

BANKS OF THE PANAMA CANAL WILL FEAST THE TOURIST'S EYE

When Dynamite and the Steam Shovel Cease to HARRY the Isthmus and Vessels Pass Through from One Ocean to Another, Passengers Thereon Will Find Their Course Lined with Tropical Verdure and Vistas of Rare Charm.

By George Griswold Hill.
THE Panama Canal gives promise of presenting the most convincing and even spectacular answer to the contention that Americans are above all utilitarians, and even Philistines, prone to subordinate art and beauty to commercial advantage and material enterprise. The passenger so fortunate as to travel through the completed canal will find himself on almost a fairy waterway, amid scenic surroundings worthy of a Belasco theatrical production. Nature, it is true, is peculiarly kind on the Panama Canal Zone, but the constructors of the canal have missed no opportunity, not alone to avail themselves of her kindness, but to make this great engineering enterprise a thing of beauty.

All that has been written of the canal has had to do with monster steam shovels devouring great hills in their capacious maws, freight and ever busy locomotives hauling out millions of tons of rock and earth, great charges of dynamite blasting and tearing away the backbone of the continent, huge cranes carrying and distributing carloads of concrete, while tens of thousands of laborers, of every hue from ebony to eum, sweated and toiled under the tropic sun as they pierced the mighty rocks which for untold ages had separated the Atlantic from the Pacific. And true it is that it has been the mighty forces of materialism intelligently directed which have accomplished the unparalleled engineering feat now rapidly nearing completion.

It is also true that as seen to-day the canal suggests little other than utilitarianism, a gigantic conflict between puny man and mighty nature, the former conquering by brain power the tremendous physical forces which seek to impede his way and his will. The men who are directing the work talk of millions of yards of excavation and of concrete work, describe the tonnage capacity of the canal in terms which almost defy the compre-

