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PLAIN MEN IN THE CITY OF KINGS<sup>1</sup>*Hans Otto Storm*

LIMA, PERU. A gray city underneath a cold, gray sky out of which from morning until night a drizzling mist falls. Miles upon miles of gray mud walls on which the gray sky seems to be hooked down. Gray streetcars that, if one may believe the advertising signs which sprout out of their roofs, seem to ply endlessly between Cafe León and Gloria canned milk. A dismal plaza, bordered by a row of unused office buildings with crumbling plaster façades, like a World's Fair recently gone bankrupt. A pest of beggars, lottery ticket boys, and chocolate venders. Thin, undersized men with black mufflers wound around their necks against the cold, and wearing patched and repatched clothes with which they cling desperately to European fashions.

And this is South America. We feel vaguely cheated: feel that the elaborate tradition which has been built up in our minds gives us a right to look for something happier. Whatever surface charm we may have been bold enough to picture to ourselves is wholly lacking. Here is no colorful dress nor quaintness of custom, and the tropical climate exists entirely on paper. The carefree life one may have heard about is somewhere else; the characteristic facial expression of the Peruvian one might describe as slightly but chronically worried. There is

<sup>1</sup> This paper was written about six years before Storm's death in 1941, and changes have doubtless occurred since then in the scene he described. Also, even at that time another foreign observer might have, of course, come back with impressions quite different. However, the interest this paper holds now is not that of a traveler's report. Storm was an extraordinary combination of practicing electric engineer and productive literary artist. He was profoundly influenced by Thorstein Veblen, with whom he had close friendship. So the significance of these and other observations he has made on aspects of Spanish America is rather in an extension implicating the general culture of our age than in his particularizations of place and time. This essay, along with the one published in the previous issue of *THE NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY REVIEW*, will be included in a posthumous volume of Storm's writings to be published in the spring under the imprint of The Swallow Press and William Morrow and Company.—*Editor*.

crowded over on us the suggestion that perhaps this South America is but a run-down replica of the United States. And we resent the notion; we feel toward it as the capitalist feels toward confiscation—if this is going to be allowed the very bases of romance are menaced. And so one looks morbidly for something, anything, which may authentically set the place apart from South San Francisco or the poorer parts of Newark. Lima is a rather dirty and a very ordinary sort of town.

Yet if one stay a year's time, through the brief summer and until the abominable mist comes down again, one gets to know that something has hold of South America which makes it most profoundly different from the North, although it answers to none of the romantic descriptions of the gay geographer. Climate has nothing to do with it, race and language only very little; automobiles, radio, and northern capital are not the sort of stuff which had immediate effect on it. We have run into something which appears decidedly worth studying. And Lima, by its very limitations on the side of picturesqueness, comes to be an excellent laboratory in which one may investigate this spirit which is South America and perhaps discover something about its essential nature.

A good laboratory test requires, first of all, control. That is to say, irrelevant conditions must so far as possible be maintained uniform. If a South American really acts differently from a North American, then his difference will show up more accurately among storekeepers and chauffeurs and electricians than among gauchos and mountaineers and bandits. It will show more plainly in a climate for all purposes averagely northern, than in the possibly disturbing tropic warmth. It will show better in a town which, for the last several years, has gone through boom and subsequent depression, synchronously with North America. The second desideratum of the laboratory is isolation. We must be reasonably sure that what we study is authentically of the culture, and is not merely drifting in and out. Nor must the isolated sample be so small that it becomes erratic from internal variations. As regards these features, Lima has three hundred thousand people, insulated by a ring of desert on three sides, and by expensive steamships on the fourth. It is nine days by sea from the nearest English-speaking country. It has no rum, art, or divorce colony, nor any district which is definitely foreign. The laboratory is nicely outfitted; we may proceed with the investigation.

A particular wail announces the visit of the milkman. He rides a horse over the cobblestones, and with a long-handled dipper he ladles out a half-liter from a can slung on the pommel of his saddle. He has his regular customers and appears as expected with a fair degree of faithfulness. Suppose, however, that for special reasons you wish him to make a routine of coming every day but Thursday. Thus stated, the proposal meets with blank incomprehension. "You want me to come Thursday? *Sí, sí, exactamente, claro.*" "No, no; no, no!" you shout at him. "I told you *not* come Thursday." "Not come any more?" he answers with a shrug—"muy bien." You begin to take him for a half-wit. He is not a half-wit, but he is altogether unfamiliar with a form of thought which does not seem to you so very involved—the idea of holding a definite something in his mind to be *subtracted* from the normal pattern, is altogether out of his experience. If you insist on the Thursday omission, you will have to tell him to come Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, and so on. And if you want to omit one particular Thursday only, then there is nothing left but to stop deliveries on Wednesday, presumably forever, and have them resumed as a separate arrangement Friday.

