

GRAPHIC STORY OF AFFAIRS IN PANAMA

A Gross Insult of \$10,000 Offered and Accepted by Colombia's General.

Some Inside History of the Peaceful Revolution—Soldiers Who Live on Ice Cream—A New Flag in Panama—The Shade in the Jungle an Invisible Horror.

By Frederic J. Haskin.

CITY of Panama, Dec. 18.—Altho there is a new flag in Panama, and the affairs of state are in new hands, life rolls on in its accustomed way. The bells in the old towers keep calling the faithful to prayer; long files of venders parade the narrow streets, eternally crying for sale their frugal wares; buzzards soar in the hot air, or hop under foot in their never ending search for offal; the same horde of quarrelling women crowd the market place to chatter, to barter, and to fight; polite men drink in the cafes and busy themselves with political plot and counterplot; and dusky senoritas lounge in cool patios, dreaming the dreams that southern maidens dream.

The south is always the south. Its idle, shiftless children play and parley their hours away, and the years bring little change for them. They are as aimless as the winds that play in the palms. It is no wonder. The word tropic sounds narcotic. It is so easy to sit and watch the drifting clouds and fall asleep as you look. It is of no use to resist. You may summon all your powers of will, but drowsiness touches you with its gentle finger, and you drift softly out on the sea of sleep.

The Birthplace of Revolution. It takes something about as exciting as a revolution to keep the inhabitants awake. It is said that intrigue breeds in every cafe. It really is exciting to

perature, an offer of \$5,000 was made to him if he would evacuate. He struck himself upon the breast, hissed thru his teeth, said a lot of things about his responsibility, the honor of his country and all that, then marched his soldiers up and down the street to show what a bad man he was. The insurgent leaders approached him again to inform him that, by hard skirmishing they had managed to raise \$5,000 more; that they would pay the steamship company \$2,000 for the transportation of his men, and give him the other \$3,000 to put in his pocket. They told him, further, that if he didn't accept their offer, they would chew him up and spit him out, and spend the \$10,000 in giving him the greatest funeral ever held in Panama.

This threat was rather ridiculous, considering the fact that he had 500

\$25,000 if he had held out for it. Of course the colonel is now a much trampled man thru the length and breadth of Colombia, but he did no more than his general would have done if the chance had been his; he did no more than the Colombian congressman tried to do when he held up the canal treaty. The gold got into an unexpected pocket, that was all. Colombia has had a great deal to say about the United States using force, but this narration of fact, coupled with the history of the whole negotiation, makes it very plain that the itching palms of the Colombian officers and politicians is what really lost her cause. She has, indeed, been the victim of weakness, but that weakness was her own.

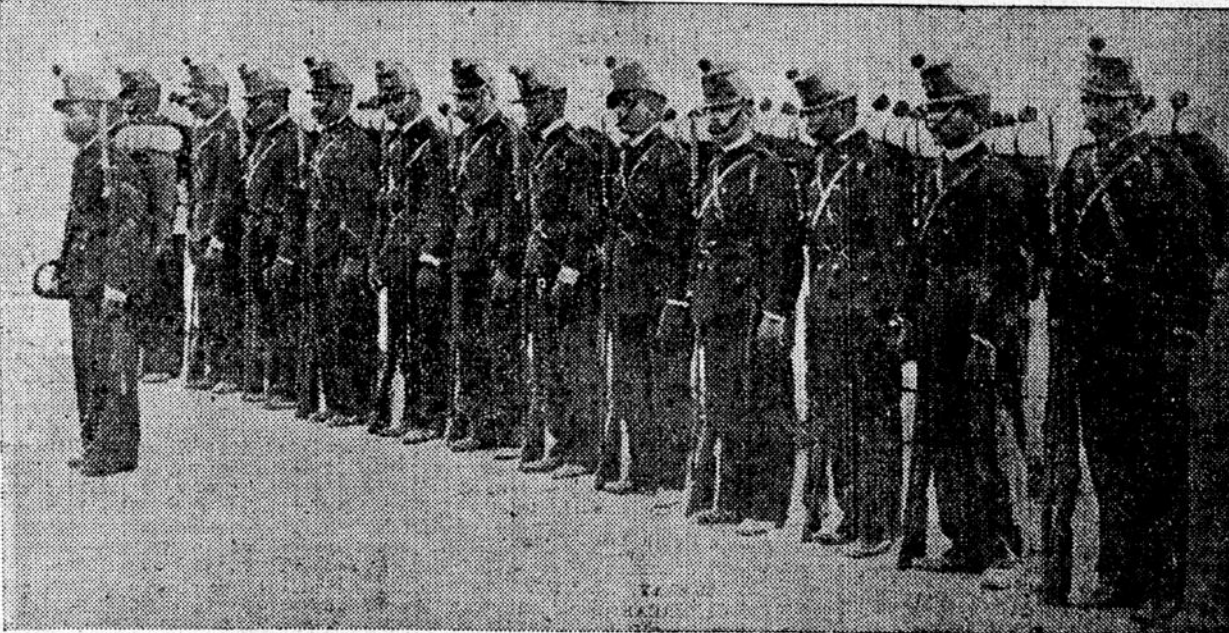
Soldiers Eat Ice Cream. The sweet tooth seems to flourish in a hot climate. Children gnawing at



