

The Old City of PANAMA

By WILLIAM E. W. YERBY

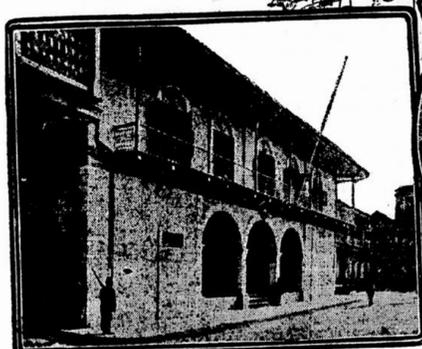
TO visit to the Isthmus of Panama, nor to the canal, is complete without seeing the historic ruins of the Old City of Panama. In its day and time it was an important city of the Americas as Venice was in Europe. The ruins are located some eight miles out from the New City of Panama—but new only in name, for it was founded nearly 300 years ago—before the Pilgrim fathers set foot upon the rock-bound coasts of this continent.

The vehicle in which one will make this eight-mile journey will speed along over a fine macadamized road for a distance of five miles, and then turn abruptly across the fields—up hills and down, through hollows, over rocks and bad roads for a distance of two miles, and then will come to a halt, being unable to proceed further on account of the roughness of the remainder of the way. We alighted from the carriage, trudged up a rocky eminence, went down into the valley, and then came to the beach of Panama bay. The tide was far out, leaving the white sand glistening beneath the

POWER OF THE CASTLE AND THE CITY OF PANAMA



SCENE IN THE "NEW CITY" (Captioned opposite to Yerrby's illustration)



WHITE HOUSE OF PANAMA



VIEW OF GOLDEN CITY OF PANAMA

rays of the sun that was shining from a cloudless sky. This same shining underfoot, and made walking hard and tiresome. But on up the beach we went, and came to the old sea wall that had been built there centuries ago to keep back the waves when winds were at war with the waters. Soon the frowning walls of what once served as a Spanish prison came to view, and climbing high up over the rocky embankment we entered the old dungeon, and as we stood therein we thought of the broken hearts and sighs and cries of agony that had, in the far distant past, ascended to heaven from within this cruel enclosure—how that hope had gone out of the human heart, and death had come as sweet relief to the prisoner here in this dark and dismal place—and how that the gay world had gone on outside, forgetful that he had ever lived and suffered and passed away.

Leaving his prison of the old time, we went further on up the beach and to the ruined old castle, standing there on the sea shore like some great, silent sentry, pointing backward and whispering to one of the days that are buried in the depths of the long ago. Here the governor of all the territory had resided—a Spanish nobleman in whose veins flowed the proudest blood of old Castile. In this very place he was surrounded by his numerous courtiers and bands of soldiers with clanging arms and trumpet calls; and proud lords and lovely ladies met here in nights gone by, and to the strains of sweetest music danced the hours away. But now, all is as quiet and noiseless as the stillness of death—only the soft breezes that pass gently through the foliage of the royal palms and the evergreen trees, and the faint murmur of the distant waves of the sea disturb the deep and solemn silence.

The great stones that form the castle walls, towering many feet high, with their barren windows and frowning portholes commanding a view of the blue and restless waters as far as the eye can see, are the only tokens that man once resided here—for the ruler and his courtiers and his bands of soldiers—proud lords and lovely ladies of that far-off time, have all, all gone, and not one left to tell of their greatness and grandeur—their very names being blotted from the memory of man.

Only a short distance from the ruins of this silent old castle stands the wreck of the once beautiful cathedral, roofless and barren. Its walls are of gray sandstone firmly cemented together. In this ancient cathedral, that was built nearly 400 years ago by hands that have long since been idle, may yet be seen the baptismal font where, in ages past, Innocence was christened into religious life.

The chancel, where once stood the priest and ministered spiritual comfort to his flock, may yet be seen. All its former gaudy trappings, and the beautiful mural paintings have disappeared, and in the alcove above, where was once the statue of the Crucified One, only the barren stones of the temple look down upon you in mute blankness and eternal silence. Everything in and about this wrecked old cathedral speaks of departed splendor.

Yet it is still held in reverence, for to this good day the simple, childlike natives of this land of eternal summer bring their dead here, and within the enclosure of these old walls they com-

mit their bodies to the earth and garland their graves with the flowers of the tropics. The bleak old walls throw their shadows across many of the last resting places of these natives who have laid life's burdens down and crossed over to the other side.

