

THE SUEZ CANAL--- PORT SAID TO CAIRO

The Funny Things One Sees
in
Smiling Round the World
By
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It was a fine, cool morning when we reached that historic artery of water that joins the Red sea with the Mediterranean, the Suez canal.

This unprepossessing "ditch," as it has so often been called, has been held responsible almost as much as the unbridled extravagance of Ismail Pasha, for the financial ruin of Egypt, and her occupation by Great Britain.

Despite dire prophecy, and centuries of failure—for nearly every ruler of Egypt, from Sesostris, father of Rameses the Great to Napoleon Bonaparte, tried his hand at the problem of establishing water communication between the Mediterranean and the Red sea—the great canal has become a fixed fact in the world's history. The one-time American consul general at Cairo, Mr. Frederick Courtland Penfield, in his charming and instructive book, "Present Day Egypt," lets in



The Mud Houses.

such pleasant light upon the dusty, old traditions of the ancient land.

Strabo, now, he's the world's earliest geographer and historian, or one of 'em, and I suppose we are bound to believe him, even when he says (he must have said it, for I've never seen any of his handwriting lying around) that 14 centuries before the Christian era (that's an awful long time, Strabo; but I'll not dispute the word of a gentleman) Seti cut a canal 57 miles long from Bubastis near the present town of Zigzag—mean Zagazig—to Heropolis, at the head of the Bitter lakes, then forming the northern extremity of the Suez gulf. Herodotus—another old-timer who juggles with centuries as the circus clown juggles with his old hat—says that 800 years later Necho the Persian tried a little canal building, keeping at it till the mere trifle of a hundred and twenty thousand lives had been sacrificed in the job, and only abandoning it when the great oracle of that day (whom he consulted) prophesied that the most dire results would follow the completion of the work, and the entire land of Egypt be given over to the stranger and the barbarian.

Then, successively, the Roman emperors Trajan and Hadrian; the Arabian conqueror Amron; the great Napoleon, who held the hollow of the Heavens in his usurping hand; Mehmet Ali, who had butchered 400 Mamelukes before supper, but had not the daring to brave the ancient prophecy; French engineers, English engineers, Austrian engineers, each and all, tried their hand, but to no definite end. They disagreed as to the level of the two seas. Napoleon's engineers estimated that the Mediterranean was 30 feet below the level of the Red sea, calling for a scheme of sluices and locks. Waghorn, an Englishman, declared that the level of the two waters was identical.

Meanwhile, a young Frenchman was dreaming dreams; he was eloquent; he was convincing; and he finally convinced Said Pasha that the future was lettered big with the name of Ferdinand de Lesseps, and if a concession were given to him, he would make Egypt and France both immortal. He got the concession. Said cared nothing for the ancient oracle that had frightened his grandfather Mehmet, and so Fate swept on with her relentless broom and Said was gathered to his fathers; Ismail the magnificent, the extravagant, a prince of immense fortune, succeeded his uncle and also succeeded in plunging his unhappy country up to the neck in bonds and mortgages galore; Europe stepped in; England became the purchaser of Ismail's personal holding (only \$20,000,000 saved from the wreck of \$85,000,000) which he surrendered to his creditors a short time before his dethronement and banishment to Naples.

Ismail not only incurred, in his brief rule of 16 years, a debt of over \$100,000,000, but he mortgaged the souls of generations of Egyptians yet unborn. And thus did the prophecy come true! The ancient oracle spake not in vain. The land of the Pharaohs and the Ptolemies, of Alexander and Cleopatra, has passed into the hands of the stranger.

The canal's varied and almost tragic history lent an added interest to the dull and monotonous aspect that it presents, the flat sandy banks melting out into the desert, unbroken save for the occasional government stations, a steamer tied to the bank waiting for ours to pass, or a collection of mud houses belonging to Arabs, whose camels and donkeys were tethered nearby.

At times, small boys would race along the banks, easily keeping pace with the slowly moving steamer, crying for "Backsheesh," to which the passengers and crew responded by tossing fruit and packages of food and money to them.

Great stream dredgers were frequently passed working constantly to keep the canal passable for steamers, as sand and silt are continually filling it up.

Port Said is a town of some importance, very much larger than Suez, but in the flying glimpse we caught of it in the course of a wild, early-morning ride to catch the train for Cairo, we were impressed by its dirt and noise more than by anything else.

The ride to Cairo was tiresome for many reasons, chiefly because of the dust and flies, and a family who shared the compartment with us, together with a mountain of luggage. The changing interest of the landscape, however, made us forget the annoyances, for were not the scenes of the Bible spread out before us like an open book. The shepherd with his flock, the camels either resting or marching slowly, the mud houses surrounded by palms, the women carrying water jars on their heads, walking splendidly, swinging lightly from their hips. A family working among the fertile fields; little girls tending goats and winding wool on a distaff as they watched, or else a venerable old man in floating draperies riding a diminutive donkey.

During the ride we were much edified by one of the English party with us saying as we passed a station: "There's a fine engine, a splendid engine, by Jove!"

