

# THE "AMERICAN INVASION" OF ENGLAND

WE knew it was coming, this protest against what the British and continental peoples call the "American invasion," for those of us who have resided here any length of time have had our ears to the ground, listening intently for its approach.

It really started several years ago when Uncle Sam's trade statesmen showed the tide had turned and that instead of importing from England and Europe in excess of his imports the converse was the case. The protest was of a mild sort at first and accompanied by a broad grin of incredulity, as though the American cousin had "cooked" the statistics for effect. But the next year this grin changed into an expression of real anxiety. Brother John Bull, in fact, affected to be grieved, even pained, that the United States, the wayward child he had nurtured against his will and often tried to spank, should turn against its ancestral home, so to speak. France, Germany et al. showed actual resentment and made no bones about it. Journalistic and legislative sheet lightning began to play along the horizon, the clouds grew black, the thunder rolled. But still the American invasion continued to invade until Europe and England were fairly overwhelmed their fortifications and their bulwarks swept away.

In this country (England) it was merely a case of King Canute and the ocean over again. John Bull Canute set his throne by the seaside and majestically ordered the American tide to stop right there and betake itself back to the other side. But the tide kept on advancing and not only swept away his throne and his Brummagem crown, but nearly drowned the old gentleman himself, in spite of his loyal subjects' frantic endeavors to stay the deluge. This set him and his subjects to meditating, and now what do you think? Why, the most staid and conservative of British journals are admitting their

been the result of serving the public well. But every go ahead American is a Napoleon in his way. The mass only appeals to him as something that he can make to do what he wants it to do. Does any sane man in Great Britain suppose that the British public had the slightest need of devoting its hard-earned money to copies of a certain encyclopedia? Yet two or three Yankees came over here and by their persistent advertising forced the British public to buy those ponderous books as though they had been the latest novels by Marie Corelli.

I happen to have known one of those two or three "Yankees" before he became rich by showing Britishers how to push and advertise a good thing in their own capital and know this statement to be true. Then, again, there is another way in which the Americans have invaded London and the chief cities of this realm. I allude to the re-

entably, having established its wonderful endless chains of book service in and between all the principal centers of population.

The very lamentations of the British press constitute a tribute to American push and enterprise and an advertisement of their purposes. They are now weeping and wailing and tearing their hair over the great tobacco trust recently formed. The Yankees came over here and captured almost all the tobacco firms—at all events they captured the market—and all commercial Britain was terribly put out. Wasn't it an Englishman—Sir Walter Raleigh—who introduced tobacco to the civilized world, and didn't England foster the vice until there are at the present time more than 10,000,000 smokers, to say nothing of chewers, in the United Kingdom? Of course. So they formed a counter trust with \$5,000,000 capital, which was promptly met by the Amer-

We all know that American engineers captured the contracts for bridging the Nile in British governed Egypt, also those for furnishing engines to the Indian government, and have even compelled Australia, not to mention Canada and other pot colonies of Britain, to take their productions without fear of competition. Now, it is rumored, a gigantic building trust is being formed to erect a monster skyscraper in the Strand which is to be the handsomest on earth and to cost \$10,000,000. All London has declaimed against America's cyclopaean skyscrapers, and now it is actually aghast at the prospect of having one of the monsters erected here.

Not only on top of the ground, but beneath it, have the Americans won triumphs over their competitors, as witness the irrepressible Mr. Yerkes and his renovation of the electric "underground." Over in France also, it is whispered here, American capitalists have organized a syndicate to buy up all the tramways of Paris. It may be a rumor merely that the same men have made an offer for all the ships of the great Compagnie Generale Transatlantique, as well as for all the stock of the "C. G. de Traction" of the French capital, and that German ships are to be the next to go into the hands of American purchasers.

You may recall the great disturbance

coal and iron over here to compete with British mining products.

They acknowledge that they cannot get along without your corn and wheat, your beef, pork and cotton, particularly the last named. But when you not only send all those crude products over here to us to buy, but also your manufactured goods, machinery, etc., why, that is another thing altogether. So long as America confines herself to sending us the unmanufactured products of her fields, forests and mines we shall not complain. In fact, if you were to withhold the foodstuffs for a month we should be on the point of starvation. But, by the same token, when you send over your surplus manufactures to compete with those of our mines and factories you also introduce a factor that we fear will be ruinous to our well being as a nation that is almost solely dependent upon its factories, machine works and carrying trade for existence.

