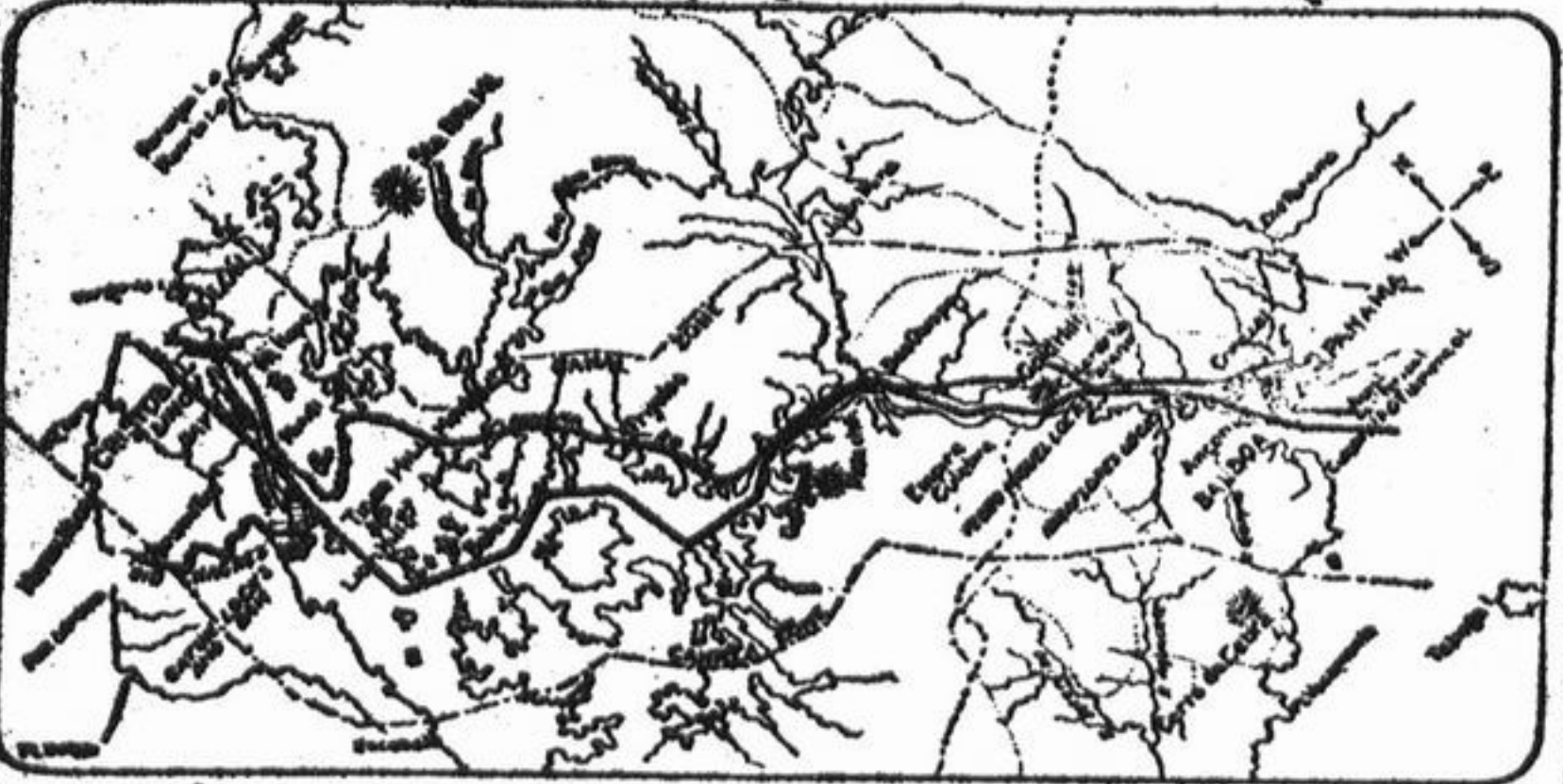


FIRST THROUGH THE PANAMA CANAL

By E. V. PICKARD



Colon, C. Z.—I am going to take you through the completed Panama canal on the first vessel to pass across the isthmus from the Atlantic ocean to the Pacific. True, the canal is not yet completed, and will not be for a year or so, but that shall not prevent our making the trip now—on paper.