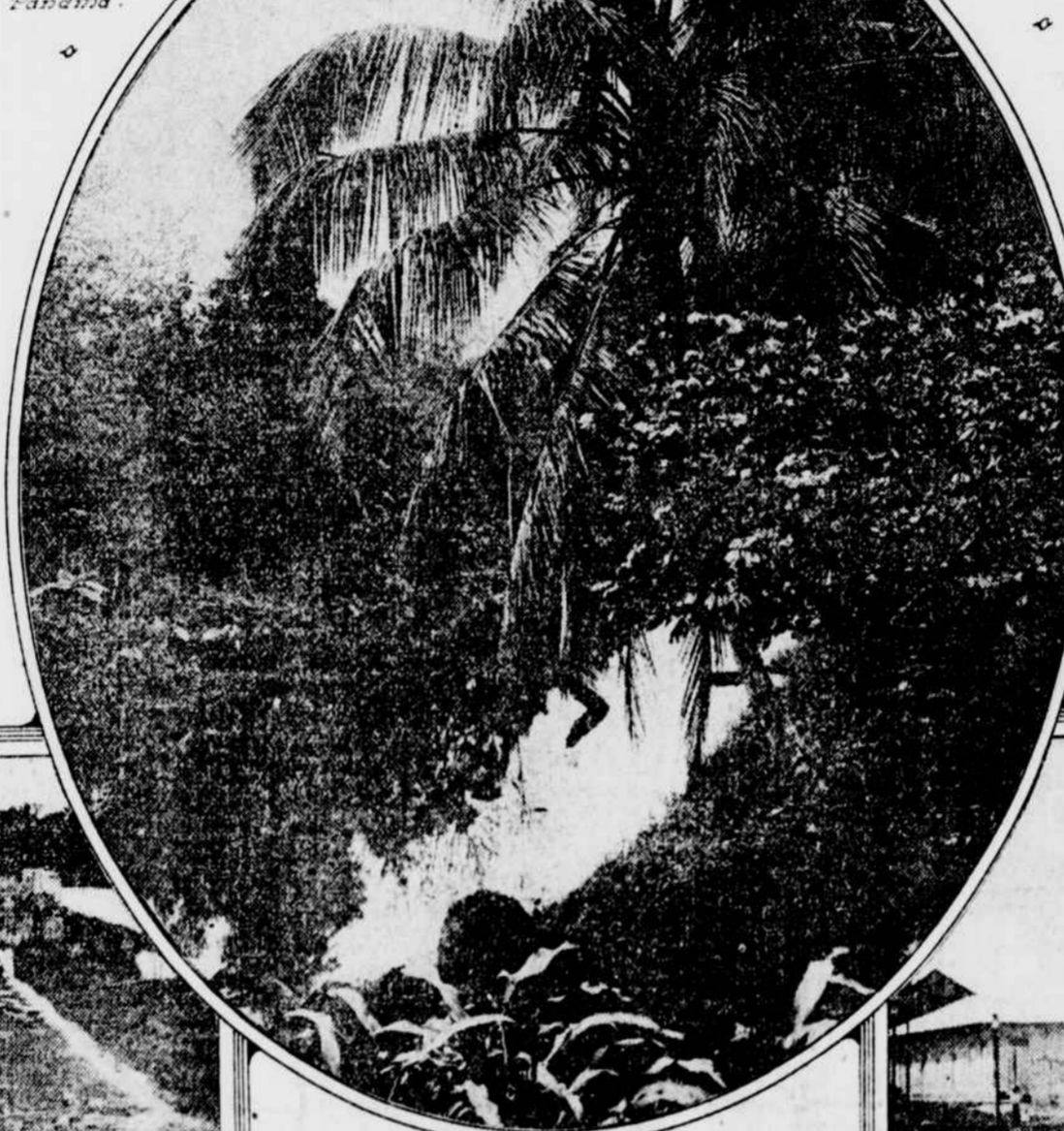
hended and seamed hills, stripped of their verdure and left naked and exposed to the tropical sun. On every side are networks of railway tracks, not well ordered, on firm and substantial roadbeds, but thrown down apparently by some careless giant with ruthless disregard for knots and tangles. Over all is the haze of industry, and the great locks almost suggest the turmoil of a Pittsburgh steel mill. Thousands of heavy barges moored millions of feet below the surface, the insistent pounding of the automatic riveter offends the ear. Every now and again the very atmosphere is given by the detonation of a monster blast, and great quantities of earth and rock come tumbling down the sides of the Culebra Cut. The terminals at Colon and Panama are piled high with steel and lumber and cement. On every side is heard the incessant rattle of the concrete mixer. Quantities of liquid mud pour from the discharge pipes of the steam shovels at Harbor, raising the natural shore, but staining it and the fair waters of the Pacific with its slime.

There is little that is artistic or aesthetically pleasing in the appearance of the Panama Canal as seen to-day, unless one looks carefully through the veil of smoke and steam into the not distant future. But all this will be changed "as in the twinkling of an eye," and out of the melting pot of almost inconceivable human energy and extraordinary mechanical devices will come that fair tropical waterway which will delight the eye of all beholders, as it has charmed and soothed the prophetic vision of that master mind which has directed its construction.

George W. Goethals, lieutenant colonel in the United States army and member of the engineer corps, accepted the direction of this great enterprise because it was his duty. He was ordered to the canal zone, and he went, he assumed charge of the great undertaking with that perfect simplicity and absence of



