

edly wig-wagging.

If we climb upon one of the empty flat cars we will see that upon the floor of the whole train, usually made up of about 20 cars, is stretched a stout cable attached to a heavy iron wedge like a snow plow which, while the train is loading, is on the end car. Hinged sheets of steel fall into place between the cars, making the train floor continuous from end to end. If we should accompany the train to the dump—say at the great fill at Balboa about twelve miles from the Cut—we shall find that when it



EXCAVATING WITH A MONITOR AS CALIFORNIANS DIG GOLD



Photo by Brown Bros.

THE FLOOR OF A LOCK

has reached its assigned position a curious looking car on which is an engine which revolves a huge drum, or bull wheel, is attached in place of the locomotive. The end of the steel cable buried under hundreds of tons of rock and dirt is fastened to the bull wheel, the latter begins to revolve and the steel plow begins to travel along the train thrusting the load off to one side. One side of the flat cars is built up and the plow is so constructed that the load is thrown to the other side only. It takes from 7 to 15 minutes to unload a train by this device which is known as the Lidgerwood Unloader.

Now it is apparent that after a certain number of trains have thus been unloaded the side of the track on which the load falls, unless it be a very deep ravine, will presently be so filled up that no more loads can be dumped there. To smooth out this mound of dirt along the track another type of snow plow is used, one stretching out a rigid steel arm ten or twelve feet from the side of the locomotive which pushes it into the mass of débris. This is called a spreader and as may well be imagined requires prodigious power. The dump heap thus spread, and somewhat leveled by hand labor, becomes a base for another track.

In the early days of the work this business of shifting tracks required the services of hundreds of men. But it grew so steadily under the needs of the service—they say the Panama Railway runs sideways as well as lengthwise—that the mechanical genius of American engineers was called into play to meet the situation. Wherefore behold the track-shifter, an engine operating a long crane which picks up the track, ties, rails and all, and swings it to one side three feet or more according to the elasticity of the track. It takes nine men to operate a track shifter, and it does the work which took 500 men pursuing the old method of pulling spikes, shifting ties and rails separately and spiking the rails down again. It is estimated that by this device the government was saved several million dollars, to say nothing of an enormous amount of time. While the Panama Railroad is only 47 miles long it has laid almost 450 miles of rails, and these are con-

tinually being taken up and shifted, particularly those laid on the bed of the Canal in Culebra Cut. It is perfectly clear that to keep the steam shovels within reaching distance of the walls they are to dig away, the track on which they operate and the track on which their attendant dirt trains run must be shifted laterally every two or three days.

Looking up from the floor of the Canal one had in those days of rushing construction a prospect at once gigantic, brilliant and awe inspiring. Between Gold Hill and Contractors Hill the space open to the sky is half a mile wide and the two peaks tower toward the sky 534 feet to the one side and 410 on the other. We see again dimly through the smoke of the struggling locomotives and the fumes of exploding dynamite the prismatic color of the stripped sides of the hill, though on the higher altitudes untouched by recent work and unscarred by slides the tropical green has already covered all traces of



Photo by Underwood & Underwood

A STEAM SHOVEL IN OPERATION



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF THE MIRAFLORES LOCKS

man's mutilations. In time, of course, all this coloring will disappear and the ships will steam along betwixt two towering walls of living green.

One's attention, however, when in the Cut is held mainly by its industrial rather than by its scenic features. For the latter the view from above, already described, is incalculably the better. But down here in the depths your mind is gripped by the signs of human activity on every side. Everything that a machine can do is being done by machinery, yet there are 6000 men working in this narrow way, men white and black and of every intermediate and indeterminate shade. Men who talk in Spanish, French, the gibberish of the Jamaican, in Hindoo, in Chinese. One thinks it a pity that Col. Goethals and his chief lieutenants could not have been at the Tower of Babel, for in that event that aspiring enterprise would never have been halted by so commonplace an obstacle as the confusion of tongues.

To us as we plod along all seems to be conducted with terrific energy, but without any recognizable plan. As a matter of fact all is being

directed in accordance with an iron-clad system. That train, the last cars of which are being loaded, on the second level must be out of the Cut and on the main line at a fixed hour or there will be a tie-up of the empties coming back from the distant dumps. That row of holes must be drilled by five o'clock, for the blast must be fired as soon as the Cut is emptied of workers. The very tourists on the observation car going through the Cut must be chary of their questions, for that track is needed now for a train of material. If they are puzzled by something they see, it will all be explained to them later by the guide in his lecture illustrated by the working model at the Tivoli Hotel.

