

SUNDAY, MARCH 22, 1903

MODERN FABLES.

By George Ade.

The Fable of Hazel's Two Husbands and What Became of Them.

(Copyright, 1903, by Robert Howard Russell.)
NCE there was a Nice Girl who graduated from the High School in a White Organdie and read an Essay on Heliotrope Paper entitled, 'Life and Its Opportunities.'

The Girl's Name was Hazel, and about the time she drew the Diploma she was eating Sour Pickles and just crazy to be an Authoress. A few Months later she Debuted with a Fanfare of Trumpets, after which she was so busy straightening out her Dates and sorting over her Dance Programmes that she forgot all about her Literary Ambitions.

Hazel was built on the Gibson Plan, and it looked as if a good, fresh Breeze might blow her away. Just the same, when she went to a Hop she was good for everything from the Grand March to 'Home, Sweet Home.' All she needed to keep her on the Jump throughout the entire Night was a dab of Chicken Salad and a Macaroon about 1 A. M.

Hazel stood in with the real Howdy-Dows and was present at most of the tall Doings, but she was a trifle shy on Wardrobe. Papa had a large Family hatched behind his lowly Apple-Cart and he could not provide Hazel with very many Snake Rings and Diamond Belt Buckles.

So foxy Hazel had the Weather Eye at work. She was looking for something Kind and Easy. Of course, she liked the Boys she met at the Dances. They were lovely Chaps and kept their Hair combed nicely. Each one of them owned another Suit of Clothes and a Banjo, but Hazel was not looking for a Banjo. She was hoping for a Perfect Gentleman who would hand her a Check-Book and tell her to go as far as the Head.

Therefore, when an Elderly Bachelor with an income of several Dollars per Minute began to hang around, she hearkened to the Voice of Reason.

Hazel found herself in a swell Shack right on the Boulevard with 15 Cassals to do her Hair and a Change of Jewelry for every Hour in the Day.

Her husband would arise at 7:30 and pike to the Office, but Hazel would take her Coffee in Bed about 10:30 and then read the Sassy Notes, for fear that her Name had got into the Papers. Then she would have her Hair done by two or three strong Servants to lift her into her Clothes. Then she would go out for a little Ride in a Royal Equipage, padded 14 inches deep. All this time the Money-Getter would be answering the Telephone with one Hand and dictating Contracts with the Other.

At 6:30, when the Producer showed up for Dinner, he was a Faded Flower and had about as much Glimp as a Wet Towel. But Hazel, when she began to sniff the Night Air, was just at Kittenish as a Broncho and keen for a frolic. She slipped on her shoes, and instructed Musical Comedy and then having a tasty little Supper of about 11 Courses.

If the Producer tried to lie down and claimed that it had been a Hard Day at the Office, Hazel accused him of being a Slobsterine and intimated that he had



He Would Hover Like a Dark Cloud at the Outskirts of the Happy Group.

ceased to Love. After sitting around all Day, Hazel was not hankering for any Quiet Evening in the Library. She wanted to get out and hit up the High

Spots and dazzle the Public with her A I Exhibit of Precious Stones. Papa knew that if he did not go, she would call

up some of the Live Ones and leave him behind. He wanted to be game, so he would trail along and hover like a Dark Cloud at the Outskirts of the Happy Group.

The only time any one paid any Attention to him was when the Check came.

Hazel had him going South most of the Time. If he ever started to rise up and declare himself, she would give him a sweet little Kiss, right on the Forehead, and tell him to sit down and behave.

There is only one Finish for the deluded Mortal who tries to work on the Day Schedule and at the same time cover the Bright Light District with the Night Shift. He winds up as the Principal Attraction of Daylight Function at which six of his old-time Friends wear White Gloves and one sends Flowers, but he does not have to acknowledge them.

Hazel looked very well in Black, but it was Hard Lines for her to stay indoors. She knew it would cause Talk if she cut loose before the Grass was Green in the Lot, so she was pulling for an Early Spring and plenty of Rain.

When she bought her Second Ticket for the Merry-go-Round she was determined on one Thing. 'The next one I pick out will not be tied down to any Office,' she told herself. 'I want a Man who can keep awake all Evening. I refuse to travel with Quitters.' What we need in this Country to put Gingers into our Social Affairs are Gentlemen of Leisure, who begin to get Good about Midnight.

So she picked out a handsome Wretch of Good Family who never had worked a Moment in all of his Life, and who hated the sight of a Spade and shovel.