From the amplitude of your natural products, you can supply the world. Why not be content with sending us the crude products and allow us to work them into manufactures? That would be a sort of compensation or reciprocity which would not, I fancy, suit your astute legislators.

Yes, we must admit that the tide of imports has set in hopelessly strong against us. Statistics show how we are handicapped. In 1875, for instance, we exported domestic merchandise to the value of \$1,000,000,000, and in 1900 less than \$400,000,000 more. In 1875 the United States exported to the value of less than \$500,000,000, but in 1900 the

amount rose to nearly \$1,500,000,000, or a gain of nearly \$1,000,000,000. There is no gainsaying these facts. We are hopelessly handicapped by our insular situation and our antiquated traditions.

JAMES WILLIAM WALTERS, London.

**WHERE MOTHS FIND FOOD.**

There are four stages in the life of the destructive clothes moth—the egg, the larva, the pupa, the moth. The moth generally deposits its eggs where the larva may find suitable food—that is, in furs, feathers and wool materials.

The larva emerges from the egg in the form of a worm, which immediately begins to feed upon its surroundings. It makes a case for itself with particles of the materials upon which it feeds and moves about in this. If the article in which the eggs were deposited is soiled, the development of the larva is rapid, and as a consequence the destruction of the material is greater than in a clean article.

When the larva reaches full growth, it fastens itself to some substance. In about three weeks the moth emerges from the case and soon begins depositing eggs for a new generation. Now, although the moth does not directly injure fabrics, it supplies the eggs from which the destructive larvae are hatched. When moths are seen flying about, there is every reason to suspect that the eggs are being deposited.

## HUMORS AND TRAGEDIES OF TELEGRAPH MESSAGES.

"I have often wondered," said a leading official of an English telegraph company, "that it has never occurred to any one to write a book on the comedies and tragedies of telegraphy. It would certainly be more amusing than some of the books which pass as humor nowadays."

"Can anything, for example, be more ludicrous than this true story? A business man when he was touring in a distant part of the country was horrified at receiving this telegram: 'Your wife has had a child. No danger need be anticipated unless it is followed by another shortly.'"

"Here was a 'bolt from the blue' with a vengeance. He took the first train home, which he reached in the very early hours of the following morning, only to find that his wife was suffering from a slight chill, which meant a few days' confinement to bed at the worst."

"Another husband had a similar scare a few months ago. He had arranged for his wife to call for him in the city and drive him home after business hours, but his programme was upset by this telegram: 'I feel with Mr. A. to Dover straight. Don't expect me.'"

"What could a jealous and alarmed husband do but take the first train to Dover to stop the fugitives? It was late that evening when he reached his home in the last stage of fatigue and despair and, to his amazement and relief, found his peasant wife there awaiting him in a great state of alarm."

"Happily this tragedy ended in farce, for he learned that his wife had simply been drinking tea with an old friend and that her telegram as written was: 'I tea with Mrs. A. Dover street. Don't expect me.'"

"Only the other day a poor woman received this telegram from a foreman at the works where her husband was employed: 'Your husband neatly crushed to death. Come at once if you wish to see him alive.' Surely a more heartless message was never received by any wife. The poor woman made her way to the scene of the tragedy as fast as a cab could take her and found that her husband was not only alive, but had a fair prospect of recovery. The telegram, as sent by the indiscreet foreman read thus: 'Your husband nearly crushed to death.'"

"One of the most amusing of these perverted telegrams was that sent from India by a press agency and published in nearly all the English papers. As received it ran thus: 'Governor twin sons. Brilliant ceremony,' which was expanded into a telegram announcing the arrival of two sons in the home of the viceroy of India and the gratifying fact that the interesting event had preceded in all ways satisfactorily."

"As a matter of fact, the telegram was meant to announce the fact that the viceroy had officiated at the inaugural ceremony connected with a new railway and should have read: 'Governor turns sod. Brilliant ceremony.'"

"It would be difficult to beat the ingenuity of the subeditor who informed his readers of the 'Capture of Umbrage by the Zulus! Latest News of the War!' In vain were atlases and geographical ransacked to discover where 'Umbrage' was, for the town existed only in the imagination of the editor. What the telegram thus freely translated really said was: 'Zulus have taken Umbrage. English forces have had to retreat.' A very different message indeed."

"It was not the same subeditor, but another equally imaginative, who stated that the reading world one day by announcing 'A Terrible British Catastrophe—2,468 Soldiers Killed.' The only authority for this alarming announcement was a cablegram for the casualty list: 'Casualties, killed 2,463, Private Smith, 2,468 being, of course, the number by which the unfortunate private was identified."

