

money that is paid first to the producer, then the wholesale dealer, then the retail merchant. After these comes the waste of a hundred fires being run to cook a meal instead of one, a hundred cooks, where six could do the work. Take the hundred or two of families we cater to to-day; the mistress of each home can tell her tale of woe. It deals with cooks whose productions were not fit for healthful living, of food thrown away and household expenses running beyond the family income. Some of these housewives to-day have dispensed with help. They find it a saving of money and patience. We buy everything at the very lowest prices, of the producer or wholesale man, and although we have our profits, we can cater to the multitude so that the cooked food in many instances costs less than the raw product. Our delivery wagons call at magnificent houses, at modest homes, at apartments where we aid in light housekeeping, and at offices, business houses and all sorts of places where the human stomach has to be stayed.

Piled high in one corner are hundreds of zinc cans. They are double, with three inches of space between the outside and the linings. Into the bottom of each is slipped a "heat retainer," a package with the properties of the old-fashioned soapstone. A hundred or more of these are put in a hot oven when the preparation of a meal begins, and they have absorbed considerable heat before it is time to begin distribution; not heat enough to do any further cooking of the food, but sufficient to keep up such an even temperature for five hours as the cook in a large kitchen secures by his pans resting on a table with steam circulation underneath. A cupboard in this storage room holds thousands of enameled steel pans of a pattern manufactured purposely for this company. They have straight sides and flat lids that fit tightly. The pans which hold a small portion are three or four inches in height; for a large portion they are twice that size. An employe checks off each order in the kitchen. It may be from Mrs. Smith, whose family consists of four people. She has ordered puree of tomato, roast beef, spaghetti and cheese, potatoes au gratin, graham pudding with sauce, and a quart of coffee. These require six pans. The food is served neatly into each of the snowy-lined

warm dishes. Before a whiff of the steam can escape it is closed tight and one is laid on top of the other in a zinc frame-work, which is set snugly into the large can, with the heat retainer at the bottom. Into the top is fitted a deep cloth-bound lid. Even after this has stood for several hours, and the outside of the can is quite cold, it is a hot box from which the warmth cannot escape. There are cans that fit large or small families, as the order may be, and the housewife receives her dinner from the delivery wagon, exactly as if it were a pail of ice cream. There is a difference, though; the ice cream will not keep cold so long as the dinner will keep hot, and the dinner can be lifted out without dirt or trouble, ready to set on the table, while the ice cream cannot. The washing of the pans that hold the food is the only labor involved.—*Good Housekeeping*.

WHAT CAN BE DONE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

An editorial in the Manchester (England) *Guardian*, of October 5.

At Dumfries last night Sir Robert Reid made a speech full of the combined hard sense and keen patriotism that the country's situation calls for. As he said, we have been in worse positions before and have come out of them honorably and successfully. But we, or rather our fathers, did so by forcing themselves to see things as they were and not as they would like to see them, and there is no other safe way out now. Two years of war incurred and carried on under an endless sequence of illusions, one bubble of credulity forming as fast as another has burst, have left us with an ancient British colony overrun by invaders; with a loss of more than 17,000 English lives; with some £200,000,000 spent; with the national debt increased by one-quarter; the national credit lowered to an extent measured by a fall of nearly 20 in consols; the country's reputation abroad for political sagacity, for military skill, and even for humanity immeasurably lower than at any time in the memory of this generation; the whole tone and temper of political discussion at home drawn down to a level of barren and sour animosity equally unprecedented in our time. For two years we have been losing steadily and heavily in everything that we Englishmen were rich in, and the habit of being deluded at every step, of being told that all is going well

when all is going badly, that war is cheap when it is costly, that it is over when the hardest part of it is only beginning, that the enemy is disorganized or imbecile or dispirited when he is shrewd and skillful and stubbornly determined—this habit, incessantly indulged and encouraged throughout the war by those who ought to have known better, has gone so far that a great part of the public seem to have lost the very wish for contact with the rough and bare truth. The war fever in its delirious stage is out of their blood, but they are lethargic, as if the long drugging with delusive anodynes had broken down their power of attending to the country's instant needs. Mere frenzy was the national disease and danger two years ago. Now it is apathy.

We are now within a few days, as Sir Robert Reid said, of the second anniversary of the outbreak of the war, and many must be mentally comparing this state of public torpor with the mood in which men embraced the prospect of war two years ago. . . . For months the probable balance-sheet of a war with the Boers had been forecast in detail and pronounced satisfactory. In the *National Review* Mr. Arnold White, for instance, had dwelt on the advantages of wiping out the one island of non-British territory in the sea of British South Africa. The music halls were ringing with clamors for "avenging Majuba," for "wiping something off the slate," as it was to be called later by the Tyrtaeus of the war fever. Vengeance was recommended on the ground that it was cheap. "The regular troops at present in South Africa," the *Times* said on August 16, 1899, "together with the irregular levies at the disposal of the military authorities, would be fully equal to cope with any force the Boers could put into the field." It was argued that a war would cost only £50,000, and that many times as much would be gained by the consequent breakdown of the dynamite monopoly alone. One London paper, distinguished by the loudness of its appeals for war, published solemn assurances that the Boers were not now the men they were 20 years ago; that they could not shoot straight; that when a few in a commando were killed the rest would run away. Another affirmed that they were utterly ignorant of modern weapons. Besides the special motives for desiring this particular war, there was rising in the country the periodical craving for the excitements of war which now and then become almost ungovernable in strong and rich nations

of high vitality and no personal experience of war's realities. The feeling expressed in a public speech earlier in the previous January by Gen. Gatacre—when he said that "he was in favor of supporting any society that would keep fighting going on all over the world, and, wherever it ceased, resuscitate it"—was not at all unique. Enthusiasts looked up all that had been said for war in literature—how the goddess in Aeschylus had blessed Athens—

