillie's eyes that she returned his love. When he spoke of living on his limited salary, she averred stanchly that it was abundant—too much!

What would Mr. Wayne say when he knew of the engagement, Ned wondered. There was one point of assurance, however. It would come out that he had proposed to Lillie knowing that she was poor as himself. They could not charge him with being after the fortune that no longer existed.

"I'll wait a day and get up my nerve before I tell Mr. Wayne that I am going to marry Lillie," Ned decided, but that afternoon there came a startling telephone message that materially changed his plans.

A slip of paper on his desk announced that "Robert Wayne wished to see the reporter who had written him up the day previous."

"I'm in for it!" cogitated the disturbed Ned. "I suppose I'll be raked fore and aft for anticipating the future. Well, I did my duty anyway, it goes, and I'll have to tell him so."

"Oh, you are the reporter who is responsible for that precious screed regarding the terrible condition of my affairs, are you?" challenged Mr. Wayne, as Ned was ushered into his private office.

Mutely and meekly Ned assented. "Where did you get your information?"

Ned recited the circumstances, frankly and with manliness. To his profound amazement Mr. Wayne burst into a fit of the most uproarious laughter. His frame shook, the tears stood in his eyes.

"I see it all now," he said, at length controlling his risibilities. "Young man, the conversation you overheard through that transom was between my lawyer and a brother of mine in another city, but—nothing could have come about more fortunate for me than your error."

"I do not understand," murmured Ned.

"Then I will explain: Some time since I was lured into subscribing for \$50,000 stock of a company I later ascertained to be a fake concern. I paid ten per cent down. They demanded the balance. I sent an agent down to them in another city to negotiate a compromise. He was ready to offer fifty per cent. He advised me they demanded all, and had sent for a report. You sent it under an error. They immediately settled for \$10,000. You saved me \$30,000. What can I do for you?"

As he spoke Mr. Wayne grasped Ned's hand heartily. The latter blurted out:

"Lillie—please, sir! We are engaged."

"What—how—when!" gasped Mr. Wayne.

"As soon as I learned she was poor, sir—"

"And ready to take a pauper and her insolent old dad, eh?" railed Mr. Wayne.

"Oh, you wouldn't stay down long," complimented Ned.

"And your fidelity to duty, even under mistaken circumstances, pleases me," observed Mr. Wayne. "Well, it shall be as Lillie says."

And Lillie had "said," already! (Copyright, 1914, by W. G. Chapman.)

MARKS OF VANISHING YOUTH

Absence of Eagerness Or Hope in the Face Is Always Sign of Advancing Age.

"Once that winter I encountered my double on the Shelburne car line, recognized her at once and—disapproved of her at sight! Yes, she was very like. The eyes, the chin, the shape of the face, were all as familiar as the looking-glass. What was it that was different and depressing?" The girl sat in her corner while the car leisurely jogged downtown, studying the face of the woman across the aisle. How did one know she was anywhere from seven to twelve years one's senior, since, at that, she was still young? What betrayed it? Her skin was smooth, her color fresh. Yet something, certainly, was very different. Slowly it dawned upon the girl. The elder face showed no eagerness; it was no longer avid of life as was the face that met her own in the mirror. It was done with expectation.

"That," said the girl to herself, "is the real difference between us. That is what makes one grow old. But has it got to come? If there's nothing more to expect on earth, surely there's all of heaven left to hope for! Now, if one could get that into one's face—"

—Cornelia A. P. Comer, in the Atlantic.

Life's Controlling Powers.

The controlling powers in human life are not intellectual, but emotional. Logic may fail, science may fail, proofs may be discredited, philosophies given up, theologies passed by; but the heart's affections and aspirations abide forever.—Samuel A. Elliot.

Whence Came the Polynesians

FROM what source did the Polynesian race originally spring? This is a question which has vexed the minds of learned students of the origin of races and one which has never been satisfactorily answered, says Stuart B. Dunbar in the San Francisco Chronicle. The Polynesian race in the accepted sense of the word is that race of people which inhabits the Tonga, Samoan, Ellice, Cook, Society, Marquesas and Hawaiian Islands. In former times, however, all brown skinned peoples of the islands of the Pacific were erroneously included in the classification, despite the fact that their physical and mental characteristics differ radically from the inhabitants of the islands mentioned.

