THE JOURNAL

LUCIAN SWIFT, MANAGER. | J. S. McLAIN, EDITOR.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS

Payable to The Journal Printing Co.

Delivered by Mail.

One copy, one month	$0.35
One copy, three months	1.00
One copy, six months	2.00
One copy, one year	4.00
Saturday Eve. edition, 20 to 26 pages	1.50

Delivered by Carrier.

One copy, one week	8 cents
One copy, one month	35 cents
Single copy	2 cents

THE JOURNAL is published every evening, except Sunday, at 47-49 Fourth Street South, Journal Building, Minneapolis, Minn.

C. J. Bulson, Manager Foreign Advertising Department.

NEW YORK OFFICE—86, 87, 88 Tribune building.

CHICAGO OFFICE—530 Tribune building.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.

Subscribers ordering addresses of their papers changed must always give their former as well as present address.

CONTINUED.

All papers are continued until an explicit order is received for discontinuance, and until all arrearages are paid.

COMPLAINTS.

Subscribers will please notify the office in every case where their papers are not Delivered Promptly, or when the collections are not promptly made.

Sworn Average Daily Circulation OF THE JOURNAL FOR month of September

55,693

Amount of Advertising carried by the Twin City Papers for September:

	Cols.
Journal, 26 issues	1415
Tribune, Daily and Sunday 30 issues	1151
Times, Daily and Sunday 30 issues	904
ST. PAUL.	
Dispatch, 26 issues	1193
Pioneer Press, Daily and Sunday 30 issues	796
Globe, Daily and Sunday 30 issues	630

No Call for Lind.

We have yet to hear a single cogent reason given why the republicans of this district should elect John Lind to congress.

We say republicans, because it will take republican votes to elect him, and he is making a special effort to cater to that kind of support.

No consistent republican partizan can vote for a man who has done so much to injure the party in this state, the man who has been the active instrument of inflicting the only defeat the republican party in Minnesota has had in forty years.

No independent republican can vote for Lind if he has at heart the best interests of the city, the state and the country. There are not many independent republicans who would care to see the control of the national house of representatives pass to the democracy.

A vote for Lind is a vote that may be instrumental in accomplishing that eventuality.

No cool republican can see any reason why he should undertake to strengthen the ranks of the incompetent democratic party. Yet control of the house may depend on one congressman.

Merely as a citizen of Minneapolis, the voter has nothing to gain by exchanging Mr. Lind for Congressman Fletcher. The chances are ninety-nine out a hundred that if Mr. Fletcher is elected, the national house will be republican. Being a member of the dominant party, he will have an advantage over a new member of the minority party. Even if the house should be democratic and Mr. Lind elected, he could accomplish little with the senate and the presidency republican.

The most populous congressional district in the United States, the seat of the commercial metropolis of the northwest can scarcely afford to be represented in Washington by a free-silver reactionary who is out of touch with the times, by an anti-expansionist who would curb his own country while it is competing with the rest of the world.

Such being the situation there is no use thrusting an office upon a man who doesn't want it, and has been trying as hard as Mr. Lind has for the past ten years to get out of office and stay out. Mr. Lind's admirable ambition in this respect is always overborne by adverse circumstances. Every time he refuses to take office something happens to make him do what he said he wouldn't. He needs some good strong kindly help in his good intentions. He can't resist democratic cajolery and when tempted he falls and again appears as the enemy of his political alma mater, the good, old reliable republican party.

This time, though the straight-out, dyed-in-the-wool democratic nominee he is talking republican doctrine. We have no doubt that the voters will prefer a stalwart, rock-ribbed loyal republican, nominated by republicans, standing for republican principles invariably, to one who is not a republican, who insulted and injured the old party, and is now audacious enough to seek to go to congress to the disadvantage of that party with the aid of republican votes.

The coal operators propose to make the public pay $25,000,000 for the strike, by means of increased prices. Would it not have been better to have made the public pay for an increase of pay that would have avoided the strike?

IN A NUTSHELL.....

Canadian Currency and Banking Systems

The interminable discussion of currency and banking reform in the United States abounds in reference to the Canadian systems, though rarely are these references accompanied by compact statements of the outlines of the Canadian practice.

Canada is a gold-standard country, but has no gold coin of its own. The British sovereign and the American eagle are both legal tender and are the basis of the money system.

There are about $25,000,000 of Dominion government notes in circulation. No increase in these over $20,000,000 is allowed except on security of the full amount in gold.

