

Cartago, the Pompeii of Central America

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CARTAGO, Costa Rica.—I am in the Pompeii of Central America. Here on the highlands of the Andes, about half way between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, and almost a mile above the sea, is situated a little city which from time immemorial has been rocked by the shocks of earthquakes. Like the Pompeii at the foot of Vesuvius, it has been partially destroyed several times, and like it, it has finally met with a convulsion of old mother earth which has reduced it to ruins.

Three years ago there was no prettier little city in Latin America than this town of Cartago. Lying as it does in a nest in the volcanic mountains, amid high peaks covered with green and crowned with fleecy white clouds and with the purest streams of mountain water flowing through its concrete gutters, it was considered the most healthy resort north of our canal zone. The town was noted for its delightful climate and as the vacation place for employes on the canal. They came here by the hundreds, and there was a large hotel run by an American named Weldon, as well as numerous beautiful houses which supplied them with quarters.

The place was especially attractive because of its quaintness. It is one of the old cities of Central America and had been built in Central American style. Its houses, which were several thousand in number, ran along well made streets with narrow sidewalks of flagstone. The houses were of one story made of stone and mud with walls several feet thick. The buildings also were of one story facing the street with the rooms running around patios in which were orange trees, lemon trees and many tropical flowers. The doors and windows were large and the breezes from the mountains blew through from all sides. The roofs were of red tiles, and were laid on thick rafters.

Altogether the town seemed substantially built and no one would have supposed that a single great shock could have reduced it to ruins, as its low houses were considered earthquake proof. In addition to its residences Cartago had some fine business buildings. There were many stores scattered here and there and also a great market, which was filled with stalls and crowded on each market day by thousands who came from the surrounding country to buy and sell. There were thirteen Catholic churches and a great cathedral was building. Some of the churches were of large size. There were schools for boys and schools for girls, and last, just then approaching completion and ready to be dedicated, was a peace palace built by Andrew Carnegie to be the home of a Central American court which would arbitrate the differences between the several republics. The city was prosperous. It had about 15,000 people and it was full of tourists and pleasure lovers, as was Pompeii at its fall. Among the visitors were several hundred Americans who had come here from Panama. These were the conditions on the first of April, 1910.

In Earthquake Land. Several months before that time, however, the volcanoes about had been having eruptions. Old Poas, a mighty mountain at the west, had thrown up a geyser of steam to a height of more than two and a half miles, and this land spread out in a mushroom of light gray which had covered the valley of San Jose. At the same time a rain of ashes fell upon that city which lies about fifteen miles west of here and the trees and shrubs for miles around were covered with volcanic ash, making them look as though covered with snow. The ashes even went as far as Punta Arenas, on the Pacific, and near the volcano stones which were more than a foot in diameter fell from the skies.

Along about April 13 there was an earthquake which was felt throughout this whole central plateau. All the church bells at Cartago began to ring violently and the ground rose and fell. This was about midnight. The people ran into the streets and most of them got down on their knees and prayed to the saints. The tremblings of the earth continued until morning. There were more than a score of shocks before 3 o'clock, but they grew less and less as the day advanced. The trouble was over. There followed another strong shock shortly after midday and on the following day a dozen or more shocks



AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE.

were recorded, but nothing very alarming. Then the earth became quiet and for almost three weeks there was peace. The people thought the trouble was over, and the tourists spoke of the earthquakes as a delight experience and planned the big stories they would tell when they got back to Panama.

