In the East and the West

By H. M. EGBERT

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"It's never Will Thorpe!"

"That you, Jimmy?"

The two men gazed at each other in half incredulity. Then:

"How you've changed, Will!" exclaimed the easterner.

"I guess I'm wearing clothes that I wouldn't have cared to be seen in at Harvard or in Boston," said Will Thorpe, smiling at his friend.

"I don't mean that," answered Jimmy Tremont. "It's—it's—well, I don't know just what it is!"

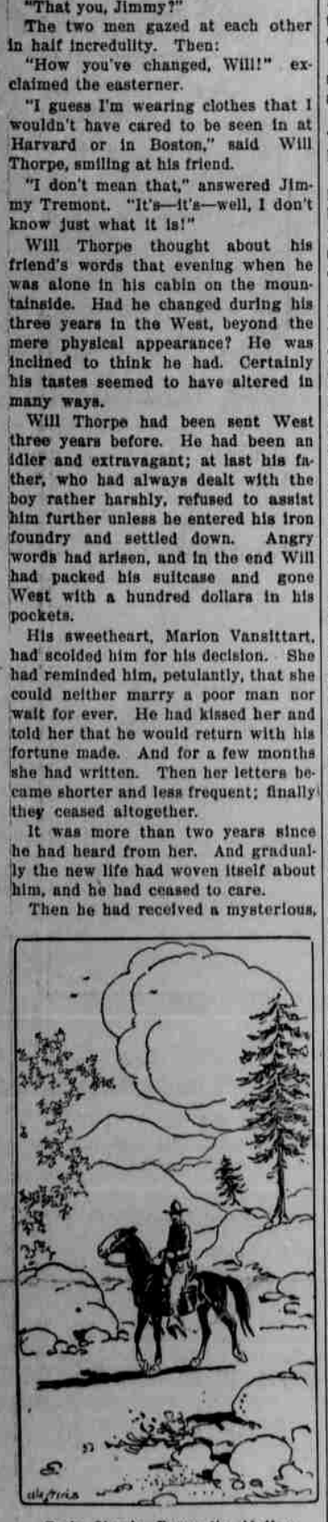
Will Thorpe thought about his friend's words that evening when he was alone in his cabin on the mountainside. Had he changed during his three years in the West, beyond the mere physical appearance? He was inclined to think he had. Certainly his tastes seemed to have altered in many ways.

Will Thorpe had been sent West three years before. He had been an idler and extravagant; at last his father, who had always dealt with the boy rather harshly, refused to assist him further unless he entered his iron foundry and settled down. Angry words had arisen, and in the end Will had packed his suitcase and gone West with a hundred dollars in his pockets.

His sweetheart, Marion Vansittart, had scolded him for his decision. She had reminded him, petulantly, that she could neither marry a poor man nor wait for ever. He had kissed her and told her that he would return with his fortune made. And for a few months she had written. Then her letters became shorter and less frequent; finally they ceased altogether.

It was more than two years since he had heard from her. And gradually the new life had woven itself about him, and he had ceased to care.

Then he had received a mysterious,



Rode Slowly Down the Valley.

unsigned message asking him to be at the railway depot at a certain hour, to meet the train. And he had gone, to find Jim Tremont waiting there. Jim was passing through on his way to California, he told him, and he had heard he was in that part of the country. Did Will know that his father was dead and he was the sole heir to five million dollars? He had better write home quickly, because everyone was searching for him, and he had only heard of his address by chance.

"I suppose you'll be back East in a week, and holding out at the club," said Jimmy casually, as he shook hands and said good-by.

It was that that made Will think he had really changed. How could he associate those elusive memories which he had almost forgotten with this life that had taken possession of him?

He thought of Norma Gale, the daughter of the old homesteader down the valley. How was he to tell her? The girl, educated and refined as were all the people of the district, was utterly unpresentable in the sort of society in which he had moved. She had never worn a gown with a low neck in her life. She would be helpless among a crowd of people such as—Marion Vansittart!

Yet it never occurred to Will that he could do anything but go. It had never entered his mind that he was to stay permanently in the West.