But the great bulk of the currency in actual circulation, except subsidiary coin, consists of bank notes.

The Canadian bank system was established in 1871, and has twice been revised. It provides for central chartered banks with branches, and note issues secured by a first lien upon assets, stockholders' liability and a 5 per cent redemption fund.

The minimum capital required for organization of a bank is $500,000 subscribed, one-half of which must be paid in before the bank can begin business. The paid-up capital cannot be impaired by the payment of dividends, and 8 per cent is the maximum dividend until there is accumulated a reserve fund of at least 30 per cent of the capital.

There are now thirty-five chartered banks, which have about 700 branches, an aggregate capital of $68,000,000 and a surplus of $38,000,000. The Bank of Montreal, with a capital of $12,000,000 and forty-eight branches, is the largest.

The banks issue notes to the full amount of their capital on the security above noted, and there is no prescribed reserve. Not more than 10 per cent is usually held against deposits, and circulation is not taxed. In practice note issues rarely exceed 50 per cent of the capital and range from 25 to 50 per cent in different years and different parts of the same year. This fluctuation proves the elasticity and adaptability of the system. Each bank is required to redeem its notes on demand at its head office and at the branches in the chief cities of the provinces. The average life of a Canadian bank note is only four weeks. Aside from affording systems for the facile distribution of currency the branch banks are chiefly valuable as distributors of credit. Through the branches resources far away from the point where the loan may actually be placed are at the service of responsible borrowers. It results from this that the rate of interest is substantially the same throughout the country, varying only with the cost of conducting business at small and remote branches. An important result of the branch system is that very little money is tied up under "due to and from other banks" designations. The American bank has to do business with other banks, whereas the Canadian bank transacts its ordinary operations through its own branches.

Mr. Hill in His Element.

Mr. J. J. Hill is always interesting. He has a wonderful faculty of wrapping the dryest subjects in a halo of absorbing interest. To read his unassuming yet wonderfully impressive discourses on the great trade questions of the day is to sympathize with Dr. Triggs' idea that the industrial captains of our day were the poets of other times.

Mr. Hill, like most able men, has a prolific imagination. To this faculty he unites great creative ability. He has visions of mighty industrial changes of railway lines and steamship companies, of globe-encircling traffic arrangements, and then he turns them into fact. He is distinguished from all the other railway men of this country who have attained greatness by his elevated point of view and the scope of his mental vision. Very likely there are abler railway executives in the United States than Mr. Hill, but none of them are such masters of the philosophy of transportation and so abundantly able to make philosophy break through and prevail over obstacles. Where these superlative executives can see only a few hundreds or at most thousands of miles of railway, Mr. Hill sees the whole essential transportation system of the world and grasps its inter-relations in a truly Napoleonic manner.

It is rarely indeed that we have such interesting deliverances from the witness stand as the discourse on the theory and practice of continental and oceanic transportation that Mr. Hill gave yesterday in St. Paul, in the case of the United States government versus his merger plan.

To a man with even a trace of Mr. Hill's interest in transportation and the merest touch of his imagination, the story of the balancing of east and west shipments on the Great Northern and Northern Pacific, the value of the Burlington to the two systems, the tapping of the Illinois coal fields, the dire prediction of coal famine, the assertion of competition between Mr. Hill's railway and ocean systems and the Suez canal, the fond dwelling on the low gradients of the Burlington system are delightful.

But the more Mr. Hill dwells on the formidable power he now exercises in the main for the benefit of the northwest, the more one is impressed with the possibilities of the same combination for evil, if the system should pass into weaker or less devoted control. So long as the Northern Pacific and Great Northern were separate and competing systems each was a check upon the misuse of the other, and neither had it in its power to do the northwest such damage as both now can do if small men or perverse men come into control. Pending the time when we have far more efficient control of railways in the public interest than now, such combinations are to be dreaded, however beneficent they may turn out to be in the hands of the right man.

After Oom Paul the Mad Mullah. Verily, trouble chases the British drumbeats around the world.

Changing Democracy.

The socialistic coal plank of the New York democratic platform may yet be the means of bringing together the supposedly conservative and the undoubtedly radical wings of the democratic party. Bryan will have no trouble in subscribing to national ownership of coal mines, Hill has already subscribed to it, and it just simply delights democrats of the Tom Johnson type. Our Washington correspondent suggests that the democratic party may yet drift into state socialism. No greater change could be imagined from the old-time conservative, highly individualistic democracy than such a one. As between the two parties up to this time the republican as the champion of tariffs and subsidies and of internal improvements apparently has leaned more toward state socialism than the democratic party, which has always advocated the least possible amount of government.

