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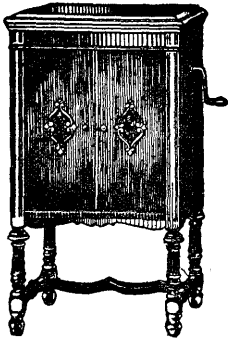
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H. E. DON RODOLFO CHIARI
President of the Republic of Panama.

To The Reader

IN this short booklet I have not tried to make a study in detail of Colon life.

A historical, social and demographic review of this unique tropic town, where flames so strange and interesting a life, where all the human races are represented, mix, and to a certain extent, are improved by the mutual contact, would require a large volume and much study.

I have simply tried to show, in a brief space, what the tourist would see of Colon and its people during the few hours elapsing between the mooring of the steamer along side the pier and the strident whistle of her siren at departure.

This, I wanted to do, only this,
and “nada mas”.

The Author

Cristobal
April 7, 1927

FOR three long days after leaving the majestic old Morro Castle and the Cabanas Fortress of Havana we have been rolling and rocking on the restless waves of the Caribbean Sea. Following an almost straight course south, the view of the deep blue sky and the greenish blue ocean has been seldom interrupted by the sight of a far ship probably running to Cuba or Florida, the lands of the almost perpetual sunshine.

Our first glimpse of land is the peaks of the San Blas Cordillera, with a few dark spots in front, shrouded in mist, which spots, we are told, are some of the islands near Porto Bello and Manzanillo Point on the Panama coast.

It is not until late evening of the third day that far away on the horizon we see the lights of Colon ruddying the sky. They look like a glamorous roseate aura rising from the black sea, then the huge eye of Toro Point lighthouse glares at us in its rhythmic survey of the horizon, and finally, as we draw nearer, other lights appear in the night; white lights of ships at anchor in the bay and the channel lights, winking red and white, that mark the entrance to the Canal and the breakwater. The brilliance increases as we approach and the city of Colon seems to emerge from the water like a dream.

A monotonous noise of waves breaking against rocks; more red and white lights winking and everybody on ship runs on deck. We are passing the breakwaters, the wonderful artificial arms of rock which protect Limon Bay and the Atlantic entrance of the Panama Canal.

Motorboats and launches rush over to our ship; the lights of the steamer reflect on the dark waves and through the night we see tugs approaching us to tow the boat to the docks. From the bridge we hear the orders of the officers and the pilot to the crafts nearby; they are loud and terse

commands, spiced with a variety of oaths in English and Spanish.

While the vessel is slowly towed to the piers, the town appears brilliantly lighted and shining in the darkness. Here is Colon, a city which a few years ago did not exist and which represents one of the greatest achievements and victories of man in his struggle against dangers, diseases and death. It is the first pillar to one of the greatest of the human masterpieces, the Panama Canal.

The steamer lies now at its moorings, like a large beast tired and worn out from the strain of a race; it lies silent and quiet, taking a well earned rest.

Limon Bay, which belongs to the Canal Zone, (though not in its entirety, as a small part of the water front still belongs to Colon and is under Panamanian jurisdiction), is one of the largest and safest artificial bays in the world. It is protected on the northern and western ends by an artificial breakwater consisting of cement blocks, which at about five miles from the entrance of the Canal makes an almost unsurpassable barrier to the waves of the Atlantic ocean and therefore guarantees perfect safety to the five wharves of Cristobal and the two small piers of Colon. While the Colon docks are built of wood with tin roofs and are exclusively used for the anchorage of sailing vessels playing the coastwise trade, the Cristobal piers are entirely built of cement and steel with railroad tracks inside and outside, with the most modern equipments and improvements and can take care of the largest ships in the world. They are about one-thousand feet long and far enough from each other to allow easy manouvering of steamers getting in or going out.

While our ship is at rest and passengers are landing, the labour gangs start the loading and unloading of the cargoes. Hundreds of colored men run up and down the piers; quite a number of electric trucks are moving sacks and cases of goods. Shouts and cries, orders and counter-orders increase the confusion and give us quite a contrast

from the peaceful and calm life we have been living on the boat for the last two weeks.

Finally we land. A few of our fellow passengers are proceeding on the same ship to South America via the Pacific; others disembark to change ship for Colombia or Venezuela on the East Coast. Nearly the whole crew rushes ashore; of course wine, woman and song is the attraction and sailors are sailors all over the world.

We cross the long wharf under cranes lifting coffee and cocoa, rails and lumber; we are trying to avoid bumping into cables or being run over by trucks rushing to take loads; we almost run, anxious as we are to get a view of the night life of Colon. Out of the docks we follow the main artery that leads us through the Atlantic Terminal over the Panama Railroad tracks into Panamanian territory and we find ourselves where Colon begins, at 11th and Front streets.

The bright lights guide us; some of them are only the signs of Hindoo curiosity shops, some of saloons, others of cabarets; and we mix with the gay crowd, laughing and singing and mechanically drop in one of the many amusement places, maybe the best in town, Bilgray's cabaret.

And so we start the night life in Colon.

The Birth of Colon

THE sight of Colon at night from afar is deceiving; all the lights, the length of the city, the reflection rising up toward the sky, make us think of an enormously large place, while in reality we are only in a small town of from 25 to 30,000 inhabitants confined to a small island which from 1895 was transformed into a peninsula. Up to that time Colon was only a small place almost deserted and with a doubtful reputation. It was then Manzanillo Island, without fresh and clean water, where mosquitoes, yellow fever, malaria and other tropical diseases had established their undisputed kingdom. Navigators used to land at Puerto Bello which was the principal port of the Isthmus on the Atlantic side. The Spanish galleons that carried the gold from Peru, the pioneers going and coming from the Pacific, men and packs did not know any other route. Puerto Bello and Panama were the terminals between which the gold was carried by the ton. It was on a long trail, a dangerous trail, up mountains and down streams, through forests and marshes, that entire cargoes from ships were carried on a from two to three day hike. Passengers, laborers, explorers, merchants, and packs were exposed to rains and diseases, to the heat of the scorching sun, to tropical storms, to pirates and bandits and many a time loads of silver and gold were the cause of a whole caravan being the prey of human rapacity if not of nature's perils. Hundreds of lives were lost and hundreds of corpses would feed the vultures and the beasts.

But the will of men was stronger than the difficulties; it was more powerful than any obstacle nature could create. In 1859 three men, three adventurers from the States while travelling on the east coast of the Isthmus from Puerto

Bello decided to stop on the ill-famed marshes of Manzanillo Island. On the deserted island there was no inducement for men who were looking for fortune. Still those adventurers stopped; they foresaw that though not a sign of life was in sight, though no gold could be found, though the land was sterile and unfit for agricultural purposes, yet the place meant the solution of the quickest communication between the two oceans. And they founded the Panama Railroad.

And laborers and workers came from all over the world; they came by steamers and by schooners, on caravans and on mules; they were French adventurers, Italian immigrants, Chinese coolies, Americans, Germans and Spaniards; negroes from South Africa and from the West Indies, Nubians and Hottentots, Dutch and Portuguese, Russians and Japs; all rushed in, lured by the prospect of battle, adventure, conquest and triumph.

They camped on the hills and in the valleys, under tents or in the open, defying the dangers and the weather, dying by the hundreds, suffering and starving. But they did not give in. They carried on and on. They came like flies, braving all obstacles and the more they succumbed, the more other human machines would run to take their places. They died like soldiers in a battle, the most loyal and logical of battles, the fight for progress and civilization.

The Island of Manzanillo was finally connected with the mainland; valleys were filled, mountains were cut, rivers diverted until the dream became a fact; the railroad joined the oceans and the loud noisy whistle of the first locomotive greeted Panama with the greeting of the Atlantic side.

It was a welcome greeting of civilization; it was the song of victory, the victory of man over Nature.

The three adventurers whose will urged thousands of men to the fight were: Henry Chauncey, William Aspinwall and John Stephens. Today a very modest monument

on the grounds of the Hotel Washington in Colon reminds the visitors of the names of the three heroes who have long been forgotten by the outer world.

Then the colossal work of the De Lesseps enterprise followed the railroad. It was the famous engineer of the Suez Canal who dreamed of a greater conquest. The whole world was excited at the idea; millions and millions of dollars were invested in the scheme. After the success of the Suez Canal, the stock and shares of the Canal of Panama sold by the French Commission rose to fabulous prices.

But it was a different proposition. Panama was further away from France than Egypt. The country was not as healthy. Doubts, suspicions, disagreements and then the plague and the yellow fever destroying armies of men, made it necessary to stop the work several times. Finally the credit failed, a scandal about the management of funds followed and thus ended the enterprise and the dream of De Lesseps.

In the meanwhile the Railroad was running and it is said that the profits were so high that the Company could have taken away the steel rails and replaced them with gold ones. Passage, either way, was charged at the rate of \$25.00 per person, almost 60 cents per mile and people willing to walk their way across the Isthmus along the tracks had to pay a toll of \$5.00.

After the failure of De Lesseps, the United States considered the scheme of the Panama Canal. It meant more to the young democratic nation than to any other country in the world. In fact it was a vital problem for them from the political, strategical, and commercial points of view. So the young democratic nation sent down their sons to study this problem; they learned from the sad experiences of the French pioneers. The Isthmian Commission purchased the rights of the old French Commission for 40 millions of dollars and they started their work.

It was not an engineering enterprise at first. It was cleaning and sanitating the land. It was destroying the

germs and bacilli of mortal diseases, fighting malaria and mosquitoes. Huts were burned and sanitary buildings erected. Health conditions improved, the life of black, yellow and even white people was very strictly regulated to avoid contagious illness. Churches were established, first an Anglican then a Catholic one; the arm of religion was to help civilization with faith and perseverance. Schools and hospitals, public baths, sewers and a water system were built in the shortest time.

And Puerto Bello, the pride of Spain and Colombia, was soon forgotten. Sailors and adventurers, laborers and travellers abandoned the old route. They directed their course to Colon, the city of the future, while the old port became deserted and the ruins of fortresses and old buildings show now to the tourist the glory that was.

