



Too Good To Be True

BY

James Aton

Drawings by

Howard N. Cook

LAST year Professor Charles Alonzo Denzer of Peaville, Ohio, U.S.A., decided to come to Tsinhua, China, to do educational work. We sixteen Americans who were already here were glad to have him come. If there's any place in China that needs educating, it's Tsinhua. The rest of us are too busy trying to convert the heathen Chinese to spend any time in educating them.

Professor Charles Alonzo seemed well fitted for the job. He's five feet four, weighs one hundred and ten, is an M.A., a Ph.D., a W.C.T.U., a Phi Alpha, and a good tennis player; and, as he is young yet, he hopes eventually to break into the *Who's Who in America*.

When Charles Alonzo decided that it was his duty to come out here and sacrifice his young life his wife, who is six inches the taller and willowy, decided that it was her duty to bring her one year old daughter and come along. Everybody in Tsinhua was happy over that, too. Mrs. Dad Davis, who is noted for domestic uncongeniality, was so pleased over the good news that she didn't say an unkind word to Dad for three weeks running. Although, to be truthful, during two of those three weeks Dad was away from home; and we have no telephones in Tsinhua.

The Denzers wrote on ahead that they wanted to keep house. So we had our servants hustle around and get everything all ready

for them. We assigned them the old house where Dad and Mrs. Dad lived the first years they were out here. Each of us contributed a few pieces of furniture and some dishes. Mrs. Dad hired the servants and got the household into running order.

The new family arrived on a September afternoon. We met them in a body and escorted them to their home. Professor and Mrs. Charles Alonzo were both of them nearly all in. They had been seasick all the way down from Shanghai. When they finally landed, they had a two-hour fight with unintelligible houseboat coolies to get their baggage all ashore. From the landing to Tsinhua they came in a canal boat, and that wasn't bad; but from the canal boat up to their house they had to come through the dirtiest street in Tsinhua. Five feet wide it was, and it could have given lessons to Limburger cheese. The street scenery consisted of pigs, chickens, and fluent-nosed Chinese children, all playing with the same mud pie. Such sights and smells are enjoyable to us old-timers, but the new-comers never seem to care for them.

Mrs. Charles Alonzo, especially, had the look of a noble martyr. She had half-way feared that, when she got to China, she'd have to live in a tent and develop beri-beri on a diet of rice and weak tea. It had been a real sacrifice for her to leave Peaville where she had a recognized social standing. She had always sung soprano in the Church choir, and, what's more, her mother was President of the Woman's Club. But what she saw her first five minutes in Tsinhua was even worse than she had anticipated. Then, too, she was still weak from seasickness. If the street had been decently fit and clean, she'd have gladly sunk down on it and died.

And then we led them through the gate into their compound. There stood their newly whitewashed house, surrounded by clumps of banana trees, and with roses in bloom by the parlor window. On the porch stood their three servants in welcome, looking really clean and inviting after their annual bath. The *amab* took the baby, the cook went back to the kitchen, and the house-boy seated them at the table and began to rush in the soup. It didn't smell like martyrs' fare; it was good soup.

"It's too good to be true," said Mrs. Charles Alonzo, and that was all she could say.

The first three days she was more than happy. She wrote right home to Mother, telling all about it. Back in Peaville she had

imagined that she was of some consequence; but here, with three servants and four-course meals, she was in state undreamed of. She just wished Mrs. Jennie Gibbons, the banker's wife, could step in and see her; it would be a humbling revelation to that haughty dame with her lone hired girl.

The fourth day the fleas began to bite, and it made her uneasy. That was why she happened to wander out into the kitchen an hour before tiffin time. The cook didn't hear her coming; he was making too much noise eating rice. She had never before had a close-up of anyone eating with chopsticks. It was indeed an interesting sight. The worthy Ah-hong took in a liberal, gurgling mouthful of rice. Then he carefully licked off one of the chopsticks and used it to stir the soup that was simmering for the Denzers' dinner.

"Heavens!" cried Mrs. Denzer as she fell into a convenient chair.

"*Simmoi?*" inquired the astonished Ah-hong as he turned and saw her.

She didn't know how to tell him, having learned only three words of Chinese. Professor Charles Alonzo wasn't home to consult. He was out making preliminary plans for his educational survey of Tsinhua. So she put on her pith hat and took the story over to Mrs. Dad Davis.

"I knew it was too good to be true," she told Mrs. Dad and went on to tell how she had lost her taste for soup.

