Sir Edgar Speyer's Huge Railways Combine Was Yerkes' Dream

Special Dispatch to The American.

LONDON, December 27.

WHAT a difference a few years of extra life would have made in the fortunes and the reputation of the late Charles Yerkes! If he were still alive, in all probability he now would be hailed as the world's greatest traction genius, for all that the Chicago man dreamed for London has come true within the past few weeks. If he had not been inspired by the daring, the confidence and the far-sightedness of the American, Sir Edgar Speyer, multimillionaire, banker, financier and promoter, who was associated with Yerkes in the early days of his "wildcat scheme" to provide London with a network of "tubes," never would have completed his dead colleague's plans.

Today London is in the grip of the biggest traffic combination in existence. The seven and a half million population of this city is carried more than 120 times over every year by the tramways, tube trains and motor buses controlled by Speyer. Seventy per cent. of its population depend absolutely upon his systems for getting about the great city. Competition has been stifled, rivals absorbed and agreements arrived at, until the city of London alone has money and power enough to give battle to the new traffic Colossus. On the other hand, London now has a system of tube and surface traveling facilities such as it never even dreamed of before the coming of the American speculator.

Ten years ago traveling within the city limits was, as has been said by a London paper within the past week, "a lingering misery." It was a tossup between the slow jog trot of the old horse buses and the smoke-choked gloom of the steam underground. A journey across London, now occupying perhaps half an hour, then took the best part of a day and all of one's patience. And unless one was able to locate upon one of the main railway lines life in the suburbs, now such a boon to the working classes, was absolutely out of the question.

Before Yerkes came local talent had been digging with fear and trembling what became known as the "Tuppenny Tube." There were long delays in what was believed to be an impractical dream, and while those concerned were still debating and hesitating Yerkes appeared on the scene. Backed by the financial might of the Speyers, he threw all his American energy and individual genius into the work of building the Bakerloo and the Piccadilly, Brompton and Hampstead tubes. He plunged with confidence into the electrification of the Metropolitan and the District Underground systems, a work that had frightened local experts by its problems and size. Then, in the very midst of his great work, before he had gone far enough to reap the honors or prove his daring justified, Yerkes died. But, fortunately for the ultimate realization of his dreams, he left behind in Sir Edgar Speyer a financial genius well able to profit by his association with the American. Quietly, unceasingly, he has pursued his object, and a few days ago he burst upon a more or less surprised London as a traffic Napoleon.

Speyer Born in New York.

Speyer was born in New York 50 years ago, but when very young was taken to Frankfort, Germany, the birthplace of another great family of financiers—the Rothschilds. Like the Rothschilds, the Speyers built up an influential and immensely profitable banking-house in the German city which eventually spread to New York and to London. It was in this house that young Speyer, after a thorough education, was placed by his father.

After an excellent grounding in the principles of finance, in 1887 the future Sir Edgar came to London as a member of the London branch, known as Speyer Bros. Although then only 25, he displayed such genius in the management of the large affairs of the firm that he soon became its head.

It was while he was thus directing the affairs of the London house that he became associated with Yerkes. His struggle with Morgan for control in the early days of the underground undertaking and his defeat of that doughty antagonist, now familiar history, stamped the youthful financier as one of the big men of London.

Despite his boyhood spent in Germany, Sir Edgar has little of the German about him. He is a small, dapper, well-set-up man with an arresting face. His brilliant black eyes, rather long black mustache and olive skin suggest rather the Spaniard. His round, almost boyish, face gives little evidence of his 50 years.

Despite his many business interests Sir Edgar finds time to interest himself in at least two hobbies—art and music. He is chairman of the Queen's Hall Orchestra, which has been the means of introducing the best of music to London at reasonable prices. He was one of the founders and a large contributor to the Whitechapel Art Galleries, where the poorest of Londoners can see some of the best examples of art without the expense of traveling to the National Gallery or other centers of art. At his house in Grosvenor street he has collected one of the largest and most valuable galleries of paintings in the country, and he is interested in almost every big public art project of the day. In his younger days he had aspirations as an author, and is understood to have turned out some really creditable poetry of a melancholy turn.

Gives Liberally to Charity.

Like other great Jewish financiers in this country, he gives with a lavish hand to many charitable schemes. Ten years ago he gave $125,000 to the King Edward Hospital Fund. A few years ago he carried through a typical act of generosity. The Penny Bank of Needham Market, a small country town of Suffolk, failed and hundreds of its depositors, poor country folk, were threatened with destitution. Sir Edgar immediately offered to make up the whole deficit on the condition that the institution was not continued, but the deposits paid into the Postoffice Savings Bank—a government institution and absolutely safe. So general is his reputation for charity that some years ago E. G. Bawden, a wealthy stock exchange man, upon his death left a sum of $500,000 for Speyer to administer as he thought best.

