

time should be for a closer walk among our own people until the thought takes form at last that we are all interdependent upon each other.

And now the thought ought to be, when the rush comes and the men who have been devastated by a great war and want something to do that they may begin to earn something for wives and children, how are we going to receive them and what are we going to try to find for them to do?

The Ghost Of Bismarck

OCCASIONALLY a man lives in the world who makes an impression that continues to have its effect long after the man's work is finished. Of such was Prince Bismarck. He was called the man of blood and iron, but not many people knew how apt was the title. After Sedan, when the German army drew around Paris, it was Bismarck's idea to have no siege, rather to bring up the heavy cannon and smash an entrance into it, regardless of all that was rare and beautiful in the wonderful city. That spirit has set the pace for the present war. To keep hurling men in column into battle may inspire fear upon the enemy, but it entails fearful sacrifices. Had Joffre pursued the same course he would have had no army now. The spirit of Bismarck has impressed the German soldier that no matter in what form or numbers the enemy may come, there is nothing to do but meet and defeat him, and we suspect that in his direct way of reasoning to attack and sink a passenger ship at sea is but a detail of the same business; the thought being to inflict all the damage possible that the enemy may the sooner be ready to treat for peace on Germany's terms. We wonder how long heredity affects a race. Germany's preparation for war and her handling of men in arms is as nearly perfect as the science of war can make it, but it is not much different from what Alaric would have done under like conditions fifteen hundred years ago.

The old original idea that to win there must be smashing of the enemy, is still the dominant one.

Pestiferous Mexico

IT was clear when our soldiers entered Mexico that if Villa was not caught or killed within seven or eight days he very probably would not be captured at all; that this most likely result would bring on a real war; that Carranza would betray every trust that our government placed in him, that the peons would lie about Villa's whereabouts, assassinate his pursuers if possible—would be as they have been for a hundred years, always troublesome, treacherous, cruel and in every way unreliable.

We have no idea what General Scott will recommend, but we are perfectly satisfied that the right thing would be to notify Mexico that Villa should be produced and surrendered up very soon, alive or dead, or it will be necessary to go down there and establish order in that country. After that bandit led his murderers into an American town and killed a number of its people, it became at least the duty of all the Mexican people to point out where the wild beast was. And considering what we have done in smaller states and in Cuba, it is time for our government to bring around order and peace in Mexico. The people there have no longer any right to keep that land distracted, but should be placed under restraint until some school houses can be built and they can learn the difference between liberty and license. For a hundred years they have been busy in establishing how unfit they are to be free, and what a shame it is to turn that fair land over to rapine and violence and hold it that way decade after decade.

We hope to read in the first dispatch that our soldiers have been recalled from that country lest they be stretched out until it will be possible that at this late day to fix an ambush like that of the Alamo. Then it would be necessary to go

down there in a real war and take possession of that country, and we would much rather that the war comes before the massacre.

Will anyone contend that matters have improved at all since Diaz was driven away? Or that of all the scurvy wretches who have appeared to bring order out of the chaos that rules there a single one has given a sign that he is any more than a common bandit or has a higher dream than to ride a stolen horse.

Shakespeare's Year

THIS is the third centennial of Shakespeare's death. It is proposed in many places to celebrate it. Still the question arises: How can it be properly celebrated?

It will naturally lead to some performances of his most famous plays, but that will be to make him celebrate his own birthday. He came upon the earth apparently no different from other children, vexed with the same cares, faced by the same difficulties and with the same responsibilities. He had to forge out for his and his loved one a livelihood, but then all at once every emotion of the human soul was placed under his control and his all-encompassing soul had opened and explored all the heights and depths of the human intellect, every emotion of the human soul, and was the only one of the human race that could give it expression, who ever was so gifted.

Then there were no superfluous words. What was dramatic in his nature ruled him. How often do we read one dozen, or two dozen words and wish that he had held to the theme a moment longer, when it stops short. The dramatic controls; everything is subordinated to the dramatic. Of late years the tastes of men lean to something lighter and less stately, but it will come back again, for of all the children of men not one is to be named on the day as is Shakespeare. We often praise the wonderful scholarship of some mortal and the rare literary accomplishments, but Shakespeare obtained nothing from books but a knowledge of how to read. He knew everything before except merely the knowledge how to express himself.