But since 1892 the democratic party in the United States has been drifting towards radicalism. It has been losing its historical connection with the old antebellum party. Continuous defeat has forced upon it a policy of opportunism, which is now taking form as perpetual radicalism, since opportunism has frequently led it to take radical positions. And now that the great questions of public control of the accumulation and distribution of wealth are coming to be the questions of the hour, it is as natural as can be that the democracy, being largely made up of men who consider themselves sufferers from present conditions, should throw their ancient notions and ideals to the wind and take up the supposedly popular side of new questions.

Ireland seems to have been annexed to Boston. It is curious to what an extent Irish political questions are threshed over in this country. With Irish speakers stumping the United States discussing old world political matters, the time may yet come when, as Stead suggests, a delegation from Ireland will appear in Washington asking that Ireland be admitted as a state into the American union.

Perpetual Coal Stringency.

That was a very alarming prediction Mr. J. J. Hill made yesterday when he said that the coal situation, bad as it is this year, will constantly grow worse in the northwest. This part of the country is so far away from Pennsylvania and neighboring coal fields that the nearer consumers will have first chance at the supply. Also, there are some difficulties in the way of transportation. The Washington and British Columbia coal fields are too far away. Some help may be expected from Illinois. Of the Iowa coal Mr. Hill says nothing, evidently not considering it of good enough quality for steam coal.

Mr. Hill referred to coal for both manufacturing and domestic use. His combination is evidently looking out for its own motive power by buying through the Burlington some 30,000 acres of Illinois coal lands. It is also his intention to introduce Illinois coal into general consumption in the northwest. But his statement that the situation will grow worse does not indicate that he expects to accomplish much for the general public even in this way.

If the problem of coal supply is to press upon the people of the northwest every year they can not too soon turn their energy and capital to the development of the inexhaustible lignite deposits of Nortn Dakota and to methods of making it more suitable for general use. As yet the problem, except now, on account of the anthracite strike, has not much bothered the people of Minnesota. In North Dakota they have long since taken to lignite on a large scale. But there can be no doubt that if it becomes difficult to get coal from the east, ways will be found to adapt to all uses the vast supplies of crude fuel nature has deposited in North Dakota. With so much valuable European experience in the use of lignite before us, it ought not to be a very difficult task to make profitable, and if Mr. Hill is right, supremely important, use of this "brown coal."

Minnesota will be well represented at the national convention of buttermakers in Milwaukee. Not less than 500 of the North Star butter men left for the convention last night. This number speaks emphatically of the importance of the dairy industry in Minnesota. It will ere long be much more important, and the state's quantity of production will rival the high place the quality now holds.

A sad thing about the responsible editor of a respected contemporary, is that when he loses his temper he gets his figures mixed. This morning, for instance, he permitted an "underdone veal" to come to life and "browse" in editorial columns. This is pretty bad for one who in his calmer moments is such a pastmaster at "fine writin'."

The campaign seems to be warming up a bit. With Senator Nelson and Congressman McCleary stirring things up last night and Secretary of the Treasury Shaw coming to speak at the exposition to-morrow night republicans hereabouts ought to begin to realize that a campaign is on and that an election is only two weeks away.

And now that the dreadful imperialistic army, which used to deprive our democratic friends of much needed sleep, is reduced to 60,000, what has become of that menace of militarism and those predictions that for years and years we would be pouring the youth of the land into the maw of the Philippine war?

Attorney General Douglas has conclusively proved now that John Lind was in favor of just the kind of a gross earnings law as that to be submitted to the people. Consequently the St. Paul Globe's attacks on that measure are on Mr. Lind as much as they are on anybody.

Wages are going down in England, but in this country they are still going up. Whether we can keep them up here depends largely upon our ability to find new markets. There is a hint in this favorable to reciprocity.

All suspense is over. The great coal strike was this morning officially declared off. Now the pick will take the place of talk and bluster, production the place of oratory and exchanges of bad names.

When you read this, if you live in Minneapolis, you will still have time to go to the precinct polling place and register. The last chance to register will be offered Saturday.

The law being against him and not being subject to easy repeal Mr. Hill, it seems, is arranging to change governors.

Who Are the "Knockers?"

Lincoln Star.

