

PARAMO of SANTA ISABEL

FEW persons who live in the temperate zone are aware of the fact that there is quite a large section of country in tropical America, even at the Equator which is a land of sleet and storm during the greater part of the year, where many of the trails are frequently closed to men and beasts attempting to cross are frozen to death. Such a region is the Andean paramo, in the Republic of Colombia.

Three years ago Dr. Arthur A. Allen explored that elevated land in search of bird specimens, and he has described it in the American Museum Journal. The following paragraphs, says the Bulletin of the Pan American Union, embody substantially the more important features of Doctor Allen's interesting account:

The paramo of Santa Isabel lies about two days' journey from Solento, the largest town on the Quindio trail, which crosses the central Andes, and on clear days, especially at dusk, can be seen at several points rising above the forest-capped ridges to an altitude between 16,000 and 17,000 feet. Beyond it and a little to the east lies the paramo of Ruis, and, most magnificent of all, Nevada del Tolima, with its crown of crystal snow gleaming in the rays of the setting sun.

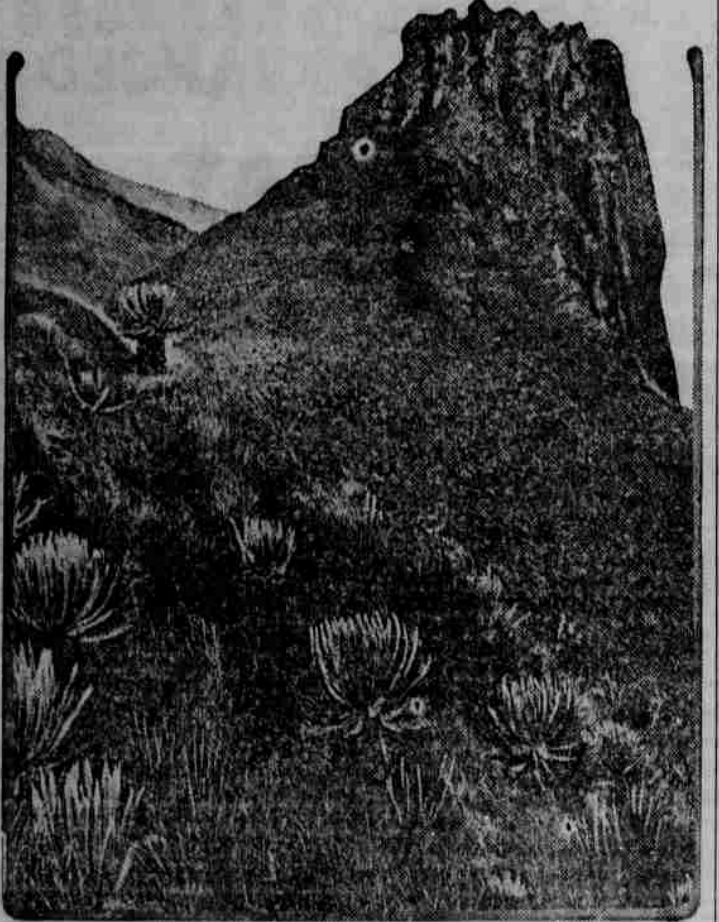
One morning in early September the naturalists slung their packs and started for the paramo of Santa Isabel. From Solento the trail to the paramo leads first down into the Bogota valley and then follows the river's meandering course through groves of splendid palms nearly to its source, when it turns abruptly and begins a steep ascent of the mountain side. The palm trees, in scattered groves, continue to nearly 9,000 feet, where the trail begins to zigzag through some half-cleared country, where the trees have been felled and

20 feet in diameter. One should pass through this forest during the rainy season to form a true conception of its richness, though even during the driest months the variety and abundance of plant life covering every trunk and branch are beyond belief.

The great forest, occasionally interrupted by clearings, continues for many hours of travel up the mountain from 9,000 to about 12,000 feet, where a sudden change occurs. The trees become dwarfed, their leaves small and thick, heavily chlorinated or covered with thick down, and remind one of the vegetation about our northern bogs with their Andromeda and Labrador tea. Here, too, the ground in places is covered with a dense mat of sphagnum, dotted with dwarf blueberries and cranberries and similar plants which remind one of home.