It was with a feeling of sadness and reluctance we left this place, so replete with memories of a bygone time—but there were other things to see—so, with a sigh of regret, we passed out, and forever, from the portals of this once glorious cathedral and went forth into the tropical jungle. Here are to be seen the remains of the foundations of the residences and business houses of the people who once inhabited Old Panama. The friendly vegetation seems to be endeavoring to cover over and blot from the memory of the world these remaining evidences of the cruel and heartless deeds of the men of a distant age, who brought wreck and ruin to this erstwhile magnificent city.

And how came it about that this city was destroyed? Long, long ago, Sir Henry Morgan, an Englishman—the most noted buccaneer of all time—gathered together all the pirates that infested the Caribbean sea, to the number of 2,000 and sallied forth in quest of gain. First he attacked Old Providence, an island that jutted abruptly out of the waters of the sea—and the place where many of the terrible West Indian hurricanes are born—and after much hard fighting conquered the people and took what they had. Thence he and his thieving band went to Porto Bello and robbed that city; and then, after they had squandered their ill-gotten gains in riotous living they went forth once more with the conquest of Old Panama in view. At the time

it was a populous place, and said to have been the richest city in all the world—these riches having come from the gold fields of Peru and being stored there by the Spaniards.

And so it came to pass that Morgan and his band of bold buccaneers fought a great battle with the Spaniards who inhabited Old Panama and the surrounding country, and won the victory—though at a fearful cost. Hundreds of his men were slain, while it is recorded that 6,000 Spaniards perished on the field. After this victory Morgan and his men took possession of the city, robbed the people of all they could find, and then set fire to the houses. It is said that the conflagration lasted an entire week. Not a house was left standing—only the blackened walls of the once splendid castle and the wreck of the old cathedral remain to tell the story of the frightful havoc that was wrought by these murderous pirates of that distant day.

The old city was never rebuilt—the former inhabitants who escaped the sword of the invaders moved eight miles further down the coast and located on the spot where the populous Panama City of today is standing.

In the quiet hush of the late afternoon we left the place where once stood the rich and prosperous Old City, and as we returned to its successor, the New City of Panama, we looked back and could still see in the distance the great old castle lifting its gray turrets skyward high above the surrounding country; and—well, it stands there today as it has stood through the centuries gone, silently testifying to the barbarous and inhuman conduct of the boldest and most daring buccaneer of all the ages.

Homely Face Her Fortune

There are lots of instances where beauty is invariably beaten to the job when freckles may defy the massage parlor grudge of complexion.

How about the commercial demand for the unadorned? It is even very great, the agents say. The stenographer of one of the busiest managers of a large manufacturing concern in Chicago supplies at least a partial answer to these queries. She is a mallow and sandy, freckled and spectacled. Each eye is watery and shows a tendency to peer in through the windows of the other's soul. She's got a straky neck and a stringy figure. She has bony knuckles. She goes in where she should go out and out where she should go in.

Her employer regards her as the apple of his eye. You couldn't loosen his hold of her with a clasp knife. For a long time his attitude was a mystery to his friends, who were all enabled to become humorists through the inspiration of his stenographer. Then he proceeded to explain: "You see," he said, "I am in business for business, and I hire my stenographer for exactly the figure them both out to be thoroughly efficient. When I was younger I hired many pretty girls because I like to have 'em around. But listen to this—I've never found a pretty girl who was really efficient in a business office. They think a

good deal upon the subject of themselves and only a little bit on the work.

"Every visitor who comes into the office, too, is continually rubbering and given that stenographer a better idea of herself than ever. Always pulling down her shirt waist and looking at her hair or rubbing chamois skin on her nose or taking a look at herself in her little hand mirror. She counts a good deal upon her good looks to hold her job—and very often she counts right."

"You'll take bad punctuation from a pretty girl when you would never stand it from a plain one."

"And not only that," he went on, "she not only wastes her own time but that of everybody else in the office. The boys are always peeping over the glass windows at her."

