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DEWEY

The Most Remarkable Announcement, Probably, of a Serious Presidential Candidacy, Ever Made in America. An Almost Equally Unique Newspaper Beat and How It Came About. Dewey's Elevation to Command of the American Asiatic Squadron Preceding the Spanish War. A Spanish Official's Description of America, its People, its Soldiers and Sailors. "You May Fire when Ready, Gridley." The Victory of Manila Bay. Popular Reception of the News in America. "Hoch der Kaiser." The Extraordinary Adulation Heaped on Dewey when He Arrived in America. He Is Given a House. He Marries. The Dewey Arch, One of the Most Beautiful Examples of Monumental Statuary Ever Devised in America, Meant to Be Perpetuated in Marble and Granite, but Actually Carried Off by the Garbage Men to the City Dump. Together with Various Reflections About Popular Heroes and Public Fickleness.

THEN, one morning in early April, with the Democratic National Convention of 1900 only three months away, Bryan's leisurely march toward nomination by acclamation was interrupted by one of the most curious announcements of a presidential candidacy ever made, one of the most naïve declarations ever given out by any man who had even the briefest part in American politics. It came from a figure whose contact with important American history was brief, lasting in all barely three years, but who, while his importance endured, engaged the attention of the people in several different ways, all of them engrossing and some spectacular.

At six o'clock in the evening of April 3, 1900, Admiral George Dewey, at his home in Washington, gave to a

correspondent of the New York *World*[1] an interview which, in the outcome that attended it, composed the closing phase of Dewey as a serious figure in contemporary American life. The interview read:

Yes; I realize that the time has arrived when I must definitely define my position.

When I arrived in this country last September, I said then that nothing would induce me to be a candidate for the Presidency. Since then, however, I have had the leisure and inclination to study the matter, and have reached a different

[1] This episode was no less outstanding as a journalistic beat than unique as an announcement of presidential ambition. Mr. Samuel G. Blythe, who at the time was in charge of *The World* bureau at Washington, has told me the circumstances. From his account I paraphrase and condense the following: Many newspapers, wanting some one to contest against Bryan for the Democratic nomination, kept suggesting that Dewey should run. Shoals of newspaper correspondents called on Dewey. Most of them he would not see, and to those he did see he would not talk. From time to time, the thing flared up and died down, each flare-up of newspaper interest being accompanied by more newspaper visitations on Dewey, all increasingly fruitless. One night, the home office of *The World* in New York sent a telegram to Mr. Blythe, asking him to make another try at Dewey. Mr. Blythe says: "I stuck it on the spike. It seemed just one of those telegraphic things that in those days used to come in from editors of all grades, dozens of them a day, suggesting, ordering, and so on. However, after the boys who worked in the bureau with me had turned in their afternoon copy and were getting out for dinner, I called in my state, war, and navy man, Horace J. Mock, and said: 'Mock, the office wants us to make another try for Dewey. I have no idea you can get anything, but you live up that way, so drop in and ask for the old man and see if he has decided anything yet.'"

Mock took the telegram to Dewey's house about 6.30, rang the bell, and was shown in. He handed Dewey the telegram, which read: "Please make another effort to find out whether Admiral Dewey is a candidate for President."

"Yes," said the admiral, "I have decided to become a candidate."

The two then discussed the form of the interview. Presently Mrs. Dewey came in. Among them they drafted the statement as it appeared. By the time it was in the form the Deweys wanted, it was nine o'clock in the evening. Mock made a fair copy, and, realizing the importance of it, asked Dewey to sign it, saying he would like to keep the notes for a souvenir. Dewey signed. Mock, being a good newspaper man of the day when exclusive stories were more sought than now, impressed on the admiral the necessity of not saying a word to any other person until the interview should be published the following morning. The admiral agreed. Mr. Blythe continues:

"About half-past nine o'clock, when I was wondering what had become of Mock, he burst into my office waving a statement, and said he had the exclusive announcement that Dewey would run. I went to the wire, told *The World* what we had, and cautioned the greatest secrecy and care that not a word should leak out. Then I locked up *The World* bureau, and not a person went in or out of the place until we had word from New York that *The World* with the statement in was on the streets."

conclusion, inasmuch as so many assurances have come to me from my countrymen that I would be acceptable as a candidate for this great office.

If the American people want me for this high office, I shall be only too willing to serve them.

It is the highest honor in the gift of this nation; what citizen would refuse it?

Since studying this subject I am convinced that the office of the President is not such a very difficult one to fill, his duties being mainly to execute the laws of Congress. Should I be chosen for this exalted position I would execute the laws of Congress as faithfully as I have always executed the orders of my superiors.

"Is there any political significance in your trips West?" *The World* correspondent asked.

"No; I am simply filling the engagements made months ago — long before I ever thought seriously of the Presidency."

"On what platform will you stand?"

"I think I have said enough at this time, and possibly too much."

From a photograph by Clinedinst.

Admiral George Dewey, commander of the Asiatic squadron during the Spanish-American War, whose victory over the Spanish fleet at Manila in 1898 opened a new vista of American history.

After the reader has taken in the various qualities of that announcement, including what inevitably seems its complacency, let us go back and follow the beginning, the rise, the decline, and the fall, which compose one of the most picturesque careers in late American history. As seen twenty-five years later, it is but an episode, an incident where the gods of history seem to step aside for

a moment from the march of serious events to amuse themselves with a little ironic dance by the side of the road. But at the moment it seemed like history itself; and the historians of the day so treated it.

II

Admiral Dewey — at the beginning of this episode it was Commodore Dewey — had served under Farragut in the Civil War, had remained in the navy, and by his fifties[1] was one of those many naval officers who went along from day to day doing their duty well and looking to no future more exciting than the placid rounding out of their naval service in routine ways. To him, as to many others, there came the engaging hint of adventurous change in this quiet prospect, through the growing imminence of the Spanish War. In the fall of 1897 he learned from Theodore Roosevelt, then assistant secretary of the navy, that choice of a commander for the Asiatic squadron rested between himself and Commodore John A. Howell, and that strong political influence had been brought to bear on the secretary of the navy to name the latter.[2] Dewey, although he was one of those naval officers whose high traditions included distaste for political influence within the service, felt he was justified under the circumstances in soliciting the aid of Senator Proctor, of his native State, Vermont, who, delighted at the opportunity of serving Dewey, immediately called

[1] Dewey was born December 26, 1837.

[2] "Roosevelt was a stanch supporter of Dewey. He stood solidly for his retention when high naval officials and politicians were urging the selection of another leader for the Pacific fleet. San Francisco and a few other Western cities objected to the selection of Dewey. They had in mind a 'favorite son.' But Roosevelt stood to his guns. One day a delegation called upon him to protest against the Dewey appointment. Roosevelt heard them through and then answered them rather vehemently:

"'Gentlemen, I can't agree with you. We have looked up his record. We have looked him straight in the eyes. He is a fighter. We'll not change now. Pleased to have met you. Good day, gentlemen.'"—From "The Life of Theodore Roosevelt," Wm. Draper Lewis.

on President McKinley and received the promise of the appointment before he left the White House. On October 21, 1897, the order was issued directing Dewey to sail from San Francisco on December 7 to relieve acting Rear-Admiral McNair as commander of the Asiatic squadron.

