

She'd Diagnosed His Case

By CORONA REMINGTON

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Tom Halton trudged wearily up to his hall bedroom and threw himself into a chair—the chair. He was tired. It had been a hard day for him at Adler's haberdashery; the boss had come through and jumped at him for sitting down a minute, and on top of that he had hinted pretty broadly that Tom needed some cleaning and pressing done. As his thoughts ran on he glanced down at his clothes. They were shabby, but cleaning and pressing would do little good. Why didn't the boss give the men a decent salary so they could dress properly? It was all his fault anyway.

Tom gripped the arms of his chair and stared hard at the worn place in the carpet; some day he'd tell that smirking fashion plate something, but for the present he'd better bear it. Any job was better than no job; but he was not made for salesman—he should be manager; he'd succeed that way and he knew it.

As if it weren't bad enough to have everything going wrong at the store, Flo Williams, the pretty little stenographer at Monroe's printing house, had also begun to drop hints. In fact, she as good as told him that he ought to have enough ambition at thirty to be something more than a mere salesman and that their future relations depended upon his future actions.

Irritably he ripped open the letter in his hand that he had found awaiting him on the hall table downstairs. "Dear Sir: (It ran)

"As attorneys for the late Mr. Harold Carpenter we wish to notify you that you are named as one of the beneficiaries in his will and that your share in the property after the estate will have been settled will amount to some \$25,000.

"You will hear from us again within the next few days giving further particulars and instructions.

"Very truly,
"BURNETT & BURNETT."
In a daze of unbelief Tom stared at the letter. It came from Milwaukee, he saw, but who on earth was Harold Carpenter? Then he remembered that Carpenter was his mother's name before she married; some relative of hers, no doubt. Slowly the situation began to grip him.

He, Tom Halton, was about to inherit a fortune! Now he'd show those people down at the store. He jumped up and paced around the room, two strides forward, then two back, then forward again. His head was whirling with plans as he muttered vindictively to himself. At first he thought he'd phone Flo, then changed his mind and decided to keep it quiet until he'd won her.

Late in the night he began preparing for bed. With a toss he pitched his old suit into a corner of the room; the janitor could have it. Tomorrow he'd wear his best and buy a new one to take its place. Accordingly, he appeared the next day looking more like the owner of Adler's than one of the salesmen. He greeted his fellow workers with a patronizing wave of the hand and jauntily started to arrange his stock.

"Hey, Tom," called one of the men, "the manager's out of town for two days. We've got to run things ourselves."

"Out of town, is he?" asked Tom. "Is the boss in his office now?"

"Sure; what're you going to do?"

"Don't know yet," he answered, starting toward the elevator.

"What's struck him?" they murmured among themselves.

"Morning, Mr. Adler," said Tom, rather breezily a moment later.

"Good morning, Halton, what can I do for you?"

"I came up to say that since the manager's out of town for a couple of days I wish you'd let me take his place for that long. I have some selling plans in my head to try out."

"It isn't customary, you know," stammered the boss, totally taken aback by the nerve of the man.

"Customary or not, you're in a rut down there and you need some pep and new blood. I'm tired of having my hands tied, and if you don't care to give me the chance I guess I'd better resign and try my luck somewhere else."

The boss played with his letter opener for a while and then answered: "You can't do much harm in that time; go ahead."

With elation Tom almost skipped back to the elevator and down to his department.

"What'd you do?" the salesman asked as he returned.

"The manager while Rollins is away, and we're going to make a whooping success of it," he announced. "Come here, Turner, I want to dress you up and put you in that window. Two hours street dress, two hours lounging rig—you can smoke and read your paper then—and two hours evening clothes. That's all pretty easy, but wait until you have to wear an overcoat. Now, get busy and put on that hundred and twenty-five tweed. I'll choose the tie. We're going to make Rome howl all right."

He was so enthusiastic and not a bit patronizing or condescending, so all the salesmen fell in with his plans and cheerfully obeyed the orders he gave without a murmur.

Turner had a splendid figure and always wore his clothes well. Consequently the window was surrounded

from morning to night and many of the spectators came in to buy.

When the manager returned Halton went back to his old post without a murmur, but he was a changed man, and he waited on his customers with a little song of triumph in his breast, for he knew that he had made a success.

The following Saturday Adler sent for him and started right into the business on hand.

