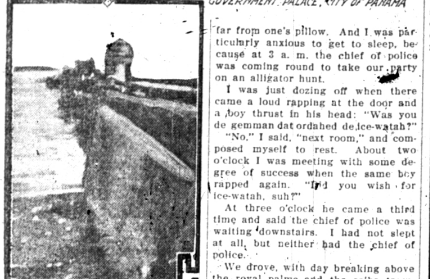
# ACROSS the ISTHMUS

## FROM ATLANTIC TO PACIFIC IN LOCOMOTIVE

GOVERNMENT PALACE, CITY OF PANAMA



OLD SEA WALL AND WATCH TOWER OF THE CITY OF PANAMA

I swung up into the cab of the locomotive at Colon and cuddled down on the warm leather seat with a nod of recognition and a handful of Panamaniac money to the engineer. It is not every evening that one gets the chance of riding from the Atlantic to the Pacific in the cab of a locomotive. The distance from sea to sea at Panama is 44 miles. The Panama railroad curves some and in one or two places I was reminded of a railroad down in West Virginia where the curves are so sharp that the fireman often throws coal into the headlight of his own engine.

The track from Colon, Panama, is what railroad men call a red-hot track; that is, it is jammed all day long with passenger trains, ten cars to a train, and trains of flat cars loaded with dirt from the Culebra excavation. At night the freight goes through from the big ships waiting on one side to vessels at the wharves on the other. It takes two hours and a half to cross the isthmus and the fare is $2.40. Our special train whirled through station after station—about a mile apart—and the buzzards hopped off the track and the other regular traffic stood aside to let us pass. To right and left the rank vegetation crowded right up to the rails—cocoanut palms and banana trees, bejucca vines and ceiba trees. As you leave Colon it's hard to tell where the green section leaves off and the solid land begins. Everything is green—a poisonous, verdigris green.

So we rocked and reeled onward through the soft flooding moonlight, and at all the stations near to Panama the platforms were crowded with Americans in evening dress and their partners in white muslin and chiffon, waiting to take the regular train to Panama, to attend the new year's dance of the Culebra club. So when we got to Panama and I had clambered down out of the cab and said my grimy and perspiring adieu to their satanic majesties of the brettle and the firebox—there was the Tivoli hotel, where the dance was to be held, ablaze with light and festooned with bunting and vines and all manner of creeping things, all ready for the fiesta.

I ran upstairs and put on a boiled shirt and a black coat with two tails to it, and the usual evening regalia of one who is "condemned" to live in the midst of a "clean and shaven race." When I got down stairs a band over in the corner was vigorously going it. There was no piano, but they had about 1½ trombones, a violoncello, a flute and the parts of several violins. It really made very tolerable music.

At a few minutes before 12 o'clock, when I turned in, the dancers were still hopping and gliding about. Suddenly the whistle of the ice plant, and the bells of the cathedral sounded that the new year was born. Then the whole town it once set to work to roar. The Chinese were setting off long strings of firecrackers, the drums and fandangos, the cafes full of stones, the barking dogs and the yelling urchins; the locomotives at the roundhouse and above all the whistle of the ice plant, drove sleep far from one's pillow. And I was particularly anxious to get to sleep, because at 3 a. m. the chief of police was coming round to take our party on an alligator hunt.

I was just dozing off when there came a loud rapping at the door and a boy thrust in his head: "Was you de gemman dat ordshed de ice-watah?"

"No," I said, "next room," and composed myself to rest. About two o'clock I was meeting with some degree of success when the same boy rapped again. "I'd you wish for ice-watah, suh?"

At three o'clock he came a third time and said the chief of police was waiting downstairs. I had not slept at all, but neither had the chief of police.

We drove, with day breaking above the royal palms and the ceiba trees, past the Chinese cemetery and around Aucon hill to the wharf of La Boca, the Pacific terminus of the canal. Here there was a 50-foot launch waiting for us; the American engineers found the launch on the top of the hills at Culebra, and put it together. With two Jamaica natives shoveling coal in the cockpit and a Spaniard at the engine, we went up the coast 25 miles through water alive with sharks chasing the mullet clean out of the sea and the pelicans solemnly fishing from the reefs. At the mouth of the Chowera river we turned in. Opposite a stone dock built by a British trading company we anchored the launch and took to four small boats, each boat rowed by two policemen from the Panama constabulary. It was hard fighting up that river. The tide was rushing out nine miles an hour and after passing a native village of miserable shacks thatched with palm, we came to a reef that spanned the river except at one or two points, where the water rushed boiling through. Again and again the oarsmen, yelling, bent to the paddles and forced the boats right into the teeth of the rapids, but the water played with us "as a kitten pats a cork," and drove us back with our gunwales dipping under.

