

Uncle Sam's Fifty-Mile Railway Has Large Assets

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COLON, Panama, Uncle Sam's railway. Yes, the title is right. Uncle Sam owns a railway, and it is one of the prettiest, busiest and best managed lines of the world. It has more traffic in proportion to its length than any road owned by any other government, and is paying better than any railway system of the United States. It is a beehive of industry which stores up honey of liquid gold. The line earned last year more than \$1,000,000, which, according to the width of the territory it covers, was more than \$34,000 a mile.

The main track of this road is less than fifty miles long. It begins here at Colon and runs across the isthmus of Panama, skirting the canal, and ending at Balboa, our new port on the Pacific. A part of it is double tracked, and it has switches and other construction at the terminals, which give it a total length of 138 miles, but even taking them into consideration it is doing more business, I venture, than any other railroad under the sun. It took in last year more than \$6,000,000, and its freight traffic amounted to more than 1,500,000 tons. It carried almost 2,500,000 passengers. And all this was outside the work done on the construction tracks of the Panama canal.

The Panama railroad is run as a commercial proposition, and Uncle Sam keeps his tracks in the Culebra cut and elsewhere on a separate account sheet. He has hundreds of miles of other roads on the canal zone, but the Panama railway proper is a government road, which charges fares to every one who goes over it and makes every ton of freight pay its tolls.

Government Enterprise Which Pays. But first let me tell you how the railroad is managed and something more of the enormous profits it makes. The president is Colonel George W. Goethals, the chief engineer of the canal, and the first vice president is E. A. Drake, who has his headquarters in New York. Mr. Drake has been connected with the institution for many years and is one of its most valuable employees. In addition, we have Engineer Commissioner Hodges as the second vice president and as the general superintendent and the man who has his hands on the wheels, and Mr. J. A. Smith, who has under him a full corps of engineers, mechanics and transportation officials, and the usual machinery which belongs to the management of any great railroad.

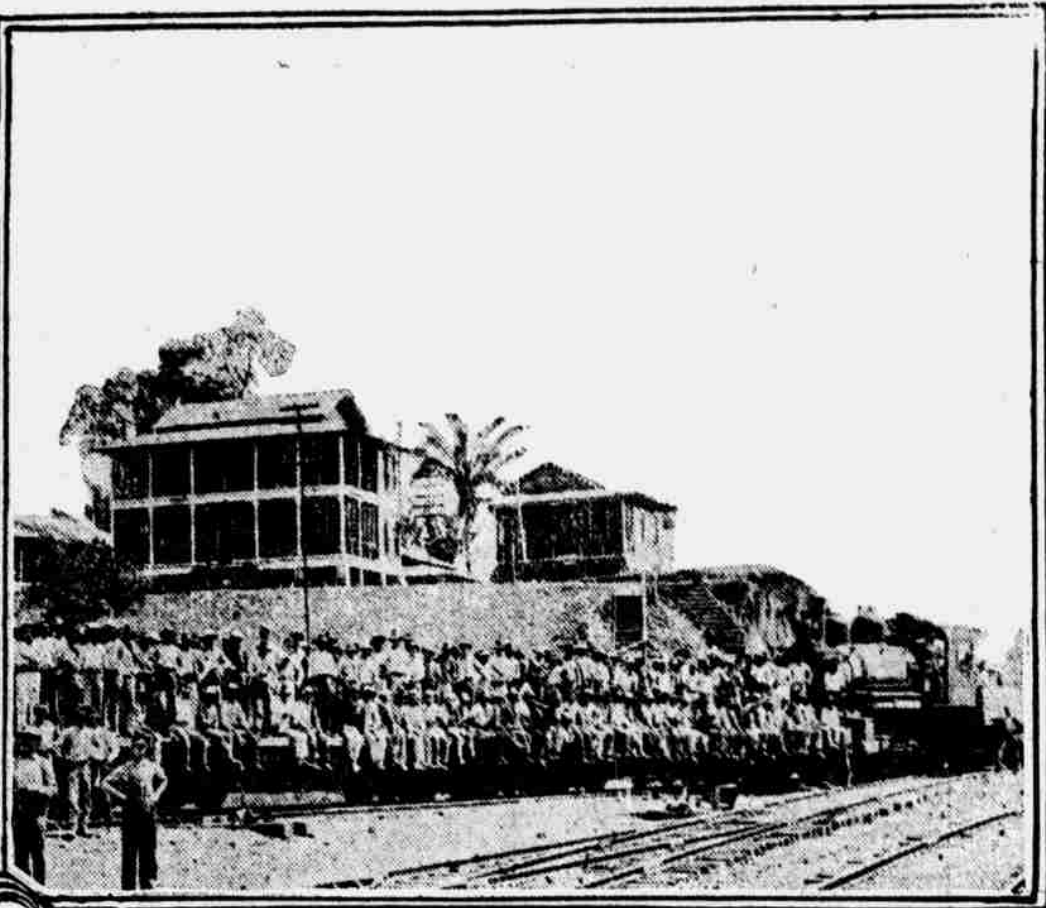
All of the officers are appointed by Uncle Sam, and with the exception of one or two shares all the stock belongs to him. It came to the government through our purchase of the Panama canal, being turned in by the French at a valuation of \$7,000,000. The last French company had bought it of the De Lesseps organization for \$18,000,000, but when we figured out the values of the isthmian property it was put down at \$1,000,000, and it has been carried on the books at that sum. Nevertheless, its assets have steadily grown, until they are now over \$25,000,000, and the company today has a surplus of almost \$12,000,000. Moreover, the traffic and the profits are steadily increasing. The freight tonnage last year showed a gain of more than 22 per cent, and the number of passengers was 3 per cent more than in 1910.

