

"HYSTERIA" IN 1898 AND NOW.

Col. C. A. Woodruff, speaking on Saturday in defence of Gen. Smith before the court-martial in Manila, alluded to "the hysterical public opinion" which had brought about the trial of "this gray, wounded, victorious general." It was in evidence that the victorious general had given orders to take no prisoners, to kill "everything over ten," and to make Samar a howling wilderness; but to object to such measures was mere "sentiment," Col. Woodruff asserted, and he added that, though sentiment is an "excellent thing," there is "no place for it in war."

Now this may be sound military doctrine, on general principles. On such a defence Napoleon might have fallen back, or the Duke of Alva, or Gen. Weyler; but no American can possibly make use of it. Our mouths are stopped. As a nation we solemnly denied the validity of such a defence of cruelty in warfare, and appealed to the arbitrament of the sword in protest against it. We went to war with Spain for conducting war cruelly. We did not sneer at "sentiment" in 1897 and 1898, when stories of Spanish inhumanity and torture roused our indignation. Not for a moment did we admit that it was "hysteria" which set the country aflame with noble rage at the reported Spanish atrocities in Cuba and in the Philippines. No, that was the generous uprising of a humane people to put an end to unspeakable abominations. Talk not to us of military necessity. Urge no precedents. We would listen to none of them, but went to war calling men and angels to witness that our motives were of the purest, and that we resorted to arms only because our outraged natures could no longer endure the sight of miserable beings tortured and massacred by a ruthless soldiery.

It is this great fact, within the memory of all, which puts us out of court when we begin to philosophize about the necessary evils of war. We deliberately renounced any such defence for ourselves when we refused to accept it for those with whom we were in controversy. In demanding a better standard of others, we bound ourselves to abide by it. With what judgment we judged the Spaniards in 1898, it must be meted to us again in 1902. Not for us are the apologies to be drawn from that most comfortable apothegm, "War is hell"; we put them all aside; we would hearken to no palliation, and vowed to high heaven that the conduct we complained of had no justification except on the principles of the devil. This is what makes it so impossible for us to come into court to-day with clean hands. Our own plea we ourselves have derided in advance.

Those Republican newspapers which are slowly plucking up courage to excuse the inhumanities of our war in the

Philippines, take much satisfaction in reproducing the worst orders ever issued by Northern generals in the civil war. They recall what Sheridan did in the Valley of the Shenandoah, what black ruin attended Sherman's march through Georgia, and quote with delight Gen. G. M. Dodge's saying of three counties in Tennessee that "I believe our policy is to burn up these counties," together with Gen. Halleck's announced determination to "punish all whom I can catch, although I have no doubt there will be a newspaper howl against me as a blood-thirsty monster." To all which, we have to say that it does not in the least break the force of our present self-condemnation. These very examples from our own civil war were cited in 1898 as a reason why we should not madly rush into conflict with Spain for similar bloody incidents of war, but no one would pay the slightest attention. All the citation of precedents, even out of our own history, was then furiously brushed aside. It will as little avail us now.

Furthermore, we find a strange fatuity, or an ironic stroke of fate, in this reopening of the wounds of the South. The Spanish war, we know, wrought one of its many blessings in reuniting the severed sections of our country. The blue and the gray side by side in Cuba made the past forgotten, and a true union of hearts resulted. After all that, there is something sardonic in this latest sequel of the Spanish war. Northern newspapers are admitting, even boasting, that the worst grievances of the South against the Federal armies were well founded. "Yes," they are saying, "we harried you and burned you and shot down combatants without distinction of sex, as Gen. Halleck put it. As Gen. Weyler treated the Cuban rebels, and as Gen. Arolas used fire and sword in the Philippines, so did our armies ravage the South." Thus has the providential Spanish war obliterated all ill feeling between North and South!

Above and beyond all this, we have, fortunately, in the official utterance of President Roosevelt a moral and military standard which discomfits all the apologists for cruelty. The President of the United States, Commander-in-Chief of all our armies, has declared that torture and massacre will not be tolerated under the American flag. No matter what the provocation, that offence will not go unpunished. This Executive deliverance is what clipped the periods of Senator Lodge's oratory on Monday. He undertook to tell the story of Filipino cruelty. That this has been extreme we do not doubt, though Lodge had nothing but the vaguest allegations to make. But this has nothing to do with the case, and all such limping defences as Lodge's are swept out of existence by the single broad assertion of the President: "Great as the provoca-

tion has been in dealing with foes who habitually resort to treachery, murder, and torture against our men, *nothing can justify or will be held to justify the use of torture or inhuman conduct of any kind on the part of the American Army.*" Senator Lodge seemed to be dimly aware that his entire speech was snuffed out in advance by that one sentence. That is the reason, perhaps, why he made his oration a specimen of smoking flax so easy to quench.

