

FRANCE'S GATEWAY TO THE OCEAN

ALL ABOUT HAVRE & THE GREAT PORT AT THE MOUTH OF THE SEINE



FRENCH STEAMER FROM NEW YORK ENTERING HAVRE.

HAVRE, France, Sept. 4.—I have crossed from England to France, and am now in the City of Havre, the great port on the English Channel at the mouth of the Seine. This is one of the most important commercial points of North Europe. It is the gateway from the Atlantic, not only to Paris and France, but to Switzerland and Southwestern Germany, and for many classes of goods to Holland and Belgium as well. It vies with Marseilles as the chief port of the French, and it is the chief landing-place of the American invasion. Last year about 4,000,000 tons of goods were loaded or discharged here. Three-fourths of all the cotton which we ship to France comes to Havre, and also the bulk of our machinery, breadstuffs and notions.

The Big French Market.
Before I describe Havre let me give you a bird's-eye glimpse of this land of the French to show you that it is well worth your consideration in pushing your trade. We are apt to look upon the European states as comparatively small, and the average American does not realize their population and wealth.

France is no six-by-nine province, either in area or richness. She is one of the largest countries of Europe. She is more than four times as big as New York or Pennsylvania, five times as big as Ohio, and over 20 times the size of Maryland. With a single exception, of Texas, we have no state as large, and none, I venture, which is uniformly so rich in its agricultural products. France has some of the richest soil of Europe, and almost every bit of it is good land. It ranks next to Germany, Austria-Hungary and Russia in area, and its people are the thriftest of the whole European Continent.

French Farmers Are Rich.
The population of France is more than 39,000,000, or about half as large as that of the United States. It has only about 100,000 less people than Great Britain and Ireland, but the country is owned by the Lords and the rich. It is one of vast estates, and the most of it is pasture rather than cultivated farms. Indeed, all the

farm lands of the United Kingdom are held by about 15,000 men. In France there are more than 1,500,000 landowners, and the average holding is less than six acres. The French farmers have always made money. They know how to till the soil as well as, if not better than, any other people on earth, and they till it so well that they practically support and feed themselves. They raise more than 300,000,000 bushels of wheat every year, and it is only when their crop is short that they have to import breadstuffs from us. About four men out of every 10 are engaged in farming, and it is estimated that one-fifth of all the French earnings come from the soil. France grows more wheat in proportion to its population than any European nation except Russia. Her land has been farmed hundreds of years, but by careful culture it still yields far more per acre than ours.

Intensive farming is carried on almost everywhere. There are market gardens scattered throughout Northern France which ship their products to England. I saw loads of French vegetables in the markets of London, and when I was at Manchester last Spring the ships were starting out for the Channel Islands and Northern France for new potatoes. About 20,000,000 pounds of potatoes are annually shipped from Cherbourg to London, and the first of the crop comes on as early as February, the potatoes being raised under glass.

In all France it is estimated that more than 1,000,000 acres are devoted to market gardening, and that the average yield per acre is more than \$50 per annum. There is an early vegetable farm of 150 acres near Cherbourg that brings in \$14,000 a year. It is such culture that creates the demand for our plows, cultivators and the smaller farm tools.

Woolen Stockings of France.
The farmers of France have always been noted for their thrift. They are good customers, because they can pay for what they buy. Nearly every peasant, man or woman, has money in the savings bank or in stocks, or hidden away somewhere in an old wooden chest.

When De Lesseps was pouring millions into the Panama Canal he was asked: "take off from the fire and let it cool; stuff the tomatoes with this mass of butter on each. Bake covered, until well cooked through; remove the cover and brown quickly."

millions more." It was these same stocking boards that paid the cost of the Franco-German War, the greatest payment ever made by one nation to another. The cost of the war and of the indemnity amounted to more than \$2,000,000,000. The government issued bonds, and the peasant farmers of France brought out their stockings and bought them. Since then these stockings have again become full, and although France has a national debt of almost \$7,000,000,000, it is held by its own people. They receive the interest, and they have millions upon millions to spend for what they want, whether it be furnished by Great Britain, Germany, America or themselves. The people live as well as any people in the world. They dress well and spend well, and in wants they furnish a possible market 10 times as great as all China, with its 500,000,000 people.