Mr. Baer refers to the opponents of the trusts as "knockers." That is very well said, but the worst "knockers" we have in this country are those industrial giants who pound up the price of products with a tack hammer, and pound down the price of labor with a pile driver.

The Nonpareil Man

Casually Observed.

Did you notice how much easier money came in Saturday after Secretary Shaw released that $20,000,000?

Money may make the mare go, but it takes a machinist to induce the auto to circulate.

Speaking of the surgical operation of gastrectomy, or cutting out the stomach, a writer in the Lancet says he "does not look upon the operation as a favorable one." Still he must acknowledge that it is very interesting.

Chicago health authorities claim that telephone mouthpieces are loaded with bacilli that people have coughed into them. These baccilli are likely to be talked to death when Mame and Charlie get the line.

The filing sound heard in the upper part of Africa is due to the Mad Mullah grating his teeth preparatory to fastening them in the British lion.

The Billboard Lady.

The W. C. T. U. convention, now in session in Portland, Me., listened yesterday to a most interesting and conclusive condemnation of the wearing apparel, or lack of it, of the lady of the billboards. It is difficult to see why this estimable fairy should not dress properly, especially when we consider the rigors of the climate. Privately we own to having suffered several considerable shocks due to glancing casually at the billboard female seminary while riding by. It is difficult to say which is the more dangerous to the young person—the billboard or the backs of the magazines. Take, for example, the lady who is forever trying on her corsets—we blush at the necessity that compels us to allude to this—in the public prints or on the billboards. Not that she lacks charming features, on that point we make no strictures. Nor on the beautiful, swan-like neck which is followed immediately by the corset. But why should the lady's form, after showing what the corset can do, suddenly change its route south and run at right angles due west for a short distance, thence switching again and turning in its orignal drecton until it reaches her neat and attractive feet? We shall not cavil at the public corset, but why should the lady present the appearance of a bug with the small waist part of the insect apparently dislocated? It is difficult to tell in which direction the lady is going.

My old college chum tells me that he had a dream last week that he was living in Billboardville and that all the ladies on the board suddenly came to life and stepped out on the street and proceeded to walk away in an unconcerned manner. He hid under the sidewalk; several veterans of the late war climbed trees. A city father ran behind the barn, a prominent grain broker fainted, three or four newspaper writers suffered pen paralysis and a prominent medical authority threw a fit.

Thank heaven, he told me afterwards, it was a dream.

—A. J. Russell.

MINNESOTA POLITICS

Frank M. Eddy was in St. Paul yesterday resting from his active campaigning of the past two weeks. He was proud of the meeting Saturday night at his home town of Glenwood, when he delivered the first political speech he ever made in Pope county. Delegations came to him from every township in the county, and he gave his old neighbors and friends a taste of what he could do in the oratorical line. Mr. Eddy speaks to-night at Cloquet, Wednesday at Aitkin, Thursday at Elk River, Friday at St. Cloud, and Saturday at Little Falls.

Buckman Going After the Voters.

Senator C. B. Buckman, republican candidate for congress in the sixth district, has closed a very successful speaking tour, and starts this week on a personal canvass of the district. He will make a few incidental speeches, but will depend pricipally on individual work among the voters.

Voting Made Easy.

The democratic state committee has sent out 300,000 sample ballots for distribution. They are fac similes of the state ballots with a cross marked after each democratic candidate. On the back are instructions for voters, in several different languages. These ballots can be taken into the polling booth by the voter to assist him in marking the official ballot.

The democratic state committee has secured another outside date from John Lind. He has agreed to speak in Duluth Oct. 30.

Mr. O'Grady's Platform.

T. O'Grady, democratic candidate for the senate from Rice county, has issued a unique card. Mr. O'Grady is an honest farmer, and he proclaims the fact pictorially, with an old wood cut of horses, cows, pigs and sheep rubbing together in a happy family. Beneath the cut he announces that "he who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before is a benefactor to mankind." As Mr. O'Grady has been a benefactor of this sort ever since he was able to reach the plow handles, he thinks it about time for the reward.

—Charles B. Cheney.

Republicans for Tariff Reform.

Philadelphia Ledger.

The most effective opposition to the tariff is now found within the republican party. The great west and northwest have joined hands with New England in demanding that the oppressive and unreasonable Dingley schedules shall go. The crop producer who sells in the lowest market and buys in the dearest demands "protection" from trust extortion which is made possible by the Dingley act. The manufacturer produces more than we use, and he wants raw materials on better terms, as well as an extension of his market for his surplus goods. The withdrawal of Speaker Henderson has not perhaps taught the leaders of the republican party the lesson which it behooves them to learn, but the longer they hide their faces in ostrich fashion from the issue, the greater will be the upheaval when it comes.

