

HARD BOILED EGGS

Are an Unknown Luxury to the People of Lofty Puno City.

CAN'T MAKE WATER HOT ENOUGH.

Climate and Customs at a Height of 12,500 Feet Above the Sea.

THE ROMANCE OF A SUBMERGED MINE

(CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.) PUNO, PERU, August 20.—This easternmost town of Peru is not an attractive place, lying, as it does, more than 12,500 feet above the level of the sea, with no vegetation in its vicinity, a line of barren mountains on one side and storm-swept Lake Titicaca on the other. Yet there is a fascination about it which inclines the traveler to linger. It is essentially an Indian town, fully nine-tenths of its population (about 5,000 all told) being Aymaras and Quechuas. The former tribe is most numerous, but both are well-to-do, after a comfortless fashion of their own, generally owning their own houses and having enough to eat—such as it is. At any rate there are no beggars in Puno, though many Peruvian cities that are apparently richer, are swarming with them.

Though so little can be raised here—what not at all, corn never ripening and bitter potatoes growing no bigger than the end of your thumb—the great lake is an exhaustless store-house, furnishing plenty of fish and always covered with wild fowl of many species. Biscatchers (rabbits) abound in the neighboring hills, and vicuñas are sometimes found. A good many ducks are raised in the vicinity, but the Indians eat mutton only after it has been frozen and dried.

TOO HIGH TO COOK.

Peas, beans, peppers, and other staples of Peruvian life can never be cultivated at this chilly altitude. They cannot even be cooked tender at such an elevation until they have first been dried, like the potatoes, and reduced to powder. Such a thing as an egg "hard boiled" cannot possibly be had here. Flour has fallen a good deal in price since the railway now brings it over the mountains, but it is still much too dear to be used by the lower classes.

Though the nights are always cold, the thermometer descending from 15 to 20 degrees after sunset, and sometimes, even at the height of the season they miscall "summer," touching the freezing point, there is not a house in the town which contains any arrangement for making a fire, beyond the simple stoves for cooking purposes. The South American range is merely a mound or shell of sun-dried mud, extending across the side of a kitchen, with small places hollowed out at intervals, in which the Puno housewife burns llama dung, or the twigs of a mountain shrub called tola. The houses, with their enormously thick walls and few windows, have an insulating effect, and cold as that of a vault in the cemetery. When the sun shines the people wisely stay out of doors; then, in order to keep warm, they go to bed very early and arise late in the morning.

PIANOS ARE POPULAR.

Among the wealthier one-tenth of the community there are many pleasant people, mainly the families of English and German merchants and American employes of the railway and steamship lines. Most of their homes, however unimpressive on the outside, are large and commodious and contain unexpected luxuries. For instance, pianos are universal in the better houses, and these instruments cost ten times as much here as in the United States, having to be imported from the other side of the world, and until recently having to be brought up from the sea-coast on muleback. On I have been astonished more than once on entering what appeared to be a poor hotel, destitute of the commonest conveniences, with earthen floor, straw roof and wooden shutters in lieu of glass windows, to find inside both a piano and a sewing machine.

At this altitude the dry, thin air is as hard on furniture as on human beings, causing wood to crack and curl up as quickly as if dried fire, making a girl of 20 look as old as her grandmother ought to be. Barcases, tables, etc., are bound to split very soon; chairs lose their rungs and fall apart in no time; drawers cease to fit, and floors and ceiling are in danger of rusting. The waterwoman does not bother herself with clotheslines, nor even does she spread the wet linen out on the grass; she merely wrings the things and tosses them down in a heap, where they speedily dry.

ORNAMENTAL PAVING.

The patios and court yards of the better class are paved in elaborate patterns with small black and white stones brought from Titicaca Islands; for example, a wide circle of jet-black stones surrounds a large, many-rayed central star made of snow-white ones, the outer edge of the black circle bordered by a running vine, with leaves and flowers made of white pebbles set into the black ones. The effect is as striking as it is uncommon, and the work is durable enough to outlast a century.

Before the late war with Chili there was a famous college in Puno, the command of eminent Peruvians and Bolivians were educated. It is defunct, now that the country has become so poor, and no public institutions are maintained here by the Government beyond a couple of schools, the big hospital of San Juan de Dios, and a borderarrison. Considering its smallness, the town is exceptionally rich in spacious plazas, and there are no fewer than five handsome fountains—one for every 1,000 inhabitants. Its cathedral, which is said to be the most elevated building in the world, is really a magnificent structure, with a particularly handsome front.