"No," concluded this man, shaking his head, "from a business point of view your pretty girl is a failure. She's a bad speller, a time waster and a disorganizer. Now, your homely girl," he went on, "is right down on to her job. She knows that if she doesn't nurse that nothing will save her. She can't think of her face, because that's her chance. She hasn't got any. She does think of her spelling, because that's her only hope. So usually your homely girl is a pretty good stenographer."

came from Venice, and that there originated the idea of landscapes and flowers used as ornaments, also sacred subjects, appropriate sentiments, even prayers and sacred verse. England is credited with importing the fan in the time of Richard II, but that is not an established fact. It is certain that Elizabeth owned many. There has been a list made of nearly fifty, and some of these were costly. It is reported that she let it be known that in her estimation the most acceptable gift for a queen was a fan

(gloves coming next) and according to the sticks of many of hers were enriched by mother of pearl and precious stones. At present the fan is not prominently in fashion.

The irony of Fate. "What is your understanding of the irony of fate?" asked the bashful young man. "Well," the beautiful girl replied, "two fellows should fight over me and I shouldn't get into the papers and should think that was about it."

NEARLY AS OLD AS HISTORY

Appearance of First Fan Is Lost in the Obscurity of the Early Ages.

The ownership and appearance of the first fan is lost in the obscurity of the early ages, but it is certain the fan must be nearly as old as the history of the world. Certain it is that Egyptians, Persians, and Babylonians adopted it. No doubt the first Egyptian

found the fan a pleasant toy, and their lords had their fan bearers in attendance. It remained for the Greeks and Romans to adapt the beauty of the peacock and pheasant feathers for their fans. They made great display of precious stones in fan handles. The Japanese are credited with the invention of the folding fan many centuries ago. It is said, how truly one does not know, that the modern folding fan

SCANDINAVIAN NEWS

Principal Events Gathered in the Old Scandinavian Countries

SWEDEN. NORWAY.

Verno von Heldenstam wrote a poem which was sung at the funeral of Gustaf Froding.

E. Svensson, a Stockholm cigar dealer, was sent to jail for a term of six months for selling picture cards that were considered immoral.

Representatives from 21 families of counts, 56 families of barons, and 121 other noble families have announced that they are going to attend the regular annual congress of the nobility of Sweden.

"Down with Enslavement, Success to Disarmament," was the title of an anti-military pamphlet which the government confiscated at Karlskrona. The Social Democratic workers' people's association was responsible for it.

The budget committee of the riksdag voted down a proposition to limit cities and communities the right of local option as to the liquor traffic. Nine members of the committee were in favor of local option.

Two men in Ringe parish were next door neighbors all their lives on the farm. In their old age both of them took sick, and both were taken to be sent to the Pilspong hospital. Both of them died a few days ago, and now they rest side by side in the same grave.

A deputation representing the prohibitionists of Sweden called on King Gustaf a few days ago to plead the case of prohibition. He said that the question of permitting the people to vote on prohibition would have to be decided by public opinion, the government, and the riksdag. Personally he was not opposed to it.

Gustaf Froding, the poet, died in Stockholm, and the funeral ceremonies began in that city and closed in Upsala, where the interment took place. The ceremonies were very impressive at both places, and the large attendance demonstrated the popularity of the departed bard. The programs were largely musical.

Emil Schering, who has translated August Strindberg's works into German, says that the Germans do not understand why the Nobel literary prize has been given to such writers as Eucken, Sienkiewicz, Prudhomme, and Schopenhauer. Herr Schering also says that the Scandinavian authors of the present day make no impression upon the Germans.

The executive committee of the Social Democratic party has drawn up a declaration with regard to the land problem, and it is proposed to make this declaration a part of the platform. It is declared that the land and its riches are the property of the working people. The following explanation remarks are added: "The state and the community must extend their real estate holdings. The tillable soil should be let out, according to the circumstances, either to large concerns by renting it for co-operative use or to individuals under safe guarantees for the laborers, or to small concerns on terms which safeguard their existence and the rights of the user."

"Every visitor who comes into the state and the community must extend their real estate holdings. The tillable soil should be let out, according to the circumstances, either to large concerns by renting it for co-operative use or to individuals under safe guarantees for the laborers, or to small concerns on terms which safeguard their existence and the rights of the user."

Private monopolies of certain natural resources, such as large forest lands, mines, waterfalls, large peat bogs, impervious water courses, should be transferred to society. Concessions may be made for socialization. Land donations from the government should be procured for society. The rural laborers must have the right of association. Public inspection must be extended to the large farms, and in the inspection of buildings. To those who refuse to apply to the co-operative system, must be opened, under guaranteed possession, suitable land, which eventually may be taken, by means of expropriation, from large estates held by companies or private individuals. Tenant farmers, persons renting ground from the state, and persons living in houses on land owned by the state, eventually be made free by expropriation at the expense of the state."

