

For Her Sake

By
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"Mail, sir," reported the office boy, and placed a pile of miscellaneous letters on the desk of young Gordon Leith, manager of the importing house of Waltham & Co.

Leith only nodded. He was in a pleasant dream and did not want to be disturbed. In four days he was to marry Vera Merriam. He had everything to be thankful for. Her father was wealthy and stood high socially. Recently Waltham & Company had raised his salary. Everything was harmonious and lovely. Even gruff, dignified prospective father-in-law was seemingly pleased at the approaching wedding. Was he not coming in that afternoon to talk over the final arrangements for it with Leith?

"Routine," observed Leith, at length arousing from his happy reverie. "All right—there will be only three days more of it. Then for a two weeks' delightful honeymoon."

In a perfunctory way Leith took up the paper knife and slit the envelopes before him. Then he began taking out their contents.

"Order," he tallied them off—"complaint, request for new price list," and



"That's Me."

he placed the letters in the trays of the various departments—"hello! what's this?"

Leith stared hard and looked confused and startled, as he read the words:

"It will be for your own good to meet me at 2 p. m. Tuesday, at Gregory's cafe. It's a safe place and I will be in No. 27. Bring along the cash to take up those I. O. U.'s, or the capital for a new round of revenge, or I'll blow the thing to your boss and you'll lose your place."

"DAVENAL!"

"Why!" breathed Leith in sheer amazement. "what does this mean, anyhow? Where is the envelope? There must be some mistake. Here it is—the mischief! At it again—and worse than ever!"

Leith allowed the letter to drop to the desk as he scanned the direction on the envelope: "Mr. Harry Merriam."

The brother of Vera! It was meet that Leith should be interested and natural that he should be anxious and troubled. He had been a friend and guide to Harry Merriam. He had helped, guided and shielded the bright natured but impetuous young fellow. Leith had even secured him employment with the business house of which he was manager in order that he might watch and direct him.

Mr. Merriam was a stern, austere man and it had cost both money and patience to control the peccadillos of the younger Merriam.

More recently Harry seemed to have turned over a new leaf. In order to get him away from his old associates, only the week previous Leith had sent him on a selling tour. Now an echo of the past defections of Harry had come to the surface as a menace. With all his influence, Leith doubted if his employers would retain Harry when they learned of his gambling habits.

Ah! at all hazards the changed course of the weak and struggling must not be crossed! Leith arrived at a speedy decision. He winced as he realized the great sacrifice he was called on to make. Then his lips drew firm and resolute. He forgot all save the urgency of the moment, tossed the letter on his desk, picked up his hat and hurried from the office, leaving word that he would return in an hour.

Fifteen minutes later Mr. Merriam called, according to appointment. He was shown into the office of the manager, where he decided to await his return. Almost the first thing that met his eye was the open note that Leith had received. Twice he read it. That proud lip of his drew closer, his stern eye took to its depths a steely glint. He memorized the address given in the missive, arose and started from the place, a smoldering volcano of wrath.

Meanwhile Gordon Leith had gone to his bank. He had saved up over two thousand dollars. He drew an even half of this. Then he proceeded straightway in search of this threatening Davenal. Leith had no difficulty

in locating the Gregory cafe. Its upper story had partitioned off compartments. Number 27 contained an individual, coarse-faced, evil-eyed, who sat leisurely smoking a cigar.

"Are you Davenal?" demanded Leith, facing him.

"That's me," nodded the other insolently.

Leith passed beyond the drapery of the doorway and sat down at a little table opposite the gamester.

"I came in behalf of your victim, young Harry Merriam," he spoke sternly. "He is out of the city and I appear in his stead. You demand a thousand dollars from him."

"Honestly owed, yes."

"You made a provision," went on Leith steadily, "that he can have his revenge. Does that hold?"

The gamester studied his visitor keenly. Then he replied:

"Right!"

"I know but one game of cards," proceeded Leith.

"And what is that?"

