

# THE GREAT SUEZ CANAL BUILT BY FRANCE

## Has Become Important to the Nations of the World.

Now that we are in the business of expansion, to stay, many places all over the world that used to seem too far away and too remote from subjects of daily interest to be more than names assume real and almost local importance. One of them is that great marine highway, the Suez canal. Thou-

many other like regions in the United States, the dune-building systems of which have been described at length in the columns of the Sunday Press. The banks of the canal in these reaches have been built up artificially with stone facing and by the planting of sand binding grasses and stunted

The channel, apparently, is wide enough to permit two large steamships to pass in opposite directions at any point, but so careful is the management to prevent any possibility of collision, or any similar accident, that no such contingency is allowed to occur. The rules of the canal are based on those of the block system, which prevails on the great railroad lines of America. If one large vessel is in a given block section coming north, no vessel going in the opposite direction is allowed to enter it until the north-bound boat has left it. The block sections average five miles in length, and it often happens that there are as many as three or four big steamships in the

the section is cleared. The transport Sumner was held up thus four times in its passage through the canal, three times in the night and once at mid-day, causing in all a delay of almost four hours. The transport made the run in 21 hours; had her progress been unimpeded she could have covered the course in three and a half hours less.

In leaving Suez, the lower terminus of the canal, one runs into the most disagreeable period of the entire voyage to Manila. The Red Sea is a terror, and everybody schemes and plots to sleep on deck during the three days that it takes to get through that watery purgatory. The breezes are baked by the fire of the sand deserts which encompass the dreaded sea.

On entering the straits of Bab-el-Mandeb at the mouth of the Red Sea, a marked difference is perceived at once in the atmosphere and conditions. A

### COST OF SHOW.

The Smallest Tent Shows Can Be Rigged Out for \$800.

The reminiscences of the late W. C. Coup, manager of the Barnum show, are appearing in the Saturday Evening Post. The following is an extract:

One of the largest shows ever organized in this country, and which was reputed to be worth more than a million dollars, was inventoried on the death of one of the proprietors, with a view to selling the estate of the deceased, and, to the great surprise of the executors, was found to reach in value only about \$200,000.

Twenty years ago a show with a daily expenditure of \$250 was thought extravagant, while fifty years ago a circus whose receipts averaged \$60 a day was considered to be doing a good business. Today there is one show the expenses of which are undoubtedly more than \$3,500 the day, although it is surprising what wonderful displays are made by others at a cost of less than \$1,000 the day.

The cost of cages varies. The ornamental cars used for advance advertising are comfortably, and even elaborately, fitted, and are provided with a huge paste boiler and other conveniences. They cost anywhere from \$3,000 to \$7,000. The flat and stock cars used by circuses cost from \$500 to \$800 each; passenger coaches from \$1,500 upward.

Some circus proprietors also have their own private cars, fitted with every imaginable convenience and luxury, and such a car costs high in the thousands. The expense of the wardrobe depends, of course, on the amount used, and its quality, and whether the costumes are intended for a spectacular show or an ordinary circus. The wardrobe and papier-mache chariots used in the production of our Congress of Nations' cost Mr. Barnum and myself more than \$40,000.

We paid \$10,000 for our first hippodrome tent alone, and this did not include dressing-room tents, horse tents and camp tents. Afterward, however, we had a larger one made for very much less money. The small circuses that hover around Chicago and the larger cities of the west in summer usually use a tent about eighty feet across, with two thirty-foot middle pieces. This equipped with poles, seats and lights, costs about \$800.

### INSPECTION BY TAPPING.

Quality of Meat in Cans Passed Upon by Sound.

Among the most incomprehensible proceedings to be observed within the vast area of Woolwich Reserve Depot are the doings of a small party of officials, one of whom appears to do nothing all day long but sit at a table and tap on the top of tin canisters with a couple of bits of sticks something after the manner of a child beating on the upturned end of his drum. The tins are passed before him about as fast as he can tap them, and absolutely nothing seems to come of the game. To the unenlightened onlooker it is quite unintelligible. The tins contain meat, and before they are passed into the store it is, of course, important to examine the condition of what is inclosed, and this, in fact, is the way it is done. The trained ear of the expert examiner can tell whether the meat is in a wholesome or a putrid condition by the sound emitted when rapped with the stick, just as the examiner of railway carriage wheels is supposed to be able to tell whether the wheel he taps with his hammer is cracked or not. The rapidity with which the business is gone through and the seeming inattention of the performer with the sticks and his total indifference to all sorts of noises about him, render the procedure a very curious one to watch. The test is said to be practically infallible. —The London News.