This is plain language, and the conservatives accuse the Socialists of trying to "steal" the country.

Denmark. A Danish squadron will be sent to England on the occasion of the coronation of the king and queen of England.

The fire department of Copenhagen was called to a curious fire a few nights ago. From an electric light in a fashionable show window a particle of burning carbon had dropped down upon a fine cloak below. The garment burned briskly, and the firemen were discussing the question of breaking the door or the expensive window while the cloak was consumed, and before they came to any conclusion the fire died out without reaching any other inflammable goods.

A few years ago great excitement was caused in Iceland by the announcement that gold had been found near Reykjavik. A company was organized for placing the precious metal on the market. But it was soon found that the gold did not occur in paying quantities. Shortly afterwards gold was found at another place in the same neighborhood, and the land was bought by some coal-headed business men, who made no haste in obtaining returns on their investments. Now they have rented out their holdings to begin operations next summer.

The annual Greenland fair, which took place in Copenhagen a few days ago. Of the costly blue fox skins there were only six. But they were very fine, and were sold at the rate of \$43.45 a piece. As much as \$125 was paid for the finest white bear skins.

The proposition to tax the theaters and similar institutions has met with a determined opposition on the part of those financially interested in public entertainments, and a host of authors have also joined them.

Greater Copenhagen has a population of 584,000.

Norwegian-Americans have subscribed \$14,000 of stock to the proposed Numedal Railway.

The city of Ebbjerg, on the west coast of Jylland, has 18,172 inhabitants. In 1880 the population was 1,523, and in 1840 only 13.

Torres Gave, a school for boys near Kristiania, has been greatly troubled by criticism, and it is barely possible that the institution may be closed.

A huge rock caved in at the Charlotta shaft on the Sulttjelm mining range, killing Karl Andersen of Bodo. Another man standing close by was not even touched by the rock.

The cabinet has drawn up a bill admitting women to all positions in the government excepting those connected with the cabinet, the army and navy, the diplomatic and consular services, and the church.

Andreas Hauge, a merchant at Stensundholen, on the island of Suleen, was lost while sailing from Inderoen to his home. His boat was found some time afterwards. Mr. Hauge was 60 years old.

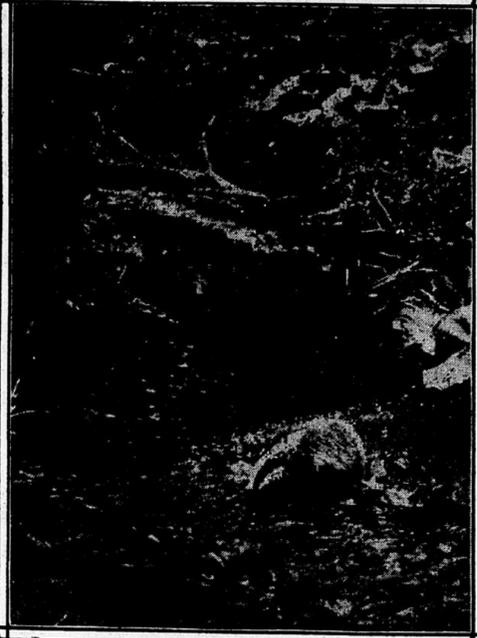
Morten Muller, a popular landscape painter, died in Dusseldorf at the age of 83 years. He began to practice his art at the age of nineteen years. He stayed two years in Stockholm, and several years in Norway, but since 1875 he lived in Dusseldorf. Most of his motives were taken from the mountain valleys and spruce forests of Norway.

The stockholders of the Norwegian-American Steamship Company held their annual business meeting Feb. 15, in Kristiania. Many changes have taken place in the organization during the few months in which it has been in existence. But those who attended the meeting were so convinced that the venture will eventually be a paying one. Consul Hobe, of St. Paul, the only American member of the board of directors, resigned because the laws of Norway prevent a foreign citizen from holding such a position.

There is a tax of almost three cents per square yard of all the grounds used for growing tobacco in Norway, and from this source in 1910. Most of the land devoted to tobacco is located in Aardal, Lelkanger, Aurland, Hafslø, Kyster, Lardal, Volden, and Dale. Last year some tobacco was planted late as June 24. The seed is bought every year from Wisconsin and Minnesota. The plants are light, but ripe in nicotine. For several years past the yield has been about 1,000 pounds to the acre.

