

smaller stores are in the hands of the Cholos, 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.

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 women 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 all the characters of La Paz, and its life, better than anything else. We leave our hotel on the Plaza in the center of the city and walk past the police station, down the hill to the point where Market street crosses our way at right angles. The streets are filled with buyers and sellers and we pick our way in and out of three blocks of Bolivian humanity before we take our stand in the center of a living cross of all the hues of the rainbow made by the market people and their customers. In front and behind us, on our right and on our left, the streets are filled with these curious 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 to Cairo's one and the costumes of Calcutta would seem tame if mixed with these about us. Reds, yellows, blues 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 for 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 green and not a few with skirts as red as the sun at its setting. Their skirts are propped out with hoops and they reach only to the full curve of the calf. Some of the Cholitos wear shoes of bright yellow kid with Parisian heels under the insteps, and with high tops which end, in some cases, in rose-colored stockings, but more often the bare skin of a rose-colored leg. 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 ladies 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 black 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, 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.

What a lot of babies there are all about us. We have to pick our way about carefully to keep from treading upon them. Some lie on the cold streets and paw at 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 that red shawl below us. Its face, is as brown as a berry and its little black eyes blink at us from under its yellow knit cap, the earlaps of which stand out like horns on each side of its face. There is another baby 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 mothers, who first cracks and then eats the product of her chase as she catches them. This business is, however, not confined to the heads of babies. It is common to both the Indians and the lower class Cholos, and men, women and children unite in the hunt, and the feast, the rule being that the hunter is entitled to all the game that he catches, 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 with me from store to store in La Paz in search of a fine comb, but the subject is too recent and painful, and I desist.

Let us stop for a moment and make notes upon some of the queer things sold all about us. The goods are spread upon blankets or they lie flat on the cobble stone street. The vegetables and grains are divided up into piles. There are neither weights nor measures, and almost all things are sold by the eye. You pay so much for such a number of things or so much a pile. The piles are exceedingly small, and things are bought in small quantities. Marketing is done here from day to day. I doubt if there is a cellar in La Paz, and the average cooking stove would hardly be big enough for a doll's play house in America. Think of carrying home half dozen potatoes from market. This is the size of many of the potato piles entered for sale here. And such potatoes! Here is a brown-faced Indian girl who is selling some at 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. What queer potatoes they are! Some are of bright violet color, some 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 the altitude of La Paz, and, though there are also large ones in the markets, these come from the warmer lands lower down.

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 the mapart you find them almost as tough. They are ordinary potatoes, frozen and dried, after which process it

is said they can be kept for a year without spoiling. The 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 would 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 yellow color, which will grow on the highest plateau. It has tubers which look like potatoes, but which have an acid taste and which must be exposed to the sun before cooking, and others which look like dahlia roots and which taste somewhat like turnips.

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. Bolivia has varieties of corn grown by our farmers. Some kinds are of a bright yellow color, every grain being as big as my thumb nail. This corn, when I bit into it, crumbled up almost like flour, and I can see that it can with a slight bruising be turned into meal. Another variety is white, and a third is of a mulberry color being called "malze marado." It also has a very floury kernel, and I am told that it is used in making and coloring liquors. The most of these varieties of corn are grown in the Yungas country, to the east and far lower down than La Paz. The corn there grows from ten to twelve feet in height. It seems to me the varieties might grow well in the United States, and I have forwarded samples to our secretary of agriculture, with a view of testing the matter. Another plant, of which I have already spoken as growing here, is the quinoa or quinoa (pronounced keen-wah). It might be grown at Leadville or on some parts of the Rocky Mountain plateau. You see it almost everywhere on these Andean highlands. It is carefully cultivated and its grains when threshed out are of the size of mustard seeds. They are sweet to the taste and make excellent mush when cooked.

THE FRUITS OF THE ANDES.

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 La Paz, and the market is filled with fine varieties of quinces, pears, oranges and pine-apples. There are sweet and sour lemons and there are white grapes, each berry of which is the size of a damson plum. There are clingstone peaches as big as the White Heath, and there are figs and other fruits which we do not have. One peculiar article looks like a mammoth green pea pod. It is known as the "Picac." When opened it shows big black beans incased in a pulp which looks like the finest of white spun silk. You eat the pulp, and when cold it tastes to you like a finely flavored ice cream. These fruits come from forty to sixty miles away from the eastern slopes of the Andes, perhaps a mile lower down than La Paz. Within fifty to a hundred miles of here you can get into tropical Bolivia, and by going that distance can have all of the climates from tropical heat or frigid cold. The snow never melts on Illman! The climate here is