

DOWN IN PANAMA

Unexplored Country of the San Blas Indians.

Mysterious Land Forbidden to White Men Peopled by Savage and Warlike Natives, Where No One Dares Go.

New York.—Looking for the smoking room, hombre? asked the comfortable looking old gentleman in the white linen tuxedo, according to Panama correspondent. The uncomfortable looking young man in white flannels shook his head.

"I'm looking for the way out," he replied. "This isn't Panama; it's Dupont Circle, Washington, D. C."

Within the 10th infantry band pounded out "Our Director," while bronze engineers, soldiers of fortune and once proud naval lieutenants begged pupils of the zone high school for half an extra. Estimate the distance between the awkward fourteen-year old and the local Mrs. Hawkbeak and you can figure out how far the young North American in white flannels found himself from the center of the stage he holds so firmly in musical comedy.

"Next time I come down here I'll bring a dress suit," he said.

"They always do, the second time," said the old gentleman soothingly. "Sit down and cool off. Ten years ago we danced in pajamas and watched the government revolve every twenty-four hours, but now we're nice and civilized."

"My son," added the gray haired isthmian, "I've heard that farewell romance and last frontier wish since before you were weaned. But there are plenty of last frontiers in this world that will last a good while and you're sitting on one of them right now."

"The country I mean lies partly in the republic of Panama, partly in the republic of Colombia, and doesn't give a damn for either of them. It begins within thirty miles of where we are sitting and runs for 400 miles or so down into South America. Just how far I can't tell you, for no white man has ever made the trip."

"Region too unhealthful?" "For our kind, yes. Full of little hot drafts from behind trees. And then word is passed out to your friends that the senior died of Chagres fever, with no witnesses to the contrary."

"But who does all this murdering?" "They call them the San Blas Indians. And I shouldn't call them murderers if I were you until I'd heard the whole story."

"When the Spaniards hit these parts in the old days it was hell for the natives. You needn't look any further than the wood cuts in any edition of Las Casas to learn that."

"The first governor of Panama, Pedrarias, too, stepping past that window with that pretty trained nurse from Ancon hospital—has a million murders to his discredit, and he and the other conquistadores wiped out every native tribe but one. This outfit living in a country that is Satan's pet nohouse and soon getting hold of smuggled firearms, managed to keep their independence. They are as free today as before Columbus came over and as exclusive as Tibet before Youngusband's expedition."

"Nobody knows how numerous they are, for the census taker has never called. In appearance they are stocky little chaps not much above five feet high, with big round heads and coarse black hair."

INDIAN YOUTH HAS TALENT

Priest Predicts Lad Some Day Will Be Famous Artist—Has Boy's Name Changed.

Spokane, Wash.—The Rev. Father E. de Rouge, who has charge of a Catholic mission at Omak creek, on the Colville reservation, in eastern Washington, predicts that Frank Wapato, fifteen years old, grandson of Chief John Wapato, will one day exhibit a canvas in the French academy. He says in a letter to Capt. John McA. Webster, Indian agent, that he has changed the youth's name to Pascal Sherman, for the reason that Wapato is Chinook for potato.

He is teaching the boy with a view to sending him abroad in a few years to finish his art studies under the foremost painters of the day. The boy is a native of Washington. His grandfather, now more than one hundred years of age, was one of the first friendly Indians to greet the early white settlers when they anchored their prairie schooners in the Colville country.

He was the potato king in those days and gathered many blankets, pouches of tobacco and other articles in trades with the white people. He was named Wapato John, or "Potato" John, which afterwards was twisted into John Wapato by federal officials.

Wolves Attack Horse.

Pierre, S. D.—Wolves, hungered by the scarcity of food, are becoming dangerous in the West River country. Johnson brothers, who live near Davison, in Butte county, had a full-grown horse pulled down by a pack in broad daylight in sight of their home. The wolves would only leave the carcass after several shots were fired.

The wolf pelts are valuable and there is a moderate state bounty, so that it is a frequent occurrence for a settler to add considerably to his annual income through this source.

STOLEN SHOES WERE 'LEFTS'

Berlin Robbers Return Booty to Owners Which Contains No "Rights."