What the French Buy.
Indeed, the French stand high among the purchasing nations. Their imports amount to over \$1,000,000,000 a day, or to more than \$350,000,000 a year. This is over \$450,000,000 more than our total imports, and the bulk of the money goes to the European nations, although our trade is slowly and steadily increasing. It has gained about \$25,000,000 in 10 years, while the gain in Great Britain and Ireland has been 13 times as much.

One reason for this is that the French are in many things like the Americans. They show as much taste in finishing their manufactures as they do in making fancy hats and dresses; they are a race of inventors, and hence American novelties are not in so great demand. They buy in large quantities, and the government contracts often specify that the materials used shall be of French manufacture. Nevertheless, the market is a most valuable one, and one that can be worked to great profit. Something of what is now being done will be seen as I take you through the city of Havre.

A Look at Havre.
Havre is a typical French seaport. Its streets are wide, its houses bright and sunny. It has open places and gardens in the heart of the town, and its docks are great stone structures with all modern conveniences for loading and discharging goods. The town has existed since the

days of the Romans, and it has always been an important commercial center. The United States had a consulate here as far back as 1800, and today our consulate, situated on the Place Gambette, in the heart of the city, does about as much business as any other.

Havre now has about 130,000 people. The town lies right on the sea, with highlands on the east and the Seine on the west. In coming here from Southampton my first sight was the abrupt cliffs on the left of the city. When we came a little nearer I could see the masts of the ships inside the docks and then the low buildings which border the shore. There is a series of fortifications with towers and canons facing the sea which guards the entrance, and you steam in between great stone quays of docks, just wide enough for two splendid liners to pass in or out at the same time.

Passing through, we found ourselves in a great basin which has five entrances to other basins or inclosed docks. Indeed, the docks extend on and on with gateways between them, reaching almost every part of the city. There are many acres of them, so made that the ships can sail right up to the warehouses and discharge or load their cargo. Goods can be put upon the steamers or on the canals for all parts of France.

There is one dock in the very heart of the town facing the Place Gambette. This is reserved for yachts, and there were a score or more of steam yachts lying in a score or more of the abrupt cliffs on the left of the city. One of these belongs to the Baron Rothschild and another is, I am told, the property of one of the Vanderbilts.

Signs of the American Invasion.