He argued that it was Bad Form for any one to suggest going home before Daybreak. They went travelling together as soon as she had settled the Insurance. When they arrived in a New Town he would go out to buy a Package of Cigarettes and then he would return in three days to find out if everything was O. K. and if she was having a Nice Time.

But you could say one Word to his Credit. He never uttered a harsh or cruel Word to her, because he always remembered that when the Arrangements were being made he was Non Est. He belonged to several Clubs at which the Members removed their Pajamas to put on Evening Clothes. Sometimes he met his Wife at Dinner Parties, when he did so, he showed her every Consideration and asked her if she was still living at the same Place. He never forgot to be a Gentleman, even at a Dinner Party.

Although she saw him only about once a Week, she would go to his Consolation. She knew he was not working himself to Death in any Office. When she applied for a Divorce, the Officers had to Hunt a long Time before they found him.

He was very much Pained and said he had never talked a harsh or cruel Word to her, because he always asked me to answer such questions as he has been putting.

'The examination is in Mr. Homes' hands,' said the arbitrator. 'I cannot interfere. Proceed, Mr. Homes.'

MR. HOMES' MEMOIRS. His Posthumous Memoirs

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

(Copyright, 1903, by John Kendrick Bangs.)

There was considerable excitement in Cimmaria over the threatened disruption of the Stygian Historical society. Like most other historical societies, this organization derived its membership from the most select social circles of the country, and when, as happened in this particular case, one of the meetings of the irreproachables of the community broke up in a fierce fight, such as one might expect to witness in the saloon of a sailor's lodging house, a veritable brawl, the whole public was scandalized. It would have been no more startling had the courtly Chesterfield and the polished Duke of Buckingham, because of some slight disagreement, taken to pelting each other with petit fours and sandwiches at one of Madame Recamier's delightful afternoons, and, indeed, stirred the society of Hades more deeply than it had been since the eloquent Kild in his prime, giving as a reason for so doing that the papers were full of it, and for a good deal more than the proverbial nine days' wonder it was the chief topic of conversation at the clubs, cafes and private gatherings. The trouble grew out of the Columbus-Vespucci controversy, a subject which has divided the partisans of the two, with a small handful, constituting the practical balance of power between them, of believers in the pretensions of Leif Ericson, and at the annual meeting the issue constituted the line between the platforms, upon which candidates for office stood. No one supposed that feeling would run so high as to provoke aggressive acts of hostility, until the partisans of Columbus withdrew their candidate against the leader of the Vespuccites, and substituted Captain Kild in his place, giving as a reason for so doing that Kild's claims for the honor were greater than those of Vespucci. The insult was too deadly to be overlooked, and Vespucci himself, in his wrath, heaved an atlas at the head of Columbus, who retorted with an ink stand, with which Vespucci, in a moment of anger, struck the Italian squarely in the middle. The scene that followed was as disgraceful as it was painful. Order was thrown to the winds, and, in the twinkling of an eye, the most dignified society of Hades was indulging in an indiscriminate melee, alongside of which a football scrimmage between twenty-two lusty young gladiators would seem as mild as the exercises of a Sunday school class in the presence of a visiting vestryman. I shall not go into the details of the fracas further than to say that a majority of the members returned to their homes in ambulances, and were not much interested in their accustomed haunts for some ten or fifteen days. What happened then, my story will indicate.

It was two weeks after the affair, when my office boy brought a card into my private office, upon which was engraved the single word "Solomon."

"Solomon, eh?" I asked, glancing at the card. "That's singularly inconclusive, Solomon who? Isaacs, Jones, John or what?"

"I dunno," said the boy. "He's a tall old guy with long white beard, and gilt clothes, and a solid gold hat on."

"Oh!" I cried. "Show him in, my boy," for I recognized at once, by the description, that my visitor was the Simon-pure Solomon who was noted for his proverbs and for his wisdom.

The real personage was soon after ushered into my presence, and I received him with all the ceremony due to one of his exalted position, all of which he waved aside, however, and insisted upon being treated as a plain, ordinary citizen.

"We have no rank here, Mr. Homes," he said, as he sat down alongside of my desk. Hades, like love, levels all things, and at this particular juncture it is I who must bow to you, rather than you to me.

"I have been one of your staunch admirers, always, your majesty," said I.

"Not your majesty," he gently protested. "Just Solomon."

"Ah, but I could not call you by your first name," said I. "It would be too great a familiarity."

