

ILLUSTRATES PIONEER LIFE

Queer Little Domestic Built of the Turf of the Nebraska Prairies is Viewed by Thousands.

The Nebraska sod house on the bluff tract is one of the greatest attractions among the group of state buildings. This house, representing a class of domestic, unknown to any section of country except the treeless prairies, is intended to represent the habitation of the pioneers of the west, as the log cabin illustrates a corresponding period in the settlement of the spreading forests of the eastern and central states.

Light Upon the Subject. All kinds of curious questions are asked by the crowds of people from eastern states, and now and then a particularly inquisitive soul house. A general ignorance seems to prevail as to the manner of constructing a sod house and its desirability as a dwelling. In this connection, a recital regarding the construction of the Nebraska sod house may shed a little light upon the subject.

When the Nebraska exposition commission decided to erect a sod house as a part of the Nebraska exhibit at the exposition, arrangements were made with Mrs. L. Bowser of Norfolk to erect the house and furnish it during the exhibition. Mrs. Bowser came to Nebraska in 1854 and took up her residence in Rock county, in the northern central part of the state. They erected a sod house in the Diamond valley at a time when there were no other settlers in that section of the state and lived in coming in rapidly erecting sod houses, until quite a settlement had formed.

Gathering the Material. A place was selected where the virgin sod was never broken. The sod was turned up with a plow in long ribbons twelve inches wide and several hundred feet long. Gangs of cutters followed the plow and cut the sod in two-foot lengths. This was done by hand, the sod being laid on the railroad and loaded into freight cars. The virgin prairie sod has a strength and tenacity which makes it easy to handle and very desirable for this purpose.

LABOR AND INDUSTRY. Veron, N. J., has a girl blacksmith. Paper floor grain favor in Germany. In Spain blacksmiths get \$3.90 a week. A Texas ranchman gets 150,000 head of cattle.

What will probably remain for a short time the largest electric generator for street railways has been ordered for the Boston Elevated railroad. It will have a capacity of 5,000-horse power.

The Central Labor union of Springfield, Mass., has decided to start a retail shoe store to handle only union made shoes, as the shoe stores of that city do not seem to be disposed to handle that class of goods.

One man can do the work of eighteen men with a new machine just put on the market. It is a bicycle-making machine, while in Philadelphia a box-making machine has been invented which will turn out 1,500 boxes per hour.

The average annual output of wood novelties in Maine has a value well over \$1,000,000. One of the most interesting branches of the industry is the manufacture of wood rims for bicycles. The factory where the manufacture is carried on has a floor space of 7,800 feet, and its daily output averages about 1,800 rims, and the value of its yearly product is about \$120,000.

Ab, he would think up many stories of prevailing Spanish bees, and all might yet be well.

COMMANDING BRITISH FIGURE

Personal Side of Joe Chamberlain, Minister of the Colonies.

AMERICAN NOTIONS IN BRITISH POLITICS

Statesman of Limited Popularity, but Compels Public Admiration and Support—His Political Methods and Success.

The most commanding figure in British public life today is that of Joseph Chamberlain, the man who has made popular the celebration of the queen's birthday in America and of the Fourth of July in England. In many quarters he is regarded as the greatest conservative English statesman of the period and the hope of Britain's continued colonial empire.

Twenty-five years ago, however, the present colonial secretary was considered a very dangerous man. His work as mayor of Birmingham had a tinge of socialism, if not communism, about it, and to be even suspected of a leaning toward socialism in those days when the excesses of the French commune were fresh in men's minds was to have all the propertied classes in England arrayed against one.

It might be thought that Chamberlain would be a very fair idea of Chamberlain's manner and method of addressing the House. No interruption can frown him; no disorder drag him from his point. He is always, as he once remarked in the House of Commons, as cool as a cucumber. To see Chamberlain with his back to the wall in the Parliaments of five or six years ago, hated by his old allies, distressed by his new ones, cutting and slashing at the Gladstonians in

INDIAN CORN OF BOLIVIA

I am much interested also in the Indian corn which I find here. There are many species of maize here which we never see in North America.

It seems curious to find all sorts of fine fruits away up here on the roof of the world. There are fruit peddlers on nearly every square of the city, and the market is filled with the varieties of oranges, lemons and pineapples.