On the eve of Dewey's departure for the Orient he was given a banquet by some friends at the Metropolitan Club in Washington. One of the features was a toast in verse recited by Archibald Hopkins. In the words of the toast was something illustrative of the certainty with which war with Spain had come to be regarded by army and navy men; something prophetic of a grandiose quality that was destined to attend Dewey's next few years; something prophetic of the extravagance of emotion on the part of the American people which was to attend our war against Spain. One stanza read:

> We know our honor'll be sustained
> Where'er our pennant flies,
> Our rights respected and maintained,
> Whatever power defies.

Another stanza included, among other things that make it worth reprinting, a closing line which, read after the passing of twenty-seven years, suggests a change in popular customs and taste:

> And when he takes the homeward tack,
> Beneath an admiral's flag,
> We'll hail that day that brings him back,
> And have another jag.[1]

Dewey, with these words ringing in his ears — one

[1] "Jag," Mr. Hopkins informs me, suggested itself to him more because it rhymed with "flag" than because of his anticipation of any definite degree or form of exaltation. In the difficult balance between propriety and the requirements of poetry, he experimented with another version, in which the second line was changed to

> "His admiral's flag on high";

but that, too, led no farther than a compromise in which the last line read:

> "We'll drink the cellar dry."

wonders a little about their propriety, considering that our tension with Spain was yet four months short of the stage where war was actually proclaimed — Dewey left for Nagasaki, Japan, to take command of the fleet.

III

Dewey's management of affairs justified the spirit of the song, and justified the confidence his fellow naval officers had in him. After an enforced wait of six weeks for the arrival of the *Concord* bringing ammunition, he changed his base from Japanese waters to the harbor of Hong Kong, the latter being a more advantageous port than Nagasaki or Yokohama from which to proceed to the attack on Admiral Montojo's fleet at Manila. When Dewey reached Hong Kong he learned of the destruction the previous day, February 15, in Havana harbor, of the battleship *Maine*, with the loss of 266 of her crew.

This news convinced Dewey the war would come. He held daily drills. He bought provisions and coal in adequate quantities. He ordered fresh ammunition from America. He bought a merchant ship, the *Zafiro*, and kept her under private registry to act as a supply-boat for the fleet. He made arrangements with a Chinese comprador for the future purchase of supplies, and did it so discreetly and circumspectly as not to give cause for Spanish protests about violations of neutrality. As soon as the declaration of war made it necessary for Great Britain to proclaim neutrality — Hong Kong thereby becoming a closed port to belligerent ships — Dewey steamed out of the British harbor. (To the cheers, incidentally, of British tars, and martial American music played by the bands of the British men-of-war.) He went thirty miles away, and anchored in the Chinese harbor of Mirs, China being impotent to enforce her neutrality. There Dewey awaited the arrival of the

American consul, Williams, from Manila, who was expected to bring late information about the defenses of that city.

On the arrival of Williams, Dewey set sail.

Among the items of information brought by Williams was a copy of a bombastic proclamation issued on the 23d of April by the Spanish general, Basilio Augustin, military governor of the Philippines. Dewey recognized the psychological value of it for his own uses. As soon as the fleet reached open sea, he caused the crew of each ship to be mustered, and had read to them the proclamation that had been designed to stir the martial spirit of the Spanish soldiers. It began:

> Spaniards! Between Spain and the United States of North America hostilities have broken out.
>
> The North American people, constituted of all the social excrescences, have exhausted our patience, and provoked war by their perfidious machinations. . . . The struggle will be short and decisive. The God of victories will give us one as brilliant and complete as the righteousness and justice of our cause demand. Spain . . . will emerge triumphantly from this new test, humiliating and blasting the adventurers from those States which, without cohesion and without a history, offer to humanity only infamous traditions and the ungrateful spectacle of a Congress in which appear united insolence and defamation, cowardice and cynicism.
>
> A squadron manned by foreigners, possessing neither instruction nor discipline, is preparing to come to this archipelago with the ruffianly intention of robbing us of all that means life, honor, and liberty.

The proclamation included charges that the Americans would try to substitute Protestantism for the Catholic faith, would plunder the Philippines, and would compel inhabitants of the islands to man ships and to labor. The concluding sentences ran:

> Vain designs! Ridiculous boastings! Your indomitable bravery will suffice to frustrate the attempt to carry them into

realization. . . . The aggressors shall not profane the tombs of your fathers; they shall not gratify their lustful passions at the cost of our wives' and daughters' honor, or appropriate the property your industry has accumulated as a provision for your old age.

Filipinos! Prepare for the struggle; and, united under the glorious Spanish flag, which is ever covered with laurels, let us fight with the belief that victory will crown our efforts; and to the calls of our enemies let us oppose with the decision of the Christian and the patriot the cry of "Viva España!"

IV

Midnight of April 30, 1898, found Dewey off the harbor of Manila, twenty-six miles out from the city. With lights darkened and at reduced speed the squadron slowly steamed through the entrance[1] to the harbor, past the three sentinel islands — Corregidor, Caballo, and El Fraile. On passing El Fraile, three shots fired by the Spanish shore batteries were answered by the American ships. No further opposition was offered by the Spaniards. Once safely past these island defenses and inside the harbor, quiet reigned, and Dewey's ships slowly milled about, waiting for dawn.

With the first coming of light, firing was commenced by the Luneta and two other Manila batteries and later by the Spanish fleet anchored under the batteries of Cavité.

The only reply made by Dewey was the order from the flag-ship *Olympia* to close in on the Spanish fleet. The manœuvre was executed perfectly. The American fleet, with the *Olympia* in the lead, approached to within

[1] Practically all the histories say the entrance was strewn with mines; but Admiral Bradley A. Fiske, who has read this proof and who was with Dewey, says there were none. He writes: "I had requested Dewey before we left Hong Kong to give me the job of pulling up the mines in Manila Bay, but was told there were none. Subsequently I found this to be true. I found mines and electric apparatus under construction in the Cavité Arsenal, but none had even been finished."

two and one-half miles of the Spaniards. This range being satisfactory, Dewey imperturbably gave his famous order — an order of which both the terseness and the imperturbability had a large part in shaping the particular kind of fame that America later heaped on him:

"You may fire when ready, Gridley." [1]

Five times Dewey manœuvred his fleet, as in a review, before the Spanish ships. At the end of the fifth series of broadsides, Dewey gave that other of his famous orders which also contributed to his subsequent reputation for laconic imperturbability, the order to "draw off for breakfast." In his autobiography Dewey says that breakfast was a secondary consideration, the primary reason for the order being that he had received an erroneous report that but fifteen rounds of ammunition for the five-inch battery remained on the flag-ship. Also he was influenced by the fact that the air was so filled with smoke as to make accurate firing impossible.

When roll was called on the American ships, it developed that not one man had been killed and only eight injured, although for several hours the fleet had been subjected at close quarters to a fire of which the volume was exceeded, as it now appeared, only by its inaccuracy.

