

# WORLD'S HIGHEST CAPITAL



Scene in La Paz.

**L**A PAZ, the city of peace, and the metropolis of Bolivia, stands amid great and majestic mountains and in a region of the earth over which some of the earliest people trod. Only 50 miles from the country's capital of today lie the ruins of Tiwanacu, universally conceded to be among man's most ancient habitations. The whole region surrounding Bolivia's unique capital is so hoary with age that a man's imaginative brain is puzzled in attempting to conjecture the era of prehistoric construction, says William A. Reid in the Bulletin of the Pan American Union.

Scientists further tell us that once upon a time the Andean plateau was scarcely more than half as elevated as today, and that in lands where Bolivia's present gold and silver lie secluded the prehistoric inhabitant tilled his fields of grain. Gradually rising higher and higher with the passing of geological ages, we find the Bolivian plateau at too great an elevation today for the majority of agricultural crops, but a region of the earth lavishly endowed by nature with almost every variety of mineral. It is near what might be termed the heart of this mineral plateau, an area of 65,000 square miles, that Bolivia's modern capital has grown to be a flourishing city of 82,000 people.

La Paz de Ayacucho, to use the full name adopted after the country attained its independence (proclaimed Aug. 6, 1825), is not only unique in its ancient surroundings, but the city lies so completely hidden in an enormous canyon or vent in the plateau that in journeying thither we come very suddenly to the great abyss and are held breathless for the moment—until one's senses are collected and the beauty of the panorama takes the place of awe and surprise. This great canyon is about ten miles long, three miles wide, 1,500 feet deep, and in form somewhat like that of an exaggerated letter U, opening southward. Some scientists believe that in past ages it was the outlet of Lake Titicaca, when possibly that body of water was connected with the upper Amazon river. Approaching La Paz by any of the three railways leading thither the sides of the canyon appear to be almost perpendicular; yet engineering skill has marvelously wound two railroads down these precipitous sides, presenting at every turn a gorgeous panorama. The clear, crisp air, the mineral colorings of the mountain sides, the red tile roofs and the bright shades of the houses in the distance, the green patches of trees here and there, the flowing rivulets and larger streams, the snow-covered peaks, together with the gay colors always worn by the humbler natives, combine to form a pleasing and lasting picture.

El Alto, a term used to designate the little railroad station near the edge of the canyon, stands as already noted about 1,500 feet above the city, while the latter is 12,700 feet higher than the sea. La Paz being only 300 miles from the Pacific, we can form an idea of the steep climb made by the railways in order to reach this inland country.

**Supplanted Sucre as Capital.**  
We speak of La Paz as being the capital of Bolivia and thereby confuse the minds of those not fully acquainted with the facts. Sucre, formerly called Charcas, is the legal capital of the republic, but largely on account of accessibility and growing commercial importance La Paz became the actual seat of government more than 20 years ago. In the latter city the president and his official advisers reside, the nation's congress meets there, and it is the residence of the foreign diplomats accredited to Bolivia; but the supreme court of the country still holds its sessions at Sucre. The distance between the two cities is about 300 miles; but the more rapid growth of La Paz, especially since the completion of the three rail routes to the Pacific, seems to accentuate the desirability of La Paz over Sucre as the capital of the nation.

The coming of the first settlers to the location where La Paz now stands is enveloped in the mists of time. It is said, however, that specks of gold in the streams that flow down from the mountain sides and through the valley were a sufficient attraction to draw thither the aborigines during the reign of the fourth Inca; and in former days, as at present, shelter was one of man's comforts and necessities. Gradually little huts made their appearance along the streams, and thus Chuchiabo and Chuquiapu, as it was called in turn, had its origin from about 1185 to 1190. Later, the Span-

ish proved to be as great lovers of golden ores as the natives, and in 1545 history records the fact that the Spaniard, Alonso de Mendoza, and 12 companions founded the present city of La Paz on the site of the old village.

**In the City's Streets.**  
As already observed, the canyon in which La Paz lies is long and narrow; it is also extremely rugged and interspersed with many small tablelands and mountain peaks, the whole dominated by majestic Illimani, rearing its snow-covered crest to 21,350 feet. In consequence of this unevenness the streets of the city running parallel with the larger stream are fairly level (Avenida Arce, for illustration), while cross streets are necessarily short and in many cases elevated at the ends as they approach the sides of the canyon. Some of these streets are extremely steep, while others have been constructed in conformity with the configuration of the hills and are therefore more or less winding.

