

name printed in all newspapers, the prize of fame, of political position, of premiership. You see the wild political campaigns.

You see the places where the ambitious laze by the way, the baseball races where men are shouting themselves and others mad for an empty game, the halls of rag-time and trotting. You see in thousands of instances actions which seem to disgrace the name of America and to augur ill for her future,—women sold into evil, negroes burned at the stake, heinous crimes committed against children. But the destiny of the great choric dance cannot be thwarted by any of these things. Death is useful to life, darkness to brightness, sin to virtue—useful in a way which it is not necessary for the individual to penetrate. Each man fulfils his destiny, guides others according to his light, acts according to his inclination, temptation, and conscience. The whole nation takes care of itself.

Wherever I went in the States I was asked by journalists to say what I thought the resultant type of American was going to be. America seemed feverishly anxious to get an answer to that question. No one can answer it, but it is exciting to speculate.

"Are you aware that in a few years we shall come to such a pass that it will be a stand-up fight, Americans *versus* Jews?" said one man to me. "The influence of the other races goes for nothing beside the influence of the Jews. The Jews are