

yet met a stupid American. But Mr Stuart is almost the only one whom I have met who was not silly. No people are so quick to perceive the meaning of what is said, or so eager to listen to what may be said, but they judge entirely by what is said: they have no standard of atavistic experience to tell them whether it is right or wrong. The most ignorant peasant in Europe, who firmly believes in ghosts and vampires and werewolves, who cannot read or write, has never travelled beyond the radius of twenty miles from his hamlet, and knows nothing of his country's affairs, much less of the world's, could never be so insensible to the facts of human nature as Henry Ford. You could argue with him 'till all was blue,' but you would never even begin to persuade him. He would know it was all nonsense, just in the same way as you cannot fool a dog about a tramp. It is true that this instinct is sometimes wrong after all in certain minor matters, because now and then conditions do change. But in all fundamental points humanity has not altered since the cave man. A friend of mine was arguing the other day about this very matter. "Nowadays," said his opponent, "if you want a girl, you cannot 'twist your knuckles in her hair, Club her, and drag her bleeding to your cave.'" "No," said my friend, "things have changed a great deal since the eighth of July!"

It is just this capacity for seeing everything *sub specie aeternitatis* which distinguishes the great artist or the great seer, even to a certain extent the great statesman, from plausible imitations. We do not value Shakespeare's histories for their political