Nothing In Common

AN English paper before us contrasts Disraeli and Abraham Lincoln, and makes alike in the order of their minds, though one was a dandy in mind, one who loved to dress at the height of fashion with a profusion of rings and ribbons, while the other perhaps never saw a well dressed man before he was of age. Certainly no two men ever had less in common. They had nothing in common in morals even. When Douglass said Lincoln was the honestest man he ever saw it was something that never was said about Disraeli.

The English writer says Lincoln had no personal ambition. We are not at all sure of that. We doubt whether that can ever be determined or not. He believed he could work out the redemption of his country and whether that belief gave him the courage to try, or whether he had finally decided that he was the only one who could do it will never be known.

He might have thought it without ever having expressed it.

He interfered with Mr. Seward at a critical time; he read the advice of many learned men in their handling of the questions of the war, but he never made one of them a model. Without offense he fixed some things, without debate he arranged other things so that they would work themselves.

Then too he was not envious or jealous of any other man, and he sought no advice of another man. In his direct way he held that there were some things for him to do, and had he been questioned he would doubtless have replied that it being in the line of his duties, it was thought best to attend to it.

They were both marvelous men, but they were not alike; no more alike than as though they had been born in different worlds.

Maximilian In Mexico

THE Times of New York recently published a paper written by General J. B. Magruder, shortly after his return to the United States after the war of the rebellion, when he and several other high officers of the Confederate army, then in Texas, heard of the surrender of General Lee and Johnston, so soon as possible, he surrendered with his army and started to join his wife in France by way of Mexico. He draws a wierd picture of the utterly demoralized condition of his army in Texas. The men finally broke up into little squads, plundered the country and struck out for home. He, passing through robber bands, finally got to a French outpost and was then given a guard to conduct him to the City of Mexico. He saw much of Maximilian. He thinks the emperor was a very great and brave man. That he had Mexico conquered and would have held his place and would have been the salvation of that country except that the United States had interfered and caused the French to sail for France.

So soon as that was done the Mexicans rallied and became most formidable. General Magruder tried to persuade the emperor to flee the country and did obtain his consent. Magruder tried to have the train ready for him next day, but a guerrilla party burned a bridge on the road, the emperor was taken prisoner and shot. His wife, Carlotta, had gone to France to try to induce Napoleon III not to forsake her husband but he brutally refused her. She insisted that she had been poisoned by a Mexican woman whom she had showered kindness upon, soon after went insane and still remains insane. Of both the emperor and his wife, General Magruder had the highest admiration and so long as he lived his idea was that it was a vast pity that they did not have a chance to make of Mexico the wonderful land they dreamed of making it.

Cry a Halt

EASTER Sunday seemed almost out of place this year. The nations of the early world were all given to violence. The strong preyed upon the weak; the lust of power and plunder filled their hearts. To wrench territory from a neighbor was called glory; prisoners taken in battle were murdered or enslaved; might made right. After partial civilization came to men, for centuries the world's history was made up mostly of the narrative of the world's wars. The wild beast in man strode the world exacting its toll of cruelty and suffering and death.

But when the cross was uplifted and the blessings of peace and good will began to be realized, a change came.

Men's hearts began apparently to be softened and the thought that there was a better way than through war to rule the world took a strong hold on the souls of men. Temples began to be reared to justice and righteous laws were framed. Temples began to be reared to religion and men seemed to be softened and exalted and heaven seemed to grow nearer to earth and when on Easter men met and said to each other: "The Lord is risen!" the whole universe seemed in accord and devout souls nursed the delicious hope that peace was soon to rule and with anthem and prayer and thanksgiving hailed Easter Sunday as a date which brought a certain symbol of the time when nations would learn war no more.

But now for two years over all Christian Europe Easter has been a day of fear; the organ, the anthem, the prayer have all been drowned by the roar of cannon, the shriek of shells, the cries of the maimed in the hospitals and battle fields and the sobbing of wives and mothers.

Conflicts more terrible than the early world