"Whist. I will stake one thousand dollars cash against those I. O. U.'s, game ten points."

The gambler smiled. To his point of view this clear-eyed, respectable appearing Leith seemed easy prey. He was, too, nettled at the manifest contempt evinced by Leith and longed to give him a trimming.

"And if you lose?" questioned Davenal coolly.

"Then I give you a check for another thousand dollars and redeem the I. O. U.'s."

"Done!" and the fellow produced a pack of cards and began shuffling them.

A strange expression came into the eyes of Gordon Leith. He drew his coat closer to conceal a dangling ornament attached to his watch chain, as if that might betray a vital secret. It was a prize given to the champion of a leading whist club in his college days. He had not touched a card for two years, but in the old days—a memory of his conquests gave him nerve and confidence.

Only the click-swish of the bits of pasteboard, the quick breathing of the gamester as, two points scored for himself and nine for his opponent, he threw down his hand, confessing defeat, and passed over the I. O. U.'s.

Silently Leith walked from Number 27. From beyond the drapery of Number 28 stepped—Mr. Merriam!

"Deceiver! Gamester! Hypocrite!" he voiced, his eyes flaming, his scorn withering. "I have traced you to your haunts! You are unmasked—and Vera shall know!"

Gordon Leith paled. Startled, he unconsciously dropped the bundle of I. O. U.'s from his hand. With bowed head he passed from the place. Mr. Merriam picked up the papers. One glance and he staggered back, overcome. The facts were revealed—he read the name of his son and knew the truth.

"What's the row, governor?" chirped the gamester, appearing on the scene.

"I have wronged a true and noble man," uttered Mr. Merriam. "Tell me all of this affair and I will reward you."

The gamester glibly, coarsely stated the facts as he understood them. Mr. Merriam guessed the vast sacrifice that Leith had made, even in the face of being disgraced accepting mutely the onus of degradation not his portion.

Vera Merriam—within four days Mrs. Gordon Leith—never knew of the episode. Harry Merriam knew of it, for his father charged him with his misdemeanors when he returned to the city.

But Harry Merriam was a changed man, and a realization of the brave loyalty of a true friend strengthened his determination to forever evade the pitfalls that had nearly engulfed him.

FROM BABYLONIAN WISE MEN

Came the Division of the Hour as It Has Been Recognized Throughout the Centuries.

The division of an hour into sixty minutes is of ancient Babylonian origin and has survived the reforms applied to notation in the course of the world's progress. Along with the decimal system in ancient Babylon there was the sexagesimal system based upon the count by sixties and originating in the discovery that there is no number which has so many divisors as sixty. It can be divided without remainder by 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 10, 12, 15, 20 and 30.

Babylonians divided the sun's path into twenty-four parasangs, the latter representing about four and one-half miles. The astronomers of that day compared the progress of the sun during one hour to the progress made by a good walker during the same period of time, each accomplishing one parasang.

The whole course of the sun was twenty-four parasangs, or 360 degrees, and each parasang or hour was subdivided into sixty minutes.

Hipparchus, the Greek philosopher, who lived 150 B. C., introduced the Babylonian hour into Europe, and carried along by traditional knowledge down through the middle ages, it survived the French revolution, which endeavored to reduce every measure to decimal system of reckoning, so that the measure of time continues sexagesimal or Babylonian.

Odd Invention.

Miss Katherine Minchert, a Philadelphia woman, has patented a new form of handbag which is capable of being converted into a seat. When opened one part of the contrivance serves as a seat, while another forms a support for the back.

METZ, the STRONGHOLD of the GODS

EVER since the great war broke out last summer the French have been trying desperately to capture Metz, which was taken from them in the war of 1870, and the three keys of the city, rescued at that time, are now in possession of the French government ready for the triumphant re-entry of its troops. Concerning this powerfully fortified city of Lorraine the National Geographic society says:

The fortress of Metz from Roman days has never been carried by storm. Throughout history down to 1870 it successfully defied all besiegers, and the French in 1870 surrendered to famine and disease rather than to a pressing enemy. This almost impregnable fortress has changed hands now and again, and these changes have been effected by treaty and treachery and famine, but never by force of arms. The Romans knew Metz—Divodurum—as "the stronghold of the gods."

