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Spain is dead at the top. No other theory can fully account for the destruction of her fleets at Manila and Santiago, one without the loss to her enemy of a life, and the other with the loss of but one man, though her own loss of life as well as property was phenomenal.

Spain is dead at the top, because her purposes as a nation are mouldy. She lives not in the present nor for the future, but in her history. She is dead at the top, because as a nation her intelligence is warped and stunted. The march of democracy, though it has inspired some Spaniards, has made no impression upon the Spanish mind.

This death of Spain at the very top, in national purpose and national mind, has found analogical expression in her war with the United States. It was by no accident nor through mere good luck, that Dewey harmlessly sailed into Manila bay and annihilated Montojo's fleet. Nor are we indebted to accident or good luck for the destruction of Cervera's fleet at Santiago. Over no live nation could we have achieved such victories. Spain has lost her two fleets without loss to her enemy because she is dead at the top.

Spain's soldiers and sailors have proved themselves as brave as the bravest. It was not their fault that her ships went to pieces under bombardments to which there was no effective reply. It was the fault of their government, the fault of their leaders, who, lacking vital purpose and acute

judgment, drove them on to defeat and death. In this they truly typified the degenerate national character.

Spain is so dead at the top, that it is doubtful if her government even now will be willing to release its grasp upon Cuba and ask for peace. Any other government would realize that with two-thirds of her navy at the bottom of the sea, with the other third drifting aimlessly through the Suez canal, with her home ports exposed, with her commerce destroyed, with her armies everywhere hemmed in and starving, and the enemy with almost unscathed and growing stronger every day—in this dilemma, any nineteenth-century nation would know and concede it to be criminal folly to prolong the war, even for a good cause. But Spain is dead at the top. Her governing powers are mentally incapable of measuring the hopelessness of her plight, and the national deadness of purpose prevents their appreciating the badness of her cause. It may be, therefore, that like their military subordinates, the Spanish government will court "honorable" destruction rather than a just peace. But certain it is that nothing could be more effective than such a peace after such a war in giving new life to Spain where she needs it the most—at the top.

Is it not curious, the subordinate part which West Point has thus far played in the war? Young Capron, who died at La Quasina, and was regarded as one of the most promising officers in the army, could not get an appointment to West Point, so he enlisted as a private in the regular army, and after several years' service won a commission. Gen. Lawton, whose name has been so prominent in connection with the hot fighting about El Gauey,

came up from the position of sergeant in a volunteer regiment during the civil war. Shafter himself is not a West Pointer. And as everybody knows, Gen. Miles, who is at the head of the army, left a mercantile position at the age of 22 to begin his military career as a lieutenant of volunteers.

In the whole history of journalism there is probably nothing to parallel the suspension last week of the Chicago newspapers. For weeks they had professed the utmost anxiety to serve the Chicago public promptly with all the news of the war; and to that end they incurred almost fabulous expense. Special correspondents at high salaries and liberal allowances, long telegraphic messages from the front at so much a word, even dispatch boats, which are worse than horses for "eating their heads off," were paid for, not only patiently but enthusiastically, so that the Chicago public might be promptly and generously served with the latest war news. Nor did these public-spirited newspapers stop there. They erected large blackboards before their several publication offices, and as war news came in they gave it out freely, so anxious were they to inform the public of the progress of the war, without so much as a moment's unnecessary delay. Yet on Saturday last, one week ago, when an important and bloody battle was in progress, when brave American soldiers were going down to death under the fire of Spanish artillery, when the public was more concerned about war news than ever before, when common patriotism, apart from other motives, should have been a sufficient incentive to all who had a scrap of news from the front to spread it broadcast,—in these circumstances, when as newspapers they must have owed a public duty if ever, every Chicago newspaper suddenly and by pre-con-