

IN OUR
IMAGE

AMERICA'S EMPIRE IN THE PHILIPPINES

★ ★ ★

HILL
DS685
K38
1989

STANLEY KARNOW



R A N D O M H O U S E N E W Y O R K

Copyright © 1989 by Stanley Karnow
Maps copyright © 1989 by Anita Karl and Jim Kemp

All rights reserved under International and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. Published in the United States by Random House, Inc., New York, and simultaneously in Canada by Random House of Canada Limited, Toronto.

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data
Karnow, Stanley.

In our image.

Bibliography: p.

Includes index.

1. Philippines—History—1898–1946. 2. Philippines—History.
I. Title.

DS685.K38 1989 959.9 88-42676

ISBN 0-394-54975-9

Manufactured in the United States of America
Typography and binding design by J. K. Lambert

2 4 6 8 9 7 5 3

First Edition

7. LITTLE BROWN BROTHERS

★ ★ ★

A jovial giant, William Howard Taft seemed to personify turn-of-the-century America. He was ambitious, optimistic, diligent and, above all, big—from his bejeweled face and elephantine torso to the boisterous laugh that erupted from beneath his extravagant blond mustache. Passionately devoted to his family, he exuded a warmth that also charmed his friends and colleagues, whose admiration of him frequently bordered on reverence. He had surprisingly few enemies for a public figure. Indeed, as a biographer later observed, he was “almost too perfect,” and might have even been “obnoxious” had it not been for his good nature. But his cheerful manner was deceptive. Like many fat men who outwardly appear to be jolly, he had a simmering and sometimes uncontrollable temper. His emotions frequently made him erratic, and a streak of moral rectitude colored his perspective, rendering him stubbornly opinionated. Anxious for approval, he refused to read newspapers that criticized him, and he nursed grudges for years. Theodore Roosevelt, with whom he later clashed for subverting his political ambitions, called him “one of the best haters” he knew.

Taft's career, spanning a half-century, was impressive. Industrious rather than creative, he climbed steadily from assistant county prosecutor at the age of twenty-three to president of the United States at fifty-one and ultimately to chief justice of the Supreme Court—each advance the consequence of a previous accomplishment.

“No Taft, to my knowledge, has ever neglected a public duty for the sake of gratifying a private desire,” remarked his mother, whose husband had inculcated their children with a spirit of earnest endeavor. Alphonso Taft, an austere Vermonter of Scottish descent, had immigrated to Cincinnati to practice law. President Grant rewarded his fidelity to the Republican party by naming him secretary of war and afterward attorney general before sending

him as U.S. envoy to Vienna and later to the Czar's court at St. Petersburg—where his Yankee innocence amused the cosmopolitan nobles of both capitals. Alphonso puritanically exhorted his five sons to high achievement through “self-denial and enthusiastic hard work.” One was to die insane, but the others fulfilled his expectations. The eldest, Charles, became a multimillionaire businessman, publisher and philanthropist. Henry soared to prominence as a New York lawyer, and Horace founded the prestigious Taft School in Connecticut. Will, forty-two when McKinley's telegram summoned him to Washington in January 1900, was then serving his eighth year on the federal circuit bench. His wife, Helen, the “fascinating Nellie,” the granddaughter and niece of congressmen, shared his ambition despite her aloof intellectual inclinations.

McKinley had met Taft for the first time three months earlier, during a campaign swing through Ohio. Taft, a dedicated jurist uncomfortable with compromises and contrived conviviality, had avoided politicians—even though, as an inbred Republican, he could not entirely avoid politics. He rated McKinley a mediocrity, and made no secret of his view. Thus the call to Washington puzzled him. His sole dream was a Supreme Court seat, and he could not conceive of McKinley appointing him. Besides, the bench was full. Obeying the command, however, he took a night train to the capital and hastened to the White House. The January day was gray and cold, and McKinley awaited him in his lighted office, flanked by Secretary of War Elihu Root and Secretary of the Navy John Long. McKinley got straight to the point: “Judge, I'd like to have you go to the Philippines.”

He wanted Taft to head a commission to “establish a government there” to exercise both executive and legislative authority in preparation for civilian rule. The ensuing dialogue was a replay, nearly word for word, of McKinley's bid to recruit Jacob Gould Schurman. Taft demurred. He had opposed the acquisition of the archipelago, feeling that “we had quite enough to do at home,” and suggested that McKinley instead find someone “more in sympathy with the situation.” McKinley replied, much as he had to Schurman, that he had not sought the islands either. “But,” he told Taft, “we have got them, and in dealing with them, I think I can trust the man who didn't want them better than I can the man who did.”

Taft was not an ardent anti-imperialist. The constitution, he felt, allowed the possession of overseas dominions without necessarily according their inhabitants the rights of U.S. citizens or extending to them the benefits of free trade. He was also in favor of giving the islands a sound administration aimed at ultimate self-government. As he listened to McKinley's plans, however, he recoiled from an assignment that might abort his judicial future.

Root finally intervened with an appeal to his sense of virtue and spirit of adventure. “Your country needs you. You may go on holding the job you have in a humdrum, mediocre way. But here is something that will test you, something in the way of struggle and effort, and the question is, will you take the harder or easier task?” McKinley, aware of Taft's hopes for a Supreme Court seat, followed up with a virtual pledge. The Philippine job would only be temporary and, he promised, “If I last and the opportunity comes, I shall appoint you.” After consulting his family, Taft consented. He insisted, however, on total control in the Philippines so that only he would be “responsible for success or failure.” McKinley had weakened his resistance, he afterward

recalled: “I never came in contact with a more sweetly sympathetic nature, nor one more persuasive in his treatment of men.”

Taft, later promoted to governor, was to remain in Manila for the next four years, declining repeated offers from Roosevelt, by then president, of a Supreme Court slot. Ironically, Roosevelt had himself longed to be the first civilian governor of the Philippines and had conceded to run for the vice presidency in 1900 only after Henry Cabot Lodge assured him that McKinley would eventually grant his wish.

Unlike Schurman's group, which had nominally included Otis and Dewey, the Taft commission was composed exclusively of civilians. McKinley reappointed Dean Worcester, the only holdover from the Schurman panel, along with three other distinguished figures. Luke E. Wright, a conservative Democrat from Tennessee, was a former Confederate general and state attorney general. Henry C. Ide, a Vermont lawyer, had been a U.S. magistrate in Samoa, and Bernard Moses was a professor of Latin American history at the University of California. Mark Sullivan, the celebrated chronicler of the epoch, reckoned their mean weight to be 227 pounds—Taft, at 325, substantially raising the average.

In February 1899, when fighting with the Filipinos broke out, responsibility for the Philippines was transferred from the State Department to the War Department. Seven months later, McKinley appointed Elihu Root his secretary of war to replace Russell Alger, who had been tarnished by scandal. McKinley reckoned that Root, a New Yorker, would lend regional balance to his cabinet. As a lawyer, Root also seemed to have the skills to cope with the legal problems involved in managing the islands and defining a policy for the archipelago.

Apart from moments of puckish humor, Root, with his slit eyes, willowy mustache and grave demeanor resembled the stereotype of an inscrutable Chinese mandarin. Then fifty-four, he came from upstate New York, where his father taught college. He had prospered as a clever and ruthless corporate lawyer, but social conscience propelled him into the progressive wing of the Republican party—a faction often derisively dubbed silk-stocking reformers, whose stalwarts included Theodore Roosevelt. His sacrifice of a lucrative legal practice to enter government earned him praise and also channeled him into a lifetime of public service. Roosevelt, as president, appointed him secretary of state. Later, as head of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, he won the Nobel Peace Prize for his valiant if futile efforts to avert war through arbitration. McKinley relied on Root's keen mind and sharp talents, though the two men never became close personally.

Root was an unalloyed expansionist. In his first speech as secretary of war, he asserted that the U.S. claim to the Philippines, legitimized by the Senate's ratification of the treaty with Spain, was “better than the title we had to Louisiana.” He argued that the majority of Filipinos hated Aguinaldo's “band of brigands” and favored American rule. Regurgitating the biased reports of U.S. officials in Manila, he insisted that the “great mass” of the natives, “little advanced from pure savagery,” could not possibly comprehend the concept of government by consent of the governed.

But he was too intelligent to cling to simplistic formulas as he sought to shape a U.S. colonial structure for the Philippines. He carefully studied the

British experience rule in India, finally discarding it as a model. America, itself a former colony, would be violating its basic tenets unless it upheld its own values in administering a foreign people, regardless of the legalities of the relationship. "Whether there be consent or not," he said, the "immutable laws of justice and humanity" demanded "that the weak shall be protected, that cruelty and lust shall be restrained."

So even though he could not foresee independence for the Filipinos in the near future, Root concluded that they deserved the same rights as Americans—except for trial by jury in criminal cases and the prerogative to bear arms. He thereupon drafted McKinley's orders to Taft. The directive was to guide the U.S. colonial endeavor until the Philippines attained autonomy thirty-six years later.

A lawyer's document, it was both rigid and flexible. It reaffirmed U.S. sovereignty over the islands, yet encouraged Taft and his team to adapt to local realities. They "should bear in mind that the government they are establishing is designed not for our satisfaction, or for the expression of our theoretical views, but for the happiness, peace and prosperity of the people of the Philippine islands, and the measures adopted should be made to conform to their customs, their habits and even their prejudices." Still, America considered "certain great principles of government" to be "essential to the rule of law and the maintenance of individual freedom," and the Filipinos must adhere to these precepts "for the sake of their liberty and happiness."

Thus the United States, imbued with evangelical zeal, would "civilize" the natives according to its standards. As usual, Finley Peter Dunne's Mr. Dooley summed it up: "Poor dissolute uncovered wretches, ye miserable, childish-minded apes, we propose f'r to larn ye th' uses of liberty. We can't give ye anny votes . . . but we'll threat ye th' way a father shud threat his childhern if we have to break ivry bone in ye'er bodies." The policy was enlightened compared to the repressive practices of the European powers in their colonies at the time. But the effort of the United States to transplant its values and institutions in the Philippines eventually became what the historian Glenn Anthony May has termed an "experiment in self-duplication," spurred by a belief still ingrained in Americans: that they can remold other lands in their own image. A noble dream, it proved in later years to be largely an exercise in self-deception.

