

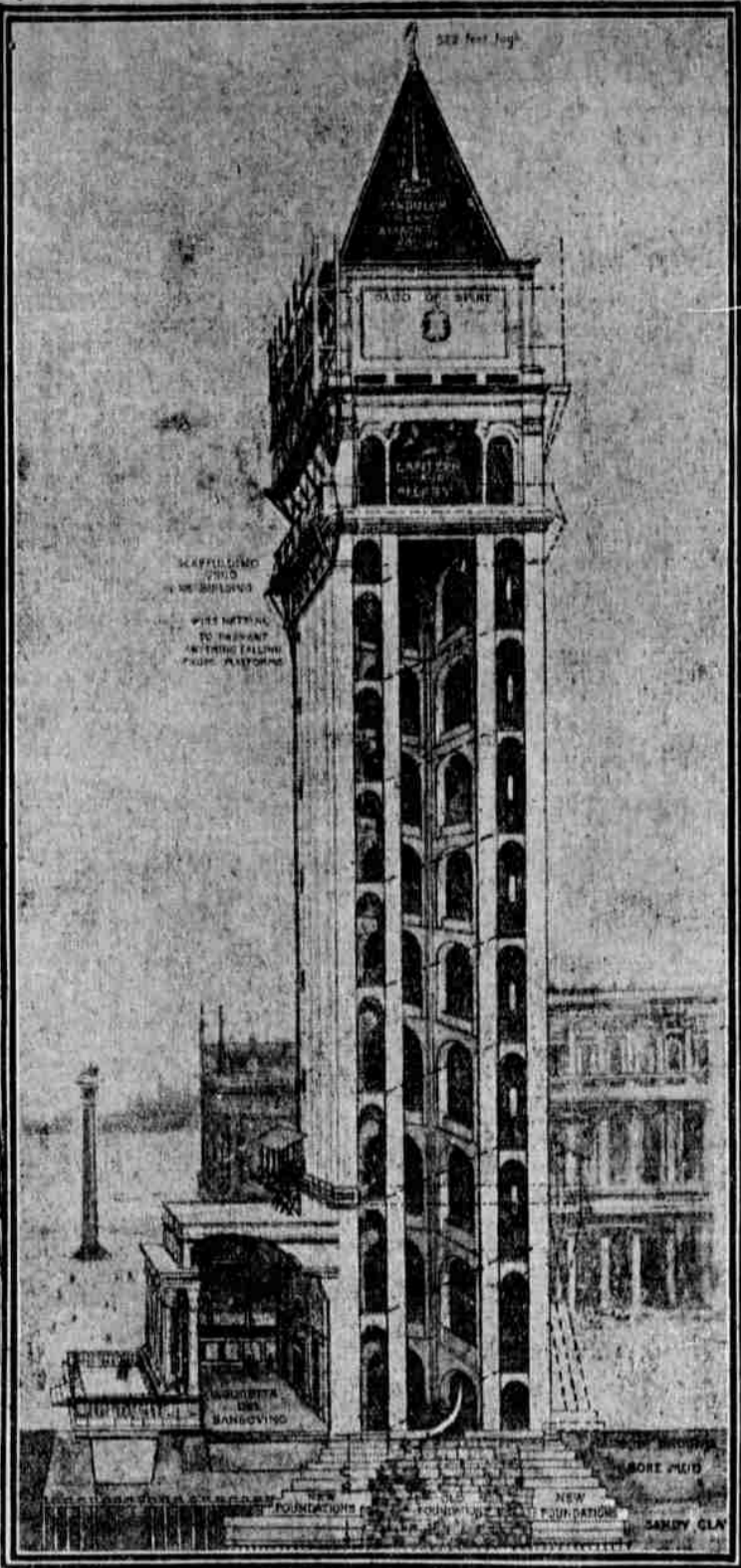
The GLORY of VENICE RESTORED

THE task of restoring the old campanile or bell tower of St. Mark's at Venice is nearing completion, and it is confidently expected that the bells of San Marco will break their nine years' silence and again ring out on St. Mark's day, April 25, 1911.

