Wichita Eagle

THE LAND OF BARRIOS.

A GLIMPSE OF GUATEMALA AND HER RECENT PROGRESS.

The Tyranny of a Ruler Makes a Country Overflow with Milk and Honey—Some of the Beauties of a Rich Republic—An Interesting Journey.

[Special Correspondence.]

GUATEMALA, March 17.—Of the five republics of Central America Guatemala is pre-eminently the first. Not only is this so in point of material prosperity, but in the progress

JOSE R. BARRIOS.

and intelligence of her people. She has advanced while the others have stood still, and one sees through the republic signs and incidents of our latest Nineteenth century civilization. The country is an illustration of the fact that good can come out of evil, for all that Guatemala is today she owes to the despotism, the tyranny, the cruelty of Barrios. Indeed, there are not lacking indications of retrogression since he was slain. The land and the people seem to need his strong character to direct and govern them, and until another Barrios shall arise Guatemala particularly, and Central America generally, will not live up to their possibilities.

Barrios found Guatemala as Richelieu found France, a weak and tottering fabric, and in brief time he regenerated her. His methods were decisive, perhaps inhuman, but the results he achieved almost justify the agencies employed. He saw about him a superstitious, densely ignorant and slavish people, barren of hope or ambition, little removed from the animal and wallowing in the darkness. Almost a majority of the common people acted as beasts of burden. By means of straps or thongs fastened to their heads they carried all the stores and products of the country to and from the coasts. Pack mules were scarcely known, for the Indians and half breeds did all the carrying in city, town or hamlet. Like the crab the country was going backward, and the dark days of the Spanish conquest continued. Barrios at once changed all this. He became dictator, absolute ruler, despotic chief, whose will was law, whose word no man dare gainsay.

"I will not rule over animals, but human beings," he declared, and straightway ordered that the people cease from making of themselves beasts of burden. It was a great hardship. In their dense ignorance they knew of no other mode of gaining an existence and looked upon the importation of mules from Hondures and Nicaragua as their absolute ruin. Barrios then pointed to the rich virgin land and commanded that each man till a small section of soil, plant so many coffee, rubber and banana trees and make Guatemala largely productive. His order was absolute, and they sullenly obeyed. It was required that they report their labor at the end of each season. Those who had disobeyed his commands were brought in and flogged.

At the end of the second year, if they still disobeyed his directions, they were brought before him. Then, in that dramatic way which this famous son of Castile affected, he would silently step to his desk, dip two fingers in the ink-stand, and, walking to the culprit, would solemnly make the sign of the cross on his forehead and order him put to immediate death. In this way he struck terror to the hearts of the delinquents, and Guatemala began to flourish like a well kept garden. There was no temporizing, no pardoning, no judge or jury, but, cold and pitiless and inexorable as fate, he carried out his will, and heaven alone knows how many hundreds of men have been done to death in the great prison at Guatemala City.

Not only in the matter of planting, but in all other walks of life, did Barrios push his methods and force improvements. He commanded the separation of church and state, established schools, made education compulsory, while even the surplicon of disloyalty to him or the state was the cause for prompt execution. His strong will permeated the entire social and political fabric. At first hated and feared, he began to be respected. The masterful mind and strong character, the physical bravery and brilliant theatric display, quite won at last this really emotional people, and the passion of hate slowly turned to the sentiment of admiration.

They saw their country blossom like the rose under the heroic and terrible treatment adopted. They saw rich coffee farms, large rubber groves, extensive sugar plantations take the place of the arid wastes, and slavish slothfulness supplanted by busy intelligence. The revolution was slow. Hundreds—yes thousands—had to die and remorseless cruelty be practiced before it would be acknowledged; but the materialist will admit, looking at the Guatemala Barrios found and the Guatemala he left, that the end justified the means. Gradually his country rose from the least prominent to the most progressive of Spanish-American states, and when he finally reached a position which he deemed impregnable (less than five years ago), he suddenly declared himself military dictator and president commanding of Central America.

A GUATEMALAN HACIENDA.

"As I have done for Guatemala so will I do for all," he declared with that superb optimism which was his creed, and placing himself at the head of his army he started on his mission to subjugate Salvador, Costa Rica and Nicaragua. Honduras was already his vassal. His soldiers were trained, loyal and enthusiastic. It looked as though he would sweep through those countries like a whirlwind, and that a great reform was imminent.

But his star of destiny had set.

At the very first battle on the frontier of Salvador he was slain; his soldiers refused to follow any other leader, and the wheels of progress were blocked. With Barrios died the dream of a union of the Central American states.