* * *

On April 17, 1900, Taft sailed from San Francisco aboard a U.S. Army transport ship, accompanied by his wife and three children. He deposited them temporarily in Japan to spare them the hot season in the Philippines, then proceeded with his fellow commissioners to Hong Kong. There, like a modern tourist, he ordered a wardrobe of custom-made shoes, shirts and white cotton suits—none of which, his wife afterward complained, ever fit properly. In early June, bathing in sweat, he landed in Manila to an unpleasant welcome.

Otis, to everyone's relief, had gone home at his own request a month before, having typically worked at his desk until midnight before his departure. General Arthur MacArthur, his successor as military governor, refused from the outset to recognize Taft's mandate, and even snubbed the commissioners on their arrival. Instead of meeting their ship personally, he sent an aide to

conduct them to his office—where, as Taft quipped, the frigid greeting dried his perspiration. As a further sign of disapproval, MacArthur assigned Taft and his associates to one small room in his headquarters. MacArthur also declined to give up his residence in the Malacañang palace, a symbol of his status, compelling Taft to rent a dilapidated house in the suburbs. A generation later, his son Douglas would be equally rude to presumed intruders.

Arthur MacArthur, at fifty-five, was a stocky man with pince-nez spectacles who, despite his fastidious uniforms, looked like a grocer. Vain and solemn, he constantly tried to gild his image by building minor skirmishes into major battles, with himself in a heroic role—a practice that his son emulated. Like Douglas, he had a grandiose idea of his intellect and would discourse pompously on global power balances and geopolitical strategies. He shared his colleagues' belief in innate white superiority. America's "wonderful" thrust into Asia, he told a Senate committee in 1902, was the preordained destiny of the "magnificent Aryan people," who were "thus initiating a stage of progressive social evolution that may be reasonably expected to result in . . . the unity of the race and the brotherhood of man."

Born in Massachusetts and raised in Wisconsin, where his father had served as governor, MacArthur spurned West Point to fight in the Civil War. He won the Congressional Medal of Honor for gallantry and, at the age of twenty, was promoted to brevet colonel. He spent the next quarter-century as an army captain in remote frontier outposts, chasing Indians. His elevation to U.S. commander in the Philippines coincided with Aguinaldo's shift to guerrilla warfare, a switch that altered the nature of the conflict. In 1899, the first year of combat, one American was killed for every four or five wounded; the ratio changed during the next year to one U.S. soldier killed for every two wounded—testimony to the growing effectiveness of the Filipinos.

The new circumstances exacerbated the dispute between MacArthur and Taft. Just as Otis had resented Schurman's commission, so MacArthur felt that civilians had no place in a war. Unlike Otis, who had exuded optimism to justify his claims of success, MacArthur projected gloom to dramatize his pleas for toughness. His analysis, if not his prescription, was realistic. A seasoned soldier, he had seen Filipino troops die in droves for their cause. He respected their courage and determination too much to accept the nebulous notion of duping them into surrender with offers of autonomy under U.S. supremacy. The idea of winning their "hearts and minds" he felt, was nonsense.

Prior to his departure, Otis had begun to organize town councils composed of Filipino elites elected through limited suffrage, with U.S. officers in charge. MacArthur dismissed the scheme as chimerical. Native officials, he observed, "acted openly in behalf of the Americans and secretly in behalf of the insurgents, and, paradoxical as it may seem, with considerable apparent solicitude for the interests of both." They helped the U.S. forces to build roads, bridges and schools, but covertly provided Aguinaldo with money, supplies, recruits and intelligence. It was wrong to suppose that the nationalists gained support solely through coercion: "Fear as the only motive is hardly sufficient to account for the united and apparently spontaneous action of millions of people." This "adhesive principle," MacArthur concluded in his ponderous style, "comes from ethnological homogeneity, which induces men to respond for a time to

the appeals of consanguinous leadership, even when such action is opposed to their interests and convictions of expediency." In simple language, it was us against them—and, he believed, as his son later did, that there could be no substitute for a total U.S. victory.

Taft disagreed. MacArthur, he said, viewed all natives as implacably hostile to the United States and looked at his task as "one of conquering eight millions of recalcitrant, treacherous and sullen people." The charge was partly true. Soon after taking command, MacArthur proclaimed an amnesty for enemy troops who gave up their arms and swore allegiance to America. But the offer excluded those who had violated the "rules of civilized warfare"—which by definition meant guerrillas. It misfired badly. Fewer than five thousand Filipinos responded, most of them innocents only too happy to receive rewards for turning in their vintage rifles.

But MacArthur was neither as harsh nor as myopic as Taft portrayed him. He championed leniency for prisoners of war, partly out of fidelity to his soldier's code of honor, and also in the hope that Aguinaldo would treat American captives with equal compassion. He infuriated Taft by releasing many captured nationalists and allowing them to keep their property.

Though a jurist, Taft advocated a stern approach. Root may have stressed America's adherence to the immutable laws of justice and humanity, but Taft argued that the Filipino resistance was a "conspiracy of murder and assassination," proposing that enemy troops be executed or exiled "as they are captured." He was aghast in March 1901, when MacArthur invited Aguinaldo to the Malacañang palace after the Filipino leader's capture and publicly exonerated him in exchange for Aguinaldo's pledge of loyalty to the United States. Taft, then traveling outside Manila, warned that Aguinaldo would soon be agitating for independence through peaceful means and should have been deported to Guam, where the Americans banished obstreperous natives.

Coping with MacArthur baffled Taft. Neither McKinley nor Root had promised to back him in a quarrel, and he could not appeal to them for support. But Taft had been given control over appropriations for the Philippines, and management of the money reassured him that, in a showdown, he could bring MacArthur to heel. In contrast to MacArthur, he believed that "the back of the rebellion" had been broken and, in time, America would prevail. He urged his commission to exercise patience "in this climate," quoting from Kipling's novel *The Naulakha*, a warning to Westerners who sought to impose their pace on Asia:

And the end of the fight is a tombstone white
with the name of the late deceased,
And the epitaph drear: "A Fool lies here
who tried to hustle the East."

In fact, Taft drove his team at top speed. Assigned to different fields, the commissioners spent the summer amassing information. They labored ten or twelve hours a day in the torrid heat, interviewing Filipinos, Americans and other witnesses. Dean Worcester covered agriculture, mining and health. Luke Wright, an attorney, focused on the militia, the police and criminal codes while Henry Ide, the former Samoa judge, studied the courts, banking and currency,

and Bernard Moses, the historian, surveyed education. Taft reserved for himself the touchiest topics: the civil service, the disposition of public lands and the status of the remaining Spanish friars. Late in August, at a cost of \$40,000, he cabled their findings to Root.

The "ignorant, superstitious and credulous" natives had been gulled by "unscrupulous leaders" into defying America, he said. But now, MacArthur's gloomy appraisal to the contrary, the war had been reduced to sporadic guerrilla actions. Most people wanted peace under U.S. sovereignty, and a victory by McKinley in the presidential election in November would confirm his policy to retain the Philippines. The remnant Filipino nationalists, their hope for independence gone, thus had no alternative except surrender. So the United States sought to sponsor, under civilian auspices, a local constabulary, a new tax structure, public works, judicial reform and universal education in English.

On September 1, 1900, as scheduled, the Taft commission assumed the functions of a legislative body—with authority to raise taxes, appropriate funds, fix tariffs and set up law courts. In helping Root to draft his instructions, however, Taft had failed to carve out for himself the post of chief executive, which MacArthur held and naturally refused to relinquish. But Taft and his associates could now enact laws. In addition, they controlled \$2.5 million, accumulated by the U.S. Army from customs duties and other sources. MacArthur's power had been "cut down to almost nothing," Taft cheerfully noted in a letter to a friend. Still, he directed a stream of grievances against MacArthur in messages to Root until, ten months later, he was appointed governor.

Officials usually embark on missions with preconceived attitudes, and Taft fit the pattern. He had already decided before reaching Manila, as he told a friend, that Aguinaldo and his disciples were "desperate men" fighting to convince the U.S. public that the "task of settling that country is hopeless." Unless they were eliminated, they would "overawe the more peaceably inclined inhabitants and the better educated class" in the Philippines. Nothing he heard during his first few months in Manila changed his mind.

He conferred with the same upper-class lawyers, doctors and landowners who had testified before the Schurman panel. They held their own people in low esteem, validating Taft's estimate of most Filipinos as abysmally backward. Shortly after his arrival, he privately ventilated his views in letters home. He described the "vast mass" of the natives as "superstitious and ignorant" and unqualified for either universal suffrage or autonomy. "They need the training of fifty or a hundred years before they shall even realize what Anglo-Saxon liberty is." He even decried the *ilustrados*, whose opinions he valued. "There are not in these islands more than six or seven thousand men who have any education that deserves the name"—most of them "intriguing politicians, without the slightest moral stamina" and motivated only by "personal interests." Few Filipinos could be entrusted with responsibility, since a "certain tendency to venality characterizes them in every position in which there is the slightest opportunity to 'squeeze' the public." He similarly denounced the natives in an informal message to Root as "generally lacking in moral character . . . prone to yield to any pecuniary consideration and difficult persons out

of whom to make an honest government." They were "born politicians, as ambitious as Satan and as jealous as possible of each others' preferment."

But Taft felt bound by duty "to do the best we can." Though the Filipinos would never attain more than a small measure of autonomy under "careful" U.S. tutelage, they could be taught, through "political education" and "wide-spread" schooling, the "possibility of the honest administration of government." He would be their missionary, steering them into the pastures of righteousness. He condescendingly referred to them as "little brown brothers"—a memorable epithet that inspired an anonymous American soldier to compose an equally memorable ditty.

They say I've got brown brothers here,
But still I draw the line.
He may be a brother of Big Bill Taft,
But he ain't no brother of mine.