So trudging through the Cut we pass under a slender foot bridge suspended across the Canal from towers of steel framework. The bridge was erected by the French and will have to come down when the procession of ships begins the passage of the Canal. Originally its towers were of wood, but a man idly ascending one thought it sounded hollow beneath his tread and, on examination, found the interior



THE ROCK-BREAK THAT ADMITTED THE BAS OBISPO

had been hollowed out by termite ants leaving a mere shell which might give way under any unaccustomed strain. This is a pleasant habit of these insects and sometimes produces rather ludicrous results when a heavy individual encounters a chair that has engaged their attention.

The activity and industry of the ant are of course proverbial in every clime, but it seems to me that in the Isthmus particularly he appears to put the sluggard to shame. As you make your way through the jungle you will now and again come upon miniature roads, only about four inches' wide it is true, but vastly smoother and better cleaned of vegetation than the paths which the Panamanians dignify with the name of roads. Along these highways trudges an endless army of ants, those going homeward bearing burdens of leaves which, when buried in their subterranean homes, produce fungi on which the insects live. Out on the savanna you will occasionally find a curious mound of hard dirt,

sometimes standing taller than a man and rising abruptly from the plain. It is an ant's nest built about a shrub or small tree, which usually dies off so that no branches protrude in any direction. A large one represents long years of the work of the tiny insects. Col. Goethals has made a great working machine of the Canal organization but



A TERMITE ANT'S NEST  
The ants' work kills the tree

he can teach the ants nothing so far as patient and continuous industry is concerned.

We come in due time to the upper entrance of the Pedro Miguel lock. Here the precipitous sides of the Canal have vanished, and the walls of the lock have in fact to be built up above the adjacent land. This is the end of the Central Division—the end of the Culebra Cut. The 8.8 miles we have left behind us have been the scene, perhaps, of the most wonderful exercise of human ingenuity, skill and determination ever manifested in any equal space in the world—and I won't even except Wall Street, where ingenuity and skill in cutting things down are matter of daily observation. But nowhere else has man locked with nature in so desperate a combat. More spectacular engineering is perhaps to be seen on some of the railroads through our own Sierras or on the trans-Andean lines. Such dams as the Roosevelt or the Shoshone of our irrigation service are more im-



Photo by H. Pittier. Courtesy National Geographic Magazine

AN ANT'S NEST ON THE SAVANNA



DEEP SEA DREDGE AT BALBOA

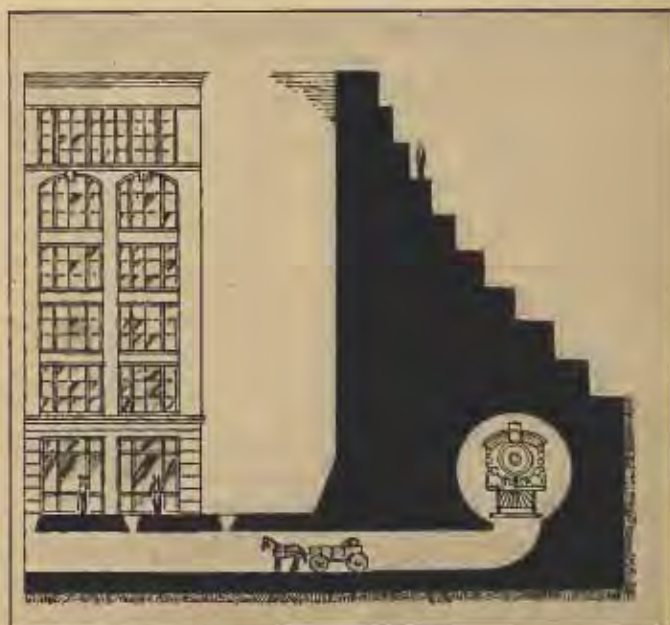
pressive than the squat, immovable ridge at Gatun. But the engineers who planned the campaign against the Cordilleras at Culebra had to meet and overcome more novel obstacles, had to wrestle with a problem more appalling in magnitude than any that ever confronted men of their profession in any other land or time.<sup>1</sup>

As no link in a chain is of less importance than any other link, so the Pacific Division of the Panama Canal is of equal importance with the other two. It has not, however, equally spectacular features. Its locks at Pedro Miguel and at Miraflores are merely replicas of the Gatun locks with different drops, and separated into one step of two parallel locks at the former point, and two steps, with four locks in pairs at Miraflores. Between the two locks is an artificial lake about 54 2-3 feet above sea level and about a mile and a half long. The lake is artificial, supplied partly by small rivers that flow into it and partly by the water that comes down from the operation of the locks above. In fact it was created

largely for the purpose of taking care of this water, though it also served to reduce somewhat the amount of dry excavation on the Canal. One advantage which both the Gatun and Miraflores lakes have for the sailor, that does not at first occur to the landsman, is that being filled with fresh water, as also is the main body of the Canal, they will cleanse the bottoms of the ships passing through of barnacles and other marine growths. This is a notable benefit to ships engaged in tropical trade, for in those latitudes their bottoms become be-fouled in a way that seriously interferes with their steaming capacity.

