



A line of these monoliths set from east to west were exact markers of the passing year. That day on which the sun appeared in the east in direct line with the row of monuments marked the beginning of a new year

Stone Faces and Living Types

By THOMAS F. LEE

WE met her on the trail that leads down from the slopes of Mount Quiché into the village of Santa Cruz de Quiché. She was dressed like all the women of this valley—an embroidered blouse tucked into the top of a dark *enagua*, rings on every finger, and with a necklace of many strands about the bare neck. She carried a wool blanket woven by the Indians of the village, wore a flat hat peculiar to the women of her tribe, and was barefoot.

The process of securing the photograph was in itself a diplomatic venture, for the Indians of Guatemala's upland look with disfavor upon the camera, believing it to be an instrument of the devil which may throw about them some sorcerer's spell or, at best, an X-ray machine with which the *estrangero* may look quite through their bodies and off into the Guatemala landscape. A ten-peso bill and much earnest conversation on the part of my *mozo* finally overcame deep-seated prejudices, and the accompanying photograph is the result.

Now, neither the photograph nor the

woman are of much interest except as they form a connecting link with a race whose advanced civilization is evidenced by the splendid ruins of Palenque in Mexico, Quirigua in Guatemala, and Copan in Honduras. The features of the Maya Quiché woman of the photograph are Oriental, like most of her tribe, but the striking characteristic of her face and of the faces of her kind is the peculiar manner of holding the lips. The mouth is partly open, the under jaw thrust slightly forward, so that we may see the lower as well as the upper teeth; and this is not a pose—it is a set expression. It is not the half-open mouth or sagging jaw of the imbecile; it is a distinct racial characteristic wholly unlike that of any other Indian race of the Americas.

Two hundred miles to the northwest of Quiché, in the rich valley of the Motagua, are the famous ruins of Quirigua. Imposing monoliths from fifteen to forty feet high are covered with strange hieroglyphics and with Oriental faces, still startlingly clear after some twenty centuries of tropical sun

and rain and wind. These faces, as you examine them to-day, might have been fashioned from the mask of that Maya-Quiché woman photographed a few weeks ago just outside the village of Santa Cruz. The features are the same, and that curious manner of holding mouth and lips is identical.

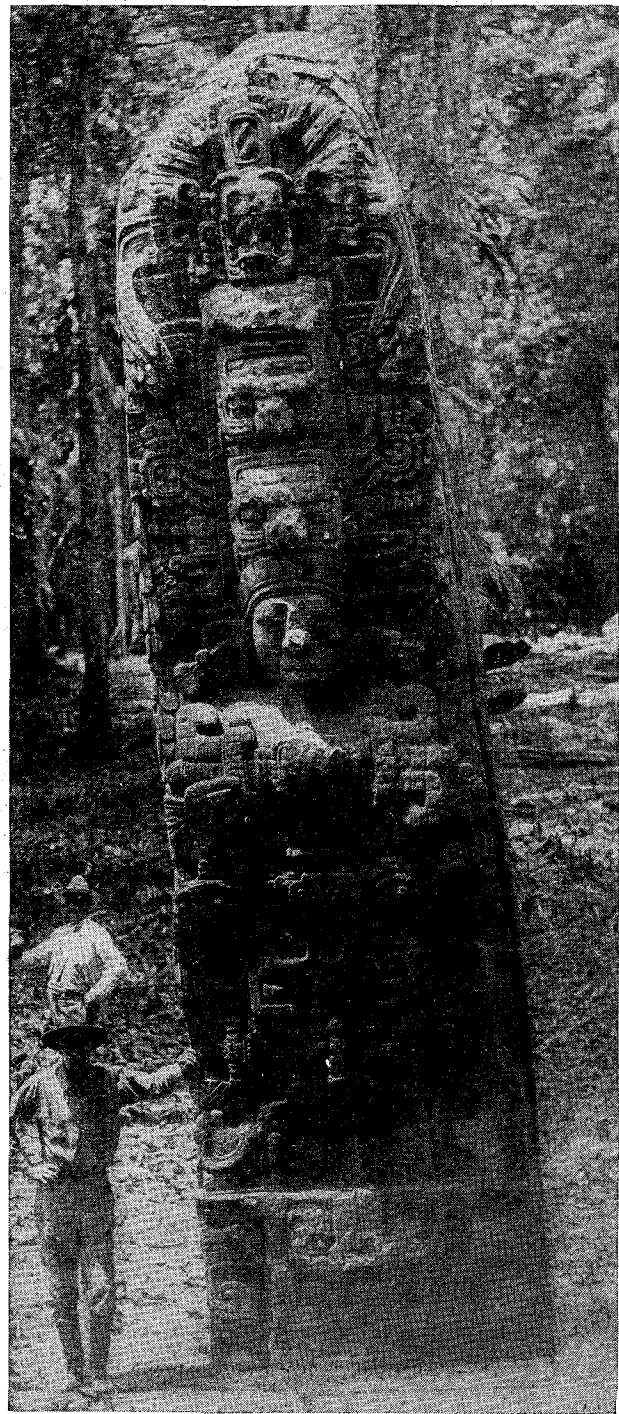
Archæologists have never found the key to the inscriptions on these ancient stelæ, although it is claimed that the date marks have been deciphered. There is much speculation as to the fate of this race which lived and built splendid stone temples and monuments perhaps before the three Wise Men followed the star to the Bethlehem stable. The ruins, probably surpassing any other archæological remains of the Western Hemisphere, indicate that these valleys once teemed with human life. One marvels, first, at the facility with which they carried these massive stone shafts from the mountains—that distant source of rock—to their present standing places. One wonders, too, how much evidence would be left of our own civilization if this land were suddenly depopulated and

