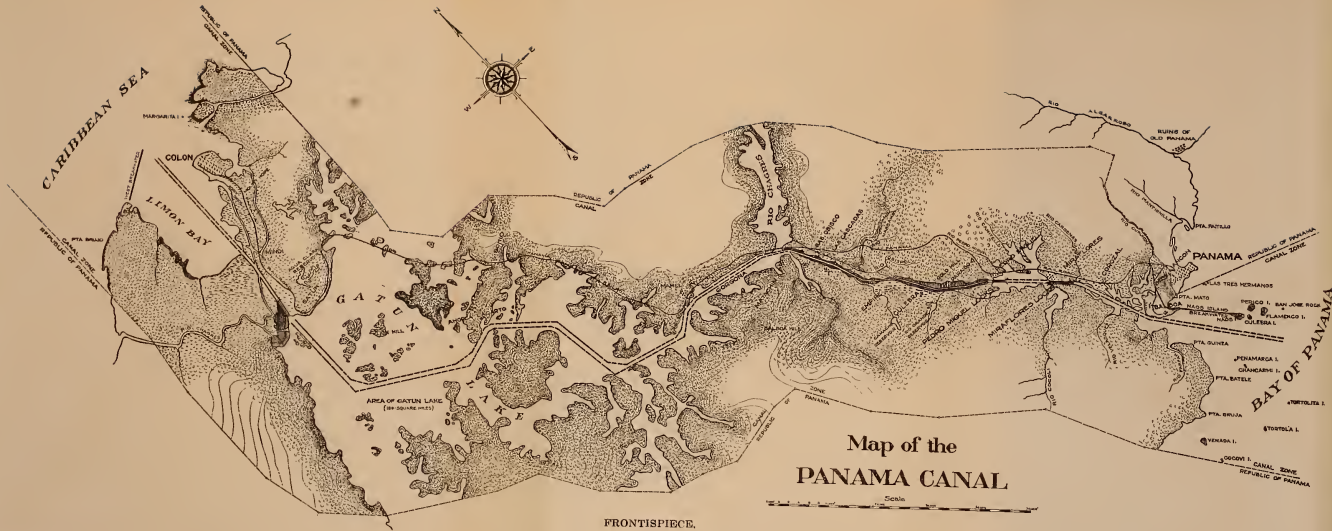






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FRONTISPIECE.



YAMA

LAKE

ALCOHOL

Glimpses of Panama

AND OF

THE CANAL

BY

MARY L. McCARTY



KANSAS CITY, MO.
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1913

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To My Sister



ACKNOWLEDGMENT of courtesies extended is made to officials of the Panama Railroad and Steamship Line, and particularly to Mr. E. A. Drake, Vice President, Mr. J. A. Smith, General Superintendent, Mr. C. C. Van Riper, Passenger Agent, Mr. A. K. Stone, Master of Transportation, and Captain Sukeforth, of the S. S. Ancon ; also to Mr. John Barret, Washington, D. C., and Mr. I. L. Maduro, Jr., Panama.

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Glimpses of Panama

I.

Dim, ghostly mountain shapes on the sky, directly ahead, gave us our first glimpse of the Isthmian Land. The seven days' voyage down from New York, with its blue skies and smooth seas and lazy life on deck, had been pleasant enough, and we had even lamented that it was not to be longer; but now, on the instant, that feeling took wings and we were full of eagerness to reach the strange and wonderful things we had come so far to see.

It was in the forenoon that we beheld that misty picture on the sky.

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By afternoon those cloud-like forms had taken on a look of stern and rocky reality—being the highlands of Porto Bello—and were passed on our left as we approached the harbor of Colon, twenty miles further on.

The town of Colon did not look impressive to our interested gaze, being low and small and with nowhere any appearance of solid bulk. In fact, we wondered if that was the town or only an introductory bit of it, and if the real thing was not around on the other side of a hill, somewhere. But it looked strange and foreign, and with this satisfactory thought we turned our attention to the big stone breakwater and the fine, new docks now under construction, and finally to the wharf, where waiting friends

GLIMPSES OF PANAMA

and relatives were shouting and waving handkerchiefs, and countless varieties of negroes were standing ready to unload the ship.

Almost at once we distinguished Col. Goethals' tall figure, and recognized him from the pictures we had seen of him in papers and magazines. The young man at his side we knew must be his son, and as soon as the gang-plank was down they came on board to greet Mrs. Goethals, who had been our fellow-passenger and was waiting for them inside. We were delighted to have so early a glimpse of the Lord of the Canal Zone, whose looks we liked and whose acquaintance we hoped to make later on.

Reaching the dock, we encountered

GLIMPSES OF PANAMA

first the customs ordeal, through which we were expedited by the kindness of one of the Panama Railroad officials; and then, being free so early in the game, instead of waiting for the special train which was standing on the dock, ready to carry the ship's passengers across the Isthmus when they should be released, we acted on the advice of the same kind official and drove over to the railroad station in time for the regular four-thirty-five train. This would give us more daylight for our trip and get us into the City of Panama at a reasonable dinner hour, considerably ahead of the special.

We hoped to see something of the strange land and the Canal work before it grew dark, and were gratified

GLIMPSES OF PANAMA

almost immediately, for the train plunges at once into the wild,—so different from our northern woods—and at Gatun, seven miles from Colon, we caught sight of a vast stretch of concrete work which we knew was the locks; while along a road which wound from behind a hill we saw a stream of laborers approaching, evidently Canal workmen just through with their day's work. To us they did not seem like common toilers, for were they not working on the "big job," and just a little bit glorified thereby! In fact, they were uncommon looking on account of the variety of nationalities presented—Americans, Spaniards, Chinese, Japanese, Hindoos and all the shades and varieties of negroes that are seen in that

GLIMPSES OF PANAMA

land. We soon grew used to this motley look of crowds on the Isthmus, but on this first occasion it caught our attention quite forcibly.

Then we went around and across twenty-three miles of half-dead, already partly inundated country which is to be the bed of Gatun Lake, the great artificial body of water produced by the building of the dam at Gatun, into which ships will be lifted by the Gatun locks, and across which they will proceed to the cut through the mountains. In the dimming light, with its deep-water stretches, its swamps filled with dying trees, its floating islands and disappearing tree-tops and, above all, the strange character of the vegetation, of which we were becoming increasingly con-

GLIMPSES OF PANAMA

scious, it had a melancholy, uncanny aspect which deepened as we approached the shadows of the mountains.

At Bas Obispo begins the great Culebra Cut, and from there on we began to have fascinating glimpses of the "big ditch" from time to time, every glimpse showing it deeper and deeper as we neared the continental divide at Culebra. By the time we had passed this point darkness had fallen and we leaned back, thinking the show was over; but suddenly we found ourselves approaching a huge trestle, brightly illumined by some light from below, and realized all at once that we were about to cross the Canal. In another instant we were slowly moving out into mid-air and

GLIMPSES OF PANAMA

there, in a blaze of light from innumerable big fires, burning at regular intervals up and down the Cut, as far as we could see, was all the work of excavation going on below us. The fires were not common bonfires, but symmetrical piles of ties built up in great cubes, producing a most beautiful effect, and in the light of their leaping flames men and machinery and work trains stood out with startling distinctness; while at one end of the abyss, looming up in the red and murky distance, the great white mass of one of the locks gave a final and mysterious touch to a scene which suggested an opening into some lower world. We gazed fascinatedly at the brilliant picture, and as it passed from view we sighed with

GLIMPSES OF PANAMA

satisfaction and felt sure that what we had come to see was going to be well worth seeing.

The Panama Railroad—on which we were traveling—is not a new road, but was built in the early fifties by a group of American railroad men, and acquired by the United States in 1904. Being in the way of the Canal, it has gradually been moved, a part at a time, and is now entirely relocated, running from Colon to Panama wholly on the east side of the Canal. A section of the old road is still used for convenience, but will be removed when the Canal is done, and it is this section which crosses the Cut and, incidentally, adds interest to the little journey across the Isthmus.

Originally it was intended to carry

GLIMPSES OF PANAMA

the railroad through the Cut on a bench ten feet above the water, but the slides made that impracticable. It is an excellent road, smooth and comfortable, with everything in the way of modern equipment, as we realized at intervals when we could get our minds off the scene outside. Our fellow-passengers were American and Spanish, with a sprinkling of well-dressed Chinese and Japanese. At one station we were delighted to see a lot of our own khaki-clad soldiers, and presently a group of officers in their dress uniforms of white linen with gold buttons and epaulets, accompanied by several attractive young women, got into our car and quite brightened up the scene. The ladies looked very up-to-date and the



TIVOLI HOTEL, ANCON, PANAMA.

Courtesy of I. L. Maduro, Jr., Panama.

GLIMPSES OF PANAMA

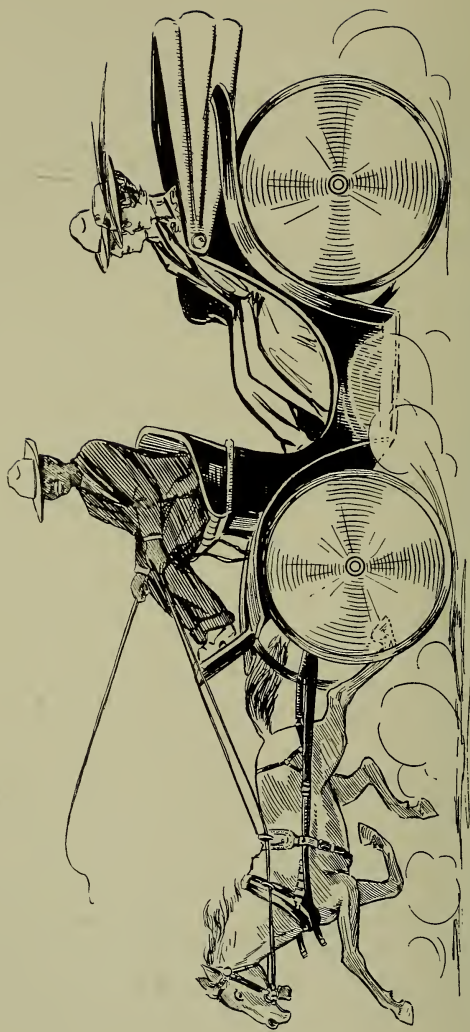
party was evidently on pleasure bent.

When we reached Panama, about seven o'clock, black darkness enveloped the town and we realized nothing but a confusion of people and carriages. But, in a few minutes, having secured one of the vehicles and driven up a long, dark hill, we found ourselves blinking in the lobby of the Tivoli, the big Government hotel, which we meant to make our headquarters during our stay on the Isthmus. Here arrived also the army group, and we learned that they had come into Panama to attend the inauguration ball of the new president of the Republic of Panama, which was to take place somewhere down in the city that evening.

The room on the second floor in the

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right wing to which we were presently conducted was bare looking, according to northern standards, but had all the essentials, including a big private bathroom, and opened by door and window on a wide screened porch which looked across the green space in front of the hotel to the opposite wing. Our only objection to it was its distance from everything, the right-angled passage-way leading to it being the most interminable thing we had ever encountered. There were no elevators nearer than the center of the building and even those were out of commission on account of alterations going on in the hotel. Our quarters were said to be part of the suite occupied by President Taft the last time he was there, and we



PANAMANIAN TRANSPORTATION.

GLIMPSES OF PANAMA

tried to remember whether the newspapers, at the time of his return to Washington, had anything to say of a noticeable reduction in his weight. We felt sure we should become living skeletons if we traversed that passage daily for a week or two; but seeing the Canal, we felt, was worth a good many pounds of flesh and we would yield them cheerfully.

After a good dinner in the long dining-room—R. being quite delighted with the roast beef—we felt an eager desire to see something more at once; so, without having to wait for me to get hat or wrap, because we were in the tropics, we walked out to the top of the broad flight of steps at the hotel entrance, summoned one of the line of carriages which we had observed

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waiting there and commanded that we be driven about the city. Both in Colon and Panama these light carriages, drawn usually by one horse, are used by everybody and almost take the place of street cars,—of which, as yet, there is none, though there is a line building—carrying you anywhere within the city limits for ten cents apiece and on long trips for a dollar an hour for two people. This we found very pleasant and I should really have been thankful for the absence of street cars except for the fact that at first, in my ignorance, I was worried about the horses. Such undersized, skinny little beasts I never saw before, and I was sure that they were half starved and ready to drop in their tracks from exhaustion.

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As a member of the Humane Society in my home town, I felt I could not consistently ride behind one of those abused looking animals and began to dream of turning missionary in their behalf to those benighted people. But, bless you! I found on investigation that those little Panamanian horses are as tough and strong as possible and are only small and thin because it is their nature so to be. Our big horses do not thrive down there, but those little things belong to the country and, after you understand the situation, are quite attractive in their combination of bone and energy.

It was Saturday night, that first night in Panama, and the crowd in the streets was large and made up, apparently, of all the nations of the

GLIMPSES OF PANAMA

earth, the most picturesque touch being furnished by the turbaned Hindoos, stately, solemn and aloof, who presented no appearance whatever of being out for a good time. Drinking and gambling were much in evidence, and lottery tickets were for sale everywhere. The lotteries are protected by the government and many tickets are sold by old women, who sit in chairs on the sidewalks or in doorways all day long and all night, too, so far as we observed, with strings of lottery tickets in their laps to tempt the passer-by. We bought one for a souvenir, but as it was all in Spanish and we have never had it translated, if we have drawn the \$15,000 capital prize, that interesting fact is yet unknown to us.

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At ten o'clock we returned to the hotel, feeling that we had already learned a good deal of the new country since our landing at Colon that afternoon. So many new sights and impressions had filled the intervening hours that three o'clock seemed a long way back. We talked over what we had seen and what we expected to see, not only on the Isthmus but on the long ocean voyage up the Pacific coast to San Francisco, which was to be part of our homeward way; and decided for the hundredth time that nothing more restful and delightful than this plan could be devised. One thing only disturbed our joy of anticipation and that was the fact that one or two persons on the "Ancon," going down, had warned us that the

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west-coast boats were by no means first-class. Although this did not sound very alarming, we decided to seize every opportunity to inform ourselves on the subject and, especially, to try to meet some one who had actually made the trip.

And thus ended our first day.

II.