"How'd you like to be manager of the store we're opening at Akron the first of the year?"

"Fine, if the salary's enough," he answered noncommittally.

They discussed the money side, but Halton held back.

"Make it a thousand more and I'll take it," he answered.

"Well, you're worth it if you keep up your two-days' record," the boss said at last.

That night he proposed to Flo, and after the first joyful moments were over the girl seemed strangely anxious and depressed.

"What's the matter, darling?" he asked.

"I've a dreadful confession to make. It was I who sent you that letter about inheriting the \$25,000. I printed the paper myself down at the shop and wrote the letter and sent it to a friend in Milwaukee to mail."

"What—what on earth did you do it for?" he asked after the first shock was over.

"I wanted to see what you could do if you had a little more nerve, and I knew you'd have more if you were not so dead afraid of what might happen if you lost your position."

"You wise, wise little woman," he murmured happily as he took her once more in his arms.

"I wanted to see what you could do if you had a little more nerve, and I knew you'd have more if you were not so dead afraid of what might happen if you lost your position."

"You wise, wise little woman," he murmured happily as he took her once more in his arms.

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Sao Paulo, Where Coffee Is King



Harvesting the Coffee Crop.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

On the gentle sloping hillsides of the northern portion of a single state of the great Brazilian republic there are some 700,000,000 coffee trees. Here on the famous rich, red soil (terra rossa), under extraordinarily favorable climatic conditions, the state of Sao Paulo is producing annually close to three-quarters of the world's total coffee crop. Small wonder it is that this state ranks so high in the number and in the character of its population; in the development of its railroads; in its general commercial and industrial activity. Small wonder is it that the city of Sao Paulo is so full of life and energy; that Santos has become so famous a port, that the Santos docks and the Sao Paulo railway attract so many visitors. Coffee is the mainstay of all this development. Coffee is the prevailing topic of conversation. Coffee is the key to the financial situation. Coffee is king.

As a famous waterfall, or an immense steel plant, or a great forest, or a wonderful view attracts the traveler, so this remarkable Brazilian coffee district has a fascination all its own for the "globe-trotter," or for the more leisurely traveler who seeks to know something more definite about our South American neighbors; or, more particularly, for any one to whom man's achievements in changing the face of nature by making the earth produce what he needs and what he finds profitable are a source of satisfaction and inspiration.

Journey of Great Interest.

The heart of the coffee country can be reached in less than three weeks from New York. The voyage to and from Rio Janeiro is a delight which cannot fail to satisfy even those who are not naturally lovers of the sea. What can be more ideal for any one who is tired out with the wear and tear of a busy life than that voyage of two weeks from New York to Rio, over the calm seas and under the bright skies of the tropics?

From Rio de Janeiro a journey of about eight hours takes the traveler across the coast range of mountains (Serra do Mar) and along the valley of the Parahyba river to the city of Sao Paulo, which lies in a position of immense advantage to its commercial development. From the city of Sao Paulo the heart of the coffee country is reached in a short day's journey along one of the lines of railroad which go in a northerly or northwesterly direction across the open campos or through the scattering woodlands.

In about two hours after leaving the city of Sao Paulo the traveler begins to see the first considerable coffee plantations, and from that time on the journey is one of the greatest interest. Coffee is everywhere. Miles and miles of coffee trees stretch away, up and down the gentle slopes of the rolling topography, often as far as the eye can see—great broad waves of green, with the narrow lines of the red soil showing in marked contrast with the green of the leaves. It is a sight which is not soon forgotten. Here and there are small patches of forest which have not yet been destroyed to make way for the coffee. And then there come some great stretches of rugged grasslands, partly used for grazing purposes, or locally for farming, where the soil is not right for the coffee tree.

Charm of the Fazendas.

On the lower slopes of the hills or in the lowlands, standing out in marked contrast with the green coffee trees, are the white buildings of the fazendas—great, substantial stone and stucco manor houses, with wide verandas and large windows, surrounded by gardens filled with palm, and banana, and orange, and mango trees; the extensive outbuildings, for the stables and for the machinery, for the laborers and for the superintendent, being placed at a respectful distance from the manor house.

