

# Popular Illusions in Manhattan

**S**KIMMING down Fifth avenue or Broadway you frequently see enormous "sight-seeing cars" laden with expectant tourists. One is marked "Chinatown," and the occupants are holding their breath in anticipation of the thrills of horror they are to experience when they behold the dark wickedness of the Celestial empire, which is secretly practiced in the heart of New York.

They arrive at a populous district where there is a fair sprinkling of Chinks to be seen about the streets, and they are allowed to peep into what they think is an opium den, but what is in reality merely a dirty little chop suey house.

There are a few unprepossessing Chinamen sitting or lying around with their pipes, in an opium stupor. "Opium fiends," whisper the thrilled tourists to each other, as they shudderingly gaze on the dark spectacle.

But is it an opium den?

And are they really smoking opium? Most assuredly not!

Uncle Sam and the mayor of New York wouldn't stand for it a minute.

It is only a nicely arranged little "fake den," run for the special bene-

fit of the too credulous tourist, who cheerfully pays his dollar to see a Chinatown that doesn't ever exist.

Then he pays another dollar and joins another sight-seeing party to visit the deadly precincts of the Bowery.

It would be too cruel to tell them there is no Bowery, until now it is no worse to the outward eye than some portions of Fourteenth street or Sixth avenue. And the little shops and vocations of its denizens, if not strictly clean, come safely within legal bounds. You might easily get on the Bowery and not know it at all.

Where you expect to find the abode of thugs and thieves, you find nothing more reprehensible than second-hand clothes shops.

Likewise in Chinatown, where you think they are smoking opium, it isn't opium at all—but more probably something like the rabbit tobacco or cross vine you used to smoke when you were a kid at school, and thought you were doing something very wicked.

The "opium den" you pay your dollar to see is very likely a laundry—when there are no tourists due.

If you happen to be in touch with such people as newspaper editors and other fortunate beings who are on the inside of things, you will quickly learn to shun the tourists' car.

The best way to see the biggest city in America is simply to live in it, and go about to such places as may take your fancy. If you want to be thrilled with the Bowery and Chinatown, just read stories about them, for there's nothing to see.

You don't need a sight-seeing car. Any New York friend can show you the wonders of the museums, libraries and interior points of interest; while there are scores of cars and elevated trains covering every point of Manhattan, from which you may learn every inch of your New York—from the grandeur of the skyscrapers and the stupendous wealth of Fifth avenue, and the cosmopolitanism of Broadway, to the wretched poverty of crowded tenements and slums.

That is to say, you learn it from the viewpoint of merely seeing things. To really know any phase of life or class of people, you must go up or

down amongst them and be one of them.

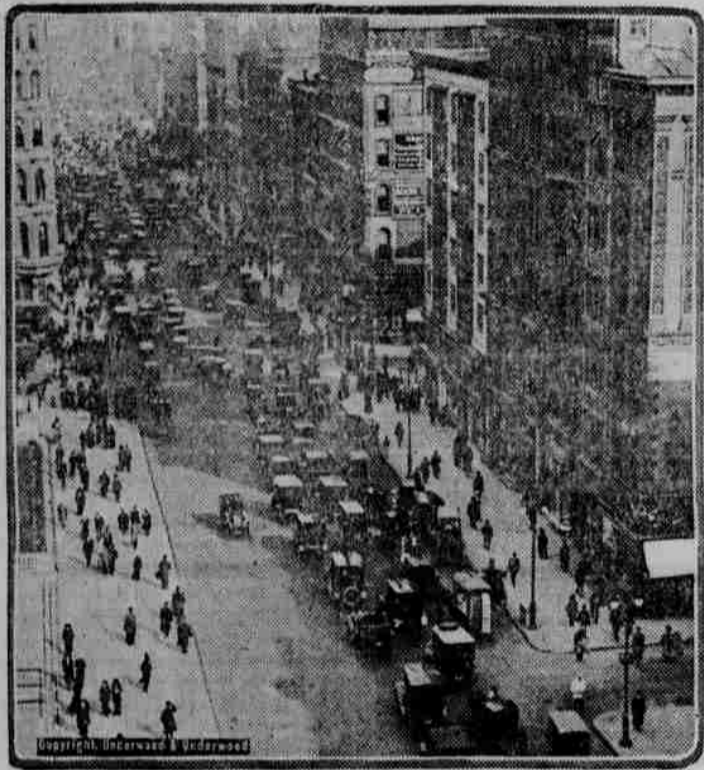
**One Place Not Mythical.**

There is one place, however, which hasn't been relegated to the mythical. There most certainly is a Coney Island. And whether you go quietly with a friend or whether you go with a crowd in a labeled and megaphoned sight-seeing car, it is the same Coney Island, with its blare of lights and its blare of orchestras and its bewildering whirl of things to ride and things to see, and things to do and things to eat and drink, the latter consisting chiefly of "hot dogs" and beer.