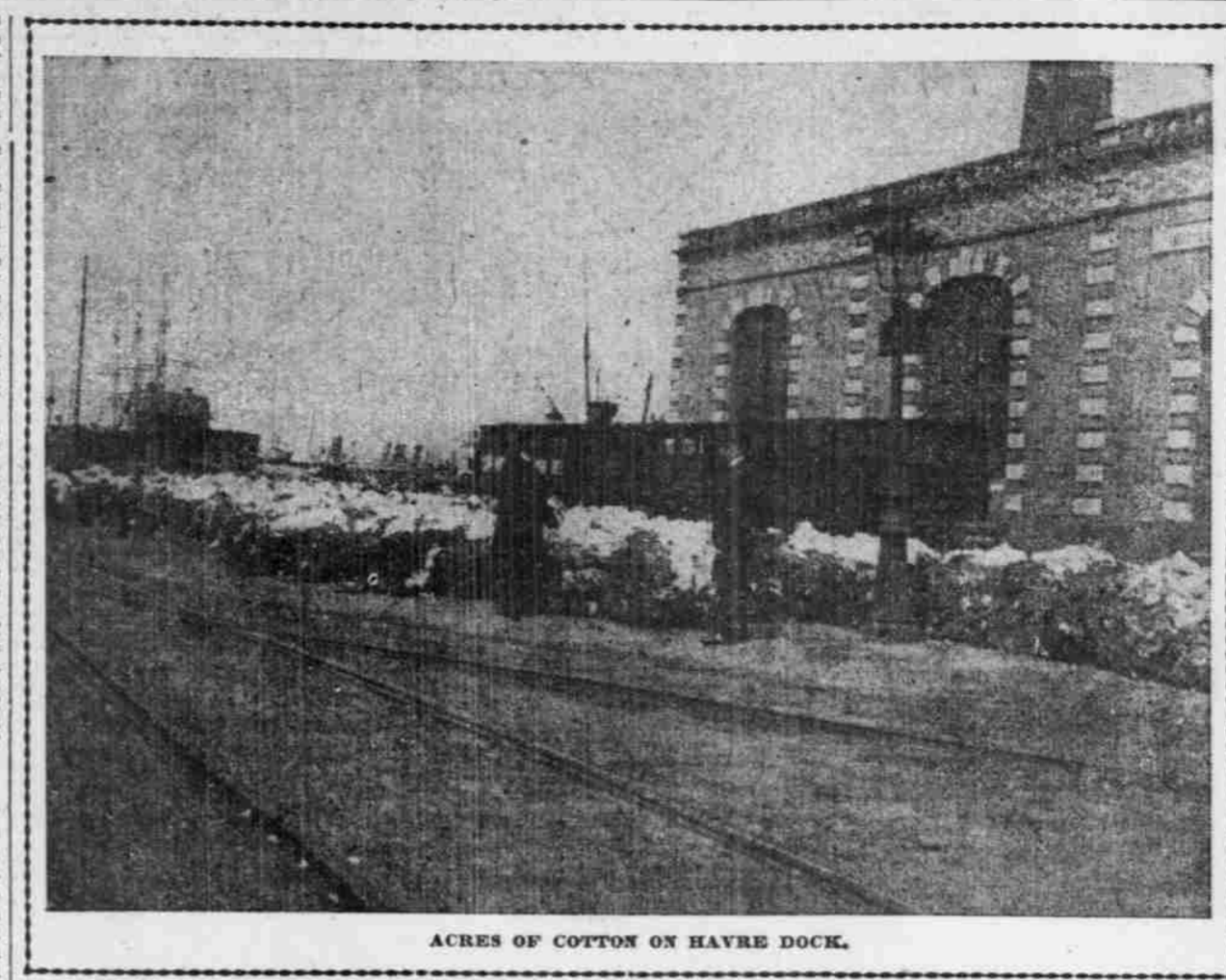
The first sign I saw of the American invasion was one of the transatlantic liners coming in from New York loaded with American petroleum, agricultural machinery and cotton. As we came to the quay I saw a well-known brand of Akron oats advertised on the walls of a building that must have been a century old, and in walking to the Hotel Frascati I passed an office in which an American typewriter was being repaired.

Later on I called at the consulate, and in company with Mr. A. M. Thackara, who is Uncle Sam's representative here, took a drive of several miles, going from one American place where steamers were unloading American goods.

At the transatlantic quay we visited a warehouse as large as any in the city of New York. It was packed to the top with boxes and bales from different parts of the United States. I saw American plows unloaded from one of the Atlantic liners and outside were reapers, mowers and all sorts of farm tools of well-known American brands. There was a large shipment from the Deering Harvesting Company of Chicago; there were many McCormick reapers, a quantity of wheels and longlines in separate packages, and also some iron hay rakes to be run by horse power.

Acres of Cotton.
At another dock I found the wharves covered with bales of American cotton. There were many thousands of these, covering an area of several acres. They were lying on the stones out in the sun. The cotton was poorly packed; some of the bales were open and the white wool seemed to be bursting out in every direction. I hear complaints everywhere about the poor packing of our merchandise, and especially about the poorly packed cotton. Complaints are common at Manchester and Liverpool, and unfavorable comparisons are made as to our shippers and those of India and Egypt. The custom officers were sampling the bales while I passed through the cotton wharves. They opened each bale and took out a bundle in order to assess the duty upon it. They did their work well, but it seemed to me that the amount of cotton removed was unnecessarily large.

The hauling of the cotton from one part of the wharves to another is done by Percheron horses, finer than any horses employed about the wharves of New York. I saw one hauling 15 cotton bales which must have weighed on the average 500 pounds each, and I find that the usual French load for one horse is from three to five tons. In the country one horse is expected to haul at least three tons, and this is so throughout North France. The horses are well kept and are apparently no worse for such loads. They compare



ACRES OF COTTON ON HAVRE DOCK.

favorably with the Clydesdale and Shire horses which I described in my letters from Liverpool, and they will haul about as large loads. The streets along the Havre docks are paved with cobblestones, and as far as I can see they are no better than the similar streets in New York. In the country the roads are macadamized. You can drive for hundreds of miles and not find a rough place, so that the horses can haul great loads.