Taft's fellow commissioners were no less biased. Moses, the California historian, foresaw "the beginning of a rapid return to barbarism" if the United States withdrew from the Philippines, and Dean Worcester remarked to a reporter that "honesty among Filipinos is a theme for a humorist." But they shared Taft's conviction that, under America's guidance, the natives could be improved. Moses maintained that it was America's duty to turn the "barbarian" into an "ally of civilized society." Worcester, who regarded the Filipinos to be "naturally unfit" for self-government, also believed in their future. Often patronizing and truculent, he devoted much of his life to bearing the "white man's burden" as a senior official in the U.S. colonial administration.

The United States had acquired in the Philippines a possession that, in one key respect, differed from Europe's overseas territories: The British in India or the French in Vietnam had taken over lands whose native rulers, whatever the sophistication of their own culture, had been unfamiliar with the West. In the Philippines, by contrast, America inherited a cosmopolitan upper class, composed mostly of Spanish or Chinese *mestizos* who were the intellectual equals or even superiors of their U.S. masters.

Taft might voice contempt for these *ilustrados*, but he perceived that they could be useful, if only as an expedient. He had read the testimony of Felipe Calderón, the prominent local lawyer who had earlier warned the Schurman panel that while defeating the Filipinos by force would be difficult, they could more easily be dominated by "leading them on by attraction." Almost intuitively, Taft evolved what he labeled a "policy of attraction," designed to induce the elites to cooperate with the Americans. A credible native opposition would deflate Aguinaldo's movement. Over the long run, too, the participation of able Filipinos in the colonial administration would spare the United States the stigma of outright imperialism. The policy was to leave a deep imprint on the Philippines. From start to finish of America's rule, the Filipinos essentially governed themselves under increasingly light U.S. supervision.

Many contemporary Filipino historians, belatedly imbued with nationalism, have branded the pro-American collaborators as traitors, to some degree a valid charge. Several wealthy professionals and landowners were indeed selfish and aloof. "The people do not know what is good for them," said Benito

Legarda, a rich lawyer and planter, who feared that Aguinaldo's radical followers would threaten his privileges. He shifted his allegiance to the United States, as did another *ilustrado*, Trinidad Pardo de Tavera, and Taft soon helped them to found a political party.

But these men, and others like them, were not solely concerned with their narrow interests. Some sincerely saw American sovereignty as a boon to the Philippines. In their eyes, they were the true heirs to José Rizal, the martyred patriot who had rebuffed the revolutionary *Katipunan's* call to arms against Spain and appealed instead for the same rights granted Spaniards. "All we demand," Rizal had said, "is more care, better instruction, better officials, one or two representatives and more security for ourselves and our property." These rights were precisely what America offered when McKinley originally promised the Filipinos "benevolent assimilation."

Trinidad Hermenegildo Pardo de Tavera, the archetypal *ilustrado*, was a lean figure with a spade beard and rimless spectacles perched on his aquiline nose. His father, a distinguished Spanish lawyer, had been the son of a nobleman assigned to the Philippines as an army officer. The Spanish readily crossed racial lines to enrich themselves, and the family united with affluent *mestizo* dynasties. Pardo de Tavera's mother came from a wealthy merchant clan of Spanish, Filipino and Chinese origins, and he himself married a cousin of Felipe Calderón, whose ancestry was mixed. His sister wed Juan Luna, the painter, also of a prominent background—who had shamed his kin by murdering her for suspected adultery.

Pardo de Tavera went from college in Manila to medical school in Paris, doubling in the study of Oriental languages. He published several esoteric works, among them a treatise on Tagalog words borrowed from Sanskrit and a survey of curative Philippine herbs, and was honored with election to the Royal Academy of Sciences in Madrid. Like his fellow *ilustrados*, he was a classic nineteenth-century liberal. He championed capitalism, separation of church and state, civil liberty and universal education, all encapsulated in that magic term of the time: *progress*. But he believed that, without a modern society and mature political institutions, self-government in the Philippines would be fatal. After all, Rizal had warned: "Of what good would be independence if the slaves of today become the tyrants of tomorrow."

As Aguinaldo's foreign-affairs adviser, Pardo de Tavera had implored him to beg McKinley "under no circumstances" to forsake the Philippines. He quit the nationalist movement when Aguinaldo spurned his suggestion. Pardo de Tavera himself wrote to McKinley: "Providence led the United States to these distant islands for the fulfillment of a noble mission, to take charge of the task of teaching us the principles that . . . have made your people the wonder of the world and the pride of humanity." In a letter to MacArthur, he pledged that "all our efforts will be directed to Americanizing ourselves" in the hope that "the American spirit may take possession of us," infusing the country with "its principles, its political customs and its peculiar civilization," so that "our redemption may be complete." He was one of the rare Filipinos to testify before the Schurman panel. Along with Legarda, he had gone to the dock to welcome Taft to Manila. Pardo de Tavera was, to Taft, the prototypical "little brown brother."

Despite his private disdain for all natives, Taft respected Pardo de Tavera's

"common sense"—his euphemism for moderation. Here was a solid, educated, refined Filipino, who shared his own conservatism, not one of Aguinaldo's murderers. Indeed, by some stretch of the imagination, Pardo de Tavera might even pass for a Republican back home in Ohio. Accordingly, Taft put his considerable weight behind the *Partido Federal*, popularly called the *Federalistas*, which Pardo de Tavera, Legarda and other *ilustrados* founded late in 1900. They were assisted by a U.S. colonial official, Frank Bourns, who subsequently created a spy network to collect scandalous tidbits about Filipino politicians. He helped draft the party's program, which outlined the evolution of the islands under American tutelage. As the country was pacified, local administrations would be set up and education encouraged. A "constitutional period" would then follow, with elections to a national legislature and accreditation for a resident Filipino delegation to represent the Philippines in Washington. A year later, the party added a visionary plank to its platform: statehood in the Union.

The *Federalistas* formally inaugurated their party on February 22, 1901, George Washington's birthday. Crowds jammed Manila's central park, the Luneta, as brass bands played and children carrying papier-mâché eagles paraded past a reviewing stand flying the Stars and Stripes—the flag of Aguinaldo's republic having long before been banned. Pardo de Tavera, as party president, delivered the keynote address, unabashedly evoking his dream of Americanization. "I see the day near at hand . . . when it shall transpire that George Washington will not simply be the glory of the American continent but also our glory, because he will be the father of the American world, in which we shall feel ourselves completely united and assimilated."

Taft counted on the *Federalistas* to concentrate the "conservative forces in the islands." He gave \$6,000 to Pardo de Tavera's ailing newspaper, *La Democracia*. Under a new sedition act, he also banned opposition movements—claiming that one, which recognized U.S. sovereignty but advocated eventual independence, would crystallize "all the lawless, restless, lazy and evil members of society." He further granted the *Federalistas* a monopoly on official jobs reserved for Filipinos. They rapidly attracted more than two hundred thousand recruits, who calculated that the party, as a creature of the powerful Americans, would provide schools, roads, health services, employment and other plums. The United States thus introduced its own system of patronage to the Philippines, and the Filipinos were to make the pork barrel a pillar of their political practice in later years. Taft rewarded Pardo de Tavera and Legarda, along with a rich sugar planter named José Luzuriaga, with places on his commission. Their appointments were only cosmetic; he privately noted that "the majority will be American at any rate."

The *Federalistas*, with more tangible benefits to offer Filipinos than could Aguinaldo, helped erode his support. They also played a role in the transition from U.S. military to civilian rule by serving the American regime. Taft's embrace, however, eventually proved to be their kiss of death. Despite the relative benison of U.S. tutelage, Filipinos were gradually acquiring a veneer of nationalism, and no movement could appear for long to be subservient to the Americans. Root, then Roosevelt's secretary of state, also shattered the *Federalistas'* dream of integration into the Union in 1904, when a delegation of the party leaders visited him in Washington. "Gentlemen," he said with

disarming candor, "I don't want to suggest an invidious comparison, but statehood for Filipinos would add another serious problem to the one we have already. The Negroes are a cancer in our body politic, a source of constant difficulty, and we wish to avoid developing another such problem."

Two years later, Pardo de Tavera and his associates scuttled their statehood plank and, taking advantage of relaxed U.S. political curbs, instead called for "ultimate independence." But their party had crumbled by then. Taft had gone home in February 1904, depriving them of their patron. They succumbed to internecine rivalries. And they could not match shrewder Filipino leaders, like Sergio Osmeña and Manuel Quezon, who contrived to present themselves as dynamic nationalists—even though they were also American protégés and thus, in their fashion, "little brown bothers" as well.

Taft's promotion of the *ilustrados* reinforced a pattern that endures in the Philippines to this day. By cultivating the upper crust, he strengthened the wealthy families that had originally emerged during the Spanish colonial era, and many still hold sway. Ferdinand Marcos was to smash the old oligarchs seventy years later, but he supplanted them with his greedier cronies. The dispossessed dynasties, determined to regain their privileges, were instrumental in ousting him in favor of Corazon Aquino. She, however, also belonged to the landed gentry and showed no signs of drastically renovating the society. So while Filipinos echoed the rhetoric of U.S. democracy, often to soothe American ears, the Philippines remained, as Ninoy Aquino wrote in 1968, "an entrenched plutocracy."

Taft was not entirely responsible for this system, however. Subsequent American governors, for the sake of expedience, perpetuated the Filipino oligarchy, which continued after independence to ignore the need for economic and social reforms—a major cause of the country's recurrent rebellions. But, at the start, Aguinaldo did not promise a progressive alternative. On the contrary, he failed because he offered the population even less than did the Americans.

* * *

In May 1900, before leaving Manila, Major General Elwell Otis announced that "the war in the Philippines is already over" except for "little skirmishes that amount to nothing." His rosy view was to be contradicted by two more years of tough fighting, followed by mopping-up operations. Aguinaldo, at the time a fugitive in northern Luzon, was losing momentum. He had shifted to a protracted guerrilla conflict in the hope that the likely Democratic candidate for president, William Jennings Bryan, would defeat McKinley in November and fulfill his goal of independence. But the strategy only prolonged and intensified the struggle without improving his prospects.