Berlin.—A certain boot and shoe manufacturer in Berlin is accustomed to display in his shop windows boots and shoes for the left foot only, keeping the corresponding right boot of each pair in his stock rooms behind the shop. Arriving at his premises the other morning, he was disgusted to find that his windows had been broken and over 100 boots and shoes carried off. Police efforts to trace the thieves proved fruitless, and for several days the shoemaker ruefully contemplated his stock of odd right boots and shoes, for which the left foot fellows were missing. Finally, however, he received through the post a communication written in typical Berlin slang, of which the following is a translation:

"Dear Mr. Shoemaker: You will probably have noticed already that we allowed ourselves the pleasure of a visit to your shop windows. But the boots were all for the left foot. We were not aware that the people in your district were all left footed; presumably in the neighboring locality they are right footed. It must be delightful to see them dancing together. My two companions who made up our party did not wish to send your boots back to you, but I am a decent sort of chap, and I said: 'The man shall have his boots again.' Mr. Shoemaker, I am quite a respectable fellow, but I was short of small change, and that brought me upon the idea of paying you a visit. But now, Mr. Shoemaker, just you go up to the railway station and get your boots back from the luggage office. I am sending you the ticket along with this. You need not be afraid any longer; we've moved into quite another quarter of the town. Perhaps I will come and visit you some time later on. With best wishes for a good Christmas business, and kind regards, U."

On presenting the ticket at the railway station the shoemaker really did get his shoes back, and was so delighted at recovering his property that he stopped all further efforts to discover the thieves.

BENDER'S APPENDIX STOLEN

Carlisle (Pa.) Loses Tallyman Sacredly Preserved in Local Physician's Office.

Carlisle, Pa.—Ancient and historic Carlisle, the repository of treasured relics of bygone days, has suffered some time within the last six months the loss of a memento of its former greatness that is literally beyond valuation. Efforts to hush up the loss of what has been a venerated tallyman failed of their purpose today when it became known that the bottle containing the real appendix of Chief Albert Bender, pitcher for the Philadelphia Athletics, has been lost from the office of Dr. Americus R. Allen, where it had reposed—enshrined—in sanctity—for nearly a decade.

There can be no doubt that the Chief's appendix is gone, although Dr. Allen replied ambiguously to inquiries. Though the relic was second only in local interest to the old town pump, which was rooted out of existence for purely sanitary reasons, it may be said on the authority of Dr. Allen that there was not the slightest possible objection to the continued presence of the Chief's appendix on the part of Carlisle's board of health or any other nose-poking medical institution here. Carlisle's board of trade, the city council, officials of the Carlisle Indian school and the directors of the Hamilton Library and Museum association will confer with the object of offering a reward of suitable size for the return of the appendix in any presentable condition.

MASTERPIECE SOLD FOR \$10

Crucifix Worth \$125,000 Found at Spanish Rag Fair at Catalonia.

Madrid.—A beautiful carved ivory crucifix, which was purchased for the sum of \$10 at a rag fair in Rouss, Catalonia, 25 years ago, has been discovered to be one of the finest carvings of Leonardo da Vinci.

Ten years ago the purchaser left this crucifix with her other possessions to her daughter, wife of the deputy, Senor Mayner. No great value had ever been attached to the object, except as a souvenir, until some weeks ago, when a person who was visiting the house offered \$500 for it. Senora Mayner refused to part with the crucifix, and she also rejected a further offer of \$75,000 from an antiquarian who had heard of the incident and examined the crucifix. A third offer of \$125,000 is now said to have been received from an American collector.

GIVES HIS BODY TO SCIENCE

Dr. Button Wishes Nearest Medical Society to Get Corps—Killed Wife and Self.

Livingston, Mont.—A note left by Dr. C. E. Button, who shot and killed his wife and then drank poison and shot himself, was found here. The note requested that his body be for the nearest medical society for dissection. Dr. Button came to Montana from Chicago, where he formerly was assistant to Dr. Nichols Senn, the noted surgeon, who died in 1908.

Mrs. Button, who was a music teacher, is survived by a mother in Michigan.

JAIL IS PARADISE

Luxuries Enjoyed Where McNamaras Now Dwell.

