

development, evolution, and with it their own music. They also bring an instinct for efficiency and shining armour.

The negro brings sensual music and dancing, a taste for barbaric splendour, the gentleness of little children, and the wildness of the beasts of the forest at night; and he brings imitateness, subserviency, a taste for slavery.

The Red Indians bring the remembrance of the Virgin Continent—litheness of limb, subtler ear and nose and eyes for the things of the earth.

The Italians bring their emotionalism and excitability, their songs, their passion, their fighting spirit.

The Little Russians, Slovaks, Poles, Great Russians bring patience to endure suffering, but withal a spirit of anarchism which prompts them to do astonishing things without apparent cause, mystical piety, charity, much sin, much intemperance, much love and human tenderness. They bring also the Tartar commercial spirit, and a zest for haggling over prices and for making deals.

The French bring economy, vivacity, journalistic genius.

But what do they not bring, all these peoples? There are marvellous gifts closed in all of them, mysterious potentialities that it were folly to attempt to name.

Each race has its special function, its organic suitability and psychic value. There are male races