The name Pedro Miguel is given to this lock because the French began operations there on the feast day of St. Peter Michael, whose name in Spanish is applied to the spot. An omniscient gentleman on the train once assured me that the name came from a Spanish hermit who long lived on the spot in the odor of sanctity—and divers other odors if the haunts of the

hermits I have visited elsewhere were any criterion.



PROPORTIONS OF THE LOCKS

A six story building would stand in the lock-chamber. Size of conduits indicated by small sketches of wagon and locomotive.

Errors of fact, however, are common on the zone. They still laugh about a congressman who, on Gatun dam, struck an attitude and exclaimed with feeling—"At last then I stand in the far-famed Culebra Cut"! which spot was a trifle more than thirty miles away.

From the lower lock at Miraflores the canal describes a practically straight course to the Pacific Ocean at Balboa, about  $4\frac{1}{2}$  miles. The channel is continued out to sea about four miles further. All the conditions of the Pacific and Oriental trade give assurance that at Balboa will grow the greatest of all purely tropical ports. To it the commerce of the whole Pacific coast of North America, and of South America as far south at least as Lima, will irresistibly flow. To it will also come the trade of Japan, Northern China and the Philippines, seeking the shortest route to Europe or to our own Atlantic coast. It is true that much of this trade will pass by, but the ships will enter the Canal after long voyages in need of coal and in many cases of refitting. The government has anticipated this need by providing for a monster dry dock, able to accommodate the 1000 foot ships yet to be built, and establishing repair shops fit to build ships as well as to repair them. In 1913, however, when this trip through

the Canal under construction was made, little sign of this coming greatness was apparent. The old dock of the Pacific Mail and a terminal pier of the Panama Railroad afforded sufficient dockage for the steamships of which eight or ten a week cleared or arrived. The chief signs of the grandeur yet to come were the never-ceasing dirt trains rumbling down from Culebra Cut and discharging their loads into the sea in a great fan shaped "fill" that will afford building sites for all the edifices of the future Balboa, however great it may become. Looking oceanward you see the three conical islands on which the United States is already erecting its fortifications.

Here then the Canal ends. Begun in the ooze of Colon it is finished in the basaltic rock of Balboa. To carry it through its fifty miles the greatest forces of nature have been utilized when possible; fought and overcome when not. It has enlisted genius, devotion and sacrifice, and has inflicted sickness, wounds and death. We can figure the work in millions of dollars, or of cubic yards, but to estimate the cost in life and health from the time the French began until the day the Americans ended is a task for the future historian, not the present-day chronicler.



THE GREAT FILL AT BALBOA WHERE THE CULEBRA SPOIL IS DUMPED

## CHAPTER XIII

### THE CITY OF PANAMA.



FOR an American not too much spoiled with foreign travel the city of Panama is a most entertaining stopping place for a week or more. In what its charm consists it is hard to say. Foreign it is, of course, a complete change from anything within the borders, or for that matter close to the bounds of the

United States. But it is not so thorough a specimen of Latin-American city building as Cartagena, its

neighbor. Its architecture is admittedly commonplace, the Cathedral itself being interesting mainly because of its antiquity—and it would be modern in old Spain. The Latin gaiety of its people breaks out in merry riot at carnival time, but it is equally riotous in every town of Central America. Withal there is a something about Panama that has an abiding novelty. Perhaps it is the tang of the tropics added to the flavor of antiquity. Anyhow the tourist who abides in the intensely modern and purely United States hotel, the Tivoli, has but to give a dime to a Panama hackman to be transported into an atmosphere as foreign as though he had suddenly been wafted to Madrid.



PANAMA BAY FROM ANCON HILL

Latter-day tourists complain that the sanitary efforts of the Isthmian Commission have robbed Panama of something of its picturesqueness. They deplore the loss of the streets that were too sticky for the passage of Venetian gondolas, but entirely too liquid for ordinary means of locomotion. They grieve over the disappearance of the public roulette wheels and the monotonous cry of the numbers at keno. They complain that the population has taken to the practice of wearing an inordinate quantity of clothes instead of being content with barely enough to pique curiosity concerning the few charms concealed. But though the city has been remarkably purified there is still enough of physical dirt apparent to displease the most fastidious, and quite sufficient moral uncleanliness if one seeks for it is like other towns.