PECCALIARITIES OF PEOPLE. John Boyd Thacher of Albany, well known as a collector of American historical matters, has somehow acquired four wampum belts of the Oneida Indians.

When Mr. Chamberlain entered Parliament, he found that the fame of his "American notions," as they were called, had preceded him and made him an advance instrumental in Mr. Silsbee's party.

It is not a small or easy thing to catch the ear of the House of Commons. Chamberlain not only caught it at the first attempt, but has never lost his hold on it.

Most American Men in England. It is almost a commonplace in England to say that Chamberlain is the most American man in English public life.

It is almost a commonplace in England to say that Chamberlain is the most American man in English public life. By that is meant that he approaches more nearly than any one else the ideal of a political boss.

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WONDERFUL CITY OF LA PAZ

Queer Features of Life and Business in the Heart of Bolivia.

FLANKED BY WALLS 1,000 FEET HIGH

Where Mules and Donkeys Act as Beer Wagons, Bread Carts and Horses—Odd Costumes and Customs—Products of the Earth.

LA PAZ, Bolivia, May 20.—(Special Correspondence of The Bee.)—There is no city in the world like La Paz. Away back from the Pacific ocean, across the highest range of mountains on our hemisphere, in the least-known country of South America, lies in a little basin on one of the highest plateaus of the earth. I have seen the walls of Pekin, of Jerusalem and of Seoul, the capital of Corea. None of them is over fifty feet high. La Paz has walls a thousand feet high, and upon each of its towers the famed snow-capped peak of Illimani, one of the three highest of the Andes, which kisses the morning and evening suns at an altitude of more than four miles above the sea. Man made the walls of other cities, but made the walls of La Paz. The great Bolivian plateau, which stretches from the north and south almost as level as the waters of Lake Titicaca, abruptly drops at La Paz so as to form here a basin which by actual measurements is about 1,000 feet deep. In this basin the city is built, and the green precincts which surround it, except on one side, where the Andes, ragged and torn, rise in ragged grandeur in all the colors of the Colorado canyon. Coming to La Paz on the stage from Lake Titicaca you ride for forty-five miles across a plain, by villages and huts, through the little farms of barley, quinoa and potatoes. On one side of the mountain wall of the great Sorati range, the highest of the Andes, and you gallop on and over a seemingly endless plain. The team is a pair of eight mules, changed every three hours. If you sit with the driver, as I did, you grow tired at last and look in vain through the clear air for the city. It is nowhere in sight. At last on the brink of a precipice the mules are pulled back on their haunches and stop, and there below you lies La Paz. It is far down that you can make out only the outlines. You see a plain covered with terra cotta-roofed houses, jumbled together along narrow streets. Here and there is a church, and at one end is the outline of a wall which forms the penitentiary, and just under the wall the inclosure made of white pigeon holes in which the dead La Pazites are stowed away at so much rent per year until their descendants forget to pay and the bodies are scattered to the winds. The stage winds about over a road that curves in and out in loops and figure 8's in getting down to the city. You see parallel roads far below you, and at last, having left the heights, gallop over the cobble-stone pavements of La Paz. The town you now find to be one of hills and valleys. Its streets go up and down and the altitude is such that you can walk but a very few steps without stopping to breathe.

A Perpetual Masquerade. The sights of La Paz form a perpetual masquerade of bright colors and curious scenes. The streets are full of people, they were intended for the stage rather than real life. The roofs of terra cotta tiles look so clean in the clear air that you can count every piece of which they are made. The windows are painted in the most delicate tints of pink, sky blue, lavender, yellow, cream and green. They are of one and two stories, so open to the street that you can see much that goes on within. The colors on the streets are even brighter than those of the houses. There are in the city at least five Indians of every white, and these dress in the brightest reds, yellows, blue and greens that aniline dyes combined with the Indian taste for the readily can make. Especially bright garment is the poncho or blanket, with a hole in the center for the neck, which every Indian man and boy wears. These are usually colored in stripes and are worn most tastefully during the night. Every Indian has also a brightly colored knit cap with knit ear flaps hanging down on each side of his face, and he sometimes has in addition a black felt hat. He wears pantaloons which make one think of the days when a girl padded her hips and panniers were in vogue. His pantaloons are cut full at the hips and the tops of the pockets stick wide out at each side. The legs of the trousers are full and from the knee down to the ankle they are slit wide apart, showing what of the legs are to be wide drawers, which flop about the ankles. Investigate them, however, and you find they are drawers made on the dicky order, or merely a half leg of white cotton sewed fast to the inside of the trousers, in order that he may be the easier roll up the latter when in the wet grass or crossing a stream. The Indian women wear hats and their dresses are as much as the blankets of the men, and everywhere there are other queer costumes, as we shall see in the markets further on.