And Colon developed ever more; the city grew in size and population. The paving of the streets gave the city a note of modern civilization. Buildings were erected of concrete, and concrete construction became a law after the fire of 1915 which almost entirely destroyed Front street and burned down a large number of frame constructions along the water front. Then came the piers of Cristobal and the marvelous administration of the Panama Canal which followed the Isthmian Canal Commission and which transformed the whole Canal Zone in to a real tropical garden.

The work of the Canal construction ended and the Canal was opened to traffic in 1914.

No description can depict the wonderful engineering feat which, when proposed to the King of Spain in 1515 for the first time, was simply declared sacrilegious by the Crown of Spain because man was not supposed to alter the work of God.

The Panama Canal must be seen and studied to be understood. The Gatun locks which open into the Atlantic, one mile long, with their enormous gates and their 29-foot steps in each of the three chambers can be best admired

when the bystander has the fortune to observe H. M. S. Renown or the U. S. S. Arizona being lifted from the sea level of the Gatun lake, the largest artificial body in the world, 167 square miles in size.

And then Pedro Miguel and its two chambers and the Miraflores lock with its one chamber on the Pacific side will show you the second system which opens on the west coast.

An army of employees, gold and silver, as are called the white and colored people who work for the Canal, is established all over the Isthmus and represents one of the most complicated administrations comprising not only the operation of the Canal, but anything which may be connected with it, such as commissaries, hospitals, dry-docks, restaurants, hotels, ships, motorboats, launches, tugs, police, buildings, and hundreds of other departments.

However the most marvelous thing to be observed on the Canal, is a small building at Gatun: the control house. On the second floor is a reproduction in miniature of the whole lock system, with gates, guard chains, water level indicators, and interlocks which prevent any operation being performed out of its proper sequence.

And only one man operates the locks at each side; he silently turns levers and switches; not a word is heard, not any noise.

With a turn of his fingers he opens the gates, a telephone keeps him in communication with the man in charge of the towing "mules", the ship glides into the lock chamber, another turn of a lever and the gates close; a third turn and the water rises or falls, carrying the vessel to a higher or lower level; another turn and the guard chain silently falls into its slot and the ship proceeds on its way from ocean to ocean, from one world to another world.

“Night in Colon”

THE district which is enclosed between Tenth and Eleventh from north to south and between Front and Narino streets from east to west, is the “butte Montmartre” of Colon.

At the corner of 10th street, the infernal noise of a jazz band will make you stop and take notice; the gay multi-colored chain of lights hanging from the second floor of a two-story building will tell you that we are in front of a cabaret; a large luminous sign which can be seen far away in the bay will tell you that the cabaret is “Bilgray’s” restaurant and dancing place, probably the best frequented in town. It is here where U. S. officers of the Army and Navy, tourists, travellers and sometimes a few of the dwellers of Colon not yet affected by the tropical laziness go to spend a few hours of the night.

People from every nation in the world can be seen sitting at the different tables. They are passengers in transit, off the numerous steamers crossing the Canal. They only stay one or two days in town and like beetles they are attracted by the lights. It is a confusion of races; a tower of Babel where you can hear a score or more of different languages and see specimens of people from all over the world. Dignified Englishmen are silently sipping their traditional whisky and soda or brandy and schweppes; American tourists on a gay spree are avowing their rights and, forgetting the name of Volstead, imbibing the queerest concoctions the mind of a bartender may dream of. It is a new craze of new cocktails from the Maiden’s blush to the Love’s dream, from the A. B. C. to the Cat’s meow made especially for, and for the exclusive benefit of, the tourist. In one of the corners you may observe some

Japanese; with their small eyes behind their glasses they seem to be at a show. Without exchanging a word they look over the crowd, follow the movements of the dancers, listen to the crazy noises and tunes of the saxophones. Further down there is a group of Peruvians from one of the West coast ships. They have a little Peruvian flag on the table and drink and drink to Tacna and Arica. And in the meanwhile most of the Americans cannot resist the lure of the band and are trying the most fantastic steps on the waxy floor. And those who are too tired or do not find a partner for the dance are following the tune with their heads and legs and fingers, but cannot escape the nervous spasmodic attraction of the syncopated music.

Sailors and soldiers call in once in awhile to drink a beer. They are followed by M. P.s who watch them and keep them out of trouble. And Bilgray, the man who made a fortune by giving service and keeping trouble out of his place watches also over the sailors, the soldiers, the public and most of all over his own men.

We go down the street once more. Cabs and automobiles are prowling along the curb trying to get customers. A Panamanian policeman is running among the vehicles to stop the arguments and the fights of drivers and chauffeurs and clear the traffic. Bands of American sailors with their white caps cocked on one side form the audience and while waiting for their train to return to Coco Solo are having a great time inciting the drivers to start a battle royal. Next to Bilgray's there is another cabaret, the "Over the Top" with more local color perhaps, that is, more Panamanian than American. It is in fact an imitation of a European cafe-chantant with a dancing floor and the usual jazz band. Girls from every one of the sister Latin American republics, of almost every shade and color are the "entertainers". From Costa Rica, Colombia, Venezuela, Guatemala, Nicaragua, these girls that came down here like men adventurers looking for fortunes have found an easy pleasant work in the cabaret. Their faces where

the rouge makes a strange contrast with the darkness of their skins, their lips where the lip-stick left a strange mark which could never imitate nature, and their noisy colored dresses give the visitor the impression of being in one of the Montmartre taverns. The "entertainers" are not very gay. They must cheer the sailor and the soldier, the native and the foreigner from seven o'clock in the afternoon until the wee small hours of the morning. Cheer their drunken customers and make them think they are enjoying a wild evening. And at three or four in the morning they slip away in silence, more than half intoxicated themselves, and go home to meet their man.

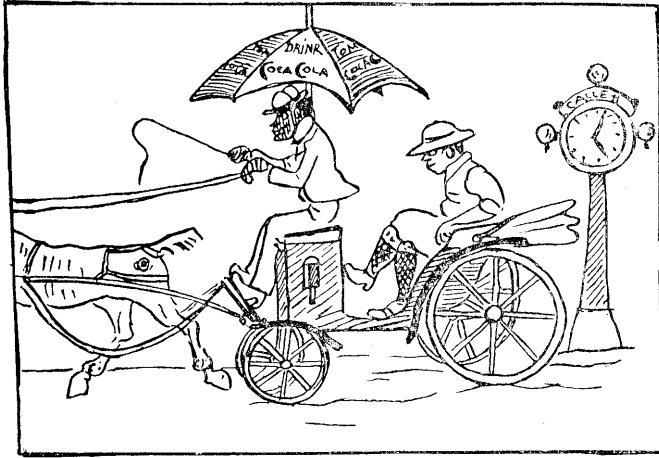
In the place there is a bad smell of cheap perfumes, the scent of strong soaps and powders, and the whole atmosphere gives you a sense of disgust even before you hear the tune of the band which is playing fox-trots and charlestons without any rest. And the colored waiters rush to your table to take the orders and smile to the "entertainers" sitting around, while from the street the noise of automobiles, songs and shouts increases the confusion.

When you leave "Over the Top" and walk down Bolivar Avenue, you see another long row of cabarets of a lower class where sailors from the base and sailors from foreign ships, where tropical tramps and bohemian natives are fraternizing together, where beauties of still more dubious character are drinking and laughing, joking and singing. And there you see the "Metropole", the "Atlantic", the "Pacific", the "International", etc., everyone of them displaying the usual electric lights of different colors, everyone of them emitting the same raucous cacophony of jazz noise. The bands are different. Here is an electric Victrola which reminds us of a circus band; there a Guatemalan Marimba; over there a negro orchestra playing Cuban danzones. In the "Plaza" six or seven "entertainers", old timers, sleepy and tired, are laying their heads on the tables to steal a nap while customers are away. But a

crowd of soldiers gets in and the old vets must get up and dance.

It is the commonest part of Montmartre, where all the Cosmopolitan scum meet together, where there is no color line, where most people go back to their animal instincts and only a few feel a sense of weariness and repulsion.

However to the by-stander all of these sights are in-



teresting. The different crowds of gay and drunken men and women; the different types of nationalities, the strange races seen through the misty atmosphere of a dense smoke, while the acrid smell of alcohol irritates your nostrils and the crazy notes of the jazz deafens your ears, all this makes you think in some way of an oriental night and no doubt gives you a certain thrill. And when you come out of one of these places, you think of your land far away and realize that it is even more distant than you thought.

In the streets the taxis never stop and once in awhile a poor skinny horse trots around pulling an antediluvian coach with an enormous umbrella, white and yellow, showing the advertising of "Coca Cola."

Clouds cover the sky in no time; where the moon was shining bright only five minutes ago, now it is almost pitch dark; and then a downpour, a rain which starts with a few drops and increases with a tremendous crescendo falling like buckets of water thrown from a window, floods the streets, resounding on the tin roofs of the houses and splashing on the asphalt of the avenue.

From Bolivar street we walk down to Eleventh street and enter the red-light district.

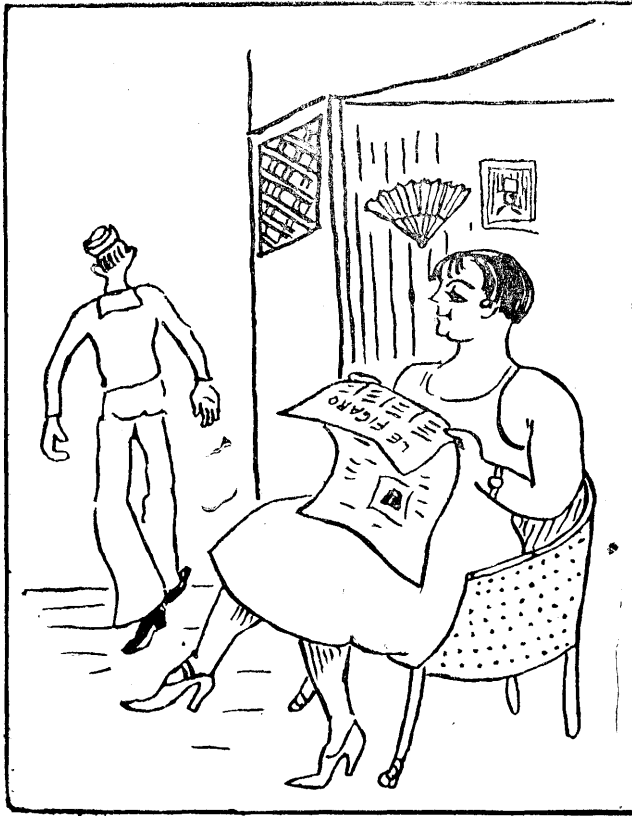
Around a whole block of small dirty-looking buildings we pass in front of an uninterrupted series of queer rooms which open their doors on the street. They are more or less all alike. Wicker furniture, artistic pictures of nudes on the walls, pink or red or lavender Japanese lamps. And through a door covered with a light curtain you may see the alcove inside.