After breakfast, the air having cleared of smoke, it was seen that the Spanish fleet had suffered heavily; several ships had been sunk and others were in flames. But as the Spaniards had not yet run up the white flag, the slaughter was recommenced. In a short while it culminated in the silencing of the land-batteries[2] and the absolute destruction of the armada which, so valorously

[1] The order is sometimes reported in the less compact form: "You may fire when you are ready, Gridley." It was the shorter form that was generally circulated in the American newspapers; the very terseness of it helped to stimulate the enthusiasm that later arose.

[2] Although the Cavité land-batteries were silenced, the city of Manila continued to be held by the Spaniards until the arrival of American land-forces months later.

but futilely, had attempted to protect Spain's greatest remaining colony and to live up to the spirit of proud traditions more than 400 years old, traditions of such national heroes as Columbus and Magellan, Cortez and Hernando de Soto.

V

All this was on May 1. For a full week, America, 7000 miles away, had only garbled fragments of news, none authentic and much of it disturbing. The Spaniards still held the city of Manila and controlled the only cable. During the interval when Dewey had withdrawn "for breakfast," the Spanish governor-general really thought he had beaten, or at least repelled, the American vessels, and sent a triumphant message to the Spanish court at Madrid. Versions of this message trickled out to America. Later, when there was no longer any question that Dewey had been victorious, the Spanish commander sent other accounts designed to provide the soporific of euphemism to the Spanish people. These also found their way to America and were correspondingly disturbing and suspense-provoking. Dewey proposed to the Spanish governor-general at Manila that the cable be neutralized and used by both, but the latter, having no notion of giving up his monopoly of the mechanism for face-saving, declined. Thereupon Dewey fished up the cable and cut it.

For its true information America had to wait until Dewey could send a despatch-boat, which was not until May 5, four days after the battle. It took two more days for the despatch-boat to reach Hong Kong.

The first direct despatch to America about the battle of Manila was an historic newspaper beat. The author of it was Edward W. Harden, who was serving the Chicago *Tribune* and the New York *World*. Harden's presence at the battle was wholly a stroke of fortune. He

was a brother-in-law of Frank Vanderlip, then assistant secretary of the treasury. The Treasury, some months before, had put into commission a new revenue cutter, the *McCullough*. She was sent to the Far East, and Harden, with John T. McCutcheon, also a Chicago newspaper man, was invited to make the trip. When the *McCullough* reached Singapore, the captain received news of the war with Spain, and was instructed to place his vessel under the command of Commodore Dewey and accompany him to Manila. By that incident Harden and McCutcheon were transformed from sightseeing visitors on a Treasury revenue cutter to war correspondents on a naval vessel. Following the battle, after the Spanish governor-general had refused to share the cable with Dewey, and after Dewey had cut it, on Thursday, May 5, the *McCullough* was ordered to Hong Kong to file the admiral's despatches. By this time a third newspaper man had been added to the party, Joseph L. Stickney, of the New York *Herald*, who had been on Dewey's flag-ship the *Olympia*. A fourth man, Flag-Lieutenant Brumby, was sent by the admiral to file his official reports.

As the despatch-boat was leaving Manila, Admiral Dewey told the three correspondents they were free to send any stories they wished regarding the battle and events leading up to and following it, but he imposed two conditions: they should not speculate as to his probable future course (in other words, they were free to talk about what he had done but could give no intimation as to what they thought he might do in the future); and they should permit Dewey's messages to be filed before theirs. Mr. Harden wrote me, May 20, 1925:

> When we arrived in Hong Kong we were met by Consul-General Rounseville Wildman, who came out in a steam-launch and took us ashore. As the launch came alongside the

dock, I saw Stickney prepare to make a pier-head leap, which he did. But I was younger and a little spryer than he, and I beat him to the dock. We both jumped into rickshaws and started for the cable office. I went through an alley while he went around the street. I handed my despatches into the receiving-window, but Stickney, who followed me, went into the office of the manager. The Chinese clerk in charge of the window had never seen a three-thousand-word despatch and refused to accept it, saying I would have to talk to the manager. I left my despatch with him, refusing to have it returned to me, while I went into the manager's office. I told the manager that my despatch had been filed before Stickney's, and that mine had precedence. He denied this and said I should have brought it to him. I stood on my rights. On his continuing to refuse to take my point of view, I wrote and filed a despatch to the general manager of the cable lines in London, setting forth in brief the situation and demanding the immediate discharge of the manager. I sent a like message to the New York *World*. The manager refused to accept or transmit the messages, saying they were not press despatches. But when I offered to pay cash for them he had a change of heart and admitted that my contention was right and that my despatch should go first. . . . Stickney left the office as soon as I came in, under the impression that he was getting his message through first. McCutcheon came third. After both had left, I then filed a short message giving in brief the results of the battle, which I marked "Urgent," a rate which was then in effect and on which the charge was three times the commercial rate, or $9.90 a word as compared with $1.15, the charge for press matter. I was forced to pay cash for it, which fortunately I was able to do. I was careful to notify the manager that under the arrangement we had with Admiral Dewey my despatches as well as the others were to follow those sent by the Admiral. Flag-Lieutenant Brumby, in filing his despatch, which was in code, specified that it should be "repeated." The consequence was that at each station where it was taken off the cable for relay, it was repeated back to the sender for O. K. While my "urgent" despatch followed the Admiral's, at the first point where there were two cables, mine went on without interruption while the Admiral's was repeated, as I understand, about six times between Hong Kong and Washington. . . . As a result of the repeating of the Admiral's messages, I got a beat on his despatches by about six or seven hours.

Harden's despatch reached the New York *World* between three and four o'clock in the morning, and *The World* was able to print it in much of their edition.

The Chicago *Tribune* shared with the New York *World* the right to Harden's despatches. How it fared is told by James Keeley, then managing editor:

> Harden's despatch hit New York about three o'clock in the morning [Eastern time]. There was a poker game in *The World* office. Our correspondent, Murphy, was in it. When the cable operator called up to tell *The World* of this important message, all the others in the game had hands except Murphy. He answered the telephone. The operator read the message to him. He took it down, hopped to our leased wire, and we had it about five minutes later. I stopped the presses, yanked back about 30,000 copies of the city edition, locked the doors, and got out an extra which went to every subscriber. . . .

As soon as Keeley's newspaper function had been competently cared for, he called President McKinley and Secretary Long of the navy out of bed in Washington by telephone and gave them the first detailed news of the battle of Manila. It was noon before Dewey's official despatch had overcome the delays of repeating and been decoded.

