

THE LETTERS OF A JAPANESE SCHOOLBOY

ARE IT INJURIOUS TO BE POISONED?

By Hashimura Togo.

(Wallace Irwin)

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To Editor Sunday Star who are a wise Professor of Knowledge & are aware that, if we do not get nothing, we would not have our interest full of potatoes, tozics, hysterics & other ailments—and put them out to be strong and vigorous without this nourishment.

DEAREST SIR—

ISS SUZI OBI, wife of Arthur Kikahajama, missionary, are now fondly mother to 1 complete child which must be added to 2 twins last enjoyed. This child are 8-lbs. wait & entirely Japanese. Congratulations.

All Japanese Schoolboys what live in the adjoining neighborhood to Arthur



"Great Poor Fooder Sitting Thoughtfully—"

drop-up his house expecting to enjoy some slight beer-ceremony because of happy days. But ah no! Arthur says so it are not Christian to do something so sinful & expensive. Therefore we must take this drunk from our own pockets. So we do so, thank you, till any hour. Gin-wine mingled with good cheer-up. Hand-shakes donated to Arthur. More gin-wine. "What shall we name the child?" dement Sydney Katsu, Jr. "That depend on whether he are a boy or a girl," report Cousin Nogi. "I shall depart off & find out," gollup Arthur Kikahajama who do so and lost his way back

so he could not return. Some extra gin-wine for this. Soonly or lately by confused clock it must be time to burst up this happy ceremony. We sing good-night song & forget the tune. Then we all part off with exception of Uncle Nchi who feel negligent & remain standing there where he was.

This morning Cousin Nogi approach to me with iron eyebrows & expression of one who should not.

Something I have eat are reproaching me inside," he says with si & grone. "Hon. Doc. Wiley, Poor Food Expert, say so how there are 410 poisonous drugs used in adulterous foods. I am sure I have swallowed them all."

"Why you no send your Hon. Stummick to Department of Chemicals, Washington, where Hon. Wiley can make a Anna Lize & tell you what is worst about it?" I ask to know.

"Certainly shan't do!" perk Nogi with angry rage. "Whatever poison I swallowed are my own personal property & no fat Scientist shall make scandal about it in Washington. This Hon. Doc. Wiley are no fit subject to dis-cuss by early-rising hour. How can I carry to grave this horrible secret what are bunched inside of me in a hard lump? I am an adulterated Japanese. My-interior digestion are a gross evasion of the Pure Food Laws. I am travelling under false labels. My thorax lungs & tubes contains enough boredated talcum powder, alum, gum and hydromaniac of ammonia to send me to jail for 100 years."

Tear-drops from Nogi.

"Cheer uply, dear schoolfriend," I say-out. "You might of got something more dangerous than you done. For instance, you might of swallowed a can of bake-powder. There is sufficient chloride of benzine in a can of bake-powder to kill 11 frogs."

"Them frogs does not need to eat that bake-powder if they don't like it, does they?" repose Nogi.

"And think, please, of helpus ginny-pigs how much sufferings they enjoys. One tea-spoon of cole-tar molasses & death by disgust must quickly ensue."

"Ginny-pigs is always committing harakari for Science," explode Nogi, "and nobody cares. But I enjoy panick of fear when I think of that sweet child borned to Arthur Kikahajama yesterday."

"He may yet grow out & live up to bright future in Japanese Embassy," I suffocate.

"How could he?" support Nogi. "In this sad generation childhood is adul-

terated from earliest age of cradle. I Chicago & come back as canned turkey, lobster croquets, mince-meat & deerfoot sausages. Their patient horns has went to shoe-buttons; their patient hoofs artistically mixed with arsenick, glue, glucose, hemp-seed & red ink are the now delicious res-berry jam, the kind your mother used to make and never would eat."

I am bewitched. "History of any healthy child what live to age of 70 yrs." relapse Nogi, "will not bear chemical analysis. In his long & stormy life, he must eat 30 cows, 300 sheep, 600 pigs (disguised as canned chicken), 50 horses (disguised as Irish stew), and 10,000,000,000 olives stuffed with carbonate of radium. By that time his Hon. Stummick yawn slightly & breath its last.