It Has Earned Millions. The Panama railroad has always been a paying institution. It began to yield dividends as soon as the first rails were laid, and for more than a generation it proved to be a gold mine to its owners. It was started by an American company at the time that the California gold excitement was at its height, and before the forty-seven miles which formed the first track was completed it had earned \$2,000,000. Within four years after that its earnings were \$32,000,000, which was four times what the road cost to construct, and it has kept on paying for itself again and again. It was always charged well for its services. Beginning with its opening in 1853, its freight rates were something like \$100 per ton, or more than \$3 per ton per mile, and passengers paid \$5 for a single ticket which took them from one side of the isthmus to the other. These rates prevailed for about thirty years.

Think of paying \$5 for a fifty-mile journey! The rate was more than 50 cents a mile. At the same charge it would cost you \$116 to go from New York to Boston, and the fare to Chicago would be \$480. The cost across the continent on the railroad would be \$1,600, and at the present rate of fast travel it would cost something like \$25 an hour to ride on the cars. Today the first-class rate on Uncle Sam's road is about 5 cents a mile, and second-class passengers pay 2 cents, while mileage books cost you 1/2 cent more per mile.



On An Oil Burning Locomotive



Labor Train Taking Men Home From Work



Railway Men With fat jobs

than in the United States. Notwithstanding all this, the isthmus is hot and the walking is not over good, and so every one rides.

Across the Isthmus by Railroad. We can buy first-class tickets from Colon to Panama for about \$2.50 and we shall take a run over the road before we look into its management. We shall take the new line which is now being constructed to go around Gatun lake high above the canal level. The old track ran through the bed of the lake and it has long since been swallowed up by the waters held back by the dam. The new road is well built, being equipped with ninety-pound rails and for the most part with ties of pine and cypress soaked in creosote. The first road was built with ties of mahogany and lignum vitae which are the only ties that will withstand the wood-eating ants. There are some hardwood ties in the present road. That wood is so tough that the spikes cannot be driven without holes are first bored for them. They are put in with special boring machines, and the spikes are then screwed into place. The telegraph poles are of steel to withstand the white ants.