If the reader of this letter had traveled, as I have done, through the five republics and seen the lethargy and inertness of the people, he could almost wish that Barrios had lived to accomplish his self imposed task and satisfy his splendid ambition. Terrible as were his methods, they are the only ones that will force the people to develop this country and themselves, and until another Barrios shall come up the idea of a federation of the Central American states is like unto a castle in Spain.

San Jose, on the Pacific ocean, is the port at which one disembarks to visit Guatemala. It is the largest and most flourishing of the sea towns on the Central American coast, which, however, is not saying a great deal. It is blessed with a fine iron pier, a few official and semi-official buildings, a railway station, and is backed by an Indian village of five or six hundred inhabitants. A train for Guatemala City leaves every morning. The distance is ninety miles, the elevation 5,000 feet, nearly all of which is made during the final run of thirty miles. The journey, consuming six hours, is one of extreme interest. Breakfast is served at the picturesque town of Escuintla, in a cool patio, under superb palm-trees, and the food is delicious, abundant and admirably cooked.

There is no "ten minutes for refreshments." The train waits nearly an hour for you to enjoy your meal, and then to saunter out among the adjacent coffee groves, chat with the senoritas or seek information from the courteous soldiery about. The officers will tell you many things of interest. One I found who was a condensed encyclopedia. "Guatemala, senor," he said, "has a population of a million and a half, and of that number over a million are of pure Indian blood. It has a revenue of five millions a year; it costs for government over four millions annually, and one million for the service of its national debt.

"Its principal products are coffee and sugar. Since the days of Barrios it has been very productive, it has many schools and education is compulsory. There are in Guatemala coffee fincas producing from six to sixteen thousand centals of coffee a year, which means a yearly income to the owner of from fifty to one hundred thousand dollars, so you can see some men in this country are very rich. Along the line of this railway, from the coast to the lake, is one vast sugar plantation, and the people are now all reasonably prosperous. Over there is a sightly plantation which nets its owner from sugar 10,000 pesos annually, and makes a beautiful home." I glanced in the direction he pointed and saw a typical Guatemalan hacienda, which my ever ready camera brought into photographic permanency. Thus we chatted until the warning whistle of the locomotive called me away, and in a few minutes we began our weary ascent to the cooler elevation of Guatemala City. We passed the large Indian village of Palin, with its strange traditions, the people still speaking a language and wearing

A GUATEMALAN PUBLIC BUILDING.

a costume peculiarly their own. Up and up we go, making an ascent of 2,500 feet in less than twelve miles, and reaching at last the magnificent lake of Amatitlan, nestling in the mountain top, and in its placid beauty resembling somewhat one of the larger Italian lakes. For half a dozen miles we skirted this sheet of water, and then another hour brought us in sight of the one fine city of the five republics.

FREDERICK W. WHITE.

Chinese Education.

[Special Correspondence.]

SAN FRANCISCO, March 31.—The first Chinese school I ever visited I thought a riot had broken out. About fifty boys were seated upon high three legged stools, and each swayed his body to and fro and shouted at the top of his voice. It was more like the raving wards in a lunatic asylum than a place for learning classic lore. But it was only an ordinary every day scene in study hours. I puzzled my brain over the matter not a little before I discovered the reason of the noise. When I was a pupil in a country school we used to "study out loud" during the temporary absence of the teacher, but we never adopted the plan permanently.

The Chinese language cannot be spoken in a whisper. It has tones and accents and inflections and grunts and gutturals and nasals which can only be produced in full voice, and every variation and precision in tone, etc., is essential to the proper meaning of the words. The same identical word pronounced in different ways has as many different meanings as it has different methods of accent. Thus, while each pupil made as much noise as he could unaided by gongs or blunderbusses, his own noise effectually drowned all other sounds to him, and he was in practical silence. At Chinese theatres everybody in the audience talks out at the same time the players are talking. It is the running comment upon the play and players. At churches, while the preacher is delivering his discourse, his audience is also talking at full speed. It is more like a sewing bee in the country, where the ladies meet to talk over their personal matters, than anything else I know of.

Some people do not believe a Chinaman can think without singing over the subject of his thoughts. It is at least a common occurrence to hear an animated conversation around some turn in the road, and when you come upon what you have taken to be a company of travelers you find one man talking to himself.

Each pupil at school furnishes his own desk and chair, or stool. He also provides himself with a tenpot and a fan and a book. These comprise the outfit. In one end of the room sits the teacher. He is a sallow, small man, whose coat sleeves are about a foot longer than his arms, and his finger nails are as long as his fingers, and he wears glasses with lenses about as big as the top of a coffee cup. He looks wise and solemn through it all.

