

# Capital City of Peruvian Republic



Lima's chief business street.

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

LIMA, Peru, April 8.—Climb with me to the rocky top of San Cristobal mountain and take a look over the city of Lima. We are on the edge of the Rimac valley, within eight miles of the Pacific ocean and about 1,000 feet higher up in the air. Sitting on this bleak desert hill, the sea seems a wide streak of silver, beyond which are mountainous islands bordering the coast. Right in front of us, on the edge of the water, is the port of Callao with its mole, reaching out into the ocean, and opposite it are the islands of San Lorenzo which are to be joined to the mainland to form one of the finest harbors on the eastern Pacific. At our backs, lost in the clouds, lie the high peaks of the westernmost range of the Andes; and right under us, so near that we could throw a stone on to its roofs, is the great low city of Lima, spread out on the plain. That winding stream which runs through it is the Rimac. It springs forth from the glaciers of the high Andes, and gives life to the irrigated valleys below. It alone makes Lima possible; and it waters the orchards and vineyards and great fields of grain which form the emerald setting for the yellow city, between us and the sea.

Now let us take our glasses and look more closely at the Peruvian capital. It was originally named the city of Kings, and it was laid out by Pizarro only forty-three years after Columbus discovered America. There was a great city there 300 years before the ground on which Chicago and Cincinnati now stand had been trodden by the feet of white men. The city is one of the oldest of the hemisphere. It was born long before New York or Boston. It was the capital of all South America when the United States was subject to England, and today it is the quaintest and most interesting town upon the two continents.

Look at it as it lies there below us. The roofs are all flat and the houses are mostly of one and two stories. There is a vast expanse of low buildings, with a great cathedral and magnificent churches rising here and there out of the whole. The cathedral is almost in the center, with its great green plaza in front. That church was laid out by Pizarro before John Smith landed at Jamestown, and its original cost was more than \$500,000. It has been thrown down again and again, by earthquakes; and altogether it was ninety years in its building. It contains the bones of Pizarro, which we shall see later on.

As we look over Lima we can see other churches and convents whose spires extend high over the roofs. The city has seventy churches in all, and nearly every one will pay visiting. The church and convent of San Francisco is said to have cost \$15,000,000; and the altar of Santa Rosa, the patron saint of Lima, had in it when at its best, 1,000 pounds of gold and silver and jewels, which embraced 1,400 diamonds, 1,300 emeralds, 139 fine pearls and 600 rubies.

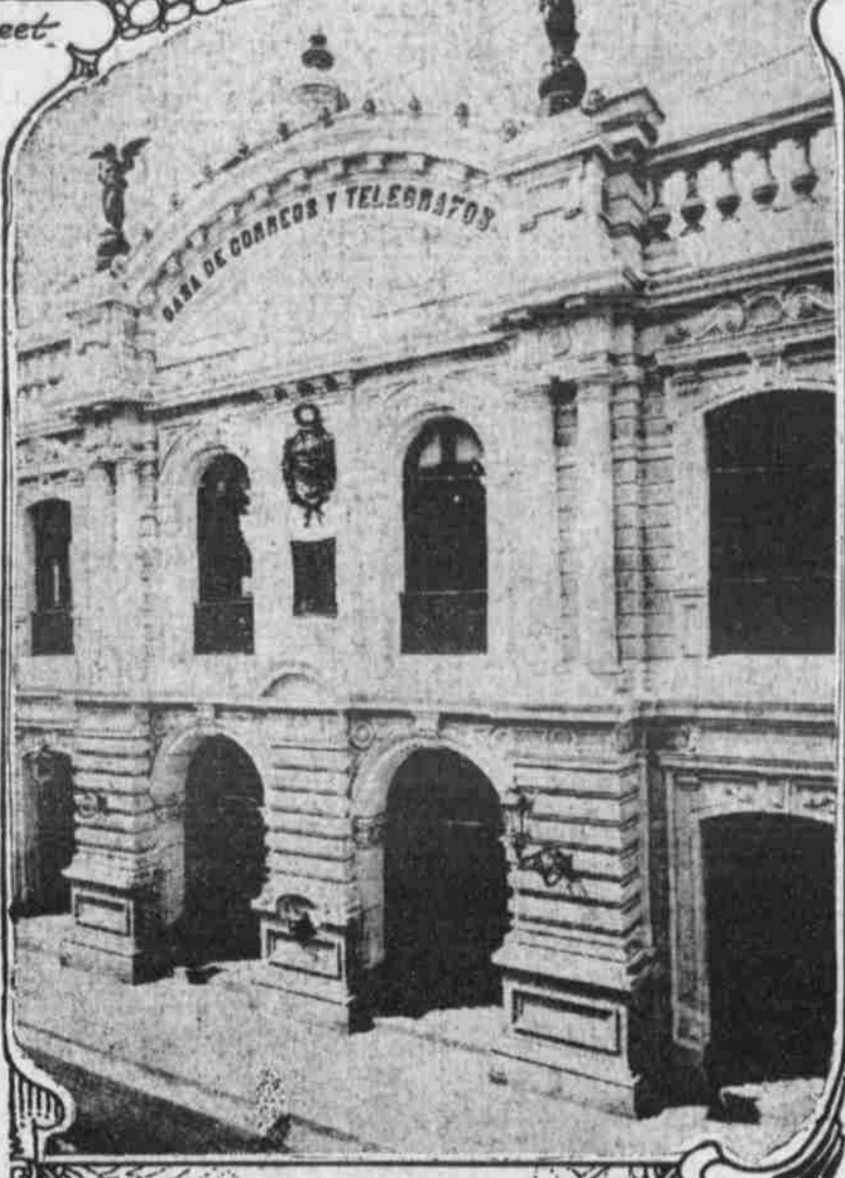
If you look closely you can see beyond the cathedral the Plaza de Armas, where stands the building which is now the Peruvian senate. It was once the seat of the inquisition, and on the space in front of it hundreds were executed and many were burned to death, the victims of the auto de fe.

