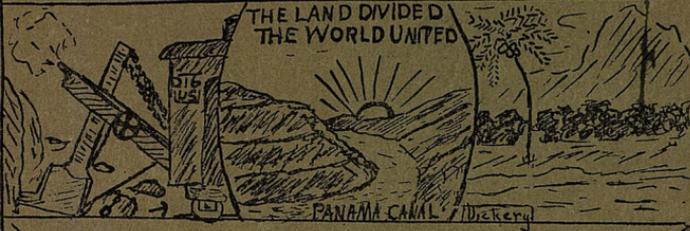


55

# THE ZONIAN



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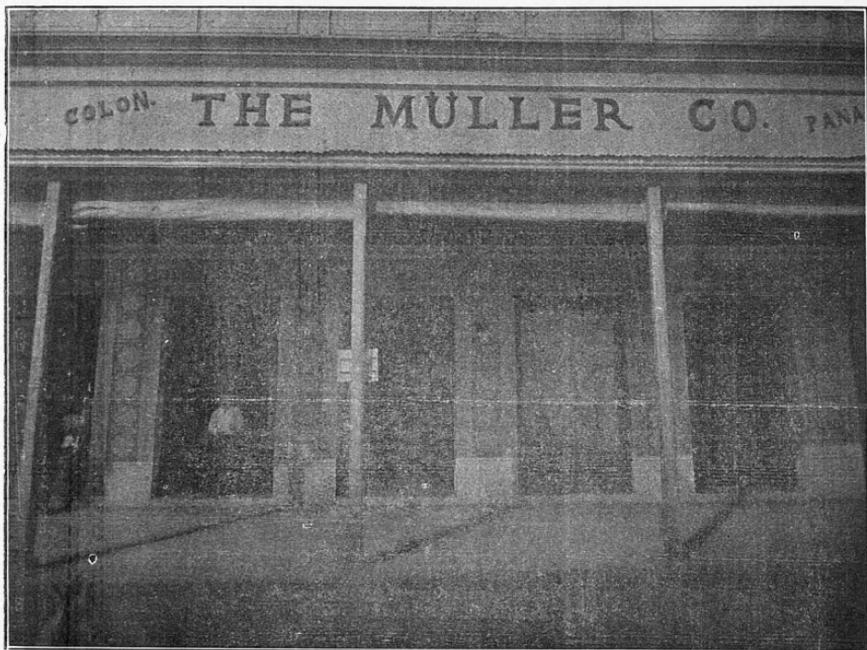


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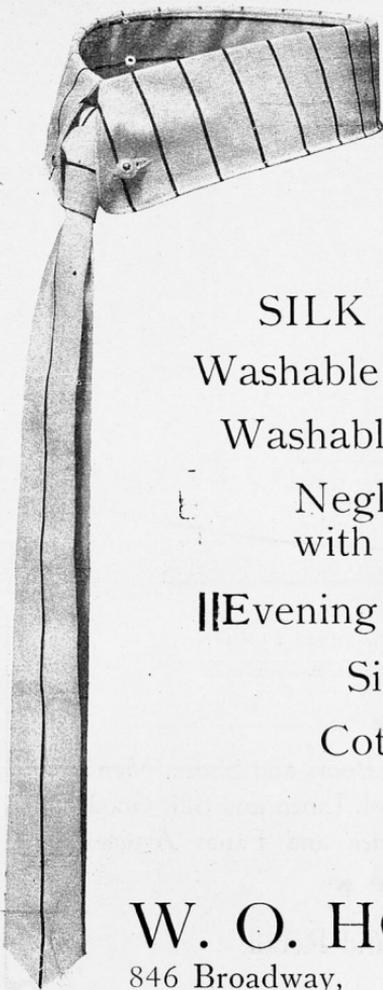


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# THE ZONIAN



*Published By*

CANAL ZONE HIGH SCHOOL

GATUN, PANAMA

JANUARY, 1911

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U. S. A.

# THE ZONIAN

VOL. II

CANAL ZONE HIGH SCHOOL, JANUARY 1911.

No. 1

## THE STAFF

MARGUERITE STEVENS, '11	Editor-In-Chief
ROBERT SOMMERVILLE, '12	Business Manager
CORNELIUS JADWIN, '13	Athletics

## CLASS EDITORS

MARIA ELISE JOHNSON	-	-	'11
MYRTLE LINDERSMITH	-	-	'12
EMMA STUBNER	-	-	'13
FAYE ALLEN	-	-	'14

## Volume II, No. 1.

By The Editor in Chief.

It is most fitting that this issue of the Zonian should be the first of a New Volume. The opening of the school year found us comfortably ensconced in our new building in Gatun—one of the best looking buildings in the Canal Zone, well equipped, light, roomy and cool. Being a bit nearer the center of things than the old high school at the Atlantic terminus, it has the added advantage of convenience for those students from "up the line." The establishing of a shuttle train service, which we are vain enough to think was done for the especial convenience of the high school, makes it easy for the Cristobal students to get to and from school sessions.

Now, instead of apologizing for any sins of omission we might commit in a noisy, stuffy building in tropical Cristobal, we can only say we are in position to do excellent work in our new location which is equally tropical but with the comfort that comes in the tropics from a constant breeze and quiet surroundings. The only drawback which still exists, and it is one which cannot be removed if we would have the advantages of a real high school in the Zone, is the long train ride which some of the students have to take daily. This has been partly remedied by the establishment of a branch of the high school at Ancon where the first year students from the Pacific side get their freshman work under Miss Daniels. From past experience with that thorough teacher, most

of us know that the said freshmen will be well prepared when they come down to Gatun as Sophomores next year.

We take this occasion to greet our faculty, all of whom are new this year except our principal, Mr. Carr, and Miss Daniels who is in charge of the Ancon freshmen. Last year we felt that, despite difficulties, we were doing a high standard of academic work. Now, we know we are, from the experience of last year students who went to the States this year to enter colleges and preparatory schools. In every instance they received full credit for work done in the Canal Zone High School.

Possibly the advantage of small classes helps to overcome the disadvantages we have to expect in our arrangement of schooling. At all events we are getting there when it comes to high school credits! The unsettled condition of things in the Canal Zone, a condition which means a transfer to another town, a vacation in the States or what not at most any time, is always a drawback to schooling here. However, in the high school, we have largely overcome this by our school spirit which makes school an important factor in all our plans.

If the consolidation of all the small high schools into one last year, marked a new era in the Zone schools, the new location at Gatun with its branch at Ancon certainly marks another era this year. It is indeed fitting that the first issue of the Zonian this year should be the initial number of Volume II.

### Social Life in the Zone.

María Elise Johnson, '11.

A great many people in the States—I might even say the majority—have an idea the Canal Zone contains a few Americans who are working stolidly on Canal, are crudely situated in a surrounding of semi-civilized natives and are without social relaxation, whatsoever. Such people seem to persist in this idea until they have some friend who comes to the Isthmus and tells them out of personal experiences that the conditions are very different.