Sitting on a rocking chair, reading a book or smoking a cigarette, once in a while looking up and down the street, there is a woman at every door.

There are French, Italian, Spanish, Central American even West Indians and all of them belong to that human traffic called white slavery. The women—some of them have an education and a certain culture—came to Colon like shipwrecks tossed by the sea; some were urged to this life by a moral tragedy, some by disappointment in love; others, perhaps most part of them were driven to this state by men for lust of gold; a few are runaways from their own countries to avoid paying some penalty for something they committed. And they sit there, cold, insensible, waiting for the man that will bring them some money.

The crowd around the district is acting differently from the crowds around the cabarets. Here you see sailors and soldiers, tourists from cruise ships, young fellows who work for the Panama Canal, travelling salesmen who were on our ship, but they all walk around silently, almost afraid to make any noise. Every few steps they turn back to see whether anybody is following them; though they try to

look indifferent you can see a mile away that they are more embarrassed than a country girl at a social party. They look for the darkest corners rather than for the fairest



girls. At last they find the place. They murmur a few words to the woman, then enter. All this is done in a very serious—I would almost say dignified,—way. And the door closes and we proceed through the street pitying the poor slaves who are suffering there for three or four years in

the shame to earn a few thousand dollars, the money that must help them to go back to the "boulevard" with their man and give "him" the pleasure for which they have been dreaming, slaving, and rotting.

But such is life and we cannot change it. The night is almost over and a pink light from New Cristobal tells us that the sun is rising and a new day is beginning.

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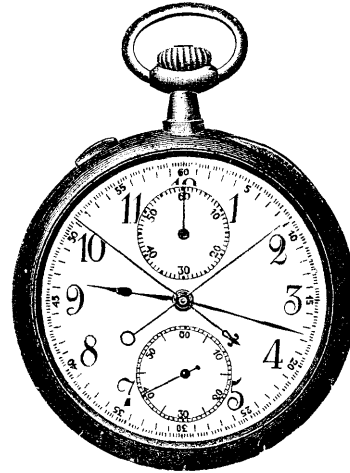
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Colon During the Day

NOCTURNAL Colon, with its cabarets, its songs and its drunken crowds, has disappeared. Gone are the raucous jazz bands, the roaming sailors, the painted girls. Although the day is bright, with old Sol shining high, the gay crowds have vanished; some asleep for the day, some on a ship sailing for another port; some of them, their brief night of pleasure over, are again at their daily toil.

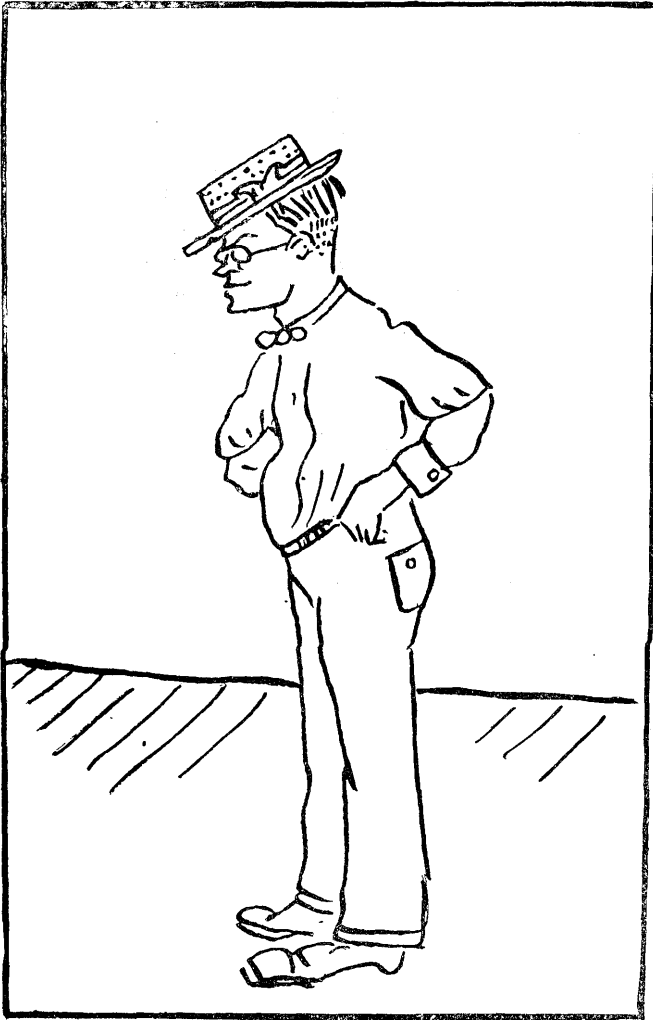
Under the heat of the tropic sun the asphalt of the streets is melting.

On our way from our ship to Colon we pass through Roosevelt Avenue, the main thoroughfare from the docks to the city, a fine avenue, bordered by royal palms, whose fronds give a cool shade to the splendid buildings of the various steamship companies, the Italian Line, the French Transatlantic, the Royal Mail and Pacific Steam, the Hamburg Amerika, the Grace Line and the United Fruit.

We are in the Canal Zone, as shown by the Stars and Stripes floating from the top of a high concrete pole near the Terminal Building, just outside the customs gates. In this building are various offices of the port officials, freight agent, quarantine, ship admeasurers and weather bureau. At the bottom of the flagpole, two old Spanish anchors, dug up at the mouth of the Chagres River, and a modern German mine, unloaded, of course, remind us of two very different periods of warfare.

Opposite to the Terminal is the Cable Office and then the Bible House, the Cristobal Clubhouse and the Restaurant. This last place which was once managed by the United States Government is still running in the same style, but under private management. A cafeteria or self-service restaurant with waiters at the same time who only serve

at few tables, where the food is very clean and sanitary, where the only drinks are water and coffee. In some way



this restaurant looks to me like a hospital; too clean, for an eating place; too white to give you an appetite; and the

waiters dressed in pure white, like nurses, and the white shiny tables, and the people walking silently from one side to the other of the interminable hall and the enormous windows which are almost as large as the walls made me think I made a mistake when I walked in and I imagined I was in a ward.

Colon being a "modern" city, you can draw its map by



crossing a few lines at right angles. Then the avenues are, running from North to South: Front Street, Calle Balboa, once called Bottle Alley, Bolivar Avenue, Cash, Narino, "D", Broadway and "G". The other avenues belong to New Cristobal. The streets are numbered from Colon Beach which would be 1st street, down to 16th street at present. Maybe later the city will extend still further south.

Of course all of the water front, excepting the tract between Pier 2 or the old Custom House, as far as 11th Street, belongs to the Canal Zone; the other part is under

Panamanian jurisdiction, but strange to say, almost all the



land in Colon is owned by the Panama Railroad, which really is the United States Government.

Eleventh street has the peculiarity of belonging to two different Governments; it is Panamanian on one side, American on the other. On the Commissary side there is an American policeman walking along the side walk and this side, of course, is as dry as the sands of the desert, but on the other side where you see the Panamanian policeman patrolling there are at least six saloons in one block and eight in the other. And in case you should break the law on one side of the street, you are safe for awhile at least if you can reach the opposite sidewalk because the Panamanian policeman cannot arrest you in American territory and viceversa and unless it should be the case of a serious crime, the formalities and proceedings to get extradition are too long to be considered.

The crowd of this morning is a different crowd.

At the U. S. Commissary throngs of negroes (silver employees of the Panama Canal or servants shopping for the family) are buying all kind of supplies. The counters of the gold employees or white employees of the Panama Canal are also crowded with men and women purchasing every article you may wish for the home. And everything at but little above cost price. The men carry their packages wrapped in paper, the women fill their Indian bags of various colors and all seem to be in a haste to rush back to their houses.

On the left side of the Commissary there is the Masonic Temple Building, the only building in the Canal Zone which is not owned by the Panama Canal or by the Panama Railroad. It is a beautiful modern office building where banking institutions, steamship companies, lawyers and professional men have their offices, its third and fourth floors belonging to the Cristobal Masonic Lodge.

The business men, Americans in their shirt sheeves, French, Italian, English merchants are hustling around. Chinese with their old ivory faces, negroes curved under the weight of heavy boxes, messenger boys, employees of every shade and color are passing by as in a "movie".

Jitneys and taxis, coaches, Fords and motorcycles are running through the streets going or returning from Fort Davis, from Coco Solo, from France Field, from Gatun. Busses with sailors coming from the Base or gay blond children going to school stop at the corner of the Temple. They pick up more passengers and proceed without any waste of time.

With the exception of Front Street and part of Bolivar street, also of some other few spots, the city of Colon consists of more wood framed building than concrete or cement houses. From the old Spanish or Colombian times only three or four red brick constructions have been left. The city was originally built with houses of the bungalow type, then big sturdy wooden constructions were made until the fire of 1915 when a law was issued prohibiting the use of lumber and compelling builders and contractors to use cement or other fireproof material.

Every house in Colon "must" have a balcony and a porch, unless it be a one-family house surrounded by a garden. Some of the balconies extend all around the house in a veranda-like manner; others are simply of the same width of the window. The ground floor has the porch which, of course is a public passage-way protecting the pedestrian from the sun and the rain. Under the porch you will see stores and shops exhibiting their wares. And you can walk almost all over the city under cover, which is a blessing in a place where it pours ten times a day and when it is dry the heat of the sun makes you wish for more rain.