Out Upon the Paramo. A cool breeze greets the traveler, sky appears in place of the great dome of green, and suddenly he steps out upon the open paramo. He has been traveling through the densest of forests, seeing but a few faces along the trail and only a few rods into the vegetation on either side; he has grown nearsighted, and even the smallest contours of the landscape have been concealed by the dense forest cover. Suddenly there is thrown before his vision a whole world of mountains. As far as he can see in all directions, save behind him, ridge piles upon ridge in never-ending series until they fuse in one mighty crest which pierces the clouds with its snow-capped crown. This is the paramo of Santa Isabel.

At this point the party dismounted and led their horses along the narrow ridge. They looked in vain for the jagged peaks that are so characteristic of our northern frost-made mountains. Here even the vertical cliffs did not seem entirely without vegeta-



ON THE PARAMO OF SANTA ISABEL.

burned over, and where in between the charred stumps a few handfuls of wheat have been planted and now wave a golden brown against the black.

Wonderful Cloud Forest. It is seldom that the traveler's anticipation of any much-heralded natural wonder is realized when he is brought face to face with it. Usually he feels a tinge of disappointment and follows it by a close scrutiny of the object before him in search of the grandeur depicted, but not so with the Cloud forest. According to Mr. Allen it surpasses one's dreams of tropical luxuriance. It is here rather than in the lowland jungle that nature outdoes herself and crowds every available inch with moss and fern and orchid. Here every twig is a garden and the moss-laden branches so gigantic that they throw more shade than the leaves of the trees themselves. Giant branches hang to the ground from the horizontal branches of the larger trees and in turn are so heavily laden with moss and epiphytes that they form an almost solid wall and present the appearance of a hollow tree trunk 16 or

tion, and as far as could be seen with binoculars the brown sedges and the gray frailejones covered the rocks even up to the very edge of the snow. All about them the strange mulleinlike frailejones, as the native call them, stood up on their pedestals, ten or even fifteen feet in height in sheltered spots; down among the sedges were many lesser plants similar to our North American species—gentians, composites, a hoary lupine, a butterfly, a yellow sorrel, almost identical with those of the United States.

Birds also, several of which proved to be new to science, were numerous, but all were of dull colors and reminded them in their habits of the open-country birds of northern United States. A goldfinch hovered above the frailejones; a gray flycatcher ran along the ground or mounted into the air, much like the northern horned lark; an ovenbird flew up ahead of them; a marsh wren scolded from the rank sedges; and almost from under their horses' hoofs one of the large Andean snakes sprang into the air with a characteristic bleat and went zig-zagging away.

Balzac's Hatred of Tobacco. Perhaps no celebrated author was more hostile toward tobacco than Balzac. It is true that Lamartine speaks of the novelist's teeth as blackened by cigar smoke, but Lamartine was not intimate with Balzac. Gaudier on the other hand knew him well and wrote eloquently about his hatred of tobacco. Balzac's ruling passion was coffee, which injured him and perhaps killed him. In some of his novels he anatomizes tobacco. When he allows some of his characters to smoke there is velled contempt. "As for De Marsay, he was busied in smoking his cigars."

He Was a Sufferer. "Madam," said the tattered and torn supplicant to the benevolent lady who answered his timid rap at the door, "have you any old clothes you can spare for an unfortunate victim of the European war?" "I think I have, my poor man; but how does this happen? You cannot have been in this war, surely." "No, madam," humbly replied the sufferer; "but my wife has sent all my clothes to the Belgians."

SHE GAVE HIM LIFE

And in Return He Saved Her From Grave and Imminent Danger.

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS.

John Cranborn was one of the idle poor. He had spent the greater part of his life in condemnation of those people who had chanced either by their own endeavor or by that of their forefathers to have acquired wealth. Cranborn was one of those men who believed that the world and the idle rich owed him a living.

On Cranborn's side, however, and a circumstance that somewhat lessened the conclusive evidence against him, was the fact that he had been orphaned at an early day in his life. Being of a retiring nature, he had never inveigled himself into a circle other than one of indifference to his own welfare. Those within his circle had no ambition of their own and, therefore, none to instill into anyone else. Cranborn drifted into manhood without an influence for good or evil having left its mark on him. If his mind was nourished from lack of energy, so also was his body, and Cranborn found himself at twenty-five lying in a hospital without the necessary strength to undergo an operation.