The restoration of this famous tower—which collapsed suddenly on July 14, 1902, after a proud existence of 1,014 years—has proved a greater undertaking than anticipated, some of the details presenting technical difficulties. The intention was to reproduce the old tower as faithfully as possible, and with that object in view the bricks, of which there are over a million, were specially selected and laid. The bricks are each 12 inches long, 6 inches wide and 3 inches deep, and the clay is twice mixed to secure homogeneity. These bricks, however, contained salt, which threatened to turn the tower white, and such an outcry was raised among the Venetians that the work was suspended while an inquiry was held. It was found that by prolonged soaking in water the salt was removed.

The tower is quadrangular, nearly 40 feet square at the base and 350 feet high, including the pinnacle in the shape of a pyramid, the summit being crowned by the figure of an angel with spread wings. The foundations of the ancient buildings were found to be good, but none too wide, so that considerable strengthening had to be effected. No scaffolding has been used, a sliding platform being contrived to rise with the progress of the building.

The shaft, which was completed last December, is composed of an inner and an outer shaft, between



THE NEW CAMPANILE AS IT NOW IS

which mounts the inclined plane which leads to the bell chamber. The walls of the outer shaft are six feet thick and the inclined plane is lit by 36 windows. In the new tower the shafts are bound together by iron rods and the pilasters at the angles of the inner shaft are similarly united. This will cause any future fall of the tower to be as one mass instead of a gentle subsiding.

Careful searching among the ruins of the old campanile resulted in the finding of nearly all the fragments of the beautiful bronze doors, statues and bas-reliefs of Sansovino's famous loggetta, which has been restored with wonderful care and devotion. The estimated cost of the present tower is over 2,000,000 francs, this sum having been raised by public subscription and a large grant from the state.

When the tower fell, of the five bells only the largest was not broken; the other four have been replaced and were presented to his beloved Venice by Pope Pius X. The lions of St. Mark, which originally occupied the centers of the north and south sides of the attic and were defaced during the French occupation, are to be replaced.

The tower has a strangely hard and new appearance against the soft, time-mellowed facade of the church of St. Mark with its wild horses and curious Oriental-looking domes, and seems almost as incongruous as the large steamboats and motor launches which have now challenged the supremacy of the graceful gondola on Venetian waterways. The Venetians were, however, wise to rebuild the campanile, for the long, low lines of the surrounding palaces need this sky-piercing shaft to complete the effect even as London needs the dome of St. Paul's to lift its sombre roofs in an upward effort.

The bells of the old campanile were shattered by the fall of the tower, but they have now, as stated above, been replaced by the generosity of the present pope. They were cast on St. Mark's day, April 25, and will again be solemnly rung from the tower on St. Mark's day of next year.

"By kind permission of Professor Giuseppe del Piccolo, chief superintendent of the reconstruction of the loggetta, I was permitted," writes a correspondent, "to witness the remarkable work which has been accomplished within one of the arcades of the doge's palace. Here, within the shadow of the beautiful staircase which mounts to the upper story, and within sight of the window from which Silvio Pellico looked out during his many years of confinement, there has been pieced together with infinite pains the wonderful renaissance facade of Sansovino."

To give an example of the method which has been pursued one may take the case of three columns of breccia corallina which form part of the facade facing St. Mark's. One has been put together in 13 pieces, another in 32 pieces, while a third was so much damaged that it has had to be replaced by a block of Asiatic marble known as sette basi dorato, so called from a block of this marble having been found in a villa near Rome belonging to Settimio Passo, a Roman consul.

"By kind permission of Signor Edoardo Dott.

Piacentini, chief superintendent of the reconstruction of the campanile, I was permitted," writes a correspondent, "to thoroughly inspect the new tower which is rising above the fairy city of Venice." Passing through the passading which keeps out the ordinary public from the base of the campanile one first observes the piers in which each brick, after being brought down from Treviso to the Giudecca has been carefully

THE WELSH EISTEDDFOD

The National Eisteddfod of Wales, celebrated every autumn, is one of the most picturesque festivals remaining in this commercial age. The Gentlewoman remarks especially on the growing part taken by women.

Last year when the Gorsedd, or meeting to proclaim the bards, was held in Kensington Gardens in the early morning no one looked better than Lady St. Davids in her silken robes of emerald green, or more graceful than the countess Maitland, whose grace and charm one longs to see added to the Grecian folds of an Ovate's robes.