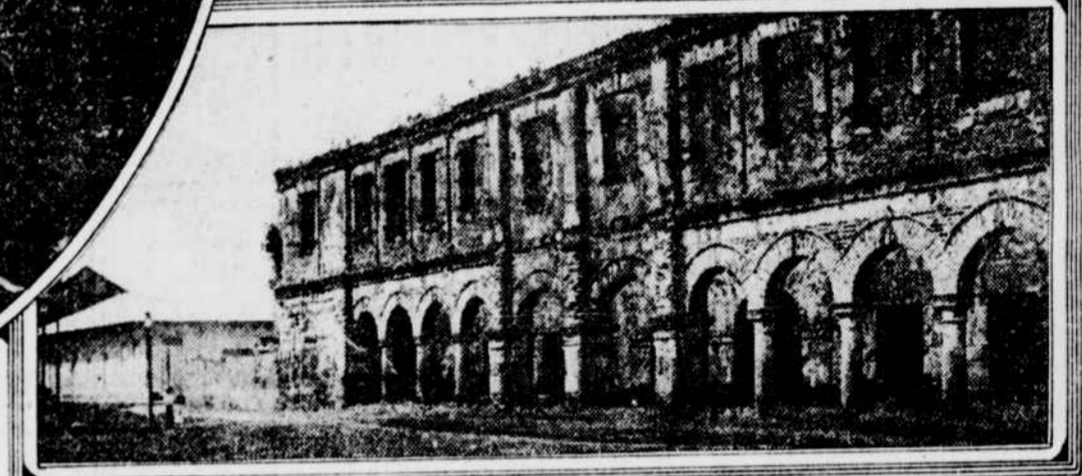
Views of the Canal in Old Panama.



Tropical Foliage Near Bohio.



Ruins of Porto Bello. Inside Old Spanish Fort, Showing Port Holes and Cannon on Ground.



Ruins of Old Porto Bello. Remains of a Large Brick and Stone Building Supposed to Have Been the Custom House.

Although the Enterprise Suggests To-day Little Except Utilitarianism, Colonel Goethals and Colonel Hodges Are Not Blind to the Potential Beauty of the Waterway, in Which, However, Nature Doesn't Need Their Aid.

utilitarian, merits of all that is permanent along the canal to his chief assistant, Colonel Harry F. Hodges, who has designed the works, as it is typical of the spirit which prevails in the construction corps that Colonel Goethals has furnished all the inspiration. To the passenger so fortunate as to travel through the Panama Canal after its formal opening two years hence, it will present many surprises, but none more striking than its beauty. Nature, as I have said, is very kind in the Canal Zone, and it will require but a few weeks after the excavation has ceased for the luxuriant tropical vegetation to cover every trace of blast and steam shovel and to clothe the sides of the canal with a verdure as notable for its floral beauty as for its ability to conceal the scored and riven walls of mother earth.

The passenger entering from the Atlantic will pass first the new American town of Cristobal, opposite Colon, where he will see the handsome Washington Hotel and perceive rows of cosy, well painted residences of the employes, which, despite their similarity to the old-fashioned meat safe, will strike him as singularly neat and attractive, especially for the tropics. Extensive concrete wharves, by their very solidity inspiring confidence in the great locks which are to lift his ship 55 feet above the sea level and send it over an inland lake almost to the Pacific, will line the waterfront at Cristobal. A sail of about seven miles at sea level, between low banks covered with tropical flowers and foliage, will bring the ship to the approach wharf of the Gatun locks, while during the trip the passenger will enjoy an excellent view of the surplus waters of the Culebra River and several lesser streams as they tumble madly over the spillway wall near the centre of Gatun dam, a veritable miniature Niagara and hardly more artificial in appearance.

The skipper will tie up his vessel to the approach wharf of the Gatun locks and

find itself enclosed in a lock—more like a miniature lake—1,000 feet long and 100 feet wide. The sluice gates in the floor of the lock will be opened and gradually the water will rise while the ship, be it ponderous battleship or tiny yacht, will be lifted as gently as a babe in its mother's arms until it is on a level with the water in the next lock. Slowly the forward gates will swing back, the ship will go on and the whole process will be repeated, and yet again, when the vessel will open into Gatun Lake and the vessel will be towed out on the surface of this great artificial lake, 164 square miles in extent, 55 feet above sea level, and there turned over to her skipper to proceed under her own motive power the 33 miles to the Pedro Miguel lock, the last nine miles being through Culebra Cut, where the walls will rise on either side like the Palisades of the Hudson, except that a wealth of foliage will cover every foot of surface, be it rock or earth.

