

Strange Features of Life at Cerro de Pasco

(Copyright, 1914, by Frank G. Carpenter.)

CERRO DE PASCO, Peru, March 23.—I want to give you some pictures of Cerro de Pasco, the highest mining town of the world. It is situated here in the tops of the Andes on the very roof of South America, at an altitude of 14,300 feet above the sea. There are snow-capped mountains about it, and the town lies in a valley which runs north and south between two mighty ranges. The mountains are filled with minerals. There are copper and silver and vanadium within a few miles, and right under the city are great beds of ore which is almost pure copper, but with a slight mixture of silver and gold.

The great plateau, which runs north and south through Peru, contains a great part of the population of the republic. It is divided up into enormous haciendas and other lands, upon which are squatters who have great herds of cattle and sheep. They also raise some barley, and in the deep valleys that sink down into the plateau are regions growing all kinds of temperate and tropical fruits. We are here just about as far south of the equator as Panama is north of it, but at this altitude of almost three miles in the air the climate is more like Canada than that of Jamaica. There are frequent snowstorms in the winter, and at night the thermometer then goes down almost to zero. In the summer it rains in the afternoon, but the mornings are clear, and for about six months of the year the sun shines all the day through.

How the Natives Live.
I shall first show you something of the native parts of Cerro de Pasco. The town has about 15,000 Cholo and Indian residents. The most of them live in one-story houses that are made of adobe and plaster outside. The buildings are in blocks, walling the streets. They are painted in the brightest of colors. One house may be bright green, the next may be blue, and the next red or golden yellow or white. The houses have roofs of thatch or galvanized iron, that extend out over the sidewalks. There are no drains from the roofs, and when it rains the water pours down the back of your neck as you go through the streets. The sidewalks are narrow, and the principal roadways are paved with cobbles, with a gutter of slabs about ten inches wide and six inches deep that runs through the middle of the street. They do not put the gutters at the sides of the roadway as at home. The streets all slope to the center, and the sewage runs off through this gutter.

As I walked through the town I observed that the woodwork was freshly painted, and the American who was with me told me that the law is that all houses facing the street must be painted once every two years. If they are not, the owners are fined. He said that the painting time had just passed, and therefore the city looked fresh.

Handle American Goods.
Strung up in the main street I passed the principal stores. They open out on the sidewalks, and are filled with goods from Europe and the United States. I saw canned fruits from California, and salmon from Oregon, cotton cloths from Massachusetts and sewing machines of well known American makes. There were also many articles of native manufacture, such as ponchos made from the hair of llamas and sheep, rude sandals used by the Indians and shoes so clumsy that I knew they could not come down from Massachusetts. Over some of the doors I noticed tassels and fringes of tissue paper. I asked what they meant, and was told that they were the signs of chicha saloons.

The scenes are interesting. The crowd was typical of backward Peru. There were better class Peruvians, dressed as we are; there were scores of Indian Cholo or half-breeds, and there were Indian men and women who had driven their llamas in from the country about with goods and vegetables and other freight of one kind or other. There were many cardadors with great loads on their backs. Indian women and girls wearing big hats on their heads, shawls around their shoulders, and such bunchy skirts that they made me think of the song of Miss Hook of Holland, in which she tells of her petticoats, the gifts of her lovers: I have one red petty from Peter, And another green petty from John, And one colored yellow, from some other fellow.

Never Change Clothes.
I am told that neither the Cholo nor the Indian female ever changes her skirt. She puts one on and keeps it there until it is worn out. As it grows thinner, she adds layers, until at last she reaches the dimensions one sees on the street. She wears her shawl and hat in house and out, and in hiring a servant it is difficult to persuade her to remove these garments while at her work.

The Indian men and boys wear ponchos



Cerro de Pasco—the highest town in the world.

and hats, with coarse suits of clothes under them that are of the same size for children and grown-ups. They have sandals, or go barefooted. The streets swarm with children. Babies are plentiful, and nearly every woman and girl has a child tied to her back. Sometimes the baby is on the outside of a burden, and it bobs up and down as the mother carries the heavy load over the road. She bends half double as she goes on a dog-trot, and covers much ground.