Let us imagine ourselves, then, on an ocean liner approaching the Atlantic or northern entrance of the great canal, prepared to enjoy this initial trip and to wonder at the sights in store for us. In that word "northern" lies the first surprise for many of the passengers who did not know that the canal runs not from east to west, but from northwest to southeast. This seeming anomaly is due to the fact that the isthmus of Panama here trends almost east and west.

It is still early morning when a watchful passenger shouts "Land," and all who are up rush to the port rail to gaze upon the hilly, jungly coast of the isthmus between Porto Bello and Colon. As the steamship plows swiftly through the waters as blue as ever were those of the Mediterranean a cheer goes up from the deck, for we have caught a glimpse of the Stars and Stripes fluttering above a fringe of coconut palms. That marks the location of one of the big forts built to protect the canal in time of war and is on Margarita island, virtually a part of the mainland. Colon, flat and unpicturesque, now comes into view, and directly ahead of us an immense breakwater stretches a mile out from the shore on the right. At its land end, on Toro point, is another fort whose great guns are masked by the tropical foliage.

Now we have virtually entered the canal, for the 500-foot channel extends far out from the shore line. At reduced speed we enter Colon harbor and the Bay of Limon and steam past the pretentious Washington hotel, Uncle Sam, proprietor; the docks of Colon, crowded with shipping from the United States, Europe and many a port of Latin America, and the American town of Cristobal on whose water front stands the statue of Columbus sent over long years ago by the Empress Eugenie. Skipping about the bay, looking like long, black water beetles, are the cayucas or native dug-outs, and moving lazily before the sea breeze are the little sailing craft in which the queer San Blas Indians are bringing their products to market.

Four miles and a half we steam through Limon bay and the shores narrow in on our 500-foot channel, still at tide level. Now look ahead three miles and get a glimpse of the Gatun locks, that tremendous flight of three water steps up which we are to be lifted. In a few minutes we reach the towering dividing wall of concrete, our own power is shut off and the electric locomotives on the lock walls take us in tow. Four of these powerful machines attach their hawsers to our ship, two in front to pull it and two astern to keep it steady and to bring it to a stop when entirely within the lock chamber. The immense gates close silently, behind us and at once the water begins to flow into the chamber through culverts that have their openings in the concrete floor. Slowly the vessel rises until it is on a level with the second chamber, 23-1/2 feet above sea level, when the gate ahead is opened and the electric mules move forward, this time up a heavy grade by means of the center racks in the tracks. Twice this operation is repeated, and now we are at the summit, 85 feet above the sea. The last gate opens and the locomotives pull us into Gatun lake.

As our propellers begin to turn again and we steam out into this immense artificial lake, a marvelously beautiful landscape is spread before us. The surface of the lake is dotted with islets, once the summits of Tiger Hill, Lion Hill and a dozen other eminences; on both sides are steep promontories, lovely little peninsulas and deep bays and inlets where the water has spread into the once jungle-filled valleys.

Before we get too far from the locks, let us step to the starboard rail and have a look at the Gatun dam, enormous stretch of rock, sand and clay that has formed Gatun lake by impounding the waters of the Chagres river. It is in reality a low ridge, one and a half miles long, built across the valley, and when we are told that it is nearly half a mile wide at its base, 400 feet wide at the water surface and 100 feet wide at its crest, which is nearly 200 feet above the level of the lake, how utterly ridiculous seem the words of those alarmists who predicted the dam would be pushed over by the forces of time.

Nearly in the center of the dam we can see the famous spillway through which pass the surplus waters of the Chagres. It is a concrete lined channel 285 feet wide cut through a hill of rock and across it is built a curved dam of concrete on top of which is a row of regulating gates. Just below the spillway, out of our sight, is the hydroelectric station which supplies power for the operation of the entire canal and the lighting of the whole zone.

Our channel through the lake—for we still must follow a path indicated by range towers on the shores—is now a thousand feet wide and leads us somewhat tortuously through a maze of islands. Look down as we near some of them and you will see below the surface the tops of giant trees. For we are sailing over what but a few months ago was the valley of the Chagres, dense with tropical vegetation and dotted with native villages surrounded by banana and coconut plantations. Close to the shores the stoutest of the trees still stretch their naked, dead limbs above the water, but before long these, too, will have rotted and fallen, leaving the luxuriant landscape unmarred.