San Quentin Is Like a Summer Resort—In Institution on San Francisco Bay Offenders Are Treated With Consideration.

Los Angeles, Cal.—Incarcerated in a prison de luxe, where the cells are carpeted, where they have access to a library, are allowed to roam on a breeze-swept island, granted the right to play basketball, swim, engage in athletics and promenade and smoke, James B. McNamara and J. J. McNamara, whose dynamiting operations cost twenty-one lives, are escaping the prison hardships like those of Sing Sing.

The San Quentin prison, in which they are serving their terms of life imprisonment and fifteen years, respectively, is the prison de luxe of the United States, if not of the world. By some it is called the "criminals' paradise" and likened more to a summer resort or country residence than a prison.

In this prison de luxe the inmates are confined in the cells but eleven hours a day. The rest of the time they are either making jute bags in the factory that is a part of the prison or playing baseball, swimming, reading under shade trees, while at the same time enjoying a smoke, or else roaming about the island and enjoying the view of passing steamships. In the evenings they are allowed to have a hand with which to read in their cells, and if they desire can cook a rabbit for themselves.

Hard work is unknown. The prisoners, numbering 1,800, including the McNamaras, are obliged to make so many jute bags between the hours of 7 in the morning and 5 o'clock in the evening. If they make the required number in less time they are allowed to spend the time they save in enjoying themselves on the prison grounds. Dozens of those imprisoned there, instead of awaiting with glee the hour of their freedom, witness its approach with misgivings, for they realize they will have to go forth to battle in a competition that will afford them few of the pleasures and luxuries common in the prison.

The "criminals' paradise" is officially designated the California state prison. It is maintained by California. The federal government sends prisoners there, but pays the state of California for their maintenance. The prison is situated at San Quentin, which projects out into San Francisco bay. It is reached by boat in an hour's ride from San Francisco.

Comedians and tragedians among the prisoners weekly give a theatrical performance; the prison band, consisting of sixty pieces and composed of the inmates, gives concerts; the baseball teams play for the championship of the prison league; the baseball experts battle for the championship in that line; the athletes of the cinder path, the hurdles, the hammer and the like regularly engage in competition. They have an extensive farm. They raise chickens and ducks.

REMEMBER DOGS IN WILLS

Notable Persons in England Who Have Provided for Life Comfort of Pets.

London.—In the wills of two aged women that have just been proved ample provision has been made for the comfortable maintenance of their pet dogs. Mrs. Mary Douglas of Keith Grove, Uxbridge, left \$2,500 to her coachman and his wife and a further sum of \$20 a week so that her dogs might be properly looked after during their lives, and Mrs. Elizabeth Trotter of Blackheath, left \$250 a year to her maid for the maintenance of her only pet dog.

The two wills, published almost simultaneously, recall that many provisions have been made lately for the care and comfort of dumb pets, but the dog, the chief "friend of man" among animals, stands highest of all. The Marquise de Vivans, who left an estate valued at \$160,000, left \$8,000, for the maintenance of her dogs and cattle, and Miss Elizabeth Hesketh left an annuity of about \$100 to provide for the keep and comfort of her little dog. The late Augustus John Cuthbert Hare of St. Leonards left his "little dog Nero" to his housekeeper, with an annuity of \$200, while a woman living at West Hampstead left her "little dog Cluny" to any one who will take care of it, and to such person an annuity of \$100 for its maintenance. The publication of this announcement resulted in scores of offers to take care of "little Cluny."

Has 6,000 Relatives.

Plainfield, Conn.—The golden wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Avery A. Stanton at Ekenik Hill, town of Sterling, was celebrated. Mr. Stanton, who was born in Preston seventy-nine years ago, is a direct descendant of Gen. Thomas Stanton, who came here from England in the early times and through the work of professional genealogists can directly trace more than 6,000 relatives.

Avery Stanton married Caroline Galtup, of Voluntown, December 1, fifty years ago. They have lived all the time in Sterling, where Mr. Stanton has held every office in the gift of his townsmen.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanton received hundreds of friends and many valuable presents.

MANY NOBLES ARE COMING

"Immigrants de Luxe" Will Enter Canada in Spring Seeking the "Simple Life."