We were awakened early, our first morning in Panama, by the variegated noises of the nearby railroad. As we were eager to view our surroundings, we did not mind the disturbance that time, though afterwards it got to be a nuisance. Rather to our disappointment, the outlook from our quarters embraced only a few houses and some green hills; so, as soon as possible, we stepped out on our porch and started to find the sun and the town and the ocean and anything else there might be to see. As the screened porches encircle the hotel at every

GLIMPSES OF PANAMA

story, there was no bar to our progress, and on turning a corner we beheld the objects of our search. There below us was a good bit of the town, and beyond the town was the ocean, and above the ocean was the sun, just risen. At that instant began a struggle with the cardinal points which ended only with our departure from the country. In the first place, in order to reach the western coast of the Isthmus we had come east—or southeast, anyhow—as any one can see by looking at the map. Then, as just mentioned, there was the resplendent orb of day, “scarce from sea withdrawn,” and that sea the Pacific Ocean, which logically should receive said orb at the conclusion of its day’s career. These things are the

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result, of course, of the shape of the Isthmus and the eccentricities of the coast line, but the attendant confusion of mind is not so easily removed as the cause is explained.

The town, too, is extremely irregular. Our only hope of telling the directions was by this same sun, and it always seemed to be in the wrong place. Besides, we were there in the rainy season and could not always see the sun. Of course we did not have to know the cardinal points, but, on account of its difficulty, it became a sort of obsession with us—we were crazy to know how things faced and which way the streets ran, and adopted as a sort of game the habit of asking each other suddenly which was north and where was south and

GLIMPSES OF PANAMA

similar conundrums. To this minute we are not absolutely certain how the Tivoli Hotel stands, but cherish a timid impression that it has a north-east front.

To go back to that first morning—when we went to breakfast I began with a banana, expecting, of course, there on its native heath, where I had already seen whole plantations of them, to find it so superior that I should feel as if I had never really eaten one before; but as it tasted exactly as if it had come from my grocery at home and I was not very fond of bananas, anyway, I ate no more of them, nor very much of any other tropical fruit. The grape-fruit are not so good as those we get in the North, nor are the oranges. The latter are

GLIMPSES OF PANAMA

small and occasionally we enjoyed eating them, served Cuban fashion, impaled on a fork.

One product of the country found favor with us and that was the alligator pears. It was so delightful to be able to eat them every day, unattended by the sense of impending bankruptcy which is the invariable accompaniment of their consumption in the North. Some contrary people at our table, however, said they did not enjoy them at all when they were cheap. In addition to the native fruits, all the fruit stores on the Isthmus keep plenty of fine apples, which make a beautiful display and find favor with the tourists.

It was during that first breakfast that we became acquainted with the

GLIMPSES OF PANAMA

money of the country. R. had asked the waiter to get a bill changed for him and had received, in return, such an astonishing amount of silver that he was about to give back a handful or two, thinking it a mistake, but discovered in time that the coins were Panamanian, worth only half the same sized pieces in United States currency. As the two kinds of money are used indiscriminately, we had to be on the lookout after that for the difference.

No sooner was the money problem solved than we ran up against the postage proposition. During our seven days on the ocean I had written, sealed and stamped several letters, which I mailed on landing. After breakfast that first morning, I learned

GLIMPSES OF PANAMA

that I should have used Panamanian stamps and that the recipients of my first epistles would all have to pay for the privilege of hearing of our safe arrival. However, Browning says, "What joy is better than the news of friends?" and I hoped my correspondents would agree with him.

The forenoon hours of that day—Sunday—we were obliged to devote to unpacking and arranging our belongings. In the afternoon we intended to begin our acquaintance with the country round about by driving to the ruins of old Panama, six miles up the coast. But, as before mentioned, the rainy season was on and towards noon the heavens fell. Really, the water did not come down in drops but in a solid body, and, in our

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inexperience, we supposed the day was over, so far as going out was concerned. But not at all. After a while the rain stopped as suddenly as it had begun and, although clouds remained, no further downpour seemed imminent; so we concluded to venture forth. It seemed prudent, however, to carry umbrellas and light raincoats, and this was the beginning of our slavery to these indispensable articles; for, being warned by those who knew, never, no matter how blue the sky or golden the sunlight, did we sally forth without them. Not that it rained every time we went out, but there was always the probability; and if it didn't rain, the sun would be likely to shine and the umbrella would do for a parasol. Of our ten days in the Canal

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Zone, all but two were more or less rainy and even then it rained during the intervening night. The only heavy rain, though, was on that first Sunday, the one I am now telling about.

Fully equipped and ready for every fate, therefore, we stepped boldly forth to the top of the hotel steps and summoned a carriage in the usual manner, which was generally a wave of the hand, though sometimes simply stepping forth was enough. I never minded waiting a minute or two, though, for the space in front of the hotel was so pretty, with its royal Poinciana trees and the bushes of flaming scarlet hibiscus bordering the drive-way, that it was a pleasure to stand and look. We had decided on a

GLIMPSES OF PANAMA

carriage instead of an automobile because we had been told that the drive to old Panama ran through a pretty country and we wanted to go slowly enough to see things on the way. Fate was kind to us that day in sending us driver "No. 18" in response to our summons; for thereby we were supplied with a most interesting and well-informed guide, who added much to our enjoyment of the expedition. He was a Jamaican negro who spoke very correct English and had traveled considerably, having at one time lived as far north as Boston. He knew every bird, flower, bush and tree, was perfectly familiar with all the details of the Canal work, could discuss like a statesman the past and present affairs of Panama, both city and republic,

GLIMPSES OF PANAMA

could correct us on points of history and was, withal, the embodiment of good nature and politeness.

Almost at once I noticed that his horse was rather emaciated and, having not yet acquired all the information about Panamanian horses that I have herein set down, I could not help asking him if it was good for a long drive. He smiled genially and replied that he had two horses which he used alternately and that this one was quite fresh.

We soon struck the fine, hard road which the Government has recently built from Panama to the ruins of the old city with some of the money it got from the United States. It passes through a region called "The Savannas," where the wealthy Panamanians



ROYAL PALMS, THE SAVANNAS, PANAMA.
Courtesy of I. L. Maduro, Jr., Panama.

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have their country homes. Some of the houses are attractive, though not at all sumptuous, and the open, rolling country is charming, with its luxuriant vegetation, so much of it new to us, the royal palms adding always a stately touch to the landscape. Our agreeable driver pointed out bananas, oranges, lemons, grape-fruit, coconuts, pineapples, orchids, and many other unfamiliar things as we drove along, stopping occasionally to give us a better view of something or to gather a strange flower for me from the roadside. The animal life we saw was familiar enough. In the fields around the big houses were horses and cattle, and around the poor places near the road were always chickens and ducks and geese and turkeys and

GLIMPSES OF PANAMA

sometimes pigs. We did see, however, some beautiful strange birds.

Up on the hillsides were many of the native huts, with their thatched roofs, looking wild and primitive. Alec—that was our driver's name—told us that some of the people sleep close up under those roofs, climbing up by means of ladders, and that the custom, quite unnecessary now, has been handed down from the time when wild beasts broke into the houses at night and the people were obliged to put themselves out of their reach.

Thus, surrounded by interesting sights and engaged in pleasant converse, we jogged along and looked with pitying eye at the occasional motor parties that overtook or passed



TYPE OF NATIVE HUT ALONG THE LINE OF THE
PANAMA RAILROAD.

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us, at a speed that precluded all the pleasures we were enjoying.

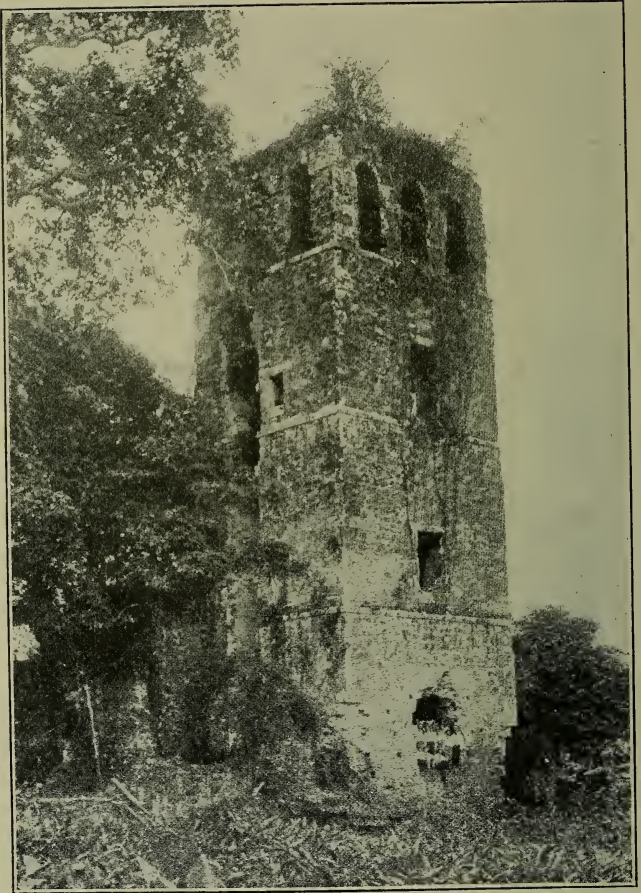
After a while we turned towards the shore—from which we had not been far at any time—and in a few minutes had reached our goal. There, before us, was all that remains of what was, up to the time of its destruction, the richest and most important city of the new world. Founded in 1518, it reached its highest estate in the days of the Peruvian mines, when a stream of wealth was flowing continually across the Isthmus and the city had become a great commercial center. In 1671 it was taken, looted and burned by Henry Morgan, the buccaneer, and his formidable band. We had read the history of Morgan's raid and now, on the very spot, gazing at

GLIMPSES OF PANAMA

the hill overlooking the city, where he first appeared, and the old Spanish bridge across the ravine at its foot, which he must have crossed, we were quite thrilled as we talked it over, our well-informed guide supplying all details which we could not remember.

The most picturesque bit among the ruins is a stately, vine-clad tower—part of one of the churches—which stands quite close to the shore, looking out over the broad Pacific. Besides this, there remain the outer walls of other churches and public buildings, many of them with ancient and lofty trees growing inside.

History says that, at the time of the sacking of the city, much of its wealth, in the form of coin and jewels, was thrown into wells and buried in



RUINS OF CATHEDRAL TOWER AT OLD PANAMA,
DESTROYED BY MORGAN IN 1671.

Courtesy of Pan American Union.

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cellars. It is supposed that some of it still remains in its hiding places, and since we were there we have read in the papers that the Panamanian government is about to undertake a systematic excavation of the old city, with a view to the recovery of this treasure.

After gazing our fill at everything in the neighborhood of the tower, we struck into the woods to look at other ruins, some of which were so overgrown with vines and shrubbery as to be almost invisible at a little distance. There was no ivy, though, and I learned from our guide that it will not grow on the Isthmus. The woods were very, very wet, but Alec carried a board on his shoulder which he laid across every bad place that was too

GLIMPSES OF PANAMA

wide for me to jump. This was considerate in him and enabled me to get along; but the shoes I wore never did get dry till they were back in the United States.

From the woods we took a short cut back to the shore and returned to the carriage by way of the shell-strewn beach. We walked along silently, the intense quiet, the atmosphere of other days, which surrounded us giving us a feeling of complete detachment from the every-day world. Night was approaching and already the thick, green woods from which we had emerged looked dark and brooding. The beautiful, great ocean through which silver-laden ships once plowed their way to the rich and prosperous city whose crumbling rem-

GLIMPSES OF PANAMA

nants lay round about us, showed scarcely a ripple.

We were loath to leave the lovely scene, especially the lonely tower which has stood there like a sentinel such a long, long time. In the fading light it looked awesome and mysterious and I wondered if the spirits of those long-dead people of old Panama never came back to the place in which so many of them took refuge on that dreadful day of the city's destruction.

I was glad to think of the long rest our steed had had under a tree near the shore, and noticed with satisfaction the briskness with which he started off homeward. The drive back was an agreeable rest and was enlivened by a discussion on Panamanian politics with our versatile driver. Reach-

GLIMPSES OF PANAMA

ing the outskirts of the city—which was founded two years after the destruction of its predecessor—we passed through a heterogeneous crowd of men who showed traces of recent excitement, and were told that it was “the cock-fight crowd” and that cock-fighting was the national pastime, the favorite Sunday amusement.

This was the final piece of information gained from our encyclopedic Jamaican, then or ever, for, although we saw him several times afterward, driving other people about, never again was he at the head of the waiting line when we wanted a carriage.

There was just one thing he did not seem to know and that was about the boats on the west coast. Perhaps, from some hidden motive of policy,

GLIMPSES OF PANAMA

he preferred to be non-committal. At any rate, we learned nothing from him on that point.

On Sunday night there is always a band concert on the Cathedral Plaza and we had intended going that evening, but as the weather was again threatening and we expected to be there another Sunday, we decided to remain safe and dry at the Tivoli, write some letters, talk over what we had seen that day and settle our plans for the week.

On the next day, Monday, we were to begin to see the Canal work. The Panama Railroad at that time was running sight-seeing trains on Mondays, Thursdays and Saturdays, visiting each division of the work twice during the week, once in the morning

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and once in the afternoon. As we were in no hurry and hated to get up early, this seemed to us a very agreeable arrangement and we determined to confine ourselves to the afternoon trips. The one scheduled for Monday afternoon embraced the Pedro Miguel lock and the Miraflores locks and dam—the Pacific division of the Canal work. With this pleasure in prospect for the morrow our second day drew to its close.

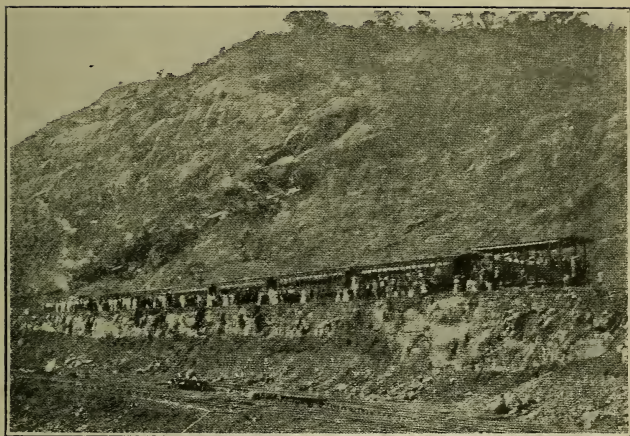
III.