The cars are excellent. The first-class, where we ride, has rows of wicker seats on each side of the aisle that run through the center, and there is room for two passengers on each seat. We find the cars filled, and that with pay passengers.

Going on to the second-class, we find them crowded with silver employees, mostly negroes. The seats here run under the windows, like those of a street car, and as a result about double the number are carried. The conductors are white. A careful record is made of the tickets at both ends of the journey. There are gates through which you must go to enter the cars, and turnstiles through which you pass out when you leave the terminal station. The number of passengers is thus registered, and the officials know exactly how many people travel each day.

Over a Scenic Route. But the train has left Colon and crossed over to the Mount Hopp reservoir, which supplies that city with water. It goes by great warehouses holding supplies for the canal, and then begins the scenery which makes it one of the picturesque routes of the continent. We pass a wide, grassy plain which was formerly infested with tapirs and deer, and thence rise into the hills of Gatun, where one can see the great locks on the right. The road now turns and cuts around Gatun lake, which is in view for a greater part of the journey. The roadbed has been built ten feet above the surface of the lake, and it is now on the ninety-five-foot level throughout the main part of the way. On the right we can see the great sheet of water, with its many islands, and in the future one will be able to look at the ships going through.

The vegetation on both sides of the road is tropical. There are palm trees and bamboo and fern trees as tall as a one-story cottage. Some of the trees have magnificent foliage, being covered with blossoms of the brightest of red, yellow and blue. Some of them are loaded with Spanish moss. Part of the way is through a jungle like that of the Himalaya foothills above the plains of the Ganges, and in other places the country is open, and again we see hills and ridges not unlike those of the Blue Ridge.

As we pass many little towns composed of mere shacks, and at Culebra and Empire find the great buildings of the canal and the homes of the employees. A little further on we see Cucaracha and Paraiso and then stop at Pedro Miguel, where there is a big engine yard and roundhouse. Here are the locks connecting the eighty-five-foot level with the Miraflores lake, and the next stop beyond is at Miraflores itself, where the ships make their final descent to the Pacific sea level. We then go on through the one tunnel of the line, and leaving the canal route, cross level ground to Panama, the capital of the republic. There is a branch road running on to Balboa, but here the line practically ends, the two towns of Panama and Ancon being joined together almost in front of the station.

As we stop we look at our watches. We have been just about two hours crossing the isthmus, and have come through about twenty-five miles per hour. There are three or four passenger trains each way daily, but more on Sunday, due to the fact that this is a holiday, when the canal employees ride back and forth visiting their friends.

Handling the Traffic. It is a big job to handle 388 trains a day on a fifty-mile line and its branches, and I am told that that job is better done here than it has ever been done elsewhere. The trains move like clock-work, and every engineer and every brakeman has to be Johnny-on-the-spot to catch the signals and not cause complications.

In the first place, the labor trains have to be on time to get the men to their work, and the scenes at the roundhouse, when the engines start out are worth notice. There are 100 and more engines at Pedro Miguel, all of which leave at 5:30 a. m. Every engineer is ready before that time, and when the whistle blows the conductors and brakemen are all in their places. We have a record of dispatching 100 engines from the yard within five minutes, and the usual time required is only seven minutes. Some of these engines go to Miraflores, some to the Culebras cut, and others to other places.

At the same time other engines are sent out from other yards and the whole system moves like one fine machine. In order to keep the engines in shape they are gone over every night as soon as they come in from the work and are cleaned up and repaired before morning. Those which need it are sent to the repair shops, where the work is done chiefly by electric light, all the defects being remedied between 7 p. m. and 5 a. m.

In addition to the regular trains there are wrecking trains, which keep up steam night and day. There are hospital cars, which are especially fitted with mattresses and berths for carrying the sick or those who meet with accidents, and there are coaling trains, which go through the canal when the work is not in progress and load the steam shovels and supply the blacksmith shops and other places where coal is needed.