Passing over the sites of Bohio, Frijoles and Chagresito, we now come to the place where Tabernilla once stood, and here both lake and channel narrow down, the latter being first 800, then 700 and finally 500 feet wide. On the hillside to the right stand a few abandoned houses, all that remains of Mamel, Juan Grande, Gorgona and Matachin, busy places while the canal was building, now covered by the spreading waters. Along the left shore of the channel runs the relocated Panama railway and here at Gamboa it crosses the Chagres river, which our vessel now leaves to enter the far famed Culebra cut. This great gash through the spine of the continent is 300 feet wide at the bottom, but because of the tremendous earth slides which cost Uncle Sam so much money and time, its width at the top is astonishing, being half a mile just here opposite the town of Culebra. Beyond, on our left, towers Gold Hill, 495 feet above the bottom of the canal. Far up on its rocky slope we discern a streak of white paint which marks the level to which the French company carried its excavations. Nearly opposite is Contractor's hill, 364 feet high. As we move between these, the loftiest hills along the route, and pass the location of that notorious "cockroach," the Cucaracha slide, the Pedro Miguel lock stands before us, white in the noonday sun. This, a single flight lock, is 30 feet high, the highest on the canal. Again we are taken in tow by electric mules and in less than half an hour we have been lowered those 30 feet and steam into another artificial body of water, Miraflores lake, only a mile long. At its southern end we pass the town of Miraflores and enter the locks of the same name, a double flight that lets us down once more to sea level.

The exciting part of the passage is over, but there is yet much of interest to see. Down the broad channel we look clear out onto the glittering waters of the Pacific ocean. Nearer at hand, on the left, Ancon hill raises its verdure-clad summit, and clustered on its slopes we see the many structures of the big hospital, the new administration buildings of the canal and the barracks of the marines. And now, steaming between filled-in swamp lands, we come to Balboa, which the government has made into a fine naval station, with an immense dry dock and extensive machine shops.

Stretching out from Balboa into the Pacific is a breakwater, two miles long, which protects the harbor from storms. At its outer end is a cluster of little islands, Naos, Perico, Culebra and Flamenco, and here we pass under the powerful guns that guard the Pacific end of the canal. They are mounted high up on the summits of these rock islets, rifled cannon, one shot from which would sink a battleship, and huge mortars whose shells can be dropped behind Tobago island 12 miles away in the direction of Japan.

In ten hours we have crossed through the continent and now float on the broad Pacific. As we look back the picturesque city of Panama lies bathed in the light of the westerling sun and on the side of Ancon hill shines the big white Tivoli hotel. The sudden night of the tropics is soon to fall, and already, as far back as we can see along our route and beside the ocean channel, are twinkling the lights that Uncle Sam has set up to guide the world's commerce through this most wonderful of canals which he has built.

CAN CONTROL HIS DELIVERY

Detroit Flinger Can Serve Curves, Fast and Slow Balls With Three Distinct Motions.

Jean, Dubuc of the Detroit Tigers attributes his success as an American League pitcher to the fact that he can deliver his curves, his slow ball and his fast ball with three different motions, and have control of the ball by his motion.

"Years ago, when I was pitching with Notre Dame college, I learned that speed without control was valueless. I always had pretty fair control of my delivery, but with the acquired knowledge I began perfecting different deliveries and control of the ball in each," says Jean.

"It took years of patient effort to acquire the delivery I now have, but I believe it is one of the least trying on the arm and shoulder muscles, for the reason that I put the weight of my body behind the pitches and do not depend on the strength of my arm to send up a fast ball.

"I worked with my slow ball for three months before I could get a curve to it, and after that it took me three years to perfect the delivery."

Dubuc declares that his delivery would be an ideal one for a left-handed pitcher, inasmuch as hitting such a ball from a left-handed pitcher would be much harder. The ball would come up to the batter on an entirely new angle, and Jean insists that the best batters in the major leagues would be puzzled.

Various persons have been given credit for developing Dubuc, and among those honored is Hugh Jennings. Hughie, however, declares that Dubuc alone is responsible.

"Jean is one of those players who never wastes a moment," says Jennings.

