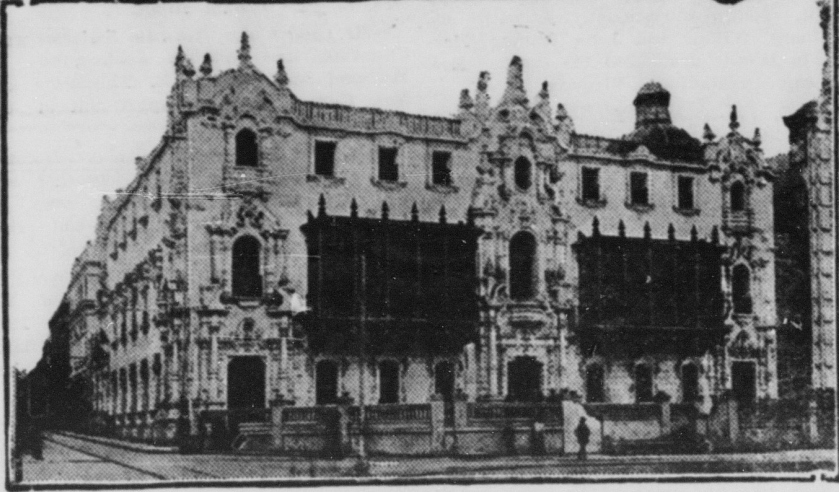


# Pizarro's City



Residence of the Archbishop of Peru in Lima.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

LIMA, capital of Peru, scene of a recent governmental change, is a modern city, but it has not lost its reminders of the historic past and of Pizarro, the conqueror, who founded it.

On one side of the Plaza stands the stern old national palace, its lines uncompromising and as firm as were the deeds and purposes of the man of blood and iron who planned it.

As one faces the palace, the cathedral and the archbishop's residence occupy the right side of the Plaza and the Arcade of the Scribes the left.

What stories of men of action in the joys of triumph and the sorrows of defeat, in the exultation of pomp and the dejections of disgrace, center there! Faith and treachery, honor and duplicity, courage and cowardice, applause and hatred—all the contrasting characteristics of human nature, all the quirks and turn of life's fortunes, run through the theme of Lima's life as the wool runs through the warp of a tapestry and give it both color and pattern.

To the site of Lima, 365 years ago, came Francisco Pizarro, the man who had been a founding step of a church in the Spanish city of Trujillo, then a humble hog herder in Estremadura, and later an illiterate adventurer at Panama. But finally he was the grim leader who deflected the course of history at Gallo, the triumphant conqueror who mastered the Inca warrior host at Cajamarca, the modern Midas who made his ancient prototype turn over in an envious grave.

And he was laden with the blood-stained treasure which Atahualpa paid for the freedom never received.

**Treasure Amassed by Pizarro.**

Gold! What uncounted gold he brought down to finance the building of his new capital! Had not the Inca monarch so desperately desired his liberty that he undertook to fill a room 22 by 17 feet with it, as high as he could reach? And had not Pizarro, smiling grimly, chalked his tiptoe reach at nine feet?

And silver! Yes, the Inca had been so eager to meet the highest dream of Pizarro's avarice that he offered two roomfuls of the white metal for good measure.

Pizarro, indeed, had exacted the greatest king's ransom in history. It was so much that even the humblest cavalier received \$105,000 (in terms of American money) for his share in the exploits of Cajamarca, so time-dimmed records tell us.

Ouzco then, even as now, was no place for a capital of a country that needed contact with the sea. It is far up in the bleak and frigid puna region, with an altitude of more than two miles and with mightiest ramparts of the Andes isolating it from the ocean.

So to the site of Lima Pizarro came to build his capital. The one-time swineherd had lived to be the first great city planner of the antipodes. Nor have four centuries sufficed to reveal a better site than he selected for the capital of Peru.

San Lorenzo thrusts its island heights boldly out of the sea, shutting out the long Pacific rollers and making a good harbor hard by, on a coast peculiarly lacking in safe havens for ships. San Cristobal as boldly rears its great head out of the plain and makes a magnificent sentinel for the city that nestles beneath its shadows. The alluvial valley round about drinks in the water of the Rimac and flows with the milk and honey of truck and market garden products.

Though midway between the tropic of Capricorn and the equator, the climate has few of the attributes of the Torrid Zone; for the cold brought up out of the Antarctic regions and delivered there by the great Humboldt current tempers the heat of coastal Peru in the same way that the heat brought out of the Caribbean and Gulf of Mexico by the Gulf stream tempers the cold breath of Great Britain and Ireland.

So the mighty curtain of the Cordilleras shuts out the hot, humid rains of the region beyond, while the mountain ramparts and the cold current join forces to form vaporous clouds that screen the city from a too-ardent sun.

## City of the Kings Founded.

Epiphany Sunday in the year 1535 dawned, and amid the reverent rejoicings of that sacred day Pizarro announced the site and christened his capital-to-be Ciudad de los Reyes, City of the Kings, the reference being to the three Wise Men of the East, a suggestion that still finds perpetuation in the flag of Lima.

Pizarro, the one-time founding,

showed that he could build a city as well as choose wisely its location. He began his palace, selected a site for the cathedral, laid out the Plaza de Armas, and indicated broad highways to the mountains and the sea alike as a military precaution.

