

Panama Canal Should Be Ready Within Ten Years



"Climate will be the most serious obstacle in the work of constructing the Panama canal," said Mr. Alfred Noble, a member of the Panama commission, to a reporter for the Herald. "The canal commission in its summary of the difficulties estimated the climate as carefully as it did the cost of construction."

"Personally, I believe that the methods adopted at Santiago and Havana applied to Colon and Panama will transform these pest holes into comparatively healthy cities."

"You know, the dean of the medical faculty at Panama divides the seasons into the wet period from April 15 to December 15, when persons die of yellow fever in from four to five days, and the dry season from December 15 to April 15, when people die of per-

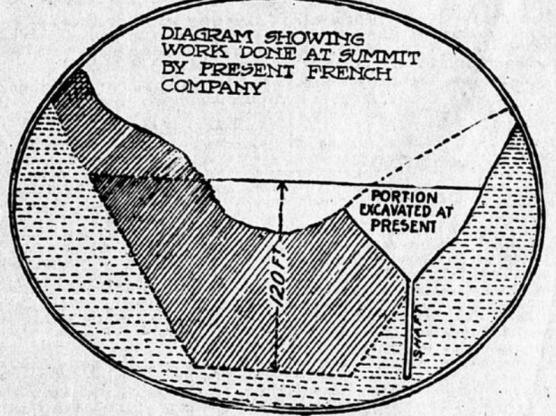
"The present company, however, cut a small strip directly through the high ridge, and, at intervals, sank shafts to the depth of the ultimate cut. They lowered us 120 feet down those shafts in a bucket, on a windlass."

"It wasn't a pleasant experience, but it gave us an opportunity to report on the actual quality of soil to be taken out of this most difficult of cuts. This was of great value to us, and, had, indirectly, not a little influence upon the negotiations in Congress."

"The other big engineering problem is the River Chagres, which rises to great heights during freshets, and discharges as much water sometimes as the whole Lake Superior basin. An artificial lake, some distance from the canal is to take the overflow."

When asked whether the French

commissioners to revive the ancient custom of ringing the curfew nightly. At Antrim, as at a great many other towns in Ulster, the curfew was in former generations rung regularly; but the practice, like that associated with the maypole, has gradually died out until now the places where it still lingers are few and far between. The action of the commissioners is based on purely sentimental grounds. They have simply revived an old custom because the people like to hear the bell and are willing to pay for the privilege, as is indicated by the fact that a sum of money to pay all expenses has been handed over to the vestry of the parish church.



nicious fever in from twenty-six to thirty-six hours.

"The tropics and filth form a combination that only modern science and Anglo-Saxon energy can hope to conquer, and they will conquer. You must remember that the United States will have what the French never had, absolute police authority from ocean to ocean. The example of Santiago is before us."

"Do you think any engineering difficulty can upset the present plans?" was asked.

"No, the canal is perfectly feasible," answered the distinguished engineer. "It should be open to commerce in ten years with the aid of modern machinery and from 30,000 to 40,000 men."

"Where are these men to come from?" was asked.

"Principally from Jamaica. The unskilled laborers must necessarily be negroes, and the negroes of Jamaica and other British West Indian colonies are infinitely superior to those of the other islands."

"The blacks of Santo Domingo, for instance, are practically worthless. Loafing is a part of their religion. Jamaican negroes are almost immune from yellow fever, and engineers who built the Jamaica railway extension in 1896 tell me they are good workmen—that is, comparatively speaking, of course."

"Yes, forty thousand men may be more than this labor market can furnish, but in any case I do not believe American negroes should be employed. The number of men needed will depend on the amount of machinery. Owing to the climate, I imagine machine will replace hand work wherever possible, even with the cheapest labor. I should say in any event thirty thousand would be the minimum."

Mr. Noble thought the American staff in round numbers would comprise five hundred men. The machinery will undoubtedly be American.