Dad happened to be listening in and thought he knew how to smooth matters over.

"The soup boils, Mrs. Denzer," he said reassuringly. "That kills any germs that may come off the chopsticks."

"Silence, Bildad!" said his rougher half. "Don't I remember just how I felt when I first came out? Come with me, dearie," she said to Mrs. Charles Alonzo. "We'll go right over now and reprimand your cook. You talk, and I'll translate."

Now old Ah-hong had cooked for foreigners for twenty years. The year before, he had retired to spend his remaining days and his well-earned fortune. He had taken the Denzer job temporarily, only on Mrs. Dad's urgent plea. What's more, he had a reputation of his own for crankiness. So Mrs. Dad knew it would be a ticklish business to reprimand him.

Mrs. Charles Alonzo had never had any experience reprimanding Chinese cooks, but she waded right in. After she was once started, the words came fluently enough. She talked at high pitch for ten minutes before she came to a stopping point so Mrs. Dad could translate. Ah-hong hadn't an idea what it was all about, but he judged from the tone that it must be something rough.

"The Chinese are the dirtiest people on earth," was Mrs. Denzer's parting shot. "They're positively filthy. And, more than that, you're the worst of the lot. If you expect to work for white people, you've got to quit your nasty habits and act half-way civilized."

Mrs. Dad knew that would be hard to translate, so she started in thoughtfully.

"Mrs. Denzer is very much pleased with your cooking," she said to Ah-hong. "She wants me to say that you're the best she ever had, and she hopes she can keep you always. She has just been telling a few recipes her husband is very fond of. I'll tell them to you, for I know you'll want to cook them for him."

That was all she could think of for the moment, not being a practised liar. So she stopped a bit to gather inspiration.

Old Ah-hong knew well enough that Mrs. Charles Alonzo wouldn't wave her arms and shriek just to hand out a few choice recipes. He figured that, if Mrs. Dad was afraid to tell him what had been said, it must be worse than usual. His new mistress looked to him like a hard one to please, and she had no earthly business coming out into his kitchen. Besides he simply didn't want the job anyway, and he concluded that here was a good chance to resign. So he did.

"I am too old to learn anything new," he said to Mrs. Dad. "Also I am too weak and sick to work, and the lady is very hard to please. I will finish getting tiffin, and then I will leave. She will have to find another cook."

That's what Mrs. Dad had feared would happen, but it came with a shock nevertheless. She rallied bravely and went down on her knees to ask Ah-hong to have mercy. There wasn't another cook to be hired in Tsinhua who could cook foreign food. What would Mrs. Denzer do?

"She'll have to do her own cooking," said Ah-hong unsympathetically and put on his shoes.

So that was why Dad Davis came over to my house that noon to see if the Denzers might borrow my cook Ah-bing for a few weeks.

"You don't eat much anyway," reasoned Dad, "and we don't want the Denzers to get discouraged right at the start. Ah-bing is so clean that they're bound to like him. You can eat with us for a few days till another cook shows up."

"All right," I agreed. "Your logic is sound. Ah-bing will be glad to go. He'll make more off the Denzer family than he does from me."

Everything was thus adjusted once more, and Mrs. Denzer was happy. She wrote another letter home to Mother and told of her victories. "Charles and I will transform this community before we leave," she concluded. I understand that her letter made a tremendous sensation in Peaville when it was read before the Woman's Club.

All would have gone well if there hadn't been a scarcity of Christian love between Ah-bing and Au-siah, the Denzer *amab*. There was some sort of family feud between the two dating back into ancient history, and this present close contact was very trying to them both. The second morning Ah-bing was on the job, Mrs. Denzer heard an uproar in the kitchen. It had the sound of a pitched battle.

"I wonder if the soldiers have come," she thought; and like the brave woman she was, she rushed straight for the battlefield.

There was no one in the kitchen except the cook and the *amab*. The pair were having a little morning argument as to which should sweep off the back porch.

"Look at your son's wife, you dog," Au-siah was saying, "with two husbands living. Even at that she's too good for your family."

"You old hag!" retorted Ah-bing. "Your husband couldn't stand it to live with you. He left you and joined the army where he'd be safer."

Just then they noticed their mistress and postponed the rest of the argument. Mrs. Charles Alonzo was scandalized.

"That Ah-bing must be awful," said she to herself, "talking to Au-siah in that tone of voice. I'll keep my eye on him."