Aguinaldo had changed his approach at the end of 1899, after Otis's rejection of his recent peace bid convinced him that negotiations were fruitless. He also recognized the futility of a conventional resistance when the Americans overran his last capital, Bayambang. As he fled north to presumed safety, he ordered the mobilization of "guerrillas and flying columns," and issued voluminous directives that read like Mao Zedong's later manuals on "people's war." He told his men to ambush American units, harass their supply lines

and cut their communications. He recruited spies to monitor U.S. movements and inform on Filipino collaborators, and warned his troops against abusing villagers, lest they lose popular support. To make his army flexible, he placed it under autonomous commanders—one of whom wrote that “the war should now be waged more through craft than by force of arms.” The struggle became uglier, for both sides.

The Filipinos, formerly visible in big battalions, began to blend into the landscape. One U.S. officer claimed to have observed a native shed his weapon, grab a farm tool, slip into a nearby field and shout “*amigo*” to a passing American soldier. Another recalled a village where “the people all greet you with kindly expressions while the same men slip into the bushes, get their rifles and waylay you further down the road.” Like their descendants in Vietnam, the American troops in the Philippines became more and more frustrated by the elusive enemy. “Everything possible is being done to locate the insurgent bands in this vicinity,” reported a U.S. commander in the eastern Luzon province of Nueva Ecija, “but so far without success. . . . They will no doubt concentrate somewhere again soon.”

Aguinaldo’s forces meanwhile turned increasingly to terrorism—even though, fearful of alarming U.S. public opinion, he had urged them to avoid atrocities. They invented lethal contraptions of the kind later made notorious by the Vietcong, such as pits concealing sharpened bamboo stakes, or spears and arrows triggered by hidden trip wires. Sergeant Herbert O. Kohr recalled an incident one Sunday in the Luzon town of Nueva Caceres, when a farmer peddling eggs approached an American sentry playing solitaire. Before the sentry could look up, the peasant severed his head from his body with a *bolo* and escaped. Scouts arrested several natives, but Kohr reported, “They were never certain if they had got the proper one.” The Filipinos sometimes castrated American captives and stuffed their genitals into their mouths. In June 1900, a U.S. infantry patrol in Leyte reported finding the remains of an American prisoner who had been buried alive up to the neck: “His mouth had been propped open with a stick, a trail of sugar laid to it through the forest. . . . Millions of ants had done the rest.”

Such horror stories, exaggerated in the retelling, rippled through the U.S. ranks. Indignant American troops retaliated in kind despite official communiqués praising their benign pacification effort. “No more prisoners,” one wrote home; the guerrillas “take none . . . we will kill wounded and all of them.” A volunteer remarked: “With an enemy like this, it is not surprising that the boys should soon adopt ‘no quarter’ as a motto and fill the blacks full of lead before finding out whether they are friends or enemies.” By the end of the war, fifteen Filipino soldiers had been killed for every one wounded—the lopsided ratio suggesting that the Americans either left the wounded to die or shot prisoners.

Civilians fared no better. Colonel Robert Bullard noted in his diary in August 1900 that “ultimately we shall be driven to the Spanish method of dreadful general punishments on a whole community for the acts of its outlaws.” But many U.S. officers had long demanded stiffer penalties for Filipino suspects. One argued, for example, that pacification would falter if the Americans attempted “to meet a half-civilized foe” with the same measures conceived for “people of our own race, country and blood.” The rambunctious

General Lloyd Wheaton similarly advocated “swift methods of destruction.” He sneered at the tactic of “going with a sword in one hand, a pacifist pamphlet in the other hand and trailing the model of a schoolhouse after,” adding that “you can’t put down a rebellion by throwing confetti and sprinkling perfumery.” General S.B.M. Young recommended a plan for dealing with “Asiatics,” who had “no idea of gratitude, honor or the sanctity of an oath.” To deny the guerrillas support, he proposed the concentration of the rural population into controlled zones—a practice ironically denounced by Americans when the Spanish had imposed it in Cuba. He also favored the summary execution of natives who resumed fighting after swearing allegiance to the United States, and the arrest of anyone “deemed prejudicial” to the Americans.

A Civil War statute, later adopted as an international convention to safeguard human rights during war, forbade the indiscriminate killing of civilians. But it prescribed draconian measures for those caught aiding guerrillas, and MacArthur stressed that aspect when he declared martial law in December 1900. Natives implicated in activities judged to be “inimical” to American “interests” would be considered “war rebels” or “traitors” and punished accordingly. Captives unaffiliated with a “regularly organized force” were not to be classified as soldiers and would be denied the rights of prisoners of war. Loosely interpreted, as it was by most U.S. troops, the decree heralded open season on Filipinos, whatever their status. Taft subsequently claimed that while “war of course provokes some cruelty in everyone,” he knew of no conflict, “whether against inferior races or not, in which there were more compassion and more restraint and more generosity.”

American soldiers remembered the war differently. After some U.S. troops were “hacked to pieces” near the town of Malabon, “we got orders to spare no one,” recalled Anthony Michea, an artilleryman. “We went in and killed every native we met, men, women and children. It was a dreadful sight, the killing of the poor creatures.” Usually unable to tell friend from foe, the American forces frequently burned any town or village believed to be an enemy sanctuary—even though, as Colonel Arthur Lockwood later conceded, innocent civilians suffered in the process. Lockwood cited the Bible as justification. “The Almighty destroyed Sodom,” he said, “notwithstanding the fact that there were a few just people in that community.” Similarly, U.S. soldiers in quest of intelligence often tortured local officials and other civilians. Former Sergeant Charles S. Riley of Northampton, Massachusetts, was one of several veterans to describe the so-called “water cure” at a Senate hearing early in 1902.

Speaking in a New England monotone, Riley recounted the interrogation of the *presidente*, or mayor, of a town on the island of Panay two years before. His company, pursuing partisans reported to be near the town, presumed the mayor to be a source of information. When he refused to speak, Riley’s commander ordered the torture. A couple of American soldiers pinned him down under the faucet of an iron tank, while another held open his mouth, as water poured into the man’s throat, a native interpreter translated the officer’s questions. Every few minutes, a soldier would stomp on the victim’s stomach to make him vomit, and the ordeal would resume. Finally, after salt water had been squirted up his nose through a syringe, the mayor talked. Riley’s grim tale ended on a fatuous note when Senator Julius Caesar Burrows, a Republican from Michigan and former Civil War captain, asked if the man

had suffered. "Yessir," the sergeant nodded, but "of course he could not holler or make any noise." "Why not?" Burrows pressed—to which Riley replied dryly: "On account of the water being in his mouth."

The Filipinos usually remained silent. Nationalist partisans pervaded the countryside, retaliating against informers with impunity. Most vulnerable were local officials functioning under U.S. supervision—unless they doubled as covert nationalist agents, as many did. In February 1900, one of Aguinaldo's generals, Pantaleón García, directed his officers to "apply the proper punishment" to pro-American sympathizers, citing as a precedent some two hundred men on the island of Negros who were executed "for having accepted U.S. sovereignty." Another Filipino general, Arcadio Maxilom, threatened to level any town that acknowledged American authority, and even minor infractions like paying taxes in areas under U.S. control invited retribution. Offenses ranged from disobedience to treason, and the penalties from fines to decapitation or burial alive. Guerrilla death squads often liquidated suspects capriciously despite Aguinaldo's pleas to his followers to conduct trials. Taking advantage of the fluid situation, rival village factions frequently went on killing sprees to settle old vendettas.

Juan Cailles, a Filipino general of part-French origin, commanded a free-wheeling collection of guerrilla bands in Laguna province, a flat area of rice fields, marshes and scrub vegetation southeast of Manila. The region had been combed and presumably cleaned out by the Americans several times over. But, though outnumbered, Cailles's men constantly staged hit-and-run raids against the U.S. forces. They killed some fifty Americans in twelve separate attacks during a two-week period in September 1900. "This record," remarked a U.S. officer, "shows how hard the insurrection is dying."

The key to their success, as in all guerrilla struggles, was control of the population, through either intimidation or sympathy. Cailles and his men, moving swiftly to escape capture, collected food and taxes, and drafted recruits by compelling families to contribute their unmarried sons to the cause. They treated American collaborators brutally. They shot the mayor and destroyed the town of San Pablo after its residents had presented an American officer with a homemade U.S. flag as a mark of their esteem. Cailles decreed death for *Federalistas*, the pro-American party, and he killed for reasons unrelated to the war. On the pretext that they had committed treason, for example, he executed a married couple involved in a lawsuit against one of his friends. But, in Filipino style, he tempered rough justice with religious reverence. Directing an aide to wipe out two men, he declared that their murder conformed to "the law of God, because it is dictated by sound reason." Afterward, as a gesture of respect for the victims, he sent a message to his troops: "Let us offer up a prayer for their eternal rest." Betrayed by a disgruntled follower, he was finally captured in June 1901. He promptly took an oath of allegiance to the United States and, with equal zeal, joined the Americans in flushing out his former comrades.

★ ★ ★

At the end of June 1900, the Republicans gathered in Philadelphia to acclaim McKinley for a second term. A dispute arose over moves to name Theodore

Roosevelt, the governor of New York, as his running mate. McKinley, at home in Ohio, mysteriously remained neutral as his former campaign manager, Mark Hanna, fought to block Roosevelt—warning with uncanny prescience that "there's only one life between that madman and the presidency." Nor did Roosevelt want the empty honor. He preferred the governorship of the Philippines, and asked Henry Cabot Lodge to lobby on his behalf with McKinley. By then, however, McKinley had already decided on Taft. Tom Platt, the New York Republican boss, who could not abide Roosevelt, finally maneuvered to secure his nomination as a way of banishing him from the state. Roosevelt acquiesced after Lodge pledged him Taft's job later as compensation for his sacrifice. To record his displeasure, Roosevelt cast the sole vote against himself. Lodge, the convention chairman, then went on to assure the delegates sweltering in the early summer heat of the party's plan to fulfill its Asia policy. America would stay in the Philippines, guide its people "to entire freedom and to self-government under our flag" and thus gain the "inestimable advantages" of Manila as a base for trade with China—the "greatest of all markets."

