

# TWIN DREAMS OF THE LIVELY GAUL.

## Tunnel Under Gibraltar and a Railroad to the Orient.

Paris Letter.—Those who believe that the beginning of the twentieth century is 1901 is to be marked by a long line of gigantic works, for which the discoveries of the nineteenth are the preparation, see in "The Canal of the Two Seas" and the Mediterranean tunnel the first examples of the coming wonders. France heads the project—France, that has shown the way so often, only to be outstripped by other peoples; France of the Suez canal and Panama. This time, however, the work is for herself, and not for others. The tunnel that, by the courtesy of Spain and Morocco, is to unite her to her African possessions, may have a military and industrial outcome undreamed of now, while the canal that is to open up the Mediterranean to her as to no other Power may make France independent of Gibraltar. The possible effects of the latter are so revolutionary that it is easy for Frenchmen to believe what an English statesman is pretended to have said: "If France is willing to spend 800 millions to make the Canal des Deux-Mers, we will be willing to spend 1,500 millions to prevent her."

"From Paris to the Soudan without changing cars." This is the cry of the tunnel's partisans. It is the answer of France to Cecil Rhodes' conception, "From the Cape to Cairo."

When Spain and Morocco grant the privilege the workhouse becomes a simple matter of French finance and French engineering. On clear days you can see Gibraltar from Tangiers; and, while the spot has not yet been made public, it is said that the European end of the tunnel is to be not many miles from England's stragglehold. The consent of Spain and of Morocco? For a long time all the European nations have had their eyes fixed longingly on the land of "The Sick Man of the West." His policy has been to play off one against the other, yet it has always been acknowledged that Spain has a vague kind of claim upon him. Spain persuaded and France backed up by the czar, the concession of the tunnel becomes almost probable. It is said by the French that the chief work of Count Muraviev, Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, when he passed through Paris, was to make plans for the time when France should make her claims in this direction. As for Spain, it is said that she sees industrial salvation in this scheme that would place her on the direct line of the immense development of Africa, and the persistent rumor that she has given to France and Russia permission to fortify Cetta is looked on as especially significant.

M. Berlier, engineer of the Gibraltar tunnel, declares that the work will not cost more than 123,000,000 francs. When the Channel Tunnel was proposed—and they actually bored a mile and more of it before an invasion scare in England put a stop to everything—the engineering difficulties were the easiest disposed of. M. Berlier's experience with the Seine Tunnel and the Metropolitan Underground has put in his hands new methods and a corps of experienced lieutenants, and the fact that the work is so near home will give the French investor confidence that he might lack since Panama. It is proposed, by taking advantage

of the present waterways of the interior of France, to make a ship canal from a well-guarded port on the Atlantic coast to as well-guarded a port on the Mediterranean. From Bordeaux, up the Garonne river, the canal boats that carry freight so economically throughout all France plod their way to Agen, to Toulouse, and then through the Canal du Midi, by a great lock system, they climb and descend the watershed of the Atlantic and the Mediterranean by way of the formidable Neck of Narrouze. Below Carcasonne the Canal du Midi strikes the River Aude, and then starts off northeast along a winding route to Beziers, completing a great complicated system. By way of the Aude the canal boats descend to the Mediterranean below Narbonne.



ONE OF THE IMMENSE CUTS THAT WILL BE NECESSARY.

Contrary to what would seem the natural Atlantic terminus, it is proposed to neglect Bordeaux in favor of what will be practically a new port, Arcachon, with its great natural basin, lends itself ideally to the kind of fortification that would be demanded by a canal that would, by the fact of its existence, come to be the central strategic feature of the country. Arcachon, when the canal is finished, will be the Brest of today a hundred times magnified. Bordeaux, that could never be made to give the necessary ease and security to a war fleet, will remain the great commercial port it is. A branch canal is to connect it with the great canal, and, without any of the inconveniences of a naval center, it will thus find its commercial advantages immensely increased. Today, at the end of the nineteenth century, France sees eighty per cent of her products carried under foreign flags. Where French boats carry 2,500,000 tons, more than 120,000,000 tons are lugged around the world in English bottoms.