The Hawaiians, that branch of the Polynesian race with which we of the United States are most vitally concerned, and which can be taken as typical representatives of the race, show upon first inspection characteristics not to be found in any of the primitive peoples of the world. Appearance, customs, intelligence, the ready adaptability to civilized conditions all

which appeared and one that seemingly entirely precluded European influence was that the New Testament history of the Bible was conspicuous only by its absence from the native lore. This was and is now taken as certain evidence that no Europeans had visited the islands, for had they done so it is readily apparent that the New Testament history must have been paramount in their teachings.

One of the Lost Tribes? Possibly the most plausible theory as to the descent of the Hawaiians and the other branches of the Polynesian race is that they originally sprang from some of the lost tribes of Israel, who in some unaccountable manner reached the shores of the great western ocean in their migrations and populated certain of its islands.

In support of this theory, which gradually is coming to be accepted among scholars, are numerous ancient legends which have been handed down by word of mouth for centuries. Of these not the least interesting is the legend having to do with the creation.

In the beginning Kane, Ku and Lono, Sunlight, Substance and Sound, consti-



TYPICAL SOUTH SEA ISLAND HOME

go to proclaim them as originally having descended from a highly cultured and civilized stock, but, strange to relate, just what that original stock was or from what portion of the world it migrated many centuries ago has never been accurately decided by students, and through some freak of chance not one of the hundreds of ancient Hawaiian legends which have been handed down through the generations alludes to the part of the world from which these people came.

May Be of Caucasian Descent. Physically, the Hawaiian typifies his race in being of a prepossessing appearance, tall, symmetrically built and handsome in both form and feature. His color varies from dark brown to almost white, while his features in many cases show a European cast, a fact which has given rise to the theory that he is undoubtedly of Caucasian descent. This theory, although for many years scouted by students, gradually has come to be generally accepted, and although there are many who maintain that it is without foundation, the majority of scholars are its proponents.

Outside of the racial characteristics displayed, strength is lent to the theory through the study of the mythology, folklore and primitive poetry of the Hawaiians and other Polynesian branches. All these are found to be rich in cosmogonic tales and ancestor myths, primitive epics and hero stories being particularly abundant.

When first the early missionaries visited the Hawaiian islands they were most particularly impressed with the similarity of the native legends to the Old Testament history of the Bible. They were for a time inclined to account this peculiar fact to the visits to the islands at some previous time of representatives of some of the European races, but upon closer association with the natives and a more thorough understanding of their customs and language it became apparent that they were absolutely free from European influence. Another strange fact

tized a triad named Ku-Kaua-Kahi, recognized as the Supreme Unity. These gods existed, as expressed by the Hawaiians, from the time of night, darkness and chaos, which latter they dispelled by an act of their will. The heavens, numbering three in all, were next created, and after them the earth, which was used by them as a footstool. Next in the order of events they created the sun and, following this, the moon and stars and a number of spirits and angels to act as their servants. Then man was made by the gods from red and white earth and clay and their spittle. The clay was brought from the ends of the earth by Lono. When the earthen form of man was completed, the triad breathed into his nose and he became a living being. Last of all, woman was created from one of the ribs of the man while he slept, and upon awaking he took her as his wife, the two becoming the parents of the present race. Although the names of the first man and woman vary in the different legends, they are most generally referred to, the man as Kumu-houa and the woman as Kealakahoua.

Like the Bible Eden. The original home of the founders of mankind is spoken of in the Hawaiian legends as a wonderfully beautiful place, and in it were various fruits, nuts, roots and animals for the maintenance of the lives of its human inhabitants. Several of the fruits, however, were tabooed, and it was through eating one of these, a species of breadfruit, that the founders of mankind were expelled from their home and met with other misfortune.

Other legends tell of one of the spirits who were created as servants to the triad having revolted and attempted to create a man similar to Kumu-houa. The man was constructed of clay and earth, but when the spirit breathed into his nose and commanded him to come to life, he failed to do so. For this offense the spirit was thrust down into uttermost darkness—liao-loa-ka-po—where he lived and was lord.