"If these Hon. Cows is dishonest they will skim their milk & add creosote, starch and prussic acid to make it look rich.

"If them Hon. Cows does not add them mad chemicals, some one else will.

"If Hon. Child show increase of left, bite eyes & smiling disposition under such treatment, send for Doctor who will tell you what is the matter with him.

I attempted to look intelligent by such statistics.

"Suppose-so," corrode Nogi, "suppose so this Child pass legal age of 21 & are not discouraged yet? And he outside of danger? How foolish? At this time he pass from the Golden Age of Childhood to the Poison Age of Manhood. What-say Hon. Nap. Bonypart? He-say, 'Every man is an Army.' What-say Hon. Dr. Wiley? He-say, 'Every man is a Poison Squad.' Almost before he realize it that Pure Food Baby become an Adulterated Adult. Then 6 fresh cows, what have watched over & garden him so lovefully in childhood have longe since gone to



"Hon. Doctor Hold an O'Topsy on His Remainers."

"In quite recent date at Weebog, Maine, an inhabitant, aged 102, suddenly stop off & go dead after a hard life of adulteration. Hon. Doctor hold a O'Topsy over his remainders & split him to pieces. What did they find there? Stummick ossified by talcum of chalk combined by calcium. Liver preserved in critical acid. Arteries preserved in creosote. Lungs preserved in bromide of tan-bark. He were resting calmly in bed when they found him, a smile of delicious peace surrounding his nose. On table beside him were a empty bottle of tomato catch-up & a note to his aged mother, for-which he was the entire support. In this letter he make one last request—that he should be canned & kept in a cool, dry place. What you think of this sad story?" require Nogi.

"He were surely a well preserved oldly man," I renig.

"Many Grocers is not what they seems," I collapse.

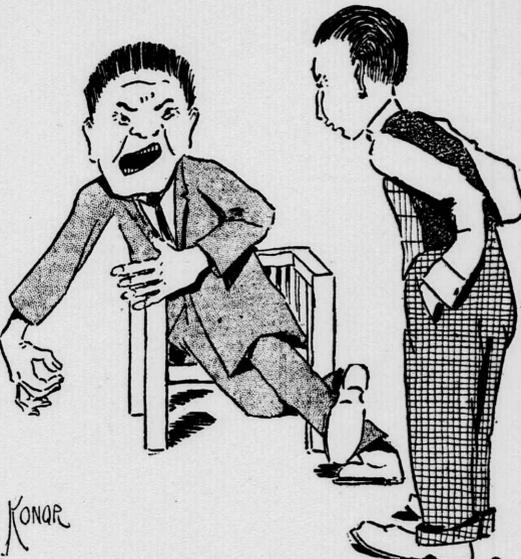
"When is a Grocer not a Grocer?" ask Nogi easily.

"When he is a Druggist," are smart reply for Japanese Schoolboy.

So Nogi walk away with his disapepla & leave me to think up following slight Hymn:

ADULTERATED POEM SENT TO HON. DR. HARVEY P. WILEY TO FIND OUT WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH IT

Great Poor Fooder. Setting thoughtfully In midst of soups, prunes, chocolate-drops



"Something I Have Eat Reproaching Me Inside."

"This story-tale," decrop Nogi, "show us what species of murder awaits to batter us whenever we are less looking for it. It show how no American citizen should ever eat a green pickle without firstly rubbing it on his handkerchief to see if the color will run. It show how many a Grocer, so brite-smiling & German by deceptive appearance, are selling concentrated Death @ 12 1/2 cents a pound & 5 per cent reduction for cash. It show—"

"Do it not whirl wheels, Make cheap trolley excursion to Baseball Park And blow-off whistles when least expected? Are not all them things great Blessings?