Another advantage of the canal as planned by the effervescent Gaul will

be to furnish work for years to the French workman, to the calming of the laboring mind and the security of the republic. The calculations being for a permanent force of 30,000 laborers, the partisans of the canal see in

the fact the putting off of the dread labor question to a better era, when France shall be entering into the fruits of this very enterprise. Not a centime of the money will leave France.

From Toulouse to Castelnaudry the route of the great canal is along the old Canal de Languedoc, of Clara Ward's ancestor by marriage. The old canal abounds in locks. To lift it up 200 feet, in one stretch there are seventeen of them. The descent of the Aude—300 feet—requires more than fifty. It is in its cuttings and locks that the projected canal is to be most extraordinary. Sixteen locks are planned to do the whole job of the watershed that has its apex in the dreaded Col de Narrouze, and they are to be the answer of French engineering science to the lamentable failure of Panama.

At the beginning it was seen that ordinary locks would not serve; with them the passage would require at least six days. One way of diminishing their number—it is estimated that 200 would be necessary—would be the old-fashioned plan of keeping the canal to the low altitudes of the plains and then, arriving at the Col de Narrouze to pass through it in a giant cut. It would be a cut 500 feet deep. To avoid the necessity of this almost impossible engineering feat they have imagined a prodigious novelty, the ship elevator, and the moving lock.

The ship elevator is a great metallic reservoir that moves up and down hill on a great number of railway tracks, operated much after the manner of a funicular. There will be one at the top of the slope, another at the bottom. Each will receive a ship. The weight of the lightest will be balanced by the addition of more water. Then, the equilibrium being attained, a comparatively moderate force will be sufficient to disturb it. Up will go one reservoir, and down the other! Nothing could be simpler!

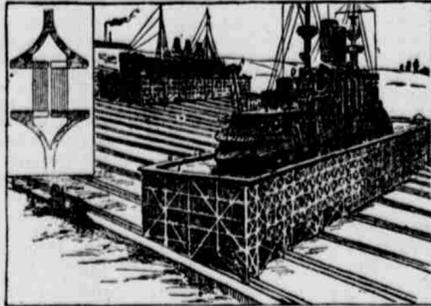
Where ordinary locks are to be used, the same principle of metallic basins balancing each other, side by side, is to be exploited, for the sake of expedition. They are to be such locks as the world has never seen. Once through them and into the Aude river, it will be plain towing straight to Narbonne, which is almost on the Mediterranean. Here is another naturally protected port, like Arcachon, a great basin, impenetrable by a hostile fleet. STERLING HEILIG.

### DEATH OF THE KHALIFA.

Concealed His Wound and Went On with the Attack.

Our infantry fixed bayonets and opened with volleys at 400 yards. The twelve-pounders and Maxims were hard at it; but in spite of this continuous fire, on came the khalifa, at the head of his men, says a writer in the National Review. Though firing incessantly, their aim was fortunately high, and the bullets whistled for the most part harmlessly over our heads. Nothing could live within the zone of our concentrated fire, yet some among them actually charged to within 250 yards of us and died facing their enemy. In this charge the khalifa and most of the emirs met their death, while at the same time the Ninth

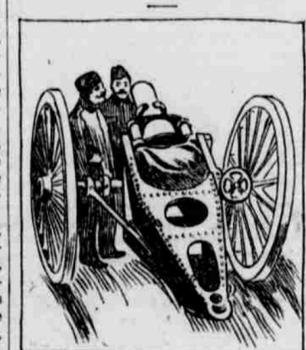
Sudanese, together with two Maxims and a dismounted party of camel corps, were repelling an attack on our left flank, which had developed some strength. Discipline and steady volleys had decided the fate of the day and fighting came to an end at 6 a. m. It had been hot while it lasted, but our casualty list was a trifling one, owing chiefly to our good position well in rear of the crest of open rising ground. About a couple of hundred



THIS IS THE SHIP ELEVATOR

derivishes lay dead around us, and their wounded must have numbered over 500. Meanwhile, the remainder, having heard of the khalifa's death, gave up the fight and retired to their women in the camp. Seeing that no further resistance was being offered, but not yet aware of the fall of the khalifa, we advanced with every precaution. We were met by a deputation of the enemy, who, throwing down their rifles, asked for quarter for the whole force, and this was, of course, readily granted. From them we heard of the khalifa's death, and his body was soon identified and placed under a guard. One of the wounded emirs lying by his side told me that early in the engagement the khalifa was grazed by a bullet in the hand, but so determined was he to carry out the attack that he concealed his wound by drawing his sleeve over it to prevent his followers from being discouraged. He went forward into the thick of the fight, where he fell, struck by a splinter of a shrapnel in the mouth and by a rifle bullet in the head.

