XXII CRANES—MIRAFLORES LOCK

These great cranes travel to and fro, and as I drew the nearest I found the lines changing, but thought there was something wrong with me. So huge were they, and so silently and solemnly did they move, that I could not believe they were moving. This is the Pacific end of the lock—the last on the Canal.
XXIII
WALLS OF MIRAFLORES LOCK
THE only wall in March of the approach to Miraflores may be contrasted with the similar subject No. XX—Pedro Miguel.

Much as there was to be done in March, the engineer, Mr. Williamson, had no doubt it would be finished this fall; for as fast as the other locks were completed, men and machines were to be put on this.
XXIV
OFFICIAL ANCON
A MID these royal palm groves work and live many of the members of the Isthmian Canal Commission—the rest are on the high hill at Culebra. To the secretary, Mr. J. B. Bishop, and to his family, I am endlessly indebted for endless help while on the Zone.

Ancon is a perfect Japanese town—built by Americans—and the interiors of the houses here and at Culebra are as delightful as their owners are charming—and I know of what I speak. The large building against the ocean is the Administration Office of the Isthmian Canal Commission.
XXV
FROM ANCON HILL
A ROAD winds up Ancon Hill, passing the official residences and the hospitals, finally reaching a terrace bordered with royal palms. Below to the left is the Tivoli Hotel, and still lower and farther away, the city, while the Pacific fills the distance. This is the most beautiful spot I saw on the Isthmus.
XXVI
THE CATHEDRAL, PANAMA
THE Cathedral, one of a number of churches in the city of Panama, stands in a large square. The feeling of all these, with their richly decorated façades and long, unbroken side walls, is absolutely Spanish—but the interiors are far more bare—much more like Italian churches.
XXVII

THE CITY OF PANAMA
FROM THE TIVOLI HOTEL, ANCON
FROM the wing of the Government hotel in which I stayed I looked out over the city of Panama to the Pacific. If this city were in Spain, or if even a decent description of it were in a European guide-book, the hordes of Americans who go to the Canal would rave over it. As it is, not many of them (not being told) ever see it, though there are few towns in Europe with more character. But I regret to say my countrymen don’t know what they are looking at, or what to look at, till they have a guide-book, courier or tout to tell them. The Government provides, I am told, a Harvard graduate to perform the latter function, and sends out daily an observation car across the Continent.

The two strange, flat-topped mountains, miles out at sea, are to be fortified, and they are so far from shore, and the locks so far inland, as to be out of range—as well as out of sight—of modern guns and gunners.
XXVIII
THE MOUTH OF THE CANAL FROM THE SEA
THIS drawing was made from the channel which leads out to the Pacific Ocean. The mouth of the Canal is on the left in the flat space between the mountains; on the right of this, the dark mass on the edge of the water is the docks and harbors; then comes the great, towering Ancon Hill, one side all dug out in terraces for dirt, much of which goes to fill in the outside of locks, which, however, will work before they are filled in. And for what other purposes the War Department are going to use this Gibraltar they alone know. The other side, a mass of palms shelters the houses of the officials, and at the foot of the hill, to the right, Panama—as beautiful as Naples or Tangier, yet hardly a tourist knows it; and—well, the Government is not running a tourist agency.

The breakwater, which will connect the fortified islands miles away with the mainland, is just started in the centre. This is the first and last view of Panama—and of the greatest work of modern times, the work of the greatest engineers of all time.

JOSEPH PENNELL