Do not considerable Professors say-so how it are a fine thing all the time the way Hon. Science are manufacturing something, Unnatural gas, false ice, artificial heat, Also artificial teeth? They why are it not similarly a good thing For Hon. Science to create Artificially Jelly, unexpected beans, false pie?

Do it not take Genius To make something out of something else? If Hon. Chemist knew how-do

And other Public Crimes, With one eye fixed sternly on Truth And the other planted firmly in a cake of Imitation Butter, Tell me to know One Answer what worries poor Japanese Schoolboy. Are not Scelence a great idea? Do it not compel the World to waggie smoothly? Do it not whirl wheels, Make cheap trolley excursion to Baseball Park And blow-off whistles when least expected? Are not all them things great Blessings?

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To take 1 healthy rubber boot, add hypothesis of lime, put in some ice, glycerine, plaster

And anything else around the house And pretty soonly turn this into delicious shreded codfish, Are he not a great Inventor? Are he not?

Equal them Wright Bros. Hon. Hof Maxin or Hon. Tom Eddyson? O surely it are.

Because he do. Then why you jump him by neck For that food he make? Are it anything against a Food Because it are made out of something What were never intended to be Et?

Ah, Mr. Sir, There are some things which we should not.

There is several Great Questions in Nature Which must forever remain Mimus & Answer because they are too Hild. Useless to ask, "What is Life?" "Where do Spring spring from?" Or "Why does Ladies wear their dresses buttoned in such a back-handed way?" It are wicked to require such Questions, Because too deep;

Are it not equally sinful to ask-it, "What are inside that darned canned chicken to give it such a Arabian flavor of cloves on top of something illegal?"

I require no answer to them Question, Mr. Sir— And if you find out, Thank you not to let me know!

Mr. Editor, what-say Hon. Horse Fletcher, famous chew, about food? He-say, "If you never enjoys no food at no time you will never get no good out of it never. To the Pure all food is Pure. A razor-strop, sufficiently chewed, contain more nourishment than 16 lbs. dried beef. Health are not a question of What you eat, but How you eat it. The center of vitality is in the human jaw. It's the cud that makes the blood. Chew and the world chews with you, gulp and you gulp alone.

"Open your mouth and shut your eyes— You'll never get sick if you never get Wise."

Hoping you are also, Yours truly, HASHIMURA TOGO.

THE BUSIEST RAILROAD IN THE WORLD

By FORBES LINDSAY

In Cutbra Cut, Dirt Trains on Back Shelf of the Cut

A Spreader at Work on Coral Dump

Dirt Train's Commissary Boarding House in the Background

Miraflores Lock Site showing Main Line of Railroad in Foreground and Construction Tracks in Background

THOUSANDS of Forty-niners Made Journey Across the Isthmus to the Pacific Eldorado—Work on the Railroad Was Begun in 1849 by New York Capitalists—Terrorific Difficulties That Engineers Encountered When Making the Survey—Running the Line Through the "Black Swamp"—The Line of the Railroad.

HE Panama railroad has behind it a romantic history, but no less interesting is the wonderful record of achievement which it is now making. The original projectors of the line—daring Americans who reared little enterprises—had no thought that it would become an indispensable auxiliary to the greatest physical undertaking the world has ever witnessed.

A railroad across the Isthmus of Panama began to be talked of shortly after the introduction of steam power, but it needed the stimulus of the discovery of gold in California to put life into the project. Thousands of the "forty-niners" made the journey to the Pacific Eldorado by way of the isthmus. They were carried by steamships to the mouth of the Chagres and rowed up that river to Las Cruces, whence the remainder of the journey to Panama was made on foot or on the backs of mules. This route was no more than fifty miles in length, but the absence of roads made it a difficult one, occupying as long as ten days. In the city of Panama, which was then far from a desirable place of sojourn, the travel-

ers were often subjected to tiresome delays, whilst waiting for vessels to take them up the coast to the alluring gold fields.