FAMOUS SOLDIER A SERVIAN

Alexander the Great Formed His Invincible Army of Natives of That Country.

The student of ancient history, reveling in the triumphs of Alexander the Great, never thinks of linking his mighty name with that of the little kingdom of Servia, the fires of whose internal troubles have set all the world ablaze. Yet it was from that small but explosive land that there once marched forth to the conquest of the world a little army of 40,000 men; and, having completed that conquest on schedule time, so to speak, their leader sighed because there were no more worlds to conquer.

Alexander the Great was a Servian—that is, he was a native of the country that is now Servia. His army was made up almost entirely of ancient Servians. His mother's family came from the region up around that turbulent but much-coveted district of Novi Bazaar, and it was from the mountains lying between the Mediterranean and the middle Danube, and the valleys on their northern slopes, that he drew the flower of that 40,000 who marched to the barbarians of China and the sources of the Indus.

It is a stern, rock-bound country, this Servia, better fitted for growing soldiers than cereals. There has always remained just enough of the barbarian about the mountaineers of the country to make them ideal warriors. Philip of Macedon brought them down to the Mediterranean coast and routed the polished Greeks with them—including the eloquent but timid Demosthenes—and then, instilling just enough of Greek culture beneath their Berserk bosoms to make them fully appreciate what the conquest of the world meant, prepared the way for his son, Alexander.

That was the Servian of old, alike in many respects to his modern brother. The Servian of today a few years ago took up the sword against the might and millions of the Moslem empire as jauntily as his forefathers formed their phalanx and marched across the Hellespont to conquer the unknown and untold millions of Persia and the Indies, and more recently he took up his rifle against the Austrian Goliath, moved his government back into the hills out of range of fire, and went whistling to battle, never asking whether the odds were twenty or fifty to one.

The name Servia denotes that its people were sprung from slaves. Their broader name, Slav, denotes the same origin. But, when applied to a people who for countless centuries have fought against tremendous odds for their liberty, the term takes on a new and honorable meaning, just as the term "whig" was first applied as a nickname of derision, but later became a mark of esteem and honor.

Military Portable Wireless.

Quick and effective communication between the tremendous forces of combatants with battle fronts of fifty to two hundred and fifty miles is no longer possible by scouts, couriers and heliographic devices. The long-range combat with terrible engines of destruction means radio or wireless communication, and everyone of the powers now at war is employing portable wireless telegraph plants carried on motor-truck chassis geared for speeds of twenty-five to thirty-five miles per hour. The truck motor drives an electrical dynamo which generates the primary current of the high-tension transformer necessary in radio transmission, and the complete paraphernalia of condensers, interchangers, collapsible antennae, etc., are carried on the truck which is generally fitted with a protecting shield for the driver and a special convertible body with sliding paneled sides which can be tightly closed in stormy weather. These motor-truck wireless outfits having an effective land range of two hundred to three hundred miles, have enabled the armies of the "dual alliance" and the "triple entente" to keep in communication with their base, wings and re-enforcements—a task impossible in modern warfare without the radio telegraph and—most important—the motor truck on which to move swiftly the instruments and their relatively large space-requiring auxiliaries from position to position.—Engineering Magazine.

Appropriat.

A wealthy but miserly baronet was celebrated for having a magnificently decorated dining room, while his viands were very few. A celebrated wit was invited to dine on a certain occasion, and the host asked him if he didn't think the room elegant.

"Yes," was the reply, "but it is not quite to my taste."

"And what change would you make?" asked the host.

"Well," answered the wit, "if this were my house, you know, I would have"—looking at the ceiling—"less gilding and"—here he glanced furtively at the dining table—"more carving."

A Poser.

While instructing his class regarding the early days of the New England states a school teacher asked: "Do you know that the house of burgesses in those days was so powerful that it controlled the clothes worn by the men? A man who earned \$13 a week and one whose salary was \$50 were compelled to show a distinction in the clothes they were wearing and not go beyond their means."

A bright scholar in the rear of the room piped up: "Teacher, what would a man do if he were out of work?"—New York Times.

