

Sunday is Busiest Day in the Markets of La Paz

Copyright, 1914, by Frank G. Carpenter.
 LA PAZ, Bolivia.—I want to show you how our holy Sabbath is spent in this, the city of Bolivia. The capital of Bolivia is one of the most interesting of all the South American cities, and Sunday is its great day of the week. The town lies far back from the ocean, across the highest of the Andes, and on one of the highest plateaus of the earth. In the Gulf of Mexico, where I am writing, I am almost two miles and a half above the sea, and I can see from my window the perpetual snows of Mount Illimani, one of the highest peaks of this hemisphere. All about are other high mountains, and walls three or four miles high as the Washington monument, that guard the basin in which La Paz lies. I have climbed the walls of Jerusalem, and have tramped for miles upon the great wall of China that separates that country from Mongolia. Neither of these walls is ever fifty feet high. The walls of La Paz are thirty times higher. They extend upward for 1,500 feet and in a plateau that is more than 11,000 feet above the level of the ocean. The plateau of Bolivia is as big as either Virginia, Ohio or Kentucky, and on one side of it are mountains, some of which are more than four miles in height. The city lies in a depression in that plateau. It is a little hollow, way up here on the remotest roof of the world. Mr. John B. O'Rear, our American minister, says the site of the town is shaped like a wash-bowl whose top is three miles in diameter and whose sides are 1,500 feet deep. This bowl is almost circular except for one end, where is a great crack, out of which the La Paz river runs. And, indeed, that gives a fair idea of the city. Its site was a depression in the bed of the great inland sea that once covered this mighty plateau. There the earth rose and the water broke through at the crack and ran out, leaving the dry hollow that now holds the capital of the Bolivian republic.

New Have Railroad.
 When I last visited La Paz I rode from Lake Titicaca across the plateau on the top of a stage drawn by eight mules, which were changed every three hours. This time I came on the railroad. I took the train at Guacqui, on Lake Titicaca, and within three or four hours had crossed the high plains. I could see no sign of a city until the cars stopped at the Alto. This is at the edge of the basin, where the motive power for the train is changed from steam to electricity. Here our engine pulled up on the brink of the precipice, and there below us was this mighty hole peppered with houses, roofed with red tiles and palisaded iron. We could see the walls of green, made by nature, and the patches of cultivation clambering their sides; and right in the center, away down far below us, were the two and three-story houses and the churches and the public buildings that make up the city.

We rode down the sides of the walls on an electric trolley in winding curves, our train zigzagging this way and that. Here the cars flew around a loop, and there they cut a great figure 8, while further on we could see a half dozen tracks above and below us. As we descended the town grew larger, and the buildings that were merely toy houses when viewed from the Alto, became of respectable size. We could now pick out the streets as they climbed down the hills, and could recognize the buildings about the great central plaza, where stands the national capitol, in which congress meets. We could see the palace where the president lives, and at its left the unfinished cathedral, upon which the people have been working for two generations, and where I am told they will still be working for a generation to come. At the same time we began to notice the crowds of the streets, and our eyes caught the maze of bright colors, which, of a Sunday, paint waving ribbons on the thoroughfares of La Paz.

Big Business on Sunday.
 On week days La Paz has a mixed population of perhaps 50,000. On Sundays the number is increased by tens of thousands of Indians. The Aymaras come in for many miles over the country around, choosing this Lord's day of all others as their one and only trading day of the week.

I have seen most of the great market sights of the world. I have haggled over the prices in Calcutta, Bombay and Benares. I have dickered with the vendors in Cairo and Tunis and have fought with the slaves at the fair of Nini Novgorod on the Volga, where Europe and Asia annually meet to buy and to sell. I have seen the open-air markets of Africa and the mighty bazaars of Siam and Burma, but nowhere have I found so much activity as right here in La Paz.

The Indians are dressed in the gayest of reds, yellows, purples and greens. They bring their families with them and there is a mass of moving men, women and children, which, through the streets from one end to the other. Every one has merchandise with him and many have traveled forty, fifty or more miles, carrying their wares on their backs. In addition to the crowd on the cobblestone roadways are two long lines of women sellers who take up the sidewalks. Every one sits down where she is and spreads her wares out before her, so that there are literally miles of vegetables and goods on one kind of other lining the streets. In addition to the Indians are the many Cholos, of brown and black, and mixed with the whole is the white population of the Bolivian capital, women and men who have come out to buy or see the strange sights.

