

THE STAR, ST. JOHN, N. B. SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1907.

# OLD WORLD AND NEW

By W. S. Odlin

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"He looks like it was one of the statues, just a part of this wonderful picture of the old Italy and the new rolled into one," mused Penelope Gardiner. "He is really more than life size, six feet four if he is an inch."

"Aunt, Mrs. Hannell, swung around sharply.

"Who? Oh, that guard? It is his helmet, my dear child, and his high boots. Wouldn't you think he'd be ashamed to pose like that at the head of the great staircase? Did you ever see so much gilt and brass and leather on one human being?"

Mrs. Hannell's voice had a gradual crescendo, and Penelope reached forth a protesting hand.

"Don't speak so loud, Auntie, dear. He might understand."

But the great, square-shouldered figure in glittering uniform stood as impassive as the knights in the old chivalry tapestry before which Mrs. Hannell stood enraptured, though she continued to criticize the king's guard.

"That's just the difference between our soldiery 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, Thas. That man has the face, 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. Hannell gasped and closed her Bechecker with a snap.

"My dear Penelope, I am amazed! If you believe 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 among diplomats and all that sort of thing?"

"Thoroughly disgusted, I presume," said Penelope, coldly. "And I hope we shall not go to any reception where tiny men with wadded mustaches and mincing steps will look through my backbones 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."

Penelope looked at a slight 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 guide-book says, and no doubt he was found grubbing on the great cobble-stone of his helmet was an unmistakable flash."

Penelope paused, frown in her forehead, but the man looked straight ahead. She crossed to the window, resting her head wearily on her gloved hand. Her glance travelled over the great carpet of the palace, while Mrs. Hannell completed her tour of the tapestry-lined walls.

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 don't believe they understand ours."

The sunlight waned, and Penelope knew that out on the Appian Way tender anemone 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. Lovingly she softened the gilt frames and furniture, reds and blues blended into purple and the uniform figure right-faced abruptly! He had dared to watch her as she stood thus at the window! Well, 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 suite, of course, but heard laughter of royal children through folding doors, and a busy-gaily 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 Gardiner held off the plate carrier 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 asked me off their plates, instead of jangling 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 cousin, "is that you are going with me to Archibald Hunter's studio this afternoon. The way you have shut yourself out from all of us, just because your father dropped money in the wrong copper mill, is inexcusable. Pen—there are so many who loved you in spite of your money and love you now more 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 without a touch of bitterness. She seemed rather to glory in the fact that she was self-sufficient, able to face the world which had promised her so much and then withdrawn its hypocritical smiles.

studies came the click of tenebris, 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 home. You haven't met Lecca yet, have you? Hello there, old chap—I want you to know Miss Gardiner. You wouldn't think he was an Italian, eh, Pen?" Hunter rattled on, "who ever heard of a six-foot Italian, with blonde 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—light, and before her flash, the shadows of the studio disappeared. Penelope gave a little gasp, and slowly, from Lecca's face, every vestige of colored faded.

Penelope recovered first.

"Ah, there is Dorothy Kent pouring tea. I know it will be worth drinking. And Lecca, dressed, watched the trail of a shimmering di blue voile skirt across Hunter's priceless rug 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 centre of another laughing group when she felt his compelling gaze drawing her away from the chatter. Hunter was speaking to her in a tone which the tense nervous girl did not realize was one of renunciation. Lecca had been unpacking some of his traps in his further room. He wanted 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 last year. Glad he has taken a shine to you."

Without speaking, Penelope passed through the door, her hanging lace dress drew aside for her. He crossed to the canvas and threw back the tapestry which hid it.

"I have named it 'The Old World and the New,'" he said simply. "Penelope looked with widening eyes. There was the tapestry wall of the throne room in all its old-world coloring, faded in places, almost obscure, while against it, vital, full of grace and vigor, was the figure of an American girl, clad in navy blue broadcloth, a violet picture hat on her head, and a great bouquet of Roman violets at her belt.