The peculiarity seems to be universal, and after a few exasperating errors one learns never to make a quantitative statement in which a negative plays any part. "I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not honor more," can, perhaps, be said in Spanish, but to say nothing of its failing to convince, the very intention of the sentence would go by the board. Nothing would be communicated but a state of vacillation, and the lady, perhaps with good reason, would lose patience and tell her lover to make up his mind one way or the other. The northern peoples do perhaps play with the negative idea a bit too much. Spanish does not give an algebraic significance to the double negative. The fact that a negative operative on a negative gives positive result is, to the Spanish-speaking person, at most a rule out of a very specialized and academic study of figures. In Spanish, "I will not say nothing" is an entirely grammatical way of indicating one will keep one's mouth shut, while "Never will I not say nothing" is only further assurance of discretion.

Try as one will, one cannot explain this peculiarity without running into mathematical jargon. And that itself at once reminds us that the apparent dullness of certain quarters of the Spanish mind seems to

extend into any matter which involves proportion. Speaking again of proverbs, there exists, perhaps, the Spanish in which to say "The heavier they are, the harder they fall." But thus worded, the statement would be one for learned men to scratch their heads about, and as a catch-phrase it would never do. To make a smooth-running proverb one would have to say, "The heaviest ones fall the hardest." That is, the conception of a continuous quantitative relation, among braggarts, between weight and impact, has given way to what is merely an emphatic bit of wishful thinking about those who are the most obnoxious. Speak with whomever you may please, the laborer digging a hole in the ground or the educated person discussing the predicaments of literature—when you see that dull, blank look and hear his answers dwindling down to monosyllables, you may be certain you have unwittingly broached matters which involve proportion. Bulk this Latin-derived intelligence appreciates, proportion never. "The days are getting shorter," I remarked inanely to a North American. "Yes," he said, "and it is the time when they are changing the most rapidly." "The days are getting shorter," I said to a South American. "Yes," he answered, "and in the middle of the winter they will be most miserable."

The difference between the two is, clearly, the flair of one for mathematics, and its entire absence from the thought-processes of the other. Max Weber, in an essay which has become classical,<sup>2</sup> accepts this difference and lays it roundly at the door of the Catholic Church. An exceedingly brief résumé of his argument is to the point. His book concerns itself with an analysis of that "go-getting" capitalism which has done such strange things to North America and Western Europe. He observes that this capitalism has arisen since the Reformation and that it flourishes in the Protestant lands rather than the Catholic; and he connects its rise with two tendencies fostered by the Reformation: a lust toward labor for its own sake, and *the habit of an adequate accounting system*. The merchant who wrote down each detailed transaction in a book, so says Max Weber, finds his counterpart in a God who had written down by clericals in the angelic staff, the merit-value of each act of man, saving the record for a final, awful recapitulation. Now, regarding the theory of these things, Protestant and capitalist theology has steered a devious course through history; meanwhile the important

<sup>2</sup> *The Protestant Ethic and the Spirit of Capitalism*.

fact of the Reformation which sticks in the mind of the common man is the elimination, from the accounting process, of an authoritarian intermediary between God and man. The Protestant, in the popular language of his partizans, stood in direct personal relation to his God, and this God having no objective medium of expression, the entire accounting process had to be carried out in the mind of the ultimate consumer of the religion. It is not a small accomplishment for a mortal. It arrives in representative northwestern types at a point where such matters as earnings and expense, crime and punishment, time, distance, and mechanical and electrical forces, are held and balanced in the mind automatically, with something of quantitative exactness. The accounting system has been spiritualized, it has become part of the northman's instinct and of his morality and of his idea of a good time. It has unlocked the secrets of physical science for him and has given him the credit mechanism. It has given succinctness and restraint a place in literature and manners, and above all, it permits here and there a quiet comparison of values. Those who berate the northwestern culture as something merely quantitative, are perhaps giving it a finer compliment than they have mind to.

In Lima, Peru, the automatic accounting system is not working.