Great Shock Destroyed Cartago. This was the situation May 4, when the great earthquake occurred. There had been a slight tremor about noon of that day, but it was not until the darkness was falling that the earth gave its great heave. It was, in fact, just about ten minutes to 7 p. m., when most of the people were in their homes, either eating their dinner or sitting and chatting, that a mighty shock came which converted the surface of this city into a waving sea, and which within a few seconds reduced the whole town to rubbish. Nearly every house was thrown to the ground. The churches were ruined and the tower of El Carmen was hurled many rods and dropped right across the railroad tracks. Ninety-six squares of buildings were reduced to debris. The market was laid low and a great female seminary became dust and stone. The American hotel, which then had over 200 guests, was destroyed. The Church of Los Angeles, about the richest in Central America, had its towers cracked and its walls fell in. The Carnegie building, which its architect declared was earthquakeproof, was leveled to the ground, and the catacombs of the cemetery were torn open, and thousands of breaking coffins, out of which spilled bones and dead bodies, were thrown to the ground, while in other parts of the cemetery family vaults filled with dead crumbled to the earth.

One Thousand Lives Lost. The loss of life was terrible. Almost one-tenth of the city perished in the ruins. Including the neighboring town of Paraiso, the dead were fully 1,000, and in addition to this many were wounded. The people rushed from the buildings at the first great tremor of the earth, but the shock came so quickly that many were crushed before they could get out. One of the citizens tells me of how he and his family crawled under a heavy wooden table and thus escaped destruction. The streets rose and fell so that people running along them were sometimes thrown against the buildings while falling and then crushed. Dr. Alfred Pirie, a rich Canadian coffee and banana planter, who lost something like \$100,000 in the earthquake, told me today of some curious instances which remind one of Pompeii. When the ruins were excavated many people were found just as they appeared in the acts of their ordinary work when killed by this mighty catastrophe. "In one house," said he, "a shoemaker sat amid the ruins with a shoe on his knee and his hammer raised in the act of striking the sole. We found women sitting at their sewing machines, their hands still holding the cloth and their heads bowed over their work. In one case the wife of a Central American diplomat was giving her baby a bath when the house fell and crushed both her and the child."

Some Strange Features. "Tell me your own experience, Mr. Pirie," said I. "Myself and my family were unharmed," was the reply, "but nevertheless the shock was a terrible one and we had a narrow escape. My house has walls over three feet in thickness and it was so built that only the interior of it was destroyed. I had several Canadian girls visiting me at the time the earthquake occurred. It was already dark and the electric lights were turned on. We had been talking about earthquakes, and one of the girls had said she had felt a slight tremor that afternoon. We had warned her that there was little danger, but just at that moment the floors rose and the inside walls began to fall in. We were all thrown from our chairs to the floor. The table was overturned. At the same time the light went out. The screen was thrown against the door, shutting it tight, and we had a great scramble trying to get out. We would rise, and be again thrown to our knees. As soon as we could gain our feet we rushed through the house for the children, who were in different rooms. Two of my little ones were in the hands of the nurse taking a bath, and a third was in bed with a fever. We carried them out into the streets and finally made our way out of the ruins."

Sounded Like a Battle. "I cannot describe the scenes at that time," continued Dr. Pirie. "The walls were everywhere falling, and the noise was like the cannonading of a battle. The people seemed to be crazy. They were shrieking and crying, and many were on their knees praying. The air was choking with ashes. The merchants and clerks had all run out of the stores, and no one paid any attention to saving his goods. At the same time it was dark. When the earth rose it threw off the switch, at the electric light plants, and this saved many lives. Had it not done so the town would have been filled with live wires and many would have been killed by them. An electric wire caught me in the neck just as I ran out of the door, and had the current been on I should have perished. As it was, I tried to get some coal oil, and went to a store and asked for it. The merchant was out in the street. He told me that there was a five-gallon can in the rear of the store and that I could have it for nothing if I would bring it out, but, as for him, he would not venture. I went in and got the can, but it held only a quart."