"In handling material," continued Mr. Noble, "I think Americans are first. The Chicago drainage canal is the most perfect example of canal engineering that has been done up to the present time."

"The French have passed us all in tunnel work near the surface, as shown in the new Orleans terminal and Metropolitan underground railway in Paris. The English have developed to its highest point the art of tunneling under water."

Mr. Noble credits the French Panama company, organized in 1894, to take over the De Lesseps wreck, and, if possible, to save something out of it by good judgment and excellent

company's machinery was still serviceable. Mr. Noble replied that excellent care had been taken of it; at least, he always found fresh paint on it. At best, however, it would be of little value. American machinery twenty years old is almost worthless to-day, so radical have been the improvements.

"Does any one still cling to the idea of a canal without locks?" was asked.

"There must be locks to provide for the twenty-foot range of tide at Panama," said the commissioner, "but it is possible to construct a canal without any other locks. Such a canal would unquestionably be a great benefit to shipping, but its cost would be enormous and it would take twice as long to build."

Mr. Noble is a firm believer in the commercial future of canals. Referring to the report of the "Soo" canal for the year, which he had just received, he remarked that the United States is paid back every year in the increase of trade the amount originally invested in this canal.

"I do not agree," he said, "with the Australian postmaster-general in say-

Thinks All Are Too Well Paid.

Among officeholders in Washington Comptroller Tracewell of the treasury is regarded as a most extraordinary person. Mr. Tracewell's salary is \$5,500, and he thinks he is overpaid. Worse than entertaining such a heterodox opinion, however, is the fact that he has not hesitated to give expression thereto. During the recent session of congress he was giving a subcommittee some information regarding his office. The chairman complimented him by saying: "You are the first man government officer who has appeared before us who did not ask for an increase of salary." Tracewell replied bluntly: "I'm getting a blank sight too much now." In private conversation later he said: "Considering the hours of their labor and their responsibilities government employees are paid more than any other class of men in the world." All of which is regarded in bureaucratic circles as little short of revolutionary.

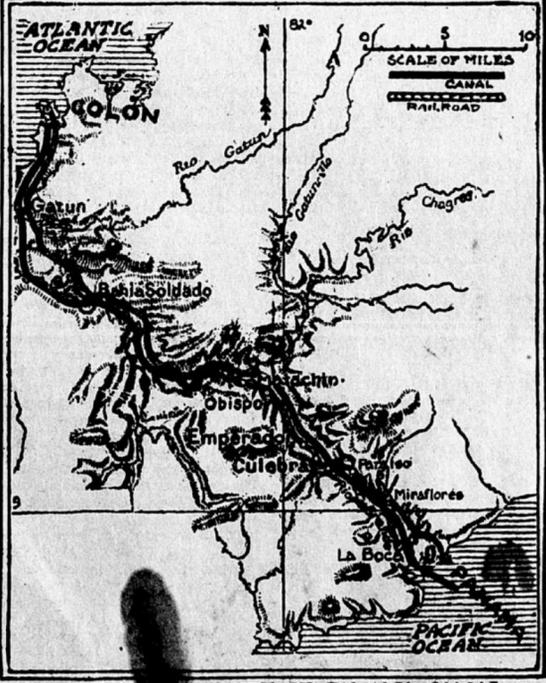
She's Pretty, but He's Strong.

Jenkins owns a house in a Brooklyn suburb. It is now for sale, and his tenant, or, rather, his tenant's pretty wife, has had a number of callers who wanted to look over the property, says the New York Press. The other day Jenkins received a letter of complaint from his tenant, of which this is a copy:

"Dear Sir—I have a complaint to make about the man who come out here to look at your house. Most of them think it necessary to tell my wife how pretty she is while they are looking over the property. I want to warn you that some of these days I am going to take a day off from my work and then if any of those men want to tell my wife that she is pretty I will be around to show them her husband is pretty strong."

Count Cassini Will Return.

