

In the East and the West

By H. M. EGBERT

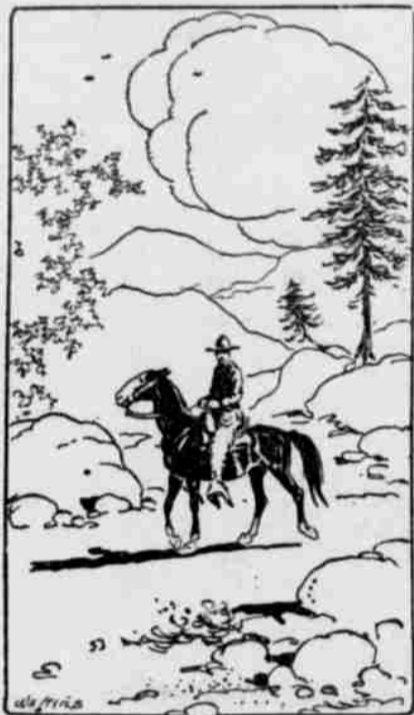
(Copyright, 1915, by W. G. Chapman.)

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 unrepresentable 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 allurments. 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.

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.

About Portugal



Lisbon's Beautiful Harbor.

PORTUGAL, the most recent nation to be drawn into the maelstrom of the European war, was once a part of the ancient Roman province of Lusitania, says a bulletin issued by the National Geographic society.

With a population scarcely exceeding the combined population of New York city, Jersey City, and Newark, and an area in Europe less than the state of Indiana, Portugal has not played a major role in the politics of continental Europe in many years, not, in fact, since Wellesley, afterward the Duke of Wellington, landed his English forces and, with the aid of native troops, defeated Soult and Massena, Napoleon's marshals, in the two peninsular campaigns.

But the colonial empire of Portugal is out of all proportion to the importance of the home country. In fact there were, at the beginning of the war, only three other countries in Europe—Great Britain, France, and Germany—whose flags floated over more territory beyond the boundaries of the home country. The combined area of the New England and North Atlantic states would equal less than one-fourth of the territory under the dominion of the tiny republic occupying the western edge of the Iberian peninsula, whose navigators in the fifteenth and sixteenth century were the wonders of the world. Yet all this vast territory is held by 8,000 colonial troops, supplemented by native armies.

Peasants Are Poets.

A curious anomaly is to be found among the peasants of Portugal, who are classified as among the most illiterate of Western Europe, yet among the most intelligent. Many of the farmers—three-fifths of the population is devoted to agricultural pursuits—have a remarkable gift for versification, and many of the poems of the country are handed down from generation to generation without being recorded. The peasants also are noted for their sobriety, and yet the annual production of wine exceeds 25 gallons for each inhabitant. So great, in fact, is the product of the vineyards that in the cities the various qualities of water are discussed with keener interest than the grades of wine.

While Portugal's maritime glory is a thing of the past, a large number of Portuguese still follow the sea for a livelihood, and the fishing industry is important. The Portuguese sardines, however, are preserved in Italian olive oil, although one-fifteenth of the cultivated area of the nation is given over to olive groves, for the production of oils of a cheap grade.

The Portuguese peasant woman is an important bread winner, but she receives for her day's labor of 16 hours in the field only a shilling or less, while the men get two shillings.

One of the profitable and extremely popular "industries" of the rural population is a placid laying in wait for tourists who attempt to motor through the country on the less-frequented and often impassable public roads. With an ox-team the peasant waits at a favorable spot until a motorist, traveling on an automobile on which an import tax of \$120 has been collected by the Portuguese government, sticks in the mud. To haul out such an unfortunate is often more profit-

able than several days' work in the wheat, maize, or rice fields.

Lisbon's Beautiful Harbor.

The harbor of Lisbon, where the seizure of the German merchant ships precipitated Portugal into the war, is one of the most beautiful in all Europe, ranking scarcely second to Naples and Constantinople. The city is about the size of Pittsburgh, and has been the political center of the nation since it was wrested from the Moors in the middle of the twelfth century by Alfonso Henriques, the founder of the kingdom. It was the English who aided Alfonso in his war against the Moors, and the following century the two countries effected an alliance which has existed unbroken during the succeeding 700 years, save for such sporadic interruptions as when Napoleon forced the little kingdom to declare war against the island empire.

The Portuguese, especially those of Lisbon, are a pleasure-loving people. They are fond of sports of many sorts, including the bull-fight, but the torador is not the idol in this country that he is in Spain, nor are the contests as fierce. Horses are seldom if ever sacrificed in Portuguese trocadero.