SANTA ANA PLAZA

The fence is now removed. During the French days this Plaza was the scene of much gaiety and still shows French influence.

The entrance by railway to Panama is not prepossessing, but for that matter I know of few cities in which it is. Rome and Genoa perhaps excel in offering a fine front to the visitor. But in Panama when you emerge from the station after a journey clear across the continent, which has taken you about three hours, you are confronted by a sort of ragged triangular plaza. In the distance on a hill to your right is set the Tivoli Hotel looking cool and inviting with its broad piazzas and dress of green and white.

To your left is a new native hotel, the International, as different from the Tivoli as imaginable, built of rubble masonry covered with concrete stucco, with rooms twice as high as those of the usual American building. It looks cool too, in a way, and its most striking feature is a pleasingly commodious bar, with wide open unscreened doors on the level of the sidewalk. The Tivoli Hotel, being owned and managed by the United States government, has no bar. This statement is made in no spirit of invidious



comparison, but merely as a matter of helpful information to the arriving traveler undecided which hotel to choose.

The plaza is filled with Panama cabs—small open victorias, drawn by stunted wiry horses like our cow ponies and driven by Panama negroes who either do not speak English, or, in many cases, pretend not to in order to save themselves the trouble of explaining any of the sights to their fares. There is none of the bustle that attends the arrival of a train in an American city. No raucous cries of "Keb, sir? Keb"! no ingratiating

eagerness to seize upon your baggage, no ready proffer of willingness to take you anywhere. If the Panama cabby shows any interest at all in getting a fare out of an arriving crowd it seems to be in evading the one who beckons him, and trying to capture someone else. One reason perhaps for the lethargy of these sable jehus is that the government has robbed their calling of its sporting feature by fixing their fare at ten cents to any place in town. Opportunity to rob a fare is almost wholly denied them, hence their dejected air as compared with the alert piratical demeanor of the buccaneers who kidnap passengers at the railway stations of our own enlightened land. The only way the Panama driver can get the best of the passenger is by construing each stop as the end of a trip, and the order to drive on as consti-



Photo by Underwood & Underwood

PANAMA FROM THE SEA WALL; CATHEDRAL TOWERS IN DISTANCE

tuting a new engagement involving an additional dime. Tourists who jovially drew up to the curbstone to greet acquaintances met *en route* several times in a half-hour's ride are said to have been mulcted of a surprising number of dimes, but in justice to the Panama hackman—who really doesn't have the air of rioting in ill-gotten wealth—I must say that I never encountered an instance of this overcharge.

Your first introduction to the beauty of Panama architecture comes from a building that fronts you as you leave your train. Three sto-

ries high it has the massive strength of a confectioner's creations, and is tastefully colored a sickly green, relieved by stripes of salmon pink, with occasional interludes of garnet and old gold. The fact that it houses a saloon, the proportions of which would be generous on the Bowery or South Clark Street, does not explain this brilliant color scheme. It is merely the expression of the local color sense, and is quite likely to be employed to lend distinction to a convent school or a fashionable club indiscriminately.

From the Railway Plaza—originality has not yet furnished a more attractive name—the Avenida Centrale stretches away in a generally southerly direction to the seawall at the city's end. What Broadway is to New York, the Corso to Rome, or Main Street to Podunk, this street is to Panama. It is narrow and in time will be exceedingly crowded,

for the rails of a trolley line are laid on one side, and some time in the leisurely Panamanian future the cars will run through the old town and so on out to Balboa where the Americans are building the great docks at the entrance to the Canal. Just now however it is chiefly crowded with the light open carriages which toward eventide carry up and down the thoroughfare olive-complex-

ioned gentlemen who look smilingly at the balconies on either side whence fair ones—of varying degrees of fairness with a tendency toward the rich shade of mahogany—look down approvingly.

Panama is an old city, as American cities run, for it was founded in 1673 when the Bishop marked with a cross the place for the Cathedral. The Bishop still plays a notable part in the life of the town, for it is to his palace in Cathedral Plaza that you repair Sunday mornings to hear the lucky



THE PANAMA WATER FRONT

number in the lottery announced. This curious partnership between the church and the great gambling game does not seem to shock or even perplex the Panamanians, and as the State turns over to the church a very considerable percentage of the lottery's profits it is perhaps only fair for the Bishop to be thus hospitable. If you jeer a well-informed Panamanian on the relations of his church to the lottery he counters by asking suavely about the filthy tenement houses owned by Old

Trinity in New York. As a vested right under the Colombian government the lottery will continue until 1918, then expire under the clause in the Panama constitution which prohibits gambling. Drawings are held each Sunday. Ten thousand tickets are issued at a price of \$2.50 each, though the custom is to buy one-fifth of a ticket at a time. The capital prize is \$7500 with lesser prizes of various sums down to one dollar. The Americans on the Zone buy eagerly, but I could



THE BULL RING; BULL FIGHTS ARE NOW PROHIBITED



THE LOTTERY OFFICE IN THE BISHOP'S PALACE

not learn of any one who had captured a considerable prize. One official who systematically set aside \$5 a week for tickets told me that, after four years' playing, he was several hundred dollars ahead "beside the fun".