All Wear Bright Colors.
 The chief colors come from the dress of the Indians. The children and grownups wear about the same costume, and even the babies are clad like their parents. The men and boys have on ponchos which cover the upper parts of their bodies. The poncho is a blanket of the brightest of colors, with a short slit in the middle through which the head goes, so that the cloth rests on the neck and shoulders and falls to the waist. Under the poncho is an embroidered vest, and the suit is completed by pantaloons that reach half way down the calf and are slit up to the knees at the back. Many of the Indian men are barefooted, and many wear sole-leather sandals tied on with strings. The most of them have on little felt hats with round crowns, and under them knit flaps that cover the ears and fall to the shoulders.

Half Spanish and Indian.
 Mixed with the Indians are the Cholos



Types in the Market



A Cholo Girl

and Cholas and the Cholitos. The Cholas are the women, and Cholitos is a semi-affectionate term for the girls. The cholitos are the mixed breed made by the crossing of the Spaniard and the Indian. The Cholo men dress much as we do, but the women and girls have the same costume they have had for a generation or more. They delight in delicate colors, and seem to have robbed the gorgeous Andean sunsets for the tints of their shawls and dresses. They have skirts of rose-red and sky-blue. Hundreds of them wear skirts of sky-green, and not a few have short dresses as red as the sun as its setting. They have shawls of the finest of silk of the most delicate hues, and these are so draped that they stand out over the skirts, which are propped out with hoops. The skirts themselves reach only to the knee, and the high heels, which form the fashionable footwear. The Cholo shoes have very high heels. They are buttoned high up, but are always tied at the top by a cord with a tassel that hangs half way to the ankle.

The girls have white straw hats with tiny black bands around the crown and bow on one side. The bands seem to be pasted on the hat, and sometimes they are merely streaks of black paint. As the Cholito struts along the street on her high heels she rests her hat rakishly on one side of her head and walks with a swing. Sometimes she flirts her skirts a little to show her green or blue colored stockings, and often you notice that she has no stockings at all and that what she thought was knitted hose of rose-colored silk is the bare, rosy pink of the leg.

Cholo Women Are Proud.
 The Cholo women are very proud of their admixture of white blood. They think themselves above their Indian sisters, and look down upon the woman who wears a blanket and sandals. They are brighter than the Indians. Many of them are traders who buy and sell in the markets, and they do much of the retail business of the Bolivian capital, having small stores and saloons. Not a few are the sole support of their families, including, perhaps, those of their husbands, who strut the streets of the Bolivian capital, having allowances of pin money from the trade carried on by their wives.

But let us go on with our walk through the markets. We pass scores of Indian women wearing striped blankets of red, yellow, blue and green. There are also natives in black mantos, with black crepe shawls wound tightly around their olive-skinned faces. They have stopped on their way home from church. They have prayer books in their hands, and also prayer mats. Many are accompanied by the men of the family, who wear high black silk hats, black clothes and black gloves. There are also foreigners, for La Paz is a cosmopolitan city, and it has all the queer classes of these Bolivian highlands.

As to the potatoes, they are red, white and yellow, and some are as pink as the toes of the babies playing among them. Some of the potatoes are as big as your fist, and other varieties not more than the size of a thumb. They are all sold by the pile and a half dozen or ten make up the average purchase.

Variety is Great.
 The variety of the vegetables, fruits and meats is great, and the quality is especially fine. This high plateau is the home of some of the chief crops of the world. It is known that the potato came from the Andes, and it is a question as to whether this is not the birthplace of our Indian corn. Bolivia has maize, the grains of which are twice as large as any grown by our farmers. Some are of a bright yellow color, every grain as big as my thumb nail. Others are white, or twice the size of a lima bean, and so floury that they could be mashed to a powder between two stones. Some of the corn is of a mulberry color, other kinds are red or jet black.