Lady Speyer is hardly less famous than her husband for her accomplishments and her charities. She was, before her marriage, Leonora von Stosch, a professional violinist, well known in America. It was her playing that first attracted the music-loving financier, who asked for an introduction and soon became engaged.

Little can be said of the London house of Speyer that is not true and known of the New York branch, Speyer & Co. It has long had a reputation as one of the biggest financial powers in this country—as being among the perhaps half dozen money powers who play with kings and cabinets and ministers and diplomats as so many pawns in the great game of international politics. Its specialty has been big American stock or bond issues. Of late years it has been heavily interested in South American railways and especially in the great corporations controlling the public utilities of Rio Janeiro and the other large cities.

Sir Edgar's coup in gathering in all the important bus, tram and underground systems of London is not looked upon with entire favor by those who are dependent upon the various lines for transportation. These discontented ones see in the monopoly danger of a general raising of fares. So hard have the London County Council tramways, the only remaining competitors of the combine, been hit by the efforts of their rivals to oust them that they are threatened with a serious deficit. Some see in this a promise of their sale to the private combine, while others declare that, for its own protection, London must take over the control of all the transportation facilities. Probably neither course will be adopted—for years to come, at least.

Although there is no criticism of Sir Edgar in London financial circles as a consequence of his coup, it is realized that it marks a new departure in the relations of big financial houses with commercial undertakings. Little of the stock of big English companies, or railways, or corporations is now controlled in the way that the Speyers now control London traffic stock, but it is recognized that it is a logical development of business and big finance.

Steps in the Combine.

Although Speyer worked quietly in his efforts to bring about the great amalgation, it has long been apparent to investors that something was in the wind. It is interesting to follow the various steps in the combine. The Metropolitan District Railway, which has close working arrangements with the Metropolitan Railway, "acquired an interest" in the London United Tramway Company's system. The Bakerloo, the Charing Cross, Euston and Hampstead, the Brompton, Piccadilly and Finsbury Park tubes were all amalgamated as the London Electric Railway. The London Electric Railway and the Metropolitan District Railway were consolidated as the Underground Electric Railways of London. The Underground Electric Railways of London have now taken over the Central London and the City of South London Railways. With the absorption of these lines the last independent tubes disappear.

A parallel process ensued with surface transit vehicles. The Vanguard Motor Omnibus Company acquired a number of smaller companies. The Road Car Omnibus Company was swallowed up by the London General. The amalgamated company then engulfed the Vanguard and subsequently the Great Eastern Motor Omnibus Company. It supplied the vehicles required by the Associated and Metropolitan Steam Omnibus Companies, and at the present moment there are scarcely one hundred omnibuses out of three thousand now running in London not controlled by the group.

The consolidated interests of the motor-omnibus companies were next acquired by the consolidated interests of the interurban railways and tubes, and the coup was complete.

And out of all this juggling comes the huge combine which carries 825,000,000 passengers a year—more than nine times the total population of the United States—handles $25,000,000 a year in fares averaging slightly over a penny each, and representing a capital of more than $225,000,000. It is a creature born out of the brain of a big-thinking American and brought to full flowering manhood by the persistence and genius of a Jewish financier who first saw the light in New York.

LOUIS HYDE.

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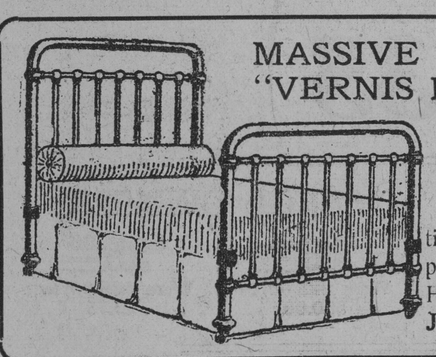

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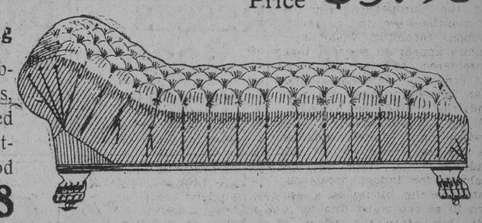

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POSITIONS FOR THE SIGHTLESS

IT HAS been well said that few men are perfectly qualified for the work they are actually doing. In moments of discouragement it might be well for such partially qualified workers to consider how much more fortunate they are than that ill fated class of men and women who are compelled to work in unending darkness.