"When he is on the bench and another man is pitching, the Frenchman is always figuring what he would throw the batter. What is more valuable, he makes his comments aloud, and the young pitchers on the club can gain valuable hints by listening to the sensation of 1912."

BROOKLYN HAS STAR PLAYER

Daubert Besides Being One of Leading First Basemen is Also Quite Handy With Stick.

John Daubert of the Brooklyn team, who led the National league first basemen in fielding last season, was born in Jewellville, Pa., May 14, 1885. He began as a professional in 1907 with the Kent team of the Interstate league. After two months of pastime the Interstate blew and Daubert joined the Marion O. and P. league team. The following season Jake was drafted by Cleveland and turned over to Nashville, only to be recalled by the Naps a short time later and sold to Toledo, which in turn sold him to Memphis.



"Jake" Daubert.

After this speedy shifting on the baseball map Jake was allowed to settle down in Memphis, where he played in 1909. His work looked good to the Brooklyn management, which purchased his release. Jake became the Dodgers' first baseman in 1910 and has held the job ever since. Besides his clever fielding Daubert is quite a slugger, his batting average showing .307 for 1911 and .308 for 1912.

Comiskey is Pleased.

"It is a great compliment to Chicago to have three big leagues furnishing the fans with baseball," said President Comiskey of the White Sox, after having watched the Federal leaguers in action. "I am flattered when I think I picked out a business that appeals to so many people," added the Old Roman.

The KITCHEN GUPBOARD

PUTTING UP STRAWBERRIES.

FRUITS such as strawberries, raspberries, peaches, plums and apricots, which are lacking in gelatin and will not "jell" easily, will make beautiful jelly if one-third rubber juice is used. This does not injure the flavor at all. If two table-spoonfuls of lemon juice to a cupful of fruit juice are added it also usually brings the desired result.

To keep jelly from turning to sugar first strain the juice and measure. Take equal parts of sugar and juice, say a pint of juice and a pint of sugar. Put the sugar on and heat until very hot, stirring to prevent burning. Then pour in juice and cook until it jells, and you will not have any trouble.

Jelly and Cordial.

Strawberry Jelly.—Extract the juice from the fruit without cooking by putting into the berries one-half of the sugar required and chopping the berries rather fine. Let stand several hours, then pass through the jelly bag. Do not squeeze, as that will make the jelly cloudy. Add the remainder of the sugar and proceed as with other berry jelly. The flavor is much better than when made in the usual way.

Strawberry Cordial.—When canning strawberries there is always some juice left. You can make a nice beverage of the juice. To one quart of juice add equal measure of sugar and three ounces of tartaric acid. Stir well, and when the sugar is dissolved strain, bottle and cork tightly. Using one-half or two-thirds water and some broken ice you will find this a refreshing summer drink.

Standard Processes.

Sun Preserved Strawberries.—Place the strawberries and sugar in layers in a preserving kettle, using equal parts of berries and sugar. Do not put more than four inches of fruit into the vessel. Bring it slowly to the boiling point. Counting from the time the fruit begins to bubble, let it cook ten minutes, skimming carefully. Pour into glass jars and put in a sunny window. In a few days the fruit will become plump and the syrup will be like jelly.

Canned Strawberries.—Have fresh, sound berries. Wash by immersing one box at a time in a pan of water. Then stem the berries. Use several small pans, as the weight of many berries crushes them. Place one quart of sugar in each pan, using just enough water to melt it. When this boils drop in gently enough berries for one can. Boil five minutes and place in glass jar, previously washed and warmed. Cover with a thin layer of wax and seal. They will cook after sealing and do not shrink like berries cooked longer.

Anna Thompson

The KITCHEN GUPBOARD

APPLE SALADS.

DINNER MENU.
Cream of Carrot Soup.
Chicken Pie.
Sugar Sweet Potatoes.
Orange and Apple Salad.
Caramel Custard.
Coffee.

APPLES form the basis of the best fruit salads. By combining them with other fruits an endless variety of these dishes may be devised.

Sweet Apple Salad.—Take six apples, pare, core and slice them. Put a layer in a glass dish, sprinkle with sugar, cinnamon or nutmeg. Add layers of apples and seasoning alternately. Pour over a little sweet fruit juice. Keep quite cold at least an hour before serving.