AMUSEMENTS

De Wolf Hopper in "Mr. Pickwick" at the Metropolitan.

Any attempt to call to life on the stage some of the myriad characters that sprang from the fertile fancy of Charles Dickens is interesting. His men and women, caricatures though most of them are, seem very real and very human to his readers. To put them on the stage and breathe into them the breath of dramatic life does not seem a difficult task—until it is tried. Then it becomes evident that, though the characters are ready to the adapter's hand, all fashioned and even pictured by the Dickensian illustrators, it is not so easy to give them a play. The Dickens story baffles the playwright. It refuses utterly to lie upon his Procrustean bed, and be stretched out or sawed off to fit.

It has remained for Charles Klein, a clever librettist, to appropriate some of the characters in "Pickwick Papers" and thrust them into what is called—any other classification being impossible—"a musical production." Without making any pretense of constructing a play, Mr. Klein has succeeded in translating several of the absurdly laughable adventures of Mr. Pickwick and his club to the stage with highly entertaining results. To be sure, it does seem a bit incongruous when the Pickwick club bursts into song and other comic operatic things occur, but the music is good and it is well sung. Manuel Klein has set the jingly lyrics which Grant Stewart has furnished to some lilting melodies and ringing harmonies that are very pleasing. And thus, "Mr. Pickwick," though it would fall far short of satisfying a Dickens enthusiast, is merrily contrived to entertain large audiences.

As for the chief character, the legs are the legs of Pickwick but the voice is the voice of De Wof Hopper. It is possible that if Mr. Hopper tried very hard to be some one else for a few hours on the stage he could do it; but he never has done it, and since in his own proper person he is an exceedingly funny and entertaining fellow, nobody is seriously disappointed because of his lack of a talent for impersonation. His Pickwick make-up is a marvelous success. In spite of his great height, which one might expect to disqualify him for the pudgy and ponderous president, he gets himself up to look exactly as if he had stepped out of an illustration in "Pickwick Papers." But he capers about in a manner that would have shocked the real Mr. Pickwick inexpressibly, and continually cracks very Hopperesque jokes.

Digby Bell plays Sam Weller quite in character and realizes that smug young person with delicious unction. Perhaps a Londoner would detect a telltale nasal twang in his dialect, but for us he is Sammy himself come to life. Harry Norman, big of voice and figure as ever, plays Tony Weller with a good nature that even sad experience with "vidders" cannot unseat. Grant Stewart, besides making the lyrics, plays Alfred Jingle capitally. It is an impersonation of that graceless vagabond with a genius for love-making deserving of unreserved praise. Laura Joyce Bell adds another fine piece of work as Mrs. Bardell to this remarkably strong cast. As the nemesis of Pickwick she leaves nothing to be desired. Marguerite Clark makes a petite and quite irresistible Polly, dancing and singing her way into every heart. The Arabella is Louise Gunning and, in spite of a habit that singers fall into of conscious appeal to the audience, she pleases with her really artistic singing. The other characters, such as the Fat Boy of Guy H. Bartlette, the Mr. Wardle of J. K. Adams, the Winkle of Louis Payn and the Miss Wardle of Grace Fisher, are well done.

The production in short is merrily wholesome. The stage effects, the costumes and all the accessories are well conceived and executed and the ensembles are strong and effective.

—W. B. Chamberlain.

"Across the Pacific" at the Bijou.

"Across the Pacific," an exceedingly noisy and unusually successful melodrama, has returned to the Bijou after an absence of about a year, and will probably break a few records before it leaves town. The piece contains all the elements that go to make success in a popular-priced melodramatic production. Battle, murder and sudden death are of common makes itself apparent early in the first act and persists to the end, except for a occurrence. The smell of gunpowder brief space when it gives way to the odor of joss sticks in a Chinese "hop joint." Murderers, thieves and traitors all ply their arts; and the lachrymose heroine is rescued innumerable times from the machinations of the villain and his assistants; all of which is highly edifying to admirers of this sort of dramatic adventure. That "Across the Pacific" is a good play even its authors will not maintain; that it has proved a successful play no one can deny. The feature of the last act is a genuine Gatling gun which fires several thousand shots a minute and which, for the time, usurps the prerogative of the comedy lead and rescues the heroine from the final danger into which the playwright has seen fit to cast her. Serious consideration of "Across the Pacific" is neither desirable nor possible. Its purpose is to amuse a certain class of theater-goers and it does so admirably.