We who have good sight may learn many great lessons in perseverance and cheerfulness by reading the stories of these undaunted blind folk who have pressed on in the paths of usefulness despite their terrible affliction, says the Chicago Tribune. The mere list of the trades and professions that have been and are practiced with success by the blind is most instructive and interesting. In the manual trades the ones most commonly followed are broommaking, basket-weaving, chair-caning and rattan work. The blind are capable workers also in the following lines: The manufacture of mattresses, cigars, rag carpets, mops, harness and other articles of the same general nature. Sightless people can also practice massaging and shampooing. One of the largest dry goods stores in Chicago has a blind stenographer doing regular work satisfactorily.

A report from a Glasgow institution states that blind men have been able to do even such dangerous work as the operation of a circular saw or a band saw. Blind men have proved that they can be good barbers. At a recent date there were in New York city five blind telephone operators, two of them at hospital switchboards, two in business houses and one in the editorial rooms of a daily newspaper. Of these blind operators three are women and two are men. One of the most frequent occupations for the blind is the teaching of music. Piano tuning is another.

Good Musicians.

Both of these lines of work are especially available because of the fact that when the power of sight is gone the sense of hearing increases in accuracy and in quickness. Nearly all blind persons are good musicians, and many of them have been successful in giving concerts for money.

The blind have a sincere and ardent desire to be not merely busy, but useful. In this spirit Helen Keller, pleading for the blind from out the darkness of her own threefold affliction, implores the public not to buy from the blind any senseless and useless knick-knacks. She does not want us to delude blind people into thinking they are useful when they are not. It would be better to give the money outright to some charity for the blind.

Many of them have been assisted by the free employment bureau for the handicapped which was started in New York a few years ago. Thirty-nine of the first 500 applicants were blind, and it was not an easy task to find places for any of them. A one-armed man can easily act as a messenger, etc.; a man minus both legs is employable as a gate-man, and a deaf-mute can easily be a clerk or bookkeeper, but the outlook for a blind man is mostly out and not much look nor luck. One case handled by this employment bureau was that of "a man 48 years of age who had suddenly been stricken blind and forced to relinquish his trade as a mechanic. Through the efforts of the bureau he was placed as an assistant foreman in a novelty shop, where he fully demonstrated his abilities and is now considered one of the most valuable employes."

One of the most famous cases of success won in lifelong darkness is that of Joseph Strong, who died nearly two centuries ago, but is still renowned as "the blind mechanician." Though he lost his sight when four years of age, he was so clever with his hands and so good a musician that even as a boy he could make several varieties of musical instruments. He early had learned to play upon the organ, and at the tender age of 15 had the amazing desire to construct one.

It was this very large ambition that led him into a prank that has helped to keep his name famous. To gain more knowledge of organ construction he concealed himself in the cathedral at Carlisle, and when everyone else had left the building he felt around among the organ pipes and gained the fact that he desired. But, forgetting that it was now about midnight, he sat down at the keyboard and began to play some of his favorite pieces. The neighbors, aroused from slumber, were astonished at this midnight music! Some thought an angel or spirit was playing the organ. At last someone brought a light into the cathedral and discovered the blind musician. He was reprimanded for this intrusion, but was given permission to play the organ at more seasonable hours.

In the course of a short time he built several organs that worked to perfection.

Successful Inventors.

Several blind men have been successful inventors in a small way. One of these was Alexander Davidson, blind from his seventh year, who continued his studies and passed through the University of Edinburgh. To his cleverness was due the invention of a very important apparatus for relieving the mining pits of carbonic acid.

Another British inventor among the blind was Thomas Wilson, who lived before the days of rapid machinery and big factories. He not only gained fame as a wood turner, but actually devised a special lathe and some new tools for that line of work. A Massachusetts man who was stone blind invented the Wunder Mop and the machinery for making it. He also invented an improved track broom for use on street car rails.

It would take a long time to enumerate all the trades, professions and arts which the blind have successfully practiced. James Holman gained fame as "the blind traveler," and Francois Huber, of Switzerland, was called the blind naturalist. Vidal was a sightless sculptor. Of more recent date is the career of T. P. Gore, the blind senator from Oklahoma.