"Occasionally very strange telegrams result from the blending of two distinct messages, where the operator has failed to pause after sending part of a message and on resuming takes up another form. Thus a lady received from her absent husband this message: 'Sorry can't return tonight. Send feeding bottle.' And an old lady who was expecting two of her grandchildren was horrified to receive this telegram: 'Children coming 4:40. Can have dozen barrels at 25 shillings a barrel.'"

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**ADDING INSULT TO INJURY.**

A retired sea captain and a lawyer who were always at loggerheads lived next door to each other. One very windy night the lawyer was reading a book in his study when a terrible crash up stairs startled him.

Upon investigating he found that a chimney had burst itself through a roof, doing considerable damage, and, soon discovered that it was the sea captain's chimney. Hastening down to his library, he pulled out his lawbooks and hunted up similar cases, devising a scheme how he could secure satisfaction from the detestable captain.

While thus engaged a note arrived from his enemy that read as follows: "If you don't return those bricks at once, I will put the matter in the hands of the law."

defeat, and the most hidebound of British squires are holding heart to heart talks with each other as to the possibility that there is something wrong with their commercial laws. Once was the time when the mere admission of a flaw in the British system was rank treason, but now—well, listen to this, from one of London's most influential papers:

"The whole secret of the American invasion, as it has been aptly called, is that our cousins across the water are utterly untrammelled by tradition and custom. Happy is the country that has no history, and happy the people who are not hidebound by tradition! The Englishman stands overawed and respectful before the public because such success as Englishmen have attained in business pursuits has always

cent appearance here of the "book lovers' library" people, which is causing universal lament among the booksellers and rejoicing among the book readers, who are thereby released from the shackles riveted about them by Mudie and Smith. These two at one time controlled almost the entire output of books in the United Kingdom. What they frowned upon didn't go at all. They leaned toward conservatism and three volume novels in fiction, and they lined their pockets with gold until they could hardly carry more. Smith became that "admiral of the queen's navy" immortalized by Gilbert and Sullivan in "Pinafore," while Mudie died at the height of his fame. Well, the "book lovers" has invaded England and already cut into Smith and Mudie lam-

plains by one with \$20,000,000. By a sort of poetic justice the promoters of the tobacco trust were mainly Virginians, from the original home of the weed where Raleigh found it growing wild and transplanted it to his Irish estates. There is now an agitation going on compared with which old King James' famous "counterblast" against tobacco was as a gentle summer zephyr.

created by J. Pierpont Morgan's purchase of the relatively insignificant Leyland line of steamers and the dire predictions made by British financiers and the press in general at the time. One would have thought that the "right little, tight little" island's very foundations were shaken, as indeed they were very nearly, and especially when the Americans used their ships to bring

to go for game would seem a work of supererogation, for the writer, though he himself has hunted various animals in many lands, feels that he could sit at his feet and learn much that he never knew before. However, there may be others who are not so fully informed as he and who would like to tie themselves away to the haunts of the larger game without wasting time in preliminary investigation. To such the writer would say, get a digest of the game laws and have a try at the newly discovered Kodiak bear and the glacier sprites, which have not yet been hunted quite to extinction. In the tropical regions of the United States, such as Hawaii and Porto Rico, there are no large wild animals at all, except a few domesticated species that have "turned Indian" and taken to the woods.

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**THE DOG WHICH SPOKE.**

The great philosopher Leibnitz (1646-1716) makes mention as ocular, or, rather, as auricular, witness of a dog which was trained to speak. It belonged to a peasant of Minsin and was taught the accomplishment by a child. It was three years of age when, thus, as it were, put to school and proved a different pupil, being able at the end of some time to pronounce about 100 words in the German language, including some French words, such as "cafe," "the," "chocolate" and "assemblee," adopted into the Germanic speech at that time. The animal, he explains, spoke only by echo—that is to say, after the teacher pronounced a word the dog would repeat it.

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warp, is very durable, holds nails and screws with a firm grip and becomes harder when laid on damp surfaces.

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C.T. Yerkes.