But, however genuine Coney may be, there's no denying the spirit of graft that pervades the atmosphere of skyscraper land.

On every hand some person or some organization is trying to get some thing for nothing, and if you are wealthy enough to be caught, it's like buying 25-cent silk stockings, and serves you just right.

Perhaps some evening after the theater you stop in a high-class cabaret to enjoy a dance or two and a sandwich. At the entrance you are



FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

met by an attentive footman, who very politely but most insistently relieves you of your hat and cane, and most gracefully takes charge of your lady's coat.

Inside the cabaret a smiling waiter attaches himself to you and shadows you devotedly for the remainder of your stay. He finds just the right table for you, brings your Tom Collins and your lady's orangeade and two small sandwiches—a modest order which should cost about 50 cents.

But does it?

Just wait until he brings your check!

While you are dancing he hovers near your table, watching to see that no fashionable pirate carries off your lady's gloves and vanity bag, and guarding your half-eaten sandwiches from being devoured by someone else in your absence.

All of which zealous service is duly charged in your check, which is brought to you marked \$1.90! (You had paid for your table in advance, by the way.)

You haven't the nerve to put a mere two-dollar bill on the tray.

Give that waiter a ten-cent tip! never.

So you sigh inwardly, while outwardly smiling, you place \$2.15 on the tray and carelessly wave aside the waiter's deferential thanks.

On leaving, you find the devoted footman again awaiting you with your hat and cane and your lady's coat and an air of expectancy.

The air of expectancy means another 25-cent tip.

You pay it like a little man, and the footman drops it in his pocket.

The dances were very nice indeed. The music was divine, but the little whisper of a sandwich left you just as hungry as ever, and you go away wondering if you had your money's worth.

Then you console yourself with the thought that you don't grudge the tips to the poor waiters and hall-boys who are on their tired feet working so hard at all hours of the day and night.

But the point is: Did you tip the waiters?

No, indeed. The tired waiters do not get a penny of those tips. It all goes to the boss. You simply paid an extortionate price for a few cents worth of refreshments, and then added an extra 50 cents in tips, all to be turned in to the manager of the cabaret.

## BEAR QUEERLY BUILT

EXPERT TELLS ABOUT STRUCTURE OF THE ANIMAL.

Nature Evidently Had Distinct Idea in Mind When It Produced Bruin in Such a Radical Form.

"I was long curious to know," said a Pike county, Pennsylvania, bear expert, "why it was that the bear has that peculiarly clumsy and apparently painful gait, but I never found any one who could give me a satisfactory explanation of it, so I went out and killed a bear to find out for myself. The reason was a very simple one.

"I found, in the first place, that the bear has no clavicles in the shoulder to keep the shoulder bones steadily apart, as is usual in animals, and consequently when the bear moves his forelegs the shoulder blades work or slide loosely on the sides.

"Then, again, the bear has the ankle joints of his hind legs plumb on the ground, or rather as parts of the hind feet. That peculiar structure gives the first joint of the hind legs a bend in the opposite direction from that which it has in the legs of other animals.

"This loose and queer rigging of the joints of the legs and shoulders of the bear gives him that odd wobble or shuffle with which he makes his way along, although clumsy and retarding as that gait appears, it can produce a speed and agility on occasion that is surprising. The broad base which the foot of the bear forms, moreover, gives the animal a steady and secure footing, no matter what the appearance may be to the contrary.

"The unique position of the hind ankle joints as to the formation of the hind feet is what enables the bear to rise to his feet with such facility, and to maintain a secure position standing erect, while he uses his forepaws in grasping or striking with his well-known readiness and effectiveness.

"The absence of clavicles in the shoulders is what gives the bear the great hugging or compressing power in his forelegs, which is of the greatest service to him in climbing and in dealing with his foes. In fact, if he had the shoulder formation characteristic of other animals he could not climb a tree at all, for he could not accomplish it by his claws as the cat and squirrel and raccoon and other animals of arboreal habit do, nor would the bear dog need to stand in fear of that terrible embrace of his."