The church department has ratified the following bequests: A legacy established by Hans Mustad and Mrs. Marie Mustad, combatting tuberculosis. The amount is \$27,000, and it is to be managed by the national anti-tuberculosis society. The Tvedstrand children's home in memory of Carl August Smith, the capital being \$28,000. A bequest of \$11,000 made by J. L. Aising and wife to the city of Kragero, for the benefit of needy widows and unmarried daughters of prominent citizens of Kragero. The amount of the bequest was also \$11,000, and the amounts ranging from \$1,000 to \$3,000.

THE BADGER AND ITS HAUNTS



AT THE WATER'S EDGE

THERE is a romantic flavor about the word badger that belongs to no other of the names of animals found in Britain. I suppose it is because this is their only large carnivorous, genuinely wild animal; the fox, the only other wild beast of any size, is in many respects I ought to say most districts so carefully preserved that it owes its existence to man, instead of, like the badger, existing in spite of man. Then, too, "the brock" is hardly ever seen alive and free, but comes and goes mysteriously in the dead of night, leaving but few traces behind it unless somebody notices a large dog-like track in the mud, or where a wasp's nest has been dug out, for it revels in the dainty meal of wasp grubs. Many a time have I tracked one from the scene of its night's work through muddy gulleys and down damp woodland rides, noting how the heavy creature had slipped and slid, and the spots where it had turned aside to scratch and root among the moss and dead leaves, then on to the streamside—the badgers always ford the little brook I am speaking of at the same place—and through hedges and across fields, once more to plunge into big woodlands, in the heart of which is the great earth wherein many generations have been bred. In these particular holes the badgers are fairly safe. The tunnels are bored in a layer of sand lying between strata of clay and rock, and run in every direction for hundreds of feet. There are only two visible entrances, which are inconspicuous holes, without even a heap of soil to distinguish them from surrounding rabbit burrows; for being situated at the top of one of

given bread and milk to eat; occasionally bits of dog biscuit and other scraps were added. In the end we parted with them, as the "higher authorities" thought they were not safe pets. They may not have been; but I tried their temper in every way, taking the two for walks dragged along by a collar and chain, and carried them, one under each arm, that is to say, until they got too big and heavy, but they never seemed to mind.

Another pet badger was half grown when I acquired it; the poor thing had been caught in a trap, and its leg was rather badly hurt. A keeper brought it to me, knowing that I was always willing to give a home to any stray animal; so I took it, fed it well and I have never had any animal that could eat so much—and did the best I could for it. Grumbles, for so it was christened, had to pose before the camera; but many hours were spent and many plates wasted before I obtained any characteristic pictures, for the badger took no interest in the art of photography. It was not like my tame owl, Old Hooter, who, at the sight of the camera, will fly to it and dance a jig on the bellows. In the end the badger was released, I let it go one evening in the woods. It trotted off in a deliberate way, and I thought I should never see him again; but about three months later some neighbors complained of the mysterious way their bulbs planted in the turf were being scratched up and eaten. It appeared that they were planting a large number of crocuses in their garden, which was done by removing, with a patent instrument, a sod of grass in shape like a cork, dropping in a bulb and replacing the "stopper." The next morning every cork had disappeared—"drawn" and all the bulbs had disappeared. A badger was eventually blamed and the culprit located in a dry drain. It was dug out, put in a sack and sent off to me. I gladly gave it a home and had it turned into a kennel. Two days later the owner of the crocuses came up to see the badger. A man went into the place and brought "brock" out by his tail—this is the only part of its body you can hold a badger by—then I saw the bad leg, healed now that my poor old Grumbles had suffered from it. It was Grumbles home again! I shall have to keep him now. My hope is that by and by I shall be able to obtain a mate for him.

One of the most mysterious and alarming sounds I know is the cry of a badger heard in the stillness of the night. I have only heard it once, and then I am sure it was a mother and cub, for it instantly recalled the cry of the two captive ones, whose ordinary noises were of the grunting description, but who could, on occasion, cry like a baby. As I said before, the badgers of my acquaintance confined their "conversation" mainly to a sort of grumbling grunt, which sometimes, when annoyed, they turned into a loud snort of anger.

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