BUILT WITHOUT MONEY.

Began in the year 1750, it was built entirely by the Indians, at the command of the priesthood, without a cent of pay for their labor or materials. It fronts a main plaza with its stately fountain; on one side of it is the quarter where ragged soldiers are always lounging, and on the other is the street down which runs a stream crossed by many funny little adobe bridges, which serves as a dividing line between the Quechua quarter and that of the Aymaras. Short, coarse grass of a peculiar pale-green color covers the plaza and springs up thickly among the stones of the cathedral steps and its wide platform. Just outside of the main plaza is a tall wooden cross, bearing about it all the implements and adjuncts of the gloomiest tragedy of history. Perched on top is the cock that crows to repentance; here is a hand of nails and the hammer that drove them; the scourge, the spear, a sponge and pitcher of wormwood. Even the dice with which the Jews raffled off his raiment is there (the latter neatly hung at one side), showing that "double-sizes" won!

AN INDIAN GIRL'S SECRET.

Puno owes its origin to some fabulously rich silver mines in the vicinity, which were discovered and first operated a little more than two centuries ago. A romantic tale is told of the first-worked lode, the gist of which is about as follows: A young Spaniard, of good family, named Don Jose de Salcedo, fell in love with a beautiful Aymara girl and was loved by her in return. The existence of treasure in these mountains was known to the girl's father and to all the Indians for miles around, but the secret had been so zealously guarded by them that not one of the hated Castilian race had ever suspected it. Jose's sweetheart revealed it to him, and he began to work the vein, very cautiously and by night. He found it enormously rich, and his sudden change in fortune attracted

the attention of the royal officers. Knowing that he had married an Indian girl, they mistrusted how it was, and dogged his footsteps until the truth came out. Then he found a pretext for arresting him, on some false charge of treason to the Government, and took him to Lima, the seat of the viceregal court, and also of the Inquisition. After a mock trial and the employment of diabolical tortures to wring from him the statements they demanded he was sentenced to death, and all his property, including the mine that had never really belonged to him, was given to the Government.

FILLED THE MINE WITH WATER.

This meant that the officials themselves intended to transfer his wealth to their own pockets and as soon as he had been executed in the public square of Lima they hastened to secure the treasure. But what was their dismay to find all the locality hopelessly flooded with water! Incited by Jose's Indian wife, her tribe had stopped all the secret drains and the consequence was that a small lake covered and still covers the entrance to the mines. To this day the Indians have steadily refused to give any information concerning the direct route to the mine or the extent of the deposit, though they doubtless know all about it. These seemingly humble people can keep a secret with the utmost fidelity, being absolutely indifferent to bribes or any other inducement. At the present time it is said that they know the location of rich deposits in various parts of the country, but will give no information concerning them and, poor as they are, will not work the veins themselves, fearing to share the melancholy fate of poor Don Salcedo.

CUSTOMS ON THE MARKET.

Cold as it is, the markets of Puno are held in the open air, the Quechuas occupying one part of the market of their goods, the Aymaras another. The sales are mostly conducted by women, who sit on the ground in rows, each with her small stock of chuano (green potatoes), charqui (dried fish), peppers, peas, beans, etc., piled up in little heaps on a blanket. Each heap has a fixed price, which never varies, whatever the fluctuation in the market. For example, a heap of dried peas, which you might hold in two hands, costs 10 cents. If the market falls, the heap is enlarged and you get a few peas more; if it rises, you get a smaller heap, but 10 cents you must pay every time. Neither have these women the remotest idea of selling their stock in the lump, or at wholesale. Should you ask one of the women where she will take for the peas on hand, she cannot tell until all the baskets full have been sorted out into little piles and their value computed at 10 cents per pile.

ABOUT THE CLIMATE.