"You say I have named what you said something worth while, and having done it, I have come to show it to you and you are in a hurry to leave. Well, I have made it possible—it is not for sale." He drew himself up proudly. "She reached out her hand pleadingly.

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

"The man drew a long, deep breath. "Foto 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—laugh—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?"

"You said he had heard and then raised it again. Yes, without the helmet and the high heels, he stilled towered above her, and her eyes fell before his earnest gaze.

"That day—it was the same, the glance, the flash, the word I forgot, the message of love. In our country love does not wait. Yet for five years I have worked for you. All I can say have made. Today I am in an artist to our king—Will you come?"

"To my king—yes."

"You said 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."

(Copyright, 1907, by Homer Sprague.)

"The special car for New York?" demanded Margaret.

"Track twelve," came the response. "Hurry up! They're just closing the gates."

With a little shriek of excitement Margaret dashed down the concourse and slipped through the gate just in time. She paused uncertainly, looking for the private car. A brakeman darted forward, half pulled her upon the rear platform and the train began to move. There was a clamor at the gate, evidently from the people who had missed the train, and Margaret smiled contentedly as she realized by how narrow a margin she had caught the train herself.

"The friendly brakeman looked puzzled when she spoke of a special car, but at last a light dawned upon his face.

"That was to be attached to the Washington express," he explained. "The train is twenty minutes late."

"And I'm on the wrong train," she cried.

"It's all right if you want to go to New York. We'll get there about the time they do."

"Then I may as well stay on," Margaret mused. "I don't know what to do. I still attended by the brakeman. He had just entered the first of the parlor cars when she felt a tug at her sleeve. "Jimmy," she cried in astonishment. "What are you doing here?"

that he wants to land the match."

Meg frowned as she always did when reminded of her approaching marriage. An English duke with vast estates and an infinitesimal income had asked her hand in marriage, and her father had given consent on his name.

Francis Cadmus had been ambitious for his daughter. He had always frowned upon Jimmy Dorval's suit even while admitting that he was a fine young fellow and bound to make his way in the world.

Ben Tibbetson's daughter had married a baronet. Here was a chance to administer a final coup to Tibbetson, who had boasted of his titled son-in-law, law ever since. So when young Dorval began to show signs of insubordination, Cadmus had hired private detectives. The events in Philadelphia had proved the value of this move, for Dorval and Margaret had planned an elopement.

Meg's mother came from one of the old Philadelphia families, and her aunts had insisted upon a visit that they might shine in reflected glory of her engagement to the duke. Cadmus had sent her over in a private car and had arranged that she should come back the same way. The gatekeeper had not caught her reference to the private car calling her back from the telegraph office, and by mistake had crossed the state line—without her.

"Of course I will," she declared briskly. "I don't want to marry the duke, and I do want to marry you. Is there anything to be said?"

"I'll get you one," declared the brakeman, who had been standing at hand. He reached into his pocket and pulled out a white whisker "car back."

He darted out while Jimmy gave Meg a look and stood beside her. The train slowed up for West Philadelphia, and a blue and brass coach through the city called her back from the telegraph office, and by mistake had crossed the state line—without her.

"Father says to wait here. She snatched up the telegram. He dashed out a bill and handed it to the boy, together with the message.

"You could not find the lady, understand?"

"I'm wise," agreed the boy. "Mebbe the lady didn't see me."

"Then she'll play him! Play him! Miss Bessie Foster was excited, but she didn't lose her presence of mind. She realized what the situation was, and she gave the young man one awful look and then threw her fishpole into the water and turned and walked toward the suckers in the river had remained quiet or had business elsewhere. All of a sudden, however, one of the suckers made a dash for it and gulped it down. There was a mighty tug from the captive and a scream of excitement. It was the first time the sucker had ever been hooked, and the first time the girl had ever hooked a fish.

"You said I must have been mistaken all the time, Aunt Mary," replied the girl with a blush.

"No-o-o. I guess he knew more about fishing than I did."

"Where did you drop from Bess?" he demanded. "I have been searching the four corners of the globe for you."