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Green Gables
 DR. BENJ. BAILEY,
 SANATORIUM
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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.

freeze. When the skins are rubbed off by treading them with the bare feet. After that they are dried in the open air. Potatoes so treated become as hard as stones. They form one of the chief foods of the Indians, who store them away for the winter. They have to be soaked before being eaten. They are served in the form of a stew. I have tasted them, but they are insipid and not at all appetizing.

Many Grains and Fruits.
 Going on with our walk through the market we see many fruits and grains that are strange to our eyes. Here is a woman who sells quinoa, or the seeds of a plant akin to our pig weed. The seeds are as large as grains of mustard, and as white as snow. They are sweet to the taste, and make an excellent gruel. There are also wheat, barley and oats, sold in infinitesimal quantities. There are sweet and sour lemons and white grapes as big as ripe damson plums. There are pallas or alligator pears of twice the size of those that come to our markets, and the pear, a fruit that looks like a mammoth bean pod. It has a green skin, and inside it a pulp like the finest of white spun silk, which when cold tastes like a finely flavored ice cream. There are also oranges, apricots and bananas as well as tinas, the fruit of the cactus. All of these come from the Yungas valley, which is reached through the break in the great basin in which La Paz lies. Going down through that break you rapidly descend until you reach a tropical climate, where the vegetation is dense and where there are bananas and pineapples, royal palms and wild cotton trees. There are also coffee plantations and gardens in which the coca leaves are

raised to give the Indians their favorite chew. Bolivia has every product under the sun, and its tropical valleys supply the highlands with fruit.

Some of these Indians have come from those regions. Here is one woman selling coffee beans, fresh from the grove; next her is one with a pile of artichokes, white further on a third is peddling sections of sugar cane, half as long as my arm, she sells them for a cent a stick.

It is interesting to watch the traffic which moves in and out through the crowds. Nearly every woman has a load on her back, and there are Indian men carrying baskets, bags and bundles weighing as much as themselves. The most of the marketing is brought in upon donkeys, and not a little on llamas. Here comes a drove of llamas up a side street. Their heads are in the air, and their ears stand up like those of a fox terrier. They turn their heads this way and that, and are evidently surprised at the strange things about them. Each llama is loaded with a bag of freight, tied on to its back with ropes that pass over the back and under the belly. Those llamas are bringing in fuel. They are carrying, not wood, nor oil, but dried llama manure. Each beast has seventy-five or eighty pounds of this stuff on its back, and before nightfall the trainload will have been distributed throughout the city from kitchen to kitchen.

All of the vegetables and meats in this market will be cooked with llama manure. There is no other fuel used in La Paz, and that notwithstanding it is a city of 50,000 inhabitants. The reason for this is the great cost of coal. The freight rates from the coast, where all the coal comes, are \$7.50 a ton, and this brings the price of that fuel here to about \$10 per ton, or \$30 sold. This makes it prohibitive for ordinary use, and the result is there is not a furnace or hot-water heating plant in the whole city.

The llama fuel is used much like charcoal. It is burned in small stoves. It gives forth but little smoke and no sparks. It is a safe fuel. La Paz seldom has fires which do any great damage, and, indeed, I am told that only a few buildings have been burnt down within the last fifty years. The houses never catch fire from the chimneys, for the simple reason that they have no chimneys. Moreover, they are built of mud bricks, with trimmings of stone rather than wood, and it is difficult to start a fire in them.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

Skipper's Wife Will Help Sail Lipton's Yacht During Race

LONDON, July 4.—In all the enthusiasm of preparation for the great yacht race for the America cup next fall, it has escaped general notice that a woman will figure largely in the contest. On board Sir Thomas Lipton's challenger, Shamrock IV, will be Mrs. W. P. Burton, the skipper's wife. She will not be there simply in an ornamental capacity, but for service at the wheel, holding the stop-watch for her husband while the yacht is jockeying for position just before the start of the race. This is something which Captain Burton says he would entrust to no one but his wife. With her aid he is sure the Shamrock

will be close to the starting line when the gun is fired.

Mrs. Burton has sailed in hundreds of yachting contests, probably holding a world's record for a woman along that line.