A man on horseback was riding up to his cabin. Will watched him as he approached. Visitors were something of an event in the settlement, and Will knew the rider as the telegraphist in the cluster of houses that had grown up around the depot and was called a city.

"Wire for you, Thorpe!" he announced briefly.

Will took the message and opened it. He stared at it as if he did not understand. It was from Marion. She had learned his address, she said—probably everyone could discover the address of a millionaire—and she was passing through on her way East from the San Francisco exposition. She would stay an hour while they changed engines. Would he meet her?

"Thanks," said Will to the telegraphist, and watched him ride down the hill.

Yes, he was going East, and going back to Marion. For a moment the old life came rushing over him, with its memories, its thousand allurements. And the new life meant nothing.

He mounted his horse and rode slowly down the valley. He had no destination in mind, but suddenly he realized that he was approaching the homesteader's house. And at the door stood Norma, in her sunbonnet.

She greeted him. "Won't you come in and take some tea?" she asked. "I hear you are going East, Mr. Thorpe."

He dismounted, and now he saw that her lips were trembling. How had she known he was going East? Did news fly as fast in this settlement as in the great world? And what did it matter to her?

"Yes, I am going East, Norma," he answered, taking her hands in his.

"I—I congratulate you," she answered quietly. But he saw the tears in her eyes.

"You have meant so much to me," he said impulsively. "I hate the thought of going. And yet—it is my duty, I suppose."

"Then you must go," said the girl softly. She was smiling very bravely at him. "Won't you come in?"

"No—I can't now," he said crudely. "Norma, I shall—I shall see you again before I go."

She nodded, and he knew the meaning of her silence. The girl cared for him, and in her unsophisticated way was incapable of concealment. He saw her walk back quickly into the cabin.

Marion's train was to arrive the following morning. Will rode down to the depot with a heavy heart. The old and the new were tugging at it, and he did not know which pulled him the harder. There were so many memories here—yet the thought of Marion came to him like a flood of sunlight. How he had loved Marion! She had tacitly released him by her silence, and yet doubtless she would explain that. He would follow her soon. He saw the old life vividly, their marriage, the quiet home in Boston. . . .

The train was pulling in. He had stood on the platform in a sort of daze. Now he awakened suddenly, and he felt his heart beating hard in anticipation. The men about the platform were watching him curiously. He looked into the carriages of the train as it came to a halt. He walked its length. Marion was not there. Had she missed her train?

"Still dreaming, Will?" asked a hard voice over his shoulder.

He started round, to see Marion, with a party of girl friends, dressed in the height of fashion, looking at him with a smile.

"Dear me, I must be very hard to find," she said. "Well! When are you coming home?"

The hardness of her tones struck him like a blow. Surely he had changed out of all recognition if he had ever thought Marion's voice beautiful. The girl whom he had loved to the point of infatuation stood revealed to him as an artificial, hard young woman, without the slightest charm.

"I think it was very wrong of you not to write to me for so long," she continued. "But I forgive you, Will. We can forgive a man with millions anything, can't we, Dora?"

The girl addressed as Dora murmured something. The whole party was taken aback, not to say shocked, at the sight of this man in the cowboy clothes. And he was a millionaire! He was Will Thorpe of Harvard and Boston!

Perhaps Marion shrewdly divined the change that had occurred in him, for she drew him aside.

"Will, I know I ought to have been more serious," she said, "But you can't think how startling and ridiculous you look, dressed like one of these natives. Listen, Will, and let me explain. I have always cared for you just as much, but I couldn't be engaged to a beggar. You see that for yourself, don't you? And everybody understood that your father was going to cut you out of his will, instead of leaving you the sole heir. I am just as fond of you, Will."

Will Thorpe looked at her with slowly rising anger. She did not realize what she was saying. Had he ever been like that? Was that the kind of man that he had been, that she so confidently imagined he was still?

"So when are you coming home, Will?" she continued. "When are you coming home to me?" she added softly.

The train conductor blew his whistle. Will looked her full in the face. "Never!" he answered roughly.

