

Old World And New.

By W. S. ODLIN.

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"He looks as if he were one of the statues, just as part of this wonderful picture of the old Italy and the new world into one," mused Penelope Gardner. "He is really more than life—six feet four if he is an inch." Her aunt, Mrs. Hammell, swung round sharply.

"Who? Oh, that guard? It is his helmet, my dear child, and his high bearded boots. Wouldn't you think he'd be amazed to pose like that at the head of the grand staircase? Did you ever see much gilt braid and shiny leather on a human being?"

Hammell's voice had executed a full crescendo, and Penelope forth a protesting hand.

"Speak so loud, auntie, dear, I understand."

"Great, square shouldered, glittering uniform stood as imposing as the knight in the old Gobelins before which Mrs. Hammell enraptured, though she could not criticize the king's guard."

"It's just the difference between soldierly and what we see abroad. Every one of our lads holds possibilities of doing big things. Foreign soldiers are mere puppets."

Penelope replied with conviction: "I don't agree with you. That man has the face of the bearing of one who will some day do things that are worth while. He makes me think of that tapestry knight, setting out to fight for his true love."

Mrs. Hammell gasped and closed her Baedeker with a snap.

"My dear Penelope, I am amazed! If you behave this way over the first handsome man you see in uniform, how will you feel by the time we have attended a few receptions and met the real nobility, rising young diplomats and all that sort of thing?"

"Thoroughly disgusted, I presume," said Penelope coldly, "and I hope we shall not go to any receptions where tiny men, with waxed mustaches and mincing steps, will look through my backbone to daddy's newly acquired bank account. It is because that man is so big, so strong and looks as if he could move heaven and earth to achieve for the woman he loved that I was studying him. It is so seldom that I meet a man whom I could look up to." Ended Penelope, with a sigh for her five feet eleven inches of graceful slenderness. "I was considering him only as an abstract quantity, a hypothetical man, so to speak."

"I should hope so," was her aunt's indignant reply. "Why, these special guards of the king are gathered in the north of Italy solely for their height, the guidebook says, and no doubt he was found grubbing in some wretched farm or vineyard. In New York he would be working in the subway."

Penelope turned and started to cross the great throne room where through an open window the soft Italian sunlight beckoned to her. The martial figure at the entrance so close to the Gobelins tapestry had not moved the half of an inch, but above the gold braid on his collar and rising up the peak of his helmet was an unmistakable flash.

Penelope paused, frozen in her tracks, but the man looked straight ahead. She crossed to the window, resting her head wearily on her gloved hand. Her glance traveled over the great courtyard of the palace, while Mrs. Hammell completed her tour of the tapestry hangings.

"He understood English—every word we said. How intolerably stupid of us! And auntie said he probably grubbed on a farm! No wonder these foreigners think we Americans are rude. We are so secure and snug in our ignorance of their language that we cannot believe they understand ours."

The sunlight waned, and Penelope knew that out on the Appian way tender amethyst shadows were settling. Why could not her aunt be satisfied with Rome's beautiful outdoor life, its drives and walks? Why must she spend days and days in musty churches and hideously garish palaces? She looked back into the room. Lovely shadows softened the gilt frames and furniture, red and blue blended into purple, and the uniform figure right faced abruptly. He had dared to watch her as she stood thus at the window! Was it served her right for talking about human beings as if they were statues or curios?

That night she wrote in her diary: "Spent entire afternoon in the royal palace. Tapestries remarkable, but rather boring. Bedrooms reserved for various royal guests reminded me of Waldorf-Astoria. Were not permitted to enter royal suit, of course, but heard laughter of royal children through folding doors, and a hurdy gurdy playing in what must have been the nursery. Italy is a place of disillusion. The natives are learning English, the better to do you, my dear!"

Penelope Gardner held off the plate card at arm's length and studied it critically.

"It's lovely, Pen—you ought to charge more for your work. You could get it, you know. Rich women love to patronize girls like you."

"Who once ate off their plates, instead of painting out cards for them? I think I will charge Mrs. Fitch half a dollar more for each of these cards. They were done to match her Italian villa dining room, you know."