NOVEL SALAD WRINKLE

TOMATOES AND CUCUMBERS ARE POACHED WHOLE.

Makes the Latter Easier of Digestion, and Does Away With the Fear of Germs—Proper Method of Serving.

Poaching whole tomatoes and cucumbers before serving them as a salad is one of the latest culinary wrinkles. The idea appeals especially to persons suffering from an inborn fear of germs as well as those who cannot easily digest raw vegetables. The poaching process effectually settles the germ question and it is claimed renders these two favorite salad vegetables more digestible than in their raw state. If the water is boiling when the vegetables are put in they may be removed at the end of seven minutes. They are then ready to be drained and chilled, the skin of the tomato being at once pulled off.

Tomatoes are immersed in the boiling water without being cut, but cucumbers should be thinly pared. A bay leaf, a sliced onion and a little vinegar are often added to the water in which these vegetables are poached, resulting in a delicate addition to their natural flavor. The tomato gives little evidence that it has been poached, but in the case of the cucumber, while the flavor is not changed, the texture of the pulp is slightly different.

A poached cucumber should not be served in thin slices, as is the custom with the uncooked vegetable, as it lacks the crispness which is one of its chief charms. It may, however, be sliced, provided the slices are not detached and the cucumber left in its original shape and laid on a bed of chopped ice. If the cucumber is pared with a fluted knife this method of serving it can be made decidedly attractive, as the appearance does not indicate that it has been sliced, while the fact that it has been facilitates serving. French dressing should be passed with cucumber so served.

Poached cucumbers are desirable to use as cups in which to put sauce or small portions of vegetables served as a garnish for fish. When to be used for this purpose cut in thick slices, sufficient to serve as the height of the cup. Remove the inner seed portion and fill the cavity with whatever sauce or vegetable is desired. Arrange around the fish as a border, serving one cucumber cup to each portion. Stewed celery is delicious served in cucumber cups, and so are tiny lima beans. When the filling is a hot vegetable the cucumber cups should be reheated for serving, but for holding sauce they should be chilled.

Poached tomatoes and cucumbers served together, the tomatoes in slices and the cucumbers in cubes, make a delicious salad, even without the addition of either lettuce or romaine, the use of which would introduce an uncooked material into the salad.

To Launder Fine Lingerie.

When laundering lingerie wash carefully in the usual way; rinse thoroughly, but omit starch; when "bone dry" dip in and out several times in a basin of borax water, in the proportion of one large tablespoonful to one quart of hot water, stirring until dissolved. Squeeze (not wring) out as much moisture as possible, roll it smoothly in a Turkish towel for an hour; the article is easier to iron, looks cleaner and keeps fresh longer than when starch is used. This is particularly satisfactory for infants' clothing. Borax makes Irish lace "just right."

Safe Bleacher.

Peroxide of hydrogen is the best bleaching agency known, for it gives a pure white with positively no chance of hurting the fabric in any way. It may be used for silk, woolen, linen or cotton. Use as follows: One teaspoonful of peroxide of hydrogen to half a tub of cold water. Allow the articles to soak over night, and after rinsing wash as usual and you will be agreeably surprised at the result. This is almost the same method that the mills use in bleaching their goods from natural color to white before finishing.

Peeling Tomatoes.

A way of peeling tomatoes which is not generally known perhaps is to rub them with the back of the knife, thoroughly, being particular to rub the entire surface, but not hard enough to break the skin. Then peel in the usual way. It is quickly done and leaves the tomato in better shape to slice, and in this way they are much firmer than if boiling water is poured over them.

To Make Curtains Fireproof.

As light muslin curtains often catch fire, it is a good plan to put an ounce of alum into the last water in which they are rinsed. This will make them almost fireproof, or if they do catch, they will not blaze up enough to ignite the woodwork.

"Happy Eliza."

Chop one dozen figs, six apples sliced but not peeled and add one pound granulated sugar. Add two quarts of water and boil rapidly for 15 minutes. Strain and cool. Serve over crushed ice, with a slice of orange on top.

Scratched Marks on Silver.

Silver that has become scratched can be made quite smooth again by rubbing it well with a piece of chamois leather that has been rolled into a tight bag and dipped in sweet oil.