Very few of the women are beautiful, and they all look dirty and rather repulsive. They start carrying loads while they are children, and I see girls only as tall as my waist with babies strapped to their backs. The people are very strong, and the men can carry enormous weights up hill and down. Their chief strength is in their backs and their loins. They are weak as to their arms, and have to get under a load in order to carry it. I saw eight of them trying to move a piano. They would not raise it with their hands, but tied ropes to the legs and then pulled on the ropes over their shoulders until they were able to lift the piano to the top of the hill.

Chief Buildings Face Plaza.
Cerro de Pasco has a plaza, about which the chief buildings face. There is a church at one side, and as I went through I saw here 150 llamas lying down on the stones and resting. Each beast had a package of ore strapped to his back; they had probably come in from the mines and were on their way to the smelter. They will carry merchandise to the homes of their owners. As I looked, some of the llamas got up. They rest very much like camels, putting their knees under them and sitting flat on their bellies. The most of the beasts were chewing their cud, and I could see their jaws moving back and forth, showing the teeth. Some of the llamas were as white as snow, others were brown and white and yellow, being spotted like a calico pony. The animals look somewhat like an ostrich. They are as observing as a fox terrier and turn their heads back and forth for every new thing in sight. Their wool looks like that of the Angora goat, but it is coarser. It is used chiefly by the natives, and is not exported.

Honeycombed with Mines.
Taking ponies in company with Mr. J. T. Glidden, the assistant superintendent of the Cerro de Pasco mines, I rode through the city, visiting the outskirts and some of the native mines. Cerro de Pasco is situated on a great shell of rock, from beneath which several hundred millions of dollars' worth of silver and vast fortunes in copper have been taken, and from where they are taking millions more now. The streets and back yards are honeycombed with mine holes, many of which belong to the natives. The Americans have bought what they could, but some of the miners would not sell. They keep on burrowing away, taking out the ore by old-fashioned methods and carrying it to the surface in rawhide sacks, laced together with thongs. There are mines of this kind in the midst of the houses, with people living so close that a baby crawling out of doors might fall into a mine and stay there until one of the Indians brought up a load. Here and there are the remains of the great mines of the past. There have been frequent cave-ins, and if the buildings had anything like the weight of our houses it is probable that the whole town would drop down into the mining excavations below.

Americans Supply Money.
Today the prosperity of Cerro de Pasco, and, indeed, of this whole mining region, is dependent upon American capital. The Americans have already paid out millions, and they are now spending thousands of dollars a month for wages and native supplies. They are employing 5,000 or 10,000 people, and the money they spend goes from here out to the villages of the high Andes and down into the Chucho Mayo valley, as well as to Oroya, which is situated seventy-five miles from here at the other end of the Cerro de Pasco road. The freight supplied by these mines is the chief support of the Central railway, which comes over the mountains to Oroya, and in fact the mines have added largely to the prosperity of all Peru. Much of the millions of the original purchase went to Lima, and the present outlay affects many people.

The American company pays higher wages than any other institution in the republic, and it works its men on shorter time. At present the working day is eight hours; and the ordinary wage for natives is about 75 cents per day. It ranges from that up to \$200 per month, which is the amount paid to some of the Peruvian foremen.

In addition the company is building home for its native employees. It has two classes of houses, one of adobe and another of brick. The rent is a nominal one of 30 cents per month. This is charged in order to keep hold of the property, for if it furnished rent free the native would think he owned it and would sue the company on the slightest pretext. The foreign colony here is quite as in-