The next morning Au-siah came to Mrs. Denzer in tears. She

was a good actress, was Au-siah. She unfastened her dress and pointed to an old second-hand bruise on her shoulder.

"*Simmoi?*" asked Mrs. Denzer.

"Ah-bing," sobbed Au-siah.

Mrs. Charles Alonzo started for the kitchen to reprimand Ah-bing. He wasn't expecting her. He had been washing the dishes, and he was just wiping his nose on the dish towel. I had taught Ah-bing that loose sneezing scatters germs. Naturally he used the dish towel to hold down the germs. But Mrs. Charles Alonzo couldn't appreciate the worthiness of his motives. She grabbed a nearby rolling pin and chased Ah-bing out of the compound. Then she went and hunted up an apron.

"I'll be my own cook," she said determinedly.

She managed very well that way for a few days. Mrs. Dad came over each day for a few minutes and talked Chinese to the house-boy. The house-boy went to the street and bought the provisions. The arrangement seemed perfect.

"I feel so safe leaving the baby with Au-siah," explained Mrs. Denzer, "and I just love to do my own cooking."

But the third day she happened to see Au-siah using an unmentionable cloth to wipe the baby's mouth and hands. She shrieked and would doubtless have fainted if it hadn't been that she needed all her strength to hit the well-intentioned *amab* in the eye.

Naturally Au-siah had to resign to save the rest of her face.

"Well, I did my own cooking and cared for my own baby before I came to China," said Mrs. Denzer doggedly. "I can do it here, too."

She carried on that way for a week, but it was hard work. What made it harder was the fondness her young daughter manifested for playing with centipedes. It was a strain to watch the soup with one eye and the baby with the other. Mrs. Charles Alonzo began to get nervous.

She didn't mention all these developments in her next letter to Mother. No use of her losing face in Peaville.

Professor Charles Alonzo Denzer went his way unconscious of all these domestic troubles. His wife told him all about them, of course, and he answered, "Yes, dear," and "No, dear," but he hadn't the least idea what she was talking about. He loved his

wife, but this first month in Tsinhua was the biggest adventure that had ever come to him. If he could only solve half the educational problems he saw, his place as an educator would be secure. More than that, he was evolving a new science, — something akin to sociology. He had labeled it “Comparative Penetration”, and he found new notes to make on it every time he walked the streets. When he should present it to the world, he knew it would do for the name of Denzer what the *Origin of Species* had done for Darwin. Also he was discovering possibilities in a parallel study of Buddhism and Christianity. He knew of a College where a thesis on that subject would be good for a couple more degrees. Furthermore, like all new-comers to China, he was beginning to write a book; he hadn’t named it yet, but it would be on the order of *The Changing Chinese*, or *Chinese Characteristics*. In addition he was making good progress studying the language for three hours a day. Lastly at five o’clock came the daily game of tennis in company with Dad Davis, Fred Mills, and myself. How could he possibly spare any time to think about domestic problems? Surely he couldn’t in a land where servants were so plentiful, so cheap, and so efficient.

But he wasn’t long to remain in this delightful personal paradise. One hot afternoon the soup burned, and the baby had the colic, and the stove smoked, and the fleas were ravenous. Mrs. Charles Alonzo reached the saturation point and had to unload. She started out to look for her husband.

She hadn’t far to look. The Professor was just starting to serve in his daily set of tennis. His over-tried wife walked up to the edge of the court and started broadcasting.

“Look here, Charles Alonzo,” she said. “You leave me to do all the cooking and take care of the baby, and you never lift a finger to help me. All you do is play from morning to night. I’ll not stand it much longer.”

Dad Davis gulped, and Fred Mills choked, and I blushed, and Charles Alonzo served doubles and then went home. He didn’t come back to finish the set either.

That evening we talked it all over in prayer-meeting. The Denzers weren’t there, so we could say just what occurred to us.

“I think the woman is crazy,” ventured Dad Davis.

“That shows your lack of human intelligence,” said Mrs. Dad, “especially where a woman is concerned.”



“Women are hard to understand,” mused Fred Mills, our well-known agricultural expert.

“That’s because the lower forms of life can never understand the higher,” came back the agricultural expert’s wife who has been taking Domestic Management under Mrs. Dad Davis.

“Men are so absorbed in their larger interests that the little things which worry us women don’t affect them,” said Miss Genevieve Townsend. She is at peace with all men, is Genevieve, not having to live with one.

“Why can’t we get Mrs. Denzer absorbed in some larger interest?” I inquired humbly.

