attempt to free his country (1790) from the burden of taxation and the greed of the Crown. By then the inquisitorial plot of Brazil was nearly exhausted, and the gold towns became deserted and soon deserted. Ouro Preto was reduced to 800-odd men. Minas has attracted the attention of art students both in Brazil and abroad. The Government has fortunately taken steps to stop all demolitions and disfiguring restorations. Vila Rica, renamed Ouro Preto in 1825, was recently declared a National Monument, and two museums were founded in historical buildings. The other air-line from Rio goes to São Paulo. Here the tourist will be introduced to a completely different aspect of Brazil. The city was founded by the Jesuits in the sixteenth century. One of them was the Blessed Anchieta, the apostle of Brazil, whose pious accomplishments rank with those of St. Francis Xavier and the greatest missions of all times. São Paulo is the fastest growing city in America. Continental to-day, the headquarters of the greatest coffee producer in the world, with one million acres, and some 15 million barrels of coffee, São Paulo is one of the most important industrial centers of South America. The growth of São Paulo is a startling phenomenon. About the nineteenth century, it was a small city with not over 200,000 inhabitants. In 1900 it numbered 200,000. Then it began to gather momentum, and in 1910, 600,000, and to just under the million mark in 1920. To-day São Paulo.

The last stage of the air-voyage brings one to São Paulo. It is the capital of Brazil, its most important city, and in a sense the capital of Brazil. The city is picturesque, with its picturesque “Gaucho,” a type evolved in the “Patujas” of the River Plate, to which region Rio Grande is closely related. The plains are the realm of the “Gaucho.” The enormous distances and their loneliness, the peculiar activity of life there—the raising of cattle—help to maintain for them the title of centaurs of the Pampas. Their great tradition goes back to the gaúcha warfare of the separatist wars. The “Gaucho” is inscrutable from his horserider. His life is in the saddle brings out in him that mixture of freedom and girt, characteristic of the cowboy. His spirit is that formed Rio Grande, the last province to be incorporated into Brazil. It is a new power, a typical representative of that breed of men, Getulio Vargas, who has inaugurated Brazil’s new era. The Gaucho is inscrutable from his horserider. His life is in the saddle brings out in him that mixture of freedom and girt, characteristic of the cowboy. His spirit is that formed Rio Grande, the last province to be incorporated into Brazil. It is a new power, a typical representative of that breed of men, Getulio Vargas, who has inaugurated Brazil’s new era.

So much for the history and physical aspect of the country; I will complete this sketch by bringing in the human element, the racial antecedents of the people. Brazil is like no other country, combinations and proportions, gradually tending to white. Some authorities are of opinion that the complete fusion of the Indian and the white will be fully accomplished within the generation. Here I must touch upon a topic foremost among those of mankind’s future—races. In the curious mixture of race, color, and character, which affects Brazil more than any other country. Had the country adopted the European concept of nationality and race, what would have become Brazil’s fate? It would probably be the most disintegrated country on earth. Without the Indians and the Africans, how could the vast areas of equatorial Brazil have been populated, where Nordic man has so far failed? One might expect, from these many ingredients of the Brazilian population, that they should be antagonistic to each other; the Negroes, the Germans, the Polos, the Italians and lately the Japanese. But this is not so. Brazil, as a melting-pot, seems miraculously to have solved all these problems. She may yet show the world the futility of the racial problem. All the people of Brazil form indeed one family, for centurions, and by force of circumstances, Brazil has been built upon the principle of free emigration. Those in other countries is only theoretically admitted—civil equality in public as well as private life—becomes here a reality. No colour-bar, no segregation, no arrogant treatment is known. The conception of the sin against the blood does not exist. Climate and living conditions have created an individual type—the "caboclo"—which is by no means degenerate. The deficiencies that are to be found in the population of Brazil come in reality from lack of education and sanitation, plus misadministration. The vastness of the territory has made these problems gigantic. They are being tackled to the best of the Government’s ability, but progress is bound to be slow.

In this negation of colour and racial distinctions Brazil is ahead of North America and even of the other South American countries. The mixed race of Brazil has produced some outstanding figures in the world of art and literature. Perhaps the greatest American art of colonial days was the “Cripple.” Another mulatto artist was Master Valentin, the gifted craftsman and sculptor of Rio. Mulattoes were our three greatest poets and our one great novel of world renown, Machado de Assis. In science and politics mulattoes have attained places of distinction.

This sense of tolerance has been recognized by all students of Brazil as one of her chief national achievements. The Brazilianas are a gentle people, a virtue inherited from the Portuguese, the most Christian of all people, and a virtue which the doleful negroes have tended to accentuate. This characteristic reveals itself in a striking love of beauty. The heroes of Brazil are not victorious generals alone. Her Continental aims are not imperialistic. Her position has not been without bloodshed. Some day, who knows, she may endow mankind with a new variety of racial equality and international goodwill.

The abundance of succulent and exotic natural forests inspires this kind of exuberant still-life. The connection is obvious with the flower scenes shown on the opposite page, which is European eyes much of only one thing—the Pila Studios. To a European it seems unnatural for Nature, unaided by man, to go so Hollywood. The truth is, of course, Hollywood is but an echo of the real thing which is to be found at its most impressive in Brazil.