Asquith Finishes Sixth Year in Office

LONDON, July 4.—Premier Asquith has now held office for just six years, this equalling in length the administration of Disraeli, who occupied the office from 1874 to 1880. Since the days of Lord Liverpool, there have been only three statesmen who have held the office for a longer period, without a break, than Mr. Asquith. Two of these, Lord Melbourne and Lord Palmerston, both were prime ministers for about two months longer than Mr. Asquith has been so far. The third case is that of Lord Salisbury, who was prime minister for exactly seven years, from 1895 to 1902. Lord Palmerston, during his long term of power, was, like Mr. Asquith, leader of the House of Commons, as well as prime minister. The others, however, sat in the quieter atmosphere of the House of Lords. The present prime minister, too, has taken an extra burden of the office of secretary of war, and his administration has been at least as full of hard work as any in modern times.

Through it all Mr. Asquith, although the strain must be great, seems to thrive. He has certainly aged somewhat, but so have all those who have gone through the last few strenuous years with him.

The Home Beauty Parlor

Mrs. M. I am certain a daily massage with an almond cream-jelly will soon dispel your wrinkles and clear the skin of local impurities, leaving it smooth and velvety and give to it the pink and white bloom of youth. To procure this cream-jelly, mix 1/2 ounce of almond oil with 1/2 ounce of glycerine, 1/2 ounce of alcohol and 1/2 ounce of sugar, then pour hot water in to make a quart. Take of this 1 tablespoonful 2 times each day. Stomach, upset, deranged liver, clogged kidneys and blood-disorders yield quickly to the hygienic treatment, and for restoring health and energy it is unsurpassed.

Lois. This is my recipe for a valuable skin lotion: 1/2 pint hot water or witch hazel dissolve 4 ounces spermac, which you can get at any drug store, then add 1/2 ounce of glycerine. Apply to face, neck and arms and rub lightly until dry. This clears the skin of pimples, blackheads and discolorations.

Else. You can make that cleansing, invigorating shampoo mixture mentioned in last issue by dissolving a teaspoonful cantrox in a cup hot water. This rubs up into a white, thick lather that softens and cleanses the scalp and rinsing removes all dust, dandruff and excess oil. After a cantrox shampoo the hair dries quickly and evenly and is ever so soft, fluffy and easy to do up. Your shampoo with cantrox will promote the hair's growth, and encourage a thick, beautiful growth.

John. For a good hair- tonic, I put 1 ounce quinine (your druggist keeps it) into 1/2 pint alcohol, then add 1/2 pint water and you will have a pint of the very best tonic for hair and scalp at little cost. The quinine tonic almost instantly relieves the burning, itching sensation and corrects unwholesome conditions so that you will not be bothered with profuse dandruff or excess oil. Discolored, streaky, brittle hair is soon restored to its natural, even color and softness with the aid of this tonic, and its use is a positive benefit to the growth of the hair.

Betty Dean's Beauty Book \$5.—Advertisement.

is still the master of the House of Commons, having no equal, except perhaps Mr. Balfour, in debate, while as a political tactician gone some within miles of him. Even should the latter question prove to be beyond his powers of getting over difficult situations, he will be able to look back upon a long series of successes.

Wonderful Treatment for Corns, Callouses and Sore Feet

The amazing illustration from foot torture caused thousands of nervous breakdowns. Besides the pain, the haggard face and greivish disposition, don't waste a hour, here is a treatment that will cure your troubles quickly. No matter how many patent medicines you have tried in vain, this treatment will succeed in less than a week. It will give prompt results. "Disaster" two tablespoonfuls of Calo-cide dissolved in a basin of warm water. Soak the feet in this for full three minutes, gently rubbing the sore parts. The feet are marvelous. All pain goes away instantly and the feet feel simply delightful. Corns and callouses can be peeled right off, without hurting the feet. Apply Calo-cide to the soles of the feet, and the feet will be a thing of the past. Calo-cide works through the pores and removes the germ. Any druggist has it in stock, and will quickly get it. A twenty-five cent package is all that is needed to cure the most stubborn corns prepared only by Medical Formula Co., Detroit, Mich.

Greatest Known Foot Remedy Cal-o-cide

Immediate Relief for Corns, Callouses, Bunions, Aching Feet, Sweaty Feet.

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