VI

This was seven days after the battle. The mere duration of delay was one of the elements that contributed to just that dramatic quality which fed the fires of American emotion. Also the Spanish, in their early reports, which trickled to America by way of Madrid, had colored such news as they sent at all in such a way as to cause America to think Dewey's squadron had suffered heavily. The combination of these disturbing rumors, together with the seven days of suspense and the other dramatic factors focussing on the emotions of America, was as if some cosmic stage-manager were arranging things in just the

way best designed for this particular act in the whole drama of Dewey. The consequence was that when the definite news finally came through, a tremendous wave of enthusiasm swept over the country. Dewey became in America such a figure as only arises once in many decades. Margherita Arlina Hamm wrote a "Hymn to Dewey." A

"The Manila incident reflected in the faces of Europe."—New York *Bee*.

famous composer of the day, Victor Herbert, wrote "The Fight Is Made and Won." There were dozens of Dewey songs. The most popular was one printed in the Topeka *Capital*, which, sung to an air partly sentimental and partly triumphant, travelled the length and breadth of the land.[1]

Oh, dewy was the morning
Upon the first of May,
And Dewey was the Admiral,
Down in Manila Bay.
And dewy were the Regent's eyes
Them[2] orbs of royal blue,
And dew we feel discouraged?
I dew not think we dew!

[1] Written by Eugene Ware, a well-known Kansas lawyer and poet, whose pen name was "Ironquill." The original manuscript of this poem now hangs in the offices of the Kansas State Historical Society in Topeka. Mr. Ware wrote it at the request of the city editor of the *Capital*, J. F. Jarrell, who, as he says, "wanted to hook up Kansas in some manner with the battle of Manila Bay, so I asked Ware to write a poem that could be blurbed out on the first page."

[2] "Them" is correct. That is the way Ware wrote it. Ware was a scholar and a poet of distinction. He felt that "them" had a peculiar value, and insisted it be printed that way.

It seems odd, at the distance of twenty-seven years, to think that most of us got intoxicated over that bit of verse. But we did.

The newspapers were no less excited. Some characteristic head-lines read:

DIGNIFIED SENATORS FORGET
Their Dignity and Yell
"Hip, Hooray!"

And:

HERE IS HOW
IT WAS DONE
Story of the Greatest
Naval Engagement of
Modern Times.

Some public men, and even some professional navy men, were no less exalted than the newspaper head-line writers. One of them, Commodore Winfield Scott Schley, in an interview given on board the flag-ship *Brooklyn*, on May 11, 1898, four days after the news of the victory, said: "Admiral Dewey's victory at Manila must deservedly take its place side by side with the greatest naval victories of the world's history." [1]

[1] In one quarter, at least, this disposition toward adulation endured as late as 1901. Henry Cabot Lodge, in his "History of the Spanish War," published in that year, favorably compared Dewey's exploit with that of Nelson at Aboukir. Admiral Bradley A. Fiske notes on the margin of my proof: "Yes, if Nelson's fame rested on the Nile alone, he and Dewey would be in the same class." In a subsequent letter Admiral Fiske writes: "You make the battle of Manila and Dewey's achievements in Manila Bay seem less important than they really were. There is an impression broadcast that battles are great or little according to the number of people who fought in them and the number killed, regardless of results. This is misleading. Many battles have caused great loss of life, yet were really unimportant; while many battles causing little loss of life were very important, because they decided questions and furnished new starting-points for the paths of history. The battle of Manila Bay was one of the most important ever fought. It decided that the United States should start in a direction in which it had never travelled before. It placed the United States in the family of great nations, and it put Spain into outer darkness. Before the battle, British Navy officers treated the United States Navy officers with condescension. In fact, Europeans as a

Congress conferred on Dewey the rank of admiral of the navy, a higher honor than had ever been given before in American history. Also it was provided that Dewey need not retire when he reached the statutory age, unless he so wished; and that if he did retire voluntarily, his emoluments should not be diminished. Princeton and the University of Pennsylvania gave Dewey LL.D.'s; and Norwich University, the college he had attended before entering Annapolis, made him "Master of Military Science." Colonel Watterson, of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, started a Dewey-for-President boom, but gave it up on learning that — at that time, apparently — Dewey did not approve.[1]

Within the United States the high note of adulation was universal. Only outside the borders of the country

body treated all Americans so. They have never done so since. We left Hong-Kong to go to Manila on April 27th, and returned some time after the battle. It was as plain as day that the European residents of Hong-Kong, of all positions of society, regarded Americans in a very different way. Their whole manner and attitude toward us had suddenly become quite as toward equals. After the battle, and after Dewey's forceful and yet tactful handling of the difficult situation in Manila Bay for eighteen months, without a single mistake of any kind, Europeans realized that Americans had in them a strategic ability with which they had never been credited. The very perfection of Dewey's work has made the winning of the battle seem easy, as a fine gymnast's work makes his feat seem easy. If the Spaniards had put their fleet under the guns of Manila, not one American ship would ever have left the harbor. Dewey realized the situation at once and steamed directly at the Spanish fleet, ignoring the shore batteries. The Spaniards ought to have won the battle if they had fought it correctly. They had all the trumps."

[1] Dewey, at this time, across the world from contact with American politics, apparently entertaned no faintest degree of political ambition. On the contrary, shortly after the Cavité victory, in reply to a query if he would be a candidate for the presidency, Dewey cabled: "I would not accept a nomination for the Presidency of the United States. I have no desire for any political office. I am unfitted for it, having neither the education nor the training. I am deeply grateful for many expressions of kindly sentiment from the American people, but I desire to retire in peace to the enjoyment of my old age. The Navy is one profession, politics another. I am too old to learn a new profession now. I have no political associations and my health would never stand the strain of a canvass. I have been approached by politicians repeatedly, in one way or another, but I have refused absolutely to consider any proposition whatever. This is final."

Admiral Fiske writes me: "At a dinner given by Dewey to his captains the night before he left Manila for home, he asked their advice about the Presidency and was advised by each one not to consider it for a moment."

could one find less hot-blooded appraisal. Some foreign critics qualified their apportionment of credit to Dewey's skill by emphasizing the characteristic complacence of the Spaniards, their naval and military slovenliness, which qualities had caused their fleet to be inefficient, undisciplined, ill-cared-for. The Toronto (Canada) *Saturday Night*, on August 27, 1899, said:

> There is every reason to believe that he [Dewey] would give a creditable account of himself if he ever found it necessary to engage in a battle, but of course it is absurd to class him with the great sailors of history because of the Manila incident.[1]

Nothing of that sort, however, was heard in the United States. America's ecstasy of exaltation went on from height to height. It was fed by the news of other events at Manila, where, although Montojo's fleet had been destroyed, Spanish armies still held the city; and where Dewey, with a high sense of accountability and with admirable restraint against what must have been much temptation to any man's ego, remained until the day when he should see enough American troops actually landed in the archipelago to make victory complete and permanent.

VII

It was as if the same cosmic stage-manager, whose moment of whimsical irony had been so well satisfied by the results of the seven days of dramatic pause between

[1] The perspective lent by a quarter of a century shows that neither the fulsome nor the disparaging critics were entirely right. The generally recognized facts are that Dewey, with six fighting ships, operating 7000 miles from a home base, boldly entered an unfamiliar harbor, sailing past powerful, modern, Krupp-equipped shore batteries; and destroyed an enemy fleet of ten fighting ships and two torpedo-boats fighting from anchorage (which overbalanced the American fleet's advantage of superior speed) at a place in the bay selected by the Spanish admiral as presumably giving him an advantage over the attacking fleet. Dewey having been victorious, no disparagement of him has much weight, and the verdict must be accepted that his plan as conceived and carried out was flawless.

the battle of Manila Bay and the arrival of the news in America, now determined to provide some seventy times seven days of suspense between the arrival of the news and the arrival of the admiral himself; determined, in order to make Dewey's apotheosis the greater, to insert that prolonged pause before letting the American people have the opportunity they craved cumulatively, through increasing weeks of suspense, to intoxicate themselves with the actual presence of the hero. The cosmic spirit provided these nearly seventeen months of suspense, and supplied the period with just the sort of incident and byplay best adapted to lead to the ultimate dénouement.