He never disturbs the pupils by calling upon them to recite. When a boy has sung over a paragraph until he can sing it off with his eyes shut, he jumps down from his perch, and hands the book to the teacher to watch if he trips in his recital, and turning his back to the teacher he sings off the words committed. In order to concentrate his attention upon his work, the pupil lifts first one foot and then the other, giving his body a swaying motion like a ship rocked in the cradle of the deep. The lesson having been repeated, he resumes his perch and takes the next paragraph in hand. The curriculum, like everything else, is unique.

It does not include mathematics nor geography, nor anything else in particular. The only books studied are Chinese classics, being extracts from Confucius and other ancient writers. The education consists in committing these books to memory. That is all. What they mean, if indeed they have any meaning, is alike unknown to teacher and pupil.

B. N. TON.

Beauty Beaten by Grace.

There are thousands of pretty, engaging little ways which every person may put on without running the risk of being deemed affected or foppish—the sweet smile; the quiet, cordial bow; the earnest movement in addressing a friend, or more especially a stranger whom one may recommend to our good regards; the inquiring glance, which is so captivating when united with self possession, that will insure us the good regards of even a churl. Above all there is a certain delicacy of manner which should be cultivated, and which, in either man or woman, adds a charm that compensates for lack of beauty.—New York Journal.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

WOMAN AND HOME.

AN INDEFINABLE SOMETHING WHICH MAKES WOMAN'S CHARM.

Dainty Housekeeping in France—Gymnasiums for Women—The School of Methods in Berlin—Happy, Though Not Beautiful—Lace Worth Over $125,000.

Beyond beauty, cleverness, wit, attainments, beyond any endowment which can be given to a woman, is the simple and indefinable attribute which we call charm. It is impossible to analyze its component parts, and equally so to write a prescription in avoirdupois or apothecary's weight the resultant precipitate of which shall compose this best of the Creator's gifts to woman.

Eve had it, we fancy, and Miriam, Ruth and the queen of Sheba; and it belonged too, no doubt, to Jezebel, the infamous but splendid and surpassingly brave princess, before whom even Elijah's courage quailed. Sappho had charm, so had Cleopatra and Beatrice and Rosalind. Mary of Scotland bewitched men's hearts not less by her conquering charm than by her wonderful loveliness and dauntless daring, while Elizabeth of England—many sided, strong and resolute, with a man's heart under her woman's corsage—had the fatal defect of lacking charm.

There are women in every community, in every church, who, with no apparent effort, captivate all hearts and enjoy a popularity which others vainly envy, continuing to please till their latest day, for age cannot wither nor custom stale the infinite variety of a really charming woman. A rose is a rose, and a cabbage is a cabbage, and each has its place; but nobody claims charm for a cabbage, though it take the prize at a country fair, while the simplest rosebud on the bush by the wayside challenges the world of flowers with this royal distinction.

What is it? A trick of manner, of speech, a lifting of the eyebrow, a drooping of the lip, an air of gentle breeding, a fine grained courtesy? These may be part of it, but charm is something deeper. The pretty waitress at your elbow may possess it, while it is denied to her mistress, the daughter, perhaps, of a hundred earls. Whatever else it is, be assured it is pure womanliness, and has belonged to the fair sex since that far off day when the sons of God beheld the daughters of men, and beholding, loved them.—Harper's Bazar.

Dainty Housekeeping.

Not only does the French woman buy the material for her dinner, but helps to cook it when bought. In that marvelous place, a French kitchen, where two or three little holes in a stove cook such delicate dishes, and perform such culinary feats as our great roaring coal fires have no conception of, she flits about like a fairy, creating magical messes out of raw material of the most ordinary description. Yes, though a lady born and bred, refined, elegant and agreeable in society, a belle in her way, yet she does not think it beneath her dignity to lighten the household expenses by practical economy and activity.

The dinner of a French family is cheap and simple. There is always a soup, the meat of the stewpan sometimes, if not strict in expenditure; another plate of meat generally, two vegetables, dressed and eaten separately, and sometimes, not always, a sweet dish; if not that, a little fruit, such as may be the cheapest and ripest in the season. But there is very little in each thing, and it is rather in arrangement than in material that they appear rich.

The French may be a trifle epicurean in their tastes, but they are not gourmands. They spend little in eating and they eat inferior things, though their cookery is rather a science than a mere accident of civilization. At home the great aim of the French is to save, and any self sacrifice that leads to this result is cheerfully undertaken, more especially in eating than the mere luxury of idleness.