All these Brazilian fazendas have a peculiar charm—an appearance of solidity, of comfort, and of prosperity—as they lie there, surrounded by the wealth of their coffee trees, with cattle grazing on the neighboring fields, and with ever-busy, picturesque Italian laborers caring for the precious crop, whose market prices are quoted daily in all the important papers throughout the civilized world. The coffee trees on a Brazilian plantation begin to bear in from two to

four years after they have been removed from the nurseries, where they grow in wicker baskets, under shade. The fruit, when ripe, is red, and resembles a small cherry, or cranberry, in general appearance. The coffee which we see in the grocery store is the seed of this coffee berry.

Normally each berry contains two seeds, flat on one side and rounded on the other, the flat sides being together. The seeds are imbedded in a sticky, whitish pulp, and are further themselves surrounded by two envelopes.

Before the coffee bean can be put upon the market the outer covering, the pulp, and the two inner coverings must be removed. It is customary to classify the methods of preparing coffee for market into the wet and the dry. They are alike, after a certain stage, and there is disagreement among experts as to the relative merits of the two in producing the best coffee. In the dry process the berries are dried before the pulp is removed, and then outer covering, pulp, and inner coverings are removed together. In the wet process the pulp is first removed in water, and the drying and removal of the inner envelopes come later. There is no absolutely hard and fast rule, invariably followed on all fazendas alike, in the preparation for market of the coffee beans.

A considerable water supply and a carefully planned system of small canals and of basins is needed in the wet method, and it is partly for this reason, as well as because of the preference of some fazendeiros for the dry method, that the wet method is not everywhere in use.

Harvest Lasts Several Months.

The harvest begins in May and lasts into August, or even September. This is the dry season, so that the weather conditions are very favorable, not only for the harvest itself, but for drying and transporting the crop after it has been gathered. In picking the coffee, the boughs are pulled down with the left hand and held at the outer end, while the right hand is run along the bough from the base to the tip, thus stripping off the berries as well as many leaves and twigs. For the upper branches rude step-ladders are used.

The usual method of harvesting is to let the berries, twigs, etc., fall directly on the ground, where they are later raked together with wire rakes with rounded teeth, and the first rough sorting is made. The next stage is a winnowing by means of a wire sieve, the hand being used to pick out the twigs and leaves and the wind blowing away a good deal of the dust as the contents of the sieve are thrown up into the air and caught again several times. In a less common method the results of the harvesting are allowed to fall into cotton cloths spread out underneath the trees. This makes the gathering of the crop quicker. The berries are then assembled in sacks.

From this point on the berries are subjected to various mechanical treatments. Under the "wet method" they are washed, churned with hoes, allowed to soften, and are then run through a mechanical pulper. The seeds, still enveloped by their inner skins, are strained from the "mush" resulting from the pulping operations, and are then placed in basins to ferment slightly so that any remaining pulp will be loosened. They are then spread out on large paved surfaces to dry in the sun. When properly dried the seeds are gathered up and run through ingenious machines which rub off the skin. The particles of skin are sifted and blown out and the coffee beans—hulled, cleaned and sorted—fall directly from the last machine into the bags. When these contain 132 pounds each they are sewed up and are ready for shipment to market.

Along the roads, deep in red dust, six or eight yoke of oxen draw the heavy wagon, loaded with the precious sacks, to the nearest railroad station, in cases where the railroad does not come directly into the fazenda, as it often does.

Off to the south go the trains, first to the city of Sao Paulo, and then down the steep eastern slopes of the Serra do Mar to the world's famous coffee port. In Santos, coffee absolutely dominates the lives of the people. Coffee is everywhere—on the streets, in the warehouses, on the train. Every one is busy with coffee.

LIVE STOCK FACTS

SANITARY SWINE PRODUCTION

Common Intestinal Round Worms Largely Responsible for the High Death Rate Among Pigs.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

What makes the difference between thrifty pigs and unthrifty ones? Naturally, there are many causes, including breeding, feeding and shelter, but a main one and one that may easily be overcome is worms—the common intestinal round worms. These parasites are often largely responsible for the high death rate among young pigs, and many cases of so-called thumps are the result of worm infection. The average farmer, possibly, would give a great deal to be able to stop this loss.