"And what did the people do for quarters that night?" "We did our best to get out of the city, and later on we had tents which we lived in until we could find where we were. Many of the residents had coffee plantations or country estates and some went to them. A relief train and physicians came in from San Jose the next day, and the dead were gradually taken out. A few of the buildings have since been repaired. The town has now



A CARTAGO OF TODAY

perhaps one-sixth the population it had two years ago. And now let me tell you something of the Cartago of today. I have spent hours wandering through its almost deserted streets and tramping over the ruins of the homes of the past. Everywhere one goes he sees the foundations of buildings with a pile of debris inside of them. The Church of San Nicolas, not far from the station, is being repaired, but the tower is down and the walls are cracked and broken. The bells have been put up on poles at a shed at the side and are now rung by hand. The great cathedral opposite the public park and the market, which was built at a cost, I venture, of a half million or so has been cracked and destroyed beyond hope of repair. It is a stone structure covering almost an acre, with walls ten feet in thickness. Others of the churches have already disappeared.

A Town of Tin and Scrap. Walking through the streets one sees the despair of the inhabitants in the buildings which have been erected to take the places of the substantial houses of the past. There are shacks everywhere made up of pieces of galvanized iron roofing, boards from dry goods boxes and the scraps of old lumber which fell with the quake. The town now reminds one of Nairobi in Africa, which is contemptuously called the tin town. The houses are made up of all sorts of makeshifts. The roofs and walls are of galvanized iron or half iron and half tile. In the several houses I saw the sheets of iron laid on the walls with the tiles around the edges of the sheets to keep the rain from running through the cracks.

The market now consists of a large number of sheds made of debris and roofed with iron and tin. Today is Sunday and the people from all parts of the country about have come into the market. There were 1,000 or more there when I visited it a few hours ago. Many of the market women sat on the ground with oranges, bananas, potatoes and onions piled about them. The butchers stood inside their tin shacks and used sheets of galvanized iron as counters, upon which they cut up the meat for the customers. There were tailor shops and shoe shops in store-box like sheds, and I saw women sewing at machines out in the sun. In many cases the merchants sold their goods out in the open, sitting on the ground as they did so. At the present time, about two blocks away, a new market is building. This is a building of steel with a galvanized iron roof. It must cover several acres, and it is rapidly approaching completion.

Carnegie's Peace Palace. I walked down the street following a stream of mountain water which flowed through the gutter to the site of Carnegie's great building which was to teach peace to these Central American republics. The scenes about it are now peaceful enough, but they are the peace of desolation. I will not say of despair, for I understand that Mr. Carnegie has offered to give an extra \$100,000 to erect a new building, and that this will shortly be put up at the capital, San Jose, which is about five hours' walk away. As to the first structure, it lies where it was stricken down by the stony hand of old mother earth. The walls and the roof have been reduced to a pile of stones and the foundations only remain to show the beautiful structure that the palace



Classy Overcoats Most men find what they are looking for in one of these three styles. If you don't, we have others. The *Mansfield*, on the left is a conservative model, stylish and refined. The *Stanley*, in the center is a shapely back coat rather close fitting at the waist and will be widely worn. The belted-back coat, the *Franklin*, combines positive style with refined lines in a way that make it one of the most strikingly stylish coats of the year.

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must have been. These foundations are intact for, perhaps, eight or ten feet above the ground. Everything else has fallen as far as the floor of the great central court. I climbed up the steps and walked over the patio. This is intact, but weeds and grass are growing in the corners where the foundations were to have been located, and there is a wide hedge of weeds running around it, covering the hall which separates the patio from the ruins of the rooms, which faced upon it.

To the Cemetery. I next visited the cemetery, which is situated about three blocks away. This institution was formerly the pride of Cartago. It covers six or eight acres, and was filled with monuments and beautiful vaults amid semi-tropical trees. It is shut off from the street by a wall of catacombs, in the center of which is the entrance. The wall of catacombs is about ten feet thick, twenty-five feet high and over 400 feet long. From each end of it shorter walls of catacombs extended back into the cemetery, forming a great set of pigeonholes, each of which contained a coffin, and the whole formed like the head of a letter T. This wall of coffins was broken in two by the earthquake at about ten feet from the ground, and the upper portion moved inward several inches.