"That's an American engine," said the other man, adding, before we had lost our little glow of patriotic pride, "but we don't care for them out here, they burn such a lot of coal and are so very dirty!" To our humble suggestion that perhaps they made up for this defect by being fast, he assented condescendingly that they were fast, "but so dirty, you know!"

The great barrage, near Cairo, constructed to hold back the surplus waters and thus irrigate a larger area, was begun in 1837 from plans made by Mongel Bey, a Frenchman. The English tourist never lets slip a chance to boast of his country's superiority in the matter of the reincarnation of Egypt under British "occupation," and a good story is told by Consul Penfield of one of these globe-trotters who was inspecting, with a proud air, the great barrage.

"Yes, it's a great work, and these foreigners ought to better appreciate what we are doing for their good. This thing has put them on their feet, financially, sure enough, but I don't see that they show any gratitude for our having built it!"

"I beg your pardon," said the engineer in charge, "but this barrage was designed and built by French engineers."

"I didn't know that," replied the tourist, somewhat subdued, "but any-



Water Jars on Their Heads.

way, they have to get an Englishman to take care of it!"

"I beg your pardon again," said the gentleman with D. P. W. on his cap and shield, "I have the honor of being a native-born American citizen!"

The tourist walked away, muttering, "Well, I'm going back to the hotel before some one tells me that a Frenchman built those pyramids over there!"

At every station we saw great crowds of people and passed trains packed like sardines. Our interest was profound when we learned that they were pilgrims just starting on their long and tiresome journey to Mecca. They were bound for Port Said where they would take ship for Jaffa, from there traveling to Mecca by camel and horseback, though the great majority go all the way across the desert on foot, thereby attaining added merit. Beside assured salvation, a trip to Mecca gives a man the right to wear a turban of green, the prophet's own color, and the title of Hadji, and when he returns to his home, he would quite naturally fresco over his shop or house door the history of the pilgrimage, a purple train, a red boat, a string of green camels, and a yellow mosque before which a man in a blue turban bows himself in prayer. Beneath this highly decorative record he would henceforth sit serenely wearing his green turban, and smoking his narghila, trying to look unconscious of the looks of respectful admiration not unmixed with envy that are cast in his direction.

NEW NORWEGIAN MINISTER.

Ove Gude to Represent His Country at Washington.

Washington.—One of the most interesting foreigners who has come to the United States in recent years on an official mission is Ove Gude, the new Norwegian minister to this republic.

Mr. Gude, who is about 55 years of age, is a son of the famous Norwegian painter, Prof. Hans Gude, whose landscape and marine masterpieces caused the old Kaiser Wilhelm to invite him to take up his residence in Berlin.

The newcomer in the official "foreign colony" at Washington has had an interesting career in the diplomatic service. He was attache of the legation of Sweden and Norway at Paris in 1877; in 1879 was appointed secre-



Mr. Ove Gude.

tary of the legation at Berlin. He served as secretary of the legation in London in 1891 and was sent on a special mission to China and Japan in 1897 and 1898. He was minister to Spain and Portugal in 1900 and in 1902 was made minister to Denmark, where he served until the union between Norway and Sweden was broken in 1905, when he entered the service of his own country, Norway.

Minister Gude was a widower when he went to Copenhagen. There he met and married the daughter of the famous Danish soldier, Gen. de Stiernholm, who was chief of the Danish general staff in the war between Denmark and Germany in 1864. Mme. Gude, who is much younger than her husband, is an accomplished violinist. Minister Gude has two daughters, 16 and 17 years old, by his first marriage, and these will soon join him in Washington.

QUEEN HAS UNIQUE BUNGALOW.

Gothic Door of Alexandra's Residence Is Half of a Rowboat.

London.—Queen Alexandra has a unique bungalow. It is in Norfolk down by the beach of Snettisham, a quaint watering place of 15,000 people. The beach, a favorite with the queen, is crowded in the summer season with holidaymakers, tourists and others. The Gothic door or main entrance to the bungalow is nothing else than a rowboat cut in half. The outer walls are of bright yellow cast stones brought from the Snettisham pits and



Queen's Bungalow Built of Coastwise Material.

the blocks are laid in the rough with numerous projections.

There are two main rooms, one for the queen and another for the attendants, and between them is a small lobby which also gives access to the office. Around the queen's apartment runs a five-foot high dado of dark stained vertical boards and above the cemented walls are incrustated with stones of various hues and mussel, cockle and other shells from the beach.

Population of St. Petersburg.

According to statistics just issued the male inhabitants of St. Petersburg outnumber the female by 124,000. The total population of the capital is now 1,454,704, showing an increase of 230,000, or nearly 19 per cent, as compared with the census of 1900.

Lipton Spent Much Money.

It has become known that the three attempts made by Sir Thomas Lipton to capture the America's cup, the intrinsic value of which is about \$250,000, have cost him \$500,000 for yachts alone.

NEEDED A LONG STEM.



"Wot did you do wid dat breakfast food de lady up at dat house gave you?"
"It's in me pipe. I'm smokin' it!"

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

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"And does he touch every post he comes across?"
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