The Democrats met three weeks later in Kansas City to renominate William Jennings Bryan, their candidate in 1896. As number two on the ticket, they picked a prominent Illinois politician, Adlai Ewing Stevenson, vice president under Cleveland and grandfather of a subsequent presidential aspirant. Bryan had supported both war with Spain and the treaty to retain the Philippines. But now, his mellifluous voice ringing out as he stood beside his own bust on the podium, he criticized McKinley's acquisition of the islands. The Democratic platform awkwardly combined two themes in an attempt to bridge northern liberals and southern conservatives. Affirming that "the constitution follows the flag," it argued that America could not lawfully rule another land: "No nation can long endure half republic and half empire." And to placate the racists, it denounced the annexation of territories whose people, like Filipinos, were not "fit to become American citizens."

The issue of the Philippines loomed large in the campaign, and the candidates reiterated familiar platitudes as they toured the country. Aguinaldo, fleeing from one refuge to another in northern Luzon, tried to keep track of the contest. At that distance, he could only rely on information from his far-flung agents, whose conclusions were invariably clouded by wishful thinking. One asserted that the anti-imperialists in America were "growing more and more confident of victory," while another observed that "the probabilities of Bryan's success improve day by day." Buoyed by the optimistic reports, Aguinaldo called the election "a ray of hope." He urged his men to carry on their fight by emulating George Washington and, oddly enough, William Tell. When the results came in, however, McKinley scored the biggest Republican triumph since 1872, beating Bryan by a margin of 155 electoral votes and a popular plurality of nearly 1 million.

Aguinaldo's prospects also dimmed as his best officers either surrendered or were captured and swore fidelity to the United States. Even Apolinario Mabini, confined to a Manila jail following his arrest months earlier, was no longer implacably hostile to the Americans. An amiable intellectual, he enjoyed occasional chats with senior U.S. officers and, at their behest, wrote to Aguinaldo in November 1900, offering to arrange a new round of peace talks. The letter, carried by courier over rugged mountain trails, took four months to

reach Aguinaldo, who by now had retreated to Palanan, a remote village on the Pacific coast of Luzon. There, for the sake of security, he referred to himself as "Captain Emilio." He promptly drafted a reply, favoring fresh negotiations—on condition that the United States recognize the "legitimate rights and inherent liberties" of the Filipinos. One of the most dramatic episodes of the war intervened to render his response pointless.

Brigadier General Frederick Funston was, like Aguinaldo, a bantamweight. Five feet four inches tall, he looked with his ruddy face and red beard like an adolescent masquerading as a man, but at thirty-six he was already a legend. The son of a Kansas farmer turned politician, he had quit college to work on the railroad, then became a newspaper reporter before embarking as a botanist on government expeditions to Death Valley and Alaska—his exploits including a daring solo journey down the Yukon. One spring evening in 1896, while strolling in Manhattan, he casually dropped in on a rally promoting Cuban freedom from Spain. The appeal of the cause, coupled with the lure of adventure, converted him. He volunteered to serve as an artillery officer with the Cuban rebels, even though he had never heard a cannon fired in anger. He proved his mettle in battle. Twice wounded, he was finally captured by the Spanish and narrowly escaped execution by pretending to have deserted the Cuban forces. He returned home, preceded by press accounts of his prowess, to cash in on the lecture circuit. When the war between the United States and Spain began, he persuaded the governor of Kansas to commission him a colonel in command of a state regiment of volunteers. Soon he reached the Philippines.

As a former newspaperman, Funston knew that reporters cherished quotable comments, and he accommodated them. The average Filipino, he declared, was a lazy lout who "is born tired, stays tired and dies tired." He called Aguinaldo a "cold-blooded murderer" whose followers were a "drunken uncontrollable mob," and he bragged about summarily executing natives to avenge American deaths. In some ways he shared Theodore Roosevelt's boyish brashness. They started a correspondence that lasted until Roosevelt, elected president, prudently disassociated himself from Funston's outrageous opinions.

But Funston was a brave soldier, as he demonstrated soon after the war with the Filipinos broke out. He personally led a squad across a river under heavy fire to silence an enemy machine-gun nest, sustaining a wound in the assault. The exploit won him promotion to brigadier general and the Congressional Medal of Honor. Then, in February 1901, a stroke of luck brought him the chance for real glory.

He was commanding a brigade in central Luzon, when sentries hustled a frightened Filipino into his headquarters. The native turned out to be a courier who had been captured carrying, among other papers, a coded letter from Aguinaldo to a subordinate in the province of Cavite, south of Manila. Funston and his staff, fortified by whiskey and black coffee, spent a night deciphering the message: "I have not sufficient people. Send me about four hundred men at the first opportunity." Under questioning, the captive revealed the location of Aguinaldo's sanctuary at Palanan. Funston concocted an audacious scheme.

He would form a unit of bogus reinforcements, composed of natives loyal to the Americans. They would have five U.S. officers in tow, pretending to be

prisoners they had captured. Once at Aguinaldo's headquarters, they would surprise and seize him. MacArthur approved the concept, and Funston worked out the details.

He hired eighty Macabebes, members of an ethnic group in Pampanga province, to pose as the sham reinforcements. The clan, traditional foes of the Tagalogs, had served the Spanish as mercenaries and had been mobilized by the U.S. forces as scouts. He also enlisted Lázaro Segovia, a former Spanish officer who had deserted to the Filipinos and then secretly defected to the Americans. To avoid a hard trek across the mountains, he persuaded the U.S. Navy to take his men by sea to a spot within range of Aguinaldo's lair. In addition, he sent fake messages to Aguinaldo to assure him that help was arriving. On March 6, 1901, two days after McKinley's inauguration in Washington, the team left Manila aboard the gunboat *Vicksburg*. MacArthur, the evening before, had melodramatically bid him farewell: "Funston, this is a desperate undertaking. I fear I shall never see you again."

In the early hours of March 24, the commandos landed on the coast at Casiguran Sound, on the east side of Luzon. The Americans were dressed as enlisted men, in khaki breeches and blue shirts without insignia, and the Macabebes wore tattered guerrilla garb. Drenched by the surf and a steady drizzle, they huddled under palm fronds, afraid to light fires lest they be detected. Their objective lay a hundred miles ahead.

The inhabitants of the first village they entered greeted them with music and flowers, believing the Macabebes to be real partisans and the Americans genuine prisoners. But the operation soon became arduous. Rain fell constantly as they slogged across muddy beaches, waded streams and scaled cliffs. After running out of food, they subsisted on snails and limpets. Funston later recalled that they had "stumbled along in a half-dazed condition . . . some of them so weak that they reeled as they walked" while he himself doubted that "the madcap enterprise could succeed"—the prospect of failure filling him with "regrets that I had led all these men to such a finish." Their morale sagged when they learned—wrongly as it turned out—that Aguinaldo had just been strengthened by the arrival of four hundred fresh troops. They also heard, to their alarm, that March 22 had been Aguinaldo's thirty-second birthday and that Palanan was crowded with his supporters. Nevertheless, they plodded on—their hopes bolstered ten miles from his redoubt by a welcome note from Aguinaldo's chief of staff, who had been informed of their whereabouts. The ruse was working.

A complication arose: Aguinaldo intended to release the American captives, and denied them entry to his camp, fearing that they might identify it later. He ordered them to be held instead at a nearby village, but Segovia gambled, trusting that his defection had not been betrayed. Forging a directive from Aguinaldo to authorize their passage, he told the Americans to follow with an escort as he, leading the rest of the column, went on to Palanan. There his men lined up in the square, facing Aguinaldo's troops. Filipino officers ushered him and an aide up to a second-floor room of a modest house on stilts. Aguinaldo soon appeared, in a starched khaki uniform and polished black boots. They talked pleasantly, Aguinaldo thanking him for the help. Finally, Segovia signaled to a comrade outside, who shouted: "Now is the time, Macabebes! Give it to them!" At that, they began shooting at Aguinaldo's astonished men.

Aguinaldo, thinking his troops were firing salutes, cried from the window: "Stop that foolishness. Don't waste ammunition!" Then, seeing men dropping, he wheeled around, perplexed. Segovia, his gun drawn, barked at him and his officers: "You are our prisoners! We are not insurgents, we are Americans! Surrender or be killed!" Two of Aguinaldo's officers moved abruptly, and Segovia shot them. A third pulled a white handkerchief from his pocket. "We surrender," he said softly. "This is a flag of peace."

Funston arrived shortly afterward, introduced himself to Aguinaldo and pompously proclaimed him to be "a prisoner of war of the army of the United States of America," adding: "You will be treated with due consideration." Aguinaldo, stunned, muttered, "Is this not some joke?"

News of Funston's feat flashed across the Pacific, making him famous overnight. KANSAS WILD WITH JOY, *The New York Times* headlined, reporting moves to run him for governor. "You have added your name to the honor roll of American worthies," wrote Roosevelt. Thomas Edison turned the exploit into a pioneer movie at his New Jersey studio. Enraged anti-imperialists charged Funston with "treachery" against Aguinaldo, a "brave patriot and lover of liberty." They were ignored.

Back home ten months afterward, Funston exultantly continued in lectures, interviews and magazine articles to disparage both the Filipinos and their American sympathizers. But the public was wearying of the war. Theodore Roosevelt, by now president, sensed the mood, and told Funston to cease his "very unfortunate" rhetoric. Funston went on to direct an effective relief effort in San Francisco after the earthquake of 1906. Eight years later, when American forces seized Veracruz during the Mexican revolution, he acted as the city's military governor. He died in 1917, at fifty-one, another forgotten hero.