“Young man, you have more sense right now than Bildad has after twenty-five years of wedded life,” said Bildad’s spouse. “If we could get some good woman to marry and supervise you, you might develop into something really worth while.”

The meeting stood still for a moment while I coughed up a meek blush. Praise from Mrs. Dad is praise indeed.

“Don’t I remember how I felt when I first came here twenty years ago?” she continued. “I didn’t feel as if I could ever learn to put up with our cook. For the first couple of months I was fairly sick. Then, as you suggest, I became absorbed in a larger interest. My first constructive piece of work was to secure socks for all the Bible women. Their bare ankles looked so horribly immodest, I felt they were hindering the work. I had more wonderful success than I had anticipated, — every woman in Tsinhua wanted to become a Bible woman so she could have a pair of socks. The work made me so happy that I forgot all about the cooking, and it has never worried me since.”

"Dear, you are wonderful," said Dad. "What work can we interest Mrs. Denzer in?"

"Leave that to me, Bildad," replied his wife. "This situation calls for womanly intuition. Don't you dare to hint such a thing to her. If you do, you will spoil everything."

Then we sang a hymn and all went home. Our Tsinhua prayer-meetings are wonderfully helpful, — they keep Dad Davis duly humble.

The next morning Professor Charles Alonzo bustled into Dad's office. Dad was so moved that he rose up and shook hands sympathetically. Then he placed his visitor in a chair and looked at him commiseratingly.

"You are a man of long experience, Doctor," began the Professor. "I wonder if I dare ask your advice on a matter of concern."

Dad rose right up and again shook Charles Alonzo's hand.

"Professor, your attitude does you credit," he exclaimed. "If I had taken advice twenty-five years ago, I would be a happier man to-day."

With that he sat down and assumed an advisory pose.

"About this educational survey," began the Professor. "Will it be advisable to give more than fifty per cent credit to the teaching of the private school, unless the teacher holds at least the equivalent of an M.A. degree? Now here is what occurred to me," and with that he went on to unfold a series of hypothetical propositions of staggering depth.

Dad couldn't recall afterwards just what advice he gave.

"That man Denzer is a super-man," he confided to me, "to go calmly on with his work while his wife is on the warpath. I wish I were built that way."



The next Sunday, with all the rest of us, the Denzers went to Church. I don't know just how Mrs. Denzer managed to find time to leave the cooking and housework, but she did.

It was Communion Sunday in Tsinhua, and all went well for the first thirty minutes. The Reverend Dir Sun Ho read the invitation and displayed the Elements. Then Mrs. Susan Mills played soft music on the organ, and we marched up and knelt down at the altar. Mrs. Charles Alonzo left the baby asleep in the pew and knelt between her husband and a bleary-eyed beggar. The latter's proximity made her shudder most religiously; he looked so dreadfully contagious.

The first course went off successfully. Ah-bing always bakes the communion bread, and it looked clean. It was neatly pyramided on one of my pie-tins.

Presently the Reverend Dir came around with the wine. It started off well and should have ended well. Unfortunately Mrs. Denzer happened to open her eyes just as Charles Alonzo was taking his drink. One dirty old teacup was furnishing drinking accommodations for the whole congregation. The Reverend Dir, in a desire to be specially sanitary, was using his only handkerchief to wipe off the edge of the cup between sips. His handkerchief didn't look sinless by any means; in fact it hadn't been washed since China New Year.

Mrs. Charles Alonzo didn't know whether to faint or to fly. The latter course seemed safer; so she rose up from the altar, seized her husband in one hand and her baby in the other, and went home to get dinner. After all, her exodus didn't make much stir; Susan pulled out a couple more stops on the organ and counteracted the confusion.

That afternoon Mrs. Dad Davis went to call on Mrs. Denzer.

"I must see you alone, dearie," she said. Charles Alonzo had sense enough to take the hint. He put on his hat and went for a stroll on the city wall.

"You have been such an inspiration to me," purred Mrs. Dad, keeping her objective well concealed. "Let me tell you how hard I have fought to improve conditions here, and then you will understand."

So she launched into the tale of how she had put socks on the Bible women and had furnished the preachers with handkerchiefs.

"I have done so little," she confessed modestly, "but I have tried. It has been so hard because no other foreigner would ever help me in my reforms. The thing that has hurt me most has been our communion service, — that awful, dirty, old teacup. How I have fought for individual communion cups. The Chinese, of course, sneer at the idea. And because my husband refused to back up my efforts, I haven't been able to win out. Yet to my mind, the Church is the place where individual sanitation should begin. Then, little by little, the gospel of cleanliness will spread."