The party was moving toward the train. Will saw the look of amazed indignation upon Marion's face. He broke from her. He mounted the horse that was tethered to a post outside the depot. The train was starting. But Will was riding for the mountain slopes, and his "never" rang in his ears like the sound of a chanted chorus.

He flung himself from his horse at the cabin door which hid at that moment all that life held most precious for him.

"Norma!" he shouted, hammering with his knuckles.

He heard her footsteps; he saw her stand before him; he caught her in his arms.

"Norma! I have come home—to you," he cried.

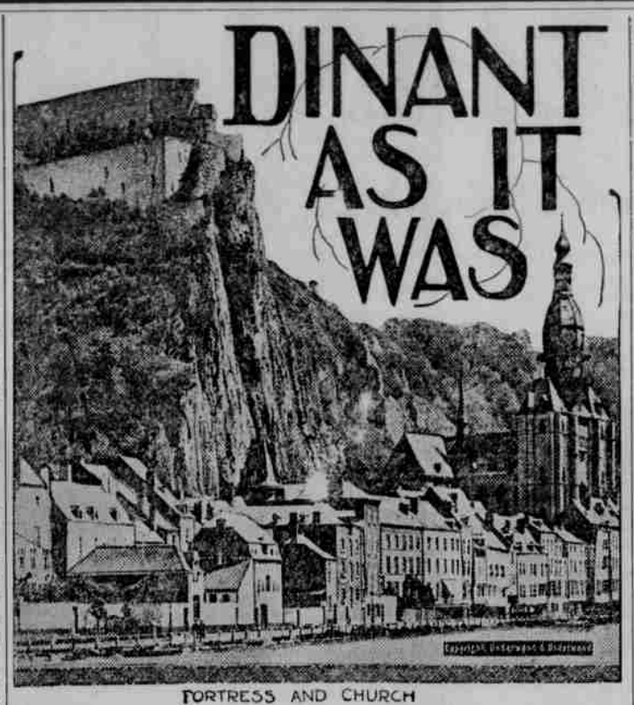
Only Remedy for Selfishness.

What is most pitiful and at the same time amusing about the people who give themselves up to selfishness is their habit of referring the whole universe to themselves. It is as if they were at the center, with all life radiating about them. Through their false sense of adjustment they find themselves continually subjected to disappointing and irritating and disspiriting adventures. Attitude, remarks, behavior, perhaps not in the least related to themselves, they cause to assume an imaginary relation. Their feelings are likely to be in a continual state of turmoil. They encourage it by persisting in the belief that the trouble lies outside. And yet the remedy is always waiting for them in their consciousness. To make life over they need only to make over themselves.

Honors Were Even.

A woman who had some knowledge of baseball took a friend to a championship contest. "Isn't that fine?" said the first. "We have a man on every base." "Why, yes," said the friend, "and so have they."

DINANT AS IT WAS



FORTRESS AND CHURCH

WHEN the very capital cities of civilization lie in peril of warfare, not many folk will spare another thought for Dinant on the Meuse; indeed, one of the least among cities, says a writer in Country Life. Yet one may believe that among the wandering folk, the tourists, the idle travelers, there must have been grief for Dinant when the ill news of its fate came in. Who that knows that little town between the limestone cliff and the water of the Meuse but will mourn that history should terribly repeat herself at Dinant? The warlike days of Dinant had long gone by. In her hour of pride she had been cast down. She lived humbly. You would have warranted her that history should make no more troubles for Dinant. Yet now her name is the last chapter as a city sharing the terrible fame which has come upon Louvain and Namur and Malines. Once again Dinant has ceased to be.

It was in the year 1466 that the fates last meddled with Dinant. Then she was a bonne ville, rich and prosperous, a fief of the bishop of Liege. Sixty thousand hot-blooded, hard-working Walloons were within her armed walls. Brasswork was her craft; more than half her citizens plied that clanging trade. Read what the Sire Philippe de Commines wrote of Dinant: "A mighty strong town it was," said he, "and rich withall, by reason of its traffic in those works of brass that men call dinanderie, which are pots and pans and the like matters." He goes on to tell you how Dinant had quarreled with Bouvignes, her neighboring town on the other bank of the Meuse, carrying unneighborliness to the point of firing upon Bouvignes with two bombards and other pieces of artillery until they of Bouvignes were constrained to work and eat their dinners in the cellars of their houses. The Sire de Commines tells you that you will hardly believe what hatred these two towns had for one another; they were, I think, two of a trade; Bouvignes had its own brass-works.