Capt. Shanton, our chief of police, was getting a little discouraged, for he had not seen anything much to shoot at except a couple of water dogs, or soras, that ventured too near the bank, and the captain had given us to expect a happy hunting ground with a whole herd of alligators. As we rounded the corner just above the rapids, I nearly fell out of the boat. There they were on the bank, at least 15 of them—not 200, as the champion liar of the party subsequently stated. The biggest was not less than 25 feet long. They shambled very rapidly on their fat legs to the water's edge and plopped in. The minute their noses came to the surface 12 Marlin 44's gave them a volley, but Capt. Shanton's elephant gun was probably the only weapon that did any damage.

A great hunter was telling me the other night how you proceed with a whale. He said:

"First you get the whale interested and then you kick him in the face." But you can't do that with an alligator. We probably shouldn't have landed a single one if it hadn't been for the fact that a big gator was taking a nap in a thicket just above the water line and, hearing the tumult and the shouting, came down the bank in a hurry toward Capt. Shanton's boat, clapping her under jaw like the bottom of a steam shovel bucket at Culebra. The captain was ready and let her have both barrels of the elephant gun, which would have wrecked the shoulder of an ordinarily strong man. A congressman from California was peeping between Capt. Shanton's legs with a Brownie camera, but he pressed the button a great many times and forgot to turn the film, so that the result was decidedly composite. The gator keeled over just before she got to the water and when we were sure she was sufficiently dead we cut off her claws for she wears.

### Duty of the Biographer.

A life that is worth writing at all is worth writing minutely and truthfully.

# EARLY BEGINNING INSURES SUCCESS IN SWINE

### Many Different Points in the Care, Feeding and Health of Market and Breeding Stock—By A. J. Lovejoy.

The following notes are taken from the address of A. J. Lovejoy, a well-known swine breeder, delivered recently before the Live Stock Breeders' convention at Urbana, Ill.:

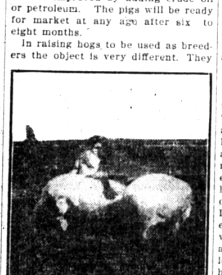
The pig that is to be sold for meat has but a few months to live, and there should be no let-up in feeding from birth. It will begin to eat shelled corn at three or four weeks of age; and a little sweet skim milk or a thick mush of the same material as that given the mother, is a great help to hasten growth.

Well bred or even good grade pigs should weigh 60 to 80 pounds when weaned at three months of age, and should then go on alfalfa, clover or other fresh green pasture, and have corn twice a day. Late in the summer there should be ready for them a pasture of rape, field peas or soy beans, besides the corn. If their teeth become sore, change to shelled corn, soaked 24 hours in water, slightly salted.

Profitable Type of Swine.

It will pay to have a cool, shady place where it is rather dark, if possible, for the pigs to lie in during the heat of the day, with free access to a mixture of salt, copperas, lime and ashes. The feeder should watch closely to see that every pig is eating with a relish. If the pigs cough it is probably due to a dusty shed. Worms will also cause a cough, and if the hair becomes starring and dead in appearance, it is well to give a worm powder. Lice can be gotten rid of by dipping, and all of the market dips can be improved by adding crude oil or petroleum. The pigs will be ready for market at any age after six to eight months.

In raising hogs to be used as breeders the object is very different. They are not to go to market at six to eight months of age, but to grow up to maturity. They should be pushed for rapid growth, but must be fed for a growth of frame and bone; not fattened on corn, but expanded by a feed of rich protein. At six, eight or ten months of age, they should show more length of body and more scale than the market hogs, and be smooth and well covered, but not so fat as for market.



Good Friends.