### THE HOWITZER IN WAR.



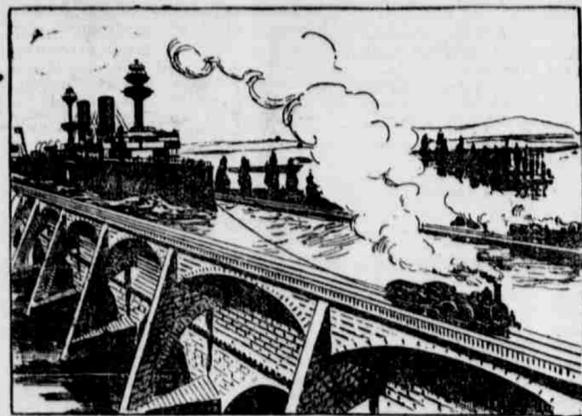
The accompanying illustration shows the type of howitzer used by the British bluejackets during the siege of Ladysmith by the Boers. These howitzers were used for throwing shells up over the hills that surround Ladysmith and dropping them behind the Boers' natural fortifications of rock and kopje. As a general rule, though, the howitzer is being supplanted by more accurate firing field artillery on the one hand and the machine gun on the other, though it was effectively made use of by Gen. Methuen at the second battle of Modder river.

### France's Great Festival.

New Year's day is the great festival of the year in France, not Christmas. Mere acquaintances even send each other small presents on that day.

### A Definition.

He—What is a flirtation? She—Attention without intention.—Chicago News.



WARSHIPS WILL BE WHIRLED THROUGH FRANCE WHEN THE GAUL'S LATEST DREAM IS FULFILLED.

## THE SPINSTER GIRL.

### SHE OF TODAY COMPARED WITH SHE OF OTHER DAYS.

One of the Most Remarkable Social Developments of the Age—Girls Are Now Young When They Are Thirty—In Her Prime at 40.

One of the most remarkable social developments of these latter days is the evolution of the mature heroine of romance, says the London World. Formerly this post was allotted to the young girl or the young woman. In those times, moreover, the adjective of youth would not have been applied to the maiden who had passed her 25th year and only in the spirit of the grossest flattery to the matron who had seen her three decades. It is typical of the age that this explanatory note should be necessary. Now the expression "young" is purely relative. The period of middle age has been entirely abolished. Where almost everybody is younger than somebody else it is only the few who are proud of their extreme antiquity who can be regarded with any degree of certainty as old. At 30 the girl of today no longer retires on the shelf as a failure, to pass the rest of her life in the humiliating position of the maiden aunt who devotes herself to the children or revenges herself on the poor. She is merely preparing to start on a new phase of life with a more definite plan and a clearer vision. Very often she marries and begins afresh at 40. Sometimes she has been known to be so greatly daring as to enter on matrimony for the first time when she has passed her 50th year. For the matron the range is even more extended. At 30 she is quite a young thing—gay, frivolous, skittish, to whom society and flirtation are the chief objects in life. Ten years more bring her to her prime. It is the period of fascination, of adventure, of impulse. The woman of 40 is capable of anything. She is the object of the most daring plans, the center of the most daring romances. At 50 she is probably marrying for the second time. Threescore will find her approaching the altar for her third wedding, and if she lives long enough she may even reappear at a later date to bring her record up to four.

### SORT OF BATH TO TAKE.

An Important Ceremony That is too Often Rushed Through.