No French woman will spend a cent to save herself trouble. She would rather work like a dray horse to buy an extra yard of ribbon or a new pair of gloves than lie on the softest sofa in the world in placid, fine ladyism, with crumpled gauze or bare hands.—Waverly Magazine.

School of Methods.

The department devoted to the preparation of girls, who have left school, for the duties of wives, mothers, nurses, housekeepers and servants was next visited, and in this important department of the Pestalozzi-Froebel-Haus over forty young women from the various ranks of life were gathered. It was under the special patronage of the crown princess, whose own daughters were its first pupils. The lady who directed the teaching of washing and ironing kept a close eye to the perfection of the work, which is all classified. At one time table linen was washed and ironed properly; at another the best methods of treating dish towels are taught; at another the washing of flannels and the doing up of prints and ginghams; at another clear starching, the cleansing of laces and fine materials, and so on, until the whole round of a family laundry has been scientifically taught and enforced by practice.

In one room a girl of 14 or 15, formerly a pupil in the Kindergarten, was washing windows and paint. Well dressed, she was poised on a step ladder, polishing a large pane of glass with a chamois skin. Her pail of suds stood on the shining floor, with a bit of oilcloth under it, that not a drop of water should touch the varnish. I involuntarily looked at the wall paper along the edges of the window and door casings and baseboards, and saw that no careless wash cloth had ever left its trail on a surface for which it was not designed. As I glanced back at the maiden she was folding her towels and placing them in a covered basket, with a compartment for each.—In and Around Berlin.

Miss Abbott's Bonds.

Emma Abbott has in her possession the first money she ever made, but it has been transferred to government "fours." Her musical education cost her $10,000 before she made a penny with it. On the night that she received her first dividend she asked her husband what she should do with it. "Put it in real estate," was his rejoinder. Miss Abbott thought government bonds were safer and she transferred it accordingly. Since that time she has constantly added to it until she had secured a big bundle of "fours."

She had never had them registered and their custody caused her considerable worry. In coming from Baltimore to Washington she midded them and it was quite a while before she found them. Next morning she left Willard's in company with a clerk of the Riggs bank and went to the treasury department to have her bonds registered. Nobody would have supposed that the ordinary package of brown paper, which she carried carelessly in her hand, contained $135,000. But it did.—Cor. Philadelphia Times.

Gymnasiums for Women.

The good that follows physical development in a gymnasium should by no means be monopolized by men. Indeed, if it were possible that only one sex could enter and use a gymnasium, that sex should be the one which supplies the mothers, and which, as such, transmits to sons and daughters whatever or strength or of weakness heredity entails. This fact has been slow to find recognition in this country, where devotion to women is a dominant character of all intelligent Americans. More generally than elsewhere are the women of America accorded equal advantages in the battle of life in all fields of labor.

But in all efforts to secure that most desirable of possessions, sound health, the American woman is granted fewer opportunities than men. She takes less exercise, her clothing is less calculated to leave the vital organs unhampered, and she is only beginning to indulge in out door exercise, in boating, bicycling, tennis, etc. At best, her type of muscular energy is during the out door months. During the rest of the year she hibernates, in so far as muscular development is concerned, while her brother can keep his summer gained muscular tissues from growing flaccid by club swinging, dumbbell exercise and other doings at a public gymnasium. School drill and calisthenics accomplish something for the girls, but not enough. They should have a gymnasium of their own, or have certain hours of their own at a gymnasium for both sexes. There are too many pale girls, dyspeptic girls and sallow girls.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

The Box Didn't Make Change.

A lady, nicely dressed, boarded a short line Birmingham car at the corner of Cranson and Tenth streets, to ride to the city. She flashed out of her pocket, which was concealed, where no man could ever find it, a beautiful little purse, and extracting a dime, she refused the proffered aid of a fellow passenger to put her fare in the box. She walked to the forward end of the car and dropped the dime into the opening of the box. Then she stood there with an expectant look on her face and one hand on the top of the box. Whether she expected the box would open and hand out a nickel in change in about the same manner as practiced by a cabinet "speak easy" the other passengers could only guess. The driver told her she would have to stand the loss of the nickel unless the car took on another passenger.

At the Pittsburg end of the bridge another passenger got on. He wore a slight blonde mustache and a self satisfied air of "mashing" anything in sight as he tripped past the young lady. As he asked the driver for two nickels in exchange for a dime, the mute puncher told him of the young lady's predicament. Of course, he was only too glad to pay her back the five cents and smiled sweetly as he handed over the amount. With a "you-bet-I'm-in-it" expression, he turned around and dropped the other nickel in the box. Then he discovered that he was out a nickel, and the smiles of the passengers made him go out on the platform and commune with himself. The individual who enjoyed the joke the most was the young laly who caused his misfortune.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Lace Worth Over $125,000.