Perhaps for the first time in his life Cranborn desired to go on living. He wished that he had spent less money on cigarettes and more on bread, so that his body would not be in the humiliating position of abject weakness. A spark of anger flamed in his eyes. All the strength of his mind concentrated itself in condemnation of the rich and idle, who had not only food in abundance but all the luxuries that he lacked.

The soft purring of a limousine at the hospital door only augmented Cranborn's grievance, and he turned his face to the wall. He would not have believed had he been told at the moment that the young lady stepping out of the limousine had come that her blood might be transfused into his, Cranborn's veins.

When he turned his face from the wall at the command of the surgeon, Cranborn shrank within himself. Beautiful and glowing with wonderful vitality and health was the girl who stood beside the surgeon.

"This young lady is going to give you a new life," Doctor Lyman said. "I am going to transfuse some of her blood into your body."

"I won't have her do it," Cranborn muttered weakly and turned his shamed face away from the radiant girl in whose eyes shone a great pity.

"But you will not deprive me of the pleasure it will afford me," she said quickly in a voice so musical that Cranborn vibrated with the rhythm of it. "You see I have been on Doctor Lyman's list for a long time and never before have I been allowed to give my blood to any of his patients. Now he has called me here because my blood agrees in certain pathological particulars with yours, and I do so want to do this little good in the world." She was looking with actual pleading now into the eyes she had compelled to meet her own. "I have everything in the world save the knowledge that I have saved a human life. Surely you will not rob me of this opportunity?"

A weak sob shook Cranborn's body and he closed his eyes.

Doctor Lyman motioned the girl to remove her wraps. The surgeon then prepared his large caliber needle by which the vein to vein sewing and consequent scarring is avoided, but Cranborn must have been unconscious during the proceeding, for he knew no more until a warm, contented sense of well being permeated his body. The room had grown dark and he was alone except for his nurse, who sat quietly beside him.

Cranborn would have spoken save that a complete sense of shame held him silent. A woman, or rather, a mere girl, and one of the idle rich had so systematically condemned, had given her life blood to save him. His useless, good-for-nothing body had been purified, strengthened and made whole by the act of charity that not one out of a thousand persons could offer. Pure blood did not run in every set of veins. Had the girl been a needy person who was making the blood sacrifice for the twenty-five dollar fee she could earn, Cranborn might have remained the Cranborn of his early manhood. But the fact that a girl, beautiful, wealthy and refined, had offered practically her life that he might be saved stung Cranborn once and for all time into a path where no shadow of past failures were to darken the way.

After the successful operation he lay regaling his strength and planning some kind of a future for himself.

The girl, Edith McVicker, came a few days afterward to see how Cranborn was progressing and to assure him that she had in no way suffered by the transfusion. Doctor Lyman had advised the call, since Cranborn was torn by doubts as to her welfare.

"But why do you feel called upon to risk your life in this way for one that may be worthless?" Doctor Lyman tells me that your name is down on the lists of four surgeons, and that you might be called upon at any time to make this sacrifice?" Cranborn asked her, while his eyes looked steadily into her clear, sparkling ones.

"Principally because the dearest brother in the world was saved to me by the generous transfusion which was offered him by a man who was down and out. I have always vowed to seek and seek until I could give a life for a life and in some way repay the great debt of gratitude. The man who saved my brother has climbed up the ladder of fame now and—"

"And you have given your life to me," Cranborn said softly, "and I, too, God willing, will build up this physical body of mine so that my name will

one day appear on the surgeon's list that is honored by yours. I, too, will plan to give a life for a life."

When she had left him Cranborn realized that from the moment of her coming into his life he had seemed to be a different man. Was it her influence or merely the awakening of the latent ambition within him? He chose to attribute the change to Edith McVicker and her wonderful fund of human sympathy. That she was happier for having saved his life was more than evident in the calm joy that radiated through her being. She had not so definitely expressed that feeling at the first meeting, and Cranborn knew that if doing good makes one so completely happy, then good it was that he intended to do.

Perhaps, then, a year or two later, the happiest day of his life occurred when he saved a life and felt the same radiant flooding his being that Edith McVicker had felt when she had given life blood to a dying man.