Immediately after Dewey's victory at Manila, the American public was excited with rumors that a new Spanish fleet[1] was headed toward the Philippines. Such an expedition actually started, though it never got far enough to be threatening. But another embarrassing complication arose which Dewey handled in a manner that added to his personal and professional reputation. British, French, Japanese, and German men-of-war entered the harbor, ostensibly to observe operations and protect the interests of their nationals. All except the Germans observed the customary and well-understood naval etiquette. On May 6 the German cruiser *Irene* dropped anchor at a point selected by her commander, without observing the courtesy of consulting the wishes of the commander of the blockading squadron. This breach of established procedure was followed on May 9 by the German cruiser *Kormoran* entering the harbor, without prearrangement with Dewey, at three o'clock in the morning. When her lights were seen, Dewey de-

[1] America was seeing ghosts of Spanish fleets all through the early summer of 1898. Many persons refrained from taking their customary vacations at the seashore. Boston capitalists sent their securities inland to Worcester. Roosevelt wrote of it as "a fairly comic panic. . . . The state of nervousness along the seacoast was funny."

spatched a launch to board her, since although she flew the German flag, it was apprehended that she might be a Spaniard using the German flag as a ruse. When she paid no heed to the steam-launch's hail, a shot was sent across her bows. This warning was sufficient to impress on the commanders of visiting war-ships that Dewey would insist on his fleet being treated like a grown-up navy. Nevertheless, he was constantly subject to petty annoyances[1] at the hands of Rear-Admiral von Diederichs, who at one time had five German war-ships in the harbor, although the "interests" he was protecting consisted of but one German importing house.

Out of these annoyances from the Germans arose another of those wholly casual episodes that added to the flame of enthusiasm for Dewey. One of the captains who had been at Manila with Dewey was Joseph Bullock Coghlan, whose command, the *Raleigh*, had been the first ship to return the fire of the Spanish land-batteries. Captain Coghlan was the earliest of Dewey's officers to return home, and his arrival was made the occasion, on April 21, 1899, for a prelude to the reception that was later to be given Dewey himself. At a dinner at the Union League Club in New York, Captain Coghlan told some stirring stories about the passages between Dewey and the Germans, and then recited "Hoch! Der Kaiser!" [2]

HOCH! DER KAISER!

Der Kaiser of dis Faterland
Und Gott on high all dings command.
Ve two — ach! Don't you understand?
Myself — und Gott.

[1] "Petty annoyances" is hardly strong enough. Von Diederichs at his best was tactless and boorish; at his worst he was offensively truculent. At times both Admiral Dewey and the British commander, Chichester, felt there was reason to apprehend that the Germans might give armed aid to the Spanish.

[2] The verses, after Captain Coghlan made them famous, were variously attributed to Alexander Macgregor Rose and to Lieutenant Myers of the cruiser *Charleston*. The authentic author is Rose, a Scotch school-teacher and Presbyterian clergyman.

Vile some men sing der power divine,
Mine soldiers sing "Die Wacht am Rhine,"
Und drink der health in Rhenish wine
Of Me — und Gott.

Dere's France, she swaggers all aroundt;
She's ausgespield, of no account,
To much we dink she don't amount;
Myself — und Gott.

She will not dare to fight again,
But if she shouldt, I'll show her blain
Dot Elsass und (in French) Lorraine
Are mein — by Gott!

Dere's grandma[1] dinks she's nicht small beer,
Mit Boers und such she interfere;
She'll learn none owns dis hemisphere
But me — und Gott!

She dinks, good frau, fine ships she's got
Und soldiers mit der scarlet goat.
Ach! We could knock dem! Pouf! Like dot.
Myself — mit Gott.

In dimes of peace, brepare for wars.
I bear de spear und helm of Mars.
Und care not for a dousand Czars,
Myself — mit Gott!

In fact, I humor efery whim,
Mit aspect dark und visage grim;
Gott pulls mit me, und I mit him,
Myself — und Gott!

The next day the New York German-language paper, the *Staats-Zeitung*, had the following head-line:

OUR AMERICAN COUSINS

CAPTAIN COGHLAN SPEAKS OF THE OCCURRENCES AT MANILA. AND THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB SINGS JEERING SONGS ABOUT "OUR KAISER."

Captain Coghlan of the *Raleigh* Again Reflects the Hatred of the Germans in a Speech Before the Union League Club.

[1] Queen Victoria.

The German press characterized the poem as an "expression of wine humor," and attributed authorship to a "Bowery bard." The German ambassador, Herr von Holleben, protested to the State Department. He criticised the poem as "too nasty to be noticed." Secretary Hay deprecated the lack of good taste on the part of Coghlan, but said that the Navy Department had jurisdiction of the matter and that Captain Coghlan had made his speech in a private club. The Navy Department reprimanded Captain Coghlan. The country felt it was done with a solemn wink. Officially the incident was closed. But the verse and the stories Captain Coghlan had told about Dewey "calling down" the Germans went all over the country and increased the rapturous anticipation of the return of Dewey himself.

VIII

Finally, in September, 1899, Dewey felt he had seen enough American troops actually landed at Manila to preserve the newly won archipelago for his country. After seventeen months of dramatic suspense since the date of his victory, he started home. The anticipation of his return was the occasion for a new outburst of exultation in America. The newspaper poets and the amateurs of verse began again. One, Mr. Lue Vernon, poured out his exultant heart:

Admiral George Dewey
  Coming home, they say.
Bring out the pyrotechnics,
  Let's have a holiday.

Shoot up colored rockets,
  Turn the searchlights high;
See the name of Dewey
  Ablazing in the sky.

Sank the Spanish navy,
In a manner new,
Honored grand Old Glory;
Did it shipshape, too.

The newspaper clippings that had sung Dewey's praises during the months since his victory were gathered together and presented to him in a volume that weighed a hundred and fifty pounds and was bound in solid silver. *Life* had an "Admiral's number." The temper of the country at this time is illustrated by the head-line from the Cincinnati *Enquirer* of September 10, 1899, glorifying what was meant to be the permanent monument to Dewey's victory, a Dewey Memorial Arch, at Madison Square, New York City, of which we shall read more in a moment:

DEWEY'S
WHITE TRIUMPHAL ARCH
IS MODELLED AFTER THAT
OF TITUS.
Was a Labor of Love for the
Sculptors.
Best Talent of America Worked
Upon it.
Almost Ready for Our Hero to Ride
Under While New York Goes
Into a Frenzy.