Now let us turn from the sacred to the secular parts of the town. There is one just below us. It is the great road Plaza de Toros, the immense building where fights are held every Sunday, and where the Limeros come by the thousands to see their favorite matadors butcher the bull. Some of them are quite as bloodthirsty as the Romans when they looked at the gladiators in the amphitheater at Rome. Only last Sunday, for instance, the bulls were not considered as fierce as they should be, and the crowd biased the fighters and drive them out of the ring. They even began to tear up the seats, and set fire to the building, and the soldiers had to rush in and put down the mob.

The building is on this side of the Rimac. The main part of the city is over the river, and there we can see the palace of the exposition, which contains the museum, the government palace near the cathedral, the great university, the oldest in the new world, and the vast num-

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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.



The new Post Office.

bers of low yellow houses which are the stores and the homes.

But let us go down from the mountains, and make our way over the Rimac and wander about through the streets. There is no city in Europe that compares with Lima in quaintness, and but few in historic interest. The streets are narrow and they cross each other at right angles. There are many great plazas or squares, which have fountains and gardens; and, extending from these, run narrow thoroughfares walled with low buildings. The buildings are all close to the street, and in the residence section the ground floor windows are covered with great iron bars. Where the houses consist of two or three stories, there are balconies that extend out above the street, and some of these are so wonderfully carved that they make you think of the harem quarters in Cairo, or those of old Spain. In the busiest parts of the city, most of the people live over the stores, and stretching from one end of the street to the other are long lines of these balconies, each house having its own peculiar architecture. The main business streets are not more than thirty feet wide. They are so narrow that the single street car is close to the sidewalk, and one must be careful lest he lose a leg as he walks through the streets.

The stores are far different from ours. Only the newest of them have plate glass windows, and there are no fancy fronts with gorgeous window displays, which may be looked at Sundays and evenings. The most of the stores have no windows at all. They are shut off from the street by great doors that are taken away during business hours. The shops are separated by thin walls, and going along them is like walking through a museum or an oriental bazaar. The sidewalks are narrow, and the goods are displayed close to the streets. Many of the dry good stores hang fancy patterns of cloth from the ceiling, and the larger establishments will have piles of goods put on the floors and stacked up near the street. Notions of all kinds are hung from strings stretched across from wall to wall high up, and all sorts of queer ways of display are contrived. The light of the stores comes in through the doors or from the roofs. Many of the business establishments are large, with stocks of fine goods. The prices are high. The best from all over the world is brought here for sale, and the city, while not a rich one, has thousands of well-to-do people.

The chief shopping hours are from 1 to 6 o'clock in the afternoon. At that time the streets are crowded with women and men, and the crowd is as thick as that between the Treasury and the patent office on F street in Washington at about the same time. Moreover, it looks much the same. No one is in a hurry. The people saunter along or stop and chat with their friends. Nearly every one is well dressed, and nearly every man, old and young carries a cane. The Limeros are very polite. The men bow and lift their hats when they meet, and they tip their hats and bow again as they pass. There are many well dressed women, wearing the fashionable outlandish styles of today, and there are also many who are clad in the dead black that the lady of Lima of the past always wore when she went out to walk. Such women do not wear bonnets, but they wrap fine

shawls of black goods about the head, pinning them back so that the face alone shows. This background adds to their beauty, and the costume is far better than the monotonous one women now wear. It saves the buying of new hats and bonnets, and it is easy to put on or take off.