London.—Canada is now waiting an "emigration de luxe," which is to take place this year. Several members of the British peerage are going to take up farming in Canada in the spring, and a large number of peers will make their annual tour of inspection of their Canadian estates.

The explanation of the titled exodus to Canada is due in part to modern legislation and in part to the fact that Canada affords freedom and natural life unobtainable in England. It is said:

Inquiry resulted in a long list of what are known as "gilt-edge settlers" and "emigrants de luxe" being discovered.

"There are enough titled persons living in Canada, or interested in the country, to open a house of peers of their own," said a leading railway official, "and with the duke of Connaught as governor general, we have all the material to go ahead and start a colonial kingdom."

"The duke and Duchess of Sutherland will take up their residence for the coming autumn in their bungalow at Brooks, Alberta. It is a cozy little weather-board house in the middle of their prairie holdings."

"Earl Grey keeps a hunting lodge in the Columbia Valley, B. C., and Lord Aberdeen owns one of the finest and most profitable fruit farms on the Pacific slope, the Coldstream estate."

"Lord Clanwilliam is a large landholder, and, with Hon. Edward Cole, is interested in the Saskatchewan Investment and Trust company, which owns the leading hotel at Saskatchewan. Both spend much time in Canada."

"Lord Hinlin is the landlord of a vast area of prairie and, British Columbia land and Lord Desborough is interested in the timber and lumber trade."

"Lord Sholto Douglas is, or was, until recently, fruit farming in British Columbia, and the earl of Stanhope frequently visits the Dominion."

GRAPEFUL FOR HEROIC RESCUE

Grateful British Thanks for Daring Work of Revenue Cutter Lieutenant.

Washington.—James Sprunt, British vice-consul at Wilmington, N. C., has written a letter of thanks for the rescue by the revenue cutter Itasca of thirty persons from the British steamer Thistler December 31. The steamer was wrecked on the treacherous Lookout shoals and twelve members of her crew owe their lives to the heroism of Lieut. Capt. Berry of the Itasca.

Says Mr. Sprunt in his letter to Capt. Berry of the Itasca: "The mariner's unwritten obligation to stand by a fellow seaman in distress commands the admiration and respect of all who love their fellow men."

"But where such deeds of kindness as yours in this case are manifest, we realize that one touch of nature makes the whole world kin and our hearts go out to you in gratefulness for your tender, loving kindness to these strangers on the sea."

Mr. Sprunt asked for a copy of the Itasca's official log to send to King George's government.

Details of the rescue were reported to the treasury department, in a little surf boat Lieutenant Covell volunteered to convey to the distressed steamer a motor lifeboat whose motor was not working properly.

This lifeboat, wallowing in the breakers, was completely disabled after it had got twelve persons aboard.

Although threatened with death by an angry sea, Lieutenant Covell managed to get a line to the lifeboat and struggled with her to the Itasca.

THINKS DOG IS REINCARNATED

Frederic Mistral, the Poet, Says He Believes His Pet Was a Roman Slave Owner.

Paris.—Frederic Mistral, the great poet of Provence, has revealed himself as a believer in metempsychosis. He has a dog which he believes to be a reincarnation of a Roman slave owner.

How the poet came to be converted to the Pythagorean theory by his dog, whose name is Barbohe, he related this week in a letter to the president of the Animal society, which had just awarded him a prize.

Mistral stated that, having found on one of his walks the fragment of an ancient Roman millstone, he threw it down in front of the dog, which immediately attempted to turn the stone with its paws. Every time Barbohe sees the Roman relic he gets into such a state trying to turn it that it has to be locked away.

Mistral declares that he now regards Barbohe as a mascot and attributes to the dog's benign influence the prize awarded to him.

Heart in Odd Feet. Los Angeles.—The unusual feat of a human heart traveling from the left side of the body to the right has been experienced by eleven-year-old Ernie Lampert. After several months the heart has started back.

Seek to Remove Age Limit. Chicago.—At a great meeting of middle-aged women it was determined to start an active campaign to remove the bar against women over forty-five years old, who seek employment.