Metz is the capital of German Lorraine, and it is considered to possess one of the most powerful fortifications in Europe. It is the pivot point in the broken frontier dividing the Franks, Celts and Gauls of the west and south from the Germans of the east and north. The centuries-long contest between Latin and German has surged back and forth over this city, broken in eddies around it, and the contestants have continually regrouped with Metz as the central point in the plans of their opposing strategies; for Metz is the most important key in the barrier between Latin and Germanic civilizations. Metz and Strassburg are the two western gates to Germany.

Was a Roman Base.

The Romans used Metz as their northern base against the Germanic barbarians, and they connected it by

frontier. It is built between the two rivers and upon the islands of the Moselle. Much of the city is composed of narrow, irregular streets, lined with ancient, picturesque buildings. There are some new and imposing structures in the town, however, and some straight streets. Even in times of peace Metz makes plain that its calling is war. Though it has about 75,000 civilian population, the peace garrison of 25,000 men monopolizes the attention on every thoroughfare and promenade. Around the city and within it are the huge barracks of the soldiery.

The country around Metz, a rise and fall of evergreen woodlands, is beautiful. The heights and hills are not only heavily forested, but are also unusually broken and irregular, composing a ground about as unfavorable as possible for attacking military operations. The forts of Metz were begun on a large scale by the French, and they have been strengthened through all their years of possession by the Germans.

Reims Once Quiet and Peaceful.

The Geographic society also gave out the following short pen picture of the city of Reims, which has suffered so heavily in the many wars in which France has participated.

The tourists' Reims was quiet and peaceful, even industrial and commercial, peace and neighborly forbearance seeming to reign there. The whole appearance of the place made its warlike history seem as distant and unreal as the romance of folklore. Reims was one of the most sleepy of all truly prosperous cities.

It preserved with tenacity an air reminiscent of the middle ages. Its homes were old-style, its streets were cobbly, and its young men and women regularly danced in the open right on the naked sands and gravel of the



View of the City of Metz

military roads with Toul, Verdun and other camps in Roman hinterland. From Metz the Roman legions made their incursions into the almost impenetrable Black forest to the east, and into the forest and swamp lands of the north and west. By the treaty of Meerssen, in 870, Metz came into the possession of East Francia, now Germany. It rapidly gained importance as an industrial and outpost city and in the thirteenth century was made a free imperial city.

The Reformation, another element of the Latin-German struggle, raged around Metz as a center. During these times of religious unrest Metz fell into the power of France, and the French were confirmed in their possession by the peace of Westphalia (1648). It remained under French rule until the German conquest of 1870.

The country all about Metz is strategic and consequently forbidden ground. Tourists with pronounced camera tendencies have never been encouraged around the fortress. The city lies in a fertile, pleasant valley, which widens out among the hills to the north and which narrows toward the mountainous French frontier. It is upon the heights, the craggy hills, the passes, the gorge-broken, air-covered, razor-back spur hills that the powerful detached forts which guard the city of Metz and its valley running between France and Germany are planted. These works have been constructed around the city by the score, and they stretch in a wide, concealed fan more than six miles before the outskirts of Metz.

Built Between Two Rivers.

The city itself is situated on the confluence of the Sella and Moselle, about eleven miles east of the French

parks, as their forbears had done for centuries.

This small French city has been one of the restful places of the world between wars, but war has awakened it more often and caused it more of loss and suffering than falls to the lot of most cities. Reims has lain across the path of many an enemy's march. It suffered severely in the campaign of 1814. In 1870 the Germans stormed its defenses and German shells tore their way into its quaint limestone homes. Now the brave old town has been forced to break its rest again and to suffer the penalties of being a fortress, the key to the Champagne plains which swell unobstructed to Paris.