And this brings me to the crowd which one sees here on Sunday. Lima is a godly city, although we have a Methodist bishop in my hotel who says it is the most bigoted on earth. It is altogether Catholic, and that not of the modern Catholicism of America and Europe, but somewhat the same as it was in the days of Pizarro. There are priests and nuns everywhere and great monasteries and convents galore. The most of the people are rich church goers and Sunday morning the streets are filled with families on their way to masses, which are celebrated at the cathedral and churches. Every one is dressed for the occasion and almost all the women are clad in black. None of them wears hat or bonnet, and none goes to church merely for the sake of showing their clothes. The usual headdress is the cloth shawl covering the hair and neck so that the face only shows out. Some wear mantillas or shawls of lace over the head and not a few are now beginning to wear dresses other than black. I am told that women would not be permitted to enter a church in a bonnet and that those who do are tapped with a long stick by the sexton and told to take their hats off. In the churches the men sit by themselves on one side and the women have their seats on the other, making you think of a collection of nuns who are dead to the world.

I am told it is different when church is over. The people then put on their gay clothes. Some go to the ball fights and others have evening parties and dances. I would say that the costumes at church are far more seemly than those of our country, where one looks over a tropical garden of flowers and birds-of-paradise feathers in a vain attempt to reach the eye of the preacher.

The Sunday sights of the streets are also more seemly. There is no business done in Lima on the Sabbath. The stores are closed and you walk between blank walls or great doors fastened with padlocks. Every store has its windows of boards, and there is not a sign of goods of any kind to be seen. Sometimes there is a grating at the top of the door for ventilation and sometimes a round hole has been made at the height of one's face so that those within might look out; but there is no business carried on anywhere. This is also the case in the evenings on week days. The ordinary business hours are from 9 to 6; and at night there is no walking along and looking into the store windows. Indeed, after dark the streets are almost deserted, except near the moving picture shows, which have recently captured Lima by storm.

And just here I would say that there is a great liberal movement going on in this country. The people are demanding liberty of religious thought and worship. New laws have been passed by the national congress, and it is now possible for any person to establish any kind of a church here if he pleases. Until now Protestant missionaries have not been

permitted to push their religion into the interior, but the new laws provide for full religious freedom throughout the country.

This movement is at its beginning in Peru, but it has been going on throughout South America for several years past. Ecuador, which was once very intolerant, has established complete religious freedom. Paraguay has done the same, and Uruguay is about to adopt a new constitution in which a section shall be inserted providing that there shall be no demonstrations are going on in Chile, and there a general demand is expressed that from now on religious and secular institutions shall stand alone.

But before I leave the churches I want to take you into the cathedral of Pizarro. It faces the Plaza Mayor, with its palm trees and its beautiful fountains. It is in the heart of the city and its towers can be seen almost anywhere over the spot. The high altar is a fine example of massive silver construction and the stalls of the sanctuary are extraordinary specimens of Indian carving, when Indian carving was still in its prime.

On the walls are fine paintings by Murillo and other great masters and the chapels are of exceeding beauty. I was especially impressed by that of Pizarro. The little verger of the cathedral took me into it, and under the altar he showed me the coffin in which Pizarro's bones lie. The coffin is of white marble with glass sides and top, so made that one could see plainly the remains lying within. The verger lighted a candle and waved it up and down over the glass. As he did so I could see all that is now left of the great Spaniard who first explored and conquered the west coast of South America. It consisted of a skeleton lying upon a red velvet cushion embroidered with gold. The skeleton is black as mahogany and it looks as though it were varnished. The skull lies on a pillow, the neck being fastened to it by wires through the ears. The law is a trifle drooping, the nose is prominent and the great eyelid sockets looked up at me as I gazed down through the glass top of the casket. As I looked more closely the whole seemed merely a shell. The skin has begun to peel from the shins and there are little wormholes in the bones. I am told that in times past patches of skin have been cut off and given to relic hunters, but as far as I can see the most of the corpse is intact, though decidedly leathery and the worse for wear. From the outside of the coffin I have copied these words:

Captain General Don Francisco Pizarro, Fundador de Lima en 15 de Enero de 1535. Muerto en 26 de Junio de 1541. As I left gave the verger a dollar, and Carl snapped a photograph of him as he showed me the door.

Lima is a city built in a desert, its

irrigated trails are scattered through fifteen small valleys, and they consist altogether of about 5000 acres of cultivated fields and woodlands. They are divided into 116 estates, many of the holdings being large. Practically the whole support of the city comes from this valley, and from the trade with Peru.