The company is a good one. Harry Clay Blaney is fitted for much better things than fall to his share as Willie Live, a ubiquitous war correspondent for a San Francisco paper. Blaney is always funny and he has found an admirable foil this year in Miss Kittie Wolf, a dainty soubrette who does much to add to the merriment of the piece. The interpolated specialties contributed by this pair are most diverting.

Harry W. Fenwick is deserving of praise for his work as Bud Stanton, and Miss Francis Desmonde is good as Nell Hazleton. The scenery is good and, with the Gatling gun, is worthy a place among the features of the piece. —J. S. Lawrence.

"Napoleon's Son" at the Lyceum

An admirable performance of Rostand's "L'Aiglon" is given at the Lyceum theater this week by the Ferris Stock company. The title of the play, for copyright reasons, no doubt, is changed to "Napoleon's Son." But the work, if a new version, is essentially that which has added to the fame of Sara Bernhardt and Maude Adams. And, avoiding unfair comparisons, one may assert that the Ferris company sets forth with dignity and taste the exquisitely pathetic poetry of the French masterpiece.

So near my cradle to my deathbed,
And all my life has passed between the two.

sighs the dying prince in the plaintive, imaginative strain of the whole play. For "L'Aiglon" is rather a dramatic elegy than a tragedy. But in genuine poetry, in bold yet persuasive imagination, in delicacy of pathos Rostand has surpassed the earlier beauties of his "Cyrano." The contrary may, perhaps be held true by Frenchmen, who only can appreciate the peculiarly Gallic qualities of the nasal knight. But "L'Aiglon" touches more the universal heart, despite the fact that American audiences lose much from lack of familiarity with French life and French history, and from the inevitable inadequacies of all translated language.

As L'Aiglon, Miss Grace Hayward conveys charmingly the melancholy, the grace, and the distinction of a young prince. She makes clear, in something more than words, the inherent vacillation and weak will of his character. Of her coadjutors, Will D. Corbett proved notably true as Flambeau, the ever loyal veteran, who dies in that wonderful scene of theatric imagination, the spectral battlefield of Wagram.

The costumes and stage management are excellent, and the scenery is far above the standard of stock companies.

—H. B. Curry.

Essence of the Canteen Question.

Milwaukee Sentinel.

That unreasonable person, Funston, sticks to it that limited beer in an orderly canteen is better for the soldier than unlimited whisky in a disorderly groggshop.

In the Fall of the Campanile

By Clinton Dangerfield.

(Copyright, 1902, by T. C. McClure.)

"I tell thee," returned old Jacopo querulously and with the same impatient gesture he had often used to the St. Mark pigeons when they grew too familiar—"I tell thee thou canst not have the girl."

"But I love her," urged Charlie Harkness with the blind belief of lovers that this argument is sufficient.

"What if thou dost?" replied the old guide sharply. "Thou art but an American seaman, speaking our sweet mother tongue most vilely, and who doubts but thou has a light o' love in every port thou hast touched on?"

"That is false," said the American quietly. "An yone of my shipmates would tell you so."

"To the devil with thy shipmates and thee," answered Jacopo petulantly. "One thing I swear to thee—my Tessa shall no man have unless he dwell within sight of the campanile."

As he spoke he glanced affectionately at the great bell tower crowning St. Mark's.

"TWO POWERFUL ARMS LIFTED HIM LIKE A FEATHER AND THE AMERICAN RAN FOR BOTH THEIR LIVES."

Under the benign smile of the golden angel poised on its graceful height had Jacopo in his long gone youth pledged his troth.

To that dead Tessa had he first told the story of the campanile—how Doge Pietro Tribuno had begun it centuries ago, how the loggia had been a meeting place for the haughty nobles of Venice. So well had he told it that she suggested to him the occupation of guide, and under her inspiration he had succeeded beyond his hopes. He grew to be a great favorite among all tourists, and to people of many different lands he repeated, never wearying, the history of the bell tower.

Though a man of no education, he was strongly tinged with the poetry of his passionate country and often comprehended far better than most of the sight crammed tourists who trotted after him the unparalleled beauty on the famous piazza.