But a new and effective method of worm eradication, devised by the United States Department of Agriculture and used with success by members of the McLean county (Ill.) farm bureau, is available to any farmer who is willing to go to a little trouble, or who visited the government exhibit at the international live stock exposition held at Chicago, November 26 to December 3. There were shown for comparison a pen of wormy pigs and a pen of pigs raised free from worms; the worms themselves, alive and wriggling, were also on exhibition. In one



A Litter of McLean County (Illinois) Pigs Raised Under the Worm-Free Plan.

pen was a litter of six pigs that gained during a certain period, because of the parasites, only 171 pounds; in a neighboring pen was another six-pig litter kept on the same feed as the wormy litter, but raised without worms that gained 332 pounds in the same length of time.

This system of swine sanitation to eradicate worms is simplicity itself. First it is necessary to clean the farrowing pens with hot water and lye. Then wash the dirt from the skins of the sows before farrowing and put them in the clean pens. Within two weeks after farrowing remove the sows and pigs to a clean pasture, and keep the young pigs on clean pasture for at least four months. In order to produce strong, healthy, profitable pigs it is, of course, necessary that they have good feed, water and shelter in addition to worm-free surroundings.

FEED GARBAGE ON PLATFORM

Concrete Floors Are Very Satisfactory and Permit of Convenient Cleaning.

Where the garbage is delivered on the farm by wagon or motor truck the best plan is to feed it to hogs in lots of about an acre in size which contain one or more feeding platforms provided with a 2 by 4 ledge on the sides to prevent the garbage from being shoved off the platform. These platforms should be mounted on skids and frequently shifted from place to place in the feed lot. After the material has been unloaded on the platform the hogs are turned into the lot. Where the garbage is delivered in railroad cars it is advisable to have the feeding platforms adjacent to the railroad tracks. Platforms of concrete are very satisfactory and permit of convenient and thorough cleaning.

HOGS REQUIRE LITTLE SALT

Too Large Quantities Orange Stomach and Bowels and Cause Different Ailments.

Of the common classes of farm animals, namely horses, cattle, sheep and swine, the latter have the least need of salt. This is in all probability due to the difference in diet, that of the swine usually consisting largely of the usual grain, whereas other classes consume large quantities of roughage in which less salt is found. Too large quantities of salt derange the stomach and bowels of swine, causing gases, diarrhea, convulsions and paralysis, often resulting in death.

HARMFUL TO BREEDING HOGS

Self-Feeders Are Excellent for Market Stock, but for Breeders They Are Not Good.

Self-feeders, while they are fine for market hogs, are damaging to breeding stock. Where pigs have access to a self-feeder they will eat their fill and then snooze until they are hungry and eat again, refusing to exercise and holding back their growth.

DOES LAUNDRY WORK AND HOUSEWORK TOO

Surprised to Find Herself Feeling So Well



Taunton, Mass. — "I used to have pains in my back and legs so badly, with other troubles that women sometimes have, that my doctor ordered me to stay in bed a week in every month. It didn't do me much good, so one day after talking with a friend who took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for about the same troubles I had, I thought I would try it also. I find that I can work in the laundry all through the time and do my housework, too. Last month I was so surprised at myself to be up and around and feeling so good while before I used to feel completely lifeless. I have told some of the girls who work with me and have such troubles to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I tell them how it has helped me. You can use my testimonial for the good of others." — Mrs. BLANCHER SILVIA, 66 Grant St., Taunton, Mass.

It's the same story—one friend telling another of the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

SLOW DEATH

Aches, pains, nervousness, difficulty in urinating, often mean serious disorders. The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles—

GOLD MEDAL HAZEL OIL

bring quick relief and often ward off deadly diseases. Known as the national remedy of Holland for more than 200 years. All druggists, in three sizes. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation.

Cuticura Soap The Velvet Touch For the Skin

Trims Him. "Trim little craft, that wife of yours, old man." "Craft? Well, she's a revenue cutter, anyway."

ASPIRIN INTRODUCED BY "BAYER" IN 1900

Look for Name "Bayer" on the Tablets, Then You Need Never Worry.

If you want the true, world-famous Aspirin, as prescribed by physicians for over twenty-one years, you must ask for "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin." The name "Bayer" is stamped on each tablet and appears on each package for your protection against imitations.—Advertisement.

A kick against fate is often but an apology for laziness.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the signature of *Dr. J. C. Fitch*. In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

There is joy in anticipation because reason remains silent.

Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION



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