MARRIAGE LAWS IN EUROPE

Obstacles Some Countries Put in the Way of Those Who Are Anxious to Wed.

London.—A blue book issued by the foreign office tells the British subject residing outside British territory how he may get married without returning to British soil. The book is intended primarily to point out the intricate marriage laws in foreign countries when one of the parties is an alien.

In Norway no clergyman may perform a marriage ceremony unless both parties prove that they have been vaccinated or have had smallpox. In the same country a guardian may retain his ward's goods and chattels if she should marry without his consent. Marriages between one of orthodox faith and a non-Christian are forbidden.

Parental consent is necessary to marriage in Russia, and if the prospective bridegroom has insulted his parents or grandparents or the bride's parents or grandparents their pardon must be obtained to make the marriage legal.

This rule of obtaining parental consent when the parties are minors obtains in nearly every country and in some of them the consent of grandparents is necessary. Divorce does not dissolve the matrimonial bond in most Latin countries.

Marriage laws sanctioned by the Byzantine emperors are still in force in Greece. There are many conditions that prohibit marriage there.

Practically any reason that would justify the belief that the marriage would be unhappy, such as riotous or immoral conduct on the part of one of the applicants for a license, is a bar to marriage in Peru, where marked disparity in class and social condition is recognized as an impediment.

Proved immorality and lack of sufficient means to support a wife serve as a bar in Austria. While a marriage between a Christian and a non-Christian is illegal in Austria, a change of faith after marriage in such cases does not validate the union.

PICKPOCKETS UP TO DATE

They Invent New Dodges as Old Tricks Grow Well Known—Street Cars Are Worked Mostly.

Cincinnati, O.—Even the pickpockets are keeping up with the quickest progress. A few years ago a good "dip" only thought it necessary to have a "stall" and a "tool" and to work the crowds in the good, old-fashioned conservative way. Nowadays they stage their performances as carefully as the film actors do. The rat-faced rascal who nips leathers is finding the competition of the new pick-pocket most distressing.

"Oh," a quietly dressed, pleasantly plump, motherly looking woman will cry out, "I've been robbed. Some one opened my bag and took my purse out of it."

It always happens on a street car. The substantial looking business man by her side will calm her.

"Don't worry, mother," he will beg, in a voice just audible to those nearest. "You didn't have much money in it, anyhow. I'll give you some just as soon as we get to the store."

The little colloquy has arrested the attention of the prospective victim. To him the man of the team will turn, with an air of good fellowship. A moment's conversation on the perils of the rail is sure to follow, and then the male pick-pocket will illustrate.

"I was robbed a few weeks ago," he will say. "Fortunately, I had very little money with me. But the operation was so neatly performed that I have been rather proud, even of the passive part that I played in it. A stranger got into conversation with me, lured against me—like this—and when I felt for my pocket my money was gone."

As he touches the victim lightly he "nips the leather" and a moment later "makes his getaway." The actual theft does not differ in method from that used by the commonest thief, but the manner in which the little act is staged and costumed shows something approaching genius.

TOWN HAS CRIME PRICE-LIST

Judge of Kansas City (Kan.) Frames Amounts of Fines for Minor Offenses.

Kansas City, Kan.—Persons desiring to commit any of the minor crimes in Kansas City, Kan., may now estimate the cost in advance.

A framed list of the commoner crimes and the penalties therefor has been placed in the office of the chief of police of this city.

The list follows: Letting a goat run in a public place, \$5; allowing cows to graze on parking, \$10; throwing chewing gum on sidewalks or in street cars, \$5; stealing a gate, \$10; pulling pickets off a fence, \$5; having a pig pen on the place, \$25; talking "sassy" to women in stores and other public places, \$25; porters talking in rude or ungentlemanly manner, \$10; running races on the street, \$25; kissing in parks (in secluded spots), \$10; allowing children in neighborhood garden, \$5; carrying a "bean shooter," \$10.

Policeman Was "Story Teller." Chicago.—Arrested, charged with starting a fire in an alley, a four-year-old "miscreant" told the sergeant the 300-pound policeman who made the pinch was "a big story-teller" and was released.