Cranborn had been riding his mare in the early morning when a second mare, frightened by the din of a motorcycle, dashed toward him. Cranborn had only time to grasp the situation, see the rocky precipice over which the frightened mare would hurl her rider and to swing himself like a flash from the saddle.

He opened his eyes after being dragged and looked straight into Edith McVicker's own.

"I thought I was never going to find you," was all Cranborn said in the first dazed moment. He was dazed principally because the girl's soft fingers were trailing over the bruise on his forehead just as they had often trailed in the dreams he had of her.

"We seem destined to keep each other in the land of the living," the girl said a trifle unsteadily, for aside from the shock of that frightened horse Cranborn's eyes were gazing wonderingly at her. A deep color sprang into her cheeks.

"We can make them lives that are well worth saving if—if you could love me. I have been most successful since you came into my life and I have wanted to tell you that and something else for—well at least for two years."

Edith laughed softly and remembered the many hours she had sat trying to think of someone except the man in the hospital who had tried to refuse to permit her blood to be transfused into his veins.

"Two years is a frightfully long time," she said with eyes that encouraged an immediate making up for lost time.

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Dog That Saved His Master.

I must write you just one story that came to me at the ambulance just before Christmas, even though it is a little late. We had a French soldier brought in frightfully wounded. He came from the region around St. Mihiel. One leg had to be amputated, and, besides that, he had half a dozen other wounds. His dog came with him—a hunting dog of some kind. The dog had saved his master's life. They were in the trenches together, when a shell burst in such a way as to collapse the whole trench. Everyone in it was killed or buried in the collapse, and this dog dug and dug until he got his master's face free, so that he could breathe, and then he sat by him until some reinforcements came and dug them all out. Everyone was dead but this man.

"Isn't that a beautiful little story? We have both the dog and the man with us. The dog has a little house all to himself in the court, and he has blankets and lots of petting, and every day he is allowed to be with his master for a little while—letter from Dr. Mary Merritt Crawford, in Paris, to New York Times.

To Study Coal Tar Products.

Thomas N. Norton, late American consul at Chemnitz, Germany, has been appointed a commercial agent of the department of commerce to undertake a special investigation of the chemical industry in the United States, particularly in respect to coal tar products. It is hoped by the department that his report will be helpful in the development of synthetic dyestuff manufactured in the United States. Those who wish to offer suggestions to Mr. Norton may address him in care of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, Washington, D. C. He is an expert chemist, and the author of two monographs on chemical subjects.

Where He Came In.

A witty barrister, says an English paper, who did not object to a joke at his own expense, was asked, on returning from circuit, how he had got on. "Well," was the reply, "I saved the lives of two or three prisoners." "Then you defended them for murder?" "No," was the rejoinder, "I prosecuted them for it."

Cheap Witticisms.

It were well if the so-called "clever" story writer, who, too often, is the chief nuisance of the manuscript editor of all magazines, could be brought to a realization that mere exaggeration and disgusting incidents are not "fun"; it would save postage and lessen the certainty of rejections.—National Magazine.

Fireproof Wood.

To make wood fireproof, slake a small quantity of fresh lime and add water till it has the consistency of cream, stir well and add one pound of alum, 12 ounces of commercial potash and about one pound of salt. Stir again and apply while hot. Two or three coats will keep wood fireproof for many months.

Couldn't Lose Him.

"I understand your party threw you overboard at the convention," remarked one political candidate to another.

"Yes, that's right," replied the other, "but fortunately I was strong enough to swim to the other side."

Little Paris of the New World

THE railway from the port of La Guaira to Caracas, capital of the republic of Venezuela, is about twenty-four miles long, following the track of the road built by the colonial Spanish governors along the shoulders of the mountain wall, writes L. Edwin Elliott in the Pan-American Magazine.

As the railway track winds up in a series of curves the traveler sees a few yards below, all the way, the highway newly built up and splendidly surfaced where automobiles are climbing or descending—negotiating the frequent bends with care. No better road could be desired, and this is but one of the excellent systems of public highways which are the pride of Venezuela.

Up in the mountains we get a quick and grateful change of climate with some suddenness; it is not really cool, for Caracas is sheltered by the double range that closes it in on either hand, but it is exceedingly agreeable—a perfect soft spring temperature almost equal during the whole of the year and only varied by the seasons of alternating dryness and moisture.