This can be very easily done by feeding a mixed grain ration, with ten per cent. of tankage or ten per cent. of oil meal. Use corn, barley and oats ground together, mixed thickly with water, and fed at once while sweet. It is much better to mix three pounds of milk to one pound of grain. If one has no milk the next best feed is ten per cent. tankage. If one uses the corn and does not want to feed the mill feeds, he can use 90 per cent. of corn and 20 per cent. of tankage, and have a well balanced ration. The summer treatment of young pigs should be about the same as for the market pigs. For late summer and fall, I have made it a practice to have a field of Evergreen sweet corn to feer in the roasting ear. I begin by adding one stalk and ear for each pig in addition to his other feed; in a few days two stalks and two ears, and gradually increase this amount to a full feed, while diminishing the other ration.

In winter the brood sows should have something to take the place of the green pasture. I know of nothing that will equal alfalfa, bright and green, run through a cutting machine. Two-thirds chafed alfalfa and one-third shelled cor mixed together and ground in a steel bur grinder, make an almost ideal ration which can be fed dry or mixed thickly with scalding water; a little salt adds relish. It is a cheap ration and has just bulk enough to take the place of grass. If one cannot have alfalfa, bright, well cured clover is good. Sorghum cane is a good fall feed until heavy freezing. Mangles or sugar beets are of course very good.

It is very necessary that the brood sows have exercise, that they may bring strong litters of pigs, full of vitality. It is best to keep the same sows for several years if they have proven good breeders and careful mothers; they will raise more and better pigs than the young gilts.

Mature sows can be kept breeding, raising two litters annually, and can be carried from year to year after weaning their litters, quite cheaply, with little or no grain after the spring litter is weaned until the fall litter comes, if they can have fresh grass or other succulent feed. We should learn to produce as much of the feed as possible ourselves.

### The Open-Top Tree.

It is not necessary to go over the tree trying to cut off every little twig. The leaders are the ones that need attention. When heading in these leaders it is best to cut them off to a side branch, rather than to dormant bud. Frequently when an inexperienced man practices heading-in he is tempted to shear the tree all over and leave it a smooth, oval form. It will be seen that this is very different from the method described above, where only the leaders are cut back and the side shoots thinned, so as to leave an open top. The amount of heading-in to be done should vary from year to year, according as the crop promises to be large or small. As the tree gets older less heading-in is usually necessary.

### Apple Standard Fruit.

The apple is and always will be a standard fruit over large areas. There is never a season but that some apples of some varieties make a yield and the good years make up for the bad. Fruit may be cheap good years, but it can be worked up in many ways so that it can be used during years when there is a light crop. The family orchard on the farm is almost worth keeping for ornament and shade, even though it never produced any fruit.

### Interesting Hay.

Cut as much of the hay as possible into the barn or other adequate shelter as soon as it is cured. Hay stacked in the field deteriorates from one-fourth to one-half in value after it has stood there till winter. If any of the hay must be stacked out, cover the top of the stack with straw, sheaves coarse grass, or with canvas to keep out rains. The extra labor and expense will be well repaid.

# A CHERRY-BUD IN A FOREIGN HAND

A Japanese Love Story

*By Adachi Kinnosuke*

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Westward from the Cascade of Nunobiki, through the ever-shifting tracery-work of pines and wild azaleas, you can see, if you would climb a quarter of a mile, on a spring day, a stretch of land that looks more like a dream than the actual solid footstool of God.

That was her home; there we saw her. Her environment was common—her dress, her cottage, the people about her,—yes, the people especially. But all these common things, because of her, seemed to me as if I saw them on the canvas of Millet or Rembrandt. She was a part of the landscape, and if we say of the ensemble that it is just like a picture, I do not know whether the Higher Artist would take it as a compliment or not.

Describe her? Better ask me to petrify a dream. Her lips? Oh!—one folds his hands on his left side when he speaks of them.

Not satisfied with her success in this, her fair masterpiece, Nature placed her in the rustic surrounding to heighten all the charms of the girl through the touch of that potent magician called surprise. Yes, candidly, I was surprised, and so was Mr. Sidney White, who was with me. Mr. White is an American who has spent more years of his life in Paris and abroad than under the roof of his mother. He was an artist,—an artist who, as he confided to me once, was trying his best to fall as much in love with a woman as he was with Art. Take my word for it, he had that something that goes into the making of a true artist, that all-absorbing something which made him by turns a fool and a god; he had that idolatrous adoration for the beautiful; that contempt of everything common. In order to picture his meeting with the girl, you must fancy an artist facing Art made flesh and

That Was Her Home; There We Saw Her.

beating in a woman's heart. In addition to this, you must take into account that poignant sense of surprise as keen as that of a man who finds a diamond in the dirt.