Dinant's Former Destruction.

When King Louis of France fled up the hill from the field of Montlhery, leaving Charles the Bold to claim a victory among those of his Burgundians who had not fled on the other side, somebody brought false news to Dinant. Now Dinant hated the count of Charolais almost as much as it hated Bouvignes, a town which was held by Namur and was loyal to Burgundy. Therefore, hearing of the count's death, it seemed good to the rabble of Dinant that they should march gayly towards the walls of Bouvignes, carrying with them the stuffed shape of a man. This dishonored puppet had a cow-bell clinking at its neck. It wore a coat of many colors. Bouvignes, looking down from its wall, saw with horror the coat-armor of the heir of Burgundy, saw the shape tucked up to a gallows and shot full of arrows by the popinjay shooters of Dinant. But Charles Count of Charolais was not dead. He was alive and vengeful when Bouvignes sent him its tidings. Dinant knew that soon, and quaked. A humble letter beseeching pardon was written out by two elders of the town. Another letter prayed King Louis that for pity's sake and charity he would intercede for them with his terrible cousin. No answer came. In fear Dinant heard that Charles had struck out the name of Dinant from the list of rebel towns to whom he would give his peace. For nigh upon a year Dinant waited unpardoned. On an August day of 1466 the good Duke Philippe was carried into Bouvignes on a litter. Old and feeble, he was to see from the cliff at Bouvignes the knightly vengeance that his son would take upon these vile brass-workers who had hanged the stuffed image of a count.

Then came the count himself under a banner of St. George and the dragon, with knights of the Fleece, with the constable of France, with many lords of Brabant and Hainaut, with horse and foot and heavy artillery. The Dinant men, at bay behind their wall, raged at the sight of him; it had come to war at last, and they were Walloons with arms in their hands. Dinant was sieged on all sides; the master of the artillery brought his bombards up against the gates at full moon, scattering such shot from his small pieces that not a head might peep over the wall. The captain of the brassworkers' guild would have fought to the end, and his valiant smiths with him. But the magistrates were giving up the key, while the captain was carrying the city banner to the broken wall, and the Bastard of Burgundy came in and the court after him, magnificent, pitiless, to sit in judgment upon Dinant. A few rich men ransomed themselves dearly. But there was much hanging and heading. At Bouvignes they will show you the cliff from which Dinant citizens, tied neck and heels, were dropped into the Meuse. There was pillage from house to house; merchants from Brussels had come with carts to carry away brassworks and household goods bought cheap of the plunderers. Last ran the fire from end to end of the town. Dinant was "burned in such fashion," says Olivier de la Marche, "that it seemed as though it had been a ruin for a hundred years." For six years it lay in its ashes, and then, little by little, the life came back to it, though never again came back the pride and the wealth. Its rock was crowned by a citadel, and the citadel brought it storm and trouble in the French wars.

But the town lived meekly in the sight of Bouvignes; it never prospered. In July of 1914 it was selling gingerbread to peasants, and postcard pictures of its pretty old houses to the tourists from the Namur boat, showing strangers the way up the cliff by the 400 steps in the rock and serving dinners to holiday folk. In August, a fatal month for Dinant, the Germans came upon it with mightier bombards than those toys with which Messire Pierre de Hacquembac had made ready to blow in the gates. Dinant once again is a ruin from end to end. Once again the chronicler may write "Cy fust Dinant."

Even as Rachel mourned for her children and would not be comforted, because they were not, so may this forlorn Belgium mourn for her perished cities.

There was little here for the over-curious antiquary. Those same architects who would call the church of Dinant notable among all Belgian churches had played here industriously those perverse tricks that they name restoration.