Americans of Cerro de Pasco and La Fundicion

teresting as that of the native. Here at a distance of more than 3,000 miles south of the United States, almost three miles above the sea, is an American industrial center. I call it American, for it is run by American money, but in fact the foreign employees come from all over the world. We have Australians, Germans, Austrians, Irish and Danes. We have graduates from the Boston technical, of McGill college in Canada, and of the leading universities of Germany, and, in short, the experts of a half-dozen different nations. The manager of the mines and two of the doctors are Canadians. The head of the company hotel at Cerro de Pasco is Mr. Toet, an Italian, and the manager of the hotel at the smelter, seven miles off, is a Mormon, Mr. Spillbury, whose native home is Salt Lake City. Mr. Spillbury is a strawberry blonde, with hair of bright red. The natives find his name hard to pronounce, and so they call him "El Gringo Rubio," which means the red gringo. The manager of the mines is Mr. W. T. Hamilton, who made a reputation in the far west, and who is said to receive here a salary two-thirds as large as that of President Wilson. All of these men are well paid. They are employed on contracts of two years, and it costs \$200 or more to pay their traveling expenses from the United States to the mines.

All Seem Happy.
Many of the foreign employees have their wives and families with them, and so far I have not met a man or woman who is not pleased with his or her lot. The company does everything it can to make life agreeable, and the people live almost as well as at home.

In the first place, both the smelter and the mines have hotels built of stone, with bathrooms and all modern conveniences, put up for the employees who are here on a month. They get room and board for \$25 per month. The married employees have comfortable stone cottages, and they can buy their foreign supplies at the company store. At both La Fundicion and Cerro de Pasco there are clubhouses, with libraries and reading rooms supplied with the latest magazines and papers and also bowling alleys, billiard halls and rooms for entertainments and dances. They have tennis courts, where they play matches, and base ball grounds, where the smelter employees sometimes contest with those of the mines on the diamond. In addition to this there are pony riding trips into the country and excursions to the tropical valleys. The foreign settlement has a creditable monthly magazine, the *Inca Chronicle*, edited by A. E. Swanson, which has the distinction of being published nearer heaven than any other periodical on earth. It has also a hospital with expert physicians and trained nurses, and when the men are sick they are well cared for or are sent "down the hill." The words "down the hill" and "up the hill" mean to and from the sea coast. The distance is about 200 miles by railway, and the hill from which they drop or ascend is above the top of Pike's Peak.

Foreigners Are Healthy.
Most of the Americans and other foreigners who live here in the Andes tell me they are healthy, and that this is so of men, women and children. There are, however, some who come who cannot stand the rarity of the air, and many are sent back to their homes on special trains. I know of employees who have come up three or four different times, and going down sick, have at last had to give up in despair.

As to soroches, or the mountain sickness, that seems to attack everyone when he first reaches an altitude of two miles or more above the sea. Every foreigner I have met has been more or less afflicted with it. It usually comes the first day after his arrival, and may last two or three days or two weeks. Those who have weak hearts are likely to drop inensible, and it sometimes causes death. As a rule most people get over it, although it will return at any overexertion or imprudence, and that after months of freedom and health.

The first symptoms of this illness are

pains in the head and nausea. Then comes vertigo, dimness of sight and hearing. Fainting fits may follow, and the blood may flow from your eyes, nose and lips. Those who have weak lungs are liable to hemorrhages, and many tell me they have a pain at the heart. I had my first attack fifteen years ago, when I stayed over night at the Casapalca smelter, which is less than 14,000 feet above the sea. I thought I was safe at Cerro de Pasco, although it is 200 feet higher, but the morning after my arrival, after a sleepless night, I felt as though the top of my head was being pried off with a crowbar, while a steam engine was running away inside my brain. When I tried to get up I almost fainted, but I persevered, and that afternoon I was able to go about by resting every few steps. As it is now, my body is heavy and my five-pound camera weighs a ton. In riding my mule over the mountains this afternoon I made him go on the walk, and when he once started to gallop my heart seemed to be hitting the crown of my head.