For a description of the country's greeting to Dewey, let us turn to Dewey's own account as given in his autobiography — an account which not only paints the picture adequately but also reflects just that naïveté which made it possible for a hero himself to write an account of his own reception which should not be inadequate to the heights of the occasion:

From all parts of the United States had come requests for a journey across the country by rail. Our inland cities seemed

to be vieing with one another in plans for magnificent receptions. Towns, children, and articles of commerce were named after me. I was assured that nothing like the enthusiasm for a man and a deed had ever been known. I knew what to do in command of the Asiatic squadron, but being of flesh and blood and not a superman, it seemed impossible to live up to all that was expected of me as a returning hero. . . . Dewey arches, Dewey flags, and "Welcome, Dewey" in electric lights on the span of the Brooklyn Bridge! The great city of New York made holiday. Its crowds banked the piers, the roofs, and Riverside Drive, when the *Olympia*, leading the North Atlantic squadron, which won Santiago, proceeded up the North River; and they packed the streets for the land parade in token of public emotion, while the gold loving-cup which came to me with the freedom of the city expressed the municipality's official tribute. . . . I was no less deeply affected when I stood on the steps of the State House at Montpelier, with the grounds filled with "home folks," and when on the steps of the east front of the Capitol I received from the hands of the President the sword of honor which Congress had voted me.

This was apotheosis.

IX

Within less than a month after his New York reception, and within a few days after his reception in Washington, Dewey, in a conference sought by a committee in charge of collecting funds for the house which was to be given him as one of the country's many marks of honor, was reported as having specified within narrow limits the district in which it would be satisfactory to him to have his residence; and as having indicated that he wished a small, modest house, with a small dining-room capable of seating, say, eighteen persons.

This episode had, among the people and in the newspapers, a reaction to be accounted for on the theory, let us assume, that seventeen months is a long time for a people to sustain a single emotion at high pitch. Some newspapers ventured to hint a slight wonder that the

Spartan idol should be concerned with such details as the dimensions of his dining-room; and there were allusions to a popular proverb about excessively minute inspection of a gift-horse.

Just a few weeks later, and less than two months after his arrival home, on November 9, 1899, in the presbytery of St. Paul's Catholic Church in Washington, Dewey took to himself a bride — and immediately learned that a public which has made a man a hero has, by the essential nature of that act, established with him a relation of watchful guardianship which regards itself as justified in frank discussion and admonition about matters which, as to men not heroes, have the sanctity and immunity of personal intimacy. Indeed, stronger than that, it was as if the American public had elected itself to be Admiral Dewey's bride; and as if the admiral had committed bigamy; or, at best, it was as if he had procured a divorce, abruptly and without just cause. There was newspaper and street talk of his age, sixty-two; and generalizations based thereon as to the limits of the maturity at which men may properly marry. It was recalled, as having some kind of bearing on this particular case, that the admiral had been twenty-six years a widower, his first wife, who bore him one son, having died in 1873. There was equally frank discussion of the age of the bride, her antecedents, her associations, and her previous station in life. She was the widow of General W. B. Hazen, U. S. A., and sister of John R. McLean, then owner of the Washington *Post* and the Cincinnati *Enquirer*. There was even discussion of the lady's religious affiliations. She was a Catholic; and the anti-Catholic prejudice which at all times exists among a large portion of the American public had for some time been actively eruptive under the name of the A. P. A.[1]

[1] American Protective Association, founded March 3, 1887, at Clinton, Iowa.

A few days after the wedding it became known that the admiral, as a token of devotion to his bride, had deeded to her the house in Washington which the people had given him. At that the public, which had made itself the admiral's godmother, felt it had something to talk about which passed the borders of mere academic discussion and became a material issue. In addition to the matter for argument about ethics, which the public saw in the transfer, there was a whisper, in circles susceptible to this sort of thing, that the house, now owned by the admiral's Catholic wife, would become the official seat of the papacy at the American capital.

There came to be gossip in Washington that there was friction between Dewey and President McKinley, on the ground that in the social circles of the capital not enough was being made of the admiral and Mrs. Dewey. There was talk of the magnificence of Mrs. Dewey's gowns and jewels, echoes of a fame she retained from the days when, as the wife of the military attaché of the American Embassy at the Austrian court, she vied with the nobility of Austria in the splendor of her apparel. Further impetus to this kind of gossip was given by rumors that she was going to change her religious faith. Reared a Presbyterian, she later became an Episcopalian, and it was while at the Catholic court of Austria that she had become a Catholic.[1]

[1] In *Current Literature*, June, 1900, under the heading "Contemporary Celebrities," there is the following quotation from a friendly article originally printed in the New York *Herald:* "In order to settle a question concerning her church affiliations, it is only necessary to say that her early married life was spent at the Austrian Court. An air of Catholicity (*sic*) pervades fashionable Vienna, and it was there that she acquired the custom of attending the Church of Rome. Nothing was more natural to a woman of a religious turn of mind than to follow the fashionable crowd to the fashionable church. . . . If, as it is now whispered, she is to leave Rome for the Protestant faith, she will be only going back to the teachings of her childhood."

X

Although all these things had happened to Dewey's popularity, he still had a vogue. He received invitations to visit all parts of the country; when he accepted he was received with interest and curiosity, even with cordiality. As there were many Democrats who would be glad of any means of keeping from Bryan that presidential nomination which was drifting toward him by default, doubtless it was frequently whispered into Dewey's ear that he ought to run. In any event, about six o'clock of the evening of April 3, 1900, Dewey gave to the Washington correspondent of the New York *World* the announcement printed at the beginning of this chapter.

The first reaction of the newspapers was the record of the reception of sensational news. The Atlanta *Constitution* on the following morning heralded Dewey's announcement with a three-column head-line, a degree of conspicuousness not as common then as now, and reflecting the importance, the extraordinariness, so to speak, of the event:

DEWEY'S MIND IS CHANGED
HE WILL RUN FOR PRESIDENT

THE ADMIRAL SAYS HE WILL OBEY
ORDERS AS USUAL

Manila Hero Yields to the
Persuasion of His Friends

Thinks the Office Easy to Fill

Declares He Will, if Elected, Obey
the Orders of Congress as he
Has Always Obeyed Those of his
Superiors in the Navy

That was the first reaction of the newspapers, a re-

action that merely recorded the sensational quality of the news. But the succeeding reaction reflected the difference between the Dewey who, six months before, had been an unqualified hero, and the Dewey who had mar-

"I wouldn't care if he did sting me." (St. Paul *Pioneer Press.*)
A satirical cartoon that appeared about the time Dewey made his famous announcement that he was a candidate for the presidency.

ried and deeded to his wife the house that had been the people's gift to him. The Atlanta *Constitution* of the very next day, April 5, had this head-line:

LEADERS LAUGH AT POOR DEWEY

THE ADMIRAL IS A POLITICAL SENSATION FOR ONCE

The Entire Capital Is Laughing at the Former Hero

Throughout the country the news of Dewey's political aspirations was received with regret mingled with ridi-

cule. Responsibility was laid at the door of the ambitions of Mrs. Dewey,[1] who found herself for a short time the cynosure of all eyes. The situation was to her liking, and she freely gave interviews in which she discussed the candidacy of her husband. This trait of hers was the subject of a queerly barbed paragraph in *Life:*

> The report that George Dewey, formerly known as the hero of Manila Bay, will stump the country for Bryan and Stevenson, is said to be a canard. Mrs. Dewey has denied that the report is not true.