Harry N. Coudon was even more noted in Washington, being chaplain of the House of Representatives for many years. Edward Crowell was a professor of Latin at Amherst for more than 20 years. Nicholas Saunderson and Dr. Henry Moyes not only lectured to seeing people, but were actually to give learned talks on optics—the science of vision. Dr. Moyes had the honor of being the first blind man to perform chemical experiments in connection with a public lecture.

A very noted instance of a blind man in active business is found in the career of John Herreshoff, the boatbuilder, who was blind from his fifteenth year. While it is true that the success of the business was due to his sighted brother, yet many of the most important decisions of the company were made by this blind man, its president. It was said of him that "by passing the hand over a model of a ship he could tell more about its value than most men who have the use of their eyes."

Another noted blind man in America was the late Walter L. Campbell, who was one of the campaign speakers on Bryan's side in the great free silver battle a few years ago. Mr. Campbell lost his sight when five years old owing to the carelessness of a playmate, who threw a clod of dirt square in his eyes. Nevertheless, Campbell went through Western Reserve University with high honor and studied law. He successfully passed the bar examination and was later appointed United States commissioner in the newly created territory of Wyoming.

When his work there was over he returned to Youngstown, O., and for many years conducted a prominent journal, writing his own editorials, with the assistance of a secretary, or else upon a typewriter itself, which he could manipulate with speed and accuracy. He was a progressive student of affairs and an original thinker.

Famous Authors.

Except for the great poets, Homer and Milton, probably the most famous blind man in history was Henry Fawcett, whose career is almost unbelievable, so much did he accomplish. He became blind at the age of 25, owing to the carelessness of his own father, while they were out hunting together. A promising career seemed to be hopelessly blighted, but it is recorded of him that he "bore the calamity with superlative courage."

He went right on with his education and became an instructor and writer on political economy. At 32 he was elected to Parliament and for years was wonderfully active in that great field of brainy men. The greatest triumph in the life of this blind man was his appointment by Gladstone to the position of postmaster general of Great Britain.

In this post of high honor he distinguished himself and was decidedly progressive, introducing, among other innovations, government ownership of telegraph lines. Throughout his life "he acted on the principle that a blind man should, as far as possible, act and be treated like a seeing man. He kept up the recreations to which he had been devoted. He was a sturdy pedestrain and a very powerful skater, often skating 50 or 60 miles a day."

Equally interesting, though not as noted, is the career of Prof. James W. Welsh, of Ohio. Few blind men can come anywhere near his record, if we judge by the variety of occupations which he followed. Music was his main field and he became well known as a teacher and concert player. But he also was at different times a farmer, a lawyer and a broom manufacturer. He was an expert horse trader, and even ventured to break in horses that seeing men could not subdue.

In his varied career he was also a partner in a traveling drug business and at another time conducted a panopticon or panorama. As side lines he also engaged in the selling of musical instruments and sewing machines. His musical ability being well known, he was paid $5 a day on some work he did in arranging and writing music for a new hymnal.

When a new institution for the blind was needed his own blindness did not prevent him from being a successful lobbyist in favor of a bill that had been introduced into the Ohio legislature by a member of that body, who himself was totally blind. Mr. Welsh gives us his own philosophy of life, and it is the most optimistic and sunny that can be imagined.

HUNTING WILD BEASTS IN CEYLON

IT was really the elephants' own fault. Barring an occasional Royal Highness on his travels who had ventured into a convenient bit of jungle with an express rifle and an applauding retinue and slaughtered a decrepit beast which the authorities had placed there for the purpose, the pachydemic population of Ceylon had been left pretty much undisturbed for half a dozen years, writes E. Alexander Powell in the Outing Magazine. As a result of this immunity the elephants became intolerably rampageous and, not content with ruining several square miles of tea plantation belonging to Higgahapitiyegedarappu, they ended by killing two or three Pahalamahakumburaatmaga's tenantry.

After several consultations with the local priests, magicians and astronomers, without whose occurrence nothing of importance is ever undertaken in Ceylon, the ratemahatmayas—which is the title given to the native chieftains of certain districts in the Kandyan highlands who exercise powers little short of royal—decided to accomplish the manifold purpose of checking the depredations, pacifying their peasantry and replenishing their stables, and, incidentally, their pocketbooks, by holding an elephant kraal.

An elephant kraal in the jungles of Ceylon is not only a rare occurrence—there have been only three in the last 12 years—but it is a spectacle which, owing to the inaccessibility of the scene of operations and the attendant uncertainty, discomfort and danger, has been witnessed by a few European outside the planting and official communities. A kraal (it is pronounced as though spelled "crawl") is a combined form of sport and business periodically indulged in by those great native chieftains who own land that harbors wild elephants.