The grandest of all the pieces is an overdress made for the Empress Eugenie, and completed at the time of the fall of the empire, so that it never came into her possession. It represents the finest skilled labor of a large corps of expert point lace makers for a period of many years, and is valued at $100,000. The dimensions are 5½ yards in length, 54 inches in width, and its weight is only 15½ ounces.

At the Paris Universal exposition this was awarded the first prize. The material is a marvelously wrought combination of the finest point lace, comprising Alencon, point de gaze and Venice point. On the groundwork of its voluminous folds is a bewildering array of sprigs, medallions, tulips, illies, roses and rose leaves and running vines, the minutest detail of each and all of which bears the most critical inspection. To connoisseurs it is indeed a thing of beauty and tireless admiration. To the feminine mind it is a vision of loveliness, which, once seen, never can be forgotten.

Several millionaires have tried to purchase this dress, but it is not for sale. An ardent admirer of Mrs. Langtry is reported to have made an offer of $125,000 for it, but without avail.—New York Star.

Happy, but Not Beautiful.

In my life I have known many women well. Among them is a fair majority of what the truly appreciative would call happy, for which I thank God, as it has helped me to take, on the whole, a hopeful view of life, as well as of human nature. Now, are these women, blessed, as many of them are, with devoted husbands, cheerful homes, cultivated society and leisure for the exercise of any special talent they may possess, beautiful women? With one or two exceptions, no. Indeed, more than a few of them are positively plain, if only feature is considered, while from the rest I can single out but two or three whose faces and figures conform to any of the recognized standards of physical perfection. But they are loved; they are honored, they are deferred to. While not eliciting the admiration of every passer by, they have acquired through the force, the sweetness or originality of their character the appreciation of those whose appreciation confers honor and happiness, and consequently their days pass in an atmosphere of peace and good will, which is as far above the delirious admiration accorded to the simply beautiful as the placid shining of the sunbeam is to the phenomenal blaze of an evanescent flame.—Anna Katherine Green.

Mrs. Astor's Black Pearls.

It is not often that women have admirable jewels and are not aware of the fact. When the late Mrs. John Jacob Astor died she left all her personal property, including her splendid collection of jewels, to her husband. When the late John Jacob Astor was about starting for Europe in 1889, he sent the precious casket of jewels as a gift to his daughter-in-law, Mrs. William Waldorf Astor.

Mrs. Astor, who was in town only to say good-by, sent the box to a safe deposit company unopened, and then returned to Newport.

During the summer she saw a woman at the Casino wearing black pearls.

"Oh, I'M like to have some black pearls!" she exclaimed.

"But you have all the Astor jewels."

"Yes, but I've never opened the jewel case and don't know what's in it."

"What!" gasped a half dozen women in various stages of collapse. "Well, you just send for it at once."

The case was duly forwarded, and therein, sure enough, were the celebrated Astor black pearls, a set unequaled in the world for size, color and symmetry.—New York Letter.

How to Amuse the Children.

The 4-year-old may be allowed to wipe dishes, help set the table, and even brush the crumbs from the carpet. If the child is praised a little and seems to feel some interest, she will take pride in putting her toys carefully away and restoring the room to its former neatness. A word of suggestion here and there will be gladly received, whereas if the mother waits until the slovenly habits are fixed, the child will be much harder to manage, and perhaps never be neat.

In regard to toys, the mother will soon find that the most lasting in the child's favor are the ones that can change the form of, or invent new ideas about. I believe that is one reason the doll is never forsaken. A few cheap articles will be just as valuable to the little one as something costing a small fortune.

For example, a bundle of lamp lighters will afford interest, as the child can first lay them down in rude outline of houses, trees or animals; then weave them into fences, gates, the letters of the alphabet, etc. A paint box and some advertising pictures, a pencil and paper, a pair of blunt scissors and a newspaper will help to fill in the hours and give mother a chance to breathe.

Another excellent plaything is a soft ball, which one child can throw up and catch, while the other counts, thus learning to catch and count at the same time. If mamma will bring out her box of buttons, little Mischief will be pleased to string them for her, and she will also put out basting threads with the greatest dispatch and skill. In fact, a child that is trusted and feels some responsibility will be much happier, and there will always be a confidence in the mother and a desire for her advice.—Henrietta C. O'Kane in New York Mail and Express.

An autograph letter of Richard III was sold in England recently for about $8.35 per inch of surface. It was written at Barnard castle, in Durham, Aug. 4, 1480, for about three years before the crookback duke of Gloucester, then constable and admiral of England, came to the throne.

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