"What I do know," pursued Penelope's caller, "is that you are going with me to Archie Hunter's studio tea this afternoon. The way you have shut yourself off from all of us, just because your father dropped money in the wrong copper mine, is execrable. Pen—there are so many who loved you in spite of your money and love you more now because you haven't any—won't you come?"

St. Anthony himself couldn't refuse you, Kathie," said Penelope, pushing aside her work. "I am going, and what is more, I shall wear my new spring frock, made over from one that last year I might have given to my maid."

Penelope could say such things with-

out a touch of bitterness. She seemed rather to glory in the fact that she was self supporting, able to face the world which had promised her so much and then withdrawn its hypocritical smiles.

Through the open door of Hunter's studio came the click of teacups and a confused murmur of well bred voices.

"Jolly glad to see you," exclaimed Hunter, looking up into Penelope's gray blue eyes. Sometimes he had thought that if he could have looked down instead of up, she might have said "Yes," instead of "No."

"Isn't it a good crowd today? You see, I had something special to bring them. You haven't met Lecca yet, have you? Hello there, old chap! I want you to know Miss Gardner. You wouldn't think he was an Italian, eh, Pen?" Hunter rattled on. "Who ever heard of a six foot Italian, with blond hair at that?"

"My friend Hunter said that he would not make of me either a lion or yet a curio, but listen how he talks. Some one turned on an electric light, and before its flash the soft shadows of the studio disappeared. Penelope gave a little gasp and slowly from Lecca's face every vestige of color faded.

Penelope recovered first.

"Ah, there is Dorothy Kent pouring tea. I know it will be worth drinking." And Lecca, dazed, watched the trail of a shimmering ciel blue voile skirt across Hunter's priceless rugs to the tea table. There for several minutes she stood with her back turned full upon the group around her host and his guest of honor.

She was the center of another laughing group when she felt his compelling gaze drawing her away from the chattering. Hunter was speaking to her in a tone which the tense, nervous girl did not realize was one of renunciation.

"Lecca has been unpacking some of his traps in my farther room. He wants to know if you would like to see them. It's an honor, Pen. Even I have not seen the picture he expects to exhibit at the academy next month. He's a fine fellow. Met him last year in Paris. Awfully glad he has taken a shine to you."

Without speaking Penelope passed through the door whose hangings Lecca drew aside for her. He crossed to a canvas and threw back the drapery which hid it.

"I have named it 'The Old World and the New,'" he said simply.

Penelope looked with widening eyes. There was the tapestried wall of the throne room in all its old world colorings, faded, in places almost obscure, while against it, vital, full of grace and vigor, was the figure of an alert American girl clad in navy blue broadcloth, a velvet picture hat on her soft brown hair and a great bouquet of Roman violets at her belt.

"You see, I have done what you said—something worth while—and, having done it, I have come to show it to you and your people. I wanted you to know that you had made it possible—it is not for sale"—He drew himself up proudly, and she reached out her hand absently.

"And if it was—I could not buy it. Much has happened to me since the day—in the throne room. We—we have lost everything."

"Ah!" The man drew a long, deep breath. "Fate has indeed been kind; otherwise I might not speak! I was a foolish boy, unworthy son of a gifted father, proud of my authority in the royal guard and my toy uniform—faugh—until you came and the man in me cried out in shame. You said I could do it. Have I done it well enough to please you?"

She bowed her head and then raised it again. Yes, without the helmet and the high heels, he still towered above her, and then her eyes fell before his earnest gaze.

"That day—it was the same, the glance, the flash, you will forgive me, the message of love. In our country love does not wait. Yet for five years I have worked for you. All I am you have made. Today I may be artist to our king. Will you come?"

"To my king—yes."

And though his next words were of his own country, the girl understood, for the language of love is the same in the old world and in the new.

The... Professor's Way.

By HENRY LEWIS.

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Professor Sweetzer, naturalist for a certain New England college, was a little man. He was round shouldered. He was awkward on his legs. He wore goggles for his weak eyes, and he arrived at the age of fifty-five without having loved. As between bugs and beetles and women, the bugs and beetles were ahead. It was only on rare occasions and when under the stress of excitement that he took the slightest notice of the other sex. Even when he did sit up and take notice of them he could not have recalled half an hour later what he said or whether they had red hair or black.