"I have been right here," she said steadily, as she offered a cool, soft hand. "I don't know about that, young lady. I should say it was right the other way. You may not have caught a whole, but that ain't saying you haven't caught a fish."

There may be good fishing in the Bakersville mill pond again this year, but there was no further impediment on the one hand nor indignation on the other. Affairs have progressed too far and too agreeably for that. In the language of Aunt Mary, "I've found an impudent man."

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# INDEPENDENCE VS HEROISM

By Jane Lewis

(Copyright, 1907, by Mary McKoon.)

Bakersville was like any other hamlet. It had a store, a postoffice, a blacksmith shop and a ruined old saw-mill. It had a river and a dam, and there were fish in the river. The latter fact was told to Bessie Foster, niece of Uncle Joe and Aunt Mary Warner, who had come from the city for a vacation, and who was looking about for a new diversion.

The girl was rigged out with pole, hook, line and bait, and Uncle Joe went with her to point out the spot where he once had a bite from something almost as big as a whale, and for half an hour she sat on the bank fishing. She was so busy that she did not notice that she was being watched by a young man fishing in the same waters and not over twenty feet away.

At first glance she saw that he was a stranger to the hamlet. As she looked up he raised his cap and bowed. How long he had been there she could not tell, but he acted as if he had been there a long time. She was looking at him in the first place, and in making the bow in the second, irritated her. She at once made a wide berth, but she was naturally defiant and changed her mind in an instant.

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and cast in her hook, and within a minute something seized it. She repressed a cry and was taking a firmer grip on her pole, when the planks under her feet gave way and she went into the pond with a splash and a splash. She rose to the surface gasping and gasping to find the impudent young man beside her and saying in her ear: "Blessed pike! Bless'd pike!"

"I expect it. Don't struggle and you'll be all right. We have got to go over the dam, but I can swim ashore before you."

The girl ought to have given him "one of her looks," but did not take advantage of the occasion. The water was very cold and the fall over the dam ten feet. She gasped with fright and clutched the young man, and then nestled to have come. When she opened her eyes again she was in bed at Aunt Mary's and the doctor was saying:

"I think I do nicely now. I happened to be driving by the old mill and saw it all. The young fellow managed like a hero. There was no boat, and I could render no assistance, and two or three times I thought they were gone."

"Auntie," asked the girl after the doctor had gone, "did I fall into the mill pond?"

"Yes, dear."

"And go over the dam?"

"Yes."

"And how—how was I saved?"

"Why, that impudent young fellow had the nerve to jump in after you and bring you ashore. If things are to go on this way, I don't know where they will stop. Just bet he'll have the nerve to call here and ask after you."

Aunt Mary was right. That evening the young man did call and make inquiries and leave his card, and twenty-four hours later he was again ushered into the parlor, to find the rescued maiden sitting at the window. He heard a great deal of talking and some laughing, and at the end of half an hour he was alone. He was alone, and he was alone, and he was alone.

"Well, I suppose it's some more of his impudence."

"I think I must have been mistaken all the time, Aunt Mary," replied the girl with a blush.

"No-o-o. I guess he knew more about fishing than I did."

"Where did you drop from Bess?" he demanded. "I have been searching the four corners of the globe for you."

"I have been right here," she said steadily, as she offered a cool, soft hand. "I don't know about that, young lady. I should say it was right the other way. You may not have caught a whole, but that ain't saying you haven't caught a fish."

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She slipped across the road to Judson's house and delivered the keys into the keeping of the grim-faced Mrs. Judson.

"I should like to say good-by to Mr. Judson," she faltered. "He has been very kind to me this winter."

"I sent him over to the Center," his mother said stiffly. "Si ain't got no call for bein' so kind about with young girls. 'Tain't decent."

She closed the door with a nice shade of emphasis that just avoided a positive slam, and Bess turned away toward the river. It was both companion and comforter, and as she reached the bank she sank into a little nook formed by a screen of bushes, and the tears that had been sternly repressed all day flowed unchecked.