Dewey's candidacy was generally characterized as the "climax to a series of unfortunate mistakes." Senator Bacon, of Georgia, said: "While Admiral Dewey was a hero, he was a dangerous presidential possibility, but since he became a human being and indulged his fancies as others have done, he has lost his hold upon the hero-worshippers." [2]

The following passage from *The Review of Reviews* was the effort of an editor who was a courteous gentleman to state the situation as urbanely as possible; to achieve, in the mildest available words, the effect of what, in other quarters and in a later time, would have been described as inviting the newly announced candidate to "take the air":

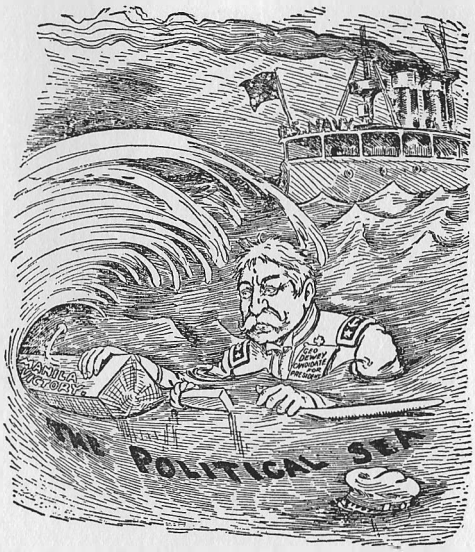
> When Congress revived for his benefit the rank of admiral of the navy, and he was designated to this great office as a life position, he had received honor and recognition that might

[1] This was the impression current at the time in the press and among the public. Inquiry made in 1925, of persons who had been close to Dewey, resulted in expressions of judgment agreeing with the popular impression.

[2] *Life*, coupling Dewey with another naval hero of the Spanish War, Captain Richmond Pearson Hobson, and with an ephemeral British hero of the Boer War, General Buller, put the instability of popular emotion into four compact lines:

> "These heroes—erst extolling—
> A fickle public drops;
> Folks chase a ball that's rolling,
> And kick it when it stops."

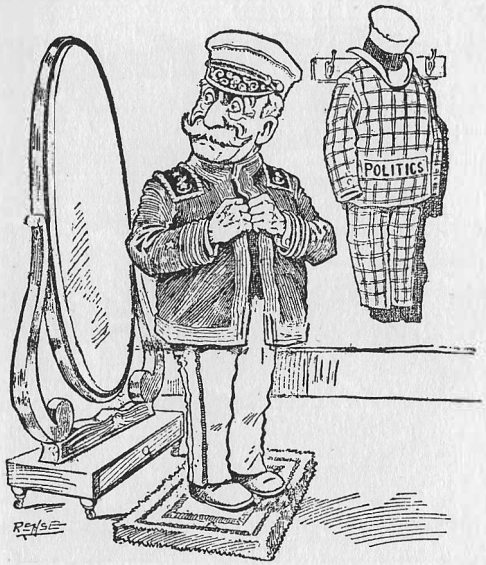
well have been regarded as filling his cup to overflowing. So unbounded was the confidence of the country in his good sense and knowledge of the questions at stake, that a great part of the public opinion of America reserved judgment upon the questions whether or not we were rightly in the Philippines, and whether or not we ought to stay there, until the admiral should speak. . . . The country has not ceased to entertain very loyal and devoted regard for the splendid sailor and commander who served his country so boldly in destroying the Spanish fleet at Manila, and so discreetly in the long and tedious months that followed. But ecstatic hero-worship is not a continuing mood. No American in his lifetime, not even Washington or Lincoln, ever experienced the sensation of being idolatrously worshipped by his fellow citizens with unflagging zest for more than a few days at a time. It is a practical world and there are many things demanding attention. And thus, while we do not mean to neglect our heroes, we cannot make it our business to think of them all the time. Last year the whole country was thinking of Dewey with such ardor that if the presidential election had occurred then, and his name had been before the people, nobody would have cared to run against him, and his election would have been practically unanimous. But enthusiasm has cooled down, and people are thinking more of business and less of glory. They have resumed their more or less sharp differences of political opinion, and are not in the mood for electing a hero regardless of his politics.



"Man overboard." (Minneapolis *Journal*.) Reflecting the feeling of the people toward Dewey's presidential candidacy.

Under the harsh glare of this public disapproval and ridicule, Dewey's political aspirations withered. Not

being able to annihilate Spanish fleets every day, he was soon elbowed off the front page by the Boer War and the raging political struggle. In 1901 he became news again for a short time when he presided over the Schley Court of Inquiry; and again in 1903, through some pungent remarks he made, from an American point of view, about the German Kaiser's new fleet. Otherwise, he lapsed into desuetude, not to be resurrected until his death, on January 16, 1917. Even then, the crash of the volley fired over his grave by the Annapolis midshipmen on January 20 was drowned in the thunder of the guns along the Hindenburg Line.[1]



This cartoon, from the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*, was entitled: "Most everybody says this suit looks best on me."

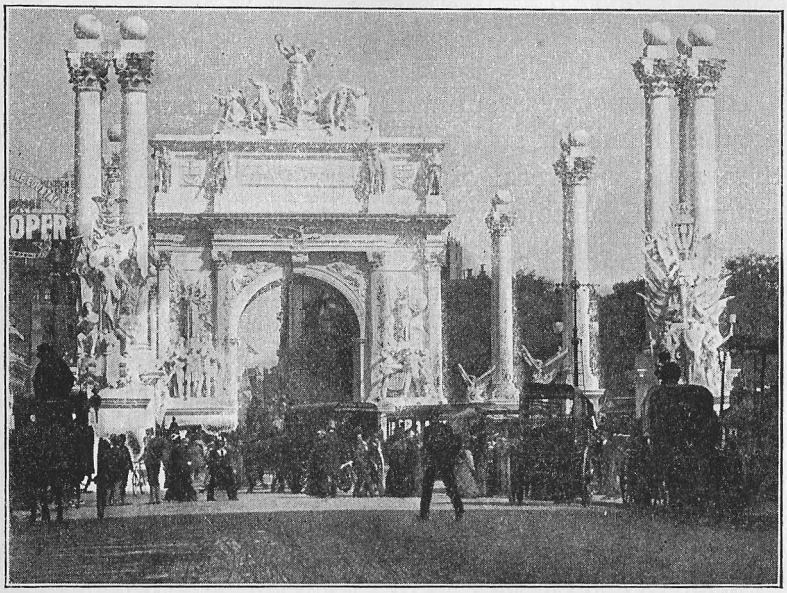
XI

Meantime that arch which had been built by popular subscription at Madison Square, New York; the arch to which the best sculptors of the day had devoted their art; the arch under which the returning hero of Manila Bay had ridden at the head of a parade of soldiers, sailors, and civil dignitaries; that arch which symbolized

[1] On March 27, 1925, Dewey unexpectedly became front-page news again when his widow, then in her eightieth year, had his body removed from the National Cemetery at Arlington to the Mount St. Albans Cathedral, where reposes also the body of Woodrow Wilson.