Let there be foreign wars, not scantily coming,
and how Bacon had called foreign war "the heat of exercise" that "serveth to keep the body in health." Dignitaries of the church, with the besetting anxiety of many modern clergymen to show that they are really quite like other men, rushed in to advertise the virtues of war as a school for character. When one thinks of the rhetoric, the morals, the politics, the strategy, the very statistics, the whole chaos of delusive "imagination as one would" with which the country was deluged at this time two years ago, one almost understands the tragedy that has followed.

Sir Robert Reid took the generous line of not dwelling overmuch on personal or collective responsibilities for the train of calamities courted with so light a heart. He tried to do what every dutiful Englishman has now to try to do—to think out a possible positive alternative to this endless stumbling on from blunder to blunder and disaster to disaster, and the climax of his speech was a suggestion—heartily applauded, we are glad to see, by his audience of Scotch experts in sense and practicality—of certain specific terms in which the war should be acknowledged by the enemy to have ended decisively in our favor. That is one of the two alternatives—to endeavor to obtain the substance of everything for which we can honorably fight, and yet obtain it in a manner which leaves to a brave enemy his own self-respect. The other is to proclaim that we fight not for the mere defeat of that enemy, but for his extreme humiliation, not merely to make our own victory complete and our prestige secure, but to make his defeat intolerable to him—to make it such a defeat as Englishmen or any other white men would fight against as long as they could stand up. To mention the possibility of two alternatives is, we fear, to give scandal to the clear-sighted persons who asked for instant war in the summer of 1899, who said then that the Boer military power was the greatest bubble unpricked, and who said that the war was

over a year ago. But the question then arises whether the country has not paid heavily enough for trusting their clearness of vision. There is no one point of any moment in the whole record of the war and of its preliminaries at which they have not been positive that they were right and at which they have not been found to be wrong. Is there to be any limit to the country's renewals of its trust in these invariably mistaken prophets? And if so, might it not be better fixed at the loss of 17,000 English lives and £2,000,000 of English money than at the loss of 30,000 lives and £400,000,000? For to the expansion of our losses in South Africa there is no visible limit as long as there is none to the continuance of our credulity at home.

ARE THE FILIPINOS CAPABLE OF SELF-GOVERNMENT?

An article written in Manila by the Hon. John F. Shafroth, member of congress from Colorado, and published in *The Commoner* of October 18.

If the intelligence of the Americans is to be taken as the standard by which the capacity for self-government is to be determined, then it is very doubtful whether any other people are capable of establishing and maintaining a republican form of government. Every country has peoples of high and low order of intelligence, and if we are to assume that the men of lowest order of civilization are to rule, we might exclude from self-government every nation on earth. It is the experience of mankind, however, that the intelligent classes in all countries rule. That being true, there are very few peoples who are not capable of self-government. It was Henry Clay who said that it was impossible for him to conceive of a people who were incapable of self-government.

Of the republics of Central and South America, it is safe to say that, although they may not be as perfect in the administration of affairs as the United States, yet they have given to the people governments far better and freer from acts of tyranny and oppression than the governments which preceded them.

The general impression exists among many Americans that the Philippine people are savages. A visit to the islands will certainly dispel any such delusion. The members of the uncivilized tribes of the archipelago are few in number, compared to the total population; they are fewer in proportion than were the tribes of Indians in America at the time of the establish-

ment of our republic. They rove in bands and are as hostile to the Filipinos as were the red men of our forefathers.

When I find behind the prescription desks of the numerous drug stores of the islands, even when kept by Americans and Englishmen, Filipinos compounding medicines taken from bottles labeled in Latin; when I see behind the counter of banks having large capital, natives acting as bookkeepers and as receiving and paying tellers; when I find them as merchants and clerks in almost all lines of business, as telegraph operators and ticket agents, conductors and engineers upon railroads and as musicians rendering upon almost all instruments high class music; when I am told that they alone make the observations and intricate calculations at the Manila observatory and that prior to the insurrection there were 2,100 schools in the islands and 5,000 students in attendance at the Manila university; when I find the better class living in good, substantial and sometimes elegant houses, and many of them pursuing professional occupations, I cannot but conclude that it is a vile slander to compare these people to the Apaches or the American Indians. Even the civilizing test of Christianity is in their favor, as a greater proportion are members of the church than among our own people. Of the 8,000,000 of inhabitants, Mr. Sawyer, in his work on the Philippine islands, asserts that 5,869,000 are Christian natives.

But even as to the Indians, as uncivilized as they may be, our government recognizes that it produces a better condition of things to let them govern themselves, and thereby we even recognize in them a capacity for self-government. We do not rule them—we make treaties with them as we do with nations. We do not appoint a governor or commission to govern them, nor judges to administer laws among them, nor a police force to maintain order. We let them select their own chiefs, punish their own criminals, and in every way govern themselves so long as they stay on their own reservations.

The instinct of self-government implanted in man makes him ordinarily a better agent in managing his own family and affairs than would be one of greater ability or higher education without that interest. And as with man, so with nations, that same principle of self-betterment ordinarily makes each nation most capable of managing its affairs to the advancement of its own people.