A LITTLE INSURGENT.



A SCENE IN PANAMA.



"SOLDIERS WHO EAT ICE CREAM."

armed men, while the only force opposed to him was forty marines from the Nashville and forty volunteers. The colonel said he guessed he would quit. He took his bribe and made his inglorious retreat. The press dispatches at the time gave the number of the opposing forces, and there was considerable speculation thruout the United States over the withdrawal of the Colombian troops when there was so much at stake, and the force so numerically able to enforce its demands. I believe something was said about "inducing" the officers to withdraw. That \$10,000 was the "inducement."

For a few days there was considerable apprehension for the safety of Americans in Colon. There really was no danger so long as the rebels were rattling their gold pieces in Colonel Torres' ears. It will make him feel really bad when he learns that he might just as well have had

pieces of sugar cane is always a familiar sight in tropical lands. Sometimes they get little else to eat. On a former trip to the tropics I had in my employ a little black boy, by the name of Domingo who ran errands for me. Necessarily became quite familiar with the habits of my young assistant. I found that aside from sleeping a great deal, he was quite an eater. His blouse was his larder and he kept it well-stocked with eatables, mostly sweets. If he were disturbed while eating he would chuck the unfinished morsel, inside his shirt to await a more favorable opportunity to consume it. Domingo's tendency toward economy was commendable, even his idea of cleanliness was not praiseworthy. There was always a noticeable bulging in his blouse, and I frequently heard a rattling sound as he moved about. One day I said to him, "Domingo, what is that in your shirt which rattles so?" He replied,

"That's my ice cream dish, sir." It was a well battered tin cup, and after some fitching he brought forth a crooked, much abused, metal spoon. "For two cents I get this half full of cream, sir. It is very good. May I bring you some?" I did not avail myself of his generosity.

Domingo is a soldier now. The salary he gets for being a fighting man amounts to about 40 cents per day, American money, and he boards himself. This is a satisfactory arrangement to Domingo, because feeding himself is an old habit. He does not have to put up with whatever rations the head of the commissary department may see fit to issue. He still has his battered cup and crooked spoon, and he buys ice cream and cake as many times a day as the spirit moves him. His fellows do likewise. Around their camp there is a hovering swarm of

cream and cake. The Panama Railway steamer, City of Washington, which rendered such valuable service during the recent trouble, has been an actor in other stirring events. It was in Havana harbor when the Maine was blown up, and was anchored next to that ill-fated vessel. The Washington's small boats were the first to begin picking up the men from the water, and its crew saved many of their lives. Over a hundred women and children were kept on the Washington for two days and nights at Colon. They were given their meals and the best service the ship afforded, and no charges were made at all. After the trouble was over this boat brought the commissioners to New York, and later, took the treaty to Panama to be signed. When it was brought on board, Captain Jones was given a printed letter of instructions, in which it was stated that his charge concerned \$50,000,000 worth of interests. The valuable document was incased in a steel box made especially for it, and this box was contained in a stronger and larger steel safe. Two smaller steel boxes contained two keys, which were sealed with the seal of the United States. There was considerable red tape to be gone thru with in delivering the treaty to the proper authorities at Colon, because it was neither freight, baggage, mail nor express. It was one of those little jobs of Uncle Sam's that, as the saying goes, "had to be done just so."

Great Britain. It stands them well in hand, because it saves them from being pressed into service for military duty. It is to the credit of the English officials that they look after them in this respect, and prevent them from being imposed upon. If the pretenders to authority, or those who have frequently to defend their position, were allowed to round them up and force them to carry arms, they would not last long. The stampede referred to was caused by an accident. One of the volunteers, who was not used to handling firearms, while in the act of examining his weapon, allowed it to go off. The bullet went between his toes and it was all so sudden that he thought the enemy surely had him. He let out a yell and started to run. Several hundred negroes who were lounging in the vicinity, curiously waiting for developments, heard the shot and yell, and started a precipitate rush for safety. As they ran they spread the news and gathered recruits. The retreat of Britain's black brigade on that warm, warm morning was not a success from a standpoint of order, but deserves special mention as regards speed. Some of them are probably running yet.