Nearly all the hauling here is done upon one-horse carts. If there is a second horse it goes in front of the one in the shafts, three and four-horse teams sometimes being so hitched up tandem. The carts have flat beds about 15 feet long and three feet wide, with shafts about half the thickness of telegraph poles. The shafts are on hinges, and the loads are raised and lowered by means of a windlass where the shafts join and on the left of the cart. This windlass also binds ropes about the loads to hold them on. The wheels are about as high as the hind wheels of a farm wagon, and the average cart itself will weigh, I should think, about a ton. All weights are estimated in kilograms, and I was shown loads which I was told weighed as much as 5000 kilograms hauled by one horse. It is roughly estimated that 1000 kilograms equal one ton.

Some Queer American Exports.
Among the curious exports I see here are dried apples from New York and corn oil cake from Chicago. The dried apples are used for making French cider and are brought here from America for that purpose. France takes something like 11,000,000 pounds of such apples every year. The cider made from them is sold at all the restaurants and cafes. It costs but a few cents a glass, and is better than any head cider I have ever tasted in the United States. The corn oil cake is a refuse of our Indian corn after the oil has been squeezed out of it. It is used for feeding, as is also American cotton seed meal and oil cake. The corn cake I saw came from Chicago.

Another of our queer exports which is now coming to Havre is Camembert cheese. This is surprising to the French, for they consider this cheese one of their specialties, and it is only within a few miles of this port that the most of their product is made. Havre is one of the largest wood mar-

kets of Europe. I saw vast quantities of wood of all kinds during my trip about the wharves. From one ship they were discharging mahogany logs about 30 feet long and two feet square, and from another they were taking off vast quantities of logwood for use in the dye factories of France. I saw considerable American oak and pine and Consul Thackara tells me that such shipments might be better increased if our people were more careful in their sawing. The French customs laws permit the free entry for cabinet-making of wood which is eight inches or more in thickness. Owing to our poor sawing, the American wood after arrival is shod under this size, and the man who orders it has to pay the duty. The result is he stops at one order. There is also a good demand for our oak-cream freezers. There are also large importations of electrical machinery, and within the past few years the Westinghouse Company has established a factory at Havre to supply the French market. It has a large building on the edge of the city where a number of bright young Americans superintend the Frenchmen who do the rough work. The company has a French name, being entitled the "Societe Industrielle d'Electricite, Proceeds Westinghouse." Its capital is 10,000,000 francs, or about \$2,000,000.

How to Ride the French Market.
During my ride about the wharves with Consul Thackara I asked him to give me some points for American shippers. He replied that the market is not properly understood by more than 50 of our leading American firms.

Henry always said Mr. Thackara, "have thoroughly studied the subject. They have their own agents on the ground and have systematized their business after the French methods. They

pack their goods as the French want them, and are willing to accept the usual terms of credit. The French have been accustomed to receiving such terms from the English and Germans, and if Americans will not give the same terms they refuse to deal with them. The average American wants his money in advance, or on receipt of the goods, but this will not do in the majority of instances here.

"Many of our shippers are sending catalogues of machinery and other American products printed in English," continued Mr. Thackara. "Such catalogues go into the waste baskets, for the average customer cannot read them. They should be printed in French, and all measures should be in the French metric system, and prices preferably in French money.

"Some of our houses are sending travelers into France. This is very well if the man understands the French language, if not, he had better be kept at home and a French agent employed. An agent should not be expected to cover any new territory here than he would be required to cover in the United States, and when foreign agents are employed, representatives from the home office should visit them at least once a year. I don't think our shippers appreciate the possibilities of the French market. These people spend a vast deal of money every year for foreign goods, but the bulk of their business comes from other parts of Europe. American goods are popular, and especially American machinery and American tools. I hope that there will be a great increase in our trade with France with the increase in our shipping, and that we will now regularly see American ships in this harbor. At present we get quantities of American goods, but they all come in vessels under foreign flags. I have been in office here for five years, and I have seen only three American flags flying from American steamers during that time."