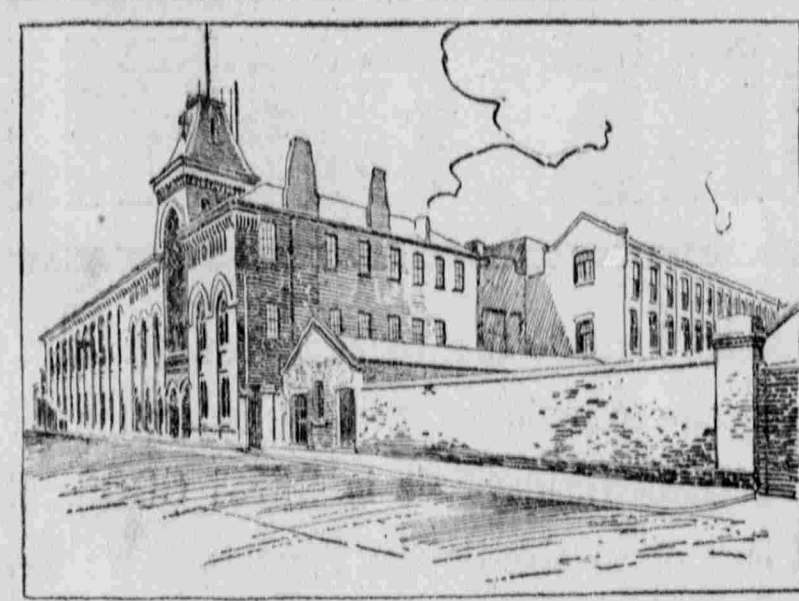
The founder of Ogden's the late Thomas Ogden.



The founder of Mudie's the late Charles Mudie.



Interior of Ogden's Cigarette Factory.



The Willis Tobacco Factory, Bristol.



James B. Duke.

# IF THE PRESIDENT WERE TO HUNT FOR BIG GAME

PROPOS of our chief magistrate's liking for "big game" and his evident intention to indulge in the sport of hunting it whenever opportunity offers, the question has arisen as to the field he would have to invade in his prospective search, and, again, if he would find it in sufficient abundance to make it worth the trouble. That President Roosevelt is a true sportsman and perhaps the most thoroughgoing one that ever occupied the presidential chair there is no room for doubt. He has repeatedly shown that he believes, with Dryden—

Better to hunt in fields for health unbought Than fee the doctor for a noxious draught.

A few of his predecessors shared with him this opinion, notably our first president, Washington, who was an ardent follower after the hounds and ardently loved to hunt. In his stalwart youth, when surveying the Indian country, he lost no occasion to pursue a deer, a wild turkey or a bear, and when in his latter years he settled on a planter at Mount Vernon, horses and hounds were his favorite companions. Some of our presidents were athletic, some were mighty men of war, but none of them has left a better record than Washington for achievements in the field and forest. In later times both Harrison and Cleveland were indefatigable in hunting small game, the latter now seeming to make it his principal occupation. But not one of them, it is safe to say, has shown such a liking for the "seamy side" of hunting life, for the real rough and tumble adventures attendant upon the pursuit of larger game, as the present occupant of the presidential chair.

To revert to the question with which this article opened—as to the range and abundance of America's big game at the present time and its availability for one who, like the president, may not leave the country during his term of office—the opinion of experts is to the effect that there is enough and to spare to satisfy the most vaulting ambition. Times have changed since this country awoke to the possible extinction of our game supply and passed laws for its preservation. Once was the time when any "hot hunter" who chose could easily rove and shoot all he could find within range and at any season of the year, without regard to the condition of the game or the natural laws which he was flagrantly violating. Every state now has a carefully worded game law, and soon there will be, it is hoped, a national enactment framed for the preservation of game all over the country. It is patent to any one, even though not a hunter, that there is more game in the country today than there has been before in many years. Not only the small birds have been protected, but the larger ones, such as grouse, duck, wild geese and wild turkeys. Foreign species have been imported and let loose, such as the English and Chinese pheasants, that have multiplied greatly and will soon afford fine sport under judicious restrictions.

As to deer, moose, caribou and the wild quadrupeds classed as "big game" generally the memory of man runneth not back so far as to recall such abundance. The writer can remember when he might have hunted many a week for deer—in New England, for instance—without finding even the sign of one; but today there are so numerous

in certain parts of Maine and New Hampshire that they are familiar objects in the woods and secluded meadows, even coming up to open fields to feed with the cows. It is no mere figure of speech to say that some farmers have to protect their outlying fields contiguous to forest land with shotguns from the wild deer that invade them, for such a condition has actually come to pass. Almost any man with a week's vacation can lie himself to the woods of Maine and bring back at least one deer, even though he never may have sighted a rifle before in his life. In Maine, in fact, the hunting of big game has been reduced to an exact science, for the woods are so full of guides and the guides so full of game law lore that the wayfaring man, "even though he be a fool," cannot fail to procure all he wants in one way or another.