The Shade in the Jungle. Panama has waited long to gain the center of the stage. It is as gray and worn as an old man. It has seen enough sorrow to make a thousand tragedies. Its green swamps is the lair of death, where fever, like a slinking thief, always lurks in hiding. Yellow Jack is an invisible horror. It advances with noiseless steps and clutches its victims with fleshless hand. Ever as it passes there are dead men and women. This shapeless, hiding thing, which strikes unseen, is the real defender of the bar that God laid down to mark the separation of the seas. If it is his supreme will that the waiting oceans blend their waters, he must make strong the arm that is preparing to strike the barrier away. He must guard the blow that will shatter the mountains by calling off the shade that stalks so ruthlessly thru the jungle.

Black Britain's Retreat. An incident occurred during the "bloodless insurrection" which caused a stampede among the black population. There are thousands of negroes on the isthmus who were brought here from Jamaica, and other islands of the West Indies, to work on the French canal. When that fantastic fizzle spent itself they were left "to root hog or die." Most of them are English subjects, and while they are a miserable, poverty stricken lot, their one pride is that they are subjects of



A DAUGHTER OF THE NEW REPUBLIC.

THE SUCCESSFUL BOY AIRSHIP INVENTORS ARE THE SONS OF BISHOP WRIGHT OF OHIO

Cincinnati Enquirer. Dayton, Ohio, Dec. 19.—Bishop Milton Wright of this city, a high ecclesiastic in the councils of the United Brethren church, received a telegram this week from his sons,

Wilbur and Orville Wright, who are at Kitty Hawk, N. C., experimenting with the aeroplane of their own make and regulated by devices of their own invention. The telegram says that they have

achieved gratifying success. "The Wright Flyer," as they call the machine, is a double-decked, curved aeroplane, driven by a small, but powerful gasoline motor, with aerial screw propellers.

The telegram says that the speed was at the rate of thirty-one miles an hour, meaning that they moved at the rate of ten miles an hour against a twenty-one-mile-an-hour wind.

What the Flyer Is. The "Wright Flyer" is distinctly a flying machine. It has no gas bag or balloon attachments of any kind, but is supported by a pair of aero-curves, or wings, having an area of 510 square feet. It measures a little more than 40 feet from tip to tip, and the extreme fore-and-aft dimension is about 20 feet. The weight, including the body of the aviator, is slightly over 700 pounds. The machine is driven by a pair of aerial screw propellers placed just behind the main wings. The power is supplied by a gasoline motor. It is of the four-cycle type and has four cylinders. The pistons are four inches in diameter and have a four-inch stroke. At the speed of 1,200 revolutions a minute the engine develops sixteen-horse power, with a consumption of a little less than ten pounds of gasoline per hour. The weight, including carburetter and fly-wheel, is 152 pounds. The wings, though apparently very light, have been tested to more than six times the regular load, and it is claimed for the entire structure that it is a practical machine, capable of withstanding the shock of repeated landings, and not a mere toy which must be entirely rebuilt after each flight. The invention is the joint work of the Wright brothers.

The Wright brothers have been engaged in the cycle business in this city for several years and have conducted experiments with their flying machine for the past four years in North Carolina, where they spent for a couple of months each winter, combining experimental work with pleasure. They have met with varied success and believe they will yet completely master the problem of aerial navigation.

Admirable Location. The Wright brothers selected Kitty Hawk on the North Carolina coast as a place to conduct their experiments, primarily because of the privacy it offered and because of the existence of a hill of sand just the right height and location from which to launch their invention. The sand hill referred to is known as Kill Devil Hill. It is over 100 feet high and perhaps the highest dune on the Atlantic seaboard. From one side it slopes gradually to its summit.

It was in the autumn of 1900 that they located there and began work on their flying machine. They fitted a workshop with tools and machinery

shipped to them from various parts of the country, but primarily from Dayton.

Their First Flight. One day in the autumn of 1901 the two brought a frail structure from their shop made of wings and tails and fins of a silken cloth. They carried this machine to the eastern slope of Kill Devil Hill. At the top of the hill the machine was placed in position and one of the boys stepped inside. The other one gave it a push off the hill summit. For a distance of 300 feet it glided like a bird and then settled slowly upon the ground. The natives were amazed and the inventors were jubilant.