**Infantry Decides the Battle.**

While there have been many discussions as to the relative value of the different branches of an army there is little doubt, according to a writer in the Scientific American, that it is the infantry that wins battles.

While it is probable the success of a battle will depend to a large extent on the support of the field artillery, it is certain that the principal and most important arm is the infantry, which in practically every case must decide the final issue. The cavalry may be the first to be drawn into a battle, and the artillery may destroy the enemy's artillery, but a battle is never won until the infantry has driven back the enemy's lines.

The usual mode of advancing for the infantry is to deploy them in a line with a long interval between each soldier. This, naturally, is for the purpose of offering a smaller target for the enemy, but makes it more difficult, however, for the leaders to keep as good control over the men, and for that reason one of the objects of field artillery is to make the enemy's troops deploy early.

The infantry soldier is armed in all the countries with a rifle and bayonet. The rifle is the weapon upon which reliance is placed, the bayonet being used only as a last means, when in a hand-to-hand encounter with the enemy.

**No Loafing Allowed.**

A well-known theatrical manager, more famous, if possible for the "break" he made than for his many successes, attending the rehearsal of one of his plays, noticed that a man in the audience who had to play the trombone was holding the instrument in front of him and doing nothing.

Mr. Stetson at once called him to account.

"Say," said he, "what do you mean by not working along with the other fellows?"

"Why, Mr. Stetson," said the musician, "I can't play; I have 19 bars rest."

"Not on your life!" replied the angry manager, "I don't pay anyone for resting. Either you play when the other fellows do, or you clear out. See?"

**No Game for Her.**

Mollie—I think billiards is an awfully foolish game.

Chollie—But you forget that the balls kiss and the players sometimes hug the cushion!

"But just imagine a person wasting time on a game where only billiard balls kiss and all that the players sometimes hug is a cushion!"

**Two Souls With But, Etc.**

Two egotists met and made much over each other.

As they turned away, each murmured softly to himself:

"Poor deluded soul! It's all I can do to tolerate that fellow, but what can I do? It's absolutely pathetic the way he clings to me!"

# Panama City and the Canal

**P**ANAMA is a unique city. The circumstances which shaped her destiny and wove her into the web of progress, made of her a sister to the great cities of North and South America. Her geographical situation, her North American adoption and the greatest of world projects carried out in her environs, all have served to lift her out of that centuries old lethargy so enervating, impassive and retarding.

After the old Panama had been revived again and again from the rapine destruction of pirates and buccaneers, it was finally left to the denizens of the jungles and the new Panama founded some five miles to the southwest, where the devastation of plundering ships' crews was impossible. The Panama of today stands protected to seaward by a long reef, to landward by a narrow peninsular neck, and by the mighty arm of the United States government.