When we went to breakfast on Monday morning at eight o'clock, we found the first floor no longer the quiet and orderly place it had hitherto seemed. The alterations going on in the hotel embraced the ball-room and the dining-room, both of which were being enlarged towards the front and, of course, when we descended the workmen were in full swing. We ate our morning meal to the sound of their hammers and saws, and gave thanks when we reflected that we should be far away at lunch-time and that they would always be gone at dinner-time.

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Although we were to take only the afternoon trip over the Pacific division, we were obliged to leave Panama at ten-twenty in the forenoon, in order to catch the sight-seeing train at Culebra, where it would stop after its morning trip to allow the passengers to see the lock models and have luncheon. So it really was going to take about all day, and after breakfast we had only time to look over the papers, write some post cards and chat a little in the lobby before starting to the station.

On alighting from the train at Culebra we found an ambulance drawn by mules ready to take us up to the Administration Building on top of the hill, and on reaching the entrance of the building we were directed to



TYPICAL EXCURSION SIGHT-SEEING TRAIN OF THE
PANAMA RAILROAD.

Courtesy of Pan American Union.

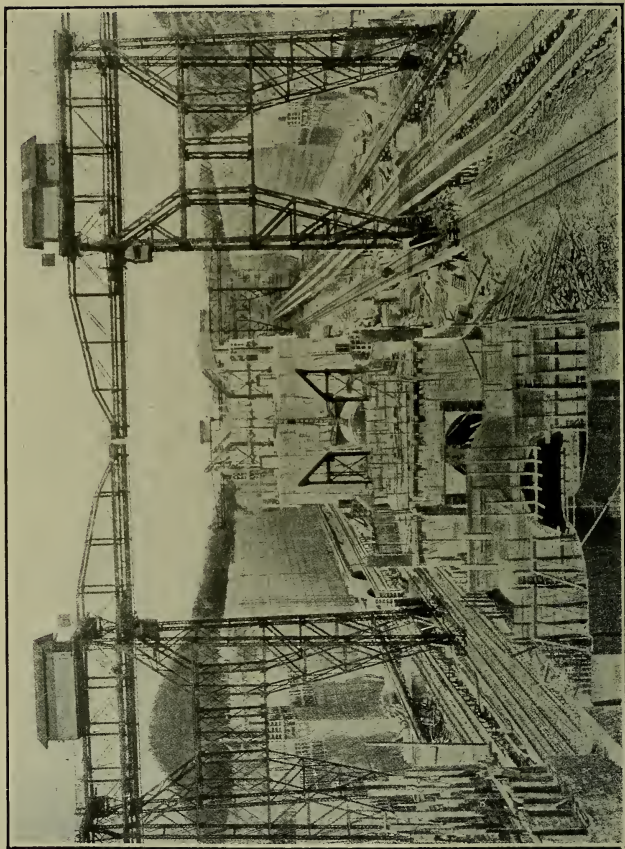
GLIMPSES OF PANAMA

the lecture-room by an agreeable and courteous young gentleman who had come up the hill with us. Being interested in the subject of locks and desirous of understanding thoroughly the working of the Canal, we found the lecture and the models extremely profitable, and went down the hill afterwards considerably enlightened—as we hoped, also, was the man who, on the way up, had remarked that he wouldn't know a lock if he met it in the road. What we went down the hill for was to get some lunch, and this we found at the Commission dining-room, where for fifty cents apiece we were served with a very excellent meal, the quality being uniformly good and the quantity about three times as much as we could eat. No-

GLIMPSES OF PANAMA

where else in the Canal Zone did we find so good a Commission dining-room as this one at Culebra.

Thus fortified, both mentally and physically, with lecture and luncheon, we blithely mounted the sight-seeing car—an open car with seats running across and with a floor which was high at the back and sloped down to the level of the lecturer in front—impatient to begin to see the “big job.” However, “there is always some drawback,” and now, although up to this point the day had been perfect, an uninvited little shower suddenly obtruded itself and even tried to get into the car, thus obliging the porter to lower the canvas curtains in order to keep us dry. Shutting out the rain meant shutting out the view, too, and



GENERAL VIEW OF PEDRO MIGUEL LOCKS FROM
GUIDE WALL, PANAMA.

Courtesy of I. L. Maduro, Jr., Panama.

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this was afflicting; but it proved to be necessary for only occasional short periods, during which the lecturer told us about the things we were about to see and answered any questions we wanted to ask in a very pleasant and comprehensive manner.

Presently we arrived at Pedro Miguel—in local parlance, Peter Meggill—where we were switched to the construction tracks and taken out close to the lock work. There we got out and at last found ourselves face to face with one of the concrete monsters. Here words fail me. “Stupendous” seems to be the favorite adjective with most people and I can’t think of a better, but, really, a brand-new one should be coined. Those locks look like the work of giants and

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as if they would stand forever, "Eternal as the hills," I said to myself, but just then a man of the party remarked, "Well, I suppose some thousands of years hence archaeologists will be digging around here and will come across the remains of these locks and wonder what on earth they were, anyhow."

One pair of gates were done and closed and as they are seven feet thick and equipped with a hand-rail along the top for the use of the public, we walked across them—an umbrella-ed procession—to the center wall where we could see both sides and get a better idea of the thousand feet of length and the two hundred and twenty feet of breadth of the double chamber. All the locks are double in order that ves-

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sels can go in opposite directions at the same time; also, if one is out of commission, the other can be used. Pedro Miguel lock is single in that it will raise and lower ships only one step, of thirty feet. It is the link between the Cut and Miraflores Lake, a small artificial body of water with an area of two square miles, formed by impounding the waters of three small rivers by means of the Miraflores locks and dam.

As we stood on the walls we thought of all that had been told us of their construction, and imagined the water rushing in for the first time, through the huge tunnels, eighteen feet in diameter, passing lengthwise of the lock through the center and side walls, then through lateral tun-

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nels which branch out from the first ones at right angles and run under the lock floors, then through openings in the lock floor into the lock chamber. And we pictured to ourselves a great ship coming in, attended by four electric locomotives operating on the walls, two in front towing, one at each side, and two behind, one at each side, to stop her when she gets into proper position.

By the time we had gone over all this in our minds we were summoned to climb back into the car and go on, across the bed of the future Miraflores Lake, to the Miraflores locks. These are two in flight and will raise and lower vessels fifty-five feet, in two steps, between the lake and the sea-level end of the Canal, which connects

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with the Pacific Ocean eight miles away. The work here was just the same as at Pedro Miguel, only there was twice as much of it, and we were still more deeply impressed with the immensity of the task which our country is accomplishing.

From here we went on to Balboa, where the Canal enters the ocean, and saw the great dredges at work in the channel and the long, stone break-water now under construction. The latter is four miles long, extending from the mainland to Naos, one of the group of three beautiful islands which the United States is fortifying to guard the entrance of the Canal. These islands are exceedingly rocky and picturesque, their steep sides rising abruptly from the water to a great

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height, relieved here and there by trees and shrubs, whose varying greens contrast exquisitely with the dark rock. The three islets seem to have been dropped by nature exactly into the right position to fulfil their office of protecting the Canal terminus.

Drills and cranes and steam-shovels and dirt-trains and concrete mixers and track-lifters had been thrown in to make good the measure of our afternoon's entertainment, and by this time we began to feel the need of a rest for our minds; so the return to Panama between five and six and the sight of the big Tivoli Hotel up on the hill were very agreeable.

Resting and dressing and dining and gossiping with our fellow-tourists

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formed a pleasant conclusion to the day; and at a much earlier hour than we were accustomed to keep at home we went to bed, feeling sure that the very excellent railroad at the foot of the hill would wake us up between five and six in the morning, and that the only way to get enough sleep was to begin early. Why that railroad did not have enough to do in transporting its crowded trains back and forth across the Isthmus, without turning missionary and trying to inculcate the "early to bed and early to rise" maxim into the passing traveler, was more than we could understand. Such energy hardly accorded with the climate, either, but then it was an American road, which fact was explanation

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enough, and for that reason we forgave it.

We remembered, the very last thing, that we had not asked anybody about the west-coast boats. As there was no regular sight-seeing trip the next day, we resolved to drive over to Balboa in the morning to the steamship office, and make some inquiries of the agent. We were glad the regular trips did not come on consecutive days. It was so much pleasanter to have time in between in which to do things by ourselves and assimilate what had gone before. Therefore we looked forward with satisfaction to the next two days.

IV.

We could not have asked a more beautiful morning than the next one, and soon after breakfast we started on our expedition, with a driver, this time, afflictingly different from the genial and well-informed Alec of the Sunday before. He was a dusky individual of gloomy mien, who vouchsafed us neither look nor smile and spoke not a word except as it was dragged out of him. We felt truly grateful that the fates had granted us Alec for the visit to old Panama.

Balboa, the objective point of our drive on this brilliant morning, is the

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port of the city of Panama and about two miles away. It is also the Pacific terminus of the Canal and is made up of machine shops, steamship docks, railroad yards and warehouses. At the steamship office a very pleasant young gentleman assured us that a voyage up to San Francisco was one of the most delightful anyone could take, that the accommodations were perfectly comfortable, the food excellent and we should miss the chance of our lives if we did not go that way. Quite reassured by these pleasing statements, which accorded so well with our desires, we would have made our reservations at once for the next boat, but he said it was not in yet and we should have to wait until he telephoned its arrival to the hotel. So we

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left, feeling that the matter was settled, and decided to spend the rest of the lovely morning driving. On the way back towards Panama we talked about Balboa, the distinguished gentleman who

“With eagle eyes
Stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild sur-
mise—

Silent upon a peak in Darien.”

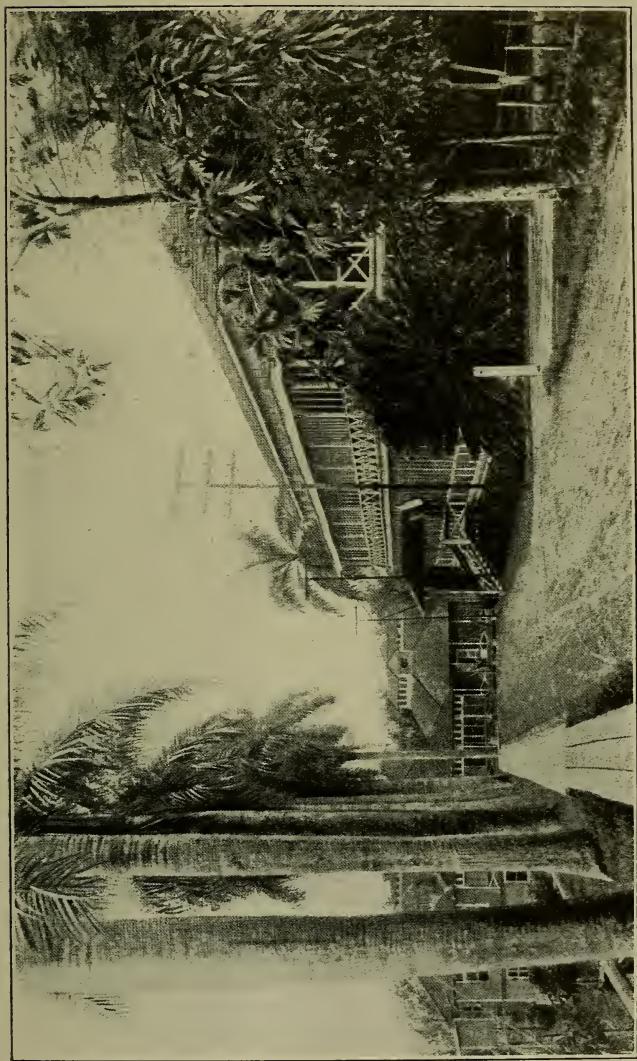
The above quotation is dreadfully overworked, but it seems impossible not to use it when speaking of Balboa. His name is a favorite one on the Isthmus and is bestowed on many and various things, ranging from a city to a shoestring. It is certainly fitting that his memory should be honored, for he was a great man of gallant

GLIMPSES OF PANAMA

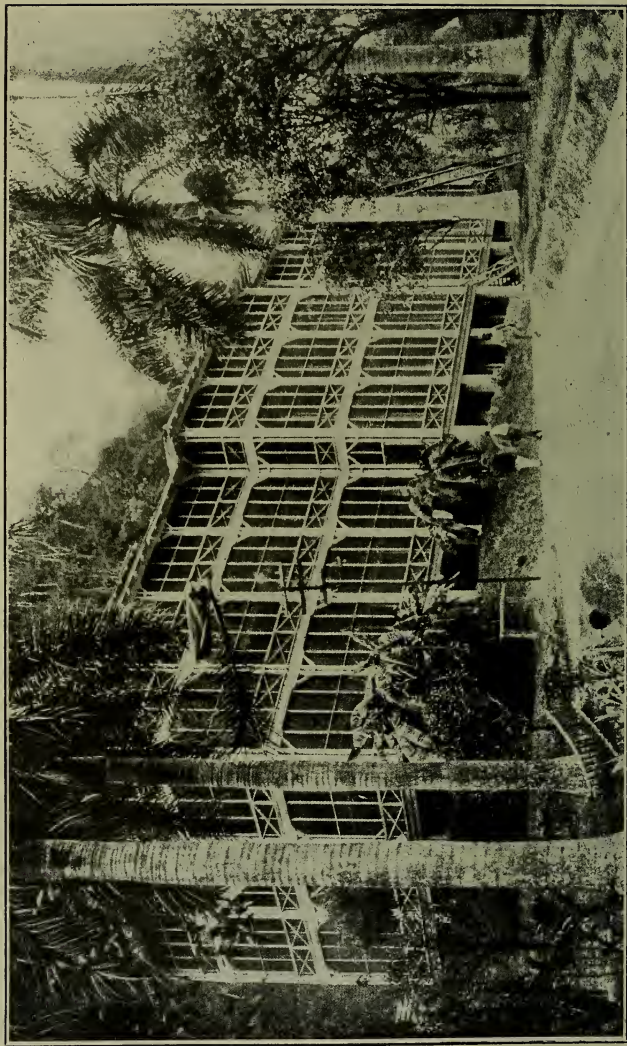
deeds and generous qualities, and ill deserved his ignominious end.