"It is my whole name," said he. "Therefore, why not call me by it? I am not a modern, but an ancient, Mr. Homes, and we were content, in my time, with a single simple designation. I suppose if I had lived in your time I should have preferred to have been known as Ralph Waldo Solomon, or John Russell Solomon, or Peter Finlay Solomon, or Richard Harding Solomon, or A. Conan Solomon, but you see, I wasn't brought up that way. Plain Solomon, without any three-ply distinction, has always been good enough for me. Indeed, I found it hard enough to make one name without venturing upon three."

"I shall call you as you wish—er—Solomon," said I, finding it difficult even with his permission to so address him fluently. "To what do I owe the very distinguished honor of this call?"

"I want you to help me out of a very difficult position," he answered. "You have perhaps discovered, Mr. Homes, that there has recently been a slight difference of opinion among the members of the Stygian Historical society—"

"Over the discovery of America?" I queried.

"Precisely," Solomon replied. "Over the discovery of America. The trouble that discovery has brought upon us people of the old world is such that I sometimes wish it hadn't been discovered at all. I assure you that I am personally glad that it was utterly unknown in my day, for I am sure I don't know what I should have done about the Monroe doctrine, if I'd had to buck up against it as my present prototype, William of Germany, has had to do, and, wise as I am reputed to be, I should be perplexed to know how to deal with the trusts."

"You handled the trust question all right," said I.

"I demanded."

"Well, yes, in a way," said I. "As far as getting married was concerned, I've always thought you were a sort of matrimonial monopolist, and you carried it off rather well."

"Oh, that!" laughed Solomon. "Perhaps you are right, Mr. Homes. I was a sort of captain of industry in the matrimonial line, but I wasn't thinking of that precise point when I spoke of the trusts—and, indeed, I haven't come here to discuss trusts, or other outward and visible signs of aggressive Americanism. It's the present plight of the Historical society that I have in

mind. We are all very much ashamed of ourselves over the unfortunate affair of two weeks ago, and we want to do the right thing. Both factions have got together, and have agreed to arbitrate the question of the discovery of America. Columbus says he doesn't care a continental who did it, and Vespucci says, that after himself, Columbus is his favorite, and they are all willing to play Leif Ericson for a place, so long as the Historical society can be rehabilitated. There's a nice spirit in all the camps, and in order to get together they have consented to abide by the decision of the arbitrator."

"I see," said I. "And who is he to be?"

"Myself," said Solomon, with a sigh. "They've left the whole—the whole—question to me, and I don't know the first thing about it. Do you know who discovered America?"

"Well—no, not positively," said I. "I've never taken the subject up, seriously."

"But you have opinions?"

"Which are?"

I smiled. "My dear Solomon," said I. "I sell my conclusions, but my theories I keep wholly to myself. They may not be correct, you know."

"I buy your conclusions," he cried. "But I'm just out of conclusions today. Maybe next week I shall have a few. Why don't you settle the matter the way you settled the baby question? Just split the continent in two, and let Columbus be the discoverer of one-half and Vespucci that of the other, New Jersey and the District of Columbia for Leif Ericson?"

"It wouldn't do," said Solomon, thereby showing his real wisdom. "There isn't one of 'em cares enough about the country itself to protest against the decision, and it wouldn't be a conclusion at all."

"I see your point," said I. "But I'll help you, Solomon," I added. "I should like to feel and to be able to say that I helped you, the wisest man that ever lived. It will look well on my card—Detective by Special Appointment to Solomon the Great—"

"Oh, never!" cried Solomon, with a most charming gesture, which quite captivated me, "and as the queen of Sheba has often said to me 'Because.' There is no other reason."

"I understand," said I. "You wish to stand alone in this matter."

"I've got to—or perish!" said he.

"I will save you, Solomon," said I. "I like you, and always have liked you, because you are—or at least have been—a human being, and I like human beings. It's the superhuman being that doesn't appeal to me. I'll help you out of this trouble or burst, and I know just how to do it. Come back here next Thursday, and bring Columbus and Vespucci with you. We'll leave Ericson out, because, between you and me, he strikes me as the most troublesome character of the lot."

And so Solomon left me. Now it happened that I myself discovered America, in a way, some years before coming here. Yielding to the temptation of fame I had visited the home of the free and the land of the brave as a lecturer in the mid-years of my successful career, and I knew something about the country, and based upon that knowledge, I felt sure I could cross-examine both Columbus and Vespucci in such a way as would elicit the real facts of their individual relation to the strenuous new world.

The following Thursday came, in due course, and with it, along about 11 o'clock in the morning, came also Solomon and the two witnesses. The first to go on the witness stand was Columbus.