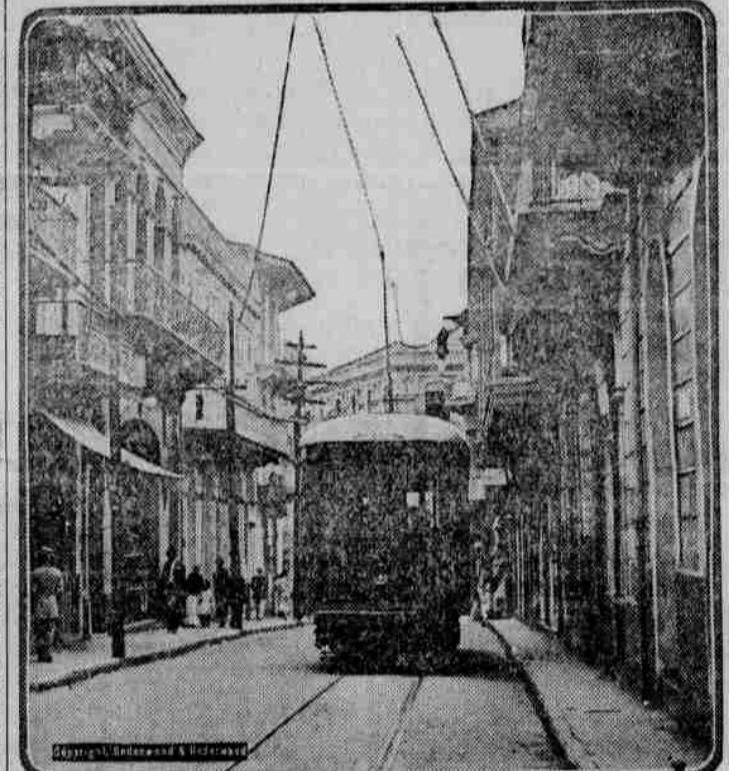
**Metropolis of Central America.**

No more will Pizarros, Morgans and Walkers pillage this metropolis of Central America, no more will the bigotry of priesthood hold a throttling hand upon her progress. The new Panama, born in the last decade, is pulsating with enterprise and industrial achievement. The financial inva-

There are many beautiful plazas and patios set among the otherwise bald, bare houses and streets of Panama. These are green and fragrant all the year with fan palms and bananas casting a day-long shade over the up-to-date benches. In Santana park, when the shades of evening begin to fall, a "Spiggoty band" usually playing some of our popular music, comes from somewhere, and begins. The young people seem to think a great deal of the music for they acclaim it loudly after each piece, and will sit all night and listen, if the band keeps up.

There are still a considerable number of high-class families who make various far-reaching claims toward an aristocracy, which, so far as is actually known, never existed beyond the imagination. But they nevertheless observe strict relations with the inferior "Americans" as they hold them to be, and will not let their daughters be seen unescorted in any of the plazas. The girls of the common class are met and spoken to by the young men, but come and return home in groups after they have concluded a merry evening at the concert.

For those who can afford it, the National theater offers entertainment of a type that is peculiarly original in



STREET SCENE, PANAMA CITY

sion of the United States has attracted every type of civilized mankind. There is work to be done, needs to be assuaged, money to be made. All the resources of the surrounding country must be brought to a focus so that the ships that glide in at the Pacific entrance and out into the Atlantic, will carry away to the crowded markets of the north Panama's quota of fruits, hardwood, rubber, indigo, coffee and hats. With this, civilized prosperity begins, and it matters not what race or conglomeration of races are involved.

**The "Spiggoty Lingo."**

At first it was difficult for these people to get along on any kind of footing in the way of everyday speech. One man having many interests in common with another could find no medium of expression. And out of this confusion of tongues grew a language which is neither English, nor French, nor Spanish, nor German, nor Chinese, nor Japanese, nor anything other than itself. It is not a very old language, and consequently not well developed, nor has it ever been written or spoken outside of the canal zone and Panama. It is called the "Spiggoty Lingo," and its origin is substantially this: If you ask a native something in English he will say, "No speaka da English," because he doesn't. For a long time they used this reply, until the enterprising American found a few words of their language and they found a few of his, and of all the others brought in, so that there were words enough of all languages known in common to make for a new language which was promptly called the "Spiggoty" or "Speaka de—" as you please to spell it.

This same method was used by the Hudson Bay company in the earliest days of the West with the Indian tribes of the Northwest. They used some signs, some Indian words they were able to grasp, taught the Indian a few of their own bad English words, and called the whole, "The Chinook language," after a tribe by that name.

Through the medium of the Spiggoty language a vast amount of practical labor is being performed. It has been found adequate for inductive reasoning, for speaking persuasively, oratorically, vituperatively, and can be used significantly while in a state of blaguet or anger.

Panama. The productions are usually in English, because the majority of the audience is American, and they correspond to our vaudeville, in that they are put on in skits and separate parts. Dancers are obtained from Peru, Valparaiso, Chile and Mexico, who do their native dances with skill and grace, while the acts brought from the States are coarse and mediocre in comparison.

Another great paradox in relation to the tones of this unique city is evident in the unflinching belief that still prevails in the old Roman orthodox form of religious interpretation. All the observances of the church are adhered to as punctiliously today as in bygone centuries. The workmen cannot be made to perform their labors on any of the multitudinous days set apart for the worship of some saint or other. It took more than 200 years for the Spanish priests to grind this holy zeal into them, and it will take nearly as long to grind it out.

**An Omniscient Infection.**

There is a German medical proverb to the effect that every man has had at least one tubercle, some time in his life. Every thoughtful physician knows the truth of this saying and has known it for years. Then a few days ago Sir William Osler repeated the statement in slightly altered application to the audience before him, and the whole world was roused into shocked attention.