It is hard for them to believe, even then, that there is really a social life for everybody, the school girls and boys as well as the "grown ups." Of course, during the winter months there is not so much social diversion for "school children", for we are hard at work then. Even the school year, however, is sprinkled with a few holidays, which, because they resemble our longer vacation in the summer, both socially and climatically, are seasons of much enjoyment for Zone school people.

But it is the summer season which brings us a good time we would not trade off to our cousins in the States even if that were possible. There is one entertainment after another—dinners, luncheons, parties, receptions, numerous excursions to places of interest such as Old Panama, Fort San Lorenzo, Porto Bello and Cruces. There are lovely roads for horse back riding, splendid grass and concrete tennis courts and some golf links. Bathing beaches on both the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans make possible glorious times in the surf at such places as Terre Point, Taboga, Las Sabanas and Colon Beach.

During the summer students from the largest colleges and universities in the States spend their vacations on the Zone. They prefer the Isthmus to the resorts and watering places in Uncle Sam's own land. There are nearly always several naval officers here as war ships of all countries are constantly stopping at Colon and Panama.

++++++

### A Soph's Dream.

Helen Calkins.

A Sophomore had a dream one night  
About Caesar's Gallic War.

He saw his old friend fight the fights  
He'd studied so hard before.

He went to battle with Caesar  
And rode behind on his horse  
When lo! A voice was heard to say  
"What's 'indirect discourse?'"

The obedient pupil raised his hand  
But Caesar had called together  
The chiefs of all the Latin classes  
To talk about the weather.

He was helping the Aedui carry grain,  
To Caesar in large sacks  
When a saucy flea awakened him  
Playing hopscotch on his back.

++++++

### Old French Machinery.

James Jervey.

There are millions of dollars worth of old machinery rusting away in the jungles of the Isthmus. This machinery was brought to the Isthmus by the French company that tried to build the Panama Canal in 1879. The chief engineer of this company was DeLesseps who built the Suez Canal. The company started work on the Panama Canal in 1880, but graft and fever put an end to their efforts. Probably they would have been successful if they had known about the yellow fever mosquito and if they had been more sanitary.

In 1893 there was an investigation in Paris that uncovered a large amount of graft. This investigation caused several suicides and DeLesseps, his son Charles and M. Eiffel, who built the Eiffel Tower, were sentenced to prison. DeLesseps was not put in prison because he was very old and the graft was more or less forced upon him. The other two had a great deal to do with the graft. The French abandoned the work, leaving all their locomotives, cars, cranes, excavators, dredges and practically everything.

The dredges were made in the United States but most of the machinery was made in Belgium and France. Some of the dredges are found back in the jungle on small lakes and rivers that happened to be in the line of the canal. It is known that the French carried the dredges in pieces inland and then put them together to work their way out to

the oceans on either side of the Isthmus. The locomotives, cars and cranes are piled up along the Panama Railroad. Most of these are so overgrown with shrubbery that one would hardly take them for machinery. The United States has made use of a number of cranes, locomotives and old ladder dredges. What the government has not been able to use on the canal, it has sold for scrap iron. The bronze medals that are given to all canal employees (on the gold pay roll) who have worked for a period of two years on the canal, are made out of brass and copper steam pipes on old engines. The United States paid the French forty millions of dollars for the machinery while the total sum that the French spent on the canal was two hundred and sixty three million dollars.

## Song of the Sophomores.

Corrine Browning.

(Note to Freshmen: Take this home and try it over on your graphophone.)

Do you think that you can beat us?

Do you think you're in the fight?

Do you think you can defeat us,

With our colors fair and bright?

There are others who have tried it

There are others who have failed,

If you think you can defeat us.

Why don't you try, why don't you try?

## From Gatun to Panama by Rail.

By CATHERINE FRANCIS

(The train ride of forty miles each way every school day which some of us take, gets rather tiresome, but the trip is not uninteresting after all. It is fascinating to one taking it for the first time.)

Looking out of the window on the right as the train leaves Gatun, one sees the massive cement structure and maze of construction which are to be Gatun locks and dam when completed. Then the train passes over Gatun Lake, a great artificial body in process of formation by the damming up of the Chagres river whose muddy course can still be discerned in the man-made lake. The tropical forest with trees quite tall and of wiry trunks, the whole overgrown with vegetation, can be seen on the hills which form the background for the lake.

The expanse of water ends and the trees come close to the tracks, among them an occasional hamlet peeping out, a village of one-room negro huts, built on blocks to keep out the water. We are now in the black swamp whose name does not convey the dismal gloom which pervades the place. The train slows down for the earth is soft and soggy. Trainmen and regular passengers alike, will be truly glad when the re-location of the Panama Railroad is ready for service and this bottomless swamp is no longer a part of the railroad right-of-way. The feeling of uncertainty which the swamp always brings is mingled with one of fascination. Here it is that the dense, wild undergrowth of the jungle comes almost inside the car. Its atmosphere permeates one. Every form of tropical growth that flourishes in the wet is seen. Clusters of mauve colored flowers peep out invitingly as though to lure one into the unsafe bogs and mire

of the swamp. Huge palms rise occasionally beside us while the plantain-like banana tree is ever present. Even wild sugar cane flourishes in an occasional cane-brake and among it a bird with notes like a pewee makes a lonesome noise.

There comes a clearing beside the river which is brightened by a few frame shacks with negroes on the porches. The roofs are palm thatched. The river makes its way through the glade with difficulty sluggishly carrying its brown, muddy water.

A long freight train with loaded dirt cars from the cut, bound for the dam at Gatun, rushes by to remind us that the most wideawake nation in the world is building a canal on the Isthmus. After this we lapse once more into our tropical jungle mood. Orchids hang heavily from the trees, their green leaves forming striking contrast to the dead foliage of the giant from which they are suspended in parasitic luxury. Even in this dense jungle there are negro or native huts at intervals.

Out of the tropical fastness the train sweeps past a cluster of white-washed frame huts and parallels the Chagres river which is very muddy at this point and has on its near bank a brick tower with an instrument called a fluvigraph to register the rise and fall of the turbulent stream hours before it gets on its wild rampage of high water. Again the jungle closes round with an occasional path leading into it which tempts one sorely. When the train slows down multicolored butterflies flit about from morning glory to blue mint or upon a yellow flower one sees sometimes.

We come suddenly out upon an American station with a picturesque mixture of native and

American settlements though the two kinds are rarely very close together. The negro hovels are set upon piles with their porches often decorated with the family's simple wash which incongruously shares the space with a sewing machine. The commission homes are here too, blue black in color, all of them, and with the typical overhanging roof and watershed. The station here is an old green painted one, much like some in the States. At each of these smaller stations, as a rule, the newer American buildings are on one side and the native and negro dwellings on the other.

We have reached the Tabernilla now and instead of the Charges river we see on our left the evidences of man's great work in the path of the canal. It sweeps on before us so that a stretch of the imagination gives us an idea of how it will look when the big task is done. Our train crosses the Chagres and ascends the wide valley. New life seems to permeate the car; we are once more in the atmosphere of "construction" which is ever present near the actual working on the canal. We are getting into the hills as is evidenced by the slopes on either side garbed with foliage and topped by palm trees. Sometimes the forest seems flat and the colors not very harmonious. Across the river, now on our left, lies an old French dredge, overgrown with weeds and half buried with sediment, a silent reminder of the colossal failure of former days.