In the autumn of 1849 work upon the line was commenced by a force in the employ of William Henry Aspinwall, John Lloyd Stephens, Henry Chauncey and other New York capitalists, who had secured a concession from the government of New Granada. There was then no town where Colon now stands, and the engineering staff was compelled to make its headquarters on a sailing vessel. They worked by day, waist deep in mud and slime, making surveys and cutting a trail, and slept at night on their floating home. Nothing but the indomitable will and push for which Americans are justly praised, could have overcome the terrible difficulties that met them at every step. The country was a howling wilderness, peopled with poisonous snakes and other unpleasant inhabitants; night was made hideous by the large, broad-chested, active mosquito of that part of the coast, which bites through clothing most successfully; the country produced absolutely nothing, and every mouthful of food had to come from New York. Despite these obstacles, that brave little band worked ahead, and kept on their surveys. Their first and greatest difficulty was to run the line through the famous "Black Swamp," which lies between Colon and Gatun. In places they failed to find bottom at 200 feet. Indeed, after throwing in tons of wood and rock, they began to fear that there was no bottom to the fearful quagmire. But they persevered, and at last contrived a road-bed, but a very precarious one. Many times since then it has sunk in, and only within the last few months 150 feet of track with some rolling stock upon it fell through and entirely disappeared within a few hours.

Notwithstanding the ample resources of the company and the determined energy of its force in the field, no more than one-half of the permanent way—the twenty-three miles between Colon and Barrocas—was completed and single-tracked at the end of two years. Passengers were carried, however, as far as

the railroad went, and an appreciative facility was thus given to the journey across the isthmus.

Some idea of the difficulties encountered along this short stretch of line may be gathered from the fact that no fewer than 200 culverts, drains and bridges had to be provided along the fifty-mile course of the road. On the 27th day of January, 1853, Col. Totten, the chief engineer of the company, went over the finished line on the first locomotive to cross the American continent from ocean to ocean. The cost of the railroad up to that time approximated \$8,000,000, which was considerably in excess of the original estimate. Although the outlay was too great to allow a profit to the promoters, the utility of the line has well justified the expenditure. For fifty years it has been an important factor in transcontinental commerce. It opened up the country and stimulated the desire for a waterway.

During recent years the road has been double-tracked, and it is paralleled by telegraph and telephone wires. The present plan for the canal necessitates a relocation of a considerable portion of the line and the new roadbed is in course of construction. Several miles of it will run across an arm of Gatun lake on trestles to avoid an excessive detour.

The general direction of the railroad is southeasterly, along the valley of the Chagres to San Pablo, the half-way point between the oceans. Here the river is spanned by the fine Barrocas bridge, whose name is said to commemorate a barboque held by Morgan's soldiers at this spot. It is an iron structure over 600 feet in length, laid upon stone piers, and cost more than \$500,000. In the dry season the Chagres is an insignificant stream, less than 200 feet wide at this place. With the advent of the rain, however, it rises suddenly and becomes a riotous torrent, overflowing its natural banks and increasing one hundred fold in the volume of its discharge. Its greatest recorded rise was in 1878 when it flooded its valley and reached an elevation of fifteen feet above the railroad tracks.

From San Pablo the road follows the left bank of the Chagres, seeking easy grade, as far as Bas Obispo, where it turns off at a sharp right angle. Near this point is Cerro Gigante, said to be the hill from which Balboa caught his first glimpse of the Pacific. At Paraiso the line reaches its highest elevation, being 263 feet above sea level. Thence to the terminus at La Boca, the port of Panama, it runs down grade.

One of the most serious difficulties that the Panama Railroad Company found in the way of its undertaking was that of securing labor. It was soon discovered that the Indians at the isthmus could not be relied upon, and, indeed, would not accept employment. It was determined to try Chinese coolies, and 800 of them were imported. They sickened at once and at the close of the first week more than 100 of them were on their backs. Their head man explained this as being the result of deprivation of their accustomed opium. The drug was then supplied to them with markedly good effect, but agitation in the states compelled the company to cease the supply. The Chinese coolies went to pieces immediately. Many

of them committed suicide and some became insane. Two months after their arrival there was hardly one among their number fit to wield a pick or shovel and the miserable remnant of the original gang, numbering fewer than 200, was shipped to Jamaica.