Mrs. Dad paused for applause and got her handkerchief all ready to use at the climax.

"And this morning, dearie," she went on with a little quaver, "when I saw with what sublime courage you rose from the altar at the sight of that dirty cup, my very soul rejoiced." With this she turned on the tears. "I knew that the fight was won. 'Here,' I whispered to myself, 'is one who will stand with me in my lonely struggle for the nobler things of life.'"

Mrs. Denzer bit just like a white rabbit on a ripe carrot. She had a handkerchief of her own up her sleeve, and the two ladies had a real showery love-feast.

"If the two of us will go together to Reverend Dir and insist on individual communion cups," planned Mrs. Dad, "he will not dare to refuse us. He would refuse it to me singly, but in numbers there is strength. Your influence will be especially strong because of the love and admiration the Chinese are displaying for your husband. No foreigner has ever won them as he has done."

"Charles Alonzo is wonderful," threw in Mrs. Charles Alonzo.

"Now here's my idea," went on Mrs. Dad: "we must keep the Chinese effect in our new communion cups. What would you think of a neat little white china cup with some appropriate Chinese characters in gold on the side of the cup, — perhaps a scripture verse?"

"How cunning!" chirped Mrs. Denzer, "but where can we get them?"

"You shall design the cup," answered Mrs. Dad, "and we'll send the pattern up to Nanchang and have the cups made there. They make the most beautiful china, any pattern to order. The one thing that may hinder us is the matter of expense. Six hundred cups is what we will need, and they may cost fifty dollars."

"I'll write to Mother," cried Mrs. Charles Alonzo. "She'll get the money from the Woman's Club."

Truly she did write to Mother. She was so busy writing to Mother the rest of that afternoon that she put the soup on the stove and left the house-boy to stir it. He had ambitions to become a cook, had that house-boy, and Mrs. Dad had been giving him ideas. If he could do things to please his mistress, his fortune would be made. Never before in Tsinhua had soup been stirred as well as he stirred it that Sunday afternoon while Mrs. Denzer was writing to Mother.

The next day the two ladies made a strategic call on the Reverend Dir Sun Ho. Dir ushered them into a neat little tea-room overlooking his "Heaven's Well", and poured them out some tea.

"Better drink a little of it, dearie," whispered Mrs. Dad. "Drink it as noisily as you can. That will increase your influence with him."

So Mrs. Charles Alonzo gargled Chinese tea, nibbled Chinese cookies, and tried to eat Chinese melon seeds. She even went so far as to pull the ear of the Reverend Dir's bare-buttocked baby who was fearlessly looking her over. This being entertained in a Chinese home was thrilling, — she would surely have to write a full account for the Woman's Club.

"You explain our purpose, and I'll translate," said Mrs. Dad. "Be sure to make your arguments emphatic."

So Mrs. Denzer began an extended argument for the use of individual communion cups. Mrs. Dad and the Reverend Dir sat quietly and let her argue until she ran out of wind. Then Mrs. Dad began to translate.

"I suppose you know what we're after, Sun Ho," were the first words of her translation.

"Oh, of course," answered the good brother, a little wearily, "individual communion cups. Every new foreigner who comes to Tsinhua gets us a new set of individual communion cups. The first time we use them, each member of the Church carries home a cup as a souvenir, and the next month we're back to our old tea-cup. Personally I think it's a great waste of money."

"I don't look at it that way," argued Mrs. Dad, "because it helps to interest new people in our work. For example, Mrs.

Denzer is getting the money for this set of cups from a friend in America. This friend's interest will thus be turned to the work here, and later on he will make other contributions."

"Of course I have no objections," said Dir. "In fact I wish we could have individual communion cups, — that is, I wish we could keep a set for six months without their being stolen by the good Christian people of Tsinhua."

"We have a new idea along that line this time," said Mrs. Dad, and then she turned around and did a little talking to Mrs. Denzer. "Reverend Dir doesn't object a bit, dearie," she translated. "Our combined forces have overcome his former resistance. He likes your idea, too, for a scripture verse on each cup, and he wants you to suggest the verse."

"Why not have just the three words, 'Grace, Mercy, and Peace'?" asked Mrs. Charles Alonzo.

"That would be splendid," agreed Mrs. Dad, and she turned back to the Reverend.