And now we are at Gorgona, the largest place since we left Gatun. Its neat Commission houses adorn the tops and slopes of its hills. The railway station and commissary come close down to the tracks on the right while on the left rises a steep slope with the large Y. M. C. A. club house at its crest. Near Gorgona is a hill from which both oceans can be seen on a clear day.

Through more bits of somewhat tiresome jungle scenery interspersed with busy looking Zone towns we pass until the great Culebra Cut first appears at Bas Obispo. Here the side of the great cut looks like a massive stone wall. Looking down in the panorama of the "cut" which runs parallel with us, we can see the many steam shovels, drills and locomotives appearing only half their real size because of their distance in the bottom of the cut. There arises dust and smoke, the rattle and rumble of machinery, punctuated at times with the splitting roar of blasts as they tear into pieces the rocks of

which the hills are made.

Through Obispo, Natachin (Dead Chinaman) and Las Cascades we pass in rapid succession. Near Cascades can be seen piles of old French machinery while, forming a striking contrast to it, are the orderly round houses of the commission dirt train engines. Cascades is the "clearing house" for dirt trains in the elaborate system of hauling the dirt from the cut. From here to Empire a splendid road runs along-side the tracks.

Our first introduction to Empire is a string of native huts, then some stores, mostly Chinese, and a few two story houses, all of frame and generally dirty. They are generally stores below and lodging houses above. The quality and neatness of these improve as we near Empire, the Canal Zone town, and the station. From the car window a neat street with commissary, postoffice and attractive commission houses on either side leads its flat, level course to the base of the hill on which stands the Disbursing Office of the Zone and many pretty cottages. On our left rises most precipitously a hill which has the Central Division offices and other American homes on its slopes and crest.

It is only a short run from here to Culebra with its many cottages and commission houses and offices adorning the slopes of the big hill through which the cut is made. Here is the Administration Building and the home of the Chief Engineer. From here on into Panama, rolling hills decorated by scattering palms form the scenery. The ride grows more fascinating.

None of the time are we free from the rumble of machinery or the maze of construction which tells the story of a great work in progress. At Pedro Miguel we look down upon the first Pacific locks, with rising walls of concrete such as we left at Gatun. Far below us, along side the locks, are the tracks of the old Panama railroad for we have now left the old main line for the new re-location which is safely above the canal. At Miraflores are more locks.

We seem to have come out upon breathing space again and though we cannot see it yet, we begin to sense the nearness of the Pacific. Rolling hills with palm groves meet our eye on every side. Far on our right forest-girt mountains, surrounded by a blue haze, greet our eyes. We have passed through a concrete tunnel a quarter of a mile long and come out with only a short run into Panama city. Corozal is our last stop before we enter the chief city of the Republic.



THE ARGONAUTIC EXPEDITION

WHAT THE ANCIENT HISTORY STUDENT DREAMED.

## Moonlight in Colon.

Mildred Davis.

All Colon is sleeping quiet,  
Everything is calm and still;  
The silvery moon has risen  
O'er fair Marguerita's hill.

Lowly cabins are painted  
With the moonbeam's magic white,  
And all the town is hallowed  
With the glory of the night.

A breeze is gently blowing,  
Whispering secrets to the palms,  
And they in turn make answer  
With a rustle soft and calm.

The Caribbean lies silent,  
The surface blue and grand.  
And the beauty of the water  
Is in keeping with the land.

The moonlight on the water  
Makes a path of purest gold.  
The waves are softly murmuring  
Stories of the days of old.

\*\*\*\*\*

## Before and After.

New York, July 14, 1908.

Dear Mary:—

This letter is the bearer of sad news. Father has received his position in the Canal Zone and I am so blue about it. We leave July 18th and I am very sorry you are not in the city to see us off.

It seems dreadful to be going to Panama. Everybody says it's a wilderness, that there's only a few Americans there and that we'll die of yellow fever. And to think, Mary, the fashion books will always be a month late! I certainly wish we weren't going.

Do write me often for that will be the only comfort I have. Imagine me, if you can, living in a wilderness after sixteen years in New York.

I will write you from Panama.

Your friend,

Emma Stubner.

Gatun, C. Z., Dec. 6th. 1910.

Dear Mary:—

I do wish you were down here to spend the holiday season with us! It will be one round of festivities with parties, entertainments, athletic contests and what not. We are to start the merry Yule Tide season with a monster entertainment at the club house by the school children. While it's by the little folks, we older ones have our share in it and all the grown ups are interested, too.

And speaking of school children that reminds me that I want you to know what a dandy high school we have. We do work which measures up to the best standards in the States and at the same time have the things which make high school interesting. We have athletic teams, a school paper, school entertainments and most of all the things you boast of at home. The high school for all the Zone is here at Gatun and is delightfully located.

All of this reminds me that I wish to take back what I said two years ago about Panama being a wilderness. On the contrary, it is—but what's the use trying to tell you. You'll simply have to be here to appreciate it all.

Yours Truly,

Emma Stubner.

## FOUND IN SANTA'S MAIL

Hey there! Old Cris (Cris Kringle, I mean):—  
Please don't think I am a very selfish boy but I do want so many things,—some whistles, rattles without paint on them (the sanitary regulations are strict down here), a chu chu train, a drum, a pair of bones, any old thing that will make a noise.

The teachers want me to make a noise so I need those things badly. I have been a good little boy; some month real soon I am going to get A in school spirit.

Your own little,

Artie Vice.

Dear Santa:—

Please send me a lot of bandages and court plaster. I need them on account of my motor cycle. Also, all of us boys want you to send us a toy basket ball team so we can win a game from it.

Cornie J.

Most Worthy and Omnipotent Saint Nicholas:—

Toys are not made for Boston Boys so I want some nice story books like Gibben's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" and Milton's "Paradise Lost."

Sincerely,

Arthur Howard.

Dearest Santy:—

There has been an awful long time that I have been longing for a large green raincoat with lots of brass buttons. I know that you will bring it to me if you know how much I will need it next year to come back at night in the mist and rain from rehearsing our new school play. If my stocking is not large enough put it at the foot of my little cradle.

Your little boy,

Bobbie.

Dear Santa Claus:

I am a good boy and study very hard and as I have heard that you have such a wonderful supply of presents I am sure that you will put in my stocking a little present which I have been trying for a year to get. That is a bottle of little pills; each pill a geometry proposition and when taken before the lesson acts wonderfully on the brain.

Lots of love,

Dan.

Dear St. Nicholas:

I take my pen in hand to write you a few lines and to ask after your health, and please bring me an air ship and some blue socks and please arrange it with my papa for me to leave school and get me a job.

Billie William Bill.

Dear Santa:

Will you kindly put in my stockings a pair of arms so that I might get ahead of those other boys in the train when it comes to waving at Mamie.

Your little boy, Warrent.