Salad In Apple Cases.—Take six large apples, cut thin slices from the stem end so they will set flat, then cut off the blossom end and scoop out the inside. Saw tooth the edge. Chop the apple and mix with cream dressing. Fill the apple into the cups, sprinkle chopped English walnuts over tops and serve in a bed of lettuce leaves.

Combined With Nuts.

Apple Salad With Walnuts.—Take four large tart apples and chop fine with one cupful of walnuts. Whip one cupful of sweet cream, add one-quarter cupful of sugar and pour over apples and nuts. Stand in refrigerator until cold. Serve at once.

Apple and Hickory Nut Salad.—Take rich, juicy apples and cut into dice. Use equal parts of the apple and of celery, also diced. Add a generous portion of hickory nut meats, and just before serving toss with cooked mayonnaise dressing whipped with equal parts of cream to a stiff froth. This addition of cream to the dressing makes it deliciously mild and light.

With Oranges and Cherries.

Orange and Apple Salad.—Take a tart apple, an orange, one large or two small bananas, one-half cupful of English walnuts, one-half cupful of cherry sauce, three slices of canned pineapple and one cupful of sugar. First peel apple, orange and bananas, cut them in small dices, then add nuts, cherries, pineapples and some of the juice from pineapple and last of all add sugar.

Anna Thompson

CITY PLANNING NOW PRACTICED

Municipalities Engage In Scientific Operations.

MOVEMENT GROWING FAST.

In All Sections of United States Improvements Are Being Made—Problem of Making American Cities Being Attacked With Method.

City planning is just now receiving a very belated recognition in the United States. The new spirit, observes the Kansas City Star, is slowly working its way into the new civic life. It is significant to note that the movement for cities constructed on scientific lines closely parallel the nation wide demand for scientific municipal government.

The problem of making over the cities that the haphazardly of American life has dumped haphazardly in the last century is being attacked by a different method almost in every city. The movement is still too young for it to have evolved any set and definite directions. Then the individuality of each city demands some different treatment.

In cities where commission government has been adopted the city officials frequently are heading the movement. Civic bodies have taken the lead in others. Too often it has been left for women through their organizations to do the whole initial work. In other cases the "city beautiful" campaign has rested entirely on one man's efforts.

But however the movement started, however the treatment was administered, the end desired is the same—Kansas City, Cohasset, Mass., or Seattle, Wash. We have learned that some of us must live in cities, therefore why not make them as pleasant as we can? Or as John Nolan of Cambridge, Mass., a man who has made scientific plans for twenty cities, expresses it:

"What right have we to come to the city to make money and then hurry to the country to spend it? Many are obliged to live in town. They cannot desert the dreary scene." And the obvious answer is that the dreary part must be replaced.

Thus the Connecticut river at Hartford was long a drab spot in an otherwise pleasing city. The river was, figuratively speaking, Hartford's front door, and it looked like and was its common dump. People had to shut their eyes, hold their noses and plug their ears when they came to Hartford, or else the impression of the river was a dismal shadow on the visit.

Hartford went along many years and endured its river. Then somebody prodded a sluggish public conscience, and Hartford decided to trim and pad and decorate that river until it was an imposing and dignified front door for a city of 100,000 people. And Hartford did. Concrete arch bridges, boulevards and parkways on both banks were the result.

Springfield, Mass., is another instance. Springfield grouped its municipal buildings "to give," John S. Gregory said in an article in the World's Work, "beautiful form and substance to their love for their city." Boston is spending millions of dollars trying to overcome bad city planning. Boston's streets, you may remember, were mapped out by cows, and the city that followed those four legged engineers made the streets only about wide enough for a cow.

The cities where something is being done are a legion. San Francisco is working toward a civic center, a unique feature of which is a municipal theater. Madison, Wis., is putting on a new and better fitting dress, and St. Paul and Minneapolis have recently adopted park building schedules. Cleveland has seen the light and plans to construct a boulevard or two.

HOW SMALL MERCHANT WON.

Held His Own With Mail Order Houses Through Clever Move.

This instance of how a small town merchant successfully combated the efforts of the big mail order houses to get his trade was told by the manager of a New York department store.

Hearing a great deal of comment among his customers about the offerings of a prominent catalogue house, this merchant got a catalogue of the concern and advertised that he would place orders with that house for his trade without charge. One of his first customers for the rival house was a woman, who ordered a shirt waist priced at \$1.29. On delivery of the waist at his store the merchant called in the customer and then took from his stock a similar waist, better made, that he sold regularly for \$1.25.