Affects Persons Differently.
The soroches attacks different persons in different ways. My stenographer had a slight attack when we reached the smelter, but this soon passed off and he thought he was proof against further trouble. He walked six miles that day and then spent an hour in the club bowling alley. At the same time he ate like a Virginia razor-back hog, and the result is that he has now a beautiful case of soroches. He is the color of Canadian cheese, he does not take three steps without resting and he loathes all manner of meat. A man named Cutler, who came with me says that his head began to ache during the night, and his pulse jumped to 130. The soroches affected his feet and they kept rising and falling under the bed clothes. A young mining engineer who came here last week to take charge of the big Moromocha copper property was met at the depot with horses and he galloped about a mile to the mines. This sent his pulse to 120 and he was kept in bed for a week. Growing no better, he went down to Lima to spend a while on the coast. On his way back he will stop at Matucana at the 8,000-foot level, and then take easy stages higher up to the mines.

Caused by Rare Air.
I have talked with the doctors here as to the cause of the soroches. They say it comes from the rarity of the air and the lack of oxygen in the amount of air taken in by your ordinary working clothes. The system has been accustomed to a certain percentage of oxygen with each breath. You breathe just as fast here as at the coast, but you get less oxygen, and as a result your blood becomes impure and there is a loading up of refuse here and there throughout the body, causing auto-intoxication. This goes on until finally you have the soroches. If it is in your head you have headache, if in the stomach nausea, and if in the bowels you have diarrhea. The

Gives Quick Home Cure For Corns, Callouses And All Foot Troubles

This information will be welcomed by the thousands of victims of daily foot torture. No matter how many patent medicines you have tried in vain this treatment, which was formerly known only to doctors, will do the work. Dissolve 100 tablespoons of Calo's ointment in a basin of warm water. Soak the feet in this for full fifteen minutes, gently rubbing the sore parts. The effects are marvelous. All pain goes inensible, and it sometimes causes death. Corns and callouses can be peeled right off; bunions, aching feet, sweaty smelling feet, get immediate relief. See this treatment a week and your foot troubles will be a thing of the past. Calo's ointment works through the pores and removes the cause. Get a twenty-five cent box from any druggist. Medical Formula Laboratories of Chicago.

pressure is very much less here than at the seacoast. At Lima it is about fifteen pounds to the square inch and here it is less than nine pounds. It is so light that it effects everything. It takes six minutes to soft-boil an egg, and you may boil beans all day and not have them cooked through.

Many of the wisacres disregard what the doctors say when they first come to the mountains. They do not take the ordinary precautions, and the result is pneumonia or serious soroches. The other day we had a doctor visitor who was told he must not go out without his coat. He replied that his business was medicine and he knew what to do. He then straightway trotted about in the rain. The result was he got pneumonia and within four days he was taken back to the coast in a coffin.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

CURE SPRINGS FROM THE SOIL

Healing Influence Over Body and Mind Known from Earliest Times.

From time immemorial men have known the virtues of the soil in healing those whose mind or body has suffered from ills which are inevitable in crowded cities. In mythology the idea was firmly crystallized in the old legend of him who was rendered all but invulnerable by the receiving power of mother earth. Thrown to the ground in any contest, he arose each time stronger than before. Which

means that a return, if only temporary, to the natural life from which civilization tends to wear man is like a return to the well with an empty pitcher. That this is realized now as rarely before is amply proved by the present anxiety on every hand to get the most possible of country life. Who does not know people who openly boast that they have thrown physics to the dogs since they began to work in some fashion on a little plot of ground, however small, somewhere in the country?

And if the recrudescence of this old idea, which prompted Horace to flee the populous home to the simplicity of his Sabine farm, seems especially strong today, when numbers are being used up physically and mentally by the stress of city life, there is noticeable, too, a more modern idea. Prevention, which has become the watchword in medicine and social welfare work, is also in the minds of many who, to keep themselves fit, have turned to country life pursuits. And as preventive treatment, what is here meant as the humblest forms of country life activities, available particularly to those of modest means who will intrust to no gardener or horticulturist or landscape artist the tasks which they themselves can do, with the assurance of gaining thereby health and peace of mind.

The preventive idea is the modern, helpful view. Let the city dweller or worker bear that in mind, and go to the soil before he has to. Even a temporary return to nature gives comfort and relief to a broken man.—New York Sun.