Most Loving Santa Claus:

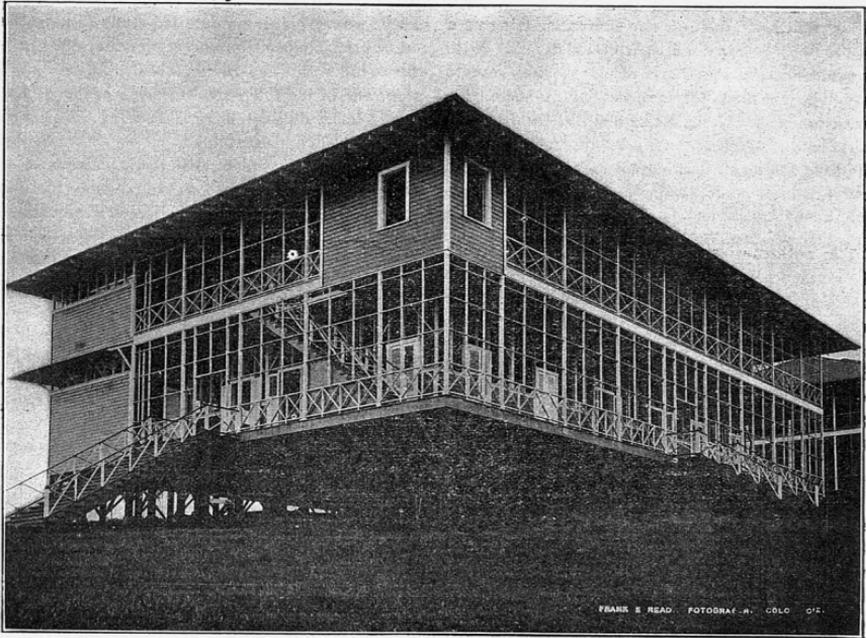
I am a very good boy and thinking that you might forget me I am writing you this letter to tell you that my little stocking will be waiting at the foot of my bed and I want you to put in it all that you can spare and a little more. Put the toys on the floor if you can find no other place and I will be careful not to walk on them.

Your loving little Sid.

Dear Santa:

I don't want very much, but I am just crazy for a pretty doll with light curly hair, blue eyes and rosy cheeks, also a little trunk with pretty clothes including a pink silk dress and hat; also a doll baby carriage and some toys made only for perfect little gentlemen.

Your good little boy John.



THE NEW BUILDING

## DEPARTMENT NOTES

### SCIENCE.

To the science course this year is added the great boon of a laboratory for work in Physics and Botany. This well equipped workshop is of value, also, to the course in Physical Geography, but that study is already amply facilitated by the wonderful natural laboratory around us. With two oceans, easy of access, marvelous cloud formations, all the interesting land forms with every kind of erosion except glacial, the Physical Geography student has little to wish for in the way of practical illustrations.

The Physics course attempts to show the main laws of the physical universe and their application.

With the greatest construction work of the ages going on around us, this viewpoint is more readily comprehended by the student here than elsewhere. Probably no community anywhere can show such variety of application of Physics as can the Canal Zone.

The course in Botany takes up the fundamentals of plant structure with the microscope but deals principally with the great economic value of some of the leading plant forms. The cocoanut palm stands in a foremost rank with all the plants of the world when it comes to economic value. Perhaps the most impressive thing to the travelers across

the Isthmus is the extensive growth of tropical plants that have right of way and are putting up a vigorous battle for their right of existence. With a memory of the abundance of plants we have to set out in our plans for conservation at home. This profusion of growth makes us feel like children in a fairy land. Much of our work will consist, during the dry season, in the identifying of plant forms new to us.

#### MATHEMATICS.

The Mathematics course this year begins with the elusive Algebraic "X" which the freshman meets on his first day and includes an acquaintance with certain sines, tangents and secants which haunt the dreams of sedate seniors. The course for the four years includes a year and a half of Algebra, a year of Plane Geometry, a semester in Solid Geometry, and, this year, a course in Trigonometry for Seniors.

#### HISTORY.

The History course includes a year of Ancient history for Sophomores, a year of Medieval and Modern History for Juniors and a year of English history for Seniors. The last half of the freshman year is devoted to a study of Civil Government. Instead of being a handicap, the absence from local government forms is an advantage down here. All sections of the country are represented so the New Englander talks entertainingly of his "town" meeting while the Westerner recounts the advantages of his county and township system, laid off in neat squares by government survey.

Maps, charts and reports form no small part of the work in history.

#### ENGLISH.

Last year the English work was greatly handicapped by the late consolidation of the high school and the lack of uniformity of the previous work of the students. But this year, with last year's work as a basis we are working out a regular outline and hope by the end of their course to have inspired the children with a love and appreciation for the classics, which will make them desirous of reading all of the great works of literature both in school and out. To gain the love of good literature we must be able to express our thoughts clearly, to think logically and to know the good elements of writing from the bad. This can only be accomplished by

writing and to write we must know technical forms. These we are gaining a detailed study of narration, description, exposition and argumentation. In the first year we are making a careful study of narration, and of the following classics—Ivanhoe, Lady of the Lake, Julius Caesar, Vision of Sir Launfal and "Sohrab and Rustum."

The second year of English work consists of the study of description of all kinds and the best methods of writing good descriptions. A study of Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*, *Vicar of Wakefield*, *Silas Marner*, *Merchant of Venice* and *Irvings Life of Goldsmith* will be the work in literature for the year.

Third year. In this course we will study exposition primarily, but some little time will be spent on argumentation. The classics will be—*Macbeth*, *Milton's Minor Poems*, *Macauley's Life of Milton*, *Burki's Speech on Conciliation*.

English 4 The seniors are studying English Literature, Mr. Lang's book as the text and reading—*Boewulf Chaucers Prologue to the Canterbury Tales*, *Spencer's Faerie Queen*, *Shakespeare's Hamlet and Lear*, *Bacon's Essays*, *Miltons Paradise Lost*, *Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress*.

Addison's *Sir Roger de Coverly Papers* besides a rather cursory study of English poetry from the thirteenth century to the present time.

#### LANGUAGE.

In the Department of Language, four courses are offered, four years of Latin, two years of German, two of French and two of Spanish.

Owing to the advantages which are generally admitted to result from the study of Latin, this language is required of all Freshmen. Latin strengthens the memory, develops the reasoning faculty and the power of discrimination. In addition to this mental discipline, the study of Latin gives one the ability to acquire rapidly the modern languages, especially the Romanic which is so closely related to the Latin. Then also, it insures a greater ease in acquiring a scientific vocabulary.

Although these advantages justify the study of Latin, yet the first aim of any teacher of the classics should be to give his students the ability to read the Roman masterpieces and that, with appreciation. As some one has said, "The student should have constantly presented to him the dictum

of Ritschl," Lesen viel lesen, mehr lesen."

