Dear Miss Fowne,

I humbly submit the article for which you asked. Chop it down to fit your space. I am coming north in same boat with this letter. I shall be at Mrs. Heylman's a day or two. Expect to be on the continent about three weeks.

Sincerely,

[Signature]
The People of Porto Rico.
The people of the United States! What one phrase would embrace them all! The people of Porto Rico! The one characteristic common to all of them is - the desire to please.

A little girl whose name was hard to remember, was heard to tell her teacher, "Call me anything you please. Yes, Crispianita is my name, but if you desire me to have another name, I shall be glad to be called by it."

To "tell on" another student is not a popular practice in school, because it would be displeasing to said student. "I beg of you, tell me who did this," says the distracted director of a girls' residence hall. A polite shrugging of shoulders, and an innocence of expression which would improve the looks of any angel, is all Doña Directoría met in answer to her plea.
Their desire to please their church and at the same time keep all unpleasant knowledge from displeasing the nation has kept them silent.

Their desire to be pleasant and not offend keeps Porto Rican people from laughing at well-meaning Americans who show their ignorance by their high and mightiness and display their inferiority by assumed superiority.

Porto Ricans are no fools. They may assent to all you say, but on the inside of their brilliant minds they put you down as one more fledgeling.

Ranting reformers and more holy than those missionaries lay the Porto Ricans' lack of decision to character not fully strong. May it
not be blamed on their desire to please.

"Carlos! Why did you not tell me there was a "hole in the wolf's cage?" said Miss Menagerie Keeper after said wolf had devoured chickens galore. "Not wishing to disturb you, madam, sealed my lips."

Politicians, the world over, are noted for their desire to please. Porto Rican politicians beat the world for their daring pleasantries. Those who doubt it may refer to an experienced gentlemen of sixty summers, a worldtraveler, who has elected presidents United States politics. "They are "Porto Ricans are adroit politicians," says he.

"Porto Ricans are religious people. They make beautiful Christians." Pedro Juan's sisters made Sunday a day of
fiesta. His brothers attended base-
ball games. All the family ridiculed
Pedro Juan who tucked a cornet
under his arm and a Bible in
his pocket and walked three miles
into the country every Sunday
rain or shine to "hold a
Sunday School.

"Porto Ricans have no sense of
humor" was choice information
from the lips of one whose very
existence must have made Porto
Ricans see the joke, for they are the
wittiest of the witty. They see humor
in a situation which has very
little fun in it for the average.

The Porto Ricans are a patient
people. "Poco a poco" (little by little)
is their middle name. "Do people
wear clothes in Porto Rico?" asked
a voter in the State of New York. The
Puerto Rican lad to whom the question was put must have felt like an eight-year-old girl did some years ago from prosperous, electrically machined Kansas, when a lady in Massachusetts asked an inhabitant of the wild and woolly west if they had stoves in Kansas.

Puerto Ricans are so patient they do not even resent letters like one a Reverend Sir from California wrote—"We are having a mission study of Puerto Ricans. Please send me a native costume." The wicked missionary wrote back "Buy a Hart Schaffner and Marx suit."

Puerto Ricans know how to select the best influence of all the nations. Europe and the two
Americans pass Porto Rico's door and are attracted by the beautiful isle. So it is a cosmopolitan people. Asia is represented here as well. And Africa has left many of her sons in the coast towns. At a meeting of Latin American delegations of conference delegates in San German, boys from four different Latin American countries led in prayer.

Porto Ricans imitate perfectly, whether it be clothes, architecture or worship. "We shall call it our college uniform," said a lady whose dress had been copied by teachers, matrons and students, in a school where they wished to please this lady by making dresses like hers.
Porto Ricans are a lovable people. They are bright, attractive, always kind, and will do anything for one they love. They cannot be driven an inch.

They are a proud people. A friend of Porto Rican girls often used this argument effectively, “Sara, if you should so far forget yourself and your family as to do this again, people might think you came from a home where the children had not been taught better.” They are so proud they will throw a whole loaf of bread away if it should slip off the plate to a spotless floor, and even if they are starving. More humble people would cut off the “bottomest” slice and use the rest.
Porto Ricans are lovers of the beautiful. Everything is ornamented. If a Porto Rican neighbor gives you a pineapple, she sends it in a tray, and decorates the spines with flowers. The most beautiful roses and flowers and vines are cultivated with care. A gift to a friend is wrapped so daintily that it adds tenfold to its value. The grocery memorandum is on good paper, with graceful flourishes in ink. The inside patios are dreams of beauty with vines and bright colored plants.

Porto Ricans are great smilers. The servant smiles pathetically when she shows you the broken fragment of your muddy cut glass. The high class society woman smiles when she merely passes the time o’ day. The merchant smiles, the
telegraph messenger smiles, the nurse smiles when she proffers your bitter dose. Porto Ricans is where the miles o' smiles are - really and truly.

Porto Ricans are a grateful people, though their appreciation to some extent may be said to be short lived.

Porto Ricans are great talkers. They would rather talk than eat. Whether in their sala at home or at the casino (club) or in a public speech anywhere. Where the Anglo Saxon would make the briefest of replies, the Porto Rican would bow and gesticulate gracefully and give a two minute sample of Real Ornary. To keep order in Christian Endeavor was one poor woman's headache.
task, because all are so eager to make long speeches.

Puerto Ricans are sensitive people. They feel deeply.

Puerto Ricans love money a lot. Whether the Americans taught it to them, or whether it is in their Spanish blood, anyway it is true.

Puerto Ricans are easily discouraged. "Cesar, you are our best pitcher -- do not throw those easy balls! Give 'em a hard one!" So the discouraged pitcher answers, "What's the use? They are beating us." When the game goes against them, instead of nerves them to greater effort, it discourages them till they no longer try to play well.
Many Porto Ricans do not deem little tricks in trade dishonest. To them it is superior intelligence.

Porto Ricans, taking them all in all, are not especially truthful, for sometimes the truth is unpleasant. They always love to please, remember, and do not condemn them too strongly, because the religion they inherited has taught them to deceive at the confessional.

But there are thousands of Christian exceptions where the truth and the truth rarely practiced.

Porto Rico is so densely populated the people have learned to love crowds. The more people living in one house, the less danger of loneliness.
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Porto Ricans are just folks like everybody. They have their faults and they have their strong points.

Sum up all the adjectives used about them in these lines, and Porto Ricans are not half described. They are a worthy people, worthy of our respect, interest, love, devotion, friendship, admiration, help.

Come see them for yourself - won't you?

E. W. N.