That an American should dare to think of carrying Tessa away forever filled him with dismay. Suddenly turning, he plunged into an alley and disappeared from view. Harkness was left to wander disconsolately through the piazza and to ponder on Tessa's gentle but firm assurance that she could not marry without her father's consent.

"As if our redwood trees and some of our canyons weren't worth a thousand bell towers," he muttered wrathfully. Then, suddenly, he grasped the arm of a bystander and, pointing eagerly to the campanile demanded in his usual curt Italian if "that" had always been there.

"That" proved to be a crack yawning in the campanile itself. In his surprise and horror the Venetian overlooked the slight to his dignity.

"Signore, no," he said anxiously. "The authorities must be informed."

The authorities were informed and a careful inspection resulted in the discovery that this supreme treasure of Italy was in danger. So at least said the city magnates, but old Jacopo refused to believe.

"When thy bones and mine have been a century decayed,' he said scornfully to Harkness, "the campanile will stand there."

So thought most of those in the city, but yet they paid some heed to the warnings of the guards set by the city council and generally avoided the piazza. Not so old Jacopo. He felt as certain of the security of the tower as did the pigeons drifting to and fro beside it in the mellow Italian sunlight. The Monday following the discovery of the crack he was persistently lingering near the Campanile, though much irritated by the presence of Tessa's lover, who continued to urge his suit.

That the American had found this flaw in the tower annoyed the guide bitterly, and he turned the deafest of ears to all the young man's pleading; so deaf, indeed, that at first he took the ominous cracking sound rising sharply from the tower for an explosion elsewhere in the city. But at Harkness' cry he whirled around and faced the awful sight of the Campanile crashing down toward them both.

In full reach of the sinking angel he stood gaping. Then two powerful arms lifted him like a feather, and the American ran for both their lives.

As Harkness put it, "It was a narrow shave." When the dust from the fallen stones settled, the two found themselves standing, unharmed indeed, but not six feet from the crushed figure of the once mighty angel.

Jacopo suffered the young sailor to lead him home, still with the stunnde air of one who could not understand what had happened. He made no answer to any questions except to say stupidly that he was not hurt and, in spite of Tessa's anxious ministrations, refused all food for nearly two days, lying languidly on his simple pallet.

At last he ate, but the food held no savor. The physical terror he had suffered, combined with his bitter grief over the fall of his beloved tower, were too much for his feeble resources. Hourly Tessa saw him fading, but at last, with a flash of his old energy, he sat up and called the girl and Harkness to him.

"I said you should marry no man who did not dwell in the shadow of the tower, Tessa mio," he said quietly, "but where may such a man be found now? Shadow indeed the Campanile throws no longer, and the lowest building in the city is higher than the labors of the masters! Never again shall thou and I, my daughter, let our boat drift in the blue waters of the bay and watch the setting sun lay a crown of splendid rays on the bright angel—that angel who for countless years has watched the white sails of the Venetian craft come and go! Never, again—but I grow confused! Wed her, American, since she loves thee. 'Tis the old marvel—how a maid's heart is stronger than her native land!" His mind began to wander. "Oh, aye—the pigeons, signore. It is easy to feed them. They are always tame! See how they wheel downward, signore. There sits one upon the bronze doors. Such doors you cannot find elsewhere, and when one enters through them—"

The old voice trailed off into a dying whisper, for other doors had opened, and through them Jacopo had passed.

Books and Authors

A Charge of Plagiarism.

J. Malham-Dembleby, whoever he may be, writing for the London Saturday Review, says he has discovered a "key to 'Jane Eyre,'" and flatly charges Charlotte Bronte with plagiarism. The literary theft, says Mr. Malham-Dembleby, was from a little work by Frederick Montagu. Mr. Malham-Dembleby's charge has caused much commotion in London, says the Literary Digest. The plagiarism charged is not that of an outright theft of the text but only that of details.

EDWARD BULWER. (Lord Lytton.)

The New York Times Saturday Review says:

"Clement K. Shorter, one of the biographers and editors of Charlotte Bronte, seems to take Mr. Malham-Dembleby's 'Key to Jane Eyre' rather gravely. Nobody knows better than Mr. Shorter how such literary fantasies may impress the public mind in England. Here we have so much of that kind of stuff that no single freakish 'revelation' can make much difference. Mr. Shorter sees fit directly to contradict Mr. Malham-Dembleby's assertion that Miss Bronte's genius was 'constructive and not creative.' Of course Mr. Shorter is right, and, of course, no book by Frederic Montagu or any other writer can be pointed out as the 'key' to 'Jane Eyre.'"