On a certain day it came to the ears of Professor Sweetzer that a portion of the vertebrae of a whale had been found on a farm in Connecticut. He arrived on the spot next day and verified the find. On an occasion thousands of years before an old bull whale had decided to take a trip inland and through some error of judgment had left his bones in a gravel pit. A piece of the backbone six feet long had been uncovered. The professor wanted to excavate for the rest. Where there is six feet of whale you can take it that there is more. He engaged board at the Widow Webb's and hired a man to wield the pick and shovel and this went to work.

The Widow Webb was fat and forty and childless. She was worth a stony farm and \$300 in cash. She still older sister lived with her, and the farm work was done by a hired man with the good old fashioned name of Hiram Stebbins. Hiram was thirty-five and drank nothing stronger than cider, but he thought deeply. One of them was that if he married the widow he would become the possessor of the farm and \$300. He had been thinking of this and taking the farm work easy when Professor Sweetzer put in an appearance. Hiram looked at him and grinned. If any one had told him that within a week he would be jealous of that little dried up and humpedbacked specimen of humanity, he would have roared with laughter.

As soon as the professor had inspected the bone and become enthusiastic, he was a changed man. He became a fluent talker. He became fatherly toward the widow. He called her "my child," and often took her hand and held it while he tried to make her understand that a whale was a cachelot and that a cachelot could stand on his tail in the water as well as on his head.

When Hiram witnessed the hand holding act, he quit grinning. He was mad all that day as he bood corn. He was mad when he came up to supper. He was mad when one of the cows kicked him at milking time. While the professor took a ramble in search of beetles, Hiram carried the milk into the kitchen and began:

"Widder Webb, how does it feel to have a baboon holding your hand?"

"Hiram, what do you mean?" was demanded.

"I mean that I have seen you and that little runt of a man squeezing hands a dozen times, and neither of you seems to care who stands by. Fell in love mighty quick, didn't you?"

"Look here, Mr. Stebbins, you have no right to talk to me this way. You know who the professor is. He's a great man. He has taught me more about whales in the last three days than I know in all my life before. He also knows all about birds and bugs and bees. It's twice as interesting to hear him talk as it is to hear a sermon."

"Has a feller got to squeeze your hand to talk to you about whales?" asked Hiram.

"He hasn't squeezed it. That's simply his way. He's a fatherly man. When he gets to talking he don't know whether he has got hold of my hand or the leg of a chair. You ought to be ashamed of yourself to talk as you do. I always thought there was a mean and jealous streak in you, and now it's come out."

"Oh, it has, eh?" muttered Hiram. "Perhaps if I went around looking for the bones of an old whale, I'd be all right."

"I guess it would be better than grunting around. You don't care for educated folks, but I do. I was born that way. If I was to ask you about whales, you couldn't tell me anything."

"But the professor could?"

"Yes, sir, he could. Hiram Stebbins, do you know that the Latin name of whale is *Physeter macrocephalus*? Do you know that we get spermatozoa and embryos from its body? Do you know that he sometimes reaches the length of seventy or eighty feet? You stand there with a mean look on your face, and yet let me tell you that the sperm whale can swallow a man at a gulp. There are no teeth in the upper jaw, but the lower one has from twenty-five to thirty on each side. The eyes are small and placed far back in the head."

"Well?" grunted the hired man.

"Well, the cachelot feeds upon fishes and cephalopodous mollusks. You probably thought he fed upon turnips. The whale is gregarious. Five hundred or more have been seen in a single herd. Terrible conflicts often take place among the males, and it is not unusual to find the lower jaws deformed. The left eye is said to be smaller than the right, and the whale cannot see behind him."

"All from the professor?" sneered Hiram as he bowed and walked out to fasten the hencoop for the night.