The Port of Cherbourg.
In closing this letter I will say a word about Cherbourg, the French port where the American Line, the North German Lloyd, the Hamburg-American and others of the home office should visit them at least once a year. It is not an important commercial point, being little more than a port of call for passengers. It is a military and naval station, and will always be such. The business which is being carried out and will continue to be our gateway to France. FRANK G. CARPENTER. (Copyright, 1902.)

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

HOUSE-HUNTING FOR A LIVING * CHAPTER ON TOMATOES * TIMELY RECIPES * CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

denumeration if she should get them desirable tenants.

Before long her work grew comparatively easy. She became perfectly acquainted with many parts of the city, and could generally tell where to go to find the required accommodations. Then she has now many orders on hand, and can work up a number at once.

This house-hunter never recommends a place until she has personally visited it. She takes notes as she inspects, and writes a full description of every house or apartment, noting not only the interior, but the outlook, both rear and front; the neighborhood, and the names of the nearest neighbors. Once she has decided on a number of those which will most likely suit a patron, she takes the written descriptions to her in person, takes them over with her, and tries to make the houses which the lady will finally have to visit in person as few as possible.

Her house-hunting succeeded so well that, this Spring, she opened a new department in connection with her regular work, namely, a "Summer resort directory." Here she caters mostly to people of more moderate circumstances, but to whom reasonable accommodations are a matter of importance, and who have not the time or money to travel around to pick and choose for themselves.

In this department payment of a dollar entitles anyone to detailed and unbiased information about every resort on her list. She not only gives the number of hotels, the price and size of the cottages for rent, amusements, fares, trains to and from, etc., but lists of the guests at the hotels during the last season, and the names of the principal cottagers were provided. As the season progressed the newspaper lists of people at present, there were kept on file. This season the woman's list of resorts was not large, since she would offer no place which she had not personally inspected. The success of the experiment has encouraged her to continue this novel directory next year, however, in larger form.

A CHAPTER ON TOMATOES.

Half-a-Dozen Recipes Which Will Be Found Timely.

THE tomato which is now to be had so perfect and so cheap is a most desirable vegetable. You can make so many good things with tomatoes. As a vegetable to accompany roasts or fish they may be served stewed, baked, fried, scalloped or raw. As a salad there are infinite combinations that make them a popular vegetable from the time we get them at three for a quarter up to late in the season, when a box can be bought for the same price. Then as a sweet pickle preserve, catsup and various relishes, what an addition to her store of Winter supplies the skilled housewife can make by a judicious use of tomatoes. To peel tomatoes, put them into a frying basket

and plunge them into hot water for three or four minutes. Drain and peel. Another way is to place them in a hot oven for about five minutes; this loosens the skins so they readily slip off.

Scalloped Tomatoes.

Butter the sides and bottom of a pudding dish. Put a layer of bread crumbs in the bottom; on them put a layer of sliced tomatoes; sprinkle with salt, pepper and some bits of butter, and a very little white sugar. Then repeat with another layer of crumbs, another of tomato and so on until full, having the top layer of slices of tomato, with bits of butter on each. Bake covered, until well cooked through; remove the cover and brown quickly.

Stuffed Baked Tomatoes.

Cut a slice from the stem of each and scoop out the soft pulp. Mince one small onion and fry it slightly; add a gill of hot water, the tomato pulp, and two ounces of cold veal or chicken, chopped fine; simmer slowly and season with salt and pepper. Strain into the pan cracker dust or bread crumbs enough to absorb the moisture; take off from the fire and let it cool; stuff the tomatoes with this mass of butter on each. Bake covered, until well cooked through; remove the cover and brown quickly.

Fried Tomatoes.

Cut firm, large, ripe tomatoes into thick slices, rather more than a quarter of an inch thick; season with salt and pepper, dredge with flour or roll in egg and crumbs, and fry them brown on both sides evenly in hot butter and lard mixed.

Tomato Catsup.

Boil one-half bushel ripe tomatoes, put aside and when cool enough to handle rub through a sieve until nothing but skin remains. To what goes through add two scant tablespoons of salt, about four tablespoons each of pure ground allspice and cloves, and cinnamon, a teaspoon of sugar if liked. Spice and sugar should always be added to taste. At the last add a quart of cider vinegar, then return to the fire and simmer for an hour; if the tomatoes are watery, boil more than an hour; if too thick, add more vinegar.

Preserved Green Tomatoes.