THE PESKY ANTI-IMPERIALIST.

It is most provoking, we know, for Anti-Imperialists to pretend that they are still alive. They have been killed so often. After 1899 we were to hear no more of them. In 1900 they were again pronounced dead, although, like the obstinate Irishman, they continued to protest that, if they were dead, they were not conscious of it. Last year the slain were slaughtered once more, and that time buried as well, with all due ceremony. Yet the impudent creatures have resumed activity during the past few months just as if their epitaphs had not been composed again and again.

And the worst of it is that they seem to have acquired a strange power over the public and over Government. What the lonely and ridiculous Anti-Imperialist was whispering in the closet, a year ago, thousands are now shouting from the housetops. The impossible measures which the absurd fellow was demanding have been adopted by the President of the United States, and have even compelled the approval of Congress. When Gen. Funston, for example, began his blethering, it was the foolish Anti-Imperialists who said that the President ought to reprimand and silence him, and how the jeers arose! That was just like the silly old impracticables—attacking a popular hero. But presently the said hero had a gag forcibly inserted between his teeth by Executive order, just as if the Anti-Imperialists had been right about it from the beginning. It is not necessary to recall the triumphs of the mistaken beings in the whole matter of the Philippine investigation and of courts-martial for the implicated officers. Enough to say that, in the entire affair, the Administration and Congress have acted on the demand and as if by the advice of that handful of out-of-date and laughable persons, the Anti-Imperialists.

The phenomenon occasions much scratching of the Imperialist head. How to account for it? Imperialist editors and statesmen are puzzled. Their despised and helpless opponents are actually swaying the policy of the Government! It is absurd, of course, really quite preposterous, but there stands the fact. It is all very fine, and it's lots of fun, to make merry at the expense of

wrong-headed people who get in the way of national progress, and hope to turn back the hands on the dial of evolution, but how if they succeed? Prodigiously unreasonable, it goes without saying, and truly disgusting to the well-ordered mind of the Imperialist; but what is the explanation?

Very simple, cocksure brothers of the Empire, we assure you. All you have to do is to remember that Anti-Imperialism is only another name for old-fashioned Americanism, and all will be clear to you. An American who has a settled body of convictions, as to which he is ready to speak out at a moment's notice, and which he is ready to apply promptly and sharply to every fresh set of circumstances that turns up; who with his inherited ideas has an inherited courage, an inherited love of equality and of justice; who has also a sense of humor which cannot be imposed upon by Uncle Sam masquerading in Louis Quatorze garments—why, he is a natural born Anti-Imperialist, and it is simply his Americanism that makes him think and act as he does.

We have had some beautiful illustrations of this truth in the weeks last past. What is the true American way of dealing with a rampant military banqueteer like Funston? Or with news from the Philippines that makes the blood curdle? It is to say on the spot what you think, is it not? Well, that is exactly what the Anti-Imperialists did. It was the other sort who looked at each other in wild surmise, wondered if they dared say anything at all, kept still until shame finally drove them into mumbling speech, and acted in all ways as if they were the terrified and hunted minority afraid to say their souls were their own. Is that Imperialism? We do not know. We only know that it is not Americanism, and that in this case, as so many times before, the citizens who first found their voices, who first spoke out their honest indignation and made their righteous demands, were the ones to move public opinion and to influence official action, while the palterers and the apologizers had to come shamefacedly after.

And it is, too, the "ancient humor," as well as the elder stanchness, of true Americanism that has been coming to its own in the recent successes of the Anti-Imperialist cause. What are our anxious and solemn Imperialists thinking of when they imagine that Uncle Sam has forgotten how to take a joke? They gather about the old gentleman with attentive flatteries, and keep serious faces when he nervously asks them how his ermine hangs, and if his crown is on straight. All the while he would much prefer to have them laugh at him openly and tell him not to be a durn fool. Mark Twain is showing us to-day how true is his descent in the right line of American humor by his con-

tinued satires on the airs and graces of our Imperialists. He speaks in the very voice, if not in the numbers, of Hosea Biglow, and with all his sarcasm at the expense of the high and mighty ones who think to arrange all matters of statesmanship and of national policy without consulting the inquisitive democrat of field and shop—

"Wal, it's a marcy we've gut folks to tell us
The rights an' the wrongs o' these matters, I vow."