When the professor wasn't assisting him to dig for bones he was hunting bugs and bees and butterflies. To his great joy, he discovered a seven spot bumblebee. As all of us know, a bumblebee is of dark color, with yellow spots on his back. There are often from five to six spots and they rarely a seven spotter. This bee, along with a dozen others, was placed in a pasteboard box, and when the house was reached the box was deposited on a window sill of the veranda. The professor had told the widow all about whales. As soon as he had a little spare time he meant to tell her all about bumblebees. Two days had gone by when the moment came. The bones

of the day were over and supper disposed of when the professor and the widow took chairs on the veranda. He had found the shell of a small turtle in the gravel that day, and he set out to first explain about that. Hiram Stebbins was grinning his boots and chewing the rag in the kitchen and could hear every word. He also knew all about that box of bumblebees on the window sill.

According to Professor Sweetzer, turtles had hearts and lungs, hopes and aspirations. He would even go so far as to say that turtles loved and were loved in return. They did not sing like a bird nor bellow like a frog, but they were supposed to have musical ears for all that. In his earnestness the man got hold of the widow's hand. It was only his way. If he had got hold of her ear it would have been the same. He had called her his dear woman and his dear child half a dozen times, and in his lecture he had got as far back as the turtle's markings when Hiram Stebbins could restrain himself no longer. He saw red. He thirsted for gore. He rose up to do murder, but checked his onslaught and walked softly into the sitting room. The window was up and the bee box before him, while the backs of the sitters were toward him. He lifted the cover and stepped back.

The dozen bumbles had been hopping mad and calling each other names for the two days. The cover was no sooner off than they swarmed to get room to square off. As they caught sight of the professor and the widow, however, the hatchet was instantly buried. There was a wild swoop, followed by wilder yells. One seven spot led in the fray. He it was who lifted the professor over the veranda rail and let him drop among the hollyhocks while the rest were paying the widow attentions. The professor ran and was followed, the widow shrieked and was stung again and again. It was not until Hiram rushed out with smoke and flame that she was rescued and a neighbor woman sent for to treat the lumps and bumps and put her to bed. The professor returned not. Old seven spot wouldn't let him. No news came from him as the hours of night wore on, and Hiram wondered, but next morning the widow received a note reading:

"My dear child, please send my respects by bearer. I'm off after more bones. The turtle, as I meant to have told you, is utterly without ambition."

"Waah!" said Hiram to himself as he worked in the cornfield that day, "there was the professor and me and the widder and the whale and the bumblebees, and if I hadn't come out top of the heap, who has?"

WANDERING WORKERS.

Many Skilled Mechanics Like to Travel Over the Globe.

In New York may be found skilled mechanics who have been wandering over the globe for half a lifetime. There are few trades in which a skilled man with the mastery of several tongues cannot earn a living in almost any considerable city of the world.

Most of the mechanics who move thus freely about the world are continental Europeans. Woodcarvers, stonecutters, electrical workers of various kinds and garment cutters are among the mechanics that move about most freely.

The great temptation to such a wanderer is the trip around the world. The thing is not really difficult. He can cross this continent profitably in a few months, with a stop at Chicago and perhaps another between Chicago and San Francisco. A stop of a few weeks or months at San Francisco will put him in funds for the voyage to Australia.

There are four or five Australian cities in which a skilled man is sure of profitable employment. After Australia there are the great Anglo-Indian cities.

The journey to Europe can be made with a stop at Cairo if one chooses to make a little detour, and then Paris awaits one only a few hours beyond the end of the Mediterranean. Here are cheap living and good wages. In a few months one is more than equipped for the voyage to New York.

One has only to keep sober and know how to save money in order to make such a journey around the world with entire success. It does not mean uncomfortable living. In fact, the journeyman must be well dressed and must present a good appearance to get on. At the height of the season hardly any city has enough skilled garment cutters, for example, and the wanderers are always welcome when they reach a new town.—Washington Post.

The Nature of an Oath.

Some years ago a case was on trial before the judge of a court in a city adjoining Boston in which among the numerous witnesses for the defense was a decidedly ignorant appearing and shiftless looking colored man named Jones, who was to testify as to an alibi.

He was finally called, and the usual oath was about to be administered, when the attorney for the prosecution arose and addressed his honor, suggesting that Mr. Jones be interrogated as to his understanding of the solemnity of an oath. The judge therefore asked the witness if he understood the nature of an oath, to which he replied, "Yes, sah."

"Well," said his honor, "what is it?" To which Mr. Jones immediately replied, "When you tell a lie, stick to it."—Boston Herald.

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