Despite his disdain for Filipinos, Funston had admired Aguinaldo's "dignified" style. After his capture, he had taken the rebel leader to Manila aboard the *Vicksburg*, and they had chatted amiably during the voyage. To Taft's dismay, MacArthur graciously invited the vanquished foe to the Malacañang palace. Three weeks later, under pressure from his wife and children, Aguinaldo issued an eloquent proclamation. "Enough of blood, enough of tears and desolation. . . . By acknowledging and accepting the sovereignty of the United States throughout the entire archipelago, as I now do without any reservation whatsoever, I believe that I am serving thee, my beloved country. My happiness be thine!"

Aguinaldo then retired to his family mansion in Kawit, and he wore a black bow tie forever after, in mourning for his lost republic. Apart from a fruitless foray into politics, he remained a largely private figure. He naïvely broadcast pro-Japanese propaganda during World War II, a blunder for which he was pardoned. Surviving all his contemporaries, he died on February 6, 1964, just before his ninety-fifth birthday—and nearly sixty-five years to the day from the outbreak of his war against the Americans. Six years before, as a gesture of reconciliation, Charles Bohlen, then the U.S. ambassador in Manila, had returned to him his Spanish sword. Tarnished, it hangs on a wall of his gingerbread house, now a dusty museum cluttered with mementos, among them the autographed photographs of American presidents and generals. In the garden, shaded by tamarind trees, stands his white marble tomb, its simplicity a symbol of his innocence. Sympathizers still lobby for his enshrinement

as the national hero, but he lived too long for martyrdom—the prerequisite for idolatry in the Philippines.

Some historians have drawn parallels between Aguinaldo's resistance and the Vietnamese Communist struggle against the Americans nearly seventy years afterward. Both, fueled by fierce nationalist sentiment, relied heavily on guerrilla tactics, and both spurred dissent in the United States. But their differences overshadowed their similarities.

The Filipinos, in contrast to the Vietnamese, had an edge over the Americans. At its peak in Vietnam in the late 1960s, the joint force of more than 500,000 American and approximately 1 million South Vietnamese troops outnumbered the enemy by a proportion of roughly six to one. There were never more than 70,000 Americans in the Philippines, compared to almost 100,000 Filipino regulars and tens of thousands of militiamen—a ratio of two to one in Aguinaldo's favor. The Americans in Vietnam had a formidable arsenal of artillery, aircraft and other advanced weapons, while the Krag-Jorgensen and Springfield rifles of their forefathers in the Philippines were no better than the Remingtons and Mausers wielded by the Filipinos. Late in the Vietnam War, their guerrillas virtually annihilated, the Communists fought in big battalions that were devastated by overwhelming U.S. firepower. The Filipinos, however, became increasingly elusive after switching to guerrilla tactics. Thus, by military measure, America should have prevailed in Vietnam and, at least, been held to a deadlock by Aguinaldo. Why did the two wars end differently?

Aguinaldo and his staff were egregiously inept. General Vo Nguyen Giap, the chief Vietnamese strategist, brilliantly waged a protracted war of attrition, coupling Mao Zedong's doctrine of "people's war" with lessons learned from fighting France. He slowly escalated from guerrilla to conventional tactics, accepting huge casualties while building a broad base of support in the expectation that, over time, he would erode America's will to fight. Aguinaldo, to his detriment, took a diametrically opposite course. Inexperienced as a soldier, he at first relied on Antonio Luna, his main field commander, whose smattering of knowledge came from classic military texts. He consequently sustained immense losses in set-piece battles from the outset. And he belatedly switched to guerrilla warfare only as a desperate last resort. Had he begun by pursuing an unconventional strategy, he might have prolonged the struggle, and ultimately exhausted the patience of the U.S. public—whose ardor increasingly waned as the war dragged on. The Vietnamese, on the other hand, figured that the resolve of Americans at home would weaken if they could only endure on the battlefield in Vietnam. Their calculation proved to be correct.

The Vietnamese had another advantage over the Filipinos. Their troops could escape to safety in nearby North Vietnam, Cambodia and Laos while Aguinaldo's security, as Funston demonstrated, was not inviolable even in a remote village. The Vietnamese also benefited from a strong and pervasive sense of national cohesion. Ho Chi Minh, their leader, could rally them, first against France and later against America, by invoking the memory of centuries of resistance to foreign invaders. The Filipinos lacked a recorded history and common identity. Their chain of islands had been a geographical accident rather than a society before the arrival of the Spanish, who had deliberately perpetuated the disunity of the archipelago to maintain their rule. Ethnic and regional rivalries chronically nagged Aguinaldo's crusade as factions in areas

outside central Luzon resented the intrusion of his predominantly Tagalog commanders.

But one ingredient absent from Aguinaldo's program may, above all others, have contributed to his collapse: He failed to offer genuine change to the Filipino masses. The Vietnamese gained support and strength, especially during their war against the French, by simultaneously challenging colonialism and promoting a revolution that pledged to improve the plight of dispossessed peasants. They fulfilled the vow in areas under their control by liquidating landlords and distributing property to the poor. Their campaigns appealed to both the nationalistic sentiments and the tangible demands of the population, a highly charged combination. Aguinaldo, however, focused exclusively on winning independence, showing little concern for even modest economic or social reforms.

Himself a member of the rural gentry, he courted rich provincial families to boost his own prestige. He upheld their power and privileges, and gave them official positions, even though many had collaborated with the Spanish. Like feudal nobles, they often reciprocated by joining his ranks with private armies composed of dragooned villagers, but they were opportunists who later shifted their allegiance to America when it suited their interests. So the majority of sharecroppers, tenant farmers and other poor folk did not give Aguinaldo their full sympathy. Numbers saw him as the champion of the oppressive oligarchy rather than as a Robin Hood. Their expectations for radical change disappointed, they remained indifferent to his movement or accommodated to both sides. Without their consistent support, he could not maintain his momentum.

The regional elections conducted by his regime late in 1898 merely confirmed the authority of local notables. The *ilustrados* who drafted the constitution had limited suffrage to the affluent upper classes, who naturally buttressed their own power. The Luzon town of Ilagan, capital of Isabela province, exemplified the process. There, out of a population of nearly fourteen thousand, only seventy-three citizens were qualified to vote. They chose as province chief a wealthy tobacco merchant, Dimas Guzman, a skilled survivor who had been rewarded by the Spanish for meritorious service, and was later elected to the Philippine legislature organized by the Americans. Like hereditary dynasties, the same clans were to control their native regions for decades, and many present-day Filipino politicians trace their present influence back to the prominence of their forebears.

Aguinaldo made dubious deals with vested interests. He once broke a strike by railway employees to placate the railway company, which in return gave his regime ten percent of its income, allowed his aides to travel free and provided him with a special train. Though not numerous, the workers he alienated could nevertheless have helped his cause. He maintained the heavy taxes formerly imposed by the Spanish on rural communities, and he shut his eyes to the fact that several local mayors and their cronies were pocketing the money.

Worse still, he ignored the country's appalling agrarian problems. Deaf to the tenants clamoring for a reduction of the exorbitant rents that they paid plantation owners, he also disregarded farmers who demanded restitution of land seized from their families by the Spanish. Nor did he deal equitably with property confiscated from the Spanish monastic orders. In Laguna, for in-

stance, his officials kept the estates for themselves and their friends on the pretext that they were now government custodians. They refused to renew the leases of tenants—one of whom claimed that, under Aguinaldo, his fate was "a thousand times more miserable" than it had been during the Spanish era. Many frustrated peasants joined messianic sects to oppose Aguinaldo. They continued to fight the Americans, who instead of introducing reforms, branded them "bandits." Areas of the Philippines, as bleak today as then, are the crucible of the Communist insurgency that feeds on injustices dating back decades.

Late in February 1899, shortly after the war between the Filipinos and Americans broke out, Mabini issued a warning that could be the epitaph of Aguinaldo's cause. "We cannot conquer today, but we can hope to achieve victory tomorrow if the people are with us. If not, we will be defeated."

* * *

Americans at home, elated by Aguinaldo's capture in March 1902, could finally discern the light at the end of the tunnel. But brutal episodes yet to unfold in the waning war were to horrify many of them. The U.S. mission in the Philippines no longer seemed to be an exercise in benevolence.

The cast of characters involved in the venture had largely changed as 1901 drew to a close. On September 14, McKinley died, eight days after being shot by Leon Czolgosz, a presumed anarchist, during a visit to Buffalo. Roosevelt, not yet forty-three, had become the youngest president in U.S. history. Taft, still in Manila, was the first civilian governor of the Philippines. MacArthur had returned home, but Taft continued to bear a grudge against him. Years afterward, as secretary of war and subsequently president, Taft denied MacArthur promotion, including appointment to Army Chief of Staff. Taft also clashed with MacArthur's successor, Major General Adna Romanza Chaffee, who landed in Manila in July 1902.

Chaffee was a dour Ohioan of sixty, with narrow eyes, a lantern jaw and the bowlegged gait of a cavalryman. Another boy wonder of the Civil War, he had joined the Union army at nineteen as a private, earning a field commission before being wounded and captured at Gettysburg. He remained with the same regiment for the next twenty-five years, mostly fighting Indians, winning notoriety for ordering during one skirmish, "Forward! If any man is killed, I'll make him a corporal!" The war with Spain elevated him to the rank of brigadier general in command of a detachment in Cuba, where he gained Roosevelt's admiration. He went on to head the U.S. units sent to China in 1900 as part of the international force assembled to crush the Boxers, a fanatic cult that had besieged the foreign legations in Beijing. There he was remarkably humane compared to his European colleagues, who had few compunctions about slaughtering innocent Chinese.

Chaffee showed no such sensitivity in the Philippines—which he called a "volcano" on the verge of eruption. Tough and sinewy despite his age, he derided Taft's corpulence as symptomatic of a flabby attitude toward the Filipinos. They could be checked only by force, as he sought to illustrate in Batangas province, south of Manila.