Getting back to Panama, we explored Ancon, the American quarter of the city, which is charmingly situated up on the hill, with pure air and enchanting views. Many visitors to the Zone have mentioned the fact that the Canal towns are Japanese in effect. Ancon, amid its palm groves, is especially so. The beauty and picturesqueness of the scene, both near and far, spread out before us that morning, was worth a long journey to see. Up high, too, near by, are the hospital buildings and we were glad to know that the men of the Canal force had such a fine place in which to be ill—if they had to be ill.

I don't understand, by the way,



ANCON HOSPITAL, WITH ROYAL PALMS, C. Z., PANAMA.
Courtesy of I. L. Maduro, Jr., Panama.



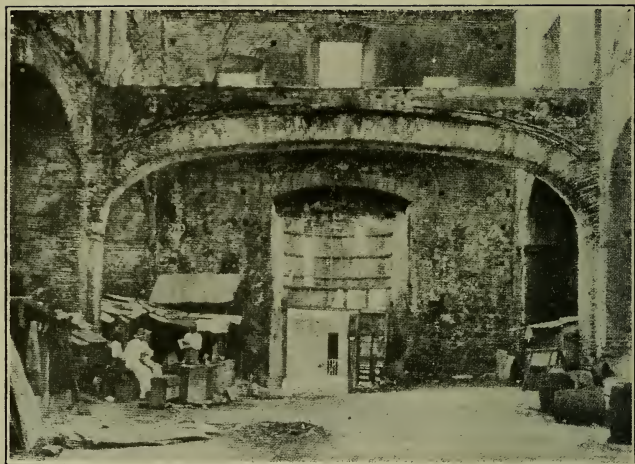
BACHELOR OFFICERS' QUARTERS, ANCON HOSPITAL, PANAMA.

Courtesy of I. L. Maduro, Jr., Panama.

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why the name "Ancon" should be so popular. It sounds well enough, to be sure, but as it is Spanish for "anaconda," the unpleasant monster that inhabits the Panamanian jungle, the suggestion is not exactly comfortable. We were enveloped—the word writes itself—in the name during the whole trip. Our ship was named "Ancon," the Tivoli Hotel stands in the American suburb of Ancon and close by is Ancon Hill. As we have no intention of ever penetrating the jungle, we hope our acquaintance with the native beast will be confined to his name.

After going on up Ancon Hill, as far as we could drive, to get still wider views and to see the quarries, we descended into Panama to look at



FAMOUS FLAT ARCH, RUINS OF SAN DOMINGO
CHURCH, PANAMA CITY.

Courtesy of Pan American Union.

GLIMPSES OF PANAMA

some of the stock sights of the town. We visited one of the cathedrals—the one whose towers are trimmed with pearl shells that glitter in the sunlight from afar, especially after a shower—and the ruined church of San Domingo, which contains the famous “flat arch” that has stood for nearly three centuries, though nobody can see why. This arch is so flat and so long that it looks as if a slight jar would send it tumbling, and the fact that it remains intact would tend to allay any fears one might have about earthquakes in that region.

Next, we went out on the sea-wall, a remnant of the old fortifications, from which there is a most beautiful view, and then, the forenoon being almost gone, drove back through the

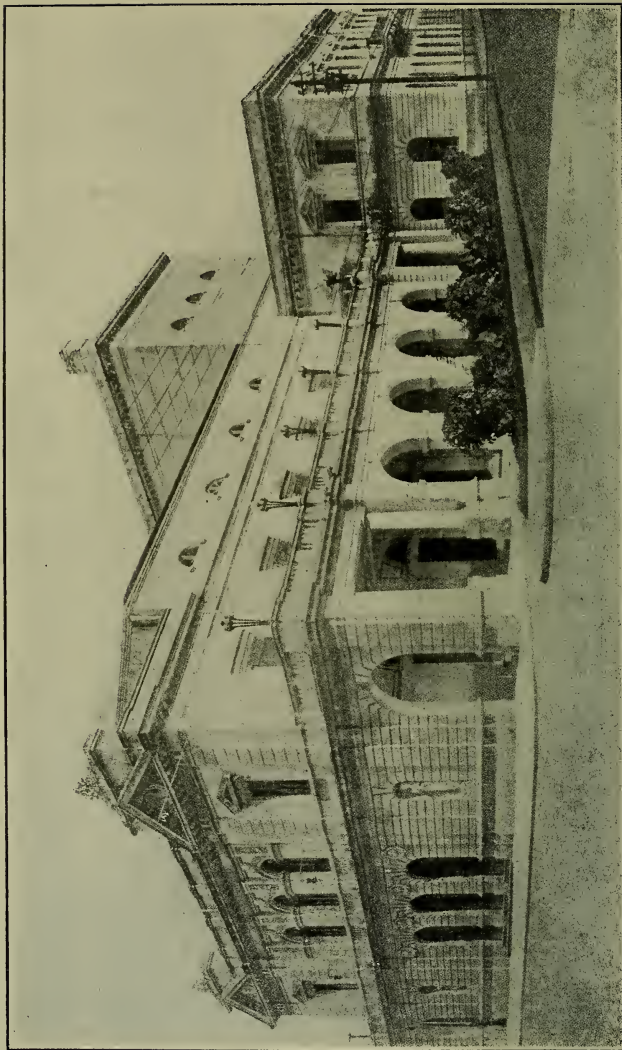


AVE. B., A NARROW STREET, PANAMA.
Courtesy of I. L. Maduro, Jr., Panama.

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city to the hotel, detouring a little in order to see the National Theatre, the University and the President's mansion.

In Panama the people do not have detached residences like those in northern climes. They live above the shops and only in the country do they have individual places. In the best parts of the town the second stories—with sometimes a third—look very attractive, with their balconies and flowers and drooping vines and lace-draped windows, but always, underneath, there is business of some kind, or else the first floor is shut up and presents a blank wall to the passerby. Over the roofs along the streets we could sometimes see trees projecting from behind, which indicated the ex-



NATIONAL THEATRE, PANAMA.

Courtesy of I. I. Maturó, Jr., Panama.

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istence of inner courts and gardens; but the street fronts present always an appearance of extreme reserve and afford no glimpse of family life, except occasionally on the balconies, when the vines are not too thick.

Panama has thirty-five thousand people and, on the whole, is a city worth seeing. Under the American régime it has been supplied with pure water, sewers and pavements, and is now a model for all tropical cities, being kept scrupulously clean and all sanitary regulations being strictly enforced. On its jutting coral peninsula, with towering Ancon Hill in the background, with its narrow streets and Spanish architecture, its cathedrals and plazas, its palms and foliage plants, its motley population and



NEW NATIONAL PALACE, OR PANAMA GOVERNMENT
BUILDING, PANAMA CITY.

Courtesy of Pan American Union.

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stream of tourists, it presents an ensemble full of interest and charm.

That afternoon there was a break in our sight-seeing. R. was mingling a little work with his pleasure and decided to use the rest of the day for business purposes. Accordingly he departed immediately after luncheon, to be gone till dinnertime.

Now, I had been looking for an odd half day, too, and for once, therefore, was glad to get rid of the dear man. Ever since landing at Colon, my whole soul had been longing for a shampoo and a manicure and all the beautifying rites so dear to the modern woman; and every time I passed through the lobby of the Tivoli my gaze lingered longingly on the large card suspended there, announcing that guests desir-

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ing such services could be accommodated by leaving their request at the office. Here was my chance. When R. decided to leave me to myself for the afternoon, I resolved to have a beautifying revel and on coming in from our drive that noon had made an appointment for two o'clock. Promptly on time the beautifying lady arrived and proved a very pleasant person. In response to my inquiries as to how she would ever get my hair dry in that humid atmosphere she opened her bag and showed me electrical appliances for everything, assuring me with a smile that she would not leave me with a damp hair. And she didn't. She certainly understood her business and left my tresses clean, dry, light and warm. They might get

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stringy again in the moist air, as they had done on the ocean, but for once they were in perfect condition.

She had been down there four years she told me, and was kept pretty busy by the tourists and the American ladies living on the Isthmus. Happening to think of it during the conversation, I asked her what she knew about the west-coast boats. She said she did not really know anything, but had picked up an impression that they were pretty bad. This was a jolt, after our morning enthusiasm, but I said to myself that an impression was not of much importance, and soon forgot all about it in the joy of being rejuvenated, an experience which, as every woman knows, is a most soul-satisfying one. When the contents of

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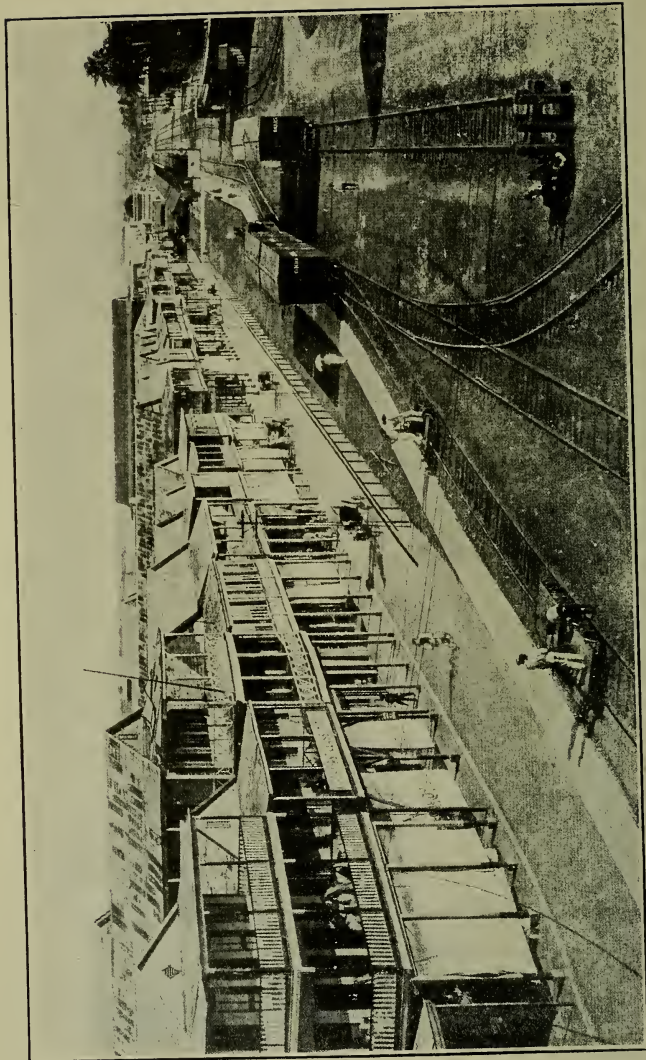
the bag had all been tried and its owner had finished her ministrations and departed, I determined to follow up the good work by making a very special toilet for dinner. This filled up the time until R. arrived. In order to match my improved appearance he was obliged to devote an unusual amount of time to his own preparations for the evening; but when we went down at seven o'clock the consciousness we carried within us of presenting a well-groomed appearance to the Tivoli world filled us with a great peace and compensated in advance for the hurried days to come when there would be no time for beauty rites or special toilets.

While we were dining I told R. what the rejuvenating lady had said

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about the west-coast steamers, but he said, and I agreed with him, that we were foolish to let that question bother us any more. The sensible thing to do was to carry out our plan and not be upset by every little thing we heard. Wait until we saw some one who had actually made the west-coast trip—then would be the time to pay attention to what was said.

So ended Tuesday, the first day of our stay that it didn't rain. We wanted to go the next day, over to Colon, on the Atlantic side, and said to each other, the last thing, that we should probably have a moist time of it, as two successive pleasant days were not likely to happen at that time of the year. Even as we spoke the clouds descended and we went to sleep to the sound of a steady downpour.



FRONT STREET, COLON.

Courtesy of I. L. Maduro, Jr., Panama.

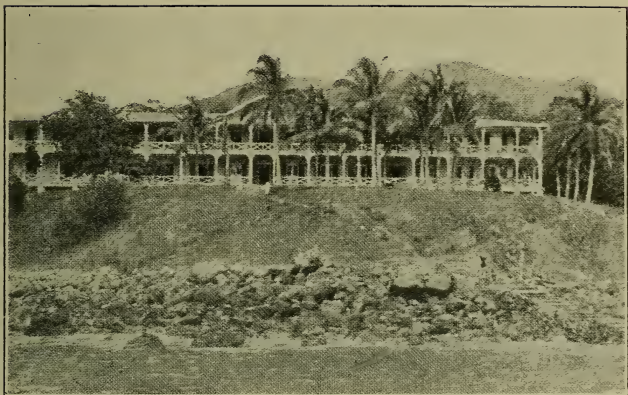
V.

But we were wrong, for the rain stopped before morning and the following day was as well behaved as one could desire. We were going to Colon to see the place and to give R. an opportunity to visit the general offices of the Panama Railroad which are located there. We left at ten-twenty and went straight across the Isthmus, arriving at Colon a little before one. After lunching at the Washington Hotel we separated, R. going to the railroad offices while I started out to see whatever there was worth looking at. The new hotel being

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built by the Government, at a cost of half a million dollars, first attracted me. It is delightfully situated, close to the Atlantic shore, and will be a strong rival for the Tivoli. Its completion will no doubt put an end to the practice of taking the next train for Panama which is said to be so prevalent now among tourists arriving at Colon.

Then I walked along the beach until I came to the hospital, with its beautiful grounds, through which I strolled, wondering whether, if I had to choose, I would rather be sick up on the hill, among the trees, at Ancon, or down here at Colon, with the ocean waves at my very feet and their music always in my ears. Certainly the sick have beautiful surroundings and are well



HOSPITAL AND SANITARIUM AT TOBOGA ISLAND,
PACIFIC SIDE.

Courtesy of Pan American Union.

GLIMPSES OF PANAMA

taken care of at both places. Besides the two hospitals, the Government maintains a sanatorium on the island of Taboga in Panama Bay, ten miles from the mainland, which is said to be ideally beautiful in location and surroundings. To our great regret, we did not have time to go here.