Though old historically, Panama is modern architecturally. It was repeatedly swept by fires even before the era of overfumigation by the Canal builders. Five fires considerable enough to be called "great" are recorded. Most of the churches have been burned at least once and the façade of the Cathedral was overthrown by an earthquake. The San Domingo Church, the Church and Convent of San Francisco, and the Jesuit Church still stand in ruins. In Italy or England these ruins would be cared for, clothed by pious, or perhaps practical, hands with a certain sort of dignity. Not so in Panama. The San Domingo Church, much visited by

tourists because of its curious flat arch, long housed a cobbler's bench and a booth for curios. Now its owner is utilizing such portions of the ruin as are still stable as part of a tenement house he is building. When reproached for thus obliterating an historic relic he blandly offered to leave it in its former state, provided he were paid a rental equal to that the tenement would bring in. There being no society for the preservation of historic places in Panama his offer went unheeded, and the church is fast being built into the walls of a flat-house. As for the Church of the Jesuits its floor is gone, and cows and horses are stabled in the sanctuary of its apse.

The streets of Panama look older than they really are. The more substantial buildings are of rubble masonry faced with cement which quickly takes on an appearance of age. Avenida Centrale is lined for all but a quarter of a mile of its length with shops, over which as a rule the merchant's family lives—for the Panamanians, like other Latins, have not yet acquired the New York idea that it is vulgar to live over your own place of business but perfectly proper to live two miles or more away over someone else's drug store, grocery, stationery store, or what



SAN DOMINGO CHURCH AND THE FLAT ARCH

not. There might be an essay written on the precise sort of a business place above which it is correct for an American to live. Of course the nature of the entrance counts, and much propriety is saved if it be on the side front thus genteelly concealing from guests that there are any shops in the building at all. These considerations however are not important in Panama, and many of the best apartments are reached through dismal doors and up winding stairways which seldom show signs of any squeamishness on the part of the domestics, or intrusive activity by the sanitary officers.

Often, however, the apartments reached by such uninviting gateways are charming. The rooms are always big, equivalent each to about three rooms of our typical city flat. Great French windows open to the floor, and give upon broad verandas, from which the life of the street below may be observed—incidentally letting in the street noises which are many and varied. The tendency is to the minimum of furniture, and that light, so as to admit easy shifting to the breeziest spots. To our northern eyes the adjective "bare" would generally apply



THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSE; A FINE TYPE OF PANAMA RESIDENCE

to these homes, but their furnishings are adapted to the climate and to the habits of people living largely out of doors. Rents are high for a town of 35,000 people. A five-room flat in a fairly good neighborhood will rent for from \$60 to \$75 gold a month, and as the construction is of the simplest and the landlord furnishes neither heat nor janitor service, it seems a heavy return on the capital invested.

It seemed to me, as the result of questioning and observation rather than by any personal experience, that living expenses in Panama City must be high, and good living according to our North American ideas impossible. What the visitor finds in the homes of the people on the Canal Zone offers no guide to the conditions existing in the native town. For the Zone dwellers have the commissary to buy from, and that draws from all the markets of the world, and is particularly efficient in buying meats, which it gets from our own Beef Trust and sells for about half of what the market man in Chicago or New York exacts. But the native Panamanian has no such source of supply. His meats are mainly native animals fresh killed, and if you have a taste for sanguinary sights you may see at early dawn every morning numbers of cattle and hogs slaughtered in a trim and cleanly open air abattoir which the Panamanians owe to the Canal authorities. However the climate tends to encourage a



Photo by F. A. Gause

CHIRIQUI CATTLE AT THE ABATTOIR



Photo by Gause

THE FISH MARKET

fish and vegetable diet, and the supplies of these staples are fairly good. The family buying is done at a central market which it is well worth the tourists' time to visit.

Every day is market day at Panama, but the crowded little open-air mart is seen at its best of a Saturday or Sunday in the early morning. All night long the native boats, mostly cayucas hewn out of a single log and often as much as 35 feet long, and with a schooner rig, have been drifting in, propelled by the never-failing trade wind. They come from the Bayano River country, from Chorrera, from Taboga and the Isles of Pearls, from the Bay

of San Miguel and from the land of the San Blas Indians. Great sailors these latter, veritable vikings of the tropics, driving their cayucas through shrieking gales when the ocean steamers find it prudent to stay in port.