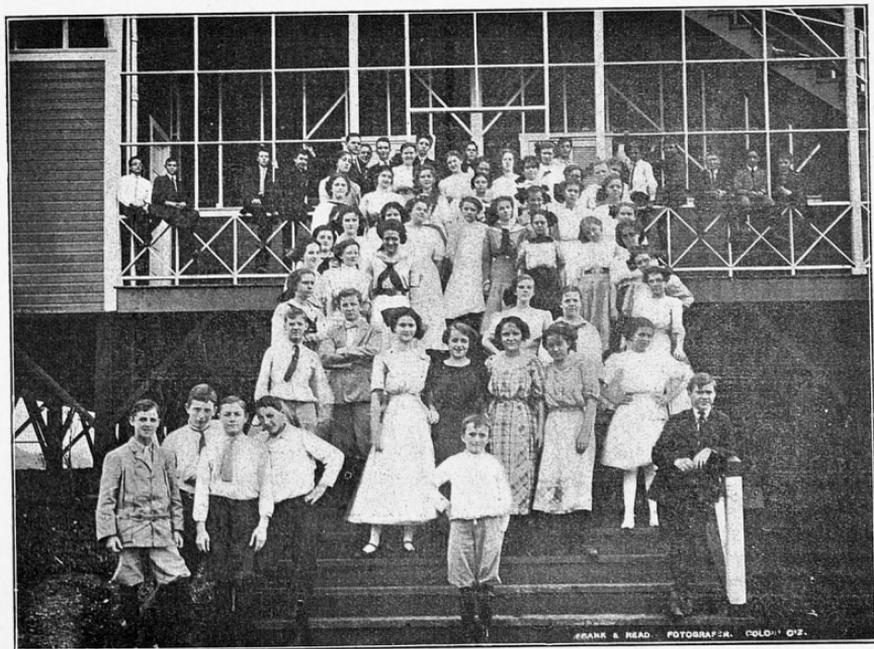
The youthful Heine said that the reason the Romans conquered the world was because they didn't have to learn Latin. Heine evidently had the same feeling of one who said that boys and girls should not know what is before them when they begin the study of Latin, for only the sublime courage of ignorance could sustain them through the task. Now there is no reason why one should not develop the ability to read the classics with a certain degree of ease. We have as proof of this, the English and German boys who, after four or five years of the study of Latin, read the simpler classics at sight

and surely the American boy can do as much.

The second year's work includes four books of Caesar's Gallic War and Prose Composition based on the same. The third year, six orations of Cicero and Prose Composition. The fourth year, six books of Virgil's Aeneid.

In the German course, the first year is spent in the thorough study of the Grammar together with easy reading. In the second year, more advanced reading and Prose composition make up the course.

In the French and Spanish courses, the work is along the same line as that of the German with as much conversation introduced as possible.



A GROWD ON THE STEPS.

# ATHLETICS

With the exception of one member, the basketball team of last year is in the States, the former members attending schools and colleges there, no doubt playing on basket ball squads in their respective places. Undaunted by this loss, the Athletic Association reorganized this year, electing Cornelius Jadwin president and laying plans for a new team. An arrangement between the Division of Schools and Y. M. C. A. has enabled the boys to use the Gatun gymnasium two mornings in the week while the girls have access to the floor one morning a week.

The lack of a suitable place in hilly Gatun for a baseball diamond has forced the boys to devote their sole attention in athletics to basketball. Later on, however, track work is to be the order and indoor baseball may be played. Mr. Carr has been coaching the boys in basketball while the girls have been under Miss Hawley.

The scholarship requirement regarding the eligibility of members still holds good so that some months it has been hard to get out a full squad—a condition which may be remedied by hard study in January and February. Games are scheduled with the Panamanian University, and several of the Junior Y. M. C. A. teams.

The Sophomores defeated the freshmen in December after a hard tussle, although they gave the first year a handicap of ten points. On December 22nd, the high school team, which was seriously crippled by the absence of three regular men, lost to the strong Working Boys' team of Cristobal Y. M. C. A. We are going to beat them with the regular team later on.

A dozen girls turn out regularly for athletics. They have played some basketball and are organizing an indoor baseball team.

## News from Former Students

Students and faculty of the high school have been gratified more than once this year by news from former students, now in the States, to the effect that they have received full credit for work done in the C. Z. H. S. Thorndyke Seville, who formerly attended the Canal Zone schools is a freshman in Harvard, having passed his entrance examinations without difficulty. Miss Charlotte Jadwin is in Wheaton Academy. Albert Smith and Franklin Johnson, two former basketball players on the high school team, are likely to try out this winter on the teams in their respective schools Mercersburg Academy in Pennsylvania and Washington High in Portland, Ore. Carl Naylor, another member of the basketball team, is in Shortridge High in Indianapolis. Miss May Johnson is a senior at Washington H. S. in Portland, and Miss

Annabelle Burk is attending the Academy at Champaign, Ill.

Good news of others who have gone to the States has also been received. As proof that the C. Z. H. S. receives well prepared freshmen from the 8th grades over the Zone, Miss Louise Watson of the 8th grade at Empire, passed the best entrance examination that had been passed in several years in the high school which she entered in Washington, D. C. Bits of news from two former students, may be of interest:

Indianapolis, Indiana, Dec. 6, 1910.

Dear Mr. Carr:—

I am sorry I did not get to see you in Indianapolis this fall. How is the old high school? Did they change the location of the building? I hope the school is still progressing nicely. Give my best to the teachers who taught while I was there and to the old pupils.

I entered Shortridge in September and received all my credits. I still play basketball and am forward on one of the teams. Are you going to pub-

lish another paper this year? We publish a daily paper of four pages—The Echo.

Hoping to hear from you many times, I am

Yours Truly,  
Carl Naylor.

Portland Oregon, Nov. 20th. 1910.

Dear Mr. Carr:—

I received the pins the other day and they are fine, aren't they, even if they were late. We made a fine trip up, stopped at all the Central American ports and two in Mexico. We stayed a week in Frisco but did not enjoy it much as it was so cold and windy. It had a Chicago day in March beat forty ways.

We all, May, Victor and myself started to the Washington high school on September 12th. May made her senior year and I my junior all right

and Victor is a freshman. We are all doing fine. There are three high schools in Portland and these three together with Portland Academy, Columbia University and Vancouver High have formed a league for all kinds of sport. Washington has won the last three football championships and stands a good chance to win this one.

Basketball practice starts next week and then I will see what I can do. I have been practicing in the Y. M. C. A. so am in good condition. I will likely try for the team.

With best regards,

Franklin Johnson.

Another student of last year, John Bergin, is in school in New Mexico and is doing the equivalent of Sophomore work, which from his high scholarship last year as first year student we all know he can ably do.

## The Wanderings of a Junior

MYRTLE LINDERSMITH '12

A drowsy Junior lay in a snow white bed in the hospital with a temperature of one hundred six and four fifths. The ward doctor said he was in a rather bad condition and would have to quit school. Of course he resented this, especially since it was the C. Z. H. S. and, now, just when he had made such a good impression on the teacher in—Oh, how his knees ached and how ever did he become cramped into such a small space?