On my way back I struck up an acquaintance with a bare-footed boy, who was probably lying in wait for such as I, and when we parted he was the proud possessor of two bright new dimes out of my bag and I carried away in their stead an almond just fallen from the tree—the fruit with the nut inside—a small, green coconut and various other impedimenta, all of which caused my bag to bulge in a very inelegant manner. R., when



COLUMBUS MONUMENT AT CRISTOBAL.
Courtesy of Pan American Union.

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I rejoined him, was also carrying spoils, the most important being a walking stick made from an old lignum-vitae tie that had been in use on the Panama Railroad for forty years, said walking stick having been given him by Mr. J. A. Smith, the genial General Superintendent of the Panama Railroad.

The rest of the afternoon, until train time, we spent in driving around the town. We went through Cristobal, which is the American quarter, and saw the house where De Lesseps used to live, the statue of "Columbus and the Indian Maiden" and the buildings of the Commissary Department, which include a bakery, laundry and cold storage plant of sufficient capacity to serve all the government em-

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ployes and their families, about sixty thousand people in all.

When finally our driver dropped us at the station in time for the four-thirty-five train to Panama, we wondered if it could be only four days ago that we had landed at Colon and taken this train for the first time. Then all seemed so strange that now had grown so familiar.

There was no work going on in the Cut that night when we crossed and, in fact, we never did see the picture of the work by firelight except the one time.

A gentleman whom we met that evening told us of some friends of his who had once come from San Francisco to Panama by water. He said they had announced their firm deter-



BEACH AT CRISTOBAL.

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mination to walk every step of the way the next time, rather than repeat the first experience. We hastily inquired what boat they had come on and were relieved when he did not name the one we expected to take. He added some details which afterwards, in private, we talked over somewhat dejectedly. What made the matter important was that the voyage would take twenty-six days, perhaps longer, and that R. had brought me to the tropics on a quest for health, as well as to see the Canal. He, himself, not being in the habit of giving up a plan once made and started, would have gone on unhesitatingly; but on my account he did not want to run any risks. A month at sea with poor food and stuffy state-

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rooms and coal-oil lamps and possible heat and storms might undo all the good gained thus far.

For the first time, we said that perhaps it would be better to go back to New York; but the desire to make the west-coast trip was so strong in both of us that giving it up was not yet to be considered seriously. We really wanted to do, though, whatever would result in greatest benefit to us both. 'Twas a problem. To go on—to go back—which was the solution? The friendly rain, which just then reappeared, gave us no help except to lull us to pleasant slumber.

VI.

A visit to the locks and dam at Gatun was the program for the next day, and at ten-twenty we took the train and went almost across the Isthmus again, Gatun being only seven miles from the Atlantic coast. The good looking railroad station at this point is meant to be permanent and is therefore built of stone. The waiting room is outside—just a big platform with seats and a roof, like an inside waiting room without the side walls. It seemed strange to be in a country where no provision for cold weather is ever needed, and where

GLIMPSES OF PANAMA

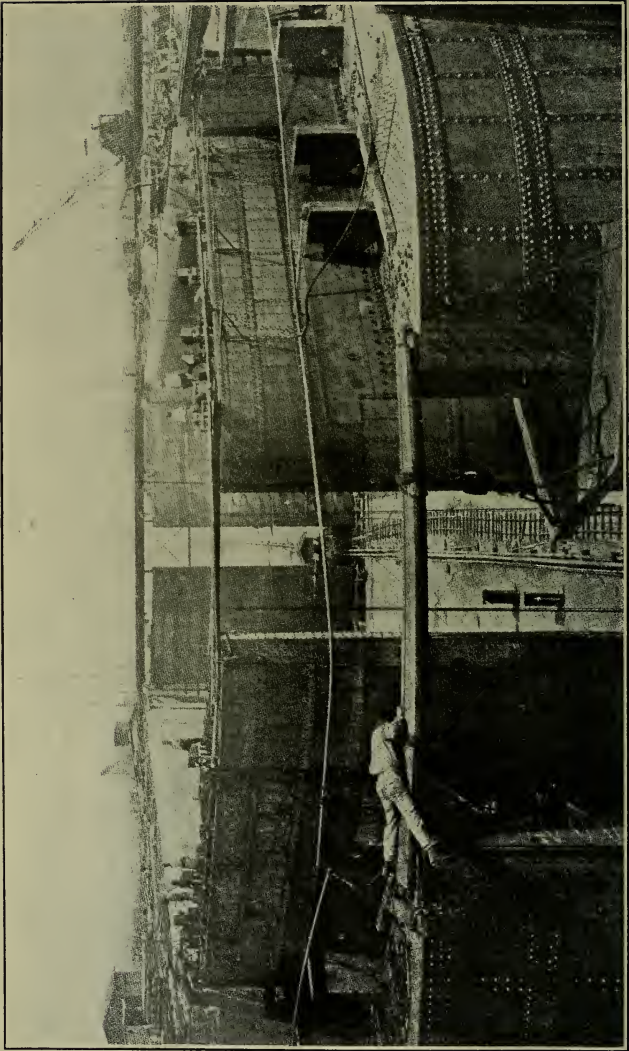
chimneys and stoves and fireplaces and heating apparatus generally are totally absent. People who go there from the North, where they are used to the changes of our seasons, tire of the eternal warmth after a while; but for a short stay the climate is not unpleasant, even in the rainy season. During our sojourn there it was always warm enough to wear the thinnest clothing, yet the heat was never oppressive. The evenings and nights were invariably comfortable. It is the humidity that is extreme, not the temperature. Best of all, we never saw or felt a mosquito anywhere on the Isthmus. As to the wet and dry seasons, some of the residents told me they much preferred the former, because nothing wore on them

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like the ceaseless, day-after-day glare of the sun.

When the climate gets on the nerves of the American women down there, so that they begin to yearn for bracing winds and driving snow storms and frosted window panes, they have to go up to the States to get straightened out; otherwise, if they can't leave, they sometimes go to pieces under the strain.

On our arrival at Gatun we had hunted up the Commission dining-room for lunch and then returned to the station to wait for the sight-seeing car. Although there was a gentle rain falling, we did not mind it much and looked forward with special interest to this expedition, which would show us the biggest piece of concrete work



GATUN UPPER LOCKS, WEST CHAMBER, LOOKING NORTH.
Courtesy of Pan American Union.

GLIMPSES OF PANAMA

on earth and the mountain built by man to hold in a raging river. Our anticipations were exceeded. The Gatun locks are a double flight of three, the total length of the flight, with approach walls, being thirty-five hundred feet, and the entire width about three hundred feet at the top. The side walls are eighty-one feet high and fifty feet thick at the floor level, tapering narrower towards the top. The middle wall is of the same height and sixty feet thick all the way up. The gates are from forty-seven to eighty-one feet high, according to location, and seven feet thick. When the Canal is done, five million cubic yards of concrete will have been used and of this amount ninety-three per cent was already in place.

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The impression of massiveness, of immensity, or enduringness, that one receives from looking at all the concrete work is here at its height. We stood at the upper end and gazed down the two-thirds of a mile in length, through which great ships will be lifted eighty-five feet, in three steps from the ocean level to Gatun Lake—and felt oppressed with the magnitude of it all.

The time required will be half an hour to a lock; therefore, of the ten or twelve hours transit through the completed Canal, three hours will be spent in the locks.

The protective devices—the electric locomotives, the chains, the double gates and the emergency dam—were explained to us and formed one

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of the most interesting features of the work. It seems impossible that any serious accident should ever happen to ships or locks.

During all this time, while we were walking the walls and trying to hear one another speak above the frightful din made by the workmen riveting the gates, the rain fell drizzingly, but we were so interested that we were hardly aware of it, for no one takes cold or feels shivery from getting wet in that country, and as soon as we regained the car we were all right.

The next thing to see was the dam, and as it is covered with tracks we went around and around it at different levels, until we got a clear idea of its size and situation. It is not a piece of masonry, but a huge earth

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structure, placed so as to complete the natural basin formed by the range of mountains surrounding the low-lying valley of the Chagres River. In this way the waters of the river are shut in and Gatun Lake formed, with its area of one hundred and sixty-four square miles. The dam is a mile and a half long, half a mile thick at the base and one hundred feet wide at the top. Its crest is one hundred and five feet above sea level and twenty feet above the surface of the water of the lake. The dam is quite as impressive as the locks after one realizes its size and understands its office and construction; but, at first, it is so much a part of the landscape and looks so exactly as if it had "just growed" there that one feels a sense of disappointment.

GLIMPSES OF PANAMA

Afterwards the very facts that caused the disappointment are recognized as a great part of the tremendous achievement.

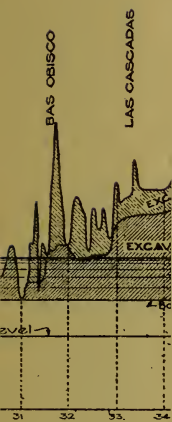
And eighty-five feet up in the air, held there by the vast strength of this dam and the locks, will be the Canal—a fresh water link between the two great oceans!

Then there is the spillway. The waters of Gatun Lake are furnished, as stated, by the Chagres River, which, on account of the excessive annual rainfall of about twelve feet, is subject to enormous floods. In order to provide against the effect of these floods there has been constructed what is known as the spillway, which is an artificial channel of concrete, three hundred feet wide, built into the

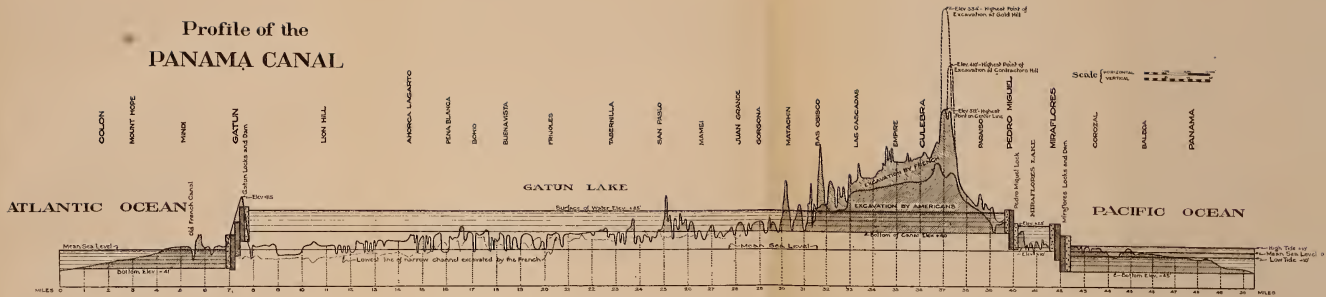
GLIMPSES OF PANAMA

dam at about the center, through which the surplus waters of the lake flow. The discharge through the spillway is regulated by means of gates in such a way that the waters of Gatun Lake are maintained at an elevation of about eighty-five feet above sea-level. The spillway will be capable of discharging 154,000 cubic feet of water per second, which equals three-fifths of the volume of water which passes over the Horseshoe Falls at Niagara.

This immense volume of water, having a fall of about seventy-five feet, will furnish power sufficient to operate the locks and all other appliances belonging to the Canal, to light the Canal throughout its whole length and to operate the railroad from Colon to Panama.



Profile of the PANAMA CANAL



GLIMPSES OF PANAMA

In this connection, it is a curious fact that although the Isthmus is only about fifty miles wide, the average annual rainfall on the Atlantic side is about twelve feet, while on the Pacific side it is only about six feet. This was explained to me at great length by R., who claims to know something about such things, and in the course of his remarks I gathered that the remarkable difference is due to the effect of ocean and atmospheric currents and to the temperature of these currents in the Atlantic and Pacific oceans respectively.

He advises me, however, not to undertake a technical explanation of this phenomenon lest I should sprain my ankle—whatever that may mean.

On our way back across the Isth-

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mus that afternoon I meditated aloud to R. on the subject of clothes. Nobody seems to know exactly what to take down there, the first time, but after my five days' experience and observation I felt able to give pointers on the subject. In the first place, the Canal Zone being only nine degrees from the equator, nothing but summer clothing is needed. White clothes look and feel the coolest of all, but as white skirts look worse than anything else when wet and muddy, it seemed to me that the best provision to make for the rainy season would be a couple of light-weight wool skirts of a neutral gray or tan shade, and a lot of thin white waists. One skirt might be made to do, but the trouble is that in that saturated atmosphere a gar-

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ment that gets wet one day is not dry by the next; so two, to be used in alternation, would be better. With the addition of a serviceable hat, a light raincoat and an umbrella, one could go about sight-seeing indefinitely. A pretty gown for dinner would complete the list of essentials, for no wraps are needed—unless, perhaps, a scarf—and no other hats, for in driving about in the evening it is pleasant to go bare-headed.

Of course there are plenty of people who carry a lot of clothes around with them and like to wear something different every evening, but for the ordinary tourist who stops at a hotel and is there only to see the Canal work, what I have mentioned would be sufficient. In the dry season, from

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December to April, thin white clothes can be worn everywhere and all the time. The men—not to leave them out entirely—wear either white linen or light-weight wool suits, such as they would wear in the States in the summer time.

Some examples of inappropriate dressing are amusing to remember. That very day a good looking young woman of about thirty had boarded the car, attired in a style which suggested that she was laboring under the delusion that we were about to attend an elaborate garden party. Her dress was of some thin white material, put together with lace, with elbow sleeves and collarless neck; she wore white shoes, but no hat or gloves; her hair was fussily arranged with nu-



COCOANUT TREES, PANAMA.

Courtesy of I. L. Maduro, Jr., Panama.

GLIMPSES OF PANAMA

merous ornaments; necklaces, rings and bracelets adorned her person; and, as a final touch, she carried a white silk parasol trimmed with lace. When we reached the locks it was raining and she declined to get out, saying she would remain where she was until it stopped; but it didn't stop and she continued to remain, never leaving the car the whole afternoon. What her idea was in getting herself up in that fashion was—and is—one of the inscrutable mysteries of life.

Another lady, who appeared looking warm but charming in a white serge suit, with white hat, shoes and gloves, was gamier than the other, and not to be deterred from seeing things by any fear of spoiling her clothes. She got out whenever the others did and went

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about regardless of mud, paint, oil and grimy workmen. No doubt, though, she retired to her couch that night a sadder and a wiser woman.

Engaged in these sartorial reflections and reminiscences, we passed once more over the now familiar route to the Pacific side. Our evening was a repetition of those that had gone before. We usually inspected the register after dinner to see who had arrived during the day and from what uttermost parts of the earth they had come; then sat down, or strolled through the big spaces of the Tivoli to watch the crowd and chat with those we became acquainted with from day to day.