As soon as it was announced that Count Cassini, the Russian ambassador, intended to sail for Europe about the middle of May, a rumor became current that he would not return. This is now said to be without foundation. The count is conceded to be the cleverest diplomat in Washington and the star member of the Russian corps



only had twelve or thirteen million capital, and instead of spending in carrying on the De Lesseps' dug a triangular strip of the profile excavation straight through the mountain at Culebra. Not only will the canal work done be used in the final construction, but the company thereby could give the most practical answer possible to Panama critics."

"It had long been said, in fact engineers insisted upon it at the first De Lesseps congress, in 1879, that the cut through the mountain was an insurmountable obstacle. The ground was thought to be extremely hard to excavate in some places, in others of soft clay, sand and water that could not be held.

ing that the Panama canal will reduce the Australian trade to a shadow. "Most of the Anglo-American shipping will continue by the Suez route, because there is little difference in length, and there is always a short cut for passengers and mail by the Suez. But this does not mean that the Panama canal will not have a great share of the world's shipping," says the New York Herald.

Reviving the Curfew.

The people of Antrim have, with delight the decision of the

As he is now dean of the diplomatic set in Washington—a position of much importance in European eyes—it is not regarded as likely that the shrewd Russians will care to relinquish the advantage which this gives them.

Sentiment from Plato.

"Wisdom is the true and analogical coin, for which we ought to exchange all things: for this, and with this, everything is in reality bought and sold—fortitude, temperance and justice; and, in a word, true virtue subsists with wisdom."—Plato.

LITTLE SEEDS OF KINDNESS.

How Representative Curtis Came Near Making an Enemy.

Secretary Wilson is receiving numerous requests from all parts of the country for seeds, and is replying to all of them that congress at this session has made no provision for seed distribution, and there are no seeds left on hand at the department of agriculture. Representative Charles Curtis of Kansas, who was one of the contestants in the recent fight for senatorial honors, told a story to-day about the farmers in connection with this matter. One of his newly elected compeers came to him in great indignation. The compeer was rapidly reaching the conclusion that a career in congress was humiliating sort of business. With a few words more forcible than elegant, he showed Curtis a postal card he had just received. Its back merely bore this inscription: "H. D. Jones, Owenna, Kansas." Nothing more, nothing less. There was no key to the possible code; no accompanying diagram to explain the brief but apparently inexplicable puzzle.

"What are you going to do about it?" asked Curtis, smilingly.

"Do about it? Fold up the postal very carefully and throw it in the waste basket, of course."

"Then you can count on losing a few votes next campaign."

"Why?" asked the surprised new statesman.

"Simply," replied Curtis, "that that is an established way for asking for government seeds. You'll get a great many of them before the time comes for the annual seeds distribution to begin, and what such postals mean is to put the name forwarded on your list of those to whom you will have the seeds sent this year out of your allotment from the agricultural department." It was a surprise to the new member, and he went away muttering at the divers duties of congressmen, but, nevertheless, his constituent, Jones, was one of the first to get the seeds in the ensuing distribution.

—New York Tribune.

THERE ARE STILL WARS.

Some of the Battles of a "Peaceful" Year.

The year of grace 1902, which saw the end of the Boer war, the practical end of the rebellion in the Philippines, and the termination of half a dozen South and Central American revolutions, will probably go down into time labeled as a year of supreme peace. And yet in 1902 battles are waging in nearly a dozen countries and war is abroad upon every continent.

The average reader, if asked to name the wars now in progress, would very likely stop uncertainly after mentioning the struggle between Britain and the natives of Somaliland. But this is not the only war of the day by any means. Here is a little list of the places whereat battles have been going on, either now or recently, with the names of the opposing forces:

Venezuela.

Hayti—Three revolutions.

The Afghanistan-Indian Border—Waziris vs. British.

Morocco—Revolution to dethrone the sultan.

Upper Nigeria—Arabs vs. British.

