

quiet villages and forests where, from generation to generation and age to age, the peasantry live quiet lives, and grow richer and richer in spirit and nerve. But these in the Chicago streets and saloons have found their mysterious destiny, to lavish in a life, and for seemingly worthless ends, what hundreds of quiet-living ancestors have saved. The tree of a hundred years falls in a day and becomes timber, supporting a part of the fabric of civilisation for a while.

The strangest thing is the clamour of the Chicago crowd—it is dead-sure about everything in the world, ignorant, cocksure, mocking. It does not know it is losing, does not know that it is blindfolded, because it is the victim of destiny.

Part of the spiritual blindness of the great city is the belief it holds that there is no other place of importance but itself. And many outsiders take the city at its own estimate. But Chicago is not America, neither is New York or any other great city. If going to America meant going only to the great cities, then few but the Jews would emigrate from Europe.

The ideals of America cannot be worked out merely in the great cities. The cities are places of death, of the destruction of national tissue, and of human combustion, necessary, no doubt, as such, certainly not places where one need worry about national health. The national health is on the farms of Pennsylvania and Indiana and Minnesota,