As the ship emerges into Gatun Lake the real beauty of the canal will impress the observer. Not only will he note the artistic construction of the great concrete structure which contains the three locks, but he will perceive the pretty little lighthouses along the shore—at least a land lubber would so describe them, although to navigators they are known as range lights. If it be night, the passenger will find himself closer to the low hanging tropical sky with its blazing stars than he ever believed possible. A wealth of electric lights will make the locks as bright as day, the power being generated by the water which rushes over Gatun spillway.

Along the lake the colored range lights will lend enchantment to the scene. If it be daylight, the tourist will be filled with wonder and admiration for the wonderful vegetation, the gorgeous colors of the flora, the ever present banana trees with their huge clusters of fruit, the passion flowers growing in riotous profusion, and here and there the flamingo sailing above

hension of the ordinary mind, mention faintly the expenditure of hundreds of millions of dollars, and rarely or never refer to the artistic, the aesthetic, side of the Panama Canal. To-day, as the concrete result of that divines energy of locomotives and steam shovels and dirt trains and dredges, with all their accoutrements of steam and smoke and oil, one cannot but be impressed by the

affection and concern which have marked his whole course on the Isthmus and which are as notable characteristics today of the man to whom the world gives credit for having achieved the greatest engineering feat of the age as they were of the man who, without fame and with an ability known only to his brother officers in the engineer corps, went down to the Isthmus in March, 1907,

to take charge of the work. With all his great ability for facts and figures, his exceptional executive ability, his faculty for handling men and inspiring them with a devotion and a courage in the face of, at times, seemingly insurmountable obstacles—devotion and a courage which exerted in another cause would have conquered legions—Colonel Goethals has found a large measure

of his own confidence and inspiration in that vision of the completed canal which he has ever cherished and, as he has seen it, has been a thing of beauty, something to satisfy his aesthetic taste, a waterway as attractive as useful, its sides clothed with a wealth of tropical verdure, its lakes presenting vistas of rare beauty, its constructive work moulded along artistic lines, in perfect harmony with its surroundings.

Surrounded by army officers, men of refinement, of taste and cultivated ideas, Colonel Goethals has received every assistance from his subordinates in working to this ideal, and even now the results are discernible through all the mists of smoke and steam. It is characteristic of Colonel Goethals that he gives the credit for the artistic, as well as the

these turn it over to the inland navigators of the canal, who will attach four powerful electric engines with "springs" and "breasts" to the hull and tow the ship gently into the first lock. The massive gate, each leaf of which weighs 800 tons, but all weight being taken from the bearings by its own flotation, will swing gently to and from a wall approximately 50 feet high behind the ship, which will

him against the vivid sky. The duration of the trip through Gatun Lake will depend, of course, on the speed of the vessel itself, but it is estimated that ten or twelve hours will prove sufficient to convey the average vessel from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

At Pedro Miguel a single lock, practically

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WITH "BIG TIM" PASSES PRESTIGE OF ONCE MIGHTY CLAN SULLIVAN

A Remarkable By-product of New York Life and Politics Is This Stricken Leader.

"BIG TIM" SULLIVAN, the most picturesque figure in the long history of Tammany Hall, whose word made and unmade policemen, firemen, Assemblymen, Senators, Congressmen and judges, is civilly dead, a prisoner by virtue of an order of the Supreme Court in a sanatorium at Yonkers. And when, a few days ago, the Bowery learned that the "big fellow"—as he was affectionately spoken of in his district—was legally adjudged insane there was real mourning among the many thousands of human derelicts who know him of late only as a sort of Santa Claus, who gave a dinner to six thousand of them every Christmas, and later on, on February 8, gave them new shoes and warm socks.