Bolivar Avenue runs as far as the Washington Hotel and where the eye can enjoy the marvelous tropical scenery sea, a gorgeous road where the breakers romp on one side and then Colon Beach continues the Avenue alongside the of palms, a wonderful melange of browns, greens and blues.

The most part of the Panamanians reside in Bolivar Street or in the immediate vicinities. West Indians are scattered all over the city and so are Chinese with the ex-

ception of those parts of the town which are called New Cristobal and Old Cristobal and where the white employees



of the Canal have their abodes. While New Cristobal is a Canal Zone district which did not even exist eight years ago, when it was practically all under water, and was

simply created by the engineering work of the Americans draining and filling that part of the shore, the district of Old Cristobal was the place where at first settled the French Commission of the Canal. Another district of the Atlantic Terminal is Silver City, in the Canal Zone, which is a continuance of Colon proper and where the West Indian population working with the Railroad or the Canal have their official quarters.

The coast of Colon, from Eleventh Street to the military station of Fort De Lesseps, follows the line of Front Street. Then it is interrupted by the post and the Washington Hotel, though pedestrians may cross the hotel park and reach Colon beach where the Colon Hospital, the Quarantine station, and the Radio are located. From there you can walk down New Cristobal to 9th street thence to Broadway returning to Eleventh Street and Roosevelt Avenue. It is a beautiful promenade of about three miles of concrete road very well kept with scenery worthy of Havana or Madeira.

Wonderful lawns, constantly mowed, avenues of palms and poincianas; coconuts and mangoes stirred by the breeze from the sea; a glory of colors with the strong pungent smell of the ocean which revives you and excites your system wearied by the tropical climate. And you feel like a new man, strong and gay and what's more, satisfied with yourself.

Right on the extreme point of the bay, next to Fort De Lesseps and facing the breakwater, is the Hotel Washington, a beautiful up-to-date Hotel under the management of the Panama Canal. It is of Spanish architecture and beyond doubt there is no better hotel in any other part of Central America, while it would make a first class hotel anywhere in the States. The building is surrounded by a fine arcade; in front it has a large green lawn where the monument to Columbus, a present from the Empress Eugenia can be admired, and at the back it has a driveway

crossing a perfectly kept garden with all kinds of tropical shrubs and trees.

Among the modern conveniences of the hotel there is a large swimming pool, cleaned and scrubbed twice a week for the guests and also for the white public in general.

There you may admire real American beauties, women who represent the successful result of the crossing of the European races. There you can see them, strong and healthy, with perfect lines, real models for a Greek sculptor. And you can look at them, their bobbed blond or brunette hair, under which are eyes blue as the sea, or the turquoise, or lapis lazuli; brown as topaz, green as beryl or tourmaline. But brilliant and jewel-like as these eyes are, for the most part, like the jewel also, they show no warmth of passion; they are cold, without desire; they observe and may look at a man but with indifference and superiority.

While many American women on the Canal love manly sports, there are many who like dancing and cabarets; in fact there are some who indulge even too much in this kind of amusements.

American women in Colon have a comfortable easy life; they get fine sanitary quarters from the Government, supplies at almost cost price, almost everyone of them owns a car, they can afford very smart dresses, go to play bridge or have tea at the Club, drive their cars, swim at the Washington, in effect they seem to be down here as if at a seaside resort on a vacation.

Of course a European must consider that American women have more rights than women on the other side, in fact in some way they have more rights than men on this side. And they have more rights because they are generally very intelligent, more refined than their husbands, because they are physically perfect, because they represent a tradition of this new young race.

The almost religious respect for women goes back to the pioneers' time, when men compelled by hunger and need, exiled in a foreign country, urged by the fever of

adventure, hunted, with their hearts full of bitterness and hope, landed on the banks of the Hudson and caravanned to the West to the Rocky Mountains where they would dig and starve, where they would die or come back loaded with gold, where they would be the first men to sow the fruitful grain in the virgin soil.

They were alone in the immeasurable deserts, in the unexplored forests, struggling against the snow of the mountains and the terrible heat of the valleys, against beasts and dangers, their brains suffering under the strain of the struggle, always with the thought of their homes far away, with desire and passion unsatisfied. And at night, the recollection of a feminine face, the remembrance of a woman's care was driving them mad, while the moon was shining above and nature was singing a hymn of life and love.

And when the first women arrived, smiling and happy, it seemed to the men that they were bringing the light and the strength to carry on the struggle. And they admired the woman, as the Indians admire the sun and the Woman walked among them beautiful and proud leaving a wake of desires and she succeeded in ruling the Man, who, strong and powerful in front of dangers and perils, was weak and trembling in front of Her.

Later, after the cold Anglo-Saxon race mixed with the ardent Latin people, organized a new life, after cities were born, when social life began, the woman was able to keep up her original place. The man did not or would not cultivate his soul. The fever of American life, the strain of business, need all the energy and activity of the man; while he fights his way he has no time to refine his feelings and his taste; Man is doomed to be nothing else but an instrument of the colossal business machine that makes dollars while the woman in her spare hours reads and learns and nearly always she has a better chance to gain a culture far superior to the man's; therefore it is only natural that the

American man should adore his woman and give her everything and forgive her everything.

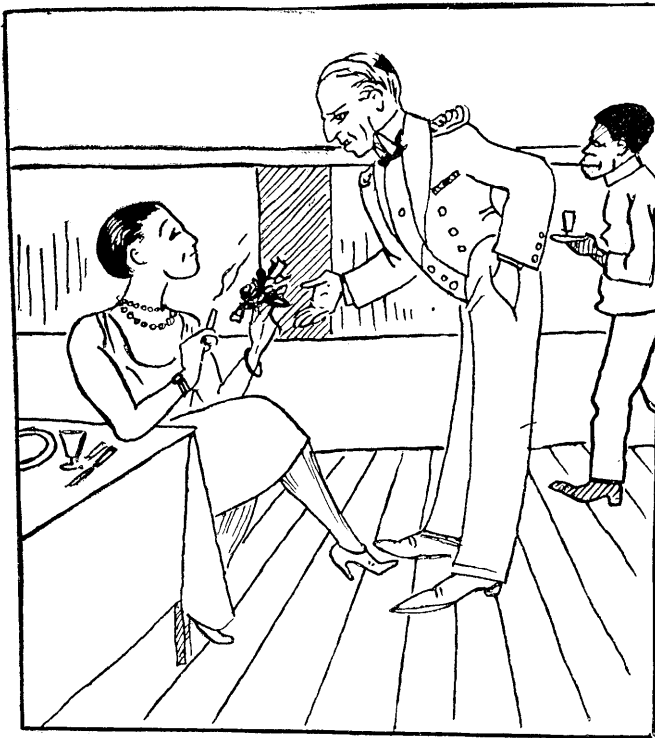
He who in business is a pitiless fighter, is ready to give his last cent to have his wife wear the smartest dresses, the most elegant hats from Paris, the richest jewels from Regent Street.

There are many and many American women on the Isthmus who are devoted to their house work or to business, but these women are not appreciated as they should be, perhaps because they taste like milk to lips used to brandy.

However the woman here represents a distinct note of intellectual and moral life.

At the Strangers Club

RIGHT on the water front, between the Gilbert House and the Colon Piers, on the short stretch of shore which is under Panamanian jurisdiction you will see an



elegant building surrounded by a very well kept garden. It is the Strangers Club.

During the day, the club is crowded with businessmen

and visitors, dining on the porches, either upstairs or down, where a delightful breeze cools the air, or they may enjoy a game of bridge, billiards or pool. A first class restaurant together with a bar supplied with any kind of beverages a man may desire are surely some attractions in the tropics. It is at the Strangers Club every Monday, that the Colon-Cristobal Rotarians have their weekly meeting. It is at the Strangers Club that farewells, welcoming parties and all kinds of celebrations take place.

The club is frequented by a cosmopolitan crowd; officers of the U. S. Navy mix with officers from transports and passenger ships. The Army, Navy, Air Force, merchants, tourists, passengers in transit, Panamanian, American, English, Italian and every nationality that has representatives in Colon will be seen in the club.

And every Wednesday and Saturday night there is a dance which very few of the members miss.

On those occasions the dancing floor on the second story offers a very interesting sight with its dim lamps of all colors, the tables well decorated, the ladies dressed in their smartest, officers in their evening suits, and civilians in their immaculate white tuxedos. The best orchestra in Colon plays popular fox-trots, passionate tangoes, fascinating waltzes.

We happened to visit the club when the Pacific Fleet transited the Canal and lay in the Colon Bay waiting for orders. That unforgettable night the crowd was so large that the club's grounds were unable to take care of all the automobiles of the members, and from the gates of the Club down the beach scores and scores of private cars had to find parking space. The dancing floor was so crowded that many of the people could hardly move around.

And while the music was playing, the ladies, were passing by our table as in a dream, so fast that we did not have time enough to admire them, but everyone of them was in a glory of joy and happiness, of beauty and elegance.

There was Mrs. Ward Wortman, the wife of the Com-

manding Officer of the Submarine Base, Captain Ward K. Wortman, Mrs. Walter F. Jacobs, wife of Commander Jacobs, Port Captain of Cristobal, Mrs. Henry M. Nelly of Fort Davis, Mrs. J. S. Perino, Mrs. George S. Simonds, wife of the Commanding General of the Atlantic side, Mrs. D. Melendez, reporter of the Panama American, Mme. L. Prudhon, wife of Mister Prudhon, general agent of French Lines, Mrs. Robert Boyd, Mrs. John H. Brown, wife of Lt. Commander Brown of the U. S. N., Mrs. Robert P. Molten, wife of the Commanding Officer of the Naval Air Station, Mrs. Paul West, Mrs. R. W. Douglas, Mrs. R. N. Ott, Mrs. J. J. O'Hare, Mrs. Charles Landers, Mrs. H. W. Deas, Mrs. G. Tonelli, Mrs. H. E. Maguire, Mrs. Jonathan Hunt, Mrs. Bertoli, Mrs. J. J. Henriquez, Mrs. W. F. Grimes, wife of the Manager of the Electric Company, society reporter of the Star and Herald, Mrs. G. M. Hansen, wife of the American Consul, Mr. Hansen, Mrs. Arthur G. Fisher, wife of the Commanding Officer of the Army Air Station of France Field, Mrs. Alexander Greig, Jr., wife of the Commanding Officer of Fort De Lesseps, Miss Suarez, Mrs. Stuart D. Truesdell, Mrs. Angelo Papio, beautiful Panchita, Mrs. T. A. Gray, Mrs. H. W. Bobrink, Mrs. Crueger, Mrs. Lyle Prather, Mrs. W. A. Heard, Mrs. Sims Norman, Mrs. John Wallace, Miss Kirby Ferguson, Mrs. Robert L. Nesbitt, Mrs. Nello Casullo, Miss Idzorek, and many others whose names we cannot remember.