The conditions about Lima are such that it never rains. There is not a waterproof nor a pair of overcoats in the whole town, and umbrellas are used only to keep out the sun. The streets have no gutters, and the roofs have no chimneys. All of the cooking is done over charcoal, the fumes of which get out as they can. The town has practically no backways, and only on the outskirts are there gardens. The most of the buildings run around courts or patios upon which the chief rooms face. The larger houses are fine and they cover a great deal of ground, a single one often having twenty or more rooms, surrounding several large courts, in some of which play fountains amid tropical trees.

Many of the older buildings are beautiful and exceedingly comfortable. Some of them are largely constructed of sun-dried bricks, or of plaster spread over a framework of wood, lathed with bamboo canes. The roofs are of this nature. The outer walls of such buildings are covered with stucco and the city has a very substantial appearance, whereas much of it, as I said in a former letter, is a combination of mud and fishing poles.

Of late they are putting up many fine structures of reinforced concrete; and along the Avenue of the Exposition, for instance, are residences that would be considered fine anywhere in the world. Lima has altogether now about 150,000 inhabitants. It is steadily growing, and when the canal is completed its population and business will greatly increase. It will be one of the chief tourist resorts of South America, and it can only have some better hotels it will be the most delightful resort along the west coast.

As it is now the hotel accommodations are limited. There are two or three large establishments which have rooms and board. You may take your accommodations on the American or European plan, and the rates are just about as high as those of the states. You will have chambermen instead of chambermaids, and your meals will consist of desayuno, almuerzo and dinner. Desayuno means the cup of black coffee and two little rolls which you eat for your breakfast. This the boy will bring to you in your chamber, and you may have it in bed if you choose. Almuerzo comes at 12 o'clock, when there is a fairly good table d'hotel meal, and at 5 or 7 there is a table d'hote dinner. At both of these latter meals the dishes are Spanish, and they are recorded on a menu which most tourists take a dictionary to read. I am stopping at the Maury, which vies with the Grand as the best hotel in Peru. It is a great two-story structure with wide balconies extending over the street. I have a room facing the street, for which

they ask \$1 gold per day without board. Back of this is a little, dark sitting room. There are no private bathrooms to speak of, and altogether the hotel might be improved in a number of ways. FRANK G. CARPENTER.

**PRATTLE OF THE KIDDIES.**

Teacher—Did you ask your mamma why the pen was mightier than the sword?  
Small Eloise—Yes, ma'am. She said it was because papa couldn't sign checks with a sword.

Mother—Bobbie, what's this I hear about your not rising to offer your seat to a lady in the street car?  
Bobbie—Aw, what was the use, ma; she couldn't sit down where three of me got up.

Anxious Mother—Jack, you must remember to use your right hand now, I don't want you to become left-handed.  
Little Jack—Don't worry, mamma. Some of the best pitchers in the league are southpaws.

Mother—Marjorie, stop interrupting. Have you forgotten what I told you about being seen and not heard?  
Marjorie—You must think I'm a moving picture 'stead of a little girl.


Marjorie, aged 5, had been given some chocolates of various sizes. Picking up a little one, she said: "This is a baby chocolate, and of a large one. 'This is a mamma chocolate.' She then swallowed the little one, and lifting the larger chocolate to her mouth to eat that also, she said: "Don't cry, baby, your mamma is a-comin'."

A teacher trying to impress on her children the rightness of kindness toward all animals took them for a walk to bring the lesson home to them.

Hearing a scream from little Johnny, she asked: "What's the matter, Johnny?" "I've been sitting on a hornet," was the tearful response, "and I'm afraid I've hurt the poor thing."

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On Little Boy's Face and Neck. Painful and Disfiguring. Would Crack Open, Bleed and Itch. Cuticura Soap and Ointment Cured.



Earl, Neb.—Eczema broke out on my little boy's face and neck and was very painful at times and disfiguring. It was worse in winter. It was in scaly dry patches on his face and neck which would crack open and bleed. It itched and was very unsightly. It hurt the worst in the day time when in the open air and wind.

I used several remedies but he got no relief until a friend told me of her little boy who was afflicted as mine and Cuticura Soap and Ointment cured him. I purchased a box of Cuticura Soap and Ointment from our druggist. I washed his face well with the Cuticura Soap then put the Cuticura Ointment on right off. In two months he was entirely cured. (Signed) Mrs. Daisy Bailey, Oct. 23, 1913.

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**One Piece, 3 Ply Back Panel**—instead of thin sectional panels on most dressers and chiffoniers. Very strong and non-warping. Does not crack or break in shipping. In some large size chiffoniers we make the back in two pieces.

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