One of the city's widest and most popular residential streets lies in the southeast section and is known as the Alameda, extending half a mile along a level course and adorned with willow, eucalyptus, and other handsome trees. Shrubs and flowers are also to be seen, but the extremely high altitude appears to have a somewhat blighting effect upon such growth. The Alameda, always more or less animated, is especially alive in late afternoons and on Sundays and holidays, when the elite of social and official life are to be seen walking, driving, or motoring along its course. On passing through a picturesque gateway this popular avenue is prolonged through Plaza Concordia and the Twelfth of December Street to Obrajes. The latter is three miles distant, and the ride over a very fair motor road or by electric line is through an extremely picturesque canyon abounding in novel views for the stranger. The more important streets are well lighted by electricity, the use of which has been expanding considerably in recent years as the motive power for numerous industries.

**Where Murillo Is Honored.**  
La Paz is not unlike other Latin-American cities in providing numerous and attractive plazas. The most noted one of the city is that known as Murillo, so named in honor of the hero of independence, Pedro Domingo Murillo, who gave up his life on this sacred spot in 1809. The torch of liberty there lighted, however, spread over the continent, and finally resulted in the independence of Bolivia as well as the sister nations by which she is surrounded. Today in the center of this plaza stands a beautiful monument to Murillo, the patriot honored in the past as at present as one who surrendered life rather than the cause of the people. Once or twice a week a military band, grouped near the monument, discourses soul-stirring if somewhat plaintive airs that please stranger and citizen alike, as around and around they stroll or sit comfortably on the seats provided for the public. A few large trees and many varieties of flowers suited to high altitudes are found in this park.

The buildings of La Paz usually strike the stranger with interest. Although many have been constructed along the lines of Spanish or Spanish-Moorish architecture, the extremely rugged topography of the place has been responsible for local modifications and unusual features of construction. The cathedral of La Paz, which has been building for a number of years, promises to be one of the finest and largest of such structures in all Latin-America. It covers an area of more than 43,000 square feet and is seated at least 12,000 people. Greco-Roman in style, its great walls have now reached considerable heights, and these will be surmounted by towers and a central cupola, the former rising to a height of 200 feet above the Plaza Murillo, upon which the building fronts.

**Unjust Criticism.**  
"Going fishing?"  
"Yes."  
"Can you afford to loaf in that way?"  
"I want to tell you that a man who can come home with several pounds of fish for the family dinner is no loafer."

**New Excuse.**  
"Did you mail that letter I gave you yesterday?"  
"N-no, my dear. I whistled to the postman in the postal airplane, but he didn't come down after it."

## THE KITCHEN CABINET

He who sedulously attends, pointedly asks, calmly speaks, coolly answers and ceases when he has no more to say, is in possession of some of the best requisites of man.—Lavater.

### SUGARLESS SWEETS.

It is our patriotic duty to save sugar. In many of the dishes needing sweetening some other sweet may just as well be used. Those who have never taken the trouble to care for a hive of bees are finding that one hive, if well cared for, will produce 60 or more pounds of honey, with plenty left for the bees to winter on. Honey takes the place of sugar fairly well, yet the liquid in the dish will need to be reduced one-quarter. Maple sirup is sweeter than sugar, so less is needed, while corn sirup is not as sweet and a larger amount will be necessary to properly sweeten.

**Whey Honey.**—Boil together one cupful of whey and one-third of a cupful of honey until of the consistency of strained honey. This sirup will keep indefinitely and is fine for waffles or griddle cakes. Use a little thinner for puddings.

**Whey Lemonade.**—To a quart of whey add six tablespoonfuls of honey, the juice of two lemons and the grated rind or a sliced lemon added for extra flavor. Mix, chill and serve as a beverage. If wanted for punch add any reasonable fruit with fruit juices. Double the amount of honey and fruit juice is about the right proportion for punch.

**Bar le Duc Currants.**—Remove the seeds from the large cherry currants, using a darning needle. Take equal weights of currants and honey. Bring the honey to the boiling point, then add the currants and cook until the skins are tender, being careful not to destroy the shape by rapid boiling. If the fruit is so juicy that the sirup is thinned remove the currants and reduce the sirup by boiling until of the right consistency. Put into glasses and seal with paraffin.

**Honey Charlotte Russe.**—Chill one cupful of honey and stir it carefully into a quart of whipped cream. Line a dish with lady fingers and fill with the honey and cream. Set away to chill. Serve very cold.

Honey or maple sirup may be used in place of sugar for boiled frosting. Pour the boiling sirup over the beaten white of the egg and proceed as usual.

Fasten your soul so high, that constantly the smile of your heroic cheer may float above the fogs of earthly agonies.—Mrs. Browning.

### HIGHLY SEASONED DISHES.

Foods highly seasoned with condiments are called deviled food. Such dishes are popular for an appetizer, for late suppers, picnics and lunches.

**Deviled Chicken Legs.**—Take the second joints and the legs of a roasting or a spring chicken, reserving the breast for salad. Divide the parts, and flatten the pieces by striking them with a cleaver. Make incisions lengthwise in the pieces, and fill these with deviled paste, brush with melted fat and broil or fry in fat until cooked. Prepare the paste as follows: Put into a soup plate two tablespoonfuls of salad dressing, half a teaspoonful of mustard, a scant half teaspoonful of curry powder and a half teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce. Mix and use as above. Steaks, chops or slices of cold roasts may be treated with this paste equally as well.