His grizzled warriors laid aside powder and Toledo blade, helmet and breastplate, to take up hammer, saw, and trowel. The Conqueror literally poured his wealth into the embellishment of his young capital, his joy and his pride; and "with splendor of edifices and pomp of gardens" it marched forward toward completion, drenched with the sweat and blood of thousands of Indian captives.

As we sit in the Plaza and watch the Sunday morning worshippers leaving the cathedral, memory harks back to that other Sunday in 1541 when the implacable Rada and his devoted band swept across it to make Pizarro pay a dramatic price for his perfidy toward Almagro, and to press to his lips the bitter cup of death which he had so remorselessly forced both Almagro and Atahualpa to drink to its utmost dregs.

We leave the Plaza and go into the cathedral. It is a magnificent structure, much larger than Pizarro built, but still not so grand as the one erected during the early years of the viceregal regime and destroyed by the great earthquake that wiped out Callao, the near-by seaport.

The high altar is of massive silver, construction, containing, it is asserted, some of the very white metal with which Atahualpa vainly sought to buy his liberty. In the Chapel of the Virgin is a celebrated image presented by Emperor Charles V of Spain, and in the Chapel Arcediano an original painting attributed to Murillo, representing Jesus and Veronica.

Here rests a glass-and-marble casket which is most interesting of all, for it contains the half-mummy, half-skeleton reputed to be the remains of the great Conqueror.

**Ancient and Modern Mingled.**

Leaving the cathedral, we stroll on, along the splendid concrete boulevard that leads up from Magdalena. Pre-Inca ruins, busy cigarette factories, and fine modern residences share its borders.

Perhaps it was along this very highway that the first viceregal, Blasco Nunez, made his triumphal entry, sent by his king to compose the internecine struggle that followed the fall of Pizarro.

Everywhere one goes about old Lima, there are scenes reminiscent of those tremendous years of the regime of the Pizarros; but, except for the casket in the cathedral, the city seems not to have done either the elder Francisco or the younger Gonzalo the slightest honor.

What a contrast there is between Lima's latest thirteen years and that stirring first thirteen! A new era has dawned, and a modern city not only is rising around the old Lima, but even the old city itself, with all of its nearly four centuries of existence, is combining successfully the ancient and the modern.

The keynote of the new development is the fine new avenue leading from the old city to the suburbs. Until a few weeks ago it was named "Avenida Leguia," for the man has held the presidency for more than a decade. Since Leguia's deposition, however, the boulevard has been renamed "Avenida Arequipa."

**Along the Main Avenue.**

The traveler might compare it with one of those beautiful boulevards that extend from Washington to its neighboring communities. It has certain parking throughout much of its length, ample walks, innumerable park benches, and a lighting system that is the last word in illumination engineering.

As one drives down this delightful, thoroughfare, over to the right is the Country club, a magnificent structure with adjoining golf links, polo fields, tennis courts, and swimming pool—like a bit of Westchester county dropped down in Peru.

And what a site for the outdoor life of the elite of the capital it is! Away to the south rises Morro Solar, cross-and-chapel-crowned, mounting perpetual guard over the Brighton of the west coast, Chorrillos. Beyond stands the bold series of ridges that borders the fertile valley of the Lurin.

To the west the broad Pacific dashes its white-crowned rollers over the level beach and San Lorenzo adds a glorious figure to the marine view. To the east the rocky billows of the mighty Cordilleras rise, each successive crest above its predecessor, until at last, in the blue of the distance and the azure of the sky, earth and air seem to melt into one.

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## ALUMINUM COOKING

### UTENSILS NOT DANGEROUS.

From time to time the Department of Health receives letters expressing the fear that the use of aluminum cooking vessels is a menace to health.

In a recent number of the Health Bulletin of the Department of Public Health, State of Victoria, Australia, Park Rowan, M. D., D. P. H., gives an excellent review of the pertinent literature on this subject.

Aluminum is present in practically every plant, some plants containing large amounts, the ash of maize, for example, containing 12 per cent of aluminum, his report says. No ill effects are observed when even large amounts of aluminum are fed to experimental animals.

Chittenden, Taylor and Long found no influence on health by the administration to humans of 150 milligrams of aluminum compounds with food daily for several months. Industrial surveys have failed to detect specific trouble among the

workers in the aluminum industry. Cushing states that even the largest quantities of alum ingested are followed only by gastric symptoms and inflammation and long use does not elicit symptoms of chronic poisoning. Flynn and Inoue found no evidence to support the alleged dangers of aluminum cooking vessels. No anemia or destruction of blood cells was observed.

These authors state that there is no scientific evidence of any chronic poisoning taking place from food cooked in aluminum vessels.

Experiments conducted in the Lancet laboratories showed that there was no evidence that in ordinary cooking aluminum is so strongly attacked as to produce objectionable amounts of soluble salts. In no case was more than a mere trace of aluminum found in subsequent analysis. Even if such corrosion is considerable, it is insignificant since the product of corrosion would consist only of that which is a common constituent of almost every ordinary food, as well as of drinking water.



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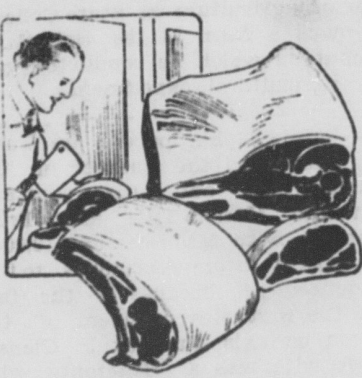
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