"You are the Columbus who is alleged to have discovered America?" I asked.

"I am," said he, flushing a trifle with indignation at my use of the word "alleged" in connection with his name.

"You have really been to America?" I asked.

"Tush!" he cried in Spanish. "How futile such questioning! Of course I have."

"Did you land at Castle Garden, or Ellis Island?" I asked.

"Never heard of either," he replied, sullenly.

"At what port of entry did you enter the new land?" I demanded. "New Orleans, Boston, New York, Galveston or San Francisco?"

"They are all new names to me," said Columbus.

"Give me your impressions from you. Now, Solomon, please call Amerigo Vespucci to the stand."

The famous explorer was summoned and in a moment I had him also on the rack.

"Your name is Vespucci?"

"Amerigo Vespucci."

"Named after America?"

"Ah! Have you ever been to America?" Vespucci flushed angrily.

"Certainly," he said. "How else could I claim the discovery?"

"That's what I wish to find out," I retorted, drily.

"Now, Mr. Vespucci, I should like to have you state to me the essential differences between Philadelphia and a city like Madrid, for instance."

"Between what?"

"Philadelphia and Madrid."

"Philadelphia and Madrid, Vespucci. Philadelphia is a new one on me."

"Do you consider that New York resembles Paris or London the more?"

"I have never seen New York. Where is it?"

"It is on the east, north, south and west of the Bowers, Mr. Vespucci."

"The Bowers, eh?" he queried, scratching his head with a perplexed grin on his face. "Well, you've got me there, Mr. Homes. To be quite frank with you, I never heard of the Bowers."

"What are your impressions of the architecture of the capitol building at Washington?"

"Didn't know there was such a building."

"And your opinion of Pittsburg as a factor in civilization?"

"Excuse me, King Solomon," said Vespucci, "but I must ask what this line of inquiry is intended to develop. Mr. Homes might as well converse in Greek as ask me to answer such questions as he has been putting."

"The examination is in Mr. Homes' hands," said the arbitrator. "I cannot interfere. Proceed, Mr. Homes."

"I have no further questions to put," said I. "The examination is finished as far as I am concerned, and I think should proceed conclusively, your honor, that neither of these gentlemen discovered America. When a man pretends to have discovered America, and yet knows nothing of Pittsburg, Philadelphia, New York and Washington, you may rest assured that he has merely signed it, not discovered it. I therefore recommend that you report to the Historical society that neither Columbus nor Vespucci is guilty."

"Hm!" said Solomon. "And that the country has not been discovered at all?"

"I should not go as far as that," said I, gathering up my papers and preparing to leave. "The inquiry was confined to the services of these two parties to the controversy. Out of their own mouths they are shown to know nothing of the country they claim to have discovered. There, it seems to me, the scope of this controversy ends."

"Still," said Solomon, gazing at his feet, reflectively, "it leaves the controversy open. Somebody did it."

"Ah—very true," said I. "But us to that, we are unable to inquire. It is my regret that the man who discovered it, and I think suspicion attaches either to Mr. Andrew Carnegie or to a gentleman named Dooley—Mr. Dooley—but—"

"Why not summon them?" demanded Solomon.

"They are not yet within the jurisdiction of the court, your honor," said I, and with that the inquiry came to an end, and I am informed that the verdict of "not proven," rendered later by Solomon, was received with approval, though based upon a novel point.

"I wonder, Homes," said Columbus to me later, "that you did not attribute the discovery of America to Emperor William."

"The season is perfectly simple," said I. "The Kaiser hasn't done it yet, but I judge from the news that occasionally penetrates down here from the upper regions, that he is gradually getting there. Give him time, and a few more Venezuelan revolutions, and the Kaiser's muscle is up."

With which sage observation on my part, the episode came to a close.

(NEXT WEEK—"Mr. Homes Shatters a Tradition.")

SENATOR HARRIS ON PANAMA CANAL DIFFICULTIES

IF the proposed Panama canal is constructed one of the greatest engineering problems of all the centuries will have been solved. The proposed canal is to be fifty miles long, and the lowest estimated cost of a sea level ship waterway between the oceans is \$250,000,000. The Suez canal cost approximately \$1,000,000 a mile. The cost of the proposed Panama canal, according to the Walker commission's estimate, will be \$5,000,000 a mile.