The new bridge was such a bridge as cunning engineers will throw you over any river of Europe. Not thus was the old bridge built that carried a castle upon its arches. For the rest you had the lines of high-gabled houses whose windows looked on the water. These, again, you will not compare with houses on the Graslei at Ghent, with the houses that line the quays of Bruges. Yet the loss of them is lamentable, irreparable. We cannot rebuild antiquity, even though it be but the last antiquity, the latest hand's turn of work done before the world fell into obedience of the machine and learned to rule its straight lines exactly. Of Dinant you may at least say that was what the old-fashioned landscape-man would frankly call "picturesque;" he must have called it so many a time when he took his sketch book to the western bank and set to work upon it with a soft-leaded pencil.

A friendly little town it was, one of the decayed nobility among the cities, yet affable and welcoming the stranger.

What Memory Is.

The correct way to increase the productivity of the memory is to link every new thing with an understood thought already in hand. Merely to memorize the Bible and thus to be able, parrotlike, to speak it "by heart" is not memory. Intellectually and emotionally to appreciate and understand one psalm or proverb is memory. To know where to put your finger on the right verse or passage of the Bible on your table is practical and useful recollection. Dictionaries, directories, encyclopedias, indexes and reference books do the mechanical part for you. Reason, association, adaptability and the perception of relationships is better than much Latin and more Greek, however beautiful and instructive these may be in themselves.

All the Difference She's Seen.

"Huh," said Cordelia Killjoy. "The chief difference between men and women that I've noticed is that a man admits he has to learn what he knows and a woman says it's her 'intuition that tells her."—Kansas City Star.

When You Have Married a Wife.

When you have married a wife, you would think you were got upon a hilltop, and might begin to go down by an easy slope. But you have only ended courting to begin marriage. Falling in love and winning love are often difficult tasks to overbearing and rebellious spirits; but to keep in love is also a business of some importance, to which a man and wife must bring kindness and good will.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Protected Against Rogues.

It is difficult in Germany for a professional rogue to enter a family as a domestic servant. There every servant has a character book, in which the mistress must enter the dates of the coming and leaving of the servant, with her character while in service. This the girl is obliged to take to the nearest police station and have it dated with the official stamp.

Greatest Sheep-Breeding Countries.

Between them, Australia and Argentina pasture one-third of the world's sheep.

PERMISSION TO SEE TROOPS

Admiralty Clerk Cheerfully Gave Up His Window to Gentleman With Numerous Relatives.

An ingenuous clerk in the British admiralty was asked by a gentleman with whom he had a slight acquaintance whether he might come to his room to see a review of the troops.

"Certainly," replied the clerk.

"May I bring my wife?"

"Yes."

"I have two daughters; may they come?"

"By all means."

A second time the gentleman called to ask whether a few nieces might be added to the band.

To this the clerk cheerfully assented.

"We cannot be sufficiently grateful to you," said the gentleman, "for enabling us to have so good a view of the review."

"I am afraid," answered the clerk, "that you and your family will not see very much of it, for my room looks out into a back yard."

Letting the Bars Down.

"Shall I say 'the smart set is,' or 'the smart set are'?" queried the cub reporter.

"Say what you like," growled the editor. "Whenever I have anything to say about the smart set I throw my grammar at the office cat."

Soft Drinks Barred.

Three crows sat on the limb of a tree, and they were as dry as crows could be. Said one old crow: "I really think we'll surely die with naught to drink." Said another crow: "I can't see why—for there a crowbar stands near by."

RIGHT THERE.

"Her husband was run over."

"Now that he is gone, I presume she realizes his full value."

"She does. And she won't compromise for a cent less."

Natural Sequence.

Mrs. Caller—I suppose you have a speaking acquaintance with the woman next door.

Mrs. Neighbors—I did have for a week after she moved in, but we are so well acquainted now that we don't speak at all.

Information Wanted.

Little Lemuel—Say, paw, has the world a tail?

Paw—Certainly not, son.

Little Lemuel—Then why do people say: "So wags the world," if it has no tail to wag?

A Home Deceiver.

"Mrs. Smith, your husband was seen in a bucket shop this morning."

"Well, I didn't think John would remember. I told him when he went off that we needed some new ones in the kitchen."

No Room for Argument.

"It looks like rain this morning," said the milkman, while serving a customer.