The next venture of the company in this direction was not less laborable. A large number of Irish laborers were brought in at much expense. They were brawny navvies, but they became prostrated as speedily as had the Chinese. The mortality among them was not so large as among the orientals, but the company failed to get a good day's labor from one of them. A considerable proportion of them were buried on the isthmus and the remainder were sent to New York, where it is said that the majority died from diseases contracted at Panama. Ultimately the railroad had to fall back, as we have done in the construction of the canal, on the indifferent labor afforded by the West Indian negroes.

The Panama Canal Company learned at the outset of its operations that the control of the railroad was a necessity to its success. It purchased six-sevenths of the stock for \$40,000,000 and eventually transferred it to the United States government as a part of the canal project.

The engineering department of the isthmian canal commission operates about 200 miles of construction trackage, but the Panama Railroad Company acts as a clearing house for its traffic. It receives the dirt cars loaded and returns them empty, the trains as soon as they come on the company's tracks falling within its jurisdiction. These dirt trains, numbering from 700 to 800, run all day with the utmost regularity. They constitute the most important portions of the traffic, and everything else is sidetracked to allow them to pass.

The spoil handled in this way by the Panama Railroad last year brought its freight movement up to the enormous figure of 250,000,000 tons, with which no fifty miles of railroad in the world can compare. The contrast is more striking when it is considered that the movement of the Panama railroad is restricted to nine hours daily, whereas an ordinary road operates during the entire twenty-four. Aside from the excavated material a large quantity of commercial freight is handled and all the supplies of the company are carried. The passenger traffic is also extraordinarily great. Four trains are run in each direction daily, and their four or five coaches are always crowded with laborers and employes, who get on and off at the twenty-four stations strung along the line. During the last fiscal year 1,385,643 passengers were carried, and the earnings from that source were upward of \$500,000.

The Panama railroad is an extensive landowner. It holds title to the greater part of Colon, and has large property interests at the Pacific end of the line. Last year it made more than 3,000 leases. It owns and operates the fleet of steamships that maintain a weekly service between New York and Colon. It also runs plants for printing, ice-making, cold storage, coffee roasting and breadmaking.

These vast and various activities are under the immediate supervision and regulation of General Manager Sifer, who brought to the task a wide experience gained in the states. Track construction and maintenance are in the hands of Chief Engineer Budd, one of the several youngsters who are distinguishing themselves on the isthmus. His work is unusually difficult, owing to the fact that improvements of the roadbed and tracks can only be carried on during about three months of the year.

An April Fool.

ADDISON MIZNER, the well known vivreur, related at an April fool dinner in New York some April fool memories.

"Another April first" said the young man, "as I strolled in Broadway thinking up jokes I spied a pretty girl I knew. Very elegant and trim, she held her skirt up with one hand and threaded her way daintily across the crowded street.

"I clutched the arm of an old gentleman with white side whiskers and a fur-lined overcoat.

"'Would you please, sir,' I gasped, 'boastly—and I pressed my hand on my chest—would you please call that young lady for me? I have lung trouble and can't raise my voice. Her name's Gertrude.'

"The old man made a quick step forward, and as I dodged into an office building he shouted:

"'Gertrude! Gertrude!'"

"She gave a start, but didn't turn.

"'Gertrude!'"

"She paused half way across the street and looked back at the old gentleman. He was a stranger to her, and with a puzzled frown she went on her way again.

"'Gertrude!' he roared. 'Gert—'"

"And this time when she turned he waved energetically and peremptorily to her.

"Gertrude hastened back. She bit her lip and her pretty eyes flashed with a hard and ominous glitter. The old man looked behind him and his surprise was great when he found me gone. What a time the high-spirited pair must have had together! Hidden in a doorway, I split my sides laughing as I watched them squabble."

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