Three great engineering problems will confront the new commission and the engineers at Panama. They are the control of the Chagres river, a torrential stream, which rises as high as forty feet; the construction of pneumatic caissons at a depth of 137 feet, which is thirty-seven feet deeper than has ever been attempted before, and the construction of the great Culebra cut, two-thirds of the way from Colon to Panama, which involves the removal of 44,000,000 cubic yards of earth in a distance of seven miles. In the construction of isolated bridge piers, work on pneumatic caissons at a depth of 100 feet has been successfully done by men working in shifts of one hour each. Even at this rate no man at a depth of 100 feet has been able to work for more than four shifts in each twenty-four hours. The work to be done in making the seven miles of the Culebra cut will require as much excavating as has been done on any one of the great trunk line railroads in the United States.

Ex-Senator W. A. Harris, who for six years as a member of the committee on interoceanic canals was the consistent advocate of the construction of a canal, and was Senator Morgan's chief lieutenant in urging the Nicaragua route, believes that American skill and genius can overcome the physical obstacles in the construction of the Panama canal. Mr. Harris is a civil engineer of wide experience. He is a graduate of three or four of the best engineering schools in the country, and was the engineer in charge of construction of the Kansas Pacific railroad. He has personally inspected all of the proposed routes for an interoceanic canal across the isthmus, and was the chief authority on the engineering problems involved while the various routes were under discussion in congress. Senator Harris is now being urged as a member of the government commission that will be entrusted with the construction of the Panama canal.

In discussing the problems of the Panama proposition, Senator Harris, in a conversation with the correspondent of the Star, reviewed the long controversy between the advocates of suggested routes as well as the diplomatic complications which followed the ratification of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. By the terms of this treaty the governments of the United States and Great Britain agreed that neither should undertake the construction of a canal connecting the oceans, and the subsequent negotiations between the two governments have finally left us with an even more difficult negotiation on our hands—that of coming to a satisfactory understanding with the republic of Colombia.

Before entering upon a discussion of the difficult problems which will confront the engineers who are to have charge of the construction of the canal, Senator Harris said:

"It now begins to seem a great question whether the American people are to have their wishes carried out and the canal owned, controlled and protected by the American government. For more than fifty years we have chafed and fretted over that abomination in American diplomacy known as the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, by which we permitted ourselves to be bullied out of the right to construct a canal, and the desire of Great Britain to appear friendly and our own efforts at last brought about a modification of the treaty known as the Hay-Pauncefote convention.

"The first Hay-Pauncefote treaty was repudiated by the entire sentiment of the country, which found its expression in the almost unanimous rejection by the senate because it still limited our right to control and protect the canal. The second Hay-Pauncefote treaty was ratified, notwithstanding important omissions, chief of which was the right to give any terms we pleased to our coastwise trade, because of the intense desire to clear the way for the active beginning of work. Then came up the long controversy between the two principal interests. It was generally conceded that the canal must be constructed either by the Nicaragua or the Panama routes. The house, by an overwhelming vote, decided for Nicaragua, but after a long delay the French Panama Canal company reduced its price for uncompleted work to what the last Walker commission regarded as offsetting any disadvantages possessed by Nicaragua and his final recommendation was for the acceptance of the French properties and the location of a canal along the French line. Aside from the physical questions involved in a comparison of the two routes, those who advocated the Nicaragua route were apprehensive of the diplomatic and legal difficulties involved in the transfer of the French concessions and in securing from Colombia a satisfac-

tory treaty which would allow the United States to go on with the work.

"In securing the treaty from Colombia one of the greatest difficulties undoubtedly has been the strong feeling among prominent men connected with that government that the last extensions obtained by the French company were secured by fraud and actual bribery and were never legally ratified by the Colombian congress, as they should have been. Without these extensions they complained that the property is and should have been forfeited to the Colombian government and that the United States should purchase the property from that government instead of from the French company.

"The Colombian government claims that it is giving up \$40,000,000 worth of property even at this supposedly low value. It is no wonder, therefore, it has fought for the greatest possible price to be paid by the government of the United States, and has an every way limited the control and right to protect and defend the canal by the government of the United States. While Nicaragua was willing to accept \$8,000,000 and Costa Rica \$1,000,000 for a canal zone, through an unpopulated region, over which we were to have absolute police control, and perfect right to protect and defend the zone, the route through Panama involves very considerable population, the cities of Panama and Colon and elsewhere along the line. The problem of sanitation in the construction of the Panama canal becomes vastly more difficult, not only owing to climatic conditions, but also to the presence of this dense and squally population, while the question of judicial and police control involves the organization of government tribunals and the construction of a complete code of laws for joint judicial and police control. The senate, however, forced on the house the adoption of the Panama route, and it was hoped that an active prosecution of the work would soon be brought about. The influence at work in Colombia have made the negotiation of a treaty a very difficult and tedious operation, and with all the concessions yielded by our representatives there is still grave doubt that the opposition to the treaty in Colombia may prevent its ratification there, while in our own senate an extra session was made necessary."