FOUND GOLD IN CALIFORNIA

Pennsylvania Man Was First to Discover Yellow Metal in Golden Gate State.

"It is not generally known," said a mineralogist, "that the discoverer of gold in California was a Pennsylvanian and at one time a resident of California. This distinguished pioneer lies buried in the soil of this state, almost forgotten. He was Gen. John A. Sutter, a Swiss, who emigrated to Philadelphia in 1834 and became a citizen of this commonwealth. His grave is in the Mennonite burying grounds at Lititz, Lancaster county, in which village he spent the last years of his life. General Sutter was born in 1803 in Baden, Germany, near the borders of Switzerland. Upon his arrival in this country he spent some time in this city, subsequently removing to the vicinity of Lititz, where, in the midst of relatives, he engaged in farming. Possessed of a roving nature, however, it was not long before he yearned to explore the great unknown land beyond the Rockies. After many privations he reached California some time in the early '40s and staked a claim. It was in the fall of '45, after a heavy rain, that, attracted by yellowish deposits in a small stream he made his great discovery of the precious metal. The news of his find spread rapidly, and the following spring the great rush from the east began. General Sutter amassed a considerable fortune through his gold diggings, but lost most of it through unfortunate speculations. He returned to Pennsylvania in 1871 and spent his declining years in retirement, living on the pension of \$250 a month voted him by the California legislature. He died June 19, 1889. Two of his pallbearers were Gens. John C. Fremont and Ambrose E. Burnside, who had been his friends in California.—Philadelphia Press.

AVIATORS ARE POORLY PAID

Even Best Flyers Get Small Remuneration for the Dangers They Face.

The popular supposition that aviation is a sort of Klondike where people can go and snatch up a fortune is decidedly mistaken. People read reports of big prizes won by aviators in contests and take for granted that if all goes to the flyers. That is wrong; with a few exceptions the flyers do not get the prizes they win. They are employed to fly by big concerns who pay them a salary, seldom exceeding \$75 per week, the usual arrangement being from \$25 to \$40 per week salary and \$50 per day when they fly at meets. This is true even where the very best American and foreign flyers are concerned, including such celebrities as Brookings, Beachey, Ely and others. Nor is the lot of the independent flyer any better. To keep up with the flyers of big concerns continuous improvement of their machines—which must, of course, always be of the very best—is necessary. What with the cost of the aeroplane, of running it, keeping it in good condition, salary of mechanic and general expenses, the prizes the aviator gets become rather small by the time the expenses are deducted. The fact that prizes are now given only to winners of contests makes the prospect none too attractive. Aviation does hold prizes for ambitious young men, but very few of the kind imagined by the outside public. In fact, there is a slough of despond awaiting the unwary who venture into aviation with no other intention than to make money quickly.—Metropolitan Magazine.

ANCIENT AND MODERN SAILORS.

In a group around a motion picture signboard near the Tribune building were two "jackies" from the fleet in the Hudson, who were about to move on when an old man took the arm of one and delivered a short talk which diverted attention from the lithographs and from the vendors. "In an old sailor," he said, "I was in the service before you were born. I was on a Mississippi gunboat, twice around the Horn on a sailer, down to Goo Hope on another from Liverpool to Australia from Frisco. Never on a steamer except the gunboat. We were sailors though," with the emphasis on the "sailors." "You boys are day laborers." "Guess that is right, pop," said one of the men, "but we're the kind they want now," and the linked arms and walked away, leaving the old man to tell how they "couldn't tie a knot" and do many things which came in the sailor's line "in the o' times."—New York Tribune.

MARRIAGE AT FIFTY.

An interesting and unusual estimate of the proper age for matrimony that advanced by Mrs. Vivian, heiress and founder of the National Society of the Daughters of California. The happiest and most successful marriage she says, are those between the man of 50 and the woman of 35. At that age of discretion, she claims, the man has become more mellow and tolerant, as well as more solvent. On the other hand she intimates that a girl of 15 is much harder to get along with than to get along without, and that the ought to be laws prohibiting people marrying before they are 30 years.—Success Magazine.

NO DOUBT ABOUT THAT.

"Come along downtown with me!" "But I have no money with me." "What's the difference? Two shops as cheaply as one."