It was three o'clock in the morning when the orchestra without any notice disappeared after having played for almost six consecutive hours. The couples, tired from the continuous dancing, gathered in groups, bidding good-bye to their friends. Beautiful girls wrapped in their Spanish shawls talking and laughing descended the luxurious mahogany steps of the artistic stairway of the Club. At the door an interminable line of private cars, taxis, coaches and even busses from the army posts would stop for an

instant, take their passengers and speed back to New Cristobal, to Gatun, to France Field, to Coco Solo.

On the ground floor, where the enormous saloon shows its well supplied shelves, the heavy carved wood counter and the famous brass rail, only a few of the night-owls of Colon are indulging in the most disparaging comments about politics, business, girls, and most of all about the different brands and makes of gins, rums, and beers.

Then little by little every noise dies out. The night watchman is taking a nap, while his dreams are comforted and soothed by the low murmur of the waves against the banks on which the club is built. In the little anchorage a few boats are rolling and rocking, a few sailing ships from Saint Andrews or from Bocas del Toro and the national ship, the "Panquiaco", looking northward to the entrance of the breakwater.

Stars and Stripes

C RISTOBAL and Colon, which translated into English mean Christopher and Columbus, are so closely connected together that it is not possible to see the actual limits between the two towns, unless it be for the police services. And it is not possible to talk about Colon without saying something about Cristobal.

When the United States took up the work of the French Commission and tried to make a success of what had proved to be a big failure, the Canal Zone limits, though including the city of Colon, were made and corrected so to leave the administration of this city and its jurisdiction to the Panamanian Government. However outside of the limits of Colon, in the lands owned by the Panama Railroad and the Canal Commission there grew a new city, the city of Cristobal under the U. S. management. And this city was the real Atlantic gate to the Canal.

The large trade artery, built by the American genius for the protection of the trade as well as for strategical reason, which are too obvious to discuss, starts from Cristobal and ends at Balboa. The United States, after seeing a railroad running successfully between the two oceans, through the forests and the swamps, after seeing the dream of De Lesseps fall down like a crumbling tower, took up the fight against the dangers and obstacles of the enterprise. And their victory, the Canal, will stand for centuries as a monument to the perseverance, to the activity and brains of the American people.

At Cristobal and Balboa there are stations and bases of the Army, Navy and Aviation. While the Army is busy in important manoeuvres and the Navy is occupied in sham battles between the Atlantic and the Pacific fleets, the U.

S. aces are flying over the Isthmus trying and proving the most modern appliances for planes, balloons and airships, compiling the most accurate maps, carrying out the most difficult duties in a land where landing places are rather scarce and where the tropical storms are certainly hampering their flights and handicapping their work.

Numerous fortifications protect both entrance to the Canal. And when the sun rises, the American flags are hoisted on the forts and fly in the trade winds until dusk, when they are taken down while a gun and the bugle pay them the salute.

The Stars and Stripes dictate in the Canal Zone.

The Central Administration is in Balboa and is a very complicated organization with a multitude of branches, everyone of them being well represented in Cristobal. The Government must supply its employees with every necessity, in fact its work goes as far as the supplying of the amusements and sports for the toilers of the Canal. The U. S. Government is represented, in the Canal Zone, by his Governor Col. Meriwether L. Walker.

While Cristobal has an excellent Hospital, a first class Commissary, Storehouses, Cold Storage, Ice plant, Electric power plant, etc., the Administration sees also that its employee has a Cristobal Club, billiards, pictures, all kind of transportation, lawn tennis, dancing floors, etc. While Cristobal has a fire-station of its own, a Post Office, a court, a perfect police service, etc., the employees receive the benefit of purchasing their clothes at slightly more than cost price, toys for their children, dresses for their wives, etc., without having to pay customs duties to the Panamanian Government.

While Colon justice is administered in the Government Building, justice in Cristobal is administered in the Cristobal Courthouse where all cases of the Atlantic side of the Canal Zone must be referred. Around Judge G. H. Martin, a select body of magistrates guarantees to everybody the fairest verdict of liberty and justice. Several

lawyers practise and work in this court, among the well known jurists being Mr. C. P. Fairman, W. C. Todd, J. J. Enderton, as well as others.

The Panama Railroad whose General Superintendent is Mr. S. W. Heald in Balboa, has its representative in Cristobal in the person of Mr. R. B. Walker, Receiving and Forwarding Agent, a very capable man to whom has been trusted the management of the docks, and shipments at the Atlantic Terminal.

An excellent service of trains is run three times a day across the Isthmus. Passengers are carried in very commodious coaches, the trip lasting less than two hours between Panama and Colon. The gauge of the track is five feet, permitting the use of extra wide coaches, as well as a first class parlor car with an observation platform. Switches and innumerable tracks connect the stations to every dock and to different places in the city and suburbs.

The locomotives, followed by a long line of coaches, cross the city, ringing their bells, while at the crossings the signals increase the noise of the train, the traffic being protected by the long white arms of the crossing gates forming a barrier alongside the tracks.

The Colon Hospital, an organization managed by the United States and for the Panama Canal, though it takes care of outsiders at the same time, is located in Panamanian territory. Its location is probably one of the best along the bay, on Colon beach, the coolest spot of the coast, always refreshed by the ocean breeze. It is one of the best hospitals for tropical diseases and has the splendid support of some of the best physicians such as Major J. Wallace, Dr. Brown, Dr. Norman, Dr. Levy, Major Murphy, etc.

Colon and its Government

COLON is the capital of the province of the same name and it is the second city of the Republic of Panama, Panama City being the first.

The Republic was born in 1903 when Panama separated from Colombia and in its short term of life, the infant republic has grown to a splendid example of democratic government. From Dr. Amador Guerrero, its first president, to Don Rodolfo Chiari, the present incumbent.

The Chief Executive is elected by the people, Australian ballot system, elections being held every four years. There is a congress of 46 Deputies, each of the seven provinces electing their own. For Colon at this time, Don Augusto Cervera, Don Mario Galindo, Don Pablo Morales and Don Luis Muñoz represent the Liberal party, while the Conservative standard is borne by Don Eduardo Chiari and Don Isaac Fernandez. Colon is entitled to six deputies, four for the party in power and two from the minority.

The Presidents before Don Rodolfo Chiari have worked hard and faithfully to give the Nation good government, develop its resources and modernize it, leading Panama towards progress and liberty, blessings it had not enjoyed under Spanish and Colombian rule, and today President Chiari, supported by both parties, a successful leader and organizer, is following the same wise plan, which is bringing him the esteem and admiration of his people.

To a casual observer, Panama might seem simply a protectorate of the United States which has such large and important interests on the Isthmus. Such is not the case, however, and the Panamanians have never hesitated to speak and act independently. This self determination was shown when the new treaty, superseding the Taft Agree-

ment of 1903, was offered in the Panama Assembly for ratification. Because the delegates felt that the treaty was adverse in some things, they rejected it and returned it for further consideration. Such independence might serve as a good example to many nations much larger than Panama.

In Colon the Republic of Panama has one of the most popular men of the Isthmus as Governor of this province. Dr. J. D. Arosemena, quite a young man for his years and even younger for his energy, has given to Colon an administration on a basis of democracy and justice.

He is as much admired by his political opponents as he is cherished by his friends and he has the love and esteem of all with whom he comes in daily contact. Cultured, polished, a brilliant lawyer, an entertaining conversationalist, he has given Colon an administration that has changed the city beyond recognition. He has promulgated traffic rules, improved the police force, paved the streets, made Colon the best lighted city of its size in Latin America and made living conditions far better than they were.

Vice-Governor is Mr. Inocencio Galindo, Jr., and Mayor is Mr. A. del Rio.

In Colon the Municipal Council is composed of eleven members elected for a two-year term and this council has charge of the municipal taxes which bring to the city about 140,000 dollars yearly, the fire department, etc.

Colon has a very good future. The city is still developing while the population is rapidly increasing. Every year new buildings are erected, new hotels, new stores and restaurants opened.

Every vacant lot which was used in the past years as baseball or cricket field for children is now under lease and houses are going up to take care of new comers and new residents. While most part of the houses have a very simple style, there are quite a few presenting rather artistic lines, such as the home of the Governor. Mr. Perino's villa in New Cristobal, Mr. Jackson's building, Mr. Grimes' home

at 7th and "I" and that of Mr. Angelo Papio, the well known Italian architect.

The Health authorities, American as well as Panamanians, have imposed very strict sanitary rules for the building of houses on the Isthmus so that every construction even the most humble must be provided with all modern conveniences. Of course the health department is empowered to take charge of the observation of these rules and deal with all severity against the law breakers. On account of special conditions of climate, the different races, the limited space, etc., any epidemic, once allowed to gain a foothold, would have disastrous results.

One of the most important organizations of Colon is the Electric Light and Power or Fuerza y Luz which provides all the electric power and appliances in the Panamanian territory. It has its head offices in Panama City and is represented in Colon by Mr. Wm. F. Grimes, a very young and promising business manager, a good sample of American blood. Married to a very charming lady, "Betty" of rare and refined intelligence, one of the society leaders of the Isthmus, he and his wife are among the finest hosts in Colon. The attention given by Mr. Grimes to his Company is known to everyone as in very few cities is the service as perfect, modern and dependable as in Colon.

Wilcox Co. is one of the firms that grew up with Colon, and the career of Mr. Robert Wilcox reads like a modern romance. From trading along the San Blas coast, before the revolution of 1903, to his present business, has been a long and strenuous climb. He now owns almost all the movie theatres in Panama and Colon as well as others in Cuba and Guatemala; runs a lumber and cement business, and is generally prominent in all commercial transactions.