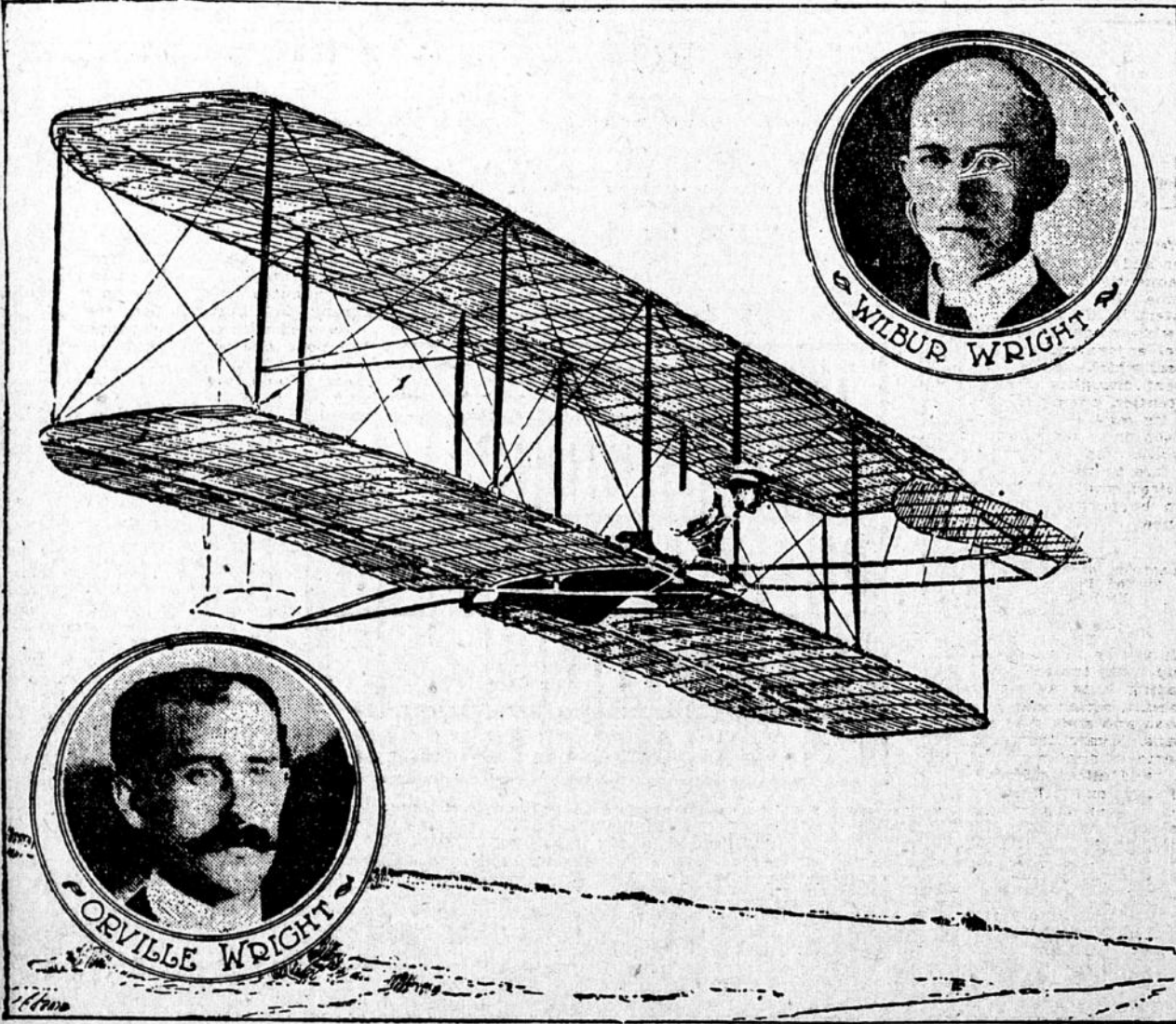
It was not a flying machine they were experimenting with then. It was

simply an aeroplane, or what was to be the body of the airship proper. The aeroplane was taken back to the shop and stored away and the inventors returned home. The next fall they appeared again, and after weeks of work brought forth another aeroplane, which, when launched from Kill Devil Hill, not only sustained the weight of its operator in midair, but sailed along with the wind for a distance of an eighth of a mile. Early in this fall they returned to Kitty Hawk and renewed their work. When they brought forth their invention this year a gasoline engine had been installed with it and the first really successful flight was made.