Nature helps the primitive people of the jungle to bring their goods to the waiting purchasers. The breeze is constant, seldom growing to a gale, and the tide rising full 20 feet enables them to run their boats at high tide close to the market causeway, and when the tide retires land their products over the flats without the trouble of lighterage. True the bottom is of mud and stones, but the soles of the seamen are not tender, nor are they squeamish as to the nature of the soil on which they tread.



Photo by Gause

THE VEGETABLE MARKET



SAN BLAS BOATS AT THE MARKET PLACE

The market is open at dawn, and the buyers are there almost as soon as the sellers, for early rising is the rule in the tropics. Along the sidewalks, on the curbs, in the muddy roadway even, the diverse fruits and food products of the country are spread forth to tempt the robust appetites of those gathered about. Here is an Indian woman, the color of a cocoanut, and crinkled as to skin like a piece of Chinese crepe. Before her is spread out her stock, diverse and in some items curious. Green peppers, tomatoes a little larger than a small plum,



THE MARKET ON THE CURB

a cheese made of goat's milk and packed to about the consistency of Brie; a few yams, peas, limes and a papaya or two are the more familiar edibles. Something shaped like a banana and wrapped in corn husks arouses my curiosity.

"What is it?" "Five cents". "No, no! I mean what is it? What's it made of?" "Fi centavo"!

In despair over my lack of Indo-Spanish patois, I buy it and find a little native sugar, very moist and very dark, made up like a sausage, or a tamale in corn husks. Other mysterious objects turn out to be ginseng, which appeals to the resident Chinese; the mamei, a curious pulpy fruit the size of a large peach, with a skin like chamois and a fleshly looking

pit about the size of a peach-stone; the sapodilla, a plum colored fruit with a mushy interior, which when cut transversely shows a star-like marking and is sometimes called the star apple. It is eaten with a spoon and is palatable. The mamei, however, like the mango, requires a specially trained taste.

While puzzling over the native fruits a sudden clamor attracts us to a different part of the market. There drama is in full enactment. The market place is at the edge of the bay and up the water steps three exultant fishermen have dragged a tuna about five feet long, weighing perhaps 175 pounds. It is not a particularly large fish of the species, but its captors are highly exultant and one, with the



CAYUCAS ON MARKET DAY



WHERE THE FLIES GET BUSY

inborn instinct of the Latin-American to insult a captive or a fallen foe, stands on the poor tuna's head and strikes an attitude as one who invites admiration and applause. Perhaps our camera tempted him, but our inclination was to kick the brute, rather than to perpetuate his pose, for the poor fish was still living. It had been caught in a net, so its captors informed us. On our own Florida and California coasts the tunas give rare sport with a rod and line.

Like most people of a low order of intelligence the lower class native of Panama is without the slightest sense of humanity to dumb animals. He does not seem to be intentionally cruel—indeed he is too indolent to exert himself unless something is to



*Photo by Underwood & Underwood*

PANAMA FROM THE BAY; ANCON HILL IN THE BACKGROUND

be gained. But he never lets any consideration for the sufferings of an animal affect his method of treating it. The iguana, ugliest of lizards, which he eats with avidity, is one of his chief victims. This animal is usually taken alive by hunters in order that he may undergo a preliminary fattening process before being committed to the pot. In captivity his condition is not pleasant to contemplate. Here at the market are eight or ten, living, palpitating, looking out on the strange world with eyes of wistful misery. Their short legs are roughly twisted so as to cross above their backs, and the sharp claws on one foot are thrust through the fleshy part of the other so as to hold them together without other fastening. A five-foot iguana is fully three feet tail, and of that caudal yard at least two feet of its tapering length is useless for food, so the native calmly chops it off with his machete, exposing the mutilated but living animal for sale.

To our northern eyes there is probably no animal except a serpent more repulsive than the iguana. He is not only a lizard, but a peculiarly hideous one—horned, spined, mottled and warty like a toad. But loathsome as he is, the wanton, thoughtless

tortures inflicted upon him by the marketmen invest him with the pathetic dignity which martyrs bear.

Fish is apparently the great staple of the Panama market, as befits a place which is practically an island and the very name of which signifies "many fishes". Yet at the time I was there the variety exposed for sale was not great. The corbina, apparently about as staple and certain a crop as our northern cod, the red snapper, mullet and a flat fish resembling our fresh water sunfish, were all that were exhibited. There were a few West Indian lobsters too, about as large as our average sized lobsters, but without claws, having antennae, perhaps 18 inches long, instead. Shrimps and small molluscs were plentifully displayed. As to meats the market was neither varied nor pleasing. If the assiduous attentions of flies produce any effect on raw meats prejudicial to human health, the Panama market offers rich field for some extension of the sanitary powers of Col. Gorgas.

