



THE SHRINE OF KING COFFEE IN THE HEART OF THE STATE OF SÃO PAULO

of railway radiate from the city of São Paulo, reaching out into Paraná, Minas Geraes, and even into far-away Goyaz.

São Paulo supplies more than half of the world's coffee output and considerably more than the combined coffee crops of all the other Brazil states. Some 74 per cent of the coffee imported by the United States comes from São Paulo.

There are 1,475,000,000 coffee trees in the state of São Paulo, comprising 48 per cent of the all-Brazil total. There are some 26 important coffee districts.

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It's a matter of 263 miles from São Paulo to Ribeirão Preto, where many "show" coffee estates are situated, and the journey can be negotiated best by taking the 19:25 evening train on the Paulista and transferring to the Mogyana at Campinas at 21:25 the same evening. Campinas is only 66 miles from São Paulo.

The Mogyana is a narrow-gauge road employing wood-burning locomotives. Despite the acrobatic stunts performed by this train during the night, the sleeping isn't half bad, as the air is good and we are steadily climbing to a more rarified atmosphere. One must be careful to keep his roof ventilator closed during the night, however, as sparks from the locomotive have a way of blowing in and burning holes in one's clothing.

It's a rare sight to stand on the back platform

or sit in the diner of one of these trains and watch the engine rounding the curves, sputtering like a fiery serpent as it belches forth its stream of sparks into the blue-black night. It, too, is a corridor train and, for all its narrow gauge, the compartments are roomy, the beds are comfortable, as sleeping-car beds go, the buffet renders efficient service, and, all in all, I've experienced more railway discomforts in far more developed countries. Just the same, it is advisable to travel light and to be prepared to do without when one travels in the "sertão" (interior) in Brazil.

On my first visit to Brazil in 1923, being unable to curb my impatience for an early glimpse of the coffee country, I was up about 5 o'clock the next morning, and for nearly two hours before we got to Ribeirão Preto enjoyed one of the rarest spectacles in all the world of travel. From the rear platform of the train I watched the sun rise upon a new world—a world of coffee. The line of railway had seemingly been laid through an endless forest of coffee trees. The usual earmarks of the conventional countryside were missing. The only roadways were private ones through different coffee estates and between them. Fences were conspicuous by their absence. There were towns with churches, shops, railway stations, main streets, to be sure, but they were always set among the coffee trees, which thrust their mossy-green branches loaded with golden-red clusters of ripening berries