"Yes," answered the woman as she glanced into the pitcher, "it sure does."

No Obligation.

"Whatever I have accomplished," said the pompous man, "I owe to myself."

"How delightful it must be," murmured a weary listener, "to be so clear of debt."

As Suggested.

Mr. Wouldbe—Miss Knox—er—Clara. I hardly know how to express myself, but—er—

Miss Knox (interrupting)—Well, being a lightweight, you might travel by parcel post.

Not for Her.

"Now this horse is in the prime of condition. Just the thing for a lady to drive; only three years old—"

"Three years old? Oh, that will never do. I must have a 1915 model."

In Other Words.

The One—They tell me you are a legislative lobbyist. How about it?

The Other—You have been misinformed. I am engaged in conducting a state-wide campaign of education.

The Particular Age.

Patience—They've got a new cook.

Patrice—So I hear.

"Is she up to date?"

"Why, yes; I believe she was sterilized when they got her."

Good Reason.

"Les me kiss you?" asked the man.

"No," said the sweet young thing.

"Why not? No one will ever know it."

"Well, I don't want to be kissed if I'm not going to know it."

Yes, Which?

Bill—I saw Gill today.

Jill—What was he doing?

"Looking for a diamond."

"Going to start a baseball club or contemplating matrimony?"

'Nother Definition.

Little Lemuel—What's an egotist, paw?

Paw—An egotist, son, is a penny box of matches that thinks it is the whole fireworks.

SKYSCRAPER DREAM

Savoy Architect Had It Over 300 Years Ago.

Planned Building 361 Feet in Height, But It Remained for America to Realize His Vision.

For many years foreigners have regarded the "skyscraper" as something typical and essentially American. Now a contributor to L'Illustration shatters the illusion; he points out that—as far back as its origin goes, anyway—the skyscraper is not American at all. The first one was planned over three centuries ago in a small town of Savoy.

In the year 1601, Jacques Perret, an architect living in Chambrey, designed a building that, although it was never erected, may properly claim to be the ancestor of the modern skyscraper. What a visionary dreamer must have been the architect who 300 years ago planned an 11-story building 361 feet in height—almost half as tall as the Woolworth building in New York.

According to Perret's measurements, the building was to have been 166 feet long and 140 feet broad. And the walls were to have been over 12 feet thick! But in 1601 the methods of building construction were by no means so modern as Perret's plans; twelve-foot walls were none too thick to support 11 stories. Here, again, however, the ingenuity of the architect showed itself, for he found a way of making use of the walls without weakening their strength. "In the thickness of the walls," he wrote, "are little stairways, cabinets and cupboards, from the bottom floor to the top floor; thus there is no space wasted."

Evidently the building was designed for a dwelling—perhaps an apartment house, for in describing his project, Perret wrote: "This great and excellent edifice can accommodate comfortable 500 people."

Considering the date of the design, the project of Jacques Perret was in many ways a remarkably prophetic vision. In ornateness of detail and in fanciful exaggeration the building suggests the sixteenth century, but in its general lines it represents a much later period in architecture. Like the most modern skyscrapers of New York, it has a tower above the main building. And when he designed the terraced roof, did Jacques Perret dream of a roof garden?

Strength of Cast Iron.

In a paper recently read before the Society of Chemical Industry the statement was made that the strength of cast iron was affected by the addition of wrought iron in the following proportions: With 100 parts of cast iron 10 parts of wrought iron increases the strength 2 per cent; 20 parts of wrought iron increases the strength 32 per cent; 30 parts of wrought iron increases the strength 60 per cent; 40 parts of wrought iron increases the strength but 33 per cent. The maximum result is therefore produced with 30 per cent wrought scrap.

Stainless Steel.

A Sheffield steel firm has recently evolved a new and novel product which is called stainless steel, which, when brought to a bright polished finish, is proof against rust, stain or tarnish. The first articles which have been made from this steel are cutlery, and after a prolonged use this has retained its original finish. Although specimens were subjected to a particularly severe test on fruits of various kinds known quickly to stain ordinary steel, there were no marks of any kind upon the surface of the cutlery.

A Larger Model.