Lisbon is an even greater "night city" than Paris, the streets appearing at their busiest usually at 3 a. m. The principal thoroughfares are admirably kept nowadays but as late as 1835 a "clean-up" campaigner was in a woeful minority when he began to urge the authorities to put a stop to such practices as breaking horses in the streets and singeing pigs in the main avenues of trade. He also protested against keeping pigs alive in the streets "or tied to the doors," while he thought it advisable to put an end to the custom of allowing dead animals to lie for indefinite periods in the streets.

There are about 100 journals published in Portugal, the majority of these being of a political nature, and many of them are owned by the leaders of the various political parties.

It has been said that "if Lisbon turns Turk tomorrow all Portugal will wear the turban," so when the monarchy was overthrown in 1910, after 100 persons had been killed and 500 wounded in the capital, King Manuel taking refuge in England, it was a matter of course that the rest of the nation would quietly acquiesce in the new order of things. Portugal today has much the same outward form of government as our own. Each parliament is supposed to last three years; senators are elected for six years, and presidents for four years. The head of the government receives \$20,000 a year. Money, however, is reckoned chiefly in reis, and, therefore, even a day laborer's wages is sweet to the ear, for it takes 20 reis to make a penny.

Portugal's transcendent contribution to world history was the colonization of Brazil, the largest nation in South America and the third largest in the Western hemisphere. While Brazil was discovered by Columbus' companion, Pinzon, and formal possession taken by him in the name of Spain, Cabral landed in 1500, a year later, and proclaimed it Portuguese territory. Portugal settled the country and ruled it until 1822 when, under the leadership of the Portuguese prince, Dom Pedro, independence from the mother county was declared.

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

MARY GRAHAM BONNER

FAIRIES PLEASE MR. BOOK-CASE.

"The fairies are the best little peace makers in the world," began daddy, as he saw that the children were ready to hear what the fairies had been doing all day.

"Last night," he went on, "the book-case in a nursery became very, very angry. He just talked and muttered to himself all night. Every little while the children would wake up for they could hear the book-case scolding away. Of course they didn't know that the book-case was really talking and scolding. They thought it was only a creaking they heard but it woke them up ever so many times.

"That was just what the book-case wanted. He was feeling so angry, he just wanted to wake up the little boys and girls who were sleeping in the nursery.

"Well," he creaked, "I am too mad to stand here any more. I think I will just fall down. That would be a



"Now, Don't Be Angry, Mr. Book-Case."

good joke. That would make all the little boys and girls appreciate what I am. What would happen to all their favorite picture books if I fell down? Yes, what indeed?

"And how about those books of ships and pirates and adventures that the creatures they call boys like? What would happen to them if I fell down and dropped them all? Or the books they paint in and cut out paper dolls from?"

"They would all have their covers broken and no doubt the pages of a great many would fall out. They would have fallen out long ago, and the covers would have been broken if they had not had me to hold them.

"Now what makes me so mad is that those children were talking today, and they said they could use me out in the back yard for their snowballs, snow ice cream and such nonsense in the winter—and in the spring, dear, dear me," and at this the book-case would have cried if he had only known how they even said I could be used for mud pies. They said they didn't need me any more. They could put their books in the closet. In the cold, dark, dreary closet. Poor, dear books. And I have treated them so well and been so fond of them. I will just have to fall down and lose my temper and crash with rage for I am not appreciated. Oh, it's very sad."

"All this time the fairies had been listening. They had felt very badly that the book-case was behaving so disgracefully and when they saw he was really in earnest they just began to talk to him.

"They ran along the shelves and crawled in and out of the books and said to the book-case:

"Now, don't be angry Mr. Book-case. It really won't do the slightest bit of good. And as for that creaking, it is most unkind of you. Poor little boys and girls! Wouldn't you let them have a good night's sleep? We don't really think you mean to be unkind but see how they are tossing every time you creak, and they are so tired."

"But," said the book-case, "I have been so good to all their books. My broad shelves have held them up and I have taken such care of them, I am hurt because they think that now I don't need to look after books but can be used for snowballs and mud pies to go on my shelves."

"They really love you," said the little fairies, "but how they have grown thoughtless. They will love you just as much later on for holding their books and in the meantime we will keep you cheered up playing hide-and-go-seek between your precious books."

Didn't Ask for Pie.

Allen, aged five, was passing the afternoon with his aunt in the suburbs, and after he had been at play for a time he said: "Aunt Mary, mamma said I wasn't to ask you for a piece of pie, but she didn't tell me not to take it if you offered it to me."