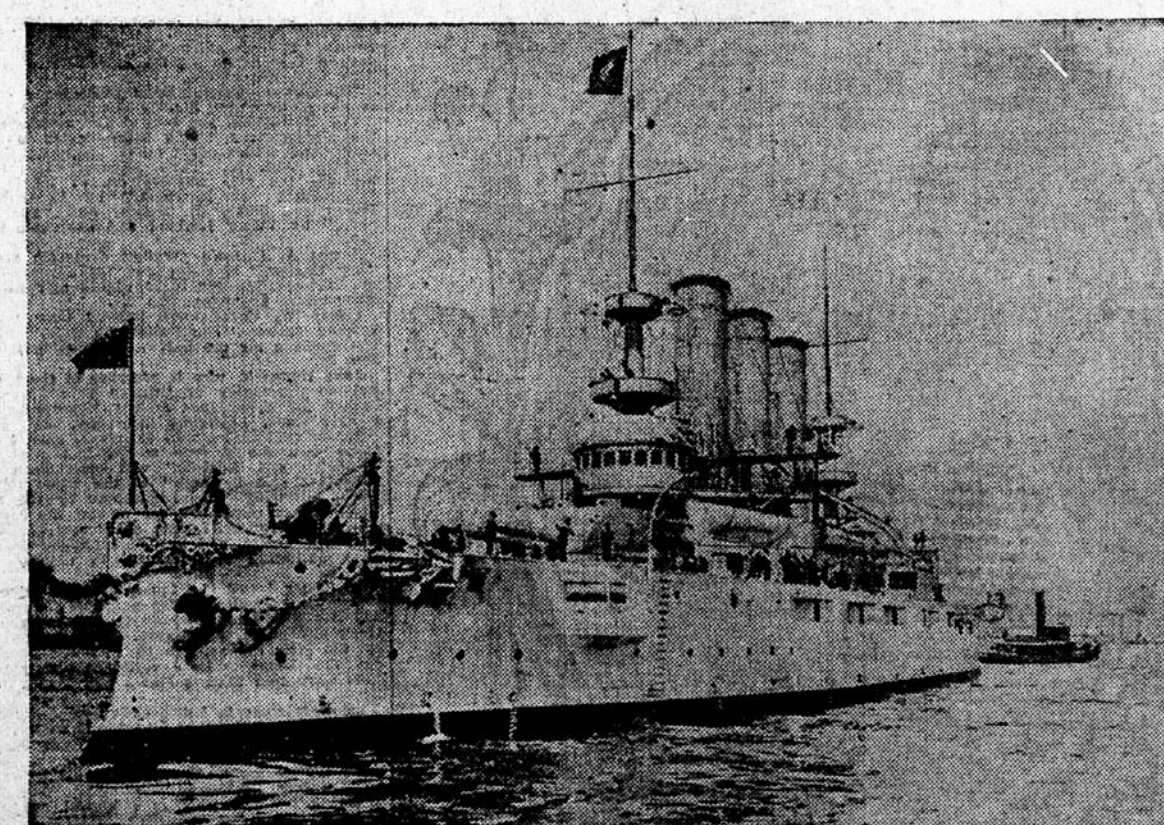
The brothers will offer their services and invention to the United States

government. It is understood. It has been further stated that the government has already been in communication with them and that when they return in January to Kitty Hawk, government officials will witness a trip of the aeroplane.

Morris Bailey, for thirty-eight years a practicing physician of Titusville, Pa., celebrated his 85th birthday recently in a novel manner. On his books were accounts uncollectible, extending over half a century of time, and amounting in the aggregate to about forty-two thousand dollars. These he consigned to the flames on his birthday. He has \$10,000 worth of accounts remaining, which he expects to "settle" in the same manner.



The best picture of the flying machine invented by the Wright brothers, formerly of Dayton, Ohio, and successfully tested on the coast of North Carolina. The inventors and builders, Wilbur and Orville Wright, are the sons of Bishop Wright, high in the councils of the United Brethren church. The machine is built on the lines of an ordinary kite, and flies on the birdlike principle of soaring. The propelling power is supplied by a small gasoline engine. The brothers have offered their machine and services to the United States government, and war department officials will probably witness a flight early in January, when the inventors will return to North Carolina, after spending the Christmas holidays in Dayton.



THE BATTLESHIP MAINE

That the Battleship Maine is foredoomed to disaster is shown, according to the superstitious sailor in the United States navy, by the latest mishap which has occurred to her. She is lying off Tompkinsville with four ugly cracks in the frames of her boilers. This is the third accident she has met with in two years.