



A CHARACTERISTIC COFFEE FAZENDA SETTING, ON THE SÃO PAULO PLATEAU

into the very windows and doorways. In some places the trees were so close to the tracks that one could almost touch them from the car windows, and everywhere, as far as the eyes could reach, the rolling, coffee-clad hills. There are no shade trees and only a few scattering palms or pine trees to remind one that it is still Brazil.

It was difficult to believe that once upon a day this country had been covered with virgin forests, and that the industrious fazendeiro had cleared it all away and replanted it with the timid nursery plants that had since grown into the cultivated forests represented by the endless rows of coffee bushes, set with such mathematical exactness in the clean red earth, never more than 12 or 14 feet in height, and always looking so spick and span in the morning light, like bright-eyed children eager for a romp with the advancing army of "colonos," the coffee pickers.

Oh, for a dictionary of similes! Here we were racing up and down and round the sides of a huge coffee-lined basin, hundreds of miles in extent! As the train sped along its winding, upward way, the coffee fields suggested the files of an army drawn up on parade, so trim, so orderly, were they in their perfect alinement, stretching away over hill and dale and fading gradually into the blue of the horizon.

It is possible to travel for days in this great coffee country and never see anything but coffee

trees—and the amazing thing about it, aside from its bigness, is the evidence of thorough, scientific cultivation on every hand, although so few workers are visible. It looked as if all the estates had been swept clean the night before because visitors were expected. The red earth, free of all grass and weeds, must be a picture from an airplane, with the green coffee trees stuck into it in such neat array, mile upon mile. In no coffee country, not even Java, have I seen such painstaking cultivation. Sometimes the trees stand out on the bare hillside in such bold relief as to suggest that they have been combed by some gigantic currycomb.

On one plantation in the Ribeirão Preto district the train takes an hour to straggle in and out of its 2,500,000 trees; two other companies in this huge coffee supply depot own estates whose trees exceed 4,000,000.

And such open spaces! I didn't know there was so much sky in the heavens! Because of the absence of mountain peaks and big trees, the world of Ribeirão Preto seems so much wider, the inverted bowl we call the sky so much deeper! There is nothing comparable in the great open spaces of America, of India, or on the Seven Seas.

Here and there the "terreiros" (drying grounds), "máquinas" (factories), and "colonias" (laborers' homes) formed contrasting white and red relief spots in the green color scheme of the landscape, but for the most part they appeared like flecks of