Where the Cabman Does Not Rate. La Paz has about 50,000 people. It is the chief commercial city of Bolivia, but it has not a street car, a cab nor a dray. It has a horse and a mule, and these are used for one and two-horse wagons there are no cabs. In going about town every one walks, and all of the heavy traffic is carried on by mules, donkeys, llamas or Indians. My trunks are carried from one place to another on the backs of mules, and I pay each man about 5 cents a trunk. The bread carrier of La Paz is a donkey with skin boxes, in which the bread is kept, swung across his back. The beer wagon is a mule who has a large case of bottles upon each of its sides, and the furniture movers, whether the thing moved be a table or a piano, are Indians, who carry the articles upon their backs, heads or shoulders, from one house to the other. Freight is brought in to the city on mules, llamas, donkeys and Indians. The fuel of the city is, as I have said, llama manure. This all comes in on the backs of llamas in bags. Coco is brought chiefly on donkeys and Peruvian bark and rubber from the hotter lands low down come the same way. I saw an odd load on a mule yesterday. It was a limp bundle about five and a half feet long and perhaps eighteen inches in diameter thrown over the mule, so that the ends hung down at the same distance from the ground on each side. As the mule went on, a policeman and a crowd of Indian women came walking behind. It was the dead body of a woman rolled up in a blanket. She had been murdered a few days before for about \$50 which she was known to have saved, and the policeman was bringing the corpse and the criminals to La Paz.

The stores of La Paz are many and some carry large stocks of goods. These are, however, chiefly in the hands of the Germans, who, here as elsewhere, seem to have monopolized the trade in all foreign goods. The most of the smaller stores are in the hands of the Cholo, or half breeds, the offspring of the Indians and the whites. These people do the real business of the city. Most of their establishments are little more than boxes or holes in the walls. In a space from six to ten feet square a tailoring, a dressmaking or a saddlery business will be carried on. There are no windows to these stores. The light comes in through the door and you can look in and see the employer and his hands at their work. Nearly every merchant is a manufacturer as well. Many of the establishments are managed by women. All of the fruit of the city is sold by them and I doubt if there is a chicha beer saloon in La Paz which has not its Cholo woman as proprietor. Chicha is, you know, the beer of the Bolivians.

In the Markets of La Paz. A vast deal of the business of La Paz is done in the markets. There is one square in the center of the city which is filled with stalls and in which all week long the buying and selling goes on. On Sundays the streets outside of this for many blocks are taken up with market waggons and everything under the Bolivian sun is bought and sold. It is Sunday that is the chief market day of La Paz. Upon that day the Indians come from miles around. They buy little outside of that which they purchase in the markets, and here we shall see the characteristics of the street life. The streets are filled with people moving to and fro in waving lines of kaleidoscopic colors such as you will see nowhere else in the world. We talk of the oriental hues of Cairo and Calcutta. La Paz has a dozen different colors for the Cholo and the costumes of Calcutta will seem tame if mixed with these about us. Reds, yellows, blue and greens are ever mixing one with the other, making new combinations every second. The most delicate tints of the Andean sunsets seem to have been robbed to furnish the dresses of the Cholo girls. There are hundreds of them clad in shawls of rose red and skirts of sky blue. There are hundreds who wear skirts of sea