The Maine season for moose is between Oct. 15 and Dec. 1, the "catch" limited to one bull moose for each person; for deer Oct. 1 to Dec. 15, two to each hunter. Guides must be employed, and no game may be transported out of the state unaccompanied by the shooter. Caribou are said to be very numerous, but they are protected in Maine till Oct. 15, 1905. If it were possible for our president to take a trip to Newfoundland, he would there find this "first cousin to the reindeer" as numerous as cows in a cowyard, when on their semi-annual migrations, and might, if he chose, weary himself with the slaughter. So also in New Brunswick, and, in fact, throughout almost the entire frigid section of North America.

In New Hampshire moose, caribou and elk are at present absolutely protected, but deer may be shot until the

15th of December. In Vermont, also, moose and caribou are prohibited, and deer may be taken, "with horns" only, the last ten days in October.

And so on through the list of states. By carefully arranging his tours a hunter with unlimited time at his disposal may indulge in his sport throughout the fall and winter. To do so, however, he must travel the breadth of the continent and be on the alert against being snared by the various and conflicting game laws. There are, then, deer, moose and either caribou or elk in all the northern tiers of states and an abundance of the first named throughout the central and southernmost. Deer, in fact, may be found tolerably abundant within a few hours' ride of Washington, and wild turkeys have been sighted almost within range of the capitol dome.

One may tell from a perusal of the game laws just what game is or ought to be abundant in any certain state or section. In our western states, for example, the list is swelled by the addition of antelope, elk, mountain sheep and goat and infrequently the almost extinct bison or buffalo. We can peruse, we think, Mr. Roosevelt's guides were so careful to head off their "boobies" dogs when they struck out after a deer instead of closely following the trail of cougar or wildcat—because the Colorado laws forbid the hunting of big game with dogs at all. President Roosevelt has already shot all sorts of game, big and little—even hunted the terrible grizzly in his hair and brought down the fierce puma from the pinyon in which he sought refuge from his unerring aim.

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to go for game would seem a work of supererogation, for the writer, though he himself has hunted various animals in many lands, feels that he could sit at his feet and learn much that he never knew before. However, there may be others who are not so fully informed as he and who would like to tie themselves away to the haunts of the larger game without wasting time in preliminary investigation. To such the writer would say, get a digest of the game laws and have a try at the newly discovered Kodiak bear and the glacier sprites, which have not yet been hunted quite to extinction. In the tropical regions of the United States, such as Hawaii and Porto Rico, there are no large wild animals at all, except a few domesticated species that have "turned Indian" and taken to the woods.

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## THINGS TO TALK ABOUT.

There are 761 newspapers and periodicals in Sweden, including fifty-five dailies. Stockholm has twelve dailies, seven published in the morning and five in the evening, which is a large number for a city of 320,000 inhabitants.

When the first Bible society in this country was organized, the English language was spoken by only 20,000,000

people. Now 120,000,000 people speak it. Then the Bible was printed in fifty languages, now it is printed in 420 languages.

In the higher regions of the Cordilleras forest huts have been erected for the postmen who have to make their rounds till late in the winter. Even thus some of these men perish every

winter if overtaken by a storm lasting several days.

Dar-es-Salaam, the capital of German East Africa, which seven years ago was a village inhabited by 600 natives, is now a town with thirty European and 25,000 native inhabitants. It has three hotels, several hundred stores and a newspaper.

Last year there were registered in Paris somewhat over 5,000 motor car-

riages and about 1,100 motor cycles, the latter comprising motor bicycles, motor tricycles and the like. Practically all of the French automobiles have been of the internal combustion type.

Clyde Pitch complains that London has been particularly cool to him as the author of "The Last of the Dandies," while all the newspapers gushed over the acting of Beerbohm Tree in that play. As a matter of fact, Tree greatly

feared that the London public would attempt to "boo" the play, and he ordered the entire gallery closed on the first night.

The North German Lloyd steamship Krefeld recently brought to Germany 175 ancient Chinese bronze guns which formerly stood on the walls of Peking and, according to inscriptions upon them, were cast between 200 and 250 years ago in Chinese arsenals under the

superintendence of the Jesuits. It is stated that the more highly ornamented pieces of cannon are to be placed in the Naval Museum, while the remainder are to be melted down for the sake of the bronze.

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