Associated with him is Mr. Frank Scott, vicepresident and treasurer of the Company, who is resident manager here, as Mr. Wilcox home is now in the United States.

The People

THOUGH it is impossible to give an exact census of the population of Colon and its nationalities or origins, it is a safe statement to say that sixty-six per cent of it is of negro origin, twenty-five per cent Chinese or East Indian and the other nine per cent comprises all white people as Americans, Europeans and Panamanians, or Latin Americans.

The negro population of this city is most part Jamaican; then a good number of native Panamanians, Barbadians, Trinidadians, Martinicans, Guadaloupans, then negroes from St. Andrews, Curacao, Colombia and every other part of Central America and the West Indies.

While the greatest number of them are employed loading and discharging ships on the docks, many are employed for the works of the Canal and others work in offices as clerks, stenographers, bookkeepers and accountants. Others work in the fields as farmers and quite a few are independent and run their own business as tailors, grocers, etc., very often acquiring as much money as a white man could do under similar circumstances.

They usually live in groups according to their religious beliefs. In Colon the negro population has more sects and isms than anywhere else. While the Wesleyan Church has one of the best buildings on 7th and G streets, the Baptists have two churches, the Catholics three, the Seventh-Day Adventists, one and the Methodists, the Episcopallans, and many other denominations have their place for prayers and inspiration.

Every night in the side streets crossing Bolivar Avenue, crowds of colored men and women are singing psalms to the accompaniment of drums and bugles. It is a com-

mon sight to meet processions of negroes on Sunday with white, red or green turbans on their heads, wearing



strange uniforms with gold buttons, their breasts crossed with large ribbons, exhibiting medals and decorations,

carrying in their hands books or sabres or metal rods, and mysterious banners. And they will walk, men and women, through the streets of the city, serious and dignified, while their fellow-believers are waiting for them in the temple praising the Lord and imploring mercy on our unhappy world.

They belong to different Lodges, an imitation of Masonry with all of its secret rites, ranks and functions.

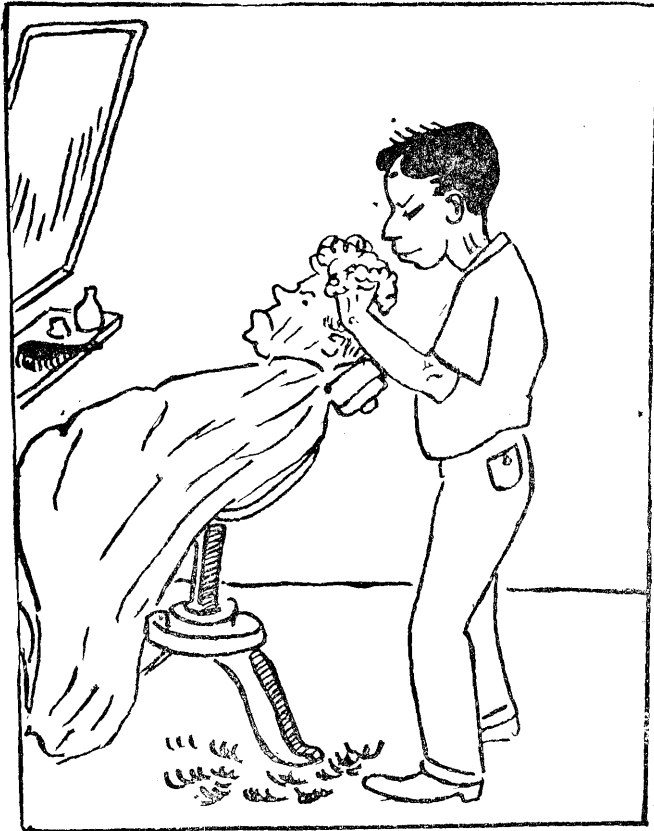
A new denomination in Colon, among the West Indians is almost a daily occurrence. It is enough that a man in a congregation disagree with the views of the Minister on some interpretation of the Gospel and a discussion will arise. The discussion will bring an argument, the argument will bring a schism, the schism a new denomination. The latest prophet will organize his followers in a separate sect, sometimes in his house, sometimes in a store rented for this purpose. But the schism will not last long. The black sheep will get tired soon, there will not be funds to support the new Church and the new tenet, so that in a short time everybody will return to the fold.

* * *

China is well represented here. The first orientals came to the Isthmus by thousands during the French Commission's works and they liked the place so well that they never went back to the Far East, which for them over here became the Far West. Having settled here with few women, they married natives and their characteristics have rather changed also. They have eschewed opium and are devoting themselves to business. So successful are they that it was a Chinaman, Lee Chong, who at the time of his death last year, was held to have made the most money out of local business, his fortune being such as to have commanded respect even in the United States.

There are among the Chinese population some quite handsome, strong and intelligent young men and many good looking, well built women who give us an idea of

what the Great Eastern Republic might be if its people would start following the path of progress. The Chinese



colony is quite rich and well organized; they have all the "bodegas" or grocery stores, the "cantinas" or saloons and some of the best curio stores in town belong to Chinese. In the country they also have stores, and around the vicinities of Colon you can see some wonderful vegetable gardens who are owned and kept by Orientals. Somewhere

around the market every shop has a Chinese name, Yong Hong Kong, Fu Chin, Won Lee and those names and the peculiar smell of cooking from those shops make you think you are in Peking or Canton.

* * *

Japanese are not very numerous; there will probably be no more than two hundred of them in the whole city. The most part are barbers, but why they crossed the ocean and dared dangers to come all the way here to scratch and shave the head of some colored laborers, is a mystery. And everyone of them shows an intelligent spark in his eyes. There is a story that is told around the town; it is said that some time ago when three or four of these barbers were deported, it was found that they were high officers of the Japanese Army.

I wonder whether this story is true.

* * *

Another small but very active colony is the East Indian.

Hindoos from Madras, from Bombay, Calcutta, Ceylon, have migrated down here, opened stores all over Front street and are selling all kinds of Oriental and European goods. Carpets from China and Beluchistan, Japanese pyjamas, "Mantones" from Manila, ivory beads from India are seen side by side in the windows with the best perfumes of Rue de la Paix, Italian gobelins, Spanish mantillas and German bibelots.

Their stores have that characteristic and particular smell of all Indian stores. It is a melange of sandalwood, curry, rotting apples and incense. Sitting or standing at the door of every shop, the Hindoos are waiting for the passers-by, dressed up in white, their clothes making a strange contrast with their dark faces and ebony hair. In small groups of four or five, they live in rooms adjoining the stores, where they cook, eat and sleep.

Very seldom they walk away from their living places for any distance and never will you see them accompanied

by a woman. Maybe their religion does not allow them to act otherwise and if so that religion would not have much of a success in Europe or in the U. S.

They wait for the arrival of steamers, the landing of tourists from cruise shps of the United Fruit Company or the Grace Line or the Royal Mail, and they can detect a stranger miles away. They call him when he passes by, they take him by the arm, they invite him inside to see their wares, while they are repeating: "Buenos dias, Caballero, Good morning, sir, Bon jour, monsieur."

During the oppressive heat of the afternoon they offer iced drinks and ice creams to the visitors while trying to entertain him with all kinds of stories to sell him as much as they can.

And when you leave their places you feel following you like a wake, that strange smell that reminds you of some alley of Algiers or Stamboul, some of the market places of Cairo or Colombo, the scent of Brahma.

* * *

Among the different races, the most interesting of them all is the San Blas Indians, or, as they call themselves, the "Tules."

They are strong and hale, trustworthy and faithful though very seldom are they willing to serve a master. The few living in Colon are working on the docks, others on sailing ships, a very small number of them as servants in the grocery stores. They have their center in the San Blas region way down the Atlantic coast between Colon and Colombia. They number probably 30,000 and are under the jurisdiction of the Panamanian Government who sent Coronel Don Luis Hernandez with a detachment of police to administer justice and keep order from his headquarters on the small island of El Porvenir.

San Blas and its archipelago of about two hundred coral islands some of which are about one-quarter of a square mile in surface, are periodically supplied with all kinds of commodities by the national boat "Panquiaco", beside the vari-

ous Indian trading posts of the Colon Import and Export Company, managed by R. H. Sterns who with Capt. Jimmy Bartling has been one of the pioneers of the Indian trade. Goods are exchanged for coconuts and tortoise-shell.

These Indians, who are born sailors and will never live away from the sea or from a river in the proximity of the ocean, knowing that they are the real natives and aboriginals of this land, have also had their revolutions, like their white brothers.

Some years ago, led by an American adventurer, a Mr. Marsh, they attacked the Panamanian police at Porvenir and at Nargana, killed a score of policeman, chased away some Americans, looted some government posts and proclaimed themselves independent, announcing to the world the creation of the Nation of Tule. A revolutionary flag with a blue swastika in red cloth was hoisted on their islands, the Panamanian flag was pulled down, Indian governors elected for different islands and districts, Indian chiefs nominated, ministers and leaders appointed.

The American Government sent their Minister, Dr. South, on the U. S. S. Cleveland, the Panamanian Government sent its representatives, Mr. Perino of the San Blas Development Corporation, very popular among the Indians, sent the S. S. "La Isla" to help the Government's transportation of the troops and after very long arguments and debates, using much diplomacy and above all much patience, the "Tules" gave up their arms, allowed the white people to land and order was established again.

The dream vanished, they came back to work and once more they are living under the paternal administration of the Republic of Panama.



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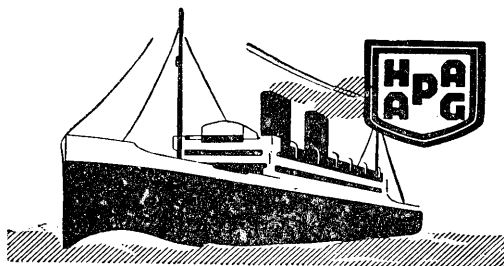
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The Steamship Lines and the Europeans

BESIDE the North and South American races, beside the Orientals, the West Indians and the Africans, Colon has a representation of nearly all of the nationalities of the old continent, that is the Spanish, English, French, German, Dutch and Italian nationalities.