Tragedies! He felt himself falling—down—falling down and crash! The rickety old wheel barrow had collapsed and sent him sprawling in the street. He muttered something in French for not realizing such would happen when it was only words in composition. As he lay there enjoying the ease of plenty of space, his thoughts turned to Physics. If density was equal to the number of pounds to one cubic foot, he reasoned that some people must be awfully dense. Such was the case with him he confessed, thinking of attic bees in the history of Greece, swarming in a garret.

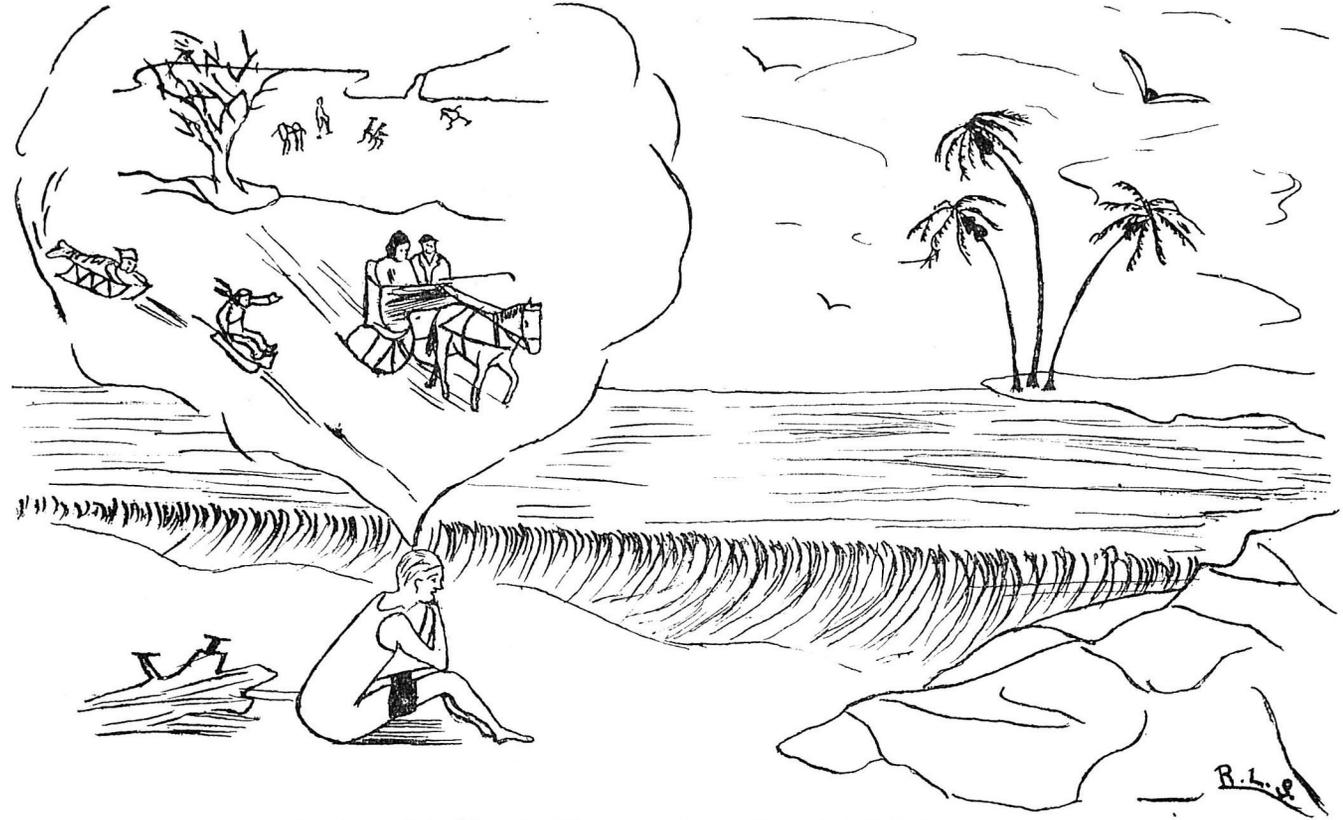
His density refused to move when he spied a team approaching, the which stopped and President

Taft piled out, who had been on his way to a reception in Paradise. With gruff directions from a fellow—who wore a long white apron without sleeves and tied in the back—to save the pieces, one took him by the toes and the other by the hair. Either thinking of his report card or deceived by his own eyes, he imagined he saw a red cross and was enroute to what he understood to be a Red Cross Ambulance. He jumped at the conclusion that that short-in-the-grain professional had been a "medico," so well known in the Canal Zone Dispensaries.

He landed in a right angle and when he recovered himself, he found himself in the company of the "Ne'er Do Well" who gave him a look better suited for a "No-speake-de-Engles" policeman.

The driver cracked his whip and they lunged forward. Dizzy, was he? Only upset and feeling like an inscribed merry go round.

Surely this was not solid earth beneath them. It felt more like the water of the Carribbean. Another lunge and—Ah, now he knows. They are traveling through the air at a terrific space and this is a brake! Is he dreaming or has he lost his senses at last? No, for there is a row of khaki



WINTER IN PANAMA

covered seats on each side a driver up in front, wearing a blue suit, dotted with silver buttons, some of which are lost and a silver plate on the peak of his cap engraved in a handsome word in Latin. At this discovery a sense of pride swelled in his bosom, such as he had experienced before, after having finished a difficult quadratic in algebra.

Just at that instant the driver turned around and said, "If there's anybody absent, hold up your hand," and the hand of "Ne'er Do Well" flew up with a flourish. The Junior breathed a sigh of thanksgiving at this.

For the first time he noticed the horses, which were beautiful white winged mules, which drew the endeared chariot over cotton clouds or swooped down between them. Their harness was solid brass studded with diamonds similar to those found in Culebra Cut, and white plumes waved at their ears which had been imported from the Ancon chicken yards.

For some reason or other everything began to grow pink, the air rosy and the driver's suit turned purple. "It must be Mother Earth," he surmised, "burning back there to a cinder," and rays of fire gleamed behind and shot up in the third time motion. Then his thoughts turned to home and the friends that would perish. Bitterly he recalled Edwin who was to be a nurse; Jimmie Seizer, a general and establish a world wide empire; the shepherd of Angles—angles—that every evening at the usual hour told his tale; and Orphalia of Troy that

could make a mountain move with her singing and music of the strings. But he ought to be thankful he were not one of them, so hence, loathed Melancholy. He turned his head and saw faces in the stars that formed the constellation of Pauline. They recognized him and called out, "Get a cake of soap! Just covered with cinders! Is it on straight?" Before he could utter a sound, a hoarse voice blurted out, "Close your windows," and his ears caught a strain of a song, in which he recognized the voices of the Freshmen singing:

"Scotland's burning, Scotland's burning

Look out! Look out!

Fire! Fire! Fire!

The brake struck something hard just as the song ended and the mystified third year looked out to see that they were on top of Ancon hill. It was still very bright and he could see that they were in a grove of banana palms, rare specimens in the science of tropical botany, resembling palms but bearing bananas instead of coconuts. At the base of the hill he could distinguish the little town of Frijelos, noted for its sale of that fruit and on the other side, he beheld—not that burning earth—but the full moon rising in all her glory over the Hotel Tiveli and throwing her beams in silver tints over the earth.