This institution is the only one in the central west with separate buildings situated in their own ample grounds, yet entirely distinct, and rendering it possible to classify cases. The one building being fitted for and devoted to the treatment of non-contagious and non-mental diseases, no others being admitted; the other Rest Cottage being designed for and devoted to the exclusive treatment of select mental cases requiring for a time watchful care and special nursing.

Violins

Complete with case, bow and extra strings at \$25.00, \$30.00, \$35.00, \$40.00, \$45.00, \$50.00, \$55.00, \$60.00, \$65.00, \$70.00, \$75.00, \$80.00, \$85.00, \$90.00, \$95.00, \$100.00.

Sold on Easy Payments.

Write for Free Catalogue of Musical Instruments.

A. HOSPE CO.
1515 Douglas St., Omaha, Neb.

HAYDEN'S

MONTH END CLEARANCE

PIANOS

Are You Ready for That Piano?

Tomorrow our March Month-End Clearance will bring to you the little price and the big value opportunity of the year.

You know it can't do any harm to see our splendid special sale offerings Monday, or at least soon.

Some fifty Pianos now on our sales floor and warerooms must be closed out within the next few days. All are well known makes. All the used Pianos have been overhauled and put in A-1 condition.

Every Piano offered you will be backed by our binding guarantee to you of satisfaction or money back.

We will arrange payments to suit your own convenience. There's no reason you should not have a piano.

Just a Few of the Many Splendid Bargains Offered Buyers in Our Month-End Sale

One Weiler Piano.....	\$175	One Swick & Kelso.....	\$125
One Kimball Piano.....	\$125	One Smith & Barnes.....	\$150
One Hoffman Piano.....	\$150	One Bush & Gerts.....	\$125
One Stearnway Piano.....	\$300	One Hardman.....	\$150

Come in, examine these pianos carefully, critically; compare them with others offered elsewhere. We like to have you do so, for it means a boost for Hayden values.

The House of Satisfaction Guarantee. Douglas Street Entrance. Tel. Douglas 2600.

IT PAYS Try HAYDEN'S First IT PAYS

HOME FURNITURE COMPANY

24th and L Sts., South Omaha

Quality High = Prices Low

LINOLEUM

9x12 Seamless Brussels Rugs at **\$9.75**

9x12 Seamless Velvet Rugs at **\$14.00**

9x12 Axminster Rugs at **\$17.50**

Special Sale of Linoleum this Week

Linoleum at Price of Oil Cloth.

Two yards wide—per square yard..... **29c**

Oil Linoleum, 4 yds. wide; per sq. yd..... **45c**

Extra Heavy Linoleum, 4 yds. wide; per sq. yd..... **55c**

Complete Line of Wilton and Body Brussels Rugs

SEE OUR NEW DAYLIGHT DISPLAY ROOM

FACE BROKE OUT WITH PIMPLES

Would Enlarge to About Four Times Their Size. Itched Very Much and Cracked Open. Used Cuticura Soap and Ointment. In Short Time Cured.

R. F. D. No. 1, Thurston, Ohio.—"About a year ago my face broke out with small pimples. They were about as big as the head of a pin when first noticed, and would enlarge to about four times that size. A yellow fluid would gather in them and I could open them. This enlarged the sores and caused large scabs across my face. When it would commence to dry up it would itch very much and then crack open around the scab making a very sore spot.

"I tried several different salves and ointments but none of them did any permanent good. At last I sent for some Cuticura Soap and Ointment which I used according to directions and in a short time I was completely cured and it did not even leave a scar." (Signed) Miss E. Irene Thomen, June 16, 1913.

In the care of baby's skin and hair, Cuticura Soap is the mother's favorite. Not only is it unrivaled in purity and refreshing fragrance, but its gentle emollient properties are usually sufficient to allay minor irritations, remove redness, roughness and chafing, soothe sensitive conditions, and promote skin and hair health generally. Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold throughout the world. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston."

Men who shave and shampoo with Cuticura Soap will find it best for skin and scalp.