And now a word on the Gorsedd itself. On the Logan Stone the Arch-Druid Dyfed was attended by all his bards, some in white robes and others in blue, and the Ovates in green. The twelve chief bards stood by their sacred unhewn stones. Ancient prayers were recited. The huge Brythonic sword of peace was drawn and sheathed three times with the question by the Arch-Druid, "A bes Heddwch?" to which all present responded by a shout "Heddwch!" ("Peace.")

After each shout of "Heddwch!" the sword was sheathed and the draught of mead from the "Hiras" horn was drunk by the Arch-Druid. Then followed the initiation of new members into the Gorsedd and short Englynion (alliterative stanzas) were recited in Welsh by the bards, who in turn stood on the Logan Stone and received the applause as well as the laughter of appreciation, for many of the Englynion are exceedingly witty as well as good poetry.

The chief harpist, Ap Eosy Birth, played, and Eos Dar sang his characteristically Welsh Penan-

terior brickwork is a marvel of fine setting, and when struck with the hand a portion of it will resound like a drum. Reaching the present summit, one is able to examine the progress with the stonework of the dado, which in turn will support the pyramid apex of the tower.

On the summit of all will be fixed a gilded figure of an angel, pivoted at the head of a pendulum, so that when wintry winds sweep over the Venetian lagoons the strain upon the tower on this figure will be reduced to a minimum. The view from the summit of the tower is a fascinating and in some respects a surprising one, for from this elevation none of the canals are visible, and the only one of the innumerable bridges which one can discern is the Ponte del Lovo—a Venetian corruption of the Italian word lupus, which signifies a wolf.

llon, which in their monotonous but varied chanting on a very few notes remind one of the east and its primitive music.

Symbolic offerings of the fruits and flowers of the earth—the oak, leek, mistletoe, corn, heather and vervain—form the bouquet which every year is presented by some prominent woman; by the late Lady Llanover, for instance, who always appeared at the Gorsedd in national costume and insisted upon her servants wearing it on all occasions.

In Wales the Eisteddfod is naturally more characteristically Welsh than when it is held in London. The choirs and instrumental music are listened to with breathless attention, while again and again one hears "Da iawn" ("Very good"), or sometimes "No good," as the case may be, while for the time being all is forgotten but the music.

The culminating interest of the Eisteddfod is centered in the chairing of the bard on Thursday—the award for the greatest alliterative poem of the year. The adjudicators read their decision, criticising the different poems sent in, and announcing at the close the name of the successful competitor. The whole building is galvanized with intense excitement. The winning author stands, and two bards are sent to conduct him amid strains of music to his chair of honor in the bardic circle.

Of Knox and Calvin



"What do you think," the man inquired, "Oh Calvin and of Knox? Have you in every way admired the way they led their flocks?" We looked at him and tried to think just what his words might mean; He looked at us without a blink, With countenance serene.

"You don't reply," he argued then. "Well, now, between the two I think to open-minded men There is no doubtful view. The work of Knox was never done With frenzy and with haste." Our thoughts as yet had not begun To get this Calvin placed.

He went right on and proved that Knox Was greater of the twain, And with the cunning of a fox We said that that was plain. Yet we subliminally tried To think of Calvin's post, For public knowledge far and wide Had ever been our boast.

"Now, old John Knox," continued he— We laughed: "What is your game? You know as well as well can be Philander is his name." And while he gasped and waved his hand We offered, too, to bet No Calvin ever in our land Had graced the Cabinet.

He turned and walked away at once While we sat down and thought: How any man can act the dunce Who does not know what he ought. But if he had not called him "John" The chances are that we Had never set him right upon The sage Philander C.

And Still He Lives.

The man with the glittering whiskers tiptoes gently across the office and looks over the desk of the pale, perspiring hireling with the discouraged mustache and the recalcitrant fountain pen.

"Say," he whispers, "here's one that just occurred to me. It's yours if you want to use it, and nobody need ever know where you got it. What is the difference between a man who loans a million dollars at usurious rates during a time of panic and instability in the business world and who subsequently collects his interest by due process of law—what is the difference between him and a monarch who discovers a plot against his throne and causes the incarceration of a nobleman whom he has reason to believe is the leader of the plot?"

"If there is any difference, what is it?"

"One gets his per cent. and the other gets his Sir pent."

And the sunset casts its ribbons of fire athwart the opaquely beautiful bosom of the dreaming lake.

Too Great for His Fancy.



"Why don't you finish your painting of 'The Cattle Ranch'?"

"Every time I work on it I begin thinking how good a porterhouse steak would taste."