### An African King.

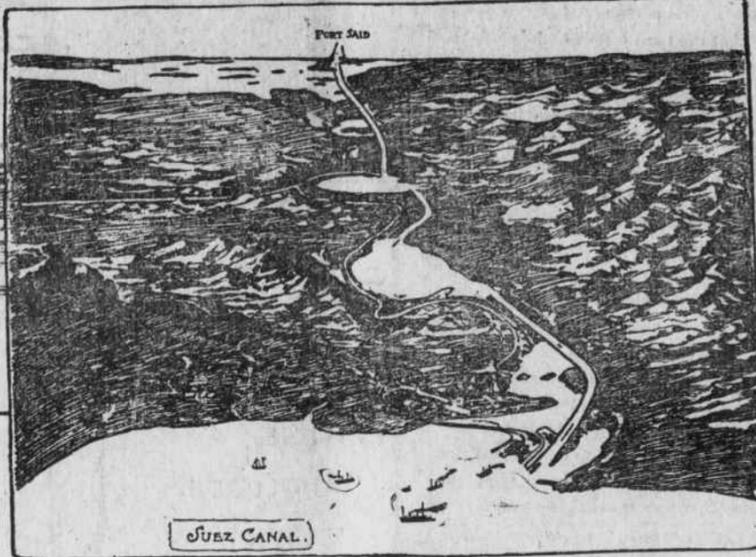
Khama is king of the Bamangwato tribe. His 40,000 subjects are called Bechuanas, because they live in Bechuanaland; but they resent this name themselves, and do not acknowledge it as a tribal term. Khama is an old man now—lean, hungry and as ugly as only an old negro can be; but he is a very good old man and in his way has probably done more real good to the cause of the natives than any other two dozen native chiefs. He will not allow any intoxicating liquor whatever to be sold anywhere within his dominions. He and all his people are strict teetotalers, and there is a heavy fine even for making tshuala, or Kaffir beer, a comparatively harmless decoction of fermented mealie meal. —Cincinnati Enquirer.

### A Substituted Forefinger.

A substituted forefinger was shown by a Koenigsberg doctor at a surgical congress in Berlin. He had cut off the patient's second toe and sewed it to the stump of the missing finger. Primary union followed and the new finger could be moved by its owner.



FERRYING CAMELS OVER SUEZ CANAL.



SUEZ CANAL.



AMERICAN SOLDIERS GAZING AT THE SAND DUNES.

sands of Americans have passed through it since we tackled the little Philippine problem, and thousands more will see it year after year for many years to come.

If those old, old lands through which it winds possess sentience, what did they think of the armed men of a strange race who stared at them as did the men of the United States army transport shown in this picture? They were men from the Bowery and Kansas and the plains—men from Georgia and Maine—the newest countries in the world. And here they looked with young eyes on a country where the most ancient known civilizations had played its tremendous part and disappeared, leaving behind it only a few poor ruins.

The member of the Sunday Press staff who made the pictures shown here sends this interesting account of the appearance and operation of the great canal:

Generally speaking the Suez canal is cut through a practically level desert of barren and hot yellow sand. There are a few hilly places in it, where deep cuts were found necessary, and on the other hand, long flooded districts, in which expensive dredging was called into play and dikes were built.

The hot winds along the adjoining fields are mighty and blow the loose sand into the canal from either side if not prevented by clever devices. They are in this respect as dangerous to the construction as the winds of the Atlantic ocean are to the farmers and cottagers of eastern Long Island and

trees with outspreading roots, on the lines of the system first adopted in South France and now in use all over the world. The results are satisfactory and the officials of the canal company find that method of protecting their property cheaper than any other they could adopt. A reproduction of some of the work of artificial agriculture is shown in the photo of the sand dunes along the east bank of the canal. These appear about one-third of the length of the entire canal, which is 87 miles in extent.

one section at the same time. They are all propelling in the same direction, of course, and cannot get into danger, because one of the strictest rules of the company provides that the maximum speed in the canal shall be five miles per hour. As all maintain exactly the same rate of speed, they keep the same distance apart throughout the whole course.