all that has been built to carry on our complicated mode of life were left to the elements for the next two thousand years, even though it did not lie in a land where nature jealously resents the encroachment of man and hastens to blot out his footsteps. What became of this race so far advanced in civilized arts? Some time the inscriptions may give up the secret, but in the meantime in the faces of the Indians of Santa Cruz de Quiché and Totonicapan there is evidence that the scattered remnants of that same race persist and that the story might possibly be read more easily among the living types on the slope of Mount Quiché than in the faces and

Giant monoliths—relics of that ancient Mayan civilization when the Motagua Valley of Guatemala and the Copan section of Honduras were peopled by an advanced race boasting no mean civilization



"We met her on the trail that leads down from the slopes of Mount Quiché. . . . The striking characteristic of her face and of the faces of her kind is the peculiar manner of holding the lips." Compare this face with the stone face on the monolith above



queer hieroglyphics of the monuments of Quirigua.

If the tale of that interim of the centuries is never told, I shall still be satisfied that the racial line has been unbroken and that this woman of Santa Cruz, with her embroidered *huipil*, many-stranded necklace, and unmistakable features, came directly down the long line beginning with the Oriental personage whose face stands out from the monoliths of Quirigua and whose carved eyes have seen his race blotted out of the Motagua by pestilence, famine, or conqueror—we know not what—and the rich plantations swallowed up by the greedy jungle.

Fortune Smiles on Western Farmers

By CHARLES MOREAU HARGER

In the fine new harvest are the farmers reaping the wheat and the speculators reaping the profits? Is the increase in farm values affecting political opinion in the wheat belt?

"FORTUNE'S long-delayed smile!" exclaimed a farmer of the wheat belt as he pointed to the stream of golden grain pouring from the humming separator. "Thirty bushels to the acre and a dollar ten a bushel—here's where I square up with the world."

Such is the feeling of the producer of the Middle West, where for nearly three years have reigned discouragement, unrest, and uncertainty. Things have not been as bad as pessimists have pictured, but meager yields and low prices, often below the cost of production, have sapped the courage of the farm country. Commodities were high; products low; debts were pressing; several hundred banks had closed because of frozen loans, scores more were struggling to remain solvent.

Then came the harvest, the third since the start of the depression era. From neither of those preceding harvests had come profit, nor did it seem likely in the late spring that this would give a better account of itself. But then came marvelous maturing weather, perfect harvest days. When the threshers started, the full extent of fortune's smile was revealed. The grain was of the highest quality ever raised; the yields surprised the most hopeful. The average wheat yield of Kansas, the banner wheat State, the past five years was 12.5 bushels an acre. This season thirty, forty, and even more bushels per acre have been recorded on tens of thousands of acres. The high plains country, where there have been two successive failures and where a loan fund raised by boards of trade and banks was necessary to enable the farmers to sow their land last fall, yielded the most bountiful crop in history. In one county the average return was \$3,500 for every family. The loan fund contributors made a profit of three dollars on one invested.