Following Aguinaldo's capture, General Miguel Malvar, a middle-aged

veteran with a satanic beard, proclaimed himself supreme commander of the remnant Filipino forces and vowed to pursue the "difficult and arduous" struggle. He deployed his guerrillas in Batangas, his native province, hoping as Aguinaldo had that the U.S. public, tiring of the war, would swing to his side. "Perseverance, perseverance and always perseverance, without fear of sacrifice," he told his men. "Let us continue, as the will of the people has always been more powerful than the most powerful armies."

Chaffee had singled out Batangas as his first target and coaxed Taft into putting the province under military control. The enemy operated there, he said, "through the connivance and knowledge of practically all the inhabitants," who had to be taught "a lesson." He handed the job to Brigadier General J. Franklin Bell, a burly Kentuckian who had arrived in the Philippines as a major and won a promotion for gallantry. Bell, invoking the Civil War code that authorized severe punishment for anyone suspected of helping partisans, issued a rigorous order to his men: "Neutrality should not be tolerated." Only those who provided the American forces with intelligence, guided operations against the guerrillas or identified them and their sympathizers would be judged guiltless. Prisoners would be executed by lot in retaliation for the murder of U.S. soldiers or Filipino loyalists, and all civilians were to be herded into zones where they could be monitored. The inhabitants of the region would thus be filled with such "anxiety and apprehension" as to deter them from cooperating with the nationalists. "Even though they call me a brute, as I know they do," Bell said, "I shall follow out the course I have planned."

Driving into Batangas early in January 1902 with four thousand men, he was merciless. A congressman who later visited the area reported that "there isn't anybody there to rebel," since U.S. troops had raked the region "in a most resolute manner." They "took no prisoners [and] kept no records," but "simply swept the country, and wherever or however they could get hold of a Filipino they killed him." A correspondent covering the push called it "relentless." The American soldiers killed "men, women, children, prisoners and captives, active insurgents and suspected people, from lads of ten and up, an idea prevailing that the Filipino . . . was little better than a dog" who belonged on "the rubbish heap." They rounded up natives, stood them on a bridge and, "without a shred of evidence" against them, shot them "one by one, to drop into the water below and float down as an example to those who found their bullet-riddled corpses." It was "not civilized warfare," the correspondent admitted—yet he wrote approvingly: "We are not dealing with a civilized people. The only thing they know is force, violence and brutality, and we give it to them."

Bell's strategy, whatever its ethics, worked. Alone and unarmed, Malvar surrendered in April. He explained that he had been deserted by his closest aides, and chased from one place to another until, "without a single gun" left, he could no longer hold out. In any case, his men would have starved eventually, since Bell's scorched-earth tactic had prevented the local farmers from planting next season's rice crop.

The ferocity of the U.S. troops in Batangas was a reaction to the earlier massacre of their comrades on the island of Samar, in the Visayas. That episode, in turn, provoked an incident that was to shock and sober American public opinion.

Samar, the first land sighted by Magellan as he neared the Philippines in the sixteenth century, is the third largest island in the chain, and among the wildest even to this day. Its interior, still largely unmapped, is a rugged terrain of jungle-clad hills, with no roads and few trails. General Vicente Lukban, a rotund man in his fifties, had gone there late in 1898 with a hundred armed followers, announcing himself Aguinaldo's governor. The scion of a rich Chinese *mestizo* family from Luzon, he cemented an alliance with the leaders of the *Dios-Dios*, a religious sect. He won their confidence by executing the local Spanish friars, who had branded the movement heretical. The cult, which dressed in red, had been founded years before by a self-styled messiah, who inspired his disciples with the promise of eternity in a golden heaven. They were fearless fighters, convinced that their *anting antings*, or amulets, rendered them invincible. Twirling huge knives, they would charge in suicidal waves—like "breakers dashing against the rocks," recalled one U.S. soldier who had faced one of their assaults. Lukban employed them as spies, and encouraged their cruelties against real or imagined traitors. One of their punishments for a native suspected of pro-American sentiments was to turban his head in a U.S. flag soaked in kerosene, set it aflame and mutilate his corpse. As a warning, they staged the spectacle before the victim's fellow villagers.

American troops first landed on Samar in early 1901, setting up coastal outposts as Lukban prudently retreated inland. In August, a company of seventy-four U.S. officers and men arrived at Balangiga, a town on the south side of the island. The men carried Krag-Jorgensens and the officers Colt forty-fives, a powerful revolver of Indian war vintage recently reissued as the only weapon capable of stopping a fanatic in close combat. One soldier, noting the two hundred nipa huts clustered around a flaking church and a mildewed town hall, remarked: "Boys, we're in guguland for sure now."

The company was there to establish a garrison at the request of the mayor, Pedro Abayan, whose plea for protection against "pirates" had been greeted by the U.S. authorities in Manila as a sign that the Filipinos were joining the American side. But the Americans were unaware that Abayan had earlier advised Lukban of his "deceptive" plan to lure the U.S. troops to the town and, at a "favorable opportunity," launch an uprising against them. Shortly before, an American patrol had captured Abayan's incriminating letter in a raid on Lukban's hideout. Judged unimportant, it was buried in the army files.

Captain Thomas W. Connell, the company commander, was a West Pointer in his late twenties and something of a prig. A devout Catholic, he believed that the Filipinos esteemed him because of their common faith. But they actually regarded him with a mixture of indifference and contempt. They could not fathom his disdain for cockfights, their main diversion, nor did they appreciate his prudish attempt to make their girls exchange their seductive sarongs for more seemly dress. Abayan, however, feigned submission. He obeyed Connell's order to clean up the piles of garbage, excrement and dead animals that littered the town. Connell naïvely accepted Abayan's offer to bring laborers in from the nearby countryside to do the job. They were, of course, guerrillas in disguise.

On September 26, a boat brought the Americans mail from home along with their first news of McKinley's assassination. Connell ordered a mass for the president to be held at the church on Sunday, two days hence. He was puzzled

by the numbers of native women from nearby areas entering the church bearing coffins that, they claimed, contained the bodies of children who had perished in a cholera epidemic. Had his sentries investigated, they would have found the coffins to be filled with *bolos*—and the mourning women to be men. Connell was baffled as well by the odd absence of the town priest, whom he had hoped would celebrate the mass for McKinley. Had his intelligence been even routine, he would have learned that the priest was in league with Lukban.

Most of the Americans awoke before reveille on that sultry Sunday morning to reread their mail. At six o'clock, as the bugler sounded mess call, they straggled across the town square to the tents where the company cooks were serving breakfast. Twenty minutes later, it happened.

Only three American sentries were on duty. The local police chief, stopping to chat with one of them, suddenly seized his rifle and fired a signal shot. The church bells then pealed crazily, and natives appeared from everywhere, brandishing *bolos*, picks and shovels. Rushing into the mess tent, they decapitated a sergeant—leaving him, as one of his buddies recollected, “leaning forward with a spoon clutched in his hand . . . his head lying on the table.” They pitched another soldier into a barrel of boiling water as he washed his utensils. Screaming and slashing, they stormed the huts that lodged some of the U.S. troops. A survivor later recalled the sight of one man “bleeding from a gaping wound in his forehead, sitting bolt upright on a ladder in front of our shack, dying,” as another crawled “on his hands and feet like a stabbed pig, his brains falling out” from a head wound. Guided by Abayan, a group of natives invaded the convent adjacent to the church, which also had served as a barracks. After killing two officers in their beds, they crashed into Connell’s room, where he had been reading his breviary. He leaped from the window and ran, only to be chopped to ribbons by a howling gang. A corporal who shot Abayan remembered that he “died in a very pretty way,” rising “in the air like a toe dancer.”

The unarmed Americans fought back desperately with everything from baseball bats to rocks, and a cook fended off his assailants by hurling cans of beans at them. The unit’s three officers dead, Sergeant Frank Betron took command. He considered holding the town while sending for help, but with only thirty-six soldiers left, most of them wounded, he decided to escape by sea. He led them to five native dugouts that lay on the shore. They were embarking when Private Claude Wingo saw the Stars and Stripes still flying over the town at half-mast, in tribute to McKinley. Though injured himself, Wingo took three volunteers back to rescue the colors. Only two returned, the flag in their possession.

Harassed by snipers, swamped by rough water and pursued by sharks, the men drifted throughout the day, suffering from exposure and thirst. Only three boats finally reached safety at Leyte and the U.S. garrison at Basey, thirty miles up the coast. Seven more men died during the voyage, Wingo among them, and another eight succumbed from wounds at the Basey infirmary. Only twenty of the company’s original seventy-four members survived. “In my dreams,” one wrote years afterward, “I often live over again that dreadful morning of slaughter, and wake up screaming.” Lukban called the massacre a manifestation of God’s “justice.”

A fresh American detachment of fifty-three volunteers promptly steamed to

Balangiga, their ship’s machine gun and cannon scattering a mob of natives defiantly shouting from the shore. The soldiers, bayonets fixed, charged through the surf to behold a ghastly sight. Their dead comrades had been mutilated beyond belief—as if an arcane rite had driven the townsfolk into a barbaric frenzy. Disemboweled bodies had been stuffed with molasses or jam to attract ants. The sergeant killed while washing his mess kit was still upended in the water barrel, his feet chopped off. A bag of flour had been poured into the slit stomach of an unidentified corpse. Even the company dog had been slain, its eyes gouged out and replaced with stones. Captain Connell’s head was found in a fire, far from his torso, his West Point ring missing along with the finger.

Captain Edwin V. Bookmiller, commander of the column, buried the dead Americans. Despite the pleas of two old women, who begged that the two hundred and fifty natives slain in the melee be given a Christian burial, he had them cremated. His men, scouring the vicinity, gunned down twenty Filipinos hiding in the nearby jungle.

News of the Balangiga massacre jolted the U.S. public. The press rated it with the Alamo and Custer’s defeat as one of the worst tragedies in American military annals. Chaffee, his pessimism confirmed, remarked that Taft’s “silly talk of benevolence and civilian rule [and] the soft mollycoddling of treacherous natives” was no substitute for “shot, shells and bayonets.” He thereupon directed Brigadier General Jacob W. Smith to end the resistance on Samar once and for all.