What a lot of babies there are all about us. We have to pick our way about carefully on the cobble streets and pavement. Some lie on the cold streets and pavement, the cobbles or play with the merchandise their mothers are selling. Some are too young to crawl and they are tied up in shawls on the backs of their mothers, who go on with their business with apparent disregard of the precious freight on their backs. There is one now peeping out of their red shawl below us. Its face is brown as a berry and its little black eyes blink at us from under its yellow knit cap, and the curls of which stand out like horns on each side of its face. There is another, only a few months older being dandled on the streets by its Indian father, and on the other side of the street we see two little tots who are taking their meals at their mothers' bare breasts. Most of the babies we see are laughing, one or two are crying. Some are quite pretty, some are homely, and nearly all are dirty and lousy. There is one whose head is now undergoing a search at the hands of its mother, who first cracks and then rats the protruding hair and then combs it into a bun. This business is not, however, confined to the heads of babies. It is common to both the Indians and the lower class Cholo, and men, women and children unite in the hunt, and the feast, the rite being the same. Starting in one place and going to another, no matter upon whose hairy game preserves he is pursuing the chase. In this connection I might relate my adventures as I carried my poor Spanish wife from store to store in La Paz. This is the size of many of the petty shops, and I am sure that you would not be able to get a better sale here. And such potatoes! Here is a brown-faced Indian girl who is selling some of our feet. I venture you never saw such little potatoes before. They are not bigger than marbles, and she offers us eight for 5 cents. Who ever potatoes, they are as pink as the toes of that baby who is playing among them, and some are as black as the feet of the Indian girl who has them for sale. Potatoes do not grow large at all in the high altitudes of La Paz, and they are also large ones in the markets, these come from the warmer lands lower down.

There are scores of Indian women in still brighter dresses carrying bundles on their backs in striped blankets of red, blue, yellow and green, and there are Indian men and boys wearing ponchos of the same gorgeous hues. There are women in black with black crepe shawls wound tightly about their olive-skinned faces with fur prayer mats and prayer books in their hands. They have stopped at the markets on their way home from church and some are accompanied by the men of their families dressed in high blue hats, black clothes and black gloves. How quiet it is! There is the hum of conversation, the chatter of gossip and now and then the jangle of bargaining; but the crowd moves in and out without friction, and though there are thousands about you hear scarcely a footfall. Take a look downward. Most of the feet about you are bare, and a large number of the Indians wear leather sandals, which make hardly a sound as their owners pass over the streets.

But the most curious of all the potatoes sold in La Paz are those known as chuno (choon-yo). These are sold in large quantities and you may see piles of them at every step as you go through the market. There is a woman who has a large stock spread out upon a blanket before her. The potatoes are as white as bleached bones. They are almost as hard, and when you break them apart you find them almost as tough. They are ordinary potatoes frozen and dried, after which process it is said that they can

BE KEPT FOR A YEAR WITHOUT SPOILING

method of preparation is to soak them in water and allow them to freeze night after night until they become soft. Then the skins are rubbed off by treading upon them with the bare feet and the potatoes are thoroughly dried in the open air. After drying they are as white as snow and as hard as stones. Such potatoes form one of the chief foods of the Bolivians. They are a staple article among the Indians of the Andean highlands. They have to be soaked for three or four days before they can be eaten and are often served in the form of a stew. I have tasted them several times. All the life of the potato seems to me to have been taken out of them and I find them insipid and by no means appetizing. Perhaps I might be able to eat them if I did not so frequently see the dirty bare feet of the Indians with which they are sauced. In addition to the above potatoes Bolivia has a number of varieties which we do not have. It has bitter potatoes of a dirty gray color, which will grow on the highest plateau. It has tubers which look like potatoes, but which have an acid taste and must be exposed to the sun before cooking, and others which look like the potato, and which taste somewhat like turnips.

It seems curious to find all sorts of fine fruits away up here on the roof of the world. There are fruit peddlers on nearly every square of the city, and the market is filled with the varieties of oranges, lemons and pineapples. There are wild oranges and wild cotton trees. There are coffee, plantations and in the forests the Indians are gathering rubber from the trees. The climate here is about that of Paris and in the Yungas and the Andes, respectively. As the pineapples and the palm trees grow. There are wild oranges and wild cotton trees. There are coffee, plantations and in the forests the Indians are gathering rubber from the trees. The climate here is about that of Paris and in the Yungas and the Andes, respectively. As the pineapples and the palm trees grow. There are wild oranges and wild cotton trees. There are coffee, plantations and in the forests the Indians are gathering rubber from the trees. 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