He was dazzled for an instant and closed his eyes which only fluttered when he tried to open them. When at last he succeeded he was blinded by an electric light glaring into his face. Two nurses were leaning over him, one holding him fast and the other counting his pulse. A doctor, standing by, calmly gazed on and growled, "Seventy five more grains of liquid quinine and soft diet."

## A PROPHECY

JEAN JERVEY

Seated one night by my fire I was reading a faded copy of the Zonian. As I turned the yellow pages each familiar name brought a host of memories to my lonely mind and a great longing came into my heart to know something of the school mates of the Canal Zone High School. Coming as we did, from all parts of our great country, after our school days we had scattered far and wide across the land.

Suddenly my light went out, leaving me in utter darkness. A great dread seized me: my heart stood

still and my blood froze in my veins; a ghostly presence which filled the whole room seemed choking me, my very breath ceased to come!

After what seemed hours, a faint glow began to glimmer in the inky silence, growing brighter and brighter till all the room was alight. From the farther side a bent old man, clad in flowing robe, approached me. I tried to cry out, but my voice stuck in my throat.

"Be not afraid," said he. "I come but to grant your wish. Follow me."

Compelled by some mysterious force, I arose and followed my ghostly visitor up flights of stairs and winding passages, twisting and turning, mounting higher and higher until we reached the roof, far above the sleeping city.

Here the old man turned to me, placing a great brass telescope within my trembling hand, and saying:

"If you look through this magic glass, all your friends will appear before you."

He vanished.

I raised the telescope to my eye and it turned slowly in the direction of the city, pausing before a great office building, across the front of which was the sign: "Stubner, Suffragette Publisher." At the same moment I saw a woman step from the door way into the street, and, as she raised her hat in a masculine manner to some passer by, I recognized with difficulty, Emma Stubner, our old class editor.

The glass turned again, this time showing me a large reception room. Near the door stood a tall, slender figure, dressed in rich silk and jewels. As she turned her elaborately coiffured head, something about her struck me as familiar, and then it flashed into my mind that this must be Helen Calkins who had married a millionaire. Someone was speaking to her and I listened with great interest to their conversation.

"Who is the musician you promised we should hear?" asked the guest.

"Lucy Partelle, an old school mate, who has made quite a name for herself abroad. This is the first time she has been to America for some years" replied Helen.

The scene changed and a level stretch lay before me. Up this came several motor cycles. Close together they swept up the road, one crossing the tape but a second before the others. As the rider stepped off his wheel, a great cheer of "Hurrah for Jaúwin" went up from the crowd, and a mysterious voice whispered into my ear, "He is making his fortune by inventing a motor cycle which will out speed any ever known before."

Again the glass shifted. A great canopy of canvass stretched above a crowd of people and many signs proclaimed it to be "Delevante's World Famous Circus." The first attraction to greet my eyes was the snake charmer, Miss Adeline Babbit. After her, though I scarcely expected to see another friend, came Edna Lindersmith as a lion tamer.

Another sudden shift of the glass and Arthur Howard appeared as Justice of the Supreme Court. I was much amazed as I had not known that he meant to study law.

Now a school room supplanted the court room, though justice was being administered here also. Mildred Davis—I could hardly believe my eyes!—stood before the class, grasping a small boy by one hand while in the other she held a large ruler. She

was scolding him violently for writing notes and talking, which, she informed the class, she never did.

A street scene now showed through my magic telescope. A crowd had gathered about a small dark woman who talked excitedly and brandished her umbrella at the heads of the people. Under the queer bonnet was a familiar face. Hazel Stuntz! She looked fiercely at one fashionably dressed woman as she spoke. "While such as you stand in our way, the cause will never prosper! Man will never believe a creature who bedecks herself as you, could ever become his equal! When I became a suffragette, I vowed never to wear a new bonnet until we won the day—and I've kept my promise. O vain and heedless woman!"

A white house set about with green lawn and trees appeared. On the steps sat Corrine Browning, fanning herself with an apron and talking aloud, "Well, since I became Matron of the old Ladies' Home, I never saw such a day! Every one was cross and the dinner burnt, and the water pipes burst, and Arthur Vickery hasn't brought the groceries yet!"

At this moment a shuffling, bent man appeared carrying a large basket. Corrine launched forth at him. "When I gave you the position of janitor, I knew you wern't worth it, but I did it out of regard for an old friend. You had better be careful, Arthur Vickery, or you will be out of a job again."

The scene again changes. As at the motor cycle race, a great crowd had gathered but a large sign announced that Miss Alma Wurdemann, the famous woman aviator, was about to make a flight. After a few moments she appeared, wearing what looked like leather armor and across the back of her head were two huge wing-like objects. She waited for a breeze to catch these sails, then rose above the heads of the mob and was soon lost to view. I heard someone say that she had come to invent this mode of flying in the following way: Walking home from school one day, she had on a very large hair ribbon. A strong wind was blowing, she was lifted off her feet and carried some distance. This led her to perfect her present plan after some years of effort.

Ruth Hanna now appeared as a comic opera star. To think of Ruth as an actress! The shock must have unnerved me, for when John Maloney appeared as a Mormon, weeping and wishing his lovely red cheeks had been green instead so as not have caused all the girls to love him, my hand shook so that I dropped the telescope to the roof. E'er I had seen the fate of Ruth Wilcox and Jean Jervey, I felt myself borne by unseen hands down the long flights and winding passage ways I had ascended.

## The Rainy Season

There are just two seasons at the Atlantic end of the Zone, some one has said—a rainy and a wet. When the wet was at its wettest in November and December, the trials and tribulations of the Cristobal students were numerous. Some student from Ancon has declared it rains so much in Cristobal that the people from there have web feet and croak like frogs. However, the Cristobalites indignantly deny this allegation and defy the "alligator."

The following sad chronicles are typical:

A high school lass, though not a fool  
Wore off her Sunday hat to school;  
But what a shower then did fall  
And now she has no hat at all.

A freshman lad, a boy so gay  
Put on his newest suit one day  
Was caught in the rain, some how or other  
And now it fits his little brother.

And so it was from day to day,  
The clouds would come, and clouds would stay.  
And then we'd have to beat the rain  
To catch the bloomin' shuttle train.

(Limericks by Alice McClelland, '14.)

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## As Others See Us.

Fay Allyn

Theo:—Blessed is the girl who expects to be nothing for she shall not be disappointed.

Ida:—Thou unassuming commonplace of nature.

Helen:—Meeekness is not weakness.

Nellie:—What is a butterfly? At best  
He's but a caterpillar drest;  
The gaudy fop's his picture just.

Lucy:—Oh, shrine of the mighty, can it be that this is all that is left of thee?

Alice:—The beauty of the flock.

Eva: None like her.

Harold:—He's all my fancy painted him; he's lovely, he's divine.

Edwin:—Small of stature, but of quality superfine.

Raymond:—The class intends giving him Emerson and Bender's Modern English Grammar for a Christmas present.

Joe:—And still they gazed and still their wonder grew, that one small head held all the gas he blew.