"I advertised for a perfect 36," said the cloak manufacturer not unkindly.

"Well?" snapped the more than buxom applicant.

"You got things just reversed. You appear to be a perfect 63."

Days of Real Sport.

Teacher—The centaurs were creatures with the head and arms of man and the body of a horse.

Billy (the Ty Cobb of his team)—Gee! What a combination for battin' and base runnin'!

The Difference.

"The man they threw out of the place was not like a burning house."

"How so?"

"He was full of fire after he was put out."

Quite Another Matter.

"Is Mrs. Oldboy in mourning for her husband?"

"No."

"Then who's she in black for?"

"She's in black for him."

The Handicap.

"The police will soon catch the absconding defaulter."

"How do you know?"

"Because he has no money for running expenses."

Their Use.

"Don't you think they ought to pass blanket bills for paving?"

"What makes you think that?"

"They would come in handy for the bed of the streets."

His Role.

"I suppose since the baby came, your husband is no longer the hero of your domestic drama?"

"Oh, no; he is merely the walking gentleman."

Valuable Farm Land.

It is said that in some localities in Japan farm land sells for $10,000 an acre.

HE WAS SWEET-LOOKING COP

Humble Maid Servant Expresses Admiration for General Wood, Chief of Staff of the Army.

Gen. Leonard Wood, chief of staff of the United States army, has had many expressions of admiration voiced as to his personal appearance. It remained, however, for a humble maid servant to apotheosize his looks.

A young girl—who, knowing the general, worships him as her hero—always keeps a photograph of him in uniform on her dressing table. One day, entering her bedroom suddenly, she chanced upon her newly acquired maid, who stood agape, with gleaming eyes, holding the photograph in her hand.

Startled into speech, the servant asked:

"What's he, miss?"

"He's an officer, Norah." The young mistress deemed that answer sufficient.

"Gee, miss," was the breathless comment as the maid put down the picture lingeringly; "but ain't he the sweet-lookin' cop!"—Neale's Monthly.

SHE ATTRACTED THE COPPERS.

Mrs. Oldwed—Why did you pick out such a pretty cook?

Mrs. Newwed—My husband is away a great deal, and I wanted to have police protection.

Convincing Proof.

"How can you tell whether a man has been married only a short while or long enough to get used to it?"

"You can tell that very easily by observing how he says, 'I have a wife to provide for.'"

"Yes?"

"If he says it proudly, he hasn't been married long, but if he says it with an air of deep dejection you may be sure that the iron has entered his soul."

Doubtful.

"How would you like to be a wounded French soldier from the trenches, convalescing in a luxurious Paris hotel, which had been converted into a military hospital, and with a beautiful nurse to wait on you who was probably a nobleman's daughter?"

"No doubt that would be fine, but I don't believe I would enjoy heaven much if I had to go through hell to get there."

Getting Serious.

Mr. Newpop (2 a. m. at the phone)—Hello, doctor! Can you come down and see the baby right away?

Doctor—What seems to be the trouble?

Mr. Newpop—I—I'm not quite sure, but I think he has insomnia.

Her View.

Patience—I read in a paper today that 90 per cent of the stenographers are women.

Patrice—Of course; trying to blame all the bad spelling on the poor women.

No Man.

Patience—And you say she is inclined to be exclusive?

Patrice—I should say so! Why, it is said she sometimes sits in the parlor all alone with the gas turned down low.

Deserved Punishment.

"Did you ever have a desire to go on the stage?" asked the man who had a minor part in the show.

"Oh, yes," replied his neighbor. "The first time I ever saw you try to act I did."

Used to Growling.

Mrs. Myles—What has become of that nurse you used to have for your pet dog?

Mrs. Styles—Oh, she's married.

"She ought to get along all right. She's used to growling."

Seemed So.

Bacon—I see the human family is subject to about twelve hundred different kinds of disease and ailments.

Egbert—Well that can't be right, for my wife has over twelve hundred ailments alone.

A Scarecrow.

Bill—I see a woman who conducts a farm near Los Angeles wears male clothing when at work.

Jill—That possibly saves the trouble of putting up a scarecrow.