Old and glorious Spain has a small but select colony on the Atlantic side, her representative being Consul Francisco Polanco. And among its richest and best reputed sons, the land of songs and romance has Mr. "Pepe" Padros, Don Luis Vila, Don Jose Arboix, owner of one of the most important novelty stores, Don Jose Cabeza, owner of the Imperial Hotel, the second hotel in town, Pinillos Hermanos, etc. A steamship line, the Compania Trasatlantica Española, connects the ex-Spanish dominions and ships run from Spain through the Canal to the Pacific coast.

* * *

The English colony is rather small, though the British Empire has quite some important interests on the Isthmus due to the fact that ninety per cent of the West Indians are British subjects. However the Chief representative of Great Britain is in Panama City, Colon being taken care of by His Majesty's Consul, Mr. Ford, a very capable man.

England is connected with Panama by several steamship lines like the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, managed by Mr. D. S. Webster, one of the most experienced and well known steamship men on the Isthmus who also manages the Pacific Steam Navigation Company in a beautiful building located in front of the customs gates.

These lines, carrying both freight and passengers, run

between Europe and the Pacific coasts of North and South America as well as between New York and the West Coast of South America.

Other English lines are the Furness-Withy whose agents are W. Andrews and Company, managed by Capt. Payne who also represents the Leyland Line, also flying the British flag.

The Elders and Fyffes runs also a very good passenger and freight service between Great Britain's ports and Colon, while the White Star's vessels cross the Canal on the way from England to New Zealand and Australia.

* * *

The French colony has very few representatives in Colon, though there are quite a number of colored French subjects from the French West Indies, Martinique and Guadeloupe. The white French population abandoned the Isthmus at the time of the De Lesseps' failure and did not want to come back.

Today, beside the French Consul, Monsieur Louis Koehler-Aubian, there are also prominent the members of the French Line which has charge of the movement of all of the steamships of France. The agent is Mr. Prudhon, known all over Latin America and is assisted in his work by Mr. Marty, Mr. H. Chardon, and Mr. Grengoire.

The French Line has a very artistic building in Roosevelt Avenue, near the Royal Mail Building.

The German colony which was rather large before the war has not many members now. The Hamburg Amerika Linie, managed by Mr. W. Scharpp, who is also the German Vice-Consul in Colon, and Mr. C. Jacob, former agent of the Kosmos Line, has recently resumed their service. Lately they move their offices in the H. A. P. A. G. building, constructed in 1914 and which will be entirely returned to them on February 1st 1929. The Hamburg Amerika Linie services include Europe, the Pacific Coast of Central, North and South America, also the West Indies and Atlantic ports of Central America, Colombia and Venezuela. Some of

ARBOIX
NOVELTIES

DRESSES and HATS
from PARIS

HAND EMBROIDERED LINENS
REAL SPANISH SHAWLS
ENGLISH LUGGAGE HAND BAGS

PARIS NOVELTIES

the Germans residing in Colon are devoting themselves to the export trade, like Messrs. Ullrich, Mr. Frankel, etc. Holland, the land of sailors and navigators, has also two Lines, the Royal Netherlands Steam Ship Co. and the Holland American Line. The first is managed by Mr. Oppermann in an attractive building on Roosevelt Avenue. This building, of concrete, is just now being moved from one side of the street to the other by one of these miracles of American engineering. The other line is managed by Mr. D. S. Webster in the building of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company. Holland has also quite a number of subjects in Colon, who migrated from the Dutch possession of Curacao in the West Indies.



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Cristobal to New Orleans via Puerto Castilla, Havana	Every Monday
Cristobal to New Orleans, direct	Every Wednesday
Cristobal to Port Limon, Costa Rica	Every Wednesday
Cristobal to Cartagena, Pto. Colombia & Santa Marta, Col.	Every Thursday
Cristobal to Boston via Port Limon and Kingston, Jamaica	Every Thursday

The American Lines

THE most important American organization in the steamship work on the Isthmus is certainly the United Fruit Company. This Line has the largest movement of ships of any one line, running to Colombia, Jamaica, Cuba, New Orleans, Honduras, Costa Rica, Boston and New York, controlling also the services of the Elders and Fyffes Ltd., to England and representing the East Asiatic Company to California and the Far East.

The management of this colossal enterprise was trusted in Colon to the youngest Division Manager of the United Fruit Co., Mr. Paul West, sportsman and business man who has well fulfilled the duties under his charge.. And his work is seconded by the very valuable help of men like Messrs. F. S. Lux, E. J. Daly, W. E. Adams, J. R. McMills, B. Ames, T. Owens, F. Pauling, A. Peacock, F. G. Cain, Passenger Agent, J. T. Gorin, Tourist Agent, O. Jacobs, A. C. Sasso, D. Sasso, Capt. Ellison, H. Bailey, A. F. Raymond, R. W. Hamilton, C. A. Wilson and S. Cohn.

In the blue of the Caribbean the vessels of the Great White Fleet speed through the waves like white seagulls in the blue of the sky and bring to the distant shores of these Latin countries the business fever of Wall Street, the elegance of Fifth Avenue, the gayety of Broadway.

Next to the United Fruit Company, the Grace Line is the most important. With its "Santa" ships bringing tourists and commercial travellers, their boats run through the Canal from New York and call at every port on the Pacific side as far as Chile. A powerful Corporation, formed by an Englishman, W. R. Grace, only a few years ago, and originally a British company, this firm started with a schooner running coastwise services on the Pacific coast; it now

owns Railroads, sugar mills, dozens of boats, scores of commercial export and import agencies all over the world and controls hundreds of millions of interests. And when their tourist ships come to town, as well as when the United Fruit cruises arrive, the city takes on a new aspect, new crowds fill the streets, invade the avenues, fight their way in every store and you will hear oachmen and chauffeurs, merchants, hindoos and Chinamen, drivers and guides call and warn each other: "Hoy hay turistas, hoy hay turistas!"

The Grace Line interests are handled here by the Panama Agencies, under Mr. Frank Rebstock, one of the most efficient and courteous steamship men of the Isthmus.

Other American Lines, though not so important to the traffic of the Isthmus, are the Panama Pacific, the Dollar Line, the Luckenbach, the I. M. M. etc.

The Peruvian Steamship Line is also represented here, under the able management of Mr. J. Chamot.

The Italian Colony

THE Italian colony forms a small but very select group of the best class of Italian people.

On Roosevelt Avenue, opposite the building of the Hamburg Amerika Line, an elegant construction in the Renaissance style serves as office to the Navigazione Generale Italiana, where all of the Italian steamship companies are represented with the exception of the Libera Triestina, whose agent is Mr. Landers in Cristobal. From the high tower surmounting the building, the Italian flag side by side with the American flag, flies to the wind every time a ship comes into the harbour.

This line, which runs from Italy to South America, with their steamers "Venezuela", "Napoli" and "Bologna", has won the sympathies of travellers and tourists for the precision of their schedule and for the service they give to passengers. In a very short time two new ships, the "Orazio" and the "Virgilio" of over 15,000 tons each will be added to this route. Their ports of call include Marseilles, Barcelona, Teneriffe, Venezuela, Trinidad, Barbados, Colombia, Panama, Ecuador, Peru and Chile.

The General Agent for Central America in Cristobal-Colon is Mr. Manfredo Pincherli, probably the best known man on the Isthmus. In more than thirty years of hard work, with his ability and intelligence, with his marvelous savoir-faire, Signor Manfredo Pincherli, a one hundred per cent gentleman, has maintained the prestige of Italy in South America, in Mexico, in Costa Rica, in Salvador, and for the last fifteen years in Panama where he has given a wonderful impulse to the Italian Lines. From a very small maritime trade he has made his Company one of the most important in the Canal traffic, bringing the importance of

his ships to a most prominent place. A man of excellent character, generous and good-hearted, ready to help and comfort everyone of his countrymen, Manfredo Pincherli is the real soul of "sunny Italy."

Strong and exceedingly active and agile, with thick white hair, though still young, he never tires of work. At his desk before seven in the morning he works very often until late at night and never leaves the office unless his work should call him abroad to Cuba, Venezuela, Colombia and Costa Rica where he is most popular in the best society. His popularity, his friendships, his wonderful education and culture are his best assets for his work and he is respected and held in high consideration by all American and Panamanian authorities.

His assistants are Mr. O. Heilbron, a Colombian who speaks Italian fluently and loves Italy like his own country, Mr. G. Bruni a very energetic and able young man who is acting Italian Consul in Colon, Commander Vanni, a very brilliant officer of the Italian Navy, quite an elegant and smart society leader, Mr. Pernigotti, the Chief Accountant and Mr. Gardini who is taking care of statistical and demographic works.

The offices of the Italian Lines are so well managed and the work so well arranged that persons entering the building would not think it a bureaucratic business organization, but would naturally consider it as a big family working happily together.

Among the Italian merchants, one of the most prominent is undoubtedly Dr. Joseph S. Perino, the organizer and one of the pioneers of the banana trade in the Canal Zone and the Atlantic coast of Panama, the man who with incomparable energy built the American Banana Corporation first and later the San Blas Development Corporation.

Today he is the President of the American Banana Company, a new and very successful concern, which has already established itself firmly in this land and in the

markets of California and Europe. Mr. J. S. Perino, born of a very distinguished family, started quite successfully in business in Buenos Aires, Argentina, and from there having moved to Panama, has now one of the best reputation as business man, owning quite large real estate holdings in Colon the best of which is his very charming villa at 9th and "K" streets where he lives with his charming American wife and where his life is cheered by the smile of two adorable babies.

Mr. Perino has associated with him as manager of the American Banana Co., Mr. Enrique Serventi, who is of a noble Roman family. Of a true explorer type, having travelled all over the world, he speaks many languages as fluently and idiomatically as his own. Cold, calm, even-tempered, he finds relaxation from work sailing around Limon Bay daily in his little sloop "Tule", or drifting idly along the Colon coast, thinking the slow, long thoughts of introspective youth.