Somaliland—British vs. Somalis.

Southern Arabia—Arabs vs. Turks.

Macedonia—Turks vs. Macedonians and Bulgarians.

Sarawak—British native force vs. Dyaks.

Corea—Corean regulars vs. rebels.

Sumatra—Dutch vs. Achinese.

The guerrilla warfare in the lower Philippines and the aftermath of the Boxer troubles in China are not included.—London Answers.

When Aldrich Laughed.

"Did you ever laugh at a funeral?" said Senator Aldrich of Rhode Island. "I did once. It was the funeral of an old-time acquaintance, and the minister who made the opening address was absent-minded. He got up in the pulpit, began to speak, and then hesitated. He had forgotten the sex of the corpse."

"Our deceased, our deceased—brother—or sister—," he said, and then went on and spoke with great feeling about the virtues of the deceased, calling it always 'brother—or sister.' Finally, pausing a moment, I heard him say to the aged deacon who sat in a loud whisper:

"The corpse, which is it, a brother or a sister?"

"The deacon was very old and slow of wit. He answered in a whisper: 'Neither. Only an acquaintance.'"

"Here," Senator Aldrich ended, "I laughed."

Not Our Weak Hand.

How small is this that has been asked of us—

"Tis but to try;

Not our weak hand has been required to set

With stars the sky;

Or swing the great good moon above the clouds.

Nor yet have we

Commanded been, to place the singing shell

Beneath the sea;

But just to try, and but our humble might.

With our whole heart.

Not waste our strength by doubting that success

Will be our part.

Noah's Arrangement.

"It has interested me much," said the scriptural literalist, "to speculate on how Noah arranged all those miscellaneous animals in the ark."

"Well," replied the cheerful idiot, "he probably arranged the crocodiles in tears and the jungle beasts in firs."

Willing Sacrifice.

Will change—I'm thinking of taking a wife.

Henry Peck—You can take mine, and welcome.

HERO IN HARD LUCK

FATE DEALS UNKINDLY WITH WOULD-BE REFORMER.

Youth Who Rebuked Fat Man for Promiscuous Expectoration Gets Into Serious Difficulty—Coarse Man Wipes Up Floor With Him.

A fat man—fat and apparently coarse, and with a predilection for bullying over the common people—stirred up a big rumpus yesterday morning on the Staten Island ferry boat Robert Garrett, which left St. George at 7:10 o'clock.

This person chewed tobacco with a noticeable vehemence, and with conscientiousness and frequency he was obliged to dispose of the usual by-product. It was the fat man's method of disposing of his by-product that made the rumpus. Perhaps there were cuspidors, but the fat man didn't hunt for them. He picked out vacant spots on the floor instead. There were women passengers, and some of them became almost panicky. Then it was that a small, heroic man made his appearance. He was a young man with pale-blue eyes, a slim waist, and an unhalting expression around his chin. He had dodged the big man's hydraulic efforts once or twice, and felt called upon to do something. He might have chosen a more original remark, but under the stress of great mental excitement he resorted to the old saw. Catching the fat man's eyes he said, angrily:

"Do you expect to rate yourself as a gentleman?"

(Swish!) "Huh?" said the fat man.

"Then don't expectorate on the floor," added the young hero.

A lot of "serves-you-right-you-horrid-odd-looking" looks from the women rewarded the young man, who thought he had done his whole duty. Perhaps he had, but—

The fat man relapsed from his contemplative mood into one of strenuous action. He reached forth his big, chubby hands, and hooked them fast to the clothes of the young hero with the pale blue eyes. Then he bore down on the little fellow and doubled him half up like a knife, and by sliding him backward and forward on the floor across the area of his temporary tobacco-chewing domain, he removed all traces of wet brown from the cabin floor.