There is not, for instance, any small-scale credit system. Although there are marble-columned banks, these banks do not offer what a North American would think of as a checking service. They are, for the common man—or perhaps for the unusual man who has money to put into them—depositories, nothing more. He brings his money to the bank in cash, and if the bank holds good he draws it out again in kind. If it is necessary to present a check (make it effectual, is the expression), the transaction is one to be remembered. An official first carefully verifies the signatures. A clerk thereupon looks into the ledger, the balance is computed, and the amount of the check immediately deducted. If these things bring to light no reason for a protest, the customer is handed a ticket, and in the course of an hour he may receive the money. And the delays imposed are not so much a mark of inefficiency as of the unreasonableness, under the accepted traditions, of expecting to play fast and loose with values of so abstract a nature as are those of money credit. To offer a check as payment in ordinary trade has much the same effect as would the offering of a gold brick in a New York store: there is a possibility, in either case, that the thing

offered might be genuine, but where more usual methods of exchange exist, outlandish practices are always open to suspicion. Obtaining money at the pawnshop is a very different matter, for here physical goods are being dealt with. The service is faster, the operation is simple, and the basis of exchange is recognized and is respected.

But even the shortage of physical goods against a time of need involves an abstract accountancy outside of the *limeño's* way of thinking. Therefore, independent of his state of solvency, he buys in the minutest possible of quantities. A gallon of gasoline for the car, a small can of milk, a quarter kilo of coffee, flour enough to make a particular dish for the evening's meal, a pat of butter the size of a silver sol—these are the proportions of the ordinary retail purchase, while in a black hole in an adobe wall a Chinaman weighs coal upon a counterscale, and ties it up in paper packages. A bicycle, loaded with a basket front and back, serves many a merchant when he sends farther for his daily wholesaling. To the handling of larger quantities endless objections are raised; scales, paper, twine, and home storage reach their practical limits, but behind these objections is the fact that the thing simply isn't done. There does not seem to be any additional good will held out to the customer who would buy more at one time. He is rather looked upon as a sort of miser. There is a subtle bad taste attached to the act of buying more than satisfies one's daily needs, akin to the bad taste of the newly rich who orders for his house a half dozen phonographs.

That antlike habit of laying in for the morrow, of living and experiencing one's actual joys and sorrows within the meshes of a credit system not to be translated into actuality until long, long in the future, is not, in Lima, held as undiluted virtue. The world-wide anecdote about the unhatched chickens has a more elaborate and a more charming form in Spanish than is elsewhere told. A milkmaid, so the story runs, trudged to the market with her jar upon her head. She will trade in this milk, she thinks, for half a dozen eggs, that will complete her setting; the cockerels of the brood will be sold for so-and-so much, the pullets kept to lay another season; with her accumulated wealth she will eventually buy a dress of sorts, and then, these vagabonds who now make eyes at her, they will be given to know that they are dealing with a lady; she will turn round and look scornfully upon them, so! And with the gesture she upsets the milk. There are, in

truth; two valid bases upon which to judge a situation: the facts as they exist this moment, and the facts as, with our experience of causation, we do imagine they will be at some time hence. It is a nice matter of judgment where to strike the line. The northern Protestant strikes it well forward in the future, and by that simple fact, his temper, his dependability, even his ideas of what is common honesty, become profoundly influenced. The promise of a North American is made for the future. The promise of a South American is made emphatically in the present.

If a person who has made an appointment fails to appear, it simply means that he has found something better to do, and this is accepted as an excuse of the first rank. As likely as not, the same person will call you on the telephone some five weeks later—full, not of apologies, but of solicitations after your good health, and chiding mildly that you have not looked him up. And this means not that he has procrastinated for five weeks, but that at that moment there has happened some exterior event which makes a meeting with you to his interest. What one has heard about procrastination must be modified. “Mañana,” says Stuart Chase, speaking of Mexico and summing up a neat tradition, “stretches from 12:01 a. m. through the weeks and months to infinity.” In Lima it is more accurate to say: *Mañana* will begin to take place at 12:01 a. m. *provided that the premises on which the promise has been made do still obtain.*