While the cost difference was small, the woman recognized the difference in values at once and afterward bought at home. Other cases of this kind, according to the department store manager, resulted in a material increase in the merchant's trade and also helped other dealers of the town.

Trade at Home.

There will always be a town here, because there will always be some who see the folly of spending our money trading somewhere else; but how much better and bigger a town it would be if all of us would trade at home.

MRS. BROWN'S DOLLAR.

Good Mrs. Brown desired to buy a simple little blouse. She wanted one that wasn't high To wear around the house. At first she thought she'd send away To some big city store. For fear perhaps she'd have to pay At home a nickel more.

But Mrs. Brown is rather wise; She took a second thought. She knew that here before her eyes She'd see before she bought. Perhaps a nickel difference In prices there might be— And maybe fully fifty cents In looks and quality.

She thought she'd see what in the town The dealers had to sell. And so that morning she went down To shop a little spell. And she was glad that not in haste She sent her cash away. She paid a dollar for a waist She found upon display.

But here is what she never knew, Though happen off it will: The dollar that she handed to The clerk to pay the bill Before the afternoon was paid To some one in the town. And in the course of daily trade At last to Mr. Brown.

That night when supper she had cooked She wore her garment new. Brown told her sweet enough she looked To kiss—and did it too. In fond embrace he held her near To take another snack. And said, "A little present, dear"— She got her dollar back! —American Lumberman.

MERCHANTS SHOULD DEMAND PROMPT PAYMENT OF BILLS

Abuse of Charge Account Due to Carelessness—Cash System Best.

Some people become careless about paying the bills of the local storekeeper. It is not that they are dishonest; they are simply careless. "Oh, I've been dealing with that man for years now, and he won't mind waiting awhile," they will say as the first bill is poked away and forgotten until another reminds them of the unsettled obligation.

A local storekeeper cannot go on doing business at the same old stand and render satisfaction and the best possible equivalent for the money without his customers' co-operation. A cog will slip here and a cog will slip there in any business when this sort of thing continues indefinitely, and the home merchant realizes it has become a practice.

On the other hand, a prompt response to the merchant's first bill will be rewarded. It will place a well stocked store at your disposal and a list of prices that does not have to be fixed with an eye to the debtor's list.

While it is commendable to pay your tradesman's bills promptly, it is better still never to open a charge account. Pay for each article when you buy it and join the ranks of the local merchant's best friends, better friends even than those who pay once a week or once a month.

As a matter of fact, this charge account idea is nothing less than a personal favor which a storekeeper is not obliged to grant. It is a favor that is not granted by the mail order concern. But when a storekeeper permits a customer to go on his books the least that customer can do is to settle his account without delay. How this prompt return courtesy will rebound to the customer's advantage has already been pointed out.

CARNIVAL FOR PLAYGROUND.

Pennsylvania Town Will Have \$10,000 to Maintain a Site.

That the hundreds of children of South Bethlehem may have a public playground, public spirited citizens arranged for a six day carnival to raise funds for a site.

That town has about 3,500 children of school age who have practically no place to play except in streets and on corner lots. Lehigh university for two years has given the use of its athletic field during the summer, and so much good has been accomplished that the agitation for a permanent site followed.

Several thousand dollars have been raised in subscriptions from business men, secret societies, clubs and industrial concerns, and now the people at large get the chance to contribute. It is believed that with a liberal contribution from town council the Playgrounds association will have nearly \$10,000 in hand to purchase and maintain a site.

RUN JUVENILE MARKET.

Portland (Ore.) Children Have a Place to Sell Garden Products.

Children of Portland, Ore., not only cultivate school gardens, but also have a market in which to sell their produce. This is conducted by representatives of the Woman's club and has proved a great success.

When the juvenile market, as it is called, was started, following a garden exhibit, commission merchants made overtures to buy the entire stock, but their offers were refused, and the principle was established of selling direct to the consumer.

By noon almost the entire supply of the vegetables which had been exhibited at the show had been sold. Restocked, the market continued throughout the afternoon to do a thriving business, and when it closed in the evening there was scarcely a remnant of the supply on hand.