The first, and I think the last, impression that one gets of Caracas is that it is very clean, very spick and span, very much embellished. It is indeed the most embellished city of the Caribbean countries.

Large sums have been spent during several successive presidencies on the adornment of this greatly beloved capital city, and there is no Venezuelan who grudges the continuous expendi-

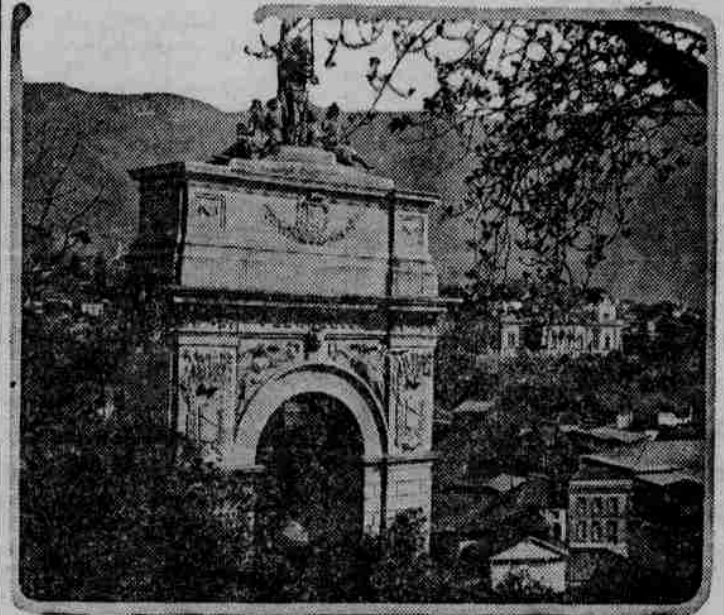
ture that is used in making this a place of pride. To the 20-year regime of President Guzman Blanco were due the first layings of modern pavements, the erection of many modern edifices for public use, the introduction of up-to-date utilities; his ideas have been added to as well as maintained, and the result is that Caracas has made the most of her natural advantages and is the prettiest, best paved, best managed of cities.

Many Handsome Plaza.

Caracas is laid out in squares intersected by a quantity of public gardens or plazas in the style common to Spanish-America, and a very excellent system of town planning. In the case of the Venezuelan capital each square is beautifully tended, shrubs and fountains are kept in fine condition, the paths are paved with bright tiles, and the roads leading away at each side are macadamized or asphalted, like the streets of Paris. The newcomer is always proudly told that Caracas is called the "Little Paris of the New World," and her people have certainly done their best to earn the title for their capital.

The Plaza de Bolivar marks the center of Caracas, the chief government building being accessible to it. It is a fine square, with an equestrian statue of the Liberator in the middle, flowering trees all about it, and the warm midday atmosphere cooled by fountains.

One side, or rather at the north-east corner, stands the cathedral, the remainder of the side taken up by stores; the post office and Museo Boliviano, together with the Hotel Klindt and more stores, take up another side; the palace of the archbishop and certain of the municipal office buildings lie on the south, while the Casa Amarilla, seat of the department of for-



ARCH OF THE FEDERATION

ly embrasured entrances, are painted in gay colors, and decorated externally in a manner only possible in a land of the sun.

Paraiso and Calvario.

The Paraiso is the neck of valley that runs out in a southerly direction from the capital; there are two magnificent roads, meeting at the valley's head, and with a broad strip of green between where there is an almost continuous series of parks and residences. Delightful country homes deep in trees edge the hillsides along the roads, and as a background stand the emerald heights themselves, velvet with soft verdure, the peaks softly capped with trailing clouds. This drive in the afternoon is one of the pleasures of Caracas that no one can afford to miss.

Seen from the Paraiso roads Caracas lies embowered in trees delicately spread at the foot of the protecting heights, an enchanting position. If there is another view of the city for which one would exchange this, it is the enchanting scene laid at one's feet when seen from Calvario hill. To reach this point we drive out from the city one fine balmy afternoon, crossing the outskirts and approaching a westerly hill dominating the whole of Caracas. Once upon a time this was nothing but a grim height, but now an encircling driveway winds up to the top, a series of stone steps invite the energies of the pedestrian, and on the summit is a botanical garden and a zoo where Venezuelan animals and birds are splendidly housed. A fine triumphal arch guards the foot of the hill, and the park at the top is adorned with statues of Colon and of the soldier Sures; from the breezy brow one looks down on Caracas itself and on the smiling green strip, hill guarded, which is the Caracas valley.