"Mrs. Denzer's idea is to have some wording on the cups that will prevent their being stolen," she said, "not scripture verses such as we have had before. This time we'll put on these words, 'Stolen from the Tsinhua Christian Church.' Nobody who can read will carry off a communion cup with that sort of inscription."

"Wonderful idea!" exclaimed the Reverend gentleman in such a tone of genuine appreciation that Mrs. Charles Alonzo knew without a translator that he approved of her scriptural sentiment.

The rest of the week Mrs. Denzer was more than busy. What with designing a suitable communion cup and writing all her experiences home to Peaville, she didn't have much time to tend to the cooking. The last half of the week she reached the point where she let the house-boy make the soup from start to finish, and when the little schemer offered to have his sister come in to help out temporarily with the baby, his offer was promptly accepted.

The next week the cups were ordered, and Mrs. Charles Alonzo became impatient for them to be finished. Mrs. Dad filled in the days of waiting with a suggestion that Mrs. Denzer start a campaign to give every baby in Tsinhua a yearly bath, and Mrs. Denzer promptly started it. She began by writing a letter to every man, woman, and child in Peaville, asking them to send soap and towels and talcum powder, and it kept her so busy writing

these letters that she turned her little Charlotte over to the new *amab* and forgot all about her. What's more, the house-boy made pineapple pie, — and got away with it.

It took a long time to write personal letters to all the people in Peaville, Ohio. It meant three hundred and sixty-two letters, not counting the ones to Mother and to the Woman's Club, and Mrs. Denzer's limit was ten letters per day. Long before the task was finished, the new communion cups arrived, and the proud Reverend Dir arranged for an immediate Communion Service to test out the merits of the unique inscription.

Mrs. Charles Alonzo Denzer was a proud woman that Sunday morning. What made her happiest of all was the way the congregation reacted to the beautiful Chinese lettering on each cup. She peeked through her fingers enough to see a bit of it. The worshippers picked up the charming little white china cups covetously and read the lovely gold inscription. Then, reluctantly, as though parting from a holy thing of priceless merit, each one put his cup back on the tray. When the Reverend Dir counted up after the service, there were five hundred and eighty cups left. Mrs. Denzer had kept out one to send home to Mother, and there had been nineteen Chinamen at the altar who couldn't read. The Minister was mightily encouraged; if he lost only twenty a month, the cups would hold out for a couple of years.

"How do you like our new communion cup?" asked Mrs. Denzer of Dad Davis after the service.

Dad didn't know just how to answer. Mrs. Dad had forbidden him strictly from translating the inscription to the Denzers. He choked a bit, and his face turned red.

"It's too good to be true," he said simply.



THE AMERICAN MIRACLE

HARVEY MAITLAND WATTS

HOW seriously should one take the phrase "The clothes make the man"? The author of this article is inclined to take it almost literally and he attempts to prove that the average American man is better off socially, morally, and spiritually, as a result of the efficient organization of the ready-made clothing industry. He feels that Americans have nothing to lose, that they have everything to gain by having the courage of their own convictions as expressed in typical American standardized clothing advertisements.

AFTER all, Walter Bagehot was right in pointing out in his *Physics and Politics* that it was the conscious and unconscious assimilation of customs and manners that made it possible for people of divers origins to make up a real nation, even if that nation were neither a geographical, nor a linguistic, nor a racial, nor a religious unit. Bagehot was thinking of European civilization of the 1870's. He

was not very much concerned about the United States, but had he delayed his admirable little work until 1914 and directed his attention specifically to the United States he would have found here the most amazing and brilliant confirmation of his theory that this whirling globe had ever presented.

Bagehot noted that under certain conditions groups of people, no matter what their origin, tended to think alike, behave alike, and look alike while preserving all the "individuality" human flesh is heir to; and this tendency applies, be it noted, to the highest ideals as well as to the fads, frivolities, and follies of the moment. It is unfortunate that Bagehot did not live to see America prove him magnificently right. For, out of the mass of people of diverse and varying origins, we have developed a truly national spirit on an almost incredible scale. It is picturesquely revealed, among other things, in the average attire of the average American, man or woman, boy or girl, down to the veriest tot in the kindergarten and in the cradle. This uniformity of characteristic attire in surprisingly good taste, and with a bewildering variety that allows individual choice on unparalleled range, — this standardization of an unexampled high-class excellence in clothes for all and not only for the privileged few, — is the real American miracle. And one does not have to take the advice of ingenious advertisers, whose slogan may be summed up in the