NEW BOOKS.

A SPECKLED BIRD. By Augusta Evans Wilson, Author of "St. Elmo," Etc. New York: G. W. Dillingham & Co. Price, $1.50.

This is a southern romance of the pathetic quality peculiar to the author, and characterized by no little originality of plot. The heroine, Eglah Kent, is the "Speckled Bird," that bird not being supposed to flock with others. She was peculiar and original to a startling degree, when a mere child living with her grandmother on an old Virginia plantation, her mother having died in giving birth to her and having been under the ban for running off and marrying Judge Kent. The girl's bringing up was odd and she had a painful and disturbing precocity and grew up beautiful as a dream. The chief dramatic feature of the book is Eglah's marriage to a Mr. Herriott whom she did not love, solely to get him to give up certain documents which could be used to connect her father with a criminal transaction. Herriott loved her, but on the evening of the wedding when he found out that she married him solely to get the papers and save her father from disgrace there was a distressing scene and rupture in the sleeping car and dramatic action enough to make any audience at a theater frantic and tearful. It took several deaths and years of separation to make Eglah realize she had a heart for anyone except her father and her childhood's nurse. The marriage, which had been but a commercial mockery, ultimately became a verity of love. The author is at her best in telling how this was occomplished.

THE BALE MARKED CIRCLE X. By George Cary Eggleston, Author of "A Carolina Cavalier," Etc. Illustrated by Emerson. Boston: Lothrop Publishing company, 530 Atlantic avenue. Price, $1.20.

This is a very attractive story of blockade running adventure during the civil war which Mr. Eggleston wrote for boys, but which will be found positively irresistible by adults of any age. It excites deep interest from a glance at the title. It tells how Sergeant Major Max Voxetter, of a confederate battery way down in the southeastern corner of South Carolina, was ordered to the confederate war department in Richmond, where he received instructions to take to the confederate agent at Nassau, New Providence, a bale of cotton marked Circle X, in which were deposited important official papers and fifty-one pounds of gunpowder to be exploded in case there was danger of capture so as to destroy the papers. Max was only 19 years old and he started on his mission in a sloop loaded with cotton including the peculiar bale, taking with him four boys from his own battery. The author in a very thrilling way describes their adventures and great perils and successful delivery of the Circle X bale, and also how they delivered to the United States consul at Nassau a sick federal soldier they had picked out of the water while running the blockade off Charleston.

Literary Notes.

A new and cheaper edition of Bishop Whipple's "Lights and Shadows of a Long Episcopate" is issued this week by The MacMillan company.

The International Monthly has changed its name and its period of issue. It will hereafter be issued quarterly and its name will be The International Quarterly.

Of interest to students of American history will be a series of articles, to be published in Century Magazine, by Professor Justin H. Smith of Dartmouth college. They relate to Canadian campaigns of Montgomery and Arnold. Researches have been made from original sources.

Funk & Wagnalls have just published "Sons of Glory," a book of "studies in genius' by a talented young pyschologist of Italy, by name Adolfo Padovan. The purpose of the book is to combat the theory of Lombroso that genius is a form of insanity. The brilliant rhetoric of the original is well preserved by the translator, the Duchess Litta Viscounti Arese.

DAILY DIVERSION

Dropped by a Friend.—C. E. Knoblauch, a member of the New York stock exchange, and one of the Roosevelt rough riders in the Cuban campaign, is one of the wits of the exchange.

During the break in American Sugar trust stock a short time ago the issue had dropped over a dozen points in two days and the professionals in Wall street and on the floor of the exchange had been badly hit. While the excitement around the trading post was at its height, and when everybody was feeling bluest, Knoblauch, a dark lantern in hand, put in an appearance, and with much ado elbowed his way through the excited crowd, endeavoring at the same time to clear a space for himself.

"Wait a minute, boys," he said, "wait a minute."

The worried brokers momentarily suspended their operations.

Then Knoblauch very gravely dropped to his knees on the floor, and with the aid of the lantern proceeded to grope about. The brokers, mystified, looked on for a short while, until one of their number, more impatient than the others, demanded to know "what the dickens are you doing, Knoblauch?"

"Oh, nothing much," was the serene answer. "I am simply looking around for $3,000 one of my friends dropped in sugar. But"—and here the prostrate broker heaved a sigh—"it doesn't seem to be here."

And before the other brokers could realize that they had been the victims of a practical joke Knoblauch had disappeared.