Finally, after going upstairs, we discussed our "problem" some more,

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and rather laughed at our scare of the night before. We decided that we had been unnecessarily alarmed and resolved once more not to listen to all the second-hand talk that was floating around, but to go ahead. The subject was rather getting on our nerves. R., especially, among whose leading qualities may be mentioned firmness, perseverance, determination, persistency, unswervingness, stick-to-ativeness, tenacity of purpose and decision of character, was quite incensed at the vacillating position in which he found himself, and expressed himself with considerable vigor. There were always dissatisfied people everywhere, who went about saying things. We should never get anywhere if we paid any attention to

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them. Besides, granting that all we heard was true, what did it amount to, after all? We should have the sea-air and the rest—nobody, as yet, had complained that they were lacking on the west-coast trip. The food might not be all that was desirable, but surely there would be fruit and bread and coffee and some few other things that we could live on—and we could take some supplies with us. To be sure, he, himself, just had to have good coffee and we were both cranky about butter and the sea-air does give people appetites; but nevertheless, he was inclined to think we could risk the food proposition.

As for the staterooms, we didn't stay in them except to sleep and we

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could always sleep anywhere at sea. Lights we didn't need except to go to bed by, and they were not an absolute necessity then. What risk was there, after all? If it was hot, was not he a regular salamander and did not I much prefer heat to cold? If it stormed, were not we experienced ocean travelers, used to rough weather? Hadn't we tossed in a hurricane once for two days and nights? Go to! We would wobble no more, but pursue our plan as arranged and agreed upon before ever we left our Missouri hearthstone.

R. is rather funny when he is letting off steam in this fashion, so I laughed at him and meekly agreed with all that he said. Equilibrium being thus

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restored, we gave ourselves up to "tired nature's sweet restorer," the sound of the steady rain outside furnishing us with a most soothing lullaby.

VII.

When we realized the next day that it was Friday and that we had been there almost a week, we began to feel that "tempus was fugiting" all too fast. After breakfast, having ascertained that our boat had not yet arrived at Balboa, we went for a drive, going first to the Administration Building in Ancon, where R. had business to attend to. This building is of stone and very handsome, being intended for permanent use. Many of the buildings, and even whole towns, along the Canal are only temporary and will be torn down when the Canal

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is finished; but this Administration Building at Ancon, which stands in a lovely spot with a beautiful outlook, is meant to stay.

From there we went down into Panama to do some shopping, almost the first we had indulged in. We did not find a great variety of things to buy for souvenirs or gifts, but there were Panama hats, of course—all made in Equador—and some pretty things made out of mother of pearl, which comes from the fisheries off the coast, and jewelry set with stones taken from Culebra Cut, and mats and bags made by the Indian women—quite enough, after all, to enable us to dispose of a good part of our list of people to whom we wished to take some little gift.

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Carrying our purchases with us, we drove hastily back to the hotel to dress and lunch, for we were going to Culebra that afternoon on a little private expedition of our own and our train left at half past one. We caught it with a few minutes to spare and on our arrival at Culebra, a little after two, we went first up the hill in the ambulance to the Administration Building to call on Col. Goethals. R. had letters of introduction to him and had called on the preceding Tuesday, but had found the Colonel out, of which I was very glad for now I was with him and could meet the great man, too. We were fortunate enough to find him in and were ushered by his secretary into his private office where he was sitting alone at his desk.

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He greeted us most cordially, referring at once to our acquaintance with Mrs. Goethals, and we spent a very pleasant half hour—all we dared take of such a busy man's time—the two men discussing railroad matters chiefly, while I gazed respectfully at the famous and popular autocrat with his blue eyes, white hair, tanned skin, courteous manners and agreeable laugh. He talked a little about the Canal work and then, as we rose to leave, suggested that we go at once over to his house to see Mrs. Goethals, as he knew she was at home and would be glad to see us. As we wanted to meet her again before leaving the Isthmus, we acted on this invitation. Going a little way along the top of the hill we soon came to their

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pleasant-looking home, a big house with screened porches at every story, after the prevailing American type, and with flowers and vines and plants in lovely profusion all around. The foliage plants in that country are wonderful everywhere, but those on Culebra Hill are the most gorgeous of all. A man-servant took our cards, gave us seats on the wide porch and silently vanished. Presently Mrs. Goethals appeared, accompanied by a friend, Miss B. Mrs. Goethals is a tall, slender, sweet-faced woman, of the refined and reserved type, and our brief acquaintance with her will always be a pleasant memory. She took us through the house—which looked most attractive, with its flowers and light wicker furniture—to a side porch

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commanding a noble view which she wanted us to see, and there we had a pleasant little chat while gazing at the lovely prospect before us.

As we were leaving she inquired if we still held to our intention of going home by the west coast, and when we replied affirmatively Miss B. threw up her hands, fell against a porch pillar and exclaimed, with a look of horror, "You don't mean it!" Considerably startled, we demanded the cause of her emotion, upon which she briefly stated, "I've tried it;" but, recovering herself, she went on to say that if we were going that way she was sorry she had made us uncomfortable, and anyhow, her experience was some time ago and no doubt things had improved immensely since then. With

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this we departed and walked solemnly down the hill, feeling considerably upheaved. Now had happened what we had agreed would be worth our attention. We had met some one who had actually made the west-coast trip—and almost fainted at the thought of it. What should we do now? Suddenly wearying of the whole question, I suggested that we throw it into a clump of bushes we were just then passing and leave it there until we came back that way to take the train—an idea which R. received with favor. We should gain only a short respite, of course, for even if we neglected to pick it up again, we felt quite sure it would find its way back to the Tivoli without our help, but on this expedition we had a strong desire for

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nobody's company but each other's; so by united effort we cast the unwelcome third party from us and went on our way rejoicing. Our objective point this time was the suspension bridge across the Canal at Empire, a mile or so away. The next day we were going through the Cut with the crowd on the train, but today we wanted to do something that was not on the regular program, and that was to look at the excavation work, at the busiest point, from the bridge above. Fortunately, it was not raining, though there had been showers earlier in the day, and we followed a meandering wagon road, inquiring our way occasionally, to be sure we were right. Presently, emerging suddenly from behind a hill, we found ourselves at

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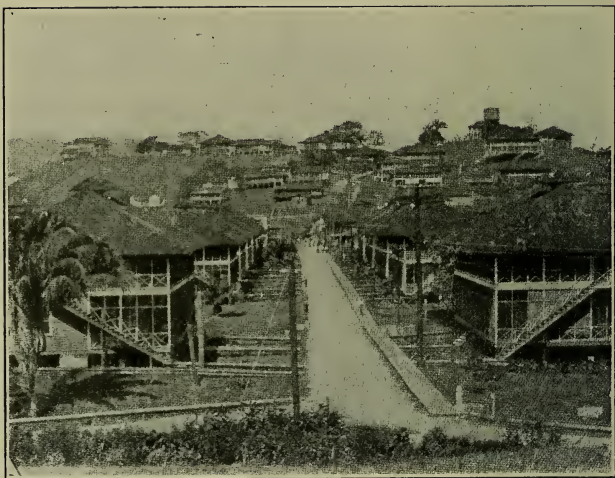
the bridge. It is a long one but we walked straight out to the middle of it before stopping to look at anything—and then looked for a long time without stopping.

There we were, suspended in mid air, in the great Culebra Cut, with all the activities that had produced it in full operation two or three hundred feet below us. There were drills—more impressive to the ear than to the eye—and steam shovels—the most fascinating things on earth—and dirt trains—coming in, going out and being loaded—and workmen everywhere—most insignificant looking in the great space so far below us. Yet, with all the work in full view, when we lifted our gaze to that great opening through the hills it seemed almost

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impossible to believe that it had been wrought by man. And then, as our eyes fell on the simple legend, "U. S.," that adorns the locomotives and machinery, and we realized that it was our own country that was carrying through this marvelous task, we were filled with a fearful pride.

This bridge at Empire is the only one across the Canal and it is merely a temporary one, no provision having been made for permanent bridges. We felt thankful for this one that afternoon and found the scene below it so absorbingly interesting that but for the fact that we were to see it again the next day, we should have found difficulty in tearing ourselves away. As it was, having neglected to ascertain the exact time at which the



EMPIRE, CANAL ZONE.

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train would pass on its afternoon trip to Panama, we presently wended our way back towards the railroad; but instead of going to the Culebra station, where we had alighted early in the afternoon, we decided to take the train at Empire, which was nearer. Finding on arriving there that we had an hour to wait, it occurred to us that we had never visited one of the commissaries and that here was our opportunity, because there was one close by. The commissaries are Government department stores where Government employes and their families may buy all kinds of supplies at somewhat lower rates than we pay in the States and at very much lower rates than those charged by the native merchants on the Isthmus. The one

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at Empire seemed to have a little of everything for sale—groceries, dry goods, shoes, millinery, furniture, dishes and hardware—and we were told that ice, meats, bread, pies, cakes, ice cream and laundry service could be ordered when desired. Every morning at four o'clock a supply train of twenty-one cars leaves Cristobal, carrying meats, ice, other perishable food stuffs and various supplies, all of which are distributed by means of these commissaries.

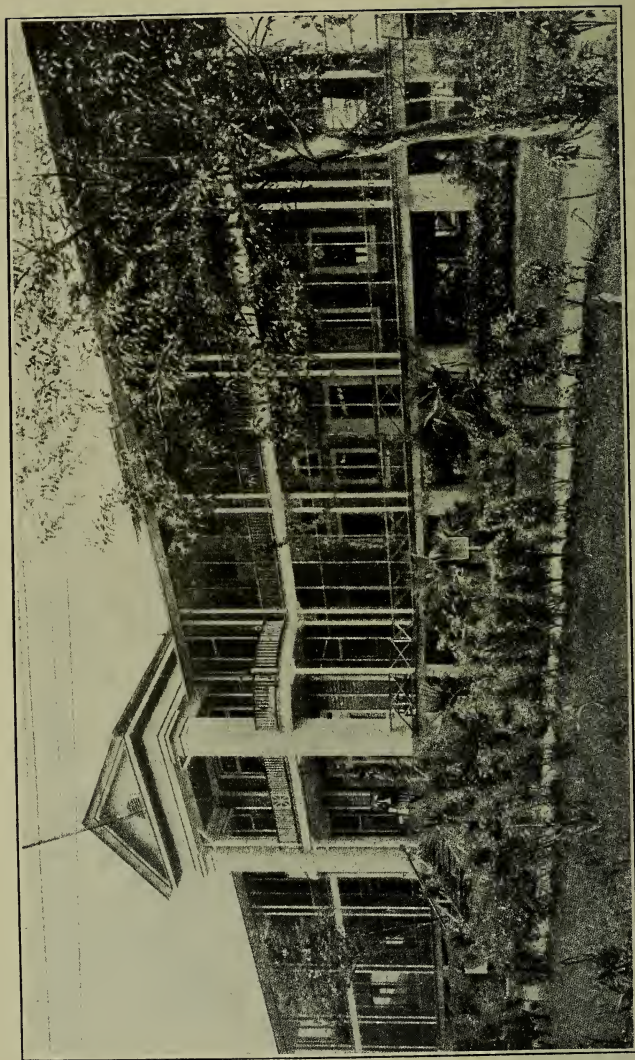
But we could not buy anything, no, not even though we had carried a million dollars in our pockets, because we did not work for the Government. And I wanted a new veil, too.

The place seemed to be a rendezvous for the feminine population and

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we were quite interested in watching the numerous young matrons with delightful babies and small children, all in pretty summer afternoon array, who made their purchases and then remained to chat with friends, or strolled around the neighborhood, waiting probably for the train which would bring the husbands and fathers home from their work.

As this consumed only a few minutes of our time we continued on up the main street, passing the post office, which appeared to be as popular as the commissary, and went into the Y. M. C. A. building, one of a number in the Canal Zone, of whose importance in the life down there we had heard a good deal. It was a big, two-storied structure, surrounded by the



Y. M. C. A. AT GORGONA, CANAL ZONE, PANAMA.

Courtesy of I. L. Maduro, Jr., Panama.

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usual screened porches at both stories, and stood back from the street in a green yard, filled with beautiful tropical plants. It was really the most attractive place in town. On entering, we encountered an eager group around a bulletin board and discovered that they were reading the baseball news just received from the States by cable. This was in October and the games of the world's series were then going on. Being fans ourselves we lingered a minute with this congenial bunch and then, beholding through a distant doorway some people sitting on a back porch and drinking things out of tall glasses, we were suddenly conscious of a consuming thirst, and flew to refresh ourselves in a similar manner with cold lemonade.

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The adjoining reading room next attracted us and there I found a file of one of our home papers, the first I had seen since we started away early in September. While I looked hastily through it R. cast himself into an easy chair with a magazine, and thus agreeably employed we almost forgot there was a train to catch, but thought of it just in time and rushed away, without seeing any more of the building than a passing glance at the library and billiard room. On the way into Panama, however, we discussed what we had heard of the work of the Y. M. C. A. in the Canal Zone, and agreed that such a building as the one we had seen was probably worth more to the morals of a Canal town than

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all the laws against vice that could be framed.

In this connection it may be stated that there are thirty-five or forty churches in the Zone, of many different denominations, and all—Catholic, Protestant, Christian Science or Salvation Army—are welcomed and treated alike by the Government.

Thus drew to a close one of the pleasantest days we had spent on the Isthmus. Owing to our having taken the train at Empire instead of Culebra, we had not repassed the bushes into which our "problem" had been flung two or three hours before; besides, we had been so interested in other things that we had forgotten all about it; but, true to our prophecy, it reached the Tivoli almost as soon as

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we did, in a very refreshed and lively condition, moreover, and, as if to make up for the banishment of the afternoon, and probably, also, because it felt that its days with us were almost numbered, stuck to us till bedtime with the proverbial closeness of a brother. Fortunately it did not follow us into our dreams.

VIII.