There was plenty of feeling over this incident. The young man didn't like it. He was in an uncomfortable position, as he afterward asserted with great positiveness. The aim sought for had been practically achieved, but the means—the means! There was the rub! He was incensed at the rub. Several coarse men gurgled with glee, others swore right out, and the women set up such a clatter that the attention of deckhands was attracted. One of these hands was chewing tobacco himself, but long years of introspection had enabled him to observe proper sanitary precautions. The deckhands "went for" the fat man, but he wriggled between the horses and trucks and lost himself in the crowd at the opposite end of the boat. The young man with the discouraged-looking trousers and determined air was hot foot all over the boat after the large person, but could not find him. With the deckhands he stationed himself at the gangway when the passengers left the boat at the Battery, confident of catching the large person. But he didn't. Somehow, it is not made clear just how, the 220-pound offender wriggled past them and went on his way, while the young hero, after watching until the last man had stepped ashore, went to his office chewing the bitter cud of reflection.

—New York Tribune.

How They Rose.

The kind-hearted lady missionary was canvassing in the outskirts of Brooklyn, when she came across two tramps lying on a pile of warm furnace slag. One of them was about the worst looking tramp on earth and the other was an easy second. After the usual preliminaries, and offers of some slight assistance, the kind lady said:

"Now, my men, tell me, please, how you came to this state?"

"We walked, mum," said the worst looking of the pair.

"You misunderstand me, my good man. I mean, how did you come to the condition in which I find you? Tell me, please, both of you. I want to use the information for object lessons."

"Oh, yes! I understand you now, mum. W-a-l, I have no hesitation in sayin' that whatever I am I owe to my mother," responded the one who first acted as spokesman.

"An' as fer me, miss," said the other, "I own with a degree of pride and satisfaction that I am entirely a self-made man."—New York Times.

The Nation.

Set, sovereign wise, between the unchanging seas,

Where hath man seen, in any buried age,

A broader, brighter, grander heritage

Than here, where Freedom's banner greets the breeze?

One land from the remote Floridan keys

To where Superior spreads its mighty bays;

One land from where the Atlantic rollers rage

To where the calm Pacific lies at ease!

Shall we who through long travail won the light

Descend to infamous depths too base to name?

Besmirch our honor in the whole world's sight,

And darken evermore our vaunted fame?

Rouse, freemen, in your immemorial might,

And save the Nation from the brand of Shame!

—Clinton Scollard.

A Fortunate School Teacher.

Miss Florence Lindley, a school teacher of Brown county, Kansas, years ago made up her mind that there were great possibilities in the Indian territory. So she saved her salary and bought seventy-two lots in the little town of Sapulpa, paying the Indian owner a trifle under \$4 for each lot. The Indian rued his action and when the courthouse and many real estate records were burned not long ago he brought suit, claiming the young woman never had paid him. At the trial after he had testified under oath that the land was not paid for Miss Lindley brought forward his receipt for the amount in full, which she had preserved. The Indian is on trial for perjury. The town lots in question are valued at not less than \$15,000.

Go Ahead—Enjoy Life.

Take out an insurance policy against death or expense from appendicitis, you who are nervously in dread of it, and then go ahead and eat grapes and all the other things you deny yourselves now because of fear that they may bring on the malady. It is the very latest wrinkle in the insurance line, and you may as well be among the first to get into a position to receive benefits from its establishment if benefits there can be.—Boston Transcript.

The Only Thing.

On the occasion of a wedding dinner in France at which the officiating pastor was present he exclaimed after every course as he raised his glass: "My children, with this you must drink some wine." The turn of dessert arriving, he repeated his injunction for the tenth time, again setting the example himself. "Pardon, Monsieur le Cure" one of the guests interrupted, "but with what do you drink wine?" "With water, my—was the reply.

A Work-weary Suicide.

John McCartney, a 16-year-old, work-weary lad, employed by a dairyman, living in Baltimore, shot and killed himself in his employer's home Monday. This note was found on a bureau: "I am to die like a dog would, but I am better off dead. I do nothing but work."