This, in a word, is what makes the Anti-Imperialist so pesky—he is American to the core. He has fed on his country's tradition. With him, as with Gov. Andrew and with Lincoln, justice does not depend upon the color of a man's skin. He cannot distinguish between the flag and the principles which first set the flag flying. With John Quincy Adams he believes that the Declaration of Independence is the very Alcoran of American political doctrine. And he does not in the least mind being in a minority. He remembers that the history of success is the history of minorities. Sneers and jeers are alike indifferent to him, and when the Red Slayer thinks to have made an end of him, he turns and passes and comes again. He is content to bide his time, knowing that the road of popular persuasion is a long one, though sure in the end, and that republics cannot march to their goal with "the decisiveness and consistency of despotism." Withal, he knows how to shoot a dart of ridicule at Imperialist folly as it flies, and derives amusement as well as hope from Uncle Sam's humorous appreciation of his present plight. This might well be caricatured to-day, as we have heard it suggested, by a picture of your Uncle ruefully contemplating his Philippine extremities, enormously swollen by ulcers and boils, and saying with whimsical melancholy, "And they call this expansion!"

REFORMERS AND APPEARANCES.

Another version of President Roosevelt's reason for giving an avowed spoilsman a lucrative Federal office is furnished in a Washington dispatch to the *Times*. It is that Mr. Roosevelt "liked" Clarkson. He made him Surveyor of the Port because "he knew him to be a big, strong man." It was not a case of yielding to "importunity"; the President "was as much pleased with the idea of making Clarkson Surveyor as were any of Clarkson's Iowa friends." This explanation sounds very probable. It puts the Clarkson appointment in line with that of Murray and Daniels—also men whom the President knew to be big and strong. Very likely, he is in the habit of calling the new Surveyor "Jim," just as he calls the others "Joe" and "Ben." He could not, of course, overlook the fact that Ben had omitted to mention that he was an ex-convict; but it would obviously be drawing it quite too fine for an

admirer of big and strong men to refuse to appoint one of them to office on account of some miserable little technicality like having previously been denounced by Mr. Roosevelt himself as hostile to decent government.

Now we are quite ready to believe that President Roosevelt's intentions, in all this matter of the civil service, are of the best. We know that he has fought and is still fighting the spoilsmen of his party. His general standards of appointment are undoubtedly high. But what he seems to forget is the fact that good intentions cannot excuse a reformer for doing things which appear precisely like the acts of a spoilsman, and that to justify himself by giving exactly the explanation which a corruptionist would advance is only, as Disraeli said of a "vindication" offered by Sir Robert Peel, "an aggravated avowal of the offence of which he was accused."

Mr. Roosevelt did not, as Civil-Service Commissioner, fight with wild beasts at Ephesus without learning that one of the first excuses to leap to the lips of Senators or Representatives, urging unfit appointments, is that they "know" and "like" the candidates. Perhaps the big and strong men have not been, as such, so high in favor with valetudinarian Senators as they are with the athletic President; but if personal acquaintance and liking are sufficient, why, the worst ward-worker that Mr. Roosevelt ever barred from office was as warmly vouched for as Clarkson. Senator Hanna, for example, knows and likes Rathbone. The President cannot be more emphatic about Joe Murray than Hanna is about his Ohio lieutenant, temporarily in controversy with Cuban officers of justice. The very language used by Mr. Roosevelt about *his* man is employed by spoils-mongering Senators to describe the virtues of *their* men. "Why, I know Rathbone," says Hanna, "and a cracking good fellow he is." "I know Sayler," says Quay of his discredited Consul, "and a truer man never overcharged the State Treasury." No one would be swifter than the President to see the hollowness of such a reason for naming unfit men. But is not his own reason in the Clarkson and Murray cases practically the same? It will not do for him indignantly to assert his good intentions. Hanna and Quay would lay their hands on their hearts and profess only devotion to the public good. The one question is as to the merit and fitness of the nominee; and that can no more be settled by warm assurances from the White House than from the Senate chamber.

The sum of our complaint is, that there are well-settled principles and practices which reformers have contended for when spoilsmen were in office, and which cannot be waived without scandal by reformers when they themselves get into office. Take the appointment of Murray to succeed Commissioner Mc-