Take one peck of green tomatoes; slice six fresh lemons without removing the skins but taking out the seeds; put in this quantity six pounds of common white sugar and boil until transparent and the syrup thick. Ginger root may be added, if liked.

Green Tomato Pickle.

One peck of green tomatoes; slice in half-inch thickness, sprinkle with salt in layers which you put in your kettle; let them stand over night; turn off the brine, cover with water, to which has been added a cup of vinegar, and scald thoroughly; then drain them, take a quart of vinegar, three pounds of brown sugar,

and plunge them into hot water for three or four minutes. Drain and peel. Another way is to place them in a hot oven for about five minutes; this loosens the skins so they readily slip off.

DELICIOUS SWEET CORN DISHES.

A Combination With Tomatoes That Is Recommended.

No combination of flavors is more delightful than green corn and tomatoes, and now that the latter are to be had large and ripe at low price, they may be served together in a novel and appealing form. Either corn from the cob or a tender canned variety may be used, scoop out enough of the interior of large, ripe, even-sized tomatoes to leave a sufficiently thick skin. To each half pint of corn pulp (if corn is canned, chop fine and remove hard parts) add half teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of milk, a dash of pepper, simmer for 10 minutes, fill into the tomato cases, put a bit of butter on top, put on a flat pan in a quick oven, bake for about half an hour. If more tomato flavor is liked, use a little of the pulp, which should be reserved for a separate dish. In this case, add sugar, unless the corn is very sweet, a little will be an improvement. Use only young, tender corn and rich, ripe tomatoes.

Green Corn Pudding.

Baked brown and served hot with roast meat, poultry, the corn, young and either chopped fine if canned, or grated from the cob, the following is a perfect dish: To a pint of corn pulp allow the same of milk, four beaten eggs, a small teaspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper, a teaspoonful of sugar and a little chopped parsley, if liked. Bake half an hour in a buttered dish. To vary this dish, add another egg to the above, and bake in buttered cup stood in water; turn out and serve with a cream sauce or with tomatoes in any way preferred. Those who have not tried chopping canned corn before using will scarcely believe the improvement in tenderness it makes; also a wise use of sugar either with corn or tomatoes adds richness. Its presence should, however, never be detected.

Fairy Corn Bread.

Made with green corn, baked in a dish and served in light, puffy slices, the following is a dainty breakfast or luncheon dish. To each cupful of corn pulp (grated) chop and allow a cupful of milk and cook for 10 minutes in double boiler; remove and add a tablespoonful of butter; beat two eggs separately, stir a cup of milk in the yolk, mix together, then stir in the corn, and mix with the buttered cup stood in water; turn out and serve with a cream sauce or with tomatoes in any way preferred. Those who have not tried chopping canned corn before using will scarcely believe the improvement in tenderness it makes; also a wise use of sugar either with corn or tomatoes adds richness. Its presence should, however, never be detected.

Delicious Home-Made Syrup.

Every one knows that the flavor of lemon with sugar is delightful with hot griddle cakes, and this fact may be utilized if the syrup is found empty just at meal

THREE FABLES BY GEORGE ADE

HOUSEHOLD MUSIC * THE WOMAN WHO STUDIED HER HUSBAND * THE RESCUE LEAGUE THAT FAILED

ONE Evening a little Flock of Our Best People got together at the Home of a Lady who invariably was first over the Fence in the Mad Pursuit of Culture. She loved to fill her Front Rooms with Folks who wore 7/8 Hats and read Norwegian Novels that no one else ever heard anything about.

On the Evening already mentioned she had a Cluster of Gentlemen on hand. They were expected to Talk for a couple of Hours, so as to work up an Appetite for Neapolitan Ice Cream and Lady Fingers. In the course of time they got around to the Topic of Modern Music. All agreed

that the Music which seemed to catch on with the low-browed Public was exceedingly punky. They rather fancied "Parsifal" and were willing to concede that Wagner made good in Spots, but Mascagni they branded as a Crab. As for Victor Herbert and J. P. Sousa—back to the Water Tanks!

A little later in the Game the Conversation began to sag and it was suggested that they have something on the Piano. They gathered around the Stand of Music, and then Vogner went into the Discard and Puccini fell to the Floor unharmed and the Classics did not get a Hand. But they gave a Teip of Joy when they spotted a dear little Chantata about a Cow who carried a Razor and had trouble with his Wife. They sang the Chorus 28 times and the Young Lady wore out both Wrists doing Rime.