"Naval Victory," which was designed partly after the Arch of Titus at Rome, and resembled the Arc de Triomphe at Paris in having its piers cut by lateral arches —

As it stood when Dewey marched under it, it was



The Dewey Arch, Fifth Avenue and 23d Street, New York City.

made of lath and wood and plaster painted white. As such, it was intended to be merely the model, to be made permanent later in marble and granite. For that purpose of permanence, a public subscription was under way. But as Dewey subsided in popular favor, the subscriptions lagged. In the course of months, passers up Fifth Avenue noticed its beauty — it really was a thing of glorious beauty[1] — marred by peeling patches

[1] The Chicago *Inter Ocean* of September 2, 1900, said: "All who have seen the monumental arches of the Old World agree that in originality, grace, animation, spontaneity, and symmetry the Dewey Arch is worthy of perpetuity, for it is one of the most splendid creations of imagination and skill the world has seen. . . . The arch itself, in its vivacity, dignity, and fascination would have

of plaster and paint. The dirt of the town stuck to it. It took on a sagging dilapidation. Finally it was adjudged a nuisance which might collapse upon pedestrians. The last sight the public had of it was the city workmen and garbage-collectors carrying it off to the city dump.

XII

All of which was summed up in a sentence from that popular humorist and philosopher, "Mr. Dooley," who, then and for several of the early years of this century, contributed succinct wisdom to the passing show:

When a grateful raypublic, Mr. Hinnessy, builds an ar'rch to its conquering hero, it should be made of brick, so that we can have something convanyient to hurl after him when he has passed by.

That quotation is from memory. The following is literal. It appears in "Public Gratitude," by Finley Peter Dunne, as printed in "Mr. Dooley's Philosophy":

Raypublics ar-re not always ongrateful. . . . On'y whin they give ye much gratichood ye want to freeze some iv it, or it won't keep.

XIII

In reading over what has been said about Dewey, the writer is beset by the reflection that must trouble every historian — doubts as to whether just the right selection has been made of episodes and quotations, and an uneasy disinclination to take the responsibility for being

been a perennial object-lesson in beauty and patriotism for the entire country. Alas for the fickleness of human worship! . . ."

The New York *Herald* asked: "Have the echoes of the guns that woke the morning silence in Manila Bay that May day two years ago died away? Has the memory of the gallant feat of arms faded?"

The Literary Digest for December 22, 1900, under the heading "The Passing of the Arch," said: "The final abandonment of the plan for the permanent naval arch in sculptured stone, to perpetuate the temporary but beautiful structure in Madison Square, New York, has called out many expressions of regret. The wooden and staff arch has now been removed, and the cash and pledges, amounting to about $200,000, are to be returned to the donors."

the author or the vehicle of a judgment which, whether the writer wishes it or not, is inherent in any narrative. In the present case, it is desirable to say some things in the nature of corrective.

If the net impression of what has been said so far about the drama of Dewey is that he cut an absurd figure, that is unfortunate. There were two parties to the series of episodes: one was Dewey; the other was the American people.[1] If one of the two must stand in history as being, so far as this series of episodes is concerned, a little absurd, it is the American people. Dewey did not change; the American people did. The Dewey who was jeered in April of 1900 was precisely the same Dewey who was idolized in May of 1898, and up until November of 1899. Change, indeed, was strongly unlikely to happen within Dewey's exceptionally solid personality. He was a sturdy, steadfast, dependable man. It was the American public, or a large portion of it, that went through this cycle of fickleness, and a portion of the American press that stimulated or reflected it.

And so, lest this narrative be overbalanced in recording the change in the public and press attitude toward Dewey, it is desirable to include some expressions from sources that deplored — stronger than deplored — felt disgust with this evidence of a surprising capacity for volatility in the American people. The New York *Times* said:

> For our own sake and for Dewey's sake, it is too bad, not merely because it makes us appear ridiculous in the eyes of foreigners, but because these alternating currents of emotion, this most abrupt substitution of the cold shoulder for the warm heart, argue a want of steadiness in our make-up.

The Chicago *Inter Ocean* said that to forget Dewey's services in making possible a new era in our national life

[1] It was not really quite so simple as that; there was also Mrs. Dewey.

"even overnight, for some petty mistake in his private life, is to shame the name of gratitude and to discredit the intelligence of the American people."

Some indignant persons who felt outraged at the about-face in the public attitude toward Dewey, and especially at the audience of a Washington biograph entertainment that hissed the admiral's photograph, wrote to the papers offering to refund from their private pockets the subscription of any dissatisfied contributor to the Dewey home fund. The Chicago *Tribune* recalled the gifts of palaces worth millions with which England expressed its gratitude to its military heroes, and described the outcry against Dewey in America as "humiliating and belittling." Other papers recalled that "General Grant and General Sherman sold outright houses that had been given them in recognition of their services, and no one thinks the less of them for it."

The most gallant defense of Dewey, the just and manly recalling of the ability and character that attended his services to his country, came from Mr. Hearst's New York *Journal:*

Admiral Dewey may undo the deed to the house presented him by a small portion of his fellow countrymen, but he can never undo the deed of May 1, last year. He asked no favors of his country or of his countrymen. He asked no favors of Montojo. He asked no favors of foreign fleets anchored at Manila. He asked for no demonstration in his honor, and, lastly, he did not ask for a house. But what he does ask at present is to be let alone. He has spent almost all his life at sea, and the least this country can do is to allow him to enjoy his "shore leave" to the end of his days. Suppose a war were to break out to-morrow. Ah! there is where the shoe pinches. It would be, "For God's sake, send Dewey to the front"; "By all means, hurry Dewey after them; let the country rely on Dewey." Wall Street would go down on its marrow-bones and perform rites to him. The persons who regret their miserable contributions would turn to Dewey with prayers. Then do you know what this grizzled old sailor would do? Newly

married, and with almost the only domestic happiness he has ever known before him, he would buckle on his sword, hoist the four-starred flag of Farragut, and go to battle for the honor of his country and the welfare of his selfish countrymen.

As for the announcement of his candidacy for President, which brought the final outburst of jeers against Dewey, and marked his end as a national character, it was extraordinary; but its extraordinariness lay in its naïveté, in the simplicity of the direct and honest mind it came from. What it showed more than anything else was that Dewey was not a politician. He lacked understanding of the art that has to do with popular psychology, and therefore did not make the sort of announcement that a politician would have made. Dewey's announcement was a simple statement of a decision he had come to, and of his reflections about it. That caused it to have the quality, usually disturbing in political communications, of unfamiliarity. It was subjected to the not infrequent fate of the unfamiliar, the fate of being laughed at. A cynically succinct person might express all this by saying that poor Dewey was wholly lacking in experience or knowledge of the arts of political "bunk," and, therefore, when he ventured into politics, came to grief.