One day when acclimatization had somewhat abated the torments of altitude, I made a pilgrimage through the town to an antique arch on a hilltop, which had long commanded my admiration from a distance. The most common ailment of Puno is malaria, and here, on a sharp incline, lined on either side with adobe cottages, whose inmates flocked to their doors in amazement. It takes a good deal to rouse special interest in these constitutionally sleepy people, but the rare spectacle of a woman walking abroad and alone without the customary mantle enveloping her head will do more in that direction than an earthquake could, being a less common occurrence. By dint of considerable effort and stopping often to recover breath the goal was finally reached. How I wish I could see the man you see that quietly peaceful scene as it lay spread out in the sunshine! Mid-summer time at home is the mid-winter season of Peru, and though far within the tropic of Capricorn the nights and mornings at this altitude are very chilly. But between 10 A. M. and 4 P. M. the weather is perfection. Wrapped in shawls we sit on the veranda, taking care to keep well in the sun, though that luminary burns and tans one here as seldom elsewhere. FANNIE B. WARD.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

PIANOFORTE RECITAL. Mr. Ethelbert Nevin, ASSISTED BY MRS. WALTER G. WYMAN, (Mezzo Soprano) AT THE PITTSBURGH CLUB THEATER, TUESDAY EVENING, OCT. 21, 1930. TICKETS, \$1.

HARRY WILLIAMS' Penn Avenue Rink, Monday Evening, October 13. Matinees, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

GUS HILL'S WORLD OF NOVELTIES, THE GOLD MINE ATTRACTION. 4 Schroder Bros. 4, Gus Hill, Chas. H. Hoey, Gilbert Sarony, Miss Estella Wellington, Chas. G. Seymour, Fred J. Huber, Miss Kitty Allvay, Ed Rogers, Miss Emily Pearce, Little Chip, Eddie Evans, Miss Josie Evans, Burns and Sanford, A. W. Handy.

HARRIS' THEATER. Week Commencing Monday, Oct. 13. Every Afternoon and Evening. The Meteoric Sensation of the Age. HINES & REMINGTON'S New Comedy Success.

HEARTS OF NEW YORK. Realistic Pictures of the Great Metropolis, New Songs and Specialities. Dashing Police Patrol Wagon and Horses. Week October 20—INSHOVOGUE.

Christy's Dancing Academy, 1012 PENN AVENUE, PITTSBURGH. Now open for the season. Monday evening, beginners' class; Tuesday evening, advance class; Wednesday evening, private lesson; Friday evening, beginners' class; Saturday afternoon, children's class. Private lessons every afternoon from 1 to 4.

THEATER MISS DAISY BEVERLY. And her own company, in Captain G. H. Hamilton's Four Act Sensational Drama. Silver Bird, The Dead Shot. Altogether the Greatest Show ever given anywhere for 10 CENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

WORLD'S MUSEUM THEATRE. FEDERAL ST., ALLEGHENY (Near Sixth Street Bridge). GEORGE CONNOR, Manager. EDW. KEENAN, Business Manager. The Ladies' and Children's Favorite Amusement Resort. WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY, OCTOBER 13. FATHER, MOTHER AND BABY MONKEY.

ZENONA, The Queen of Living Skeletons. A Den of Tame Alligators, Crocodiles and Armadillos. A Flock of Educated AUSTRALIAN COCKATOOS. The Murray Midget Triplets, And a host of other attractions.

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HARRY DAVIS' Fifth Avenue Museum, Roof Garden and Theater. A Temple of Recreation for Ladies and Children. COMMENCING MONDAY, OCT. 13. Second and positively last week of CLARENCE DALE. The boy with the largest head in the world. VISITED BY 55,000 PEOPLE IN ONE WEEK.

SOMERSAULTING GOAT. A marvel of animal training, displaying intelligence that is almost human, with PROF. BURKE'S ACTING AND BOXING DOGS, Sullivan and Kilrain. THE MAGINLEYS, EDDIE C. and MILEE L. L. In their SLIDE FOR LIFE from the dome of the theater to the stage, on a slender wire, suspended by the teeth. The Alsatian Gymnastic Marvels, EDUARD, DEHAAS, CAROLINE. The Emperor and Empress of running globes and Indian clubs. JAMES W. THOMPSON, The Napoleon of Ethiopian comedy, in songs, witticisms and side-splitting monologue. The famous transformation dancer, MISS KITTY SMITH, A lady of rare grace, illustrating in quick succession the styles of dancing in vogue throughout the world. GERMAN ROSE, Handsomest of Lilliputian Ladies. A minuet in size, a mountain of talent; violinist, vocalist. MONTAGUE FAMILY, Mandolin and Guitar Soloists. PRINCESS ZOE ZARETTA, The Gianetto Moss Hair Lady. PROF. LYONS' Acrobatic Polychrome Family of Little Folks. ADMISSION, 10 CENTS. Doors open 1 to 5; 7 to 10 P. M.