In such cases the waiting south-bound vessels have to remain tied up to the stakes at the signal stations, sometimes for an hour or more until

strong breeze blows in from the Indian ocean, as if a door had been opened suddenly. From that time on, while the thermometer is high, the run to Colombo is comfortable by reason of the steady cool breezes that blow through both the sun-heated day and bright, starry night. The sunsets on the Indian ocean are weird and glorified creations and excel in intensity of color and grandeur of display any description of them ever given by picture or pen. The sun goes down in a glorious blaze of golden red. All around the horizon are little bunches of tiny, fleecy clouds, looking like bouquets of cotton blossoms against an azure screen. Soon the heavens darken and lights begin to play. A mirage is not to be compared with the wonderful light and color plays that follow the sunset. The horizon is a deep, rich brown, then a big, broad field of white, flecked with little clouds that seem black against the brilliant background. A wonderful purple hue pervades the water. Then, like a burst of fireworks to end the display with greater glory, comes a great illusion scene. The lights seem to take form, and the display assumes the view of a glorified hillside, where we know that no dry land is.

one? They won't let him work. Do you suppose any one around here would hire him? They are afraid of him. They made a wild man of him and drove him to the woods. They've given him a bad name, and that's the end of it. They must have a scape-



HARRY KIPP.

goat, and they've chosen him. Even the children run from him; but he is just as gentle and tender as they are, and in the sight of heaven, I believe, just as innocent.

"Really, now, has a man had a fair chance who's never known a good woman to take an interest in him? I know the man he might have been and the man he will be when he goes away and gets a place and sends for me." And the girl is happy over the prospect of reforming the outlaw.

Lapland is truly the land of the infant industry.

## FOR TRUE LOVE OF HIM.

A slip of a girl in New York state has conquered "the terror of Copeke," an outlaw whose manifold depredations committed single-handed parallel the dark deeds of Robin Hood and whose whole band of brigands, Angeline Fosburg softened Harry Kipp's sin-caloused heart by love, and she has now exacted of him a promise to leave the cliffs and jungle-like forest which he has been making his home and, with her as his wife, to commence life anew in a far-off city. She maintains that Kipp has not had a fair chance, for he has never known a good woman to take an interest in him.

Angeline is a tall girl of 18, as pretty as a wild mountain rose. She first met Kipp when, in calm defiance of the authorities, he came down from the mountains and proceeded to win her heart, at the same time holding up houses and people by daylight or dark, as suited his fancy, and stirring the ire of Copeke farmers to the point of instant action. Brand new warrants were sworn out, the old ones having become musty, the farmers armed themselves with pistols, rifles, and shotguns and started up the mountain in search of Kipp. They weren't very successful. Occasionally their efforts were rewarded by hearing the mocking laughter of the culprit ring through the woods, and once they saw his face, which, moved by an impulse of deviltry he had thrust at them through a thicket. After three days, the posse was tired and disgusted. A discovery was made. Two boys

one afternoon saw at the end of a cowpath the stalwart figure of the brigand, and on his shoulder rested the curly brown head of Fosburg's daughter. Pickets watched the girl. The other day she started up towards the clearing with a basketful of dinner. The posse followed cautiously in ones and twos. While Kipp and the girl looked into each other's eyes the posse surrounded the clearing. The brigand laughed when he saw the trick, but the girl screamed, "Hands up!" shouted a farmer. Kipp laughed again. There was a click of a trigger. The girl threw herself between her lover and the men. "You must shoot me first!" she declared stoutly. For a moment the farmers fell back, and in that mo-

ment Kipp took advantage of his only opportunity and dropped 30 feet to the bed of a brook below.

The daring fellow was not hurt. Orlando-like, he carved messages to his love on the barks of trees and afterwards wrote notes on paper which she left for him. She, in turn, baked biscuits and dainties and left them for him in the woods. One of the mes-



sages carved on the trees was: "Angel is a brigand; she's stole my heart." This is how the girl regards her relation with the outlaw and explains how she has induced him to "make good":

"If he's an outlaw, who made him