On Front Street, between Calle 5 and 7, the famous automobile concern "FIAT" has recently opened its quarters. This concern is represented here by Mr. Gastone Tonelli, general agent for Central America, who, with his splendid business ability has been able to compete against the American and European production and export in this line. A very young man, deeply interested in his trade, he has proved to be the right man for this kind of work and the growing interest in Fiat cars on the Isthmus is due entirely to his efforts. The agent in Colon for the FIAT is Mr. E. Pucci, another very well known Italian resident of this city.

In the line of construction, the most experienced and capable architect is also an Italian, Mr. Angelo Papio, brother of the famous doctor and owner of various buildings in Colon and New Cristobal, who has built many notable edifices not only on the Isthmus, but also in Colombia, Costa Rica, etc.

Among Italian merchants another successful one is

young Mr. C. Casullo who in a very short time has acquired the best reputation as jeweller and watchmaker. His store in Front Street can be favorably compared to the best stores abroad.

Very near to his place there is an Italian best English suitings, haberdashers and tailors store, owned by R. Romano and Co., and patronized by the most exclusive people in Colon. The partners of this concern are Mr. R. Romano, Mr. Frasca and Mr. Forte.

In Front Street you can see an other important tailor shop, that of Mister Antonio Rosania.

The latest additions to the Italian colony have been Count Mella di Vercelli, Dr. Brechetti, and Dr. Bacchioni, three very pleasant gentlemen who emigrated to this land with large capital to invest in agricultural ventures.

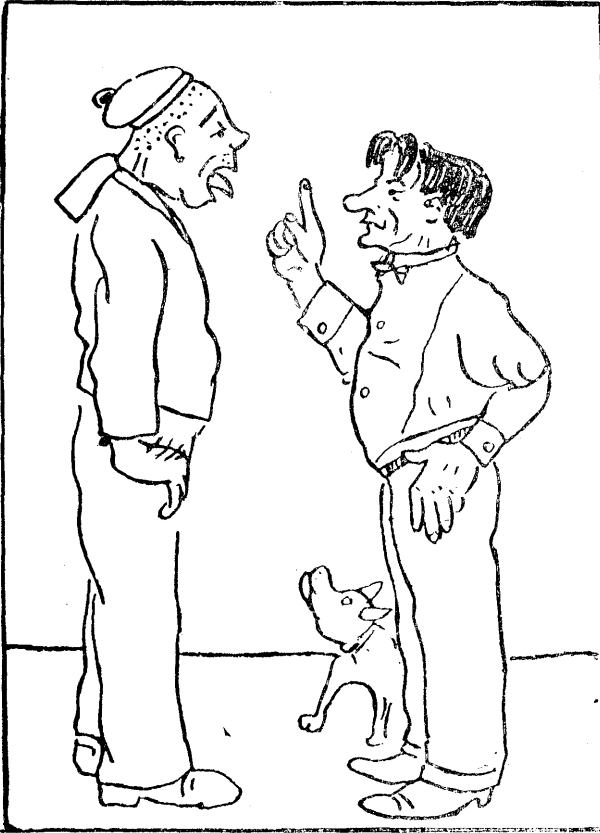
Italy is also responsible for one of the most admirable institutions, the School of Arts and trades of the Salesian Fathers. Though it is considered as a local institution it is in reality a purely Italian organization, led and managed by Italian padres. In 1903 in Panama, on lands generously donated by Mr. Espinosa, this religious order founded, with limited means, a school where boys were taught every different art and trade, from shoemaking to printing, from the melting of metals to mechanics, etc.

The school is directed by the padres—almost everyone of them being Italian—who are assisted by a few laymen. One hundred and fifty boys are at present working in the school and out of this number there are one hundred and ten whose expenses are defrayed by the Government, the rest being supported by the institution's own means, provided they be orphans and indigent.

The wonderful work of the Salesians was started by Father Antonio Russo from Castellamare di Stabbia and is now developing and growing under the careful direction of Padre Lunati from Alessandria, assisted by Padre Martelli, from Mantova, Padre Turcio from Honduras, Padre Mathana from Trento, Father Bondecchio from Trento and

Father Vai from Modena. The lay workers are Barbugli, Rocca and Cascante.

The young pupils are brought up with paternal care



and it is with a smile of gratitude and affection that they salute Father Hugo Lunati whenever this admirable pedagogue passes through the wards to supervise their work.

Major Rean, a most valiant officer of the "Alpini"

was transferred from Costa Rica to Panama as Italian Consul, and although he only stayed a few days in Colon, before taking up his official duties in Panama City, during that time he endeared himself to the entire colony. He is also very esteemed by the Colony at Panama, of which the philanthropic and illustrious Dr. P. Maria Rognoni is at the Head.

Among the medical profession the Italian colony of Colon may boast two of the best physicians in the Republic, Dr. Bertoli and Dr. Cav. M. Papio.

Dr. Bertoli, who with his brother has very large business interests in Panama, outside of his profession, is an excellent Doctor and on account of his ability he has been appointed to direct the Hospital Dispensary in Colon which is a branch of the Santo Tomas Hospital of Panama City.

A real patriot, he was one of the first to sail back to sunny Italy when the war cry aroused Europe and America. He left his home, his family and his interests to offer his life and his help to the country.

But among the whole Italian colony a notable figure is no doubt Cav. Dr. Michele Papio.

It would take an entire book to describe him. When we arrived we simply had to meet him, though our impression was that he would be one of the many professionals who emigrate from their countries and who from the hard struggle and strain of the American exile only strive to secure and save the most they can make.

We called on him in his cosy, cheerful little home on Front Street, an elegant building surmounted by a tower looking out over the immensity of the ocean. Dr. Papio welcomed us as if he had known us for years, gay, smiling, full of wit and humour. In two or three waiting rooms his clients, the most part of them North Americans, were waiting for a consultation. Two beautiful ladies, some officers and an old sick man who, not at all interested in our conversation, was reading a newspaper, moaning once in a while as though from internal pain. Others were waiting

too, Panamanians, sailors of different nationalities, and children.

From the waiting rooms we went to a private studio where the statue of Dante was standing triumphantly, where among a collection of artistic works from Italy we could admire a strange heap of souvenirs and relics of many different countries; stuffed animals of the tropics dried heads of Ecuadorian Indians, a beautiful library with books from every country, written in every language, and art objects on every side.

Dr. Papiro, lively and agile as a young lad, started a long conversation, then he rushed back to his laboratory to prepare some potion. He would see us for another instant, then again he would run to take a client to his cabinet. The next appearance would not last more than three minutes, he would take up his conversation from the point he left it and then in a jump he would go to the Ray-cure in the next room to regulate the lights. And we wondered how a man could have such a marvelous memory, such a wonderful resistance and power.

With the warm accent of southern Italy he told us about his life as a pioneer when he first came to Colon, his first battles, the gradual, long, weary gaining of his hundreds of clients. But when he spoke to us about Italy, as if he were there under the blue sky and the brilliant sun of Naples where he studied; when he spoke to us about the period of the war, excited, enthused, his voice trembling with emotion, we could not help admiring this man and shake his hand once more.

During the war he was our Consular Agent in Colon. He struggled against the enemy's propaganda, prepared the spirit of his countrymen for the fight with his ardent appeal, he urged Italy's sons to leave their families and their business to rush back to the call of their mother land, and he was very prominent in all loan drives, Italian, French and American.

With tears in his eyes he told us of the sad days of

Caporetto when it seemed that a black veil had covered our flags. Smiling and happy he told us of the great day of the victory, when from the tower of his building he flew the Italian flag to the breeze, while hundreds of people, Italian, Panamanian, American, English and French gathered in his home, the house of an Italian worker which in that moment represented glorious and victorious Italy.

Then again he would rush back to his clients. We could hear the voice of a woman, expressing her pain and the doctor's cheerful words which by some joke were giving her strength and faith. Then once more the voice of the woman, but this time it had a tone of satisfaction, a tone of gayety as if the mere presence of the doctor had a healing power.

This man, who has an enviable position among the scientists of Central America, is still like a child at heart, a generous and brave big boy. And though he resigned from his official position of Consul some years ago, the Italians are still calling on him, one and all. They call because they need his help, his paternal advice, his kind words. They call from the ships when they arrive, unknown and poor. They call because they know that his door is open to all of them, like the door of a fraternal hospital in their own land.

We could not refuse his invitation to dinner and when we sat at his table and tasted his real Italian food, we really thought we had not crossed the sea, but were still on the shore of the Mediteranean sea, under the blue sky of Naples.

It was one of the best hours spent in our lives, an hour of brilliant, varied conversation in which he spoke about philosophy, history, politics, art and sciences.

A collection of different dogs, barking and playing, were running around the house. They were Dr. Papio's tyrants, as are his tyrants all the weaklings who need his help.

When we left the house of Dr. Papio and walked

down Front street we met some Panamanian policemen, dressed in their khaki uniforms strolling gravely towards Bolivar Avenue. It seemed strange to us, this sight of foreign uniforms, for after the visit to Dr. Papio we expected to meet a patrol of "Bersaglieri" with their large hats and their feathers flying to the wind.

From the tower of Papio's building came the sounds of an Italian opera; it was Papio, who sitting at his piano, was playing Gioconda, evoking with its melodious notes the nostalgic and sentimental music of Italy.

* * *

In a very few lines we have given our impressions of the city of Colon and the people who are working and toiling in this tropical land.

Men and women from every nationality, born on distant shores, people who left their country, the luxuries of the big American and European cities, the cold climates of the North, the fertile and rich fields of France and Italy, to come over here and maintain the right of mankind to work and live.

These men and women may certainly have the desire, the wish, of returning to their native homes; they may feel homesick at night, when coming back from their work, and may dream of the skyscrapers of New York, rising like a challenge against the sky, dream of the sunrises from Rome's seven hills, dream of Paris' brilliant lights, smiling in a night of love, dream of the dark and foggy Thames with its bridges and towers, dream of their shacks and huts in Jamaica, or in Guadelope, their pagodas and gardens in Tokyo or Peking. They may have all dreams and desires, all these people of different languages, habits and religions, who are working and toiling on what once was the ill-famed island of Manzanillo. But they will also feel that here is where mankind devotes itself principally to work, here is where mankind won one of its greatest battles, where the two oceans are united by the hand of

Man, where the present generation is proud of its past and looking forward with hope and faith to a better and greater future.

Cristobal-Colon, April 1927.