

would doubtless be looking at it still but for my impatience.

You would imagine they were all on the point of moving away (and they generally are if they can sell their farms), so little interest do they show in your plans. Like all people who have fallen into bad habits, they have grown to love their slatternly ways and cling to them, resenting furiously any attempt to shake them up to vigor and reform.

The farmer, however, has not a monopoly. Slouch seems ubiquitous. Our large railway and steamboat systems have tried in vain to combat it, and supplied their employees with a livery (I beg the free and independent voter's pardon—a uniform!), but it has had little effect. The inherent tendency is too strong for the corporations. The conductor will shuffle along in his spotted garments, his cap on the back of his head, and his legs anywhere, while he chews gum in defiance of the whole board of directors.

Go down to Washington after a visit to the houses of Parliament or the Chamber of Deputies, and observe the air and bearing of our Senators and Representatives. They seem to try and avoid every appearance of "smartness." Indeed, I am told, so great is the prejudice against a well-turned-out man that a candidate would seriously compromise his chances of election who appeared before his constituents in other than the accustomed shabby frock-coat, unbuttoned and floating, a pot hat unbrushed, no gloves, as much doubtful white shirt-front as possible, and a whisp of black silk for a tie; and if he can exhibit also a chin whisker, his chances of election are materially increased.

Nothing offends the eye accustomed to our native *"laissez aller"* so much as a well-brushed hat and shining boots. When abroad, I can "spot" a compatriot as soon and as far as I can see one by his graceless bearing,

a cross between a lounge and a shuffle. In reading or dining-room, he is the only man whose spine does not seem equal to its work, so he flops and straggles until, for the honor of your land, you long to shake him and set him squarely on his legs.

Now, no amount of reasoning can convince me that outward slovenliness is not a sign of inward and moral supineness. A neglected exterior generally means a lax moral code. A man who considers it "too much trouble" to sit erect can hardly have given much time to his tub or his toilet. Having neglected his clothes, he will neglect his manners, and between morals and manners we know the tie is intimate.

In the Orient a new reign is often inaugurated by the construction of a mosque. Vast expense is incurred to make it as splendid as possible. But, once completed, it is never touched again. Others are built by succeeding sovereigns, but neither thought nor treasure is ever expended on an old one. When it can no longer be used, it is abandoned, and gradually falls into decay. The same system seems to prevail among our private owners and corporations. Streets are paved, lamp-posts erected, store-fronts carefully adorned, but from the hour the workman puts his finishing touch upon them they are abandoned to the hand of fate. The mud may cake up knee-deep, wind and weather work their own sweet will, but it is no one's business to interfere.

One of my amusements has been of an early morning to watch Paris making its toilet. The streets are taking a bath, the lamp-posts and newspaper stands are having their feet scrubbed, the shop-fronts are being shaved and having their hair curled, cafes and restaurants are putting on clean shirts and tying their cravats smartly before their many mirrors. By the time the world is up and about, the whole city, smiling