It must have been tilted over, and this threw out the slabs which held in the dead, sealing shut the pigeonhole vaults in which each coffin lay. I counted the pigeonholes in the main wall. There were over 600 of them, and, with those in the walls at the ends, there must have been fully a thousand coffins with the dead in them at the time the earthquake occurred. The wall at one end was reduced to a debris of bricks and mortar, of broken wood and bones and flesh. In the central wall many of the coffins were thrown out and the skulls and bones rolled about everywhere.

It was the same in the family vaults of the cemetery. These were made very similar to the catacombs at the ends, each vault being a little flat-roofed house made up of these pigeonholes. Some of the vaults are still in ruins, and on some of these are flowers and wreaths hung up in memory of the departed. At the time that the dead were exhumed there were so many that it was found necessary to burn most of them to prevent disease. Others were put back in the vaults, but, alas, without the quotation, "After life's fitful fever he sleeps well." FRANK G. CARPENTER.

What to Do and What Not to Do for the Complexion

By VALESKA SURATT

The Beauty-Queen of the American Stage, Famed for Her Self-Made Loveliness. THE evils wrought on the complexion by soap have unfortunately been too little known. Soap is useful, that is true, but its constant use as a cleanser is bound to retard any effort to beautify the skin. All soap contains caustic in some quantity. Some contain more than others.

There are some skins which soap will not injure, but the great majority of skins are too tender to withstand the constant application of the biting alkali contained in soap. The soft texture of the skin must be conserved. I use soap on my face, neck, arms and hands only occasionally. As a result the skin is almost as soft as velvet, and not making more effort to produce much more prompt and delicate effects. It will do the same for any one who wants to make up her mind to give up the constant use of soap.

There is no better substitute for soap, no better cleanser, free from all its drawbacks than the following formula, which I use religiously. It is always refreshing, always satisfying. By its use you will feel that you are at last really gaining beauty, and not making more effort to produce much more prompt and delicate effects. It will do the same for any one who wants to make up her mind to give up the constant use of soap.

ALTA S.—Do not use green soap on your hair. It is exceedingly caustic, and actually causes the hair to fall out. Use this shampoo and you will find the result more satisfactory and your hair will not be so unmanageable as from using soap. Dissolve one teaspoonful of eggol in half a cup of hot water. When entirely dissolved, the solution has become lukewarm, pour into the hair and shampoo in the usual manner. It makes an exquisite lather. After rubbing it well into the scalp so it is perfectly clean, wash the hair thoroughly with plenty of warm water, and rinse with cold water. The drugist will let you have the eggol for not more than twenty-five cents.

lution until it has actually dissolved. This will take but two or three minutes. Then wipe off with a warm, damp cloth and wash the skin with warm water, and apply the cream given in the first few paragraphs. The sulfo solution will cost you a dollar and can be obtained at almost any drug store.



ORRIN.—I have a formula some time ago for the removal of blackheads, which is truly surprising in its results. I will repeat it here. First wash the face with hot water and soap. Then sprinkle some norexin generously upon a sponge made wet with hot water. Then rub well for a few minutes on the parts of the skin which are affected with blackheads. This done, bathe the face with warm water and dry. Then apply some of the sulfo lotion, the formula for which I have already given. The norexin will cost you not to exceed fifty cents at any drugist.—Advertisement.

Health and Beauty Hints

BY MRS. MAE MARTYN.

B. Sister! It is right that the patrons of your "beauty parlors" should object to shampoos made from soap on account of the great danger of the soap alkali ruining the lustre of their hair. Try a shampoo made by dissolving a teaspoonful of caustic in a cup of hot water, and after shampooing rinse the hair as usual. Caustic makes the most satisfactory shampoo imaginable and leaves no bad effects. It lathers splendidly and is the best and most thorough scalp-cleanser I have ever seen. It relieves scalp-itching, soothes and leaves the hair bright, soft, fluffy and easy to do up. This shampoo permits the hair to dry quickly, is very beneficial, and causes faded, streaky or discolored hair as soap and most shampoos are likely to do.