An Acknowledgment.

That "woman is as good as man" Is something that I've oft conceded; I've said in the eternal plan She is the element most needed.

But now from England comes the word That women every now and then are Seen smoking—with cigars preferred. So, soon they'll be as bad as men are.

Atavism.

"It is odd about Professor Boppenschmidt, isn't it?" asks the philologist. "As a usual thing he converses with one in broken language, but when he becomes excited and swears, his profanity is confined to the German words. I wonder why that is?"

"Easily explained," says the man with the ingrowing face. "The swear words are strong language—too strong for him to break."

Put Out.

"O, very well," says the browbeaten husband, "you may say what you like, but I would have you know that there have been many other women who said I was the light of their life."

"The light of their life!" sniffs the strenuous wife, "Hump! And I don't doubt that each and every one of them turned you down."

UNKIND JOLT FROM ADAM

As if Eve Hadn't Sorrow Enough, Her Partner Had to Add to the Affliction.

Adam had just received his notice of ejection. He stared at it a long time in silence, while Eve, crouched in a dusky corner, softly whimpered. Presently the father of mankind looked around.

As Eve caught his angry eye her whimper changed to a gulping sob.

"Well," he said sternly, "you've certainly put us in a fine mess with your silly curiosity! And yet when I wanted to have anything to do with your apple scheme you called me a poor fool. Do you remember that you called me a poor fool?"

"Ye-es," sobbed Eve.

"Well, there's just one question I want to ask you," said Adam.

"What is it?" gasped the first mother.

"Who's looney now?" he harshly demanded.

Then he turned away abruptly and started to pack up the family gourds and the tent poles.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

No Union.

Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, at a luncheon at the Colony club in New York, urged on women the necessity for union.

"If we are to get the vote," she said, "we must stand together. Too many women face this question as they face all others—like the elderly belles at the charity ball."

"What a flatterer Wootter Von Twiller is!" said the first belle.

"Why, did he tell you looked nice?" said the second.

"No," was the reply. "He told me you did!"

He Never Shaved Again.

Marmaduke—What do you suppose that wretched barber said when he shaved me?

Bertie—I don't know.

Marmaduke—He said it reminded him of a game he used to play when a boy called "Hunt the Hare."

AS REPRESENTED.



Patient—Look here, doctor; you said if I took a bottle of your tonic I would have a remarkable appetite. Why, I only eat one soda cracker each week.

Doctor—Well, don't you call that a remarkable appetite?

END STOMACH TROUBLE NOW

Dyspepsia, Gas, Sourness or Indigestion Go Five Minutes After Taking a Little Diapepsin.

If your meals don't fit comfortably, or you feel bloated after eating, and you believe it is the food which fills you; if what little you eat lies like lead on your stomach; if there is difficulty in breathing, eructations of sour, undigested food and acid, heartburn, brash or a belching of gas, you can make up your mind that you need something to stop food fermentation and cure indigestion.

A large case of Pape's Diapepsin costs only fifty cents at any drug store here in town, and will convince any stomach sufferer five minutes after taking a single dose that Fermentation and Sour Stomach is causing the misery of indigestion.

No matter if you call your trouble Catarrh of the Stomach, Dyspepsia, Nervousness or Gastritis, or by any other name—always remember that a certain cure is waiting at your drug store the moment you decide to begin its use.

Pape's Diapepsin will regulate any out-of-order Stomach within five minutes, and digest promptly, without any fuss or discomfort, all of any kind of food you eat.

Those large 50-cent cases contain more than sufficient to thoroughly cure any chronic case of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Gastritis or any other Stomach trouble.

Should you at this moment be suffering from Indigestion, Gas, Sourness or any stomach disorder, you can surely get relief within five minutes.

Doctors More Thorough.

A physician at a dinner in Denver sneered at certain Biblical miracles.

"Lazarus," he said, "was raised from the dead—and yet I don't see any dead folks being raised in our time."

"No," said Rev. Herbert H. Tresham, the Biblical scholar, with a smile. "Modern medical science has progressed too far for that, eh?"—Washington Star.

Not to the Wise.

Howell—A word to the wise is sufficient.

Powell—Then how do you account for the long-drawn-out speeches over the telephone?

As gold is tried by the furnace, and the baser metal is shown; so the low-hearted friend is known by adversity.—Metastasio.