It was this sort of thing that made "Big Tim" loved by thousands, as he was summed by many more who knew of him only as a Tammany boss, with all the demerits that are associated with the office. And it was just this, with his open professions of friendship with those who fell afoul of the law and his readiness to stand by them in trouble, that was the real source of "Big Tim's" power in New York's politics. And all that is left of the power of Tammany's Warwick is what he may conjure up in his disordered fancy as he paces the floor of his Yonkers asylum, where he will remain until another decree of the Supreme Court orders his release or his transfer to another institution.



"Little Tim" Sullivan



Senator John C. Fitzgerald



"Big Tim" Sullivan



Florrie Sullivan



Sheriff Julius Harbarger

shining the shoes of men he later made police captains and inspectors at pleasure. His next job was in the pressroom of a newspaper, where he worked until the few bolts from Tammany Hall gave him the nomination for Assemblyman on the County Democracy ticket. This was in 1888, when Sullivan was twenty-three years old, and from that day to this he has never been defeated at the polls.

He had not served out his first term in the Assembly when he saw the opportunity that was his, and he sent to Boston for his cousin, "Little Tim" Sullivan, and the two opened a saloon in Chambers street, where the present Hall of Records now stands, and in time they owned a chain of six saloons, all south of 14th street, a territory that he soon ruled absolutely, with none to question his sovereignty.

One of the first things he did after finding himself strongly entrenched with his associates in the Legislature was to have a bill passed admitting him to practice at the bar. And then he blossomed out as a lawyer in the Tambs court.

Though a stranger to Coke, Blackstone and Littleton, his reputation among the habitués of the underworld was such that they spoke of him as "the greatest lawyer in New York." Though no orator, he hardly ever lost a case in the police

courts, and when he did speak he usually said something that he had no intention of saying. Once he was asked to make an election speech at "Rattery" Dan Finn's political club. "Big Tim," as usual, declined, and, as usually happened, the "boys" won him over. And this is how the speech began: "Boys, I'm a Democrat. (Cheers.) I've been a Democrat all my life. (Loud cheers.) I have voted the Democratic ticket all my life. (Uproarious cheers.)

Many a "Break" He Has Made, but His Grip on His Followers Has Never Been Shaken.

ty campaign, which contributed more than anything else to the defeat of Tammany that year, and which helped to put in a Fusion Board of Estimate and Apportionment. That was in 1906. The "white slave" question was an issue of the campaign. The reform bodies which had been fighting the Sullivans for over two decades roused the head of the Clan Sullivan to such a pitch that he let himself be carried away by his emotions in answering their charges. His audience, it must be remembered, were mainly Bowery derelicts, and he was speaking from the stage of Miner's Theatre, on the Bowery. And he was telling them of how he helped the fallen, whom he painted as victims of police persecution. Along this line he said:

"Another time I went on the bond of a young man that the papers write about as a gang leader, Paul Kelly. (Applause.) Kelly had a quarrel with some people down in Mulberry street, and he was taken to Mulberry street station and discharged. But those people he had the quarrel with, in a spirit of vindictiveness, went down to the District Attorney's office and had the young man charged with highway robbery. His friends came to me and said Kelly never robbed a body. I went his bail, and when the case came up he only got eight months. If I hadn't gone on that boy's bond he might got twenty years."

Now, this took the crowd's fancy, and it went wild over the pitiful picture of "that boy Kelly" and raved over his persecution, forgetting that he was leader of one of the worst gangs that ever "stuck up" a man for his roll, to use the vernacular of thieves, and who had a string of murders to their credit, one of which was committed in Kelly's dive, in Great Jones street, known as Little Naples, and Kelly, or, to use his real name, Paolo Vaccarelli, went into hiding after the murder.

But "Big Tim" was intoxicated with the applause of the crowd, and he went on to answer the "white slave" charges, and on this score he said: "My God! I never heard of this traffic (the 'white slave') down here till I read this Turner's article. I've stood for our having murderers and thieves here, but this—"

Here "Big Tim" paused and the crowd

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