HE gentleman and the rowdy are sharply distinguished in discussion by their methods. The rowdy begins with threats, and demonstrations of muscular strength; the gentleman leaves that sort of thing for a last resort. As among men so among nations. A rowdy society starts with the clatter of sword and rumble of engines of war; a civilized society leaves all that for a last, lamentable necessity.

It was the Rowdy that asserted itself in the Administration at Washington when 20,000 troops, and battle-ships to boot, were suddenly massed upon the northern frontier and along the two shores of Mexico, as the first announcement of differences between the two countries. It was the Rowdy shaking the country’s fist under the nose of Mexico.

Did Mexico shiver and run? No. The answer, promptly made, was the suspension of constitutional guarantees for six months, thus placing the whole population of Mexico, foreign and native, subject to martial law, as the most effective means to parry the blow threatened from the northern banks of the Rio Grande. The answer is barbarous. It is a case of Barbarism hearkening back to Rowdyism.

And thus, under the glare of the sun of the Twentieth Century, the leading Nation of America, and behind none of all other Nations, sets the pace for a relapse into Barbarism.

Wrong breeds wrong. Rowdyism breeds Barbarism. And thus, in an endless chain of cause and effect, the initial ill of capitalist government leads and pushes from bad to worse.