Reims is the champagne center of the world. There are more than fifty famous wine firms in the place, and upon its outskirts is the wonderful maze of underground cellars, drilled through chalk formation, where millions of bottles are ripened every year.

Reims is two hours by express from Paris, 107 miles. It is built on a plain, with hills to the south and southwest. Strong detached forts surround it. Its streets and boulevards are broad and they are bordered by quaint stone and stucco homes in patterns of yesterday. In the center of the town, its chief glory and object of international pilgrimage, stands the Notre Dame de Reims cathedral. Though a product of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, it has never been finished; it still lacks the towers of the original design.

Believe in Co-operation.

Sweden has 425,000 persons in co-operative associations. There are 5,573 societies.

HIS SISTER'S LITTLE ANGEL

Bachelor Told to Keep Eye on Youngster So That He Wouldn't Get Into Any Mischief.

"I was visiting my married sister in Toledo last week," relates Buck Hawes. "She's got a three-year-old kid, and, while I am fairly fond of children, I am a bachelor and somewhat set in my ways. I was rather dismayed, therefore, when my sister proposed leaving me in the house with the child one afternoon. And here's what she said:

"Don't put yourself to a bit of trouble—he can take care of himself. See that he doesn't climb up to the pantry shelves and keep an eye on him so that he won't get into any mischief. He won't annoy you. Don't let him go down cellar and watch that he doesn't get hold of the books in the library, and he'll amuse himself all right. If he cries give him a cookie, and if that doesn't stop him ride him on your back. But don't let him bother you a bit. I'll be home in an hour."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Just a Space Filler.

"I must have more salary," declared the showgirl.

"For what?" demanded the manager.

"For acting."

"You don't act."

"Aw, you can't fill my place, anyhow."

"Aw, can't I? I can fill your place with an artificial palm."

Probably Would.

"Celebrating mothers' day by wearing a carnation is a pretty custom, isn't it?"

"Quite so. Another quaint idea would be for every girl to help mother wash the dishes."

"Yes; I think that would surprise mother all right."

Unhappy Result.

"Do you subscribe to the old adage that reading maketh a full man?"

"Yes, even in the case of 'best sellers.'"

"I don't see how you can say that."

"Why not, when they fill me with infinite weariness?"

HIS IDEA.

The Preacher—You told me you were going to bury your sorrow, and now you're in this condition.

Fuller Booze—This hic—has been a hic—burial at sea.

Looking Forward.

"So they are trying love in a cot tage, eh?"

"Yes, but there are compensations."

"For instance?"

"They hope some day to use it for a garage."

Wedding Vows.

Patience—So he never took any marriage vows?

Patrice—Oh, yes, he did.

"But I thought he was still a bachelor?"

"He is; but he vowed he'd never get married."

Not in His Class.

"No military surgeon would ever have made such a muddle of Lieutenant Smith's hospital case."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, the report says he under went a major operation."

Looks That Way.

Bacon—I see most of the men who have the "gold brick" game played on them are old.

Egbert—Which proves that the good may die young, but that the "good thing" does not.

She Repented.

"You say she threw him over?"

"Yes, but she also threw him a life line."

"How so?"

"It was on a telegram and said: 'Come back.'"

What Difference Does That Make?

Bill—It is said that lions and tigers are too weak in lung power to run more than half a mile.

Jill—Well, that's all right. They'd get you before they'd covered that distance, all right.

The Result.

"Did the negotiations between the two rival boat-building concerns result in their being merged?"

"No, I think they were submerged."

During Service?

Mrs. Flatbush—How does your husband like the new preacher?

Mrs. Bensonhurst—Oh, he likes him, I'm quite sure. He sleeps sounder than ever.

OLD POLISH CAPITAL

CORRESPONDENT WRITES OF THE CHARMS OF CRACOW.

City Has Many Beauties, and Its Citizens Are Refined and Gentle—Scenes in the Market Held in the Great Square.