Which was a very good thing for the world. If we could be made to realize that the tubercle bacillus is omnipresent, and that every human being is touched at some time with this infection there would result not only a more active war on the germ, but a more intelligent effort to build up and maintain the health and resisting power of the people.

**Washing Flannel Trousers.**

Cut up half a pound of good soap, put it into a quart of water and boil for five minutes. Have ready a bath of tepid water. Pour in the soap solution, and beat up to a lather. Put in the flannels, and wash them thoroughly. Do not rub any soap on them, but rub them well in the lather. Rinse in warm water, and wring, and dry quickly with a strong current of air. Press with a cool iron.

## Fundamental Principles of Health

By ALBERT S. GRAY, M.D.

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NATURE'S ALARM BELL.

"Dear Doctor—I am fifty-eight years of age and I have always been healthy except that I have had rheumatism in my legs for the past 15 years and it hurts me to bend my right knee. I am the mother of three healthy sons and they have inherited my rheumatism so that they are frequently troubled with muscular rheumatism. What will cure rheumatism?"

It is easy to picture the writer of such a letter as a plump, placid, kindly faced, motherly soul. A good cook, she is proud of the fact that she can prepare the same dishes on which her mother and her mother's mother before her successfully raised their families. But she has "rheumatism" and her sons have "inherited rheumatism." This is a fair sample of a type of inquiry frequently received from people who look upon rheumatism as a simple disorder which, quite as a matter of course, every one is bound to have sooner or later as a result of wet feet, damp clothes, or the weather, or as the result of "inheritance."

It is customary to apply the word "rheumatism" to almost every imaginable ache or pain occurring in any part of the body. From long abuse the word has lost its significance and has come to sound harmless; it does not convey any idea of danger and most people are perfectly satisfied if told that their various ailments arise from "rheumatism." It is a nice, convenient word, and it does not jar on their sensibilities.

Rheumatism is an acute inflammation of the synovial membranes of various joints with the accumulation of fluid; it is due to an infection of unknown origin and runs a course of about six weeks. "Muscular rheumatism" on the other hand, are either the result of strains, as we have already noted, or they are pains arising from organic diseases, or they are caused by one or more of many conditions, practically all of them connected either directly or indirectly with defective metabolism. Here is the basis of all our degenerative diseases, such as diabetes, Bright's disease, arteriosclerosis and apoplexy, all of which are on the increase, in spite of the numerous "cures," and all of which are allied to anemia. Whether anemia is the cause or the result of most of these metabolic disturbances is yet to be decided, but certainly circumstantial evidence points strongly in the former direction.

Why are these chronic pains so little understood? Because we do not want to know the truth if it will involve a thorough overhauling and re-adjusting of diet and of our mode of life. We prefer to go our own way in blissful ignorance, depending on the good old remedies consisting of drugs, liniments, poultices, serums, and so forth, to looking the facts in the face. Then in addition to all the good old remedies are we not informed every little while by the best of authorities of the discovery of some new product of synthetic chemistry that will quickly, surely and harmlessly remove our troubles?

With very few exceptions all of our troubles arise from the fact that we are unable easily to bring our mental pictures to coincide with the facts, to harmonize the subjective with the objective.

Health is a normal condition and ill health is a departure from the normal—hence there is a strong, persistent force continually working toward the normal and, barring organic breakdowns from inherent weakness, we are certain to "relapse" into good health sooner or later if we do not too persistently work against it. Therefore a raw potato in the pocket, a nauseous draft or faith and a cheerful mind are certain to be equally effective or ineffective, depending upon the angle from which you view them.

If you were to interview our friend of the letter you would undoubtedly learn that during these 15 years she has taken many kinds of liquids, pills and powders, used many liniments and ointments and has probably worn a few charms, such as magnetic rings that turn either green or black as they "absorb the poison." Most of the supposed remedies doubtless she has tried at the solicitation of well meaning friends; each perhaps effected a "cure" in due time. But the trouble always returned and she still has it.

Of course she wants to be comfortable and to get well, but she wants to do it in her way. To ask her to change her diet and mode of living or even materially to change her method of purchasing supplies, is asking her to tear up deep-seated and thoroughly entrenched habits, prejudices, tradition and beliefs and to go to additional trouble.

Learn what is wrong and correct it before serious organic changes take place. Obviously the first indications of something being wrong will be found in the blood streams.