This is the time of the year when our cold bath begins to feel as if it were living up to its name, so it may not be amiss to speak a bit upon the subject. First of all, a cold bath, as many suppose, is not necessarily water as it comes from the faucet. In point of fact, it is any bath of a temperature below 80 degrees. Strange as it may seem, some people far from strong have been driven to plunging into icy water just because some other persons sang the praises of the cold bath so loudly and persistently. The people who in cases of illness used to fairly shriek at the thought or mention of a bath, are even getting educated. Not that great care isn't necessary. Indeed, it is in all bathing, and the bath thermometer should be used by both sick and well. Of course, an invalid is only bathed according to the physician's instructions. The bath is a boon. Anyone who has tossed and turned in nervous unrest knows the soothing powers of the sponge bath. Each part must be sponged and dried thoroughly and covered. The arms and legs in turn, then the back, then the chest, then the abdomen. This, with ice on the head, will even quiet delirium. As for our ordinary, everyday bathing, we must decide which gives us the best results. A hot bath is least injurious taken on going to bed. They are weakening, however, and should not be too often indulged in; perhaps one a week. A hot bath means a temperature of 100 or 110 degrees. A warm bath means anything from 90 to 100, tepid ranges from 80 to 90, while cold is anything below 80. Never stay in over fifteen or twenty minutes; ten is enough for most of us. The morning is the best time for the daily bath, and those who find the plunge or the shower too much for them, should consider the sponge bath. Many who are exhausted or chilled by other sorts of baths would find this a splendid tonic. It is more work, though. We do not consider these things enough, and are prone to forget that bathing is of an importance on a par with our food. Above all, let us take the sort of bath which is most beneficial.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

### Cat-o'-Nine-Tails for Drunkards.

South Carolina having abolished the saloon and substituted the dispensary, she now proposes to establish hospitals for drunkards, where thirst will be treated as a disease. If along with bromides and tonics the cat-o'-nine tails should be prescribed for inebriates who neglect or abuse their wives and children, the innovation would work wonderful cures. The one danger of dealing with drunkenness as a disease is that it may be forgotten that drunkenness is also a vice.—Philadelphia North American.

### Mrs. Atkinson Esters Business.

The widow of former Governor Atkinson of Georgia, has created something of a sensation in business and social circles by going into the field as a general state agent for fire and life insurance companies. She says her purpose is to make a living and educate her five children. She is already doing well and has received letters of congratulation from numerous society women.

## SLY REYNARD.

### A Fox Trap Which is Tempting but is Always Suspected.

One of the systems quite frequently resorted to to trap a fox is to place a large stone in the center of a pool of water, just out of reach of a fox, says the Waterbury American. On this stone is placed bait, meat or anything a fox likes. In the water near the stone the steel-jawed trap is placed and a piece of green moss four or five inches square is placed on the pan of the trap. The trap is under water and the green moss hides it. The fox doesn't care to go into the water. He comes along, smells the bait and begins to trot around the pool of water. The stone with the bait on it is just nicely out of reach and he goes round and round the pool, trying to reach the bait on the stone. But he can't reach it. If he is very hungry or if he is very young by and by he will stop going round and round, and size up the patch of innocent-looking green moss, easily within reach of his paw, which finally proves too much, and he reaches one paw over and puts it on the patch of moss and stretches his neck over to the stone to grab the bait. The weight which he bears on the trap springs it and he is fast by the front leg. The trap is not fastened, and the fox retreats, carrying the trap on his leg with him. The pain soon tires him and he lies down and sometimes when there is a loose chain attached to the trap the chain catches in the bushes or stumps and the fox, realizing that he is caught, gives up and lies down and in time is, of course, gathered in. Not all foxes, however, are caught or deceived by the green patch of moss, for oftentimes a fox, in the winter, when the snow is on the ground, will go round and round the pool of water until he has worn a path around the pool, without once attempting to touch his foot on the moss. Old dog foxes usually realize that the bit of moss is a trouble-breeder and let it severely alone, although the bait may be so tempting that they can't tear themselves away from the scene. Why they don't wade into the pool and skip the moss is not known, but they don't. Perhaps they suspect the clear water may also prove a trouble-breeder.

### NO WONDER HE LAUGHED.

Reprimand Which Rear-Admiral Luce Turned to Ridicule.