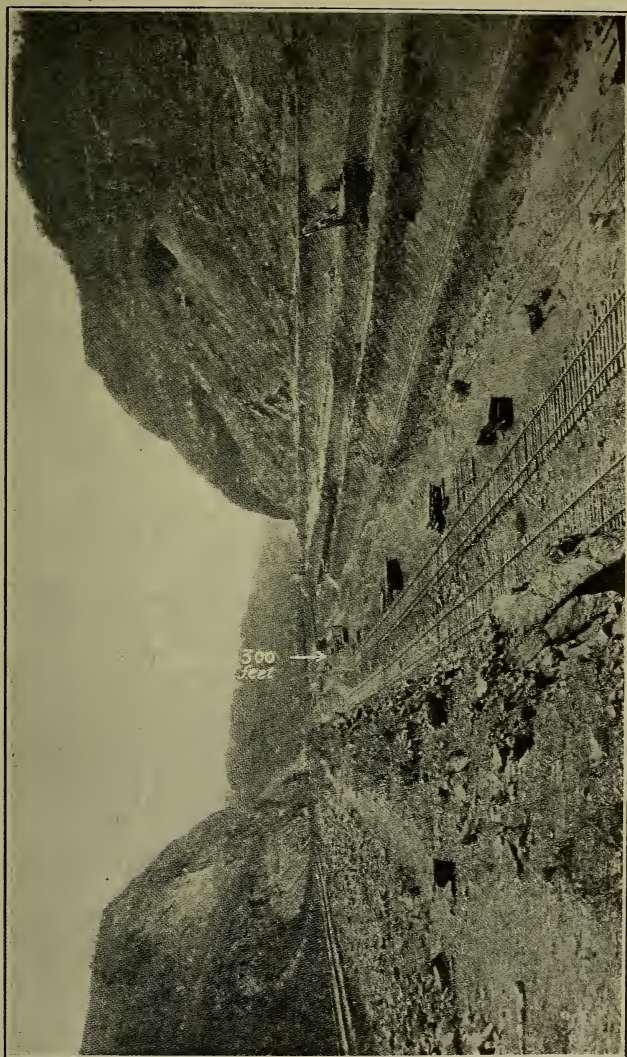
As our shopping was still to be finished we went down into the city the next morning after breakfast, and came back only in time to eat some luncheon and get to the station in time to take the sight-seeing train for the trip to Culebra Cut.

There had been slight showers in the morning, but the afternoon opened beautifully and it seemed hardly possible that even the Panama weather could manage to transform itself before we got back. Our chief hope for a clear afternoon, however, lay in the fact that those who on previous

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expeditions had started out in white skirts and shoes, flowered hats and such frailties, and returned spotted and bedraggled, now appeared in sensible, shower-proof clothing, ready for any fate that could be compressed into three hours of weather. It worked like a charm, too, for the afternoon was ideal. We could have worn our best clothes with perfect safety. Moreover, as we did not once get out of the car, even if it had rained we should not have been damaged. Such is life!

As soon as we started, our lecturer began to give us interesting information about the excavation work, and continued to do so at intervals all the afternoon. Yesterday, from the suspension bridge above, the poetic side of the work had appealed to us; today,



LOOKING NORTH THROUGH CULEBRA CUT, SHOWING POINT OF DEEPEST EXCAVATION.
Gold Hill on the right. White line shows original conformation, 300 feet at central point
above final bottom of cut.

Courtesy of Pan American Union.

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down in the midst of it, we absorbed statistics and reveled in practical details. There were then seventy-five miles of track in the Cut—of which a mile or so was changed every day to suit the advancing work—and at Pedro Miguel we left the Panama Railroad for these construction tracks, going very slowly and stopping frequently, in order to see the different gangs of workmen at their varied tasks and to listen to the explanation of each part of the work. When the excavation is finished 90,000,000 cubic yards of rock and earth will have been taken out, leaving a cut nine miles long and three hundred feet wide at the bottom. As it follows, in part, a winding river valley, there are bends in it, and at these points it is widened



INLAND LIGHTHOUSE ON LINE OF CANAL.
Courtesy of Pan American Union.

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to five hundred feet in order that the largest vessels may make the turns with perfect ease. At each angle, too, there will be a lighthouse. In the neighborhood of Culebra, where the continental divide was severed, the depth of the cut averages three hundred and seventy-five feet and the width at the top eighteen hundred feet. Reduced to an average, it is a cut nine miles long, three hundred feet wide at the bottom and one hundred and twenty feet deep throughout its entire length.

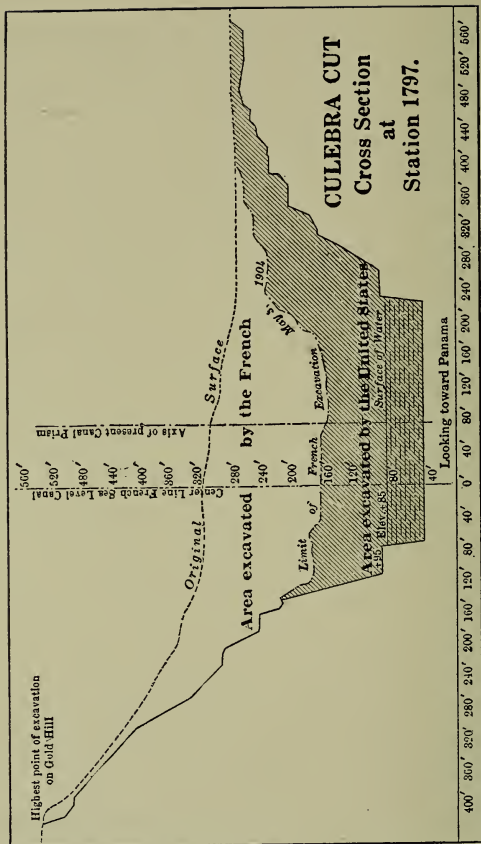
The material taken out is first drilled and then blasted before it is handled by the steam shovels, and five hundred thousand pounds of dynamite are used each month in this work. The shooting is done at five o'clock in the

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afternoon, when the day's work is over, and the roar thereof is like unto the crack of doom.

We were told much about the slides, of which there is quite a number, involving an area of one hundred and sixty acres. The largest is the Cucaracha slide, which started during the French time, now covers an area of forty-seven acres and runs back eighteen hundred feet. These slides are hard to manage and greatly increase the work, forty-five per cent of the remaining excavation being due to them; but as they call for no other treatment than unremitting excavation at the top they will finally be brought under control.

The moving of the dirt trains, too, was explained and proved an extreme-



**CULEBRA CUT
Cross Section
at
Station 1797.**

THE M.-N. WORKS, BUFFALO, N. Y.

Courtesy of Pan American Union.

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ly interesting subject. Getting rid of the excavated material was one of the big problems and its solution took time and brains. One hundred and fifty loaded trains pass out of the Cut daily—about one every three minutes—running on a regular schedule and nothing being allowed to interfere with their movements. The material they carry is used in building the dam at Gatun and the breakwaters at Colon and Panama.

Among the comparative figures that are hurled at one from all directions while looking at the Canal work, there are some that fit in here. It is estimated that all of the excavated material which will have been taken out when the Canal is completed, including the 30,000,000 cubic yards of util-

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ized French excavation, amounting in all to 242,000,000 cubic yards, if loaded on one train of flat cars, like those used on the work, would make a train ninety-six thousand miles long, reaching practically four times around the earth.

Incidentally, in going over the work, one picks up a good deal of information about the French attempt to build the Canal and, also, along with it, a great sympathy for the French engineers who worked so hard and accomplished so much in the face of death and disease and their own pitiful ignorance of the conditions they were up against. It was not they who were to blame for their country's failure. Rusty, half-buried French machinery can be seen at many places

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along the Canal, and there is a cemetery where lie buried hundreds of Frenchmen who perished in those unsanitary days. As Albert Edwards, in his interesting book on Panama, says, "There is an immense pathos in the idea of these men working so sincerely, in the midst of this fever-ridden jungle, for a gang of wild-cat promoters in Paris."

The French excavation amounted to 80,000,000 cubic yards, of which, as stated, 30,000,000 have been used by the Americans. The French also made maps and accumulated data, including the flow of the Chagres river through fifteen years, which have been of inestimable value to our engineers. The latter are said to have a thorough respect for their French predecessors.

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As we noticed the mud in which the workmen stood and how their clothes clung to them with perspiration, we got a new realization of the endurance required in sticking to this mighty task, year after year. Two-thirds of the time they work in almost daily rain and mud; the other third, under the ceaseless glare of the sun. Never a cool day or a bracing wind or a dry atmosphere to put new life into them—just rain and glare and heat and humidity! And yet they are said to be a contented lot, these thirty-five thousand men who are doing this wonderful thing. There is a certain fascination about the “big job,” of course, and nowhere on earth is there a body of employes so well cared for as this one. Besides receiving higher wages

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for the same kind of work, they are obliged to spend less for their living than would be the case anywhere else on the globe. Their lodgings are free and their food is furnished them at very low rates. A West Indian negro, for instance, who, on his native island, might earn a quarter a day for a part of the year, here receives a dollar a day, free lodgings and a day's food for thirty cents. Among the white Americans, a married man is given a furnished house, electric lights, kitchen fuel and moving expenses free, and his food, ice and clothing at reduced prices. Medical and hospital service cost nothing. Nowhere else could he live so well and save so much. In addition to all this, he is given a month off every year with pay and special

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traveling rates. We became acquainted with one young couple who had been there six years and they told us that they expected to go back to the States after a while with enough money saved up to render them almost independent.

The only trouble with the married men seems to be in keeping their wives contented. Household labor is light and service is cheap, therefore the women are not so busy as the men and have time to get homesick. But the Government tackled that problem, too, and imported an organizer of clubs to help the women find employment for the spare time which otherwise they might use in thinking about the climate and the far-away "God's country." As a result, there

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are art classes, literary clubs, musical societies, playground associations and anti-cigarette leagues scattered among the towns along the Canal, and these various activities render much pleasanter and more profitable the lives of the American women there.

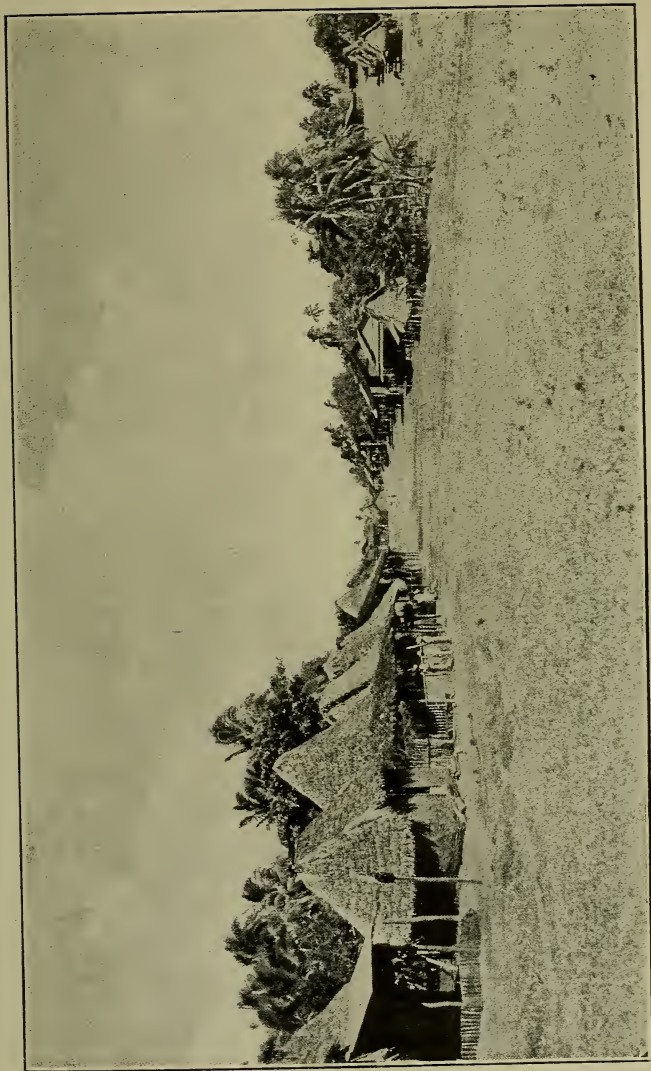
I read some club programs in the "Canal Record" and was much impressed by their interest and variety. They included "A McDowell Afternoon," "Wedgewood and Royal Doulton," "A Review of New Books," "Well-known Women Writers," "Modern Pictures of Children," "Stevenson's Verse and Song," "System in the Home," "Modern Kitchens," "Domestic Animals" and "Gardening." an assortment of topics which

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would seem to indicate that our exiled sisters in the Canal Zone are not falling behind the modern procession.

Uncle Sam certainly has a good deal on his hands in the ten-mile strip across the Isthmus. Besides building the Canal, he is running a railroad, a steamship line and a big hotel for tourists and feeding, housing, amusing and keeping contented about sixty thousand people. But all this is necessary in order to maintain a stable working force.

To go back to the Cut; thus looking and listening, moving on when the track was clear, but stopping about every other minute to accommodate one of the ubiquitous dirt trains, we slowly traversed the length of the Cut towards the Atlantic coast.



NATIVE VILLAGE AT CHORERA, PANAMA.
Courtesy of I. L. Maduro, Jr., Panama.

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At Gamboa is a dike which protects the Cut from the rising waters of Gatun Lake, adjacent. When the necessary dry excavation is finished this dike will be removed, the water let into the Cut, and the remainder of the excavation done with dredges.

Near the end the banks were low and we could see the surrounding country. It was an interesting thought that some day, not far away, we should be able to slip smoothly along on a great ship, which would walk upstairs at one end and down the other, of this beautiful promenade through the green jungle and lofty hills of Panama.

At Matachin we turned back and returned to Culebra, where the train stopped a while to allow the passen-

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gers to go up to the Administration Building and look at the lock models. As we had already seen them, we said goodby to Mr. Baxter, our lecturer, to whose clear explanations and un-failing courtesy we owed much of the pleasure of the sight-seeing trips, and took a walk instead. This was well worth while, for Culebra is a pretty spot, the highest point on the Canal, with a wide outlook. While walking we discussed the experiences of the week just closing and our impressions of the Canal work, which we had now seen in all its divisions. As a final summing-up we adopted the words of a fellow-tourist and agreed with each other that the Panama Canal would make the seven wonders of the world look like thirty cents.