At sixty-two, Smith was another leathery veteran of the Civil War and the Indian campaigns. His formal education had consisted of a year at a Connecticut commercial school, where he learned copperplate penmanship, a system of writing based on engraved models and an enviable skill before the advent of the typewriter. A cranky little man with a ragged mustache whose wrinkled white tropical uniform looked like he slept in it, he was known for his bellowing voice as “Hell-Roaring Jake.”

To command the mission, Smith selected a swaggering marine major of forty-five improbably named Littleton Waller Tazewell Waller, who had fought in Egypt, Cuba and against the Boxers in China. Smith, giving him four companies, said: “I want no prisoners. I wish you to kill and burn, the more you kill and burn the better you will please me. I want all persons killed who are capable of bearing arms in actual hostilities against the United States.” Waller, a scrupulous professional, asked Smith to define an age limit. “Ten years,” replied Smith. Waller pressed for clarification. “Persons of ten years and older are those designated as being capable of bearing arms?” “Yes,” responded Smith.

Smith repeated similar orders in different forms as Waller launched the offensive. “Short severe wars are the most humane in the end,” one stated, adding that every native should be “treated as an enemy until he has conclusively shown that he is a friend.” In another, unsigned, he wrote in his exquisite copperplate that Samar “must be made a howling wilderness.” The message, later made public, earned him a new nickname, “Howling Wilderness” Smith.

Waller, appalled by Smith’s directives, confided to an aide that “we are not making war on women and children.” Nevertheless, he ordered his men to

shoot all native suspects as he led an expedition against Lukban's redoubt, located in the mountains of the interior. They captured the Filipino commander and then, obeying Smith's instructions to make Samar a "howling wilderness," Waller and his troops marched across the island, destroying every village along the way. Not only did food shortages, torrential rains and leeches afflict them as they hacked through the jungle, but some narrowly escaped an attack by mutinous native porters, whom they arrested. When he returned to his base, Waller was informed of a plot by local Filipinos to murder marines who had remained behind in the town. One of his subordinates convened a court-martial and sentenced the mutineers and the conspirators to death. Waller, feverish following his trek, approved their execution. He sent a laconic message to Smith's headquarters on Leyte: "It became necessary to expend eleven prisoners."

Domestic politics now began to weigh heavily on policy abroad. The American public, horrified by the slaughter on Samar, was more than ever frustrated by the seemingly endless struggle. Senator George Hoar, the senior Republican from Massachusetts and a foe of the war from the start, perceived the trend. On his insistence, the Senate committee on the Philippines, headed by Lodge, opened hearings on the conflict in January 1902. Lodge summoned a collection of friendly figures, among them Dewey, Otis and MacArthur in addition to Taft, who was then home for medical care. But the panel included a minority of vocal critics, notably Thomas Patterson of Colorado and Edward Carmack of Tennessee, both Democrats, and Eugene Hale of Maine—the only Republican to have joined Hoar in opposition to the treaty annexing the Philippines. They grilled the administration witnesses, even getting as shrewd a jurist as Taft to acknowledge that natives had been tortured "on some occasions." Officers and men appeared to recall atrocities, and newspapers played up their accounts corroborated by other tales of brutality culled from letters by soldiers to their families.

The testimony confirmed the view of the anti-expansionists, who had warned that America would violate its tenets in imperialist wars. One of the most eloquent, Mark Twain, was then at the pinnacle of his fame. The year before, he had published an essay, "To the Person Sitting in Darkness." Cast in the form of a letter to McKinley, it recommended that Old Glory be redesigned—"the white stripes painted black and the stars replaced by the skull and cross bones." Finley Peter Dunne's Mr. Dooley swelled the criticism. The Supreme Court, bowing to McKinley and the Republicans in Congress, had ruled in a tortuous decision that the Constitution did not necessarily follow the flag, and that people in U.S. colonial possessions could be denied the rights of Americans. Mr. Dooley remarked with his usual acuity: "No matter whether th' constitution follows th' flag or not, th' supreme court follows th' illiction returns." In his poem "On a Soldier Fallen in the Philippines" young William Vaughn Moody deplored America's loss of its idealism:

The proud republic hath not stooped to cheat
And scramble in the market place of war. . . .
Ah no!
We have not fallen so.

Roosevelt now feared that the ferment over the war would damage his election chances two years hence, when he ran for president on his own. Root, sharing his concern, made a stab at rectitude. To prove that malefactors were punished, he published the cases of thirty-nine U.S. soldiers convicted of cruelty. His move misfired. Most, it turned out, had merely been fined or reprimanded for torturing or shooting captives, and the document was widely berated as a farce.

Chaffee, sniffing the mood at home from the distance of Manila, smelled trouble. Apprised of Waller's execution of the Filipinos at Basey, he sailed to Smith's headquarters on Leyte to investigate the incident himself. "Smith," he asked as he landed, "have you been having any promiscuous killing on Samar for fun?" Smith denied any knowledge of the affair. Chaffee concluded, however, that a scapegoat would deflect possible accusations against his own command. He decided to prosecute Waller for murder—even though Waller had been no worse than many other American officers. Root concurred, as did the army chiefs in Washington, who were only too willing to sacrifice a marine to protect their branch of the service.

Waller's trial opened in Manila on March 17, 1902. He confessed to having approved the execution of the Filipinos, but based his defense on the Civil War order that decreed stiff penalties for civilian suspects. As the proceedings dragged on, opposition newspapers at home dubbed him a "butcher," and exhorted the Republican party to cleanse its "sins." Roosevelt impatiently demanded action, and Root cabled Chaffee to press the case "forcefully." Chaffee, with no alternative, reluctantly conceded to put his old friend Smith on the stand. "It looks as if Jake Smith is going to be in the soup too," he told his wife.

Waller had honorably refrained from revealing Smith's harsh directives to absolve himself. Smith, showing no such nobility, implicitly blamed Waller for the Filipino deaths. He claimed that he had told his officers to respect "the laws of war," and refer prisoners to an army commission. Waller, his career if not his life at stake, finally divulged Smith's instructions, from the order to kill children to the "howling wilderness" message. Witnesses bore him out. The court quickly acquitted him, but the episode stunted his career. Though he subsequently became a major general, he was passed over for promotion to the position of marine corps commandant by Taft, then president—for whom he personified the anguish and embarrassment of that period.

Waller's revelation logically led to Smith's indictment on the ambiguous charge of conduct prejudicial to "military discipline." Smith denied his guilt, but his prospects for acquittal were slim. A scapegoat was still needed, and he fit the role. He stubbornly spurned Chaffee's advice to plead that he had not intended his directives to be taken literally and insisted instead that he had meant what he said. Even the imperialists abandoned him. His behavior had been "revolting," Lodge averred. Roosevelt, having urged the American forces to act tough, now disclosed that he had told Chaffee that "nothing can justify the use of torture or inhuman conduct" by U.S. troops. Smith could not escape conviction. Nevertheless, Root urged a lenient sentence, citing the hardships of waging war against "cruel and barbarous savages." Roosevelt agreed, and Smith was merely "admonished." He retired, disgraced in the eyes of the U.S. public. Soldiers, though, held him up as a hero. They cheered his return to San

Francisco in August 1902—one of his aides remarking: “If people know what a thieving, treacherous, worthless bunch of scoundrels those Filipinos are, they would think differently. . . . I do not believe that there are half a dozen men in the U.S. Army that don’t think that Smith is all right.” Smith, added Chaffee, had made Samar “more peaceful than many parts of the United States.”

But the American conquest of the Philippines was not to be completed for a decade. The *Dios-Dios* sect on Samar went on harassing isolated U.S. garrisons. On Luzon, aboriginal tribes also defied submission, periodically staging head-hunting campaigns against Americans and their Filipino auxiliaries. The most obdurate resistance meanwhile came from the Muslims of Mindanao and the other southern islands. The Spanish had named them Moros because of their resemblance to the Moors of North Africa, even though they represented a dozen or so different ethnic groups—each led by a local sultan or self-styled prophet. Dressed in gaudy turbans and embroidered vests, they launched massive attacks, waving spears and knives, and shouting bloodcurdling cries. Two senior U.S. soldiers gained distinction in the fight against them. Brigadier General Leonard Wood, a Harvard Medical School graduate, had been Roosevelt’s superior as commander of the Rough Riders in Cuba and later became governor of the Philippines. John J. Pershing had been promoted by Roosevelt from captain to brigadier general over nearly nine hundred officers after his first battles against the Moros. He returned to administer the region, crushing a large Moro movement in a bloody fight waged in 1913 on the slopes of a volcano—and subsequently commanded the American Expeditionary Force in Europe during World War I. Moro dissidents continued to struggle against the infidels for years, and their heirs are striving to this day to establish an autonomous state.

The war ended officially on July 4, 1902. On that day, Roosevelt formally declared its conclusion in a proclamation commending the American army for its “courage and fortitude . . . indomitable spirit and loyal devotion” in defeating the “great insurrection” against “the lawful sovereignty and just authority of the United States.”

By standards of the time, the conflict had not been inexpensive for America. The U.S. toll was 4,234 dead and 2,818 wounded—and thousands later succumbed at home to diseases contracted in the islands. It had cost the United States some \$600 million—or roughly \$4 billion in today’s currency—and additional millions have gone to families of its veterans, many of whom continue to this day to receive pensions.

The Filipinos paid heavily. The U.S. forces, by their own count, killed some twenty thousand native soldiers. As many as two hundred thousand civilians may also have died from famine and various other causes, including atrocities committed by both sides. The devastation of the country was reflected in a single statistic: The number of *carabao*, or water buffalo, without which the rural population could not plant or harvest rice, the staple food, shrank by ninety percent during the war.

The U.S. victory aroused none of the jubilation that had marked America’s first overseas foray four years before. On the contrary, the public reacted to

Roosevelt’s announcement with muted relief, and the nation’s press mostly gave the news perfunctory treatment.

It now remained for the United States to chart a new course for the Philippines. A fresh debate began to develop, in Washington as well as in Manila, over a timetable for the dominion’s independence.