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Bijou THEATRE EXTRA! WEEK OF OCTOBER 20. MATINEES, Wednesday and Saturday. KIRALFY'S Bewildering SPECTACULAR TRIUMPH AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS. The Only Original Production. A COLOSSAL FORTUNE Invested in its wealth of Gorgeous Costumes and Magnificent Scenery. A DREAM OF SPLENDOR Never before seen on any stage. A LIVE ELEPHANT Grand Ballets. Novel Specialties. Entrancing Music. THE SPECTACULAR EVENT OF THE SEASON. SALE OF SEATS COMMENCES THURSDAY, OCT. 16.

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Bijou THEATRE UNDER THE DIRECTION OF R. M. GULICK & CO. WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY, OCTOBER 13. Matinees, Wednesday and Saturday. Louder than ever. Crowded Houses attest our Great Success! We are sorry this is our only week, still we laugh, as 30,000 others have done during the past week at AUNT BRIDGET! AND THE IRRESISTIBLY FUNNY COMEDIANS, MONROE AND RICE! And the following Farce-Comedy Celebrities: Chas. J. Ross, W. A. Mack, F. W. Holland, R. G. Pray, W. H. Whyte, Jos. E. Nicol, J. Cavanaugh, Catharine Linyard, Mabel Fenton, Sadie McDonald, Ada Jones, Minnie Carlton, Pearl Allen, Flora Echard.

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FAMILIAR AMERICAN SAYINGS

COMMERCIALLY APPLIED.

Visitors to the Exposition. Some SPECIAL BARGAINS FOR YOU This coming week.

YOU'LL find that we're holding our own and a little more in Men's Suits and Winter Overcoats. They are piled so high that our salesmen are calling for ladders to reach them. Make a note of this fact, and also that they are of high grade in quality and finish. There's a style and fit about even the cheapest. Suit we sell that's peculiar. As to price, we will say this: We never allow ourselves to be undersold, and our eyes are always open to see what is going on in our line all around us. Our prices and the quality for the price—this is the combination which has made us what we are: The Leading! And Largest! Clothiers! In Pittsburgh!

OUR competitors are driven to the wall to match our prices. True, they do quote the same figures, and sometimes drop a cent below in their efforts to break the force of the immense values we offer. But when the public comes to see the quality and price together, "Ah! what a fall was there, my countrymen," in whatever confidence people previously had in their announcements. "Tisn't pleasant business, we'll admit, this driving of others to the wall, but this is only incidental and not our main business, which is simply this, to give the public the best values to be had anywhere. We hew by that line, let the chips fall where they will.

OUR utter unfamiliarity with bars of the kind illustrated puts a bar upon our connecting our business with them even on paper. The only point of similarity we call to mind is the fact that the goods we deal in are all "extra dry," but they have no connection with bar-ley-bar-ley. The only bar before which we care to stand is the bar of public opinion, and we are gratified to know that before this bar our standing is A No. 1. The people have "unmixed" confidence in us. They take our word "straight." They know there's no "half-and-half" meaning in what we say, hence they don't "sour" on us. It's no mean thing to be admitted to this bar, and it's prima facie evidence that the man or the firm who "gets there," deserves to.

THAT'S the way every man should start out in the world. The man in Aesop's Fables who, the moment his cart was mired, began to yell, "Help, Hercules," has no place in modern life. Independence and individuality are what men admire. Men who strike out for themselves. Mere copyists are no more entitled to be ranked as men than a dog is to be considered an artist simply because he draws a cart. On our own hook. That's the plan upon which we do business, and our word for it, it's a good one. We buy and sell upon our original plan of one price, and that a low one. This is a plan that some of our competitors have not yet adopted, and we are not, quite sure that any of them have. They've copied a good many things, but it takes "grit" to copy this.

A Fine Present! In our Men's Suit and Overcoat Department we give away a Beautiful Etching, from a fine painting, encased in imitation Oxidized Silver Frame, size 22x27 inches, with every sale of \$10 and up. Adorn your parlors free with a genuine work of art.