**Deviled Bones.**—Rub the deviled paste into the meat left on ribs of beef, brush with butter and broil. Serve not too well done.

**Deviled Ham.**—Cut a moderately thick slice of cold boiled ham, make incisions on both sides of it, rub these with the deviled paste, then with butter, and broil long enough to heat through thoroughly. Serve on a hot platter with a teaspoonful of the paste spread over the ham just as it goes to the table.

**Deviled Tripe.**—Take well-cooked tripe that is cold, rub into it a liberal quantity of the deviled paste, brush it with sweet fat and broil to a delicate brown. When done serve with a little paste on each piece of tripe while hot.

**Deviled Veal Chops.**—Take thick chops and into the several gashes made with a sharp knife press as much of the paste as is needed to season each chop. Dredge with crumbs and broil as usual or fry in a little hot fat.

Deviled crabs, oysters or various fresh fish may be seasoned with the paste and cooked in hot fat, making most tasty dishes.

**Nellie Maxwell**

**Not Very Complimentary.**  
Milton's mother was asking each member of the family which view of the sailor boy they preferred her to keep for them. One said she would like a side view, another a front view, and, when Milton's turn came, he, thinking he ought to say something different, earnestly requested a back view.

# NEWS and GOSSIP of WASHINGTON



## General Wood's Daughter an Accomplished Rider

**WASHINGTON.**—She hoped to go to France with her father, Maj. Gen. Leonard Wood, former chief of the army staff. Now that he is not, his charming daughter, Louisa Wood, is a very much disappointed young woman.

Athletic, fond of all sorts of outdoor adventure, Miss Wood, when she was twelve years old, set a record for long-distance riding for girls. In October in 1913 she galloped into Fort Myer, Va., with her father and Col. H. C. Hieston at the end of the last 45-mile dash of a 90-mile ride. Ever since she has set the pace in hard and long-distance riding for girls. Miss Wood is about eighteen years old.

From the time she could walk Louisa has been a rider. She learned horsemanship from the troopers at Fort Myer and soon became as proficient a rider as any of them.

Always a favorite with the men, she grew up spending half her time around the stables, never so happy as when with the horses.

From her father she inherits a naturally robust physique, for General Wood even today is a powerful man, and in his youth was one of the finest all-round athletes in the army.

That first long ride she undertook when a twelve-year-old girl was when her father and Colonel Hieston were obliged to ride that distance in compliance with army regulation to the effect that such a trip be made by officers once a year in the army test.

It has been indicated that Maj. Gen. Leonard Wood, who has been left without a permanent command since he was denied overseas service, might command the American forces. Although only a major general and ranked by March and Pershing, who have the rank of general by brevet, General Wood is by seniority the ranking general officer of the United States army. If chosen to lead the American force he might, as a matter of courtesy, be given supreme command of the expedition.

## One Man Who Might Have Evaded His Military Duty

**L**OST chords a-plenty, but how about lost questionnaires? Ever since the war department made the questionnaire well known to 10,000,000 young men and all their parents and friends there has been wonder on the part of some as to whether one of those millions of documents might get lost some time.

Each of the approximately 5,000 local boards of the nation guards its questionnaires with its life, of course, but since local boards are composed of human beings, and since even the greatest of human beings is not perfect, well—why say more?

I have at last heard of a lost questionnaire.

Right here in Washington, too. It seems that a certain registrant left the city and was working on necessary government work in a nearby community. The work he was engaged in gave him good ground for deferred classification.

But he got tired of the work and came back to the national capital. He secured himself a position in the fire department, I am told, and the very first day wandered down to his local board to ask about his standing in the draft.

It may as well be stated right here that this man was willing to go to camp any time called upon.

His local board members and the clerical force began to hunt up his questionnaire. But they couldn't find it high or low.

The questionnaire was lost, that was all.

"We wouldn't have known we had you on the rolls," said a member.

"But, now that you're here, we'll send you to camp tomorrow."

## Ever Hear of a Sparrow That Had Sense of Gratitude?

**T**HE sparrow that adopted a man also may be added to your list of worthies. This natural biplane, being but a few weeks old, had his motor go back on him one day in a downtown street and fell into the gutter. A kind man saw the fall and hurried to the scene of the disaster. The little sparrow winked his bright eyes, and growled in pain. Didn't you ever hear a sparrow growl? No? Well, what has that got to do with the story, anyway? While you are thinking up the answers to these three questions let us follow the man and the sparrow.

The man picked up the half-starved little fellow and carried him to his home. He took him to his room and fed him bread crumbs soaked in milk.