When Rear-Admiral Stephen B. Luce, U. S. N., was a young man, an ensign or a lieutenant—it matters not where—it so happened one summer that his ship for some days lay at anchor off a well-known seashore resort, says the Philadelphia Post. Of course the officers, young and old, were often ashore. One night after some function or other a party of the young officers, among whom was Mr. Luce, set out for the ship. They had had an excellent time and were feeling very jolly; laughing and talking perhaps rather hilariously; they drew up to the ship, and, leaving the boat, clambered up the gangway. Mr. Luce in the lead. The officer of the deck hearing so much noise of mirth, met them with a severe glance as they stepped on deck. He looked them over one by one and then turning to Mr. Luce, who was the life of the party, he said: "Mr. Luce, I am surprised; you are tight, sir!" Quick as a flash came the answer: "Why, sir, I do not know what you mean, sir. If Stephen B. Luce how can he be tight, sir?" A ready answer turneth away wrath. The officer of the deck walked away laughing.

### Peculiar to Boiler Makers.

"I noticed a peculiarity about a certain class of men not long ago," remarked a life insurance agent, "the cause of which I can't explain. My business not long ago, carried me into one of the large boiler making shops in Memphis, and amid the din of the riveting I tried to talk to one of the men. I raised my voice to the loudest pitch possible, but he was unable to hear me. Finally he said: 'Speak low, so I can hear you.' I found he was right. But the evening of the same day I saw the man at his home and found that there, where there was no noise, he could not hear me at all when I spoke in moderate tone. I had to raise my voice to a very high pitch in order to be understood. This was not only the case with this man, but I noticed the peculiarity in all of the other boiler makers I had any dealings with.—Memphis Scimitar.

### The Book Tea.

The 5 o'clock tea room, like Africa, is always producing something new, and the latest thing, says Madame, is the "Book Tea," which "seems to have caught on with frightful intensity among quite enlightened Londoners." The idea is that every one who goes to the tea party shall represent a book, and that every one shall guess every other one's title, prizes being given for the best representation and the highest number of correct guesses. The writer cites the case of a gentleman who entered the room with his coat inside out as "Vice Versa," and a clerical man who merely said nothing, as "The Silence of Dean Matland." A young man with a string of cigarettes round his neck was found to be "The Virginians." The "Book Tea" has already developed the "Play Tea" and the "Popular Song Tea," and others are promised.

### Thistle Down Cloth.

The down of thistles was spun by the ancients to make acanthine garments.

### Where Roses Came From.

Roses came from Persia, and into Persia from India.

## MINERS AND MORPHINE.

A Custom Necessary, but Not Pleasant to Contemplate.

"When I was in the northwest during last October," said a gentleman with some money invested in mines, "I employed a prospector to go out into the mountains looking for properties which had been recommended to me. One day he was to have gone from our camp over into a very rough and rocky district, but when evening came he reported that he hadn't made the

trip. 'Why not?' I inquired. 'Because I didn't have my morphine with me,' he responded in a very matter of fact manner. 'Morphine' said I, in astonishment, 'what has that got to do with it? You are not a morphine fiend, are you?' 'Not as much of a one as you are a tenderfoot,' he laughed, and proceeded to inform me that every prospector who knew his business always carried with him enough morphine to kill a man easily, and that he did so in order to end himself quickly in case of an accident which would disable him

far away from assistance. There were many instances of prospectors falling over cliffs and crippling themselves, or breaking a leg in a hole among the rocks, or rendering themselves helpless in some other way, and death was sure to follow by starvation or freezing, or, in some sections, by being devoured by wolves or other wild animals. In order to prevent such a horrible death as any of these prospectors simplified matters by always carrying a little packet of morphine, which not only quieted the pain of the hurt he had

sustained, but put him to sleep pleasantly to wake no more on earth. It struck me first as uncanny, not to say wicked, but I got over that feeling after a narrow escape or two, and I carried my little tin box just like a veteran would."

### Natural Inference.

Stalwart Policeman—Yes, sir, I've sworn off. Haven't been inside a saloon today. The Other Man—Ho! Lost your job, have you?—Chicago Tribune.