

In a sense such men as Brutus and Woodrow Wilson are always happier dead. This world is a poor place for idealists.

Along with these many points of resemblance the future Plutarch will dwell upon two outstanding points of difference. In wisdom Woodrow Wilson was far superior to Brutus. Woodrow Wilson's ideal was the king-thought of his age. Brutus's ideal of Republican freedom was an empty dream. The cause of the Republic was indeed hopelessly lost before ever Brutus thought to fight for it. "Who is here so base that would be a bondman?" was his challenge to the Roman people, and the answer came, "Caesar's better parts shall now be crowned in Brutus!"

With far more right than Brutus might Woodrow Wilson have predicted that he should have glory by this losing day more than his enemies by this vile conquest should attain unto. To the far corners of the globe his philosophy has penetrated. He has done more than any statesman in history to give the world an international conscience. The establishment of "The Parliament of man, the federation of the world" which Woodrow Wilson dreamed of may be delayed for a generation, but come it must if civilization is to endure.

Yet if Woodrow Wilson is immeasurable superior to Brutus as a political philosopher, Brutus is no less superior to Wilson in Humanity. The outstanding faults of the temperament of both were the same. Each wanted no one about him but those who shared in his views or at least submitted to them. It was utterly impossible for either to use great instruments according to their quality for great purposes. "I rarely consult any one!" said Woodrow Wilson to a reporter. But Brutus possessed in an eminent degree the talent for governing men without humiliating them.

How little of this valuable gift fell to the share of Woodrow Wilson let the case of Robert Lansing bear witness. When the qualifications of this obscure civil servant to direct the foreign affairs of the nation in the crisis of the World War were called in question, Wilson set aside all objections with the contemptuous words, "All I want is a good clerk, and he is a good clerk."

The winning courtesy of Brutus to all who approach him, which made him not only esteemed but loved, stands in sharp contrast to the chill unfriendliness so often manifested by Woodrow Wilson. Once a member of a deputation of women calling on the President ventured the banality, "It must be trying to have to meet so many people." "Yes," answered Woodrow Wilson, "especially when so few people are worth meeting."

If Brutus surpassed Woodrow Wilson in courtesy, he also excelled him in magnanimity. Not even the slurs and sneers of Cassius could lessen Brutus's admiration for Julius Caesar. Even after the Ides of March he is still "Great Julius" and "the foremost man of all this world." There is no page in Woodrow Wilson's history which his admirers would more willingly blot out than that on which he records his misjudgment of the greatest of his contemporaries, Theodore Roosevelt.

Brutus had a further advantage over Woodrow Wilson in his power of making and keeping friends.

"My heart doth joy that yet in all my life
I found no man but he was true to me."