

it, marking time, is a massed host of Americans, now reinforced by newcomers, now diminished by secessions, swayed to this way and to that by streams of Catholics, streams of Hebrews, streams of pleasure-lovers, but as yet holding its own, and claiming in sonorous choruses that the Bible shall be the leaven of the New America.

At another point of vantage on the stage you may see the Jews proclaiming by vote that America is no longer a Christian country, and calling the intellectuals and pleasure-wanters to support, if not Judaism, at least rationalism and "intelligent" materialism.

At another point you see the menace of the half-civilised negro, the spectacle of the rapid multiplication of a people over whom there is no control, and in whose nature lies, apparently, an enormous physical power to degrade the type of the whites.

There is the phenomenon of the wholesale slaughter and sacrifice of blindfolded foreigners exploited in industrial cities; forests of men used up as the forests of wood are worn away into daily newspapers and rubbish.

You see the booths where dancers make voluntary abdication of European nationality and take the oaths of American citizenship.

You see the prizes for which, in the dance, whole crowds seem to be straining and yearning and even struggling, the prize of wealth, of even a little wealth, of a name printed in a newspaper, of a