O Tome was her name. O Tome became an object of study to Sidney. Then, a short time afterwards, the object of study—not only artistic but also—From the very start O Tome was a thing of beauty to him, and in the course of time a joy forever as well. When, therefore, about a month afterwards I went up to his studio I was not surprised to see it converted into a huge multifaced mirror of O Tome—every pose of her figure, every expression of her features, the innumerable blendings of her many moods, were caught in all the conceivable camping of colors.

"Am I really as pretty as that, White-san?"

"Very, very much more beautiful, mademoiselle!"

"And my hair—and oh, but my eyes, are they sottily dreaming as they are yonder?"

"That? Why, that is nothing but a shadow; that is nothing but a picture; like a picture on a temple wall, —a picture of a goddess, you know. One can look at a picture, not the goddess—the original is too dazzling!"

O Tome, who was not sure whether she understood this poetic analysis of the artist, smiled as if she said, "The best thing I can do for now is pretend that I believe all that you say."

"But, really, White-san, I am a very humble maid, please her master, then?"

"Hush, sweet one; you should rather say that your slave worships his ideal."

"What do you think I have found now, old man?" he asked me one day as he burst into my den. Dropping my brush at the suddenness of his entry and interrogation, I answered, "Really, I don't know. Why, have we never a nightingale idea."

"Well, she is not a bird, I'm sure, but she is as bright as a Buddha's eyes—I mean her mind. You ought to come and see her."

"Yes, I found out that she had learned from my an English word."

"Say, the first sentence I taught you for us, O Tome-san," White said in Japanese.

Then the olive velvet of her cheeks became a warmer color, and a smile made her lips like an opening bud. Then slowly she said,—

"I—love—you,—Sidney."

The last syllable was in the merry ring of her laughter.

I saw him often teaching her English and French. In those happy hours he looked like a male mother mad with ecstasy over the first faltering words of his baby. He was very proud of her; and day by day she rewarded him with the discovery of the hidden treasures of her simple heart.

"Twice winter chained water; twice spring set it free and gave it songs; twice chrysanthemums decked their little garden; and they fanned away two summers. They were too much in love to think of marriage—if that were possible.

Those were happy days for him—for her.

Then there came a little piece of paper into that studio—to that nest, to speak more correctly, of Art and a couple of spring buds. Upon that paper was a message that came from the other side of the world. Since the receipt of it Sidney White was never the same man. And poor O Tome only wondered. It was rude, to her Japanese way of thinking, to ask many things of a man, and then, if he loved her, he would tell her all she ought to know without her ever asking. So she was silent—sad, because he was sad.

"Come with me, O Tome-san," he said to her one morning.

"Where are we going?"

"I have found a nest for you. And I want to see if you like it or not."

And they walked up the hill side of Kobe City.

"You see, sweetheart," he explained to her, "I have always thought that you would like to have a cottage all your own. And I think I've found it. We'll furnish it as you like, and there you can do whatever you want. I will come and see you there very often, and we won't be bothered with people who come to my studio; for I am going to keep my studio as it is."

They saw the cottage, whose verandahs laughed full-mouthed towards the entrance of the famous inland Sea of Japan.

O Tome was delighted with it. It was arranged that everything would be put in order within a week, and at the end of that time O Tome was to move into it.

"But why don't you move your studio, too? I miss the pictures so much," she said to him.

"Oh, sweetheart, you will have all the pictures you want. You see, I don't want any of my studio friends bothering us at the cottage."

It was about ten days after Sidney White received a cablegram stating that his parents would bring out his wife with them to join him in Japan, where he seemed to be making such a prolonged study. Sidney expected them seven days ahead. O Tome was to move to her new cottage four days hence.

She could speak English fluently now, and nothing charmed the artist as the honey words from her lips.