In June the price was 90 cents; before the threshers were well started it passed \$1, then \$1.10, then \$1.15, and at the end of July seemed likely to go higher. For the first time in years the farmer gained, for the rise came before he had marketed, instead of after. It was due to three causes: reports of only a half crop in the Canadian wheat area, shortage in the world crop, the high quality of the grain. All combined to favor the wheat raiser of the interior. With 40,000,000 bushels less in sight for

this country than last year, the entire crop is at a premium.

Along with this, in the area west of the Mississippi, came a prospect for a corn crop above normal, although its accounting is not certain until September. With low conditions east of the Mississippi and a National condition far below the ten-year average, the price followed that of wheat, and is the highest since war times. Live-stock prices reacted to these influences and steadily climbed to new levels.

Those are the basic facts of the new farm condition. It means, if the corn matures well—little of the old crop remains, it is the new that counts—hundreds of millions in unexpected wealth. Wheat alone is an incident; many farmers do not raise wheat; not all raise corn; but all do raise either corn or wheat or both, with live stock in varying quantities. When all these factors are profitable, it means firm prosperity.

What will happen to this new wealth? That question is coming from Eastern bankers, economists, manufacturers. Enthusiastic publicists, thrilled by the wheat bounty, have announced the immediate dawn of luxury, extensive buying, and the solution of all financial ills. The fact is the Western producer has learned much from the period of adversity. His reaction to the season's return is tempered with caution. This income has come to him—not to the speculator or dealer—because of the early change in the market. He will use it with intelligent effort to stabilize his condition.

"The first thing I do will be to pay off my mortgage," said one farmer whose crop had given him \$6,000 in real money—the most cash he had seen in four years. "I have sat up nights wondering if I could save my farm. Hereafter no mortgages for me, and the first agent who wants to sell me more land will be assassinated."

Loan companies have been lenient with mortgagors. Defaulted interest has waited; now it must be paid. The country banks have "carried" their customers sometimes too long for the banks' own good. Hundreds of millions of dollars in farm notes have been transferred to the War Finance Corporation and the Intermediate Credit Banks—all with the local banks' indorsement—and these must be taken up. Then there are store accounts; debts incurred to buy farm

equipment, motor cars, and motor trucks—you seldom see a team hauling grain to market these days. Nor must there be forgotten the expense of production—the planting, the harvesting, the taxes, and interest on the land's value. This new income is not all velvet.

Already come warnings of overconfidence. "We want to remember that just because we hear the hen cackle in the spring it is no guaranty that we shall have fried chicken in the fall," Governor Davis, of Kansas, himself a farmer, puts it. "We are not out of the hole yet, though conditions are improved."

The important thing in the farm country's added return from field and stockyard is the strengthened morale; the realization that agriculture has its own recuperative powers, and that no legislation by Congress to fix prices or grant subsidies has been needed to accomplish the result. Then, too, it brings the price level of products nearer to a parity with that of commodities. The crux of the farmer's complaint has been that, while he sold his foodstuffs low, everything he bought for the maintenance of his operations was high. The new figures will lessen the gap. A popular assumption is that all farmsteads have been in distress and all banks of the interior have been embarrassed. The fact is that of over 10,000 banks in the ten States of the Middle West and Northwest less than 500 have had difficulties and a number have reopened. The farmer who stuck to farming, and did not speculate in land, live stock, or promotion schemes, has come through without difficulty. While in the war period all indulged in extravagance, the sterner years have been traversed by the path of economy.

The political reaction from the new increment of wealth is yet to be determined. While in the Northwest the unrest due to economic causes seems to have established radical leadership, the States farther south have maintained their old political alignments with the major parties and seem likely so to continue. The producer has gained knowledge during the past decade; he has attained a world vision and is less inclined to revolt over local upsets. With the readjustment of his financial situation since the beginning of summer through the quick upturn in his fortunes, he is less likely to be influenced by the radical appeals. While he desires