

need them; of gigantic Quakers, multiplied as in an interminable series of mirrors and offering me a myriad meals of indigestible oats; of huge painted bulls in a kind of discontinuous frieze bellowing to the heavens a challenge to produce a better tobacco than theirs; of the head of a gentleman, with pink cheeks and a black moustache, recurring, like a decimal, *ad infinitum* on the top of a board, to inform me that his beauty is the product of his own toilet-power; of cod-fish without bones; 'the kind you have always bought'; of bacon packed in glass jars; of suspenders, sen-sen, throat-ease, sure-fit hose, and the whole army of patent medicines."

SECTION VIII. The Religion of Business which prevails amongst us receives elaborate treatment. Upon this subject the observer brings to bear the whole power of his equipment. "Not seldom," he writes, "I feel among Americans, as the Egyptian is said to have felt among the Greeks, that I am moving in a world of precocious and inexperienced children, bearing on my own shoulders the weight of the centuries. Yet it is not exactly that Americans strike one as young in spirit; rather they strike one as undeveloped. It is as though they had never faced life and asked themselves what it is, as though they were so occupied in running that it has never occurred to them to inquire where they started and whither they are going. They seem to be always doing and never experiencing; a dimension of life, one would say, is lacking, and they live on a plane instead of on a solid. That missing dimension I shall call religion. Not that Americans do not, for aught I know, 'believe' as much as or more than Europeans; but they appear neither to believe nor to disbelieve religiously. That, I admit, is true always and everywhere of the mass of people. But in Europe there has always been, and still is, a minority of spirits profound enough to open windows to the stars, and through these windows, in passing, the plain man sometimes looks. The impression America makes on me is that the windows are blocked up. It has become incredible that this continent was colonized by the Pilgrim Fathers. That intense, narrow, unlovely but genuine spiritual