Her head nestling in his breast, her left arm around his neck, and the fingers of her right hand going astray in the maze if his hair, making the long, wavy locks ripple like the golden surface of a sunlit sea, she was murmuring:

"Dear, you have such pretty hair; it's like the halos of saints you paint."

There was the sound of many steps in the hall. The housemaid never allowed anyone to enter the studio without seeing if the artist were ready to receive a visitor. But this time the steps came steadily towards the door of the studio. Just as O Tome leaped off the lap of Sidney the door flew open.

There was a vigorous swish of a skirt.

"Sidney!" exclaimed a stronger voice than the dreamy melody of O Tome's throat. And he was lost behind the flutter and whirl of foreign millinery. A resounding kiss.

"Great Heaven, Kate!" gasped a husky voice.

A surprise party, my boy!" shouted his father in the door way. "We did surprise you!—ha! ha! ha!"

Mrs. White released him at last. She turned round to signal the old people to follow her example. The slim figure of O Tome stopped her eyes. At once they flashed back at Sidney and found him ashy, all in a tremor. Something hard entered the blue of her laughing eyes.

"Hray, who is that, Sidney?" Her voice sounded like the breaking of an icicle.

Sidney was a human flame in an instant. He stammered.

"I—I—I, for Heaven's sake—" said the lady, and then, turning to O Tome roughly: "Who are you?"

"I am just his model, madam," she said prettily in English with her head down. Mr. White wanted to paint me."

She walked out noiselessly.

That was the last time Sidney White saw O Tome. Yes, he is hunting for her now—ever hunting. But I think he would find an insane asylum long before he would find O Tome.

### No Atonement to the Dead.

There is no more pitiable being in the world than a man who, realizing, or really believing that he loved, yet inflicted upon a living pain, perhaps in the fire of anger, or perhaps the froth of thoughtlessness—that for which he cannot ask the pardon of the dead. The hurt may be a slight, if you choose to call it so, but it takes on a mortal character, in the retrospect. There was a duel of natures or a war of words; there was an hour stained with red which has dyed the memory through and through; they who loved became as they who hated—and wounds slashed where caresses had been; and perhaps the dead forget, but the living, God pity him! remembers.—Harper's Bazar.

### Army Movable Kitchens.

Two thousand movable kitchens have been ordered for the Austrian army. Each kitchen consists of a four-wheeled vehicle drawn by two horses and weighing about half a ton. The equipment of each includes four coppers, an oven, cupboards, tables, and various other facilities for cooking in the field.

# HOW DIAMONDS ARE HANDLED

### Sent in Bulk to Antwerp or Amsterdam for Cutting, and Distributed From London.

To those who are at all familiar with the manner in which the diamond business is conducted in Europe, the assertion of small dealers in this country that they have their own cutters in Amsterdam and London is ridiculous. There are few people who do not know that most of the rough diamonds which are now found in Africa are brought to London, where they are sold in lots, the greatest part being taken to Amsterdam and Antwerp, where the largest cutting works are located. There they are cut into various sizes. Those cut in Amsterdam are for the greater part sold in the diamond exchange in Tulpstraat, where dealers from all over the world meet and make their purchases. The most of these diamonds are taken to London, where they are examined and assorted according to size and quality. Then those purchased by American jobbers are shipped to New York, this being the only port of entry into the United States where the government has appraisers who are especially educated and appointed to the position of examining and gauging upon the quality and value of precious stones in order that the proper duty may be assessed upon them. So when any American retailer boasts that he has his own cutters of diamonds in Europe the assertion may be taken for what it is worth.

### Treatment of Japanese Convicts.

In Japan a convict may earn enough money while in jail to maintain his family. He has the best of food and lodging, is taught a trade, and if he wishes purpose the study of foreign languages.

### Restriction on Organ-Grinders.

The organ-grinders of Vienna play only between noon and sunset.

# WATCH YOUR HORSE'S FEET

### Shoes Should Therefore Fitly Understand Anatomy of the Foot.

It is absolutely essential for the horseshoer to thoroughly understand the anatomy and physical laws as well as the mechanical rules of the horse's foot, for most all ailments to which horses' feet are subject come under his direct supervision.

He is often called upon to treat foot disorders and should equip himself with sufficient knowledge of the subject before attempting to remedy such ailments.