IT'S a good thing to see a man holding his own, though sometimes it's expensive. The man who does it frequently finds that he has a "full hand." "Two of a kind" are rarely desirable, and most men would rather "pass" and "shuffle" out than to find his own "deal" to him in the style illustrated. It's so unpleasant, you know, to have someone continually "call" you. But in another sense, and a more important one, to hold your own is quite enjoyable. This is the condition in which GUSKY'S find themselves at the present time. We are holding our own in the clothing business in the tight grasp of low prices and big values.

MEN of note are quite numerous. We illustrate one type of them, their only defect being that when the note falls due, they are not (e) to be found. But there are other sorts of men of note in and around Pittsburgh and vicinity. We refer to the gentlemen who wear our clothing. They are noted by everybody for their natty and stylish appearance, and noted by their intimate friends for having more spare cash than those of the boys who patronize high-price merchant tailors. It is a not (e)orious fact that the prices on our faultless fitting garments are one-third lower than those asked for custom work.

OUR competitors are driven to the wall to match our prices. True, they do quote the same figures, and sometimes drop a cent below in their efforts to break the force of the immense values we offer. But when the public comes to see the quality and price together, "Ah! what a fall was there, my countrymen," in whatever confidence people previously had in their announcements. "Tisn't pleasant business, we'll admit, this driving of others to the wall, but this is only incidental and not our main business, which is simply this, to give the public the best values to be had anywhere. We hew by that line, let the chips fall where they will.

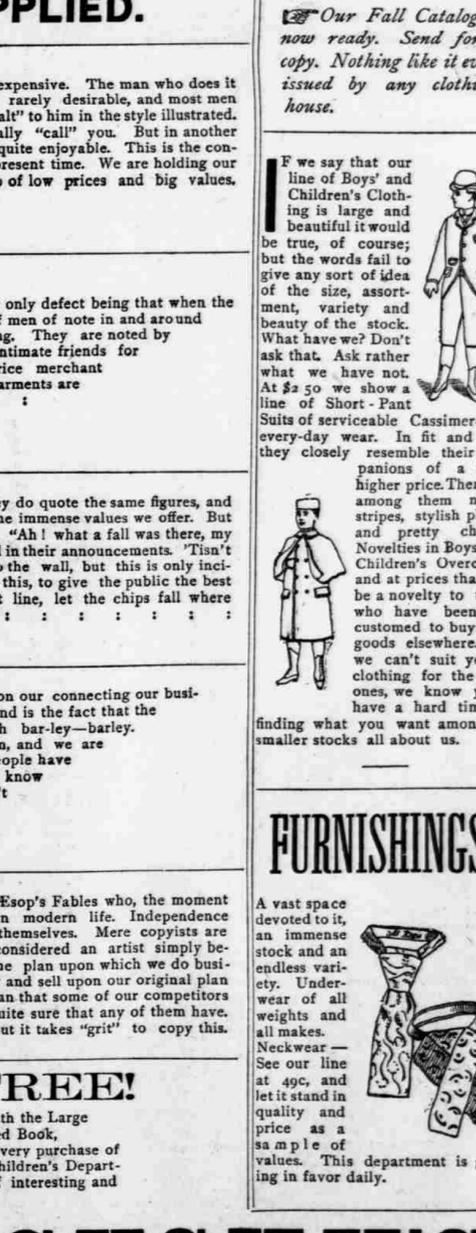
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Our Fall Catalogue now ready. Send for a copy. Nothing like it ever issued by any clothing house.

If we say that our line of Boys' and Children's Clothing is large and beautiful it would be true, of course; but the words fall to give any sort of idea of the size, assortment, variety and beauty of the stock. What have we? Don't ask that. Ask rather what we have not. At \$2.50 we show a line of Short-Pant Suits of serviceable Cassimeres for every-day wear. In fit and finish they closely resemble their companions of a much higher price. There are among them nobby stripes, stylish plaids, and pretty checks. Novelties in Boys' and Children's Overcoats, and at prices that will be a novelty to those who have been accustomed to buy such goods elsewhere. If we can't suit you in clothing for the little ones, we know you'll have a hard time in finding what you want among the smaller stocks all about us.

FURNISHINGS. A vast space devoted to it, an immense stock and an endless variety. Underwear of all weights and all makes. Neckwear—See our line at 49c, and let it stand in quality and price as a sample of values. This department is gaining in favor daily.



GUSKY'S 300 TO 400 MARKET STREET, GUSKY'S