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During the short ride back to Panama, R. and I were separated and I observed him, some seats ahead of me, in earnest conversation with an unknown and harmless-looking man who had been one of the party through the Cut. An interest, apparently not of an agreeable nature, appeared on R.'s face and seemed to be the cause of the disturbed glances he threw in my direction. "Who can the agitating individual be?" I asked of myself uneasily, "and what dire information can he be imparting?" I was soon to know. As the train pulled into Panama station and I reached R.'s side, he seized my arm and announced in hurried accents, "Our boat is in—got in this morning—that man was on it—says it's

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fierce." For an instant I gazed at him wildly, and then, "We'll go back on the 'Ancon,'" I announced with decision, clutching at the thought as at an ark of safety. Other perfectly good ships were leaving Colon for the north right along, but just then only the known and the tried appealed to me; so, taking the lead for once, I led my somewhat startled spouse across the waiting room to the ticket office. The agent was busy. While waiting impatiently, we remarked to a pleasant looking bystander who appeared to be taking an interest in us that we had intended to go back to the States by the west coast but had heard such unfavorable reports of the "X." the boat we should have to take, that we had given up the plan. "Good

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thing!" he responded sympathetically, "that's the boat that had its deck blown up not long ago." "Deck blown up!" I repeated shudderingly, "and what did they do about it?" "Oh, just nailed it down and went on again!" he replied airily. At this information that "problem" of ours—or its ghost—which even yet—if you'll believe it—was showing itself dimly around corners here and there, turned and fled, to be seen no more. Poor food we might endure—and bad lights—and insufficient ventilation—and heat—and storms—but to be blown into the air, probably in chunks, and fall into the deep as food for the fishes, that fate I, at least, declined with all the firmness that was in me. "What can I do for you?" said

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the agent at this instant. "Get Colon and see if there is anything left on the 'Ancon,'" commanded R. in fewest words—and the decision in his tone cheered my very soul. "Nothing left but one private suite," answered the agent, after the inevitable wait, "We'll take it," said I, fiercely, and R. meekly repeated, "We'll take it." Not only would we not go by the Pacific, with its dreadful possibilities, but we would go by the Atlantic in all the luxury possible. Gold and precious stones seemed—to me, at least—not too great a price to pay for the privilege of being transported in a state of comfort and security, to our home in the northland.

And now, at last, peace descended upon our perturbed spirits. We re-

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membered that we were tired and hungry, that there was a dance on at the Tivoli that night, at which we expected to be present, and that on all accounts, therefore, it behooved us to hasten. So we sped up the now familiar hill to the hotel, and rested a few minutes while we talked things over. We said how nice it was to be by ourselves once more, without that horrid old "problem" in the way all the time; that although we were losing the long sea-journey for which we yearned and the visit that we had counted on with our friends in California, yet it was going to be exceedingly pleasant to go back to New York on the "Ancon," where we felt at home and were sure of being comfortable; and that, after all, the west-

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coast trip was a pleasure only postponed, not lost, for after the opening of the Canal we could take a big, fine ship at New York and go all the way round to San Francisco without any of the risks which now we were shunning. The only uncomfortable thought we had left was that of a most agreeable young couple, the L.'s, who had come down with us and were now on their way up the west coast. Would their deck blow up? Or, perchance, would they voluntarily fling themselves to the fishes? But it is always possible to find fortitude for the misfortunes of others; so presently, refreshed and quite cheerful, we got out our festival garments and proceeded to array ourselves for the evening. After making ourselves

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as beautiful as possible, we went down to dinner and then sat and strolled around, in the usual after-dinner fashion, waiting for the party to begin.

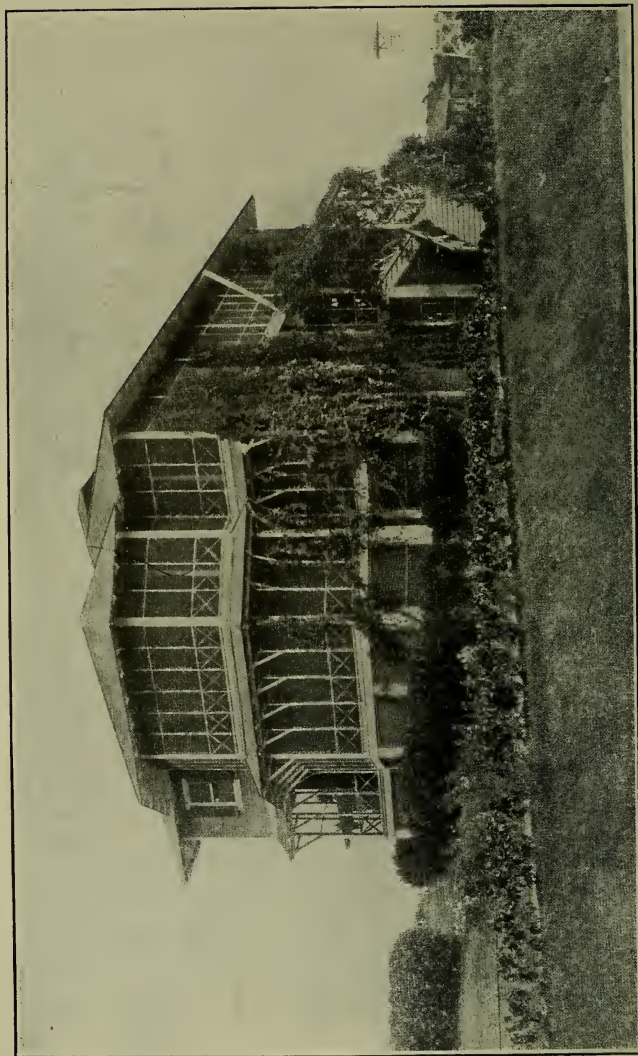
These Saturday night dances at the Tivoli are quite a pleasant institution. The tourists like to meet the resident Americans and the latter enjoy meeting new people among the tourists. The young people have, in addition, the pleasure of the dancing. The Tivoli, besides, with its big spaces and wide porches is an ideal place for such a festivity.

We learned that on this particular Saturday night a large crowd was not expected on account of a dance at Colon, which would take some of the army and Canal people; but by nine

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o'clock the lobby was pretty well filled and when the dancing began the ball-room floor did not seem any too large. It was certainly a good looking and attractive gathering. The women in their pretty gowns and the army men in their white and gold uniforms gave brightness to the picture, in which a touch of shadow was furnished by a few men in conventional evening dress. Most of the men, though, civilian as well as military, wore white linen. The evening was delightfully cool and dancing did not seem inappropriate, even with the equator only nine degrees away.

Almost immediately we were introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Thatcher, who, by virtue of Mr. Thatcher's office as Civil Governor of the Canal Zone,



RESIDENCE OF THE GOVERNOR, ANCON, CANAL ZONE, PANAMA.

Courtesy of I. L. Maduro, Jr., Panama.

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were regarded as host and hostess of the occasion. We had heard much in Panama of the agreeable personalities of these two people and, especially, of the tact and charm of Mrs. Thatcher and her popularity among the Panamanians. Before the evening was over my own eyes and ears had assured me of the truth of all we had been told. When the dancing began she turned to me, who happened to be standing by her, and with her charming smile asked me to come out on the porch where we could sit down and watch the scene through the long windows. During our progress to the door, she exchanged many greetings with those we passed and, always, her cordial looks and words and manner seemed to give the ut-

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most pleasure. We had heard that she had acquired the Spanish language in ten months and I afterwards asked Governor Thatcher if this was true. "Yes, it is true," he replied, "but," he added with a smile, "she worked hard." Remembering my own struggles with the German tongue during the last three or four years, I could well believe it.

Later on we met Col. Green, who commands the troops in the Canal Zone, a most agreeable, soldierly man, and his wife, who, in spite of having recently become a grandmother—which no one would think possible if she did not tell it—still dances like a girl. In the course of our talk we learned, to our great pleasure, that they were to be our fel-

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low-voyagers on the "Ancon" to New York, where they were going on a holiday trip.

In my snatches of talk with the resident ladies during the evening I picked up some information about the ups and downs of life in the Zone, and especially of the trials to which house-keepers are subject on account of the humid atmosphere. Everything—food, clothes, books, furniture—gets mouldy, and all sorts of devices are used to fight the dampness. Lights are kept burning in closets and cupboards and an electric lamp must even be introduced inside of a piano in order to keep it in usable condition. Aside from this, house-keeping seems an easy matter, but the exception is so ever-present and

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far-reaching that only eternal vigilance keeps it at bay, and the cold weather trials of northern housekeepers must be more than matched.

We felt very proud of the delightful Americans whom we had met during the week and who are at the head of things in the Zone. Our chief regret was that we could not meet Col. Gorgas, the famous Chief Sanitary Officer—the man who cleaned up Havana and has now changed the Isthmus from a pest-hole into as healthy a spot as there is anywhere. As he was away all the time we were there we did not even see the great man whose sanitary achievements are just as wonderful as the work the engineers are doing, and without whose achievements in making the Canal

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Zone habitable for northern white men the engineers could not have accomplished their task.

In this connection, I am reminded of an old lady who came down with us from New York. With her husband she had been a missionary on the Isthmus for twenty-eight years, and after she discovered that I liked to listen to her she used to sit by me on deck for a while every day and tell me thrilling tales of her experiences—how the people used to die from malaria and smallpox and yellow fever and cholera—how the dead bodies used to be picked up in the streets of Colon and Panama and carted off to be buried in heaps—and how she and her husband used to take people into their home and nurse them through all

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these dreadful diseases. Some special cases that she related were very pathetic and it happened that one young man who died in her house belonged to a family we knew something about. I shall never forget that old lady, who had just buried her husband in the States and was coming back to finish her days in the land where she had labored so long. Her tales of the old days prepared me to appreciate the marvelous results accomplished by Col. Gorgas.

The Saturday night dance at the Tivoli had proved exceedingly pleasant and we retired from the festive scene hoping that some time we might repeat the happy experience. For, by this time, we had fully made up our minds that we wanted to come

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to Panama again some day, to see the beautiful country and to meet the pleasant people, as well as to go through the Canal—and up the west coast.

Our agreeable thoughts, combined with the lateness of the hour, enabled us to fall asleep without the aid of the sound of the rain, which on this special evening had most accommodatingly stayed away.

IX.

As the "Ancon" sailed at three o'clock on Monday afternoon and, in order to catch it, we should have to take the ten-twenty train to Colon on Monday morning, we were obliged to do the most of our packing on Sunday. I found we had picked up quite a lot of "junk," as R. called it, and almost feared we should have to leave some of it behind; but finally everything was squeezed in somewhere, and, finding we had plenty of time, we even went down into the city in the afternoon and bought a few more things. Everything is open on Sun-

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day, just the same as any other day, and it is rather a favorite shopping day with tourists.

After dinner everybody went to the band concert on the Cathedral Plaza, which is a regular Sunday night affair. It proved an interesting experience. The music was really good and, besides, it was our one opportunity to see the Panamanians out in full force.

The Plaza, with its luxuriant tropical plants, was extremely picturesque, and the crowd sitting on the seats or moving about in a slow procession was no less so. All shades of complexion were there, from white to black, but the Panamanians, no matter how dark their skin, have regular features and some of them are ex-



OLD CATHEDRAL, PLAZA INDEPENDENCIA,
PANAMA CITY.

Courtesy of Pan American Union.

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tremely handsome. Strange, indeed, to our Northern eyes was the spectacle of two Panamanian gentlemen, evidently friends, strolling along together, clad immaculately in white linen, with straw hats, canes and cigarettes, one of them merely Spanish in appearance, the other one black as a lump of coal; and stranger still, if the couple happened to be two girls in pretty summery finery. There is no color line there, in society or business, city or country. In fact, one of the first presidents of the Republic of Panama was a negro.

Realizing that this was our last evening on the Isthmus, we were reluctant to bring it to a close, and stayed until the very end of the music. As we drove smoothly back to



NEW PANAMA CITY MUNICIPAL BUILDING,
PLAZA INDEPENDENCIA.

Courtesy of Pan American Union.

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the hotel, the charm of our brief stay swept over us like a wave and we said to each other that we would rather have come to Panama than anywhere else in the world. And this feeling is still with us.

X.

Our last morning was a busy one, of course. Besides the paying of bills and farewell tips, the looking after luggage and all the matters that usually attend the departure from a hotel, there was a number of pleasant people to say goodby to, to exchange cards with and to "hope to meet again." Especially did we regret to part with one charming lady, who had lived and traveled all over the world, and was now on her way to Peru, South America. She was one who we hoped would not prove merely "a ship passing in the night."

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But finally, we were ready. From the top of the steps in front of the hotel entrance we summoned for the last time one of the waiting carriages, and in silence made our farewell trip down the long hill to the station. When the train started we looked out at Ancon and the Tivoli and Ancon Hill as long as they were in sight, and then leaned back and fell to studying our fellow-passengers. They were numerous and interesting this morning and many of them were going up on the "Ancon" with us. The car was full of talk, and bits of it that we overheard gave clues to many life stories. One strong-faced, quiet man in front of us told his seat companion that he was going up to the States to get his mother; the two gay young

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fellows in front of him were off on their four weeks' leave of absence; the pale, gray-haired woman across the aisle, who was being looked after by a nice young man friend, was going for her health; and the pretty lady who cried all the way across was evidently leaving some one very dear.

At Las Cascades there was a crowd of soldiers at the station, and we knew instantly that they were there to see Col. Green off; so we began to watch for his appearance and were delighted to see his good-looking, jovial face and burly figure coming into our car, with Mrs. Green and several young officers. In his gray civilian clothes the Colonel did not present so splendid an appearance as at the Tivoli dance in his white and gold

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uniform, but he was good to look at, just the same, and so was Mrs. Green, who, in a white linen suit, did not present so great a transformation.

At Colon we got some lunch at the Commission dining room, took a little last walk and at two o'clock presented ourselves at the dock. At the sight of the familiar "Ancon," ready and waiting, we were filled with a great content. We had seven days at sea before us, we should travel in the greatest comfort, with a delightful captain and pleasant company, on a ship where we felt at home and whose deck we felt quite sure would not blow up. So we joyously mounted the gang plank, happy in our thoughts both of the past and the future, and when an hour later we

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sailed away, our farewell greeting was, "Goodby, dear Isthmian Land! We like you very much and hope to come again."





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