Mrs. L. G. It is not necessary that your face reflect your age. You could easily have a much finer, clearer, smoother and more youthful complexion if you quit using powder and tried a face lotion. Dissolve four ounces spiramin in a half-pint hot water or witch hazel and add two teaspoonfuls glycerine. Apply this to your face, neck and arms and it will improve your looks wonderfully. It will soften and whiten your skin and remove that shiny, greasy look. This inexpensive lotion will not rub off like powder, and is very beneficial in preventing and removing freckles and skin-pimples, and is a wonderful skin beautifier. You can get anything I recommend at almost any drug store.

"Weak Eyes." Wearing glasses is not likely to help your weak, dull, inflamed eyes. What you need is a good strengthening eye-tonic. The next time you go to a drug store get an ounce of erysoto and dissolve it in a pint of water. Drop a few drops of this in each eye occasionally and you will be surprised how soon it will give you relief. It will not smart or burn the eyes and is a perfectly reliable tonic for any one who has eye-troubles. It is splendid for treating watery, expressionless eyes or granulated lids. It makes the eyes bright, strong and sparkling.

R. K. I would advise you to seek health first, before beauty. You say you are always looking yellow, have pimples and eruptions. Try this home made blood purifier and system tonic: Get from your drugist a quart of a table-spoonful before each meal. This remedy should tone up your system and build up your strength. It aids digestion, increases a torpid liver and restores the blood. When your blood is pure, your pimples and pimples will disappear and you will have more strength and energy.

Grace: No, I know it doesn't add to your peace of mind when you are conscious that you are getting so fat that your dress is continually gaping in the back and you fear the constant strain will prove too much for the buttons. You want to cut down your flesh without starving yourself or without tiring and tiring exercise, go to your drugist and get four ounces of parnosin. Dissolve it in 1 1/2 pints of hot water, then take a tablespoonful before each meal. Your double chin and shortness of breath will soon disappear, for I know several cases where parnosin took off superfluous fat at the rate of several pounds a week.

Jessie P. H. Some sage drawings are beneficial to the scalp, but I never recommend them on account of the danger of staining or discoloring the hair. If you want a good, dependable remedy for dandruff, itching scalp and falling hair, try an ounce of quinine dissolved in one-half pint of alcohol (not whiskey) and add one-half pint water. This will put your hair and scalp in a healthy condition. Apply the tonic twice a week, rubbing it gently into the hair-roots. It is free from oil and makes a fine dressing for the hair. I know of many who were troubled with "hopalene" cases of dandruff and falling hair that found this an ideal tonic.

Madge: For your hollow cheeks and wrinkled face, I recommend frequent applications of a good greaseless complexion cream-jelly, also brisk massage. By stirring together one ounce alcohol, two teaspoonfuls glycerine and one-half pint cold water, allowing to stand over night, you will have an extra good complexion cream. Use this along with your face cream, and it will clear up your skin fine, removing all dirt from the pores and soon you will find your complexion smooth, fresh-looking and un-wrinkled. This is an excellent cream for treating blackheads, freckles and roughness of the skin and will rid your face of those very large pores.

Mary B.: Applying a Gelsolene paste to the hairy surface for two or three minutes will remove every trace of hair from your skin. To prepare, mix enough powdered gelatine and water to cover your hair, and let it stand until it has dissolved the skin should be washed carefully. This method is unfeeling and is not injurious to the most sensitive skin.

B. D.: Your eyelashes will grow long and have a silken curl if you apply pyroxin at last-roots with thumb and forefinger. Straggle eyebrows will come in thick and glossy merely by rubbing pyroxin on with finger-end. Be very careful and don't get pyroxin where no hair is wanted.

Read Mrs. Martyn's book, "Beauty," an advertisement.

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