In one notable respect this Panama market differs from most open air affairs of the sort. The vendors make no personal effort to sell their goods. There is no appeal to passing buyers, no crying of wares,



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**AVENIDA B. PANAMA CITY**

Most of the streets in Panama end at the water side as the city is built upon a narrow promontory. The effect of the blue water and sky closing the end of the narrow street of parti-colored houses is picturesque.





no "ballyhoo," to employ the language of Coney Island. What chatter there is is chiefly among the buyers; the sellers sit silent by their wares and are more apt to receive a prospective customer sulkily than with alert eagerness. Indeed the prevalent condition of the Panamanian, so far as observable on the streets, seems to be a chronic case of sulks. Doubtless amongst his own kind he can be a merry dog, but in the presence of the despised "gringo" his demeanor is one of apathy, or contemptuous indifference. Perhaps what he was doing to the tuna and the iguana the day of our visit to the market was only what he would like to be doing to the northern invaders of his nondescript market place.

If you view the subject fairly the Panamanian in the street is somewhat entitled to his view of the American invasion. Why should he be particularly pleased over the independence of Panama and the digging of the Canal? He got none of the ten million dollars, or of the \$250,000 annual payment.

That went to his superiors who planned the "revolution" and told him about it when it was all over. The influx of Americans brought him no particular prosperity, unless he drove a hack. They lived in Commission houses and bought all their goods in their own commissary. It was true they cleaned up his town, but he was used to the dirt and the fumes of fumigation made him sneeze. Doubtless there was no more yellow fever, but he was immune to that anyway.

But way down in the bottom of his heart the real unexpressed reason for the dislike of the mass of Panamanians for our people is their resentment at our hardly concealed contempt for them. Toward the more prosperous Panamanian of social station this contempt is less manifested, and he accordingly shows less of the dislike for Americans that is too evident among the masses of the people. But as for the casual clerk or mechanic we Americans call him "spiggotty" with frank contempt for his undersize, his uneducation and above all for his



POTTERY VENDORS NEAR THE PANAMA CITY MARKET

large proportion of negro blood. And the lower class Panamanian smarting under the contemptuous epithet retorts by calling the North Americans "gringoes" and hating them with a deep, malevolent rancour that needs only a fit occasion to blaze forth in riot and in massacre.

"Spiggotty", which has not yet found its way into the dictionaries, is derived from the salutation of hackmen seeking a fare—"speaka-da-English". Our fellow countrymen with a lofty and it must be admitted a rather provincial scorn for foreign peoples—for your average citizen of the United States thinks himself as superior to the rest of the world as the citizen of New York holds himself above the rest of the United States—are not careful to limit its application to Panamanians of the hackdriving class. From his lofty pinnacle of superiority he brands them all, from the

market woman with a stock of half a dozen bananas and a handful of mangoes to the banker or the merchant whose children are being educated in Europe like their father as "spiggotties". Whereat they writhe and curse the Yankees.

"Gringo" is in the dictionaries. It is applied to pure whites of whatever nation other than

Spanish or Portuguese who happen to be sojourning in Spanish-American lands. The Century Dictionary rather inadequately defines it thus: "Among Spanish Americans an Englishman or an Anglo-American; a term of contempt. Probably from Greico, a Greek". The dictionary derivation is not wholly

satisfactory. Another one, based wholly on tradition, is to the effect that during the war with Mexico our soldiers were much given to singing a song, "Green Grow the Grasses Oh"! whence the term "Gringoes" applied by the Mexicans. The etymology of international slang can never be an exact science, but perhaps this will serve.

Whatever the derivation, whatever the dictionary definitions, the two words "spiggotty" and "gringo" stand for racial antagonism, contempt and aversion on the part of the more northern people; malice and suppressed

wrath on that of the Spanish-Americans.

You will find this feeling outcropping in every social plane in the Republic of Panama. It is, however, noticeably less prevalent among the more educated classes. Into the ten mile wide Canal Zone the Americans have poured millions upon millions of money and will continue to do so for a long time to come.



Photo by Underwood & Underwood

#### FROM A PANAMA BALCONY

In the narrow streets the broad balconies bring neighbors close together

of this money necessarily finds its way into the hands of the Panamanians. The housing and commissary system adopted by the Commission have deprived the merchants and landowners of Colon of their richest pickings, but nevertheless the amount of good American money that has fallen to their lot is a golden stream greater than that which flowed over the old Royal Road in its most crowded days. Few small towns will show so many automobiles as Panama and they have all been bought since the American invasion.