To Clean Watch Chains.

Gold or silver watch chains can be cleaned with a very excellent result, no matter whether they be mat or polished, by laying them for a few seconds in pure aqua ammonia. They should then be rinsed in alcohol, and finally shaken in clean sawdust, free from sand. Imitation gold and plated chains should be cleaned in benzine, then rinsed in alcohol, and afterward shaken in dry sawdust.

More Severe Punishment.

Lawyer (to fair client)—"Don't you think this cash offer of \$20,000 from the defendant is a fair compromise for your wounded heart? Isn't prying that old tightwad from his twenty thousand shiny ducats punishment enough for his breach of promise?" Client—"No, indeed! I want him to marry me!"—Judge.

Never Neglect a Cold.

Every cold, especially in a young child, should be considered serious. The possibility and the frequent occurrence of complications such as middle ear inflammation, inflammation in one of the accessory sinuses of the nose, bronchio pneumonia or lobar pneumonia must always be a subject for consideration and prevention if possible.

CAP and BELLS



TALE AMUSED SENATOR HOAR

Noted Statesman Told With Glee of Southerner's Visit to Boston, Where People Ate Beans.

Senator Hoar used to tell with glee of a Southerner just home from New England who said to his friend, "You know those little white, round beans?" "Yes," replied the friend, "the kind we feed to our horses?"

"The very same. Well, do you know, sir, that in Boston the enlightened citizens take those little white, round beans, boll them for three or four hours, mix them with molasses and I know not what other ingredients, bake them, and then—what do you suppose they do with the beans?" "They—"

"They eat 'em, sir," interrupted the first Southerner impressively, "bless me, sir, they eat 'em!"—Christian Register.

Carelessness.

Mr. Flatbusch—I see during some recent explorations at "Campell an ancient kitchen was unearthed. In the fireplace there was a kettle on the grate, just as it was left 1,825 years ago by some cook residing in that city.

Mrs. Flatbusch—Such carelessness! You can't tell me she hasn't had an opportunity to put that kettle away in all this time!

Hard to Get.

"Have plenty of trouble with cooks, I suppose?"

"The cooks would be all right if I could only get the necessary supplies."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, last week I had a southern mammy who was a famous artist, and this week I got a Finnish cook who is strong on reindeer dishes."

Putting It Nicely.

Former Mistress—I would like to give you a good recommendation, Della, but my conscience compels me to state that you never get the meals on time. I wonder how I can put it in a nice sort of way.

Della—Yes, might I just say that OI get the meals the same as OI got me pay—Puck.

THE REASON.



She—Daisy married old Gotrox, but she was engaged to his son.

He—Yes, but Gotrox threatened to cut off his son's allowance if he married her.

Woody Decorations.

"I understand," said Uncle Bill Botle-top, "that the Turks are total abstainers."

"Yes."

"Well, maybe they are. But I can't see how any total abstainer could think up some of the designs they put in Turkish rugs."

Hard Times Brilliance.

Bride (disconsolately)—Half my wedding presents are cheap things.

Mother—Never mind, my dear; no one will suspect it. I have hired two detectives to make themselves conspicuous watching them.

A Cutting R. Park.

"You have cut my hair too short," said the man to the barber. "Now cut it longer."

And the barber, being a man of many sides and much resource, did so. He cut it three minutes longer.

Astray.

"It is my intention to lead you on the way to righteousness," said the reformer.

"Stranger," replied Bronco Bob, "you're lost. If that's your destination your trail never would have led you through Crimmon Gulch."

The More Important Service.

"You have charged me too much for this divorce," vociferated the opera singer.

"Madam," protested the lawyer; "consider the extra work you have made me do as press agent."

Relic of Barbarism.

The new barber had finished his job and his customer synchronously.

"You have cut my hair in seven places," thundered the boss barber. "Just for that, you shall shave the gentleman over again."