Moral—It is proper to enjoy the Cheaper Grades of Art, but they should not be formally indorsed.

Of the Woman Who Made a Study of Her Husband.

ONCE there was a Woman who entertained her Friends by delivering Lectures on the Insect seated at the opposite end of the Table.

To the General Public this Husband was a plain everyday Scrub without any Characteristic Trait of any Particular Kind, as our old Friend and Roommate, Mr. Gilbert, would have expressed it. The Woman who had to put up with him seven days a Week had found out a great many Things about him. She could tell at least a thousand Anecdotes to prove that he was the most eccentric, absent-minded, careless, short-sighted Ninnny that ever committed Matrimony. Nearly every Remark that was made suggested to her a little Story regarding one of Henry's Star Breaks.

Henry always forgot to mail any Letters given to him. Henry was a Noodle when it came to matching Dress Goods. Henry always allowed the Butcher to give him the Short End of It. Henry was a Mark for Book Agents. Henry would be lost if he didn't have some one to put the Studs in his Shirt and lay out his Clothes for him. Henry couldn't remember Two Minutes where he had put anything. Henry was forever bringing most peculiar People home to Dinner. Henry had the tactless lot of Friends she had ever seen. Henry had been Engaged at one time to the dullest-looking Thing. Henry seemed to be a perfect Slave to Tobacco. And so on.

The Horrible Example would sit and listen to these Disclosures and he would gradually wither away until he felt about Four Pounds lighter than Smoke. One Evening after she had publicly dissected him and turned the Strong Light on all of his Idiosyncrasies old Henry revolted. "I may be an Onion and I know I'm feeble-minded, and I suppose I need a Guardian," he said, rumping up his Hair, "but you want to remember a few Things. You jumped right in to tell me when I slipped you the Proposition. And this

tottering Intellect has managed to fix you up with more Tailor-Mades and Pictures than your whole Family ever saw before."

"Why, Henry Dear!" she exclaimed, "I do believe you are peevish. If I talk about you all the time it is because you are all the time in my mind. I haven't a thought of any one else. A Woman can't really love a Man unless she gives him a good Dig every two or three Minutes."

Henry, the Husband who is Toasted should feel Encouraged.

Of the Rescue League That Never Materialized.

SEVERAL Ladies of the Dun and Bradstreet Aristocracy received an Invitation one Day to chhip in on a new and glorious Movement. They had a little Club, organized to do Good, and no Woman could break in unless her Pearis were as large as Hickory Nuts.

One day a genuine Philanthropist appeared at a meeting of the Club and put in a hot plea for some persecuted and neglected Children that he had lately discovered.

"I know that you are sitting up Nights trying to think up Schemes for helping the Dumb Animals and the Waifs, and that is why I desire to put you next to some poor little 'Bikes who are being cut out of nearly all that makes Life worth living for the average Kidlet. We have right in this cruel City a lot of Children who never had a home of getting out in a Vacant Lot and playing House with a Store Box and some broken Dishes. They never run Barefoot so that they could squidge the Mud between their Toes, the one True Pleasure of which the Gods have set no heavy Price. They never went Fishing in their lives and the poor little Boys never went swimming in a Creek and got their scanty Wardrobes tied into Hard Knots. The unhappy Children to whom I refer are confined in large Stone Houses where they are condemned to a constant association with frozen-faced English Servants and the Governess who got the Position because she was a Chromo. The Giptmen's Offspring may watch Mother hang out the Wash and see Father sail by on the down-town Car, but the Little Ones for whom I am pleading get a peek at their Parents about once a Week and in preparation for this Ceremony they are dressed up until they can't sit down. They never play Hookey because they are not permitted to go near the Public Schools and the History of the United States is locked away from them for fear they may find out that all Kids are created equal. Unless we do something to rescue these unhappy Youngsters, I fear that the Girls will grow up with a perverted Preference for busted Princes and the Boys will sit around all their Lives, apologizing for their Native Land."

That was the End of the Speech, for he was the only one left in the Room.

MORAL: The Rescue Movement never began.

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