To those whose knowledge of elephants is confined to the circus and the zoo this kraaling business may appear simplicity itself. Given, however, the problem of rounding up 60 or more wild and very ugly elephants, in a district as large as the State of Rhode Island and covered with a jungle so dense that you have to cut your way through it with an ax, and then herding them into a pen no larger than a good-sized barnyard, and you will find that it is not as easy to solve as it sounds.

On my arrival in Kraaltown I had been assured that, though the herd was still unkraaled, the elephants had absolutely no chance of escape and simply must walk into the trap before sunrise, as the horde of priests, magicians, astronomers and evil dancers had been working overtime on their sorceries ever since the animals were sighted. All through the night the dull throbbing of the tomtoms and the hideous racket of the devil-dancers continued. Round and round the grotesquely garbed, hideously masked dancers capered to the booming of conch shells, the clashing of cymbals and the skirling of pipes, their fantastic figures casting still more fantastic shadows on the tree trunks of the surrounding forest as they alternately crouched and leaped and groveled by the flickering light of a thousand torches.

The startlingly sudden dawn of the tropics had just flooded the jungle when a scattering volley of guns and pistols and ear-splitting yells from a thousand beaters hinted that the herd was within the entrance funnel and sent us scrambling into the crows' nests to see the charge in. Time and time again the shadowy gray forms swayed into sight within a few dozen paces of the stockade entrance, only to bolt back again into the jungle under some premonition of danger, expressing their alarm and anger in a series of terrifying trumpetings.

It was close to midday before the first pair of decoys, two pachyderms as ponderous as battleships, followed by a dozen hardly less magnificent animals, entered the arena with that stately, self-conscious rolling gait peculiar to the tamed elephant, and close on their heels thundered the whole magnificent herd—60 elephants in all.

No sooner had the entrance been securely closed than there began one of the most hair-raising displays of courage it has ever been my lot to witness. Selecting a magnificent bull, the mahouts on a pair of decoy elephants drove in on either side of him and cut him out from the heart of the herd as neatly as a well trained cow pony cuts out a Texas steer. This performance started a panic among the already restless elephants, however, and there ensued a terrifying attempt on the part of the entire herd to rush the stockade, whereupon there was set up such a pandemonium of whoops and yells and musket shots and such screaming from the panic-stricken spectators that the poor beasts not only stopped dead in astonishment, but looked positively apologetic.

As it is necessary to have anywhere from six to a dozen pairs of decoy elephants for the noosing operations which follow the kraaling of a herd, it is customary for the neighboring chieftains to be invited to send in their animals to assist, the recognized remuneration being one captured elephant for each decoy taking part.

The animal to be roped having been selected, the decoys closed in on either side of him until he was practically helpless. A nooser, lithe and active as an eel, slid down the pad-rope of his decoy and, waiting until the attention of the captive had been momentarily distracted, slipped a thick noose of rawhide round the hind ankle of his prize. It is during this operation that the accidents usually occur, for, should the captive suspect an enemy in his rear, he can lunge out a five-ton kick to a distance of a dozen feet—and that evening the nooser's relatives assemble for the funeral.

At the very first attempt one of the noosers succeeded in getting his side thong well home on the leg of the largest elephant in the herd and he was dragged, fighting and squealing at every step, to a tree near the governor's crow's nest, where the tying up process was concluded by walking the captive round and round a tree of suitable size to which the noose had already been attached.

The desperate but fruitless struggles that follow the withdrawal of the decoys, when the victim, with a hoarse trumpet of rage and fear, finds himself a prisoner, are the most pathetic and awe-inspiring incidents of a kraal.

The tying-up completed, a meeting of the ratemahatmayas was called to settle the delicate question of dividing the spoils, lots being drawn to decide who should be awarded the more valuable prizes. These awards having been made to the general dissatisfaction of everyone concerned, an auction promptly followed. The extraordinary high prices which were realized proved a disagreeable surprise to those who attended with a view of purchase, a calf barely three months old fetching as high as $133.

Most of the finer specimens are purchased by the trustees of Buddhist temples, to be used in religious processions, and these you may see for yourself in all their gorgeous panoply of paint and jeweled housings if you happen to visit Kandy on the occasion of the great annual religious pageant known as the Perchera, when, carried in a golden howdah and guarded by 50 elephants, the Tooth of Buddha is borne through the city streets, between lines of prostrate worshippers.