The handling of the trains and the managing of the switches is a great work. The trains are moved by flags and signals, a green flag meaning south bound and a yellow one north bound. The semaphore is also employed, and when the steam shovels are working in the cut a negro stands at each switch and turns it as the yardmaster signals. Indeed the system is such that accidents are comparatively few.

On an Oil-Burning Locomotive. The machinery and equipment of these railroads are of the most modern description. The engines used in hauling out the earth and rock are the largest of their kind, and those of the Panama railway proper are modern and first class in every particular. As we came across the isthmus on the road we were surprised to see that there was no dust nor cinders and very little smoke, and when we asked why we were told that the engines were oil burning. During my stay here I have taken a ride on one of these oil locomotives, and after riding on it from Ancon to Culebra my face was as clean as when I left Panama.

Railroad Men of the Isthmus. Mr. Smith, the general superintendent of the Panama railway, tells me that Uncle Sam has down here at Panama the cream of the railroad engineers and conductors of the United States. We pay the highest salaries that are paid to railroad men anywhere in the world, and our men have the best treatment. We now have altogether 413 locomotive en-

gines on the isthmus, and 150 of these are receiving more than \$2,000 a year. We have other engineers, who are not qualified to run on the main line of the Panama road, who are receiving \$180 a month.

The wages of our conductors range from \$100 to \$215 per month, and both engineers and conductors, like all the gold employees of the isthmus, have forty-three days vacation with pay. They have also a sick leave for thirty days, making a total of seventy-two days in the year that a man may be out of his work and still receive pay.

As a result of these advantages, making the pay 40 or 50 per cent more than that in the states, the railroad company has no trouble in getting the best men. It has a long waiting list, and every railroad man who has come here and gone away wants to get back. At first such appointments were largely political, but the misfits have been discharged and weeded out, until the service is now the most efficient to be found anywhere.

I am told that many of these railroad men are saving money. They can lay away more out of their salaries than they could earn in the states, and, owing to the low prices of the commissary, they can live more cheaply here than at home. The most of such men are fine-looking physically and I am told they are morally clean.

The Task at Hand. The late Clara Barton, head of the American Red Cross, was a Christian in perhaps the best sense—the practical and unselfish sense.

Valeska Suratt's Secrets of Beauty

"The Art of Art is to Conceal Art"

One of the most disheartening sights to me is to see a woman whose features reveal the abominable habit of "piling things on." Powder is slapped on so carelessly that it appears in spots, rouge is put on so thick as to give the lips a clownish vermilion, the eyebrows and the lashes are penciled so heavily as to make the user look like a wild dervish.

This is dense ignorance, yet we find women of supposedly great refinement and station guilty of this buffoonery. Do not forget that the excessive use of such toilet articles as a rule defeats its own purpose.

The woman who always "looks perfectly natural," even though that naturalness may be manufactured, is the woman who first receives all the attentions and favors. The obviously painted woman is a shock; no man prefers to promenade with a woman who causes the crowd to gaze at the landscape over her features. In other words, the art of art is to conceal art.

Don't overdo. Don't forget you are not making up for the stage as you go on the street, and besides, you should wish rather to be known as a woman who does not need a thick veneer of powder, rouge and pencil than one who does. To put too much on, or badly, calls attention to your very lack of beauty. Besides, I will continue to tell my readers in these columns how they can be beautiful, instead of being merely painted counterfeits.

MRS. L. B. C. asks how to get rid of spots, muddly complexion.

Boil half a pint of water. Add two tablespoonfuls of glycerine. Keep stirring, while adding one ounce of zinc oxide, until it is dissolved. Then let cool. If the cream is too thick to pour easily from a bottle, thin it down a little with more hot water. The cream will be white and satiny. After bathing in the morning, hold a wet, hot towel to the face several times for several minutes. Rub this cream on the entire face liberally. Let the cream dry on the face. Repeat this again at night. Any good druggist will sell you an ounce of zinc oxide for not more than fifty cents.

