

On the other hand the career of Woodrow Wilson is strewn with the wrecks of broken friendships, broken by his own choosing and by his own fault. The names of Colonel Harvey, William F. McCoombs, Colonel House and Joseph Tumulty will occur here to every student of recent political history.

Brutus, to be sure, is an intellectual autocrat, who insists that others must surrender their wisdom and judgment to him for their own good. But if we see only this in Brutus we make a great mistake. He had, despite this fatal fault, a quite extraordinary power of making men love him. This was not mainly due to his utter disinterestedness, for disinterestedness alone is cold and cannot inspire warmth. Now Brutus inspired not merely cold praise or trust, but love. Whence arose this power which seems strange in a spirit so self-contained? It was felt because Brutus himself was not merely benevolent to all, but because he was a person of warm affections, and it was because men such as Cassius, Lucilius, and Clitus felt this warmth of feeling in him that they loved him in return. This alone can explain why even a strong nature like Cassius did not rebel against the tutelage in which Brutus insisted on holding the wills of all his associates.

Somehow love was not the emotion Woodrow Wilson inspired. His was a cold, brilliant intellect which compelled admiration in his followers rather than affection. He was one to whom only weak men could bring themselves permanently to submit. It is to his mind and not to his heart that Woodrow Wilson will owe the position that he is destined to hold in history as the foremost statesman of our age.

#### APPENDIX

Readers of this paper may be interested to learn that while Shakespeare has anticipated the tragedy of the idealist, Woodrow Wilson, Ibsen has anticipated his ideal.

The great "king-thought" of Haakon of Norway in The Pretenders might well be taken as an anticipation of the great "king-thought" of our own generation, Woodrow Wilson's League of Nations. Does not the following dialogue between King Haakon and Duke Skule read with scarcely the change of a single word, except for a few proper names, like a conversation between the great American President and some European statesman of the Balance of Power School, or some Henry Cabot Lodge?

"The world has been an agglomeration of nations, which shall become a League of Nations; the German has stood against the man of France, the Austrian against the Italian, the Serbian against the Bulgarian; all shall be one hereafter and all shall feel and know that they are one: That is the task that God has laid on my shoulders, that is the work that now is before the President of the United States."

"To unite -? to unite the Germans and the men of France, all the world - ? 'Tis impossible! The world's saga tells of no such thing."

"For you 'tis impossible, for you can but work out the old sagas afresh; for me 'tis as easy as for the falcon to cleave the clouds."