Others lend dignity to the stables of the *ratemahatmayas* and other wealthy natives who keep them purely for show and never work them; some go to replenish the stock of decoys, or to the timber yards, stone quarries and irrigation works, where they are found extremely useful; while a few, usually the finest animals of them all, are purchased by the agents of the great native rulers of such Indian states as Hyderabad, Jaipur and Mysore for use in drawing the gorgeous and cumbersome vehicles of state, to carry visiting royalties and viceroys in tiger hunts, or to be trained to fight for the entertainment of distinguished visitors.

THE FRENCH CHATELAINE

Great Ladies in Paris Who Live Simply and Are Good Managers.

Not a few of the real old-fashioned French chatelaines stay in their country homes as long as they possibly can, not only for their own pleasure, but for the good of their tenants, in whom they take a very real interest and for whose benefit they make many sacrifices.

It is only now that the "old order" has so nearly passed that the lower ranks in society begin to realize its good points, writes the Paris correspondent of the English Queen. Indeed, one has but to live in Paris and keep house there to find out how much more considerate for her dependents is the aristocrat than the bourgeoise, and it is well known that the former keeps her servants longer and makes them happier than any other maitresse de maison.

She is kinder to their faults, less exacting and not quite so thrifty. She is also less luxurious in her own personal ways, and many a great lady in Paris is as simple in her beautiful old house as a nun in her convent. It is quite extraordinary how much this simple, stately way of living is appreciated by the men and women who serve, and it is also extraordinary what a good effect the example of it all has upon their own lives.

There is in fact certain lucid reasoning power about the lower orders in France which makes it quite impossible for any man to be hero to his valet unless he really has the virtues which go to make up the hero. One sees a proof of this in everything and in all ranks. A friend of mine assured the other day that she dared not be too extravagant in her dress, because if she were her cook would at once put up her housekeeping books, and when I asked why she said that no cook would allow cheeseparing in the kitchen if there were improvidence in the drawing-room.

After all the reasoning is just enough and the discipline not bad for the mistress. Another friend told me yet another story of the same kind. Flowers are her extravagance and one day when she brought in some magnificent and very expensive blossoms she was met with disapproving looks from her maid, who told her, when she asked the reason, that she thought it a pity for madame to spend so much on flowers that could only last a day in hot rooms when she was in need of a warm cloak. Such very candid criticisms as these from those who are in our service are not always pleasant, but they are rather wholesome medicine and the day is past when we can expect blind devotion.

Brain and Muscles.

[From Harper's Weekly.]

Experiments conducted by Mosso, of Turin, indicate that physical education and gymnastics serve not only for the development of the muscles, but for that of the brain as well. It is becoming evident, in the opinion of this authority, that as much time should be devoted to muscular exercise as to intellectual exercise, and that children should begin reading and writing only after they are nine years old.

Musical fatigue exhibits phenomena identical with intellectual fatigue. Nerve cells show a tendency to rest every 10 seconds. It is probable that only part of the brain is active at a time; the various parts relieve one another. The more mobile any animal's extremities are the more intelligent, other things being equal.

A Peerless Ballad—

"My Little Persian Rose"

By Woolf and Friedland

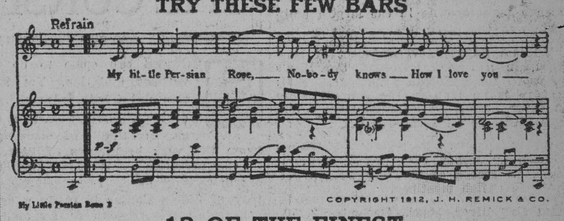
The tenderest love story imaginable.

Set to music which is decidedly novel, with that delicate grace and superb harmony that stamps it one of America's greatest song hits.

You loved "The Rosary," "Garden of Roses"—you will love **"My Little Persian Rose"** as well.

Ask your nearest dealer to play it for you.

TRY THESE FEW BARS



12 OF THE FINEST

"BE MY LITTLE BABY BUMBLE BEE"
"THAT OLD GIRL OF MINE"
"YOU'RE MY BABY"
"WHEN I WALTZ WITH YOU"
"WHEN YOU'RE AWAY"
"OH YOU SILV'RY BELLS—(JINGLE BELLS)"
"KILL THAT BEAR"
"ON A BEAUTIFUL NIGHT WITH A BEAUTIFUL GIRL"
"MY LITTLE LOVIN' SUGAR BABE"
"AT THE GATE OF THE PALACE OF DREAMS"
"I'M THE GUY"
"HOLD UP RAG"

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