To the foreigner such a habit is exasperating. But it is the South American who pays for it most heavily, since it makes him in a sense an alien in his own land. For prosecuting large or even moderately large negotiations, the lack of the accounting instinct is a frightful handicap. The signs on Lima streets proclaim the story: Oechsle, Klinge, Wagner, Albugattos, and Suetomi; so read the shingles of the leading merchants, and among them Spanish names are noticeably few. Although raising propaganda against foreigners the Peruvian still privately prefers to trade with foreigners, because their price is fixed, their change accurate, in a degree he does not ask for from his countrymen. That the Chinaman is honest is admitted, not as a point of praise but as a national peculiarity, like wearing carpet slippers and addressing everyone in the familiar discourse. The native Peruvian does not generally prosper in a business larger than a lunch room or a half a dozen rented taxicabs. He holds to the land which cannot run away; once he has parted from

the land, his wealth runs out of him and he becomes that standard character, the gentleman fallen upon evil days.

But this is only half the story. What of the South American's reputed lack of energy, his contentment with the minimum of all accomplishment, his quasi-fatalistic tendency to let matters take their undeflected course? One can not very well, as does Max Weber, blame such defections on the Church, when one remarks that the Church is without any fear of competition the most active going concern to be found in South America. Nor can the Church be blamed for the complacency with which the Spanish American lives in the midst of dirt. For the Church also is, in general, the cleanest building in the town. Is there not posted in the very vestibule a sign which urges the devout to forbear spitting on the floor?

And this tradition of sloth, with its accompanying dirt and its makeshifts that have somehow become permanent, is of all the sections of our grand tradition of the Spanish American, the one most obviously justified by facts. It is true that the telegraph office in Champerico is also used, in part, as a chicken coop. The church in the same village flowers into three little wooden cupolas set at such crazy angles to each other and the terrain that one suspects a deliberate attempt at picturesque. The general appearance of Guayaquil is one of having begun to fall down before they got it finished. Seaports, even so important as Callao, stay with the cumbersome device of lighterage rather than do a moderate amount of dredging. Underneath the imposing monument of the Plaza de San Martín in Lima there are torn-up paving stones and railings which have not been attended to since July, 1931. The campanile of the University leans a matter of two feet off plumb, while the cross at the top of the University is bent over as far as it can fall. And dirt of surprising kinds and in surprising places obtrudes itself upon the senses of the foreigner until he easily works himself into a state of chronic resentment.

But the mere application of energy is not enough to alter such a picture, not even as regards the dirt. During the feast of the twenty-eighth of July, under the leaden skies of midwinter, there was observed an Indian girl some four years old, dressed gala in a new blue jacket and a pair of bright red pants. In her hands was a broom considerably bigger than herself, and with the large, energetic movements of a child

at play, she was endeavoring to clean up Lima. The gesture was magnificent but futile. And if I, in a fit of irritated northern energy, should climb the steeple of San Marcos and try to straighten out the cross, the chances are that, feast or no feast, I should be properly locked up. Obviously, energy alone is not enough to build a pyramid or plant a garden or to scrub a floor in detail, and to make the result appear what we call thrifty. For that, four factors at least must exist simultaneously and in harmony: energy, an instinct for good workmanship (which is something altogether different), materials for work, and, lastly, the consent of the landowner. It is only in certain places on the earth that these four items go together. It is very easy to see why they do not meet in Lima, although the information does not readily cross the frontier. A good deal is said about the Church, about the Latin, about the Indian, and about the tropical climate, which in Lima does not happen to exist. Very little is said about a ragged little boy who waits respectfully before the door for thirty minutes or an hour on some minor errand, is grudgingly recognized at last, and is forthwith immediately forgotten.

The fact is that in the year 1492 there existed in the more habitable portions of Middle America, civilized peoples suitable for conquest, plunder, and eventual use as house servants. The conquest and plunder episodes were brief and violent; the social predicament constituted by the existence of a servant class has persisted for four hundred years. It is a thing impossible to get away from, and, however little he may say about it, it is safely this presence of a subject class which leaves the most profound of all his South American impressions on the northern visitor.

In Lima you can hire a servant for about eight dollars a month. This is not cheap: we are speaking of a fairly sophisticated city and leaving out of account persons kept in bondage through the medium of special fears or loyalties. Therefore we do not find in Lima, either, the most striking results of the servant system; we can simply see the brake it puts on the activity of a community under the fairest conditions of control.

