

region, and it has certainly not deteriorated since his day. Indeed, now, such of it as is under cultivation is among the most profitable land on the earth. It is a proposition laid down by Buckle, the orthodox, who undertook to write the History of Civilization and who became unorthodox and unbelieving in the doing of it, that the forces of nature are everywhere arrayed against man's progress and militate against his welfare. It does not seem to be so in these republics, certainly not in Guatemala, the most favored of them. There the natural food supply is not limited to any demand upon it. There is rarely a bad crop of that which grows wild, and the native and the sojourner can have ample sustenance for the mere gathering of it. This is by many considered a clog upon industry, as it produces conditions wherein labor is a secondary consideration, indeed, not a consideration at all with the mass. Consequently the harvests of the more industrious oftentimes suffer through lack of gleaners. What is the use of working when one's necessities do not demand such unnecessary and bothersome exertion? So many a coffee planter, with his finca, perhaps miles in extent, berry-ripe and waiting for the gathering, looks in vain for labor. If he have an old estate, with its complement of resident peons or servants, he can meet the difficulty without trouble, but where labor has to be sought, he can only ask, he cannot order, and the answer to him as to others is *Manana*, *Senor*, which being translated means I will come ere long, Sir, or I will come to-morrow, And to-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow alike ring with iteration of *manana*, but in the meantime he does not come and the berry falls, and the kernal, which is the coffee of commerce, is lost. Yet the amount of coffee, sugar, india rubber gum, cocoa and fruit sent out of these countries is enormous, especially coffee which is the prime staple. On the terraces

of Guatemala, where it finds an altitude favorable to its growth, it represents untold wealth. One meets it on the country roads on mule back—long lines of panniered beasts, if the diamond hitch on coffee bags can be called a pannier, following the bell mule, with one or two men to keep them moving. It is seen piled up at all stations on the ramshackle railway which goes to Guatemala city and beyond, and it is found at all the piers, where it is lightered and stowed away in the steamers which lie off shore waiting for it.

An idea of the importance of the coffee growing industry may be had when it is known that a finca with trees in full bearing—and they do not bear until they are four years old—will range in price from \$50,000 to ten times that sum, according to area and productiveness. It was told me in Guatemala that the previous year an ex-President, an extensive grower of coffee, sold his entire crop for over a million soles, or Chilian dollars, worth seventy cents of our money. So with such enormous returns it is not surprising that there is great wealth in this country, and that the well-to-do have ample means wherewith to gratify their taste for ease and pleasure. But almost anything will make a profitable crop in this prolific land, where vegetation is so vigorous that the old man at Acajutla who found eight orchids growing on his wooden leg one morning in the rainy season, was not so much surprised as a stranger might have been under similar circumstances.

Guatemala is a living monument to the genius of Rufino Barrios, the Napoleon of these people, who died sword in hand, fighting for her fame and aggrandizement. He was *le guerrero grande*, the great warrior, a man cruel and crafty, but of much political sagacity and the acumen which entitles him to the rank of statesman, as statesmen go. His fault was that he took too wide a view of