Jim:—When land and goods are gone and spent, then learning is most excellent.

Frank:—When ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.

Henry:—Mislike me not for my complexion, it is the livery of the burnished sun.

William:—Willie has the will, but will he.

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## The Juniors.

Ruth Hackenburg.

Olga Faure

Happy am I, from care I'm free!  
Why arn't they all contented like me?

Edith Stevens

Oh, keep me innocent, make others great.

Katherine Francis

Mine's not an idle cause.

Daniel Macneil

Beware of the fury of a patient man.

Robert Summerville

Give me a standing place and I will move the world.

Mrytle Lindersmith

Great thoughts like great deeds, need no trumpet.

Yeland Faure

I laugh for hope hath happy place for me,  
If my bark sinks, 'tis to another sea.

Estelle Feuille

Wisely and slow, they stumble who run fast.

## The Sophomore Class.

Mildred Davis.

Our Sophomore class is brilliant,  
Our Sophomore class is grand,  
And far and wide we're noted  
As the very best in the land.

First comes Miss Emma Stubner,  
Our Editor in Chief.  
That you'll never find her equal  
Is our firm belief.

Jean Jervey, our beautiful writer,  
From the sunny Southland came,  
And we know that in the future  
Her path will lead to fame

Ruth Wilcox and Arthur and Lucy  
Are our musical trio grand;  
And we're sure of victory in basket ball  
When Cornelius is at hand

We must speak of Hazel and Alma,  
And shy Ruth of golden hair;  
Of blackeyed Blanche and Helen Sweet,  
And of Sidney, the debonair.

John Maloney, our bashful boy,  
Is very afraid of the girls,  
But Arthur Vickery, our artist,  
Is alas! too fond of curls.

Then there is William and Edna.  
And, best of all, Corrine,  
And also Mildred and Adaline,

Who study more than is seen.  
Altogether, our class is entrancing,  
The best that could ever be,  
And, if anyone doubts our word,  
Just let them come and see.

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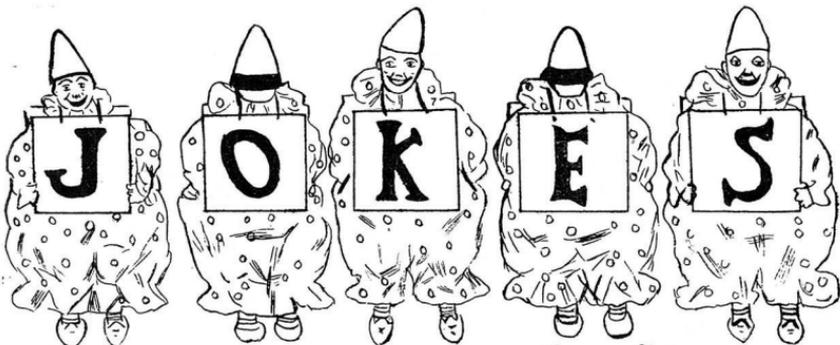
## Flood Time.

Y. M. Faure

Every year at the end of the wet season we have a great deal of rain, then the Chagres river over flows its banks and causes a great deal of trouble. The rains which fall along the line play but a small part in the flood, it is the rains in the interior which swell the river.

The Panama Railroad follows the Chagres for several miles and people going on the trains every day get interested in the rise and fall of the river. Especially we who go to school, because we know that we will miss school when the floods come and that would be terrible. (?)

The river rises from forty to fifty feet and even more in twenty four hours, so that the people living on its banks have to pack up and go to higher places. Of course they are always notified in time. Then the Panama Railroad cannot run. Now this is no longer the case for they have a new road which is much more elevated and runs along the banks of the Gatun Lake, so that the floods will not interfere any more with train travel.



### SOME ANCON LIMERICKS.

We have a young lad named Russell  
Who seldom is seen to hustle  
With eyes like a lamp  
And a cap like a stamp  
His lessons he does tussle.

Our Dot is a gay little lass  
She ranks well up in her class  
She knows her good looks  
And reads out of books

And never the teacher does sass.  
Another gay lad called Gus  
Stirs up a terrible fuss  
All Jamaican Talk  
He surely can mock  
But never knows minus from plus.

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\* Mr. Carr:—Those who are absent hold up their hands.

Miss Bowles:—Latin and Slang do not blend well, nor continue long together.

Miss Hawley:—Is the latest Delineator in?

Mr. Christopherson:—The root of the products is equal to the products of the roots.

Mr. Carr (in history)—Name a prominent feature of the Egypt of the Pharaohs.

Ruth Hanna:—The Hanging Gardens of Babylon.

NOTICE:—When an English class is told to bring in an oral composition, woe unto him who leaves it at home.

Willy:—Mr. Carr, I move the seats be enlarged.

Edna:—I second the motion.

Warren Mory, one of our genial Sophs, being Latin American, is quite literal in his interpretation of English idioms. One day he read a sentence which said the "horses were at large in the pasture." It was a puzzler for Warren who had learned from the dictionary that "large" means big, grande. Recently he astounded the Latin class by translating, "The Helvetians threw their feet at Caesar."

Mr. Jennings: "The high school boys have 'music in their souls' all right; it just hasn't come out yet."

For what is February famous? Washington's Birthday.

For what is it infamous? Mid-year examinations.

Now that the dry season has arrived, the upper classmen want to know if there are any more history trips, like Carr's Especially Conducted Tours which the Juniors of last year were lucky enough to get.

Dan MacNeil has discovered a new disease. It is Examinitis and is a nervous disorder brought on by the thoughts of an approaching test. It sometimes makes one too sick to come to school.

Mr. Christopherson: "I want the kids to cut out this slang."

She's married now, but just before it happened. Mr. Christopherson was very absent minded. One day after passing Tabernilla where she taught the little folks, he went down stairs at high school and began to teach freshmen algebra to Miss Hawley's Sophomore English class.

Miss Hawley:—What are Attic Bees?

Adeline:—Bees that live in an attic.

Miss Hawley:—Not quite; Arthur?

Arthur H.—The wise men of Athens.

Junior:—Two of our old teachers are in the States this year, Mrs. Schreiber and Mrs. Gates.

Sophomore:—You're wrong: Mrs. Schreiber is in the State of California, but Mrs. Gates is on the Zone.

Junior:—Mrs. Gates is in the State of Bliss.

Raymond Morris wants Santa to bring him an Emerson and Bender's English grammar.

Miss Hawley (at the Gatun Dispensary):—"How much peroxide may I have?"

Pharmacist (looking at her hair)—"All you need."

Visitation is the process by which your last year's teacher finds out how much you have forgotten.

Mr. Carr:—"We will now pass out to the side of the school building facing New York to have our picture taken."

There is a young Freshman named Reese

Who scarcely his smiling can cease;

But for an exam

Oh, how he will cram

To have on life a new lease.

The class in hatology wants to know:

Why the principal doesn't wear his new Panama hat.

Why Mr. Christopherson has no hat.

Where Miss Hawley got her picture hat.

Where Miss Bogner found hers.

How many hats Miss Bowles has.

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