Is it not true that cities, like houses, reflect the characters of their inhabitants? Somebody said that Berlin has the air of a rich, well-fed woman who is dressed by the most expensive modistes and has everything that money can buy but never the unpurchasable quality of charm. Now, Cracow is her opposite; she is like a lady of ancient but unhappy race conscious but uncomplaining of her great sorrows; she is fascinating, distinguished, simple. Cracow, small as it is, is the heart of Poland, and in Poland's days of freedom, long ago, was its capital.

But the object of this little article is not to relate the tragic history of Poland, but just to give a brief sketch of the simple life in beautiful Cracow, before the war began.

In the middle of the town is the great square where stands the splendid church of Our Lady. There is a covered market, where the stalls are mostly kept by Jews, but in the open are the peasants from the country with their milk and cheese, vegetables and poultry. The peasant women wear gay-colored clothes and carry huge burdens on their backs,—a dozen milk cans, a bundle of brushwood, a bushel of bread baked in great loaves nearly two yards long. In their high clumsy boots they tramp sturdily along, quite able and willing to do a man's work in the world as well as to bear a woman's burden.

A lady who visited Cracow shortly before the outbreak of the war was greatly impressed by the burdens borne by people of a little higher rank than the peasant. These burdens were mostly geese—white, long-necked, squawking geese. Every other man, woman and child seemed to be carrying a goose. Sometimes they were carried under the arm of the purchaser. Often under each arm, sometimes in a carpet bag with long neck protruding and the bright eyes sagerly searching the passers-by as though enjoying the novel ride. Sometimes a basket contained as many as three geese and sometimes they were slung unceremoniously over the shoulder of the owner, their legs tied together and their necks craned up to prevent a rush of blood to the head. Now and then a stout lady would pass with a goose in the ample bosom of her dress or coat, only the head of the fowl showing under her chin. The geese were generally treated with consideration and respect, children stopping to caress their snaky necks. It was hard to believe that these pets were destined for the pot on the morrow. To be sure there were other things for sale besides geese; rolls of golden butter and leaves of cheese folded together in a way that you never see outside Poland.

In another part of the great square is the vegetable market, with its green and purple cabbages, cauliflower and Brussels sprouts; salsify, onions, and dried mushrooms on long strings worn like a necklace over the necks of the vendors.

But on goose market day in Cracow the center of the stage belongs to the goose. A few abashed hens were offered for sale or a lonesome turkey, but they seemed to feel they had no right there, and were ready to hide their heads.

In the center of the square sat the public weigher with his scales. If an old lady felt that she had been given short weight for half a pound of butter she brought it to him to weigh, and he even took a hand in the disputes about the size and quality of the geese.

The people that you see in the streets of Cracow are beautiful to look upon. They do not look rich, but they know how to wear worn clothes with a kind of natural elegance. Then their faces are expressive, clean cut and fine; they know how to walk and how to stand, they are not rude, but gentle. What is to be the destiny of these clever, refined, unfortunate Poles we do not yet know.—Exchange.

Notes From Commerce Reports.

A German patent has been granted to H. Steffers for making a lubricant from beet sugar molasses.

American interests are about to erect factories in China for the manufacture of dried and desiccated eggs.

The Krupp works are making a burglarproof safe, constructed of steel, which required one and one-half hours with an oxyacetylene flame to produce a hole two inches in diameter in a plate one and one-half inches thick.

The government oil fields of Chubut, Argentina, produced in 1914 more than 275,000,000 barrels of oil, which was refined there.

The world's coffee production in 1914 was 893,000 tons, a decrease of 92,000 tons from 1913.

Eagle River Gold.

The first gold mining in Alaska was in the belt near Juneau about thirty-five years ago. Since that date more than \$50,000,000 worth of gold has been taken out in this region. The gold-bearing belt was known to stretch 50 miles northward, including the Eagle River region. There are many gold-bearing lodes in the region of this river now under development and many others still awaiting development.