Corns seem to be one of the most obstinate cases that come under the observation of the horseshoer.

Some authorities claim that these corns resemble the corns on the human foot, but they are misled on account of the cause and location being greatly the same.

It is a misapplied term when connected with the foot of the horse.

The discoloration which appears between the bar and wall is a deposit of blood after rupture of the blood vessels which form such a complex network around the foot. This part of the foot has to do more than its share of work. Corns are chiefly found on the inside of the foot because of the habit of fitting the shoes closer to the center of the frog than the outside, thus throwing the work on the inside heel.

Another error is making shoes right and left. Why should this be done when there is no distinction in the anatomy? The foot has as many points of observation as a marine compass and each point must be rigidly observed if we wish to be successful in manipulating the aliments of the foot.

The shoe must be an equal distance from the center of the frog in order to balance the foot.

If this cannot be done by nature, mechanical rules must be followed.

### Knows He Is Victorious.

Cupid grins when a woman bosses around the man she loves.—Manchester Union.

Libby's Food Products

Libby's Vienna Sausage

Is distinctly different from any other sausage you ever tasted. Just try one can and it is sure to become a meal-time necessity, to be served at frequent intervals.

Libby's Vienna Sausage just suits for breakfast, is fine for luncheon and satisfies at dinner or supper. Like all of Libby's Food Products it is carefully cooked and prepared, ready to serve, in Libby's Great White Kitchen—the cleanest, most scientific kitchen in the world.

Other popular, ready-to-serve Libby Pure Foods are:—

Cooked Corned Beef
Peerless Dried Beef
Veal Loaf
Evaporated Milk
Baked Beans
Chow Chow
Mixed Pickles

Write for free booklet,—"How to make Good Things to Eat". Insist on Libby's at your grocers.

Libby, McNeill & Libby
Chicago

A girl can make a young man believe she doesn't want him to kiss her when she is almost daffy for fear he won't.

### Not Worth the Time.

No man resolved to make the most of himself can spare time for personal contention.—Lincoln.

Use Allen's Foot-Ease.

It is the only relief for Swollen Smarting, Tired, Aching, Hot, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. Accept no Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. Cures while you walk. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample sent FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

### Style's Freakishness.

"I want to be dressed in the height of fashion," said Mr. Suddenroll.

"I'll see to it that your clothes fit you perfectly," replied the tailor.

"But that's what I'm in doubt about. Is it fashionable just now to have your clothes fit?"

### But Not In.

Evelyn—I saw you in bathing this morning, George. It's funny you didn't see me.

George—I didn't expect to.

Evelyn—I was sure you saw me at one time. I was standing close by you on the beach.

George—Oh, yes. I saw you in your bathing suit.

### Widow to Widowers.

Mr. Robert Marshall, a well-known London police court missionary, recently received the following letter:

"Dear Sir: Reading of you sometimes in newspapers, I take the liberty of asking if you know off a very respectable man wishes to get married again. I have been a widow for years now and am all alone in the world. Trusting to your honor and remaining yours respeckable, Mrs. ——, middle age."

### The Water Bite.

He was six years old and had never gazed into the mystic lens of a microscope. Several slides containing animalcula had been displayed to his astonished vision. He was too amazed to make any comment until he came to one slide that seemed more wriggly than any of the others. It was merely a drop of water.

The little fellow gazed at it a long time, with all its nimble particles of animal life, and finally exclaimed to his mother:

"Oh, mamma, now I know what it is that bites you when you drink soda water."

### A City Clerk's Garden.

A city clerk never misses a chance of expatiating on his garden to his colleagues, who, however, were never taken home to see it, but were under the impression it was of enormous size. Five of them resolved to have a look at it, discovered his address, and called one Saturday afternoon to see the hundreds of roses all a-growing and a-blooming. On being taken to the rear of the house, judge of their surprise on seeing a back yard about 12 feet by ten feet. One bold spirit ventured that it was not very big.

"Big!" replied the proud owner, pointing to the sky. "Why, man, alive, it's at the height of it!"—Chicago Daily Socialist.

Every package of Post Toasties Contains a little book—"Tid-Bits made with Toasties." A couple of dozen recipes Of fascinating dishes, A help in entertaining Home folks or company. Pkgs. 10c and 15c—At grocers.