Nevertheless the Americans are hated. They are hated for the commissary system. The French took no such step to protect their workers from the rapacity of Panama and Colon shopkeepers, and they are still talking of the time of the French richness. They hate us because we cleaned their towns and are keeping them clean—not perhaps because they actually prefer the old filth and fatalities, but because their correction implies that they were not altogether perfect before we came.

For the strongest quality of the Panamanian is his pride, and it is precisely that sentiment which we North Americans have either wantonly or necessarily outraged.

Without pretension to intimate acquaintance with Panamanian home life I may state confidently that this attitude toward the Yankees is practically uni-

versal. The ordinary demeanor of the native when accosted is sulky, even insolent. The shop-keeper,

unless he be a Chinese, as most of the better ones are, makes a sale as if he were indifferent to your patronage, and throws you the finished bundle as though he were tossing a bone to a dog. One Sunday morning, viewing the lottery drawing at the Archbishop's palace, I saw a well-dressed Panamanian, apparently of the better class, roused



THEIR FIRST COMMUNION

Panama is a Roman Catholic City with picturesque church processions

to such wrath by a polite request that he remove his hat to give a lady a better view, that one might have thought the best blood of all Castile had been enraged by some deadly insult.

This smoldering wrath is ever ready to break out; the brutal savagery which manifests itself in the recurrent revolutions of Spanish-America is ever present in Panama. On the Fourth of July, 1912, the Americans resident on the Zone held patriotic exercises at Ancon. After the speeches and the lunch a number of the United States marines wandered into the City of Panama and, after the

unfortunate fashion of their kind, sought out that red-lighted district of infamy which the Panama authorities have thoughtfully segregated in a space between the public hospital and the cemeteries. The men were unarmed, but in uniform. Naturally their holiday began by visits to a number of Panamanian gin mills



MARRIAGE IS AN AFFAIR OF SOME POMP



THE MANLY ART IN THE TROPICS

where the liquid fuel for a fight was taken aboard. In due time the fight came. A Panama policeman intervened and was beaten for his pains. Other police came to his rescue. Somebody fired a shot and soon the police, running to their station, returned with magazine rifles and began pumping bullets into the unarmed marines. The latter for a time responded with stones, but the odds were too great and they broke and ran for the American territory of the Canal Zone. Meantime of course the noise of the fusillade had alarmed the

American authorities. At Ancon, separated from Panama City only by an imaginary boundary line, the Zone police were mustered for service in case of need, and at Camp Otis, an hour away by rail, the 10th Infantry, U. S. A., was drawn up under arms, and trains made ready to bring the troops to the riotous city at command. But the order never came, though the 10th officers and men alike were eager for it. It could come only through the American minister, and he was silent, believing that the occasion did not warrant the employment of the troops on the foreign soil of Panama. So the marines—or as many of them as their officers could gather up—were sent to their post, Camp Elliott, by train while those arrested by the Panamanians were taken to the Chiriqui Jail, or to the Panama hospitals. In jail the unarmed captives were beaten and tortured after the fashion of the average Latin-American when he has a foe, helpless in his power. The day ended with three American marines killed and many wounded;



Photo by Underwood &amp; Underwood

A GROUP OF NATIONAL POLICE





*Photo by Underwood & Underwood*

#### THE PANAMA NATIONAL INSTITUTE

In the background is the Canal administration building and the residence of Col. Gorgas

government theater, which is opened scarce thirty days out of the year. But it is fair to take the Latin temperament into consideration. There is no Latin-American republic so impoverished as not to have a theater built by the public. The Republic of Panama, created overnight, found itself without any public buildings whatsoever, barring the jail. Obviously a national capitol was the first need and it was speedily supplied. If one wing was used to house a theater that was a matter for local consideration and not one for cold-blooded Yankees to jeer about. The Republic itself was a little theatrical, rather reminiscent of the papier-mâché creations of the stage carpenter, and might be expected to vanish like a transformation scene. At any rate with the money in hand the Panaman-

ians built a very creditable government building, including a National Theater, and an imposing building for the National Institute as well. They might have done worse. It showed that the revolution was more of a business affair than most Central-American enterprises of that sort. The average leader of so successful an enterprise would have concealed the greater part of the booty in a Paris bank account to his own order, and used the rest in building up an army for his own maintenance in power. Panama has her needed public buildings—let us wink at the theater—and \$7,500,000 invested in New York against a time of need.

The three government buildings in the City of Panama are all creditable architecturally, and from a superficial standpoint structurally as well. When-