At eight dollars a month, there are naturally a good many people who have servants, and right down to the border of the servant class itself, there is little work done which can remotely be considered menial. The servant, like the automobile in the North, becomes an

aid without which one is crippled socially. Therefore, in general, one has his servant, not only if one comfortably can afford the luxury, but if he can even manage it by the severest self-denial. There are probably many people starving in Lima who have servants; there are certainly people undernourished who have servants, so that toward the lower and broader edge of the institution, the effect of the servant habit in using up wealth which might go into decent housing, food, and education, is not to be neglected.

Other immediate economic results take place. An eight-dollar-a-month servant is, quite logically, given only eight-dollar-a-month equipment. The entire outfit used in the kitchen of a Lima boarding house is something less than what the North American throws into the back of the machine to go out camping. Half or more of any establishment is designed to be used by persons who are given no consideration, so that the close presence of squalor becomes a normal, almost an essential, condition in the lives of those who hold themselves respectable.

Of course the moral effect of the servant habit is the more far-reaching. The North American will perhaps remember a feeling of foolishness and futility which overcomes him if, while tramping on a country road, he is continually overtaken by automobiles. The same feeling of futility obtains, in Lima, with respect to almost any kind of physical endeavor cultivated for the joy of it, and to the feeling of futility is added often the more vicious one of social degradation. What virtue is left in indulging in a manly sport, if without any effort one may see a person of the lower classes fight a bull who has no social standing whatsoever? <sup>3</sup> Ask a Limean to go with you on any sort of an outdoor excursion, and it is sure to end in the most dismal failure; meet a fellow tramper in the Andes, and you speak to him in German without waiting for an introduction. The Lima coastline boasts a steady breeze, four harbors, and beaches of semi-sheltered water which would make a northern yachtsman sick with envy, yet the two shells of the Chorrillos rowing club constitute the total pleasure fleet of some three hundred thousand people. The polite amusements are quite something else; eating, drinking, sometimes dancing, playing cards,

<sup>3</sup> In fairness it must be said that large inroads on this feeling are being made by clubs, both of men and of women, organized for such sports as football, basketball, boxing, rowing and swimming, and that, happily, these people play not with the feverish strain of the professionals of northern colleges, but as though they actually enjoyed themselves. As molders of good taste, however, these young people have as yet a continent against them.

eating again, and having one's picture taken in a studied pose—always in one's formal dress, and never very far away from servants.

Along Jirones Lampa and Carabaya, in Lima, there are business enterprises housed pretentiously in granite tombs copied in miniature after lower Broadway. Prestige runs high among these firms, and to maintain it, business is all but choked with an array of servants, nicely graded to prevent any contagion between the illustrious customers and actual work. One enters, for example, something which advertises itself to be a hardware store. A doorkeeper, none less, bows to him as he enters, and a well-dressed clerk, standing between marble and potted plants, asks him what may be his wants. The customer hesitates, wondering if he has perhaps made a mistake, and then apologetically mentions iron bolts, three-quarter inch by ten. "*¿Cómo no?*" answers the clerk, and calls a second, slightly shabbier and more subordinate. Here I must abandon the discreet impersonal; no less than six men escorted me by turns, until, in a sub-basement, I was shown something "just as good" by a person who could evidently neither read nor write. Further to remain personal, had I been interested in saving caste, I would have not gone through the business of purchasing bolts at all, but would have sent a "boy"—the ragged little boy who waits before the door until somebody will attend to him. And I would have gotten bolts that were too long, and would have stacked piles of rusty washers under their heads to make them fit, and would have remained among the better class of people. By extension, the episode begins to shed a light upon just why the campanile of the University can be permitted to remain two feet off plumb.

You can not hold it against any of the above-mentioned six employees that he of his own account held up the course of business. Each did exactly as he had been told; the fault of five of them, according to some standards, was that of existing where they were not needed. But exist they did, and to satisfy what was expected of them, they fitted into the role of polite, servile supernumeraries rather than into that of workmen. The role of employee seems, in fact, to slough continually over into that of servant, and that without any resentment on the master's part. Any fool can boss a servant, while it takes a good executive to organize people along the lines of intelligent workmanship. And where the labor of employees is very cheap, there is no great penalty imposed on the employer for his ineffectiveness in getting

something done. The result is a degradation of the mechanical arts, of every art, in fact, which involves hirelings. In a workman, flattery becomes more highly regarded than does excellence, a willingness to do as told is more availing than a use of judgment, and promptness becomes a very minor virtue compared to that of patience in waiting on the job until the master happens to have gotten through with breakfast.