Soon the sparrow revived. He grew fat. In four days he could fly around the room at a lively rate.

"You are old enough now to take to your elemental heath," said the man.

But the sparrow would not leave him.

The bird insisted on perching on his shoulder and even wanted to travel down to the office that way.

In order to escape from him the man had to suddenly dart from the room and close the door with speed.

The last I heard of the sparrow he was sitting out in a tree waiting for his master to come home.

## Hezekiah Got Some Satisfaction for His Beating

**A** LONG time ago in a turpentine camp in the South, Lloyd Jackson and Hezekiah Brown had a falling out. The scrap was never settled because Hezekiah got cold feet and ran away. Several weeks ago Lloyd got wind of the fact that Hezekiah was in town working on a government building.

He snooped around the man for a few days—but Hezekiah always had a stick or something in his hand and Lloyd was afraid to tackle him.

Thursday evening while the parade was going on, Lloyd detailed his girl, Ann Crump, to lure Hezekiah within striking distance.

Hezekiah was bound to fall for this and he did. Anne was only a few minutes in persuading Hezekiah to leave the parade.

He came in from a back room and jumped on Hezekiah and almost beat him to a jelly.

The woman disappeared, otherwise Hezekiah would have had her arrested also. Because he was mad about the way in which he had been trapped.

However, the court avenged him. Lloyd got 90 days—and if Anne ever shows up she will get her, too.

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AVERTS - RELIEVES  
**HAY FEVER**  
ASTHMA  
Begin Treatment NOW  
All Druggists Guarantee

**FOR MALARIA**  
Chills and Fever, Biliousness,  
Constipation and ailments  
requiring a TONIC treatment.  
**OXIDINE**  
GUARANTEED  
and made by  
**Behrens Drug Co.**  
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Sold by  
All Druggists **50c**

Maybe He Did, at That!  
Many excuses are offered for the wayward husband, and the wife of such a husband said that recently he told a new one and that she had to let him think it "got over." Husband had just returned from a trip to Louisville and had laid out his suit to be pressed. Going through the pockets, the wife found a slip of paper which read: "Matilda K., manicurist." She laid it on the dresser, and husband soon noticed it.  
"Where did you get this?" he asked.  
"In your coat pocket," replied wife.  
"Who is she?"  
"Oh, I remember now, Matilda K. and Manicurist. Those are the names of two horses I got a good tip on while at the races in Louisville."—Indianapolis News.

**LEMON JUICE TAKES OFF TAN**  
Girls! Make bleaching lotion if skin is sunburned, tanned or freckled

Squeeze the juice of two lemons into a bottle containing three ounces of Orchard White, shake well, and you have a quartier pint of the best freckle, sunburn and tan lotion, and complexion beautifier, at very, very small cost.  
Your grocer has the lemons and any drug store or toilet counter will supply three ounces of Orchard White for a few cents. Massage this sweetly fragrant lotion into the face, neck, arms and hands each day and see how freckles, sunburn, windburn and tan disappear and how clear, soft and white the skin becomes. Yes! It is harmless.—Adv.

**Women and Tractors.**  
Women are everywhere in the fields of Long Island this season. A service flag in one farmhouse window shows four stars and tells why the women of that house are brushing the peas. Nearly every house along the road shows a flag with a star or two. Mother and the girls are also brave.  
The tractors are making the earth turn over on Long Island. The horses work in the same fields with those ugly looking engines and show no fear. The horse with nerves has passed out like the lady with nerves in the Victorian novel. No women were to be seen running the tractors, although it is an easier job than clod-hopping behind a plow.—Brooklyn Eagle.

**Tales, Indeed.**  
William Dean Howells, the author, at a luncheon at his Kittery Point cottage, was praising fairy tales.  
"I gave a little boy," he said, "Hans Andersen's fairy tales one day, and a short time after this his nurse found him in tears."  
"What is the matter with you?" she asked. "Why are you crying?"  
"Boo, hoo!" blubbered the little boy. "I ate all my supper while you were reading me one of my fairy tales, and here I didn't know I'd eaten it!"

When a stingy man suddenly gets charitable it's a sign of either a wedding or a funeral.

**Children Like**  
the attractive flavor of the healthful cereal drink  
**POSTUM**  
And it's fine for them too, for it contains nothing harmful—only the goodness of wheat and pure molasses.  
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crowd he was with and follow her. She lured him into a house in southwest Washington and whispered some poisonous language in his ears. And when she was sure that he had no gun or razor on him, she gave Lloyd the signal.  
He came in from a back room and jumped on Hezekiah and almost beat him to a jelly.  
The woman disappeared, otherwise Hezekiah would have had her arrested also. Because he was mad about the way in which he had been trapped.  
However, the court avenged him. Lloyd got 90 days—and if Anne ever shows up she will get her, too.