"HOPEFUL" does not need to hope; she can be absolutely certain of getting rid of blackheads. Pinching will not cure them, though it helps for the time being.

Dissolve two ounces of granulated sugar in one-half pint of water and add one ounce of arsenic, and mix the whole together thoroughly, then add more water to make a pint. You can have on the most splendid and effective pimple remover it is possible to obtain. Arsenic is a liquid which you can get at the drug store for seventy-five cents. Take one or two teaspoonfuls of this mixture three or four times a day, with a little water if desired. This is absolutely safe for any one.

MISS H. F. wants to know whether it is harmful to wear bust pads. Reason it out for yourself. Anything which compresses or causes heat and perspiration in such cases is injurious, and often disastrous. However, if you still persist in wearing them, yet desire to have splendidly developed, you can assuredly do so, if you will be faithful in using the following:

In a half-pint of hot water dissolve two ounces of rustone and half a cup of sugar. Put well mixed together. Of this take two teaspoonfuls three or four times a day in a wine glass of water, after your meals.

In a few weeks you should notice a visible result, and later on you should need one of the most remarkable preparations of the most famous name. This is I have ever heard of. I know it will do the work, and I know it is perfectly safe besides. The rustone you can get at the drug store for a dollar. You will also find the development materially assisted by massaging the bust with the epsom cream mentioned.

"DISSATISFIED" should get a small piece of cotton, wind it around the end of an orangewood stick. Dip this in peroxide of hydrogen, which you can get at any drug store, and run it under the finger nail. This acts as a bleach and cleans the under side of the finger nails perfectly.

MRS. W. D. S. I will send you the proper method of reducing enlarged lips.



PREMATURE says she is 31 years of age and looks like 45. She wants to look her age again, or look even younger. If possible, if you had asked me this a few years ago I would have said "impossible." But now I say "almost." I know of quite a few women who have produced really phenomenal results in rejuvenating their appearance by using the following formula. It has the effect of removing wrinkles and making the face look plump and youthful. I use this myself, and it is my "standby."

In one-half pint of boiling water, pour two tablespoonfuls of glycerine. In a few minutes add two ounces of epsom and continue stirring until all is dissolved. At first it will look like jelly, then it will start to cream. When it does this, remove from the fire and stir constantly until cold. Keep in air-tight jar. You should be able to get epsom at any good drug store, and it should not cost you more than fifty cents.

Apply this cream every morning with the tips of the fingers, after washing your face with very warm water and soap. Rub in well until the cream has disappeared. This cream will not grow hair.

LILLY G. I would not advise you to use anything of the kind you mention, as I do not know what it contains. If you want a shampoo worthy of the name, that will clean your hair as you probably never had it cleaned before, and that will leave the hair beautifully silky and not so hard to manage, dissolve one teaspoonful of eggol in half a cup of hot water. When entirely dissolved and the solution has become lukewarm, pour onto the hair and shampoo in the usual manner. It makes an exquisite lather. After rubbing it well into the scalp so it is perfectly developed, you can assuredly do so, if you will be faithful in using the following:

Important Announcement

Owing to Miss Valeska Suratt's enforced absence for several weeks abroad, where she goes for the procurement of her new wardrobe and for the preparation of her theatrical engagements this winter, the appearance of these weekly talks on beauty will be suspended until the week of Sept. 1.

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It Does the Work! Eat All You Want Whenever You Want! Don't Be Fat!
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OBESITY HERB TEA

OBESITY HERB TEA, a part of the FAT FOE TREATMENT, makes a mild and delightful brew that is specially intended for fat folks and can be sipped at bedtime.

Hair on Face

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DeMiracle
Removes, Prevents and Retards Its Growth.
The excellence of DeMiracle is too widely known to need comment. The specially interesting thing is that we sell this preparation at smartly reduced prices. Not for one day but every day. You can buy it at our toilet goods department at

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