And good, conscientious planners of any kind of work do not grow up in the atmosphere of the servant habit. Few characters there are who can resist the impact of continual flattery and servility and can remain good workmen; and he who plans well must first of all things be a workman in spirit. Speaking of engineers, it is generally recognized in the North that men who have not labored at one time or another in the trades, are seriously limited except in certain narrow fields. Most North American engineers, most professional persons of any kind in North America today, have so worked. And while the contact with the earth thus made, proves in the end the valuable part of the adventure, most of these men, when they found their jobs in boyhood, did so for the sake of gain. But to work for gain at helper's wages in South America is sheerest nonsense, if one pretends to the living standards that go with the profession. In general, there is no way into the field of industrial work and out again. The South American who takes responsible charge of work, does so, then, as one essentially a stranger to the methods under his direction—as one trained, perhaps, in theory of mechanism and design, but lacking those instinctive reflexes which go to constitute a workman.

And things do not, somehow, manage to get done.

It is a culture different from that of the North; a culture in which industrialism nurtures itself only weakly, and in which proper capitalism is still for the most part in its childlike stages. And these two marks go far to set it off as different from the North: a caste system which is something more serious than just a way of bragging, and an aversion in the mind of man toward holding to an abstract pattern. So it has been that English and Italians and Germans and especially North Americans, who under the peculiar agreements between nations held certain extra-territorial properties, sent agents—relatively high-priced agents of their own blood and faith—to handle their affairs, rather than depend on the supply of vastly cheaper natives.

How do these agents execute their trust? There comes to mind that six years after the conquest of Peru, Francisco Pizarro was already murdered, and that the Spanish king, feeling the situation getting out of hand, sent relay after relay of ambassadors to salvage his affairs. But so powerful was the genius of South America that it successively absorbed them—the king's messenger of one year became regularly the king's problem of the next.

Do the kings of modern finance meet with any better fortune? The answer is as divided as are the two characteristics just described, which make South America a place distinct from their own country. As regards his deep-lying, instinctive accountancy, the northerner who is sent south remains a northerner at least a generation. He is "reliable"—that is to say, he can—usually—keep a single, arbitrary end in view consistently enough to make him worth his salt. He can put up structures which resemble somewhat the transmitted plans; he can keep understandable accounts; he can be depended on to send home the profits, in the event that such there be. But as regards the servant habit with its far-reaching implications, he is in a fair way to go native at about the time that, to his secret surprise and delight, he finds himself accepted in a class which heretofore he could only ape. The spirit and jargon of an aristocracy are inculcated quickly in an eager pupil; long before he has learned the language of his servants he is able to complain of their bad grammar. A life opens out before him which is easy and indulgent in a way not hitherto imagined, and he settles into it with relaxation. The spread of empire is therefore served but only on one side, and that side is more financial than industrial; the transplanted northerner will give solidity, but under the conditions which he finds, he does not usually inject into an enterprise that imaginative energy in which the more spectacular portion of the northern culture had its mainspring. As a carrier of energy to South America he operates somewhat as do those toy steamboats which are caused to move by virtue of a leaden flywheel. Though they be wound up furiously by the hand of the bestowing uncle, their energy has already seriously abated when they reach the floor, and their course thereafter is brief and discouraging. Particularly soon does their speed slacken when they are put down in the soft plush of a luxurious carpet.

The fact is, also, that the tradition of being self-consciously energetic, of preferring to do things personally rather than to have them

done for one, while it is responsible for much of North America's economic predominance, is by no means there a universal institution, or even always in the best standing. It has existed on sufferance in a tee-shaped strip, beginning in New England, stretching westward along the old emigrant trails, and fanning out up and down the Pacific Coast. It is a democratic habit born, largely, of necessity, and strangely unsupported by democratic theory. It was maintained by succession of free, mobile mechanics, during the days of the westward trek and the later days of European immigration with its suddenly released, hopeful eagerness. But even in the narrow section mentioned, the ideal of the self-dependent he-man is rapidly giving place to the ideal of the Better Class of People. In 1900 the field for pioneering reached its end; in 1914 immigration was suspended; in 1925 the open-car-and-closed-car controversy was definitely ceded to the aristocracy, and such remaining he-men as could afford to do so, bought boats and now hover somewhere off the twelve-mile limit. The Better Class of People have won out, and North America is marching rapidly in the direction of the habits and ideals of South. As the Peruvian official says, at the end of a formal report to his superior, may God take care of you.