"Supposing, however, that this treaty is ratified by the two countries. This question then arises, what is the work to be done?"

"The treaty provides for a preparatory period of two years and then the completion of the canal in ten years thereafter, with the privilege of extension for a like period if it becomes necessary in order to complete the canal. The first thing to be done

is to take over the property of the French company and as far as possible have the work going along at the same time at certain important points, immediately on taking possession, the great problem of sanitation must be confronted. Panama and Colon are both recognized as centers of infection for yellow fever, while the whole line is continually menaced by remarkably virulent form of malarial and other fevers.

"The water supply everywhere is badly and insufficient in quantity. By more than three hundred years Panama now a town of 25,000 inhabitants, has been inadequately supplied by water carts from all sorts of impure and fever-breeding places. The treaty requires that these two points shall be provided with adequate water supply and sewerage. It is doubtful whether this work can be done in two years. All along the line it will be necessary to secure an adequate supply of pure and good water by distillation or other means.

"Work in the great Culebra cut will measure the time required for the completion of the canal. This cut is located about two-thirds of the way from Colon to Panama, and is the continental divide. Our commission estimates that 44,000,000 cubic yards of earth will have to be removed to make this cut. This cut is only seven or eight miles long and is so concentrated that it makes it difficult to attack. To realize the difficulty of performing this work in the limited space it occupies let one imagine all of the cutting involved in some of the longest lines of railroad to be concentrated in a little over seven miles."

"The cutting at the top would be nearly half a mile wide, with a depth in many places of more than 200 feet. The canal itself is to be 150 feet wide at the surface and thirty-five feet deep. Our commission has recommended the construction of a dam at Bohio about 8,000 feet long. For 700 feet of that disappreciable caissons must be sunk below the water level from 120 to 137 feet. The greatest depth to which pneumatic work has been carried in the case of a few isolated bridge piers has been about 100 feet, and even at this depth it has been found that men can work only four hours out of twenty-four, in four shifts of one hour each. Fifty per cent of the best men only are able to stand this work at all. The French plans provide for an additional level and a much smaller dam, with locks of much less lift, and I am strongly of the opinion that the plans proposed by the international commission of engineers, and adopted by the French company, will ultimately be found much safer, less hazardous and less expensive.

"Our commissioners recommended fixing the summit level at about 90 feet, with two locks immediately together, or in tandem, each with a lift of 45 feet. The dimensions of these locks and the height of the dam are also beyond anything known heretofore, and untried problems in securing foundations and in methods of operation and maintenance. The Walker commission planned by this great dam to conserve the water of the Chagres river into an elevated lake forming the summit level. Below the dam and to the mouth of it at Colon the principal problem was to protect and defend the canal from the waters of the Chagres river, a torrential stream rising as much as forty feet. Above the dam and in the summit level question of a reliable water supply in the driest years is a matter of grave concern. The French proposed to construct another dam ten miles from the canal, impounding the waters of the Chagres at Alahuala. Our commission made no estimate for this work, but individually they all admit that this additional reservoir would undoubtedly be found necessary.

"Much has been said in the press about the possibilities of a sea level canal at Panama. De Lesseps himself expressly declared at the beginning of his career that he had no intention of the Panama route, and he believed a sea level canal could be constructed. This idea was long ago abandoned by the French as impossible, with the time and money which could be secured, and in fact it was given up by them as an engineering impossibility. The Chagres river must be kept out of the canal because of its tremendous floods. In my opinion it may as well be conceded that, beautiful as the idea may be of a sea level canal, it will never be constructed. The practical advantages can be obtained by a lock canal, and the American people will neither be willing to sacrifice the time nor the money in the pursuit of this iridescent dream. Great and overwhelming as some of these physical problems seem, they are still eclipsed by the difficulties from chicanery, corruption and intrigue that are now actively at work to prevent the first spadeful of earth being thrown by the government of the United States. It is the first step which costs, and when once that step has been taken, in spite of the hidden obstacles now before us, the American skill, American energy and American genius will in good time overcome the obstacles nature has erected in the way of wedding the oceans. But we must take that first step."—Washington Correspondence Kansas City Star.