When she had first come she had looked forward to the long summer days which she would spend by the river. Then she had been full of enthusiasm and there was no question in her mind as to her continuance in the position. Now, just as the river seemed at its best, she was going back to the city. She recalled with a shudder her struggle of the year before. Her father had died just after she had graduated from college. When the small estate was settled it was found that he had lived up to every penny of his income. There was just enough left to pay his outstanding debts and leave a couple of hundred dollars for the girl. The bulk of this had gone for board while she sought a position. The rest, together with her small savings, must go this year. She had commenced the drudgery of life. She could meet it bravely, but it tore her heart to leave the river and the country that she loved so well.

She should see the river in two, she knew, a broad, silent stream, covered with shipping and discolored by the tides and refuse. It would be a gray ghost of her old friend; a tantalizing reminder of the river she had lost. She was still sobbing when a sharp staccato bark resounded and a small terrier bounded into view.

Bess rubbed her eyes confusedly. The dog was fawning upon her in a very maddening way. Surely it must be Tony, and yet—On the gleaming collar plate she read the name, "I am James Harvey's Tony. Ten him he's lost me." Tony was a ghost from her other life, and she threw her arms about his little neck and buried her head upon his shoulder.

James Harvey, came softly up to see what game the dog had tracked, paused a moment to contemplate the picture. Another instant he had sprung forward.

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she-string and fell heavily into her seat. She was weary beyond words with the day's shopping. It was a hot evening and the train was packed. Passengers behind her crowded and packed, jamming her against a man at the seat's end. A brass curtain rod which she was carrying prodded him sharply in the ribs. She turned to apologize, but the words died on her lips when she found herself confronted by the eager face of "The Enemy."

With a brief word she drew the offending rod into place and tried to edge away from him.

He had passed her early in the morning bound cityward in his motor car. She had encountered him a number of times during the day, and when she had committed her own extravagances, lunch at Macdonald's, he, too, had sauntered in and had seated himself at a window table beside her. The enjoyment of her lunch was spoiled by the scrutiny of John Norman's gray eyes.

The feud between the Normans and Greys was of the fine, unreasonable, New England type. There had been real cause for grievance at the outset, two generations back, but when the grandniece of Ezra Grey came to live in the old homestead, John Norman, grandson of William the Offender, was more than ready to bury the hatchet, and it was the irony of fate that he should fall in love at sight with Helen Grey.

He was rich and popular, and the most eligible of Rosedale bachelors. He had never before been anxious in regard to friendship with women, but now he had planned and schemed to reach a friendly footing with his neighbors and had failed. They quietly ignored his friendly advances, snubbed him a few times, and now, the fear of marrying the armed neutrality, kept him from overstepping decent limits.

As Helen settled beside him in the train, he was very conscious of the pressure of her arm against his, and of the way she pressed her head against his. He had had her under espionage all the proceedings, going back to Rosedale, for trolley.

He was eager to take some of the heavy bundles that encumbered her. He dared not make the suggestion, her shrinking movement from him and her unfriendly glance were earnest of a rebuff.

Twilight deepened and the lights twinkled in the car. When there was elbow room and she was alone, she sighed. She made two or three attempts to reach it, but to do so she was in a crowded car, with bundle-laden and gloved fingers in no easy feat.

John Norman was aware of her efforts, for his foot was beside hers on the rail of the car, and when he saw a sharp tug at his shoe string he understood its significance. He knew also by the energetic twist that the string was tied in a hard knot, and that was as it should be.

She signaled the conductor to stop the car some distance from her home, rather than at the nearer one, where they must alight together. He understood the significance of the signal. She was getting off, bundle-laden, to avoid the possibility of any association with him. Norman's hand strayed to his pocket to conceal the smile at her transparent tactics.

As the car slowed she rose burdened with bundles. Then came a struggle, confusion and sickening distress as she dropped back fairly on John Norman's knee. Then she realized what the trouble was—she had tied her shoelace to his. She was profoundly grateful for the casual matter-of-fact way in which he took her wild behavior. She struggled to free her feet again, and all of Rosedale