

When the star **THE ARMY COOK.** witness had testified that army rations were not fit for a man to eat, Senator Dietrich foxily gathered up the samples of canned inedibles presented as proof of the truth of the assertions made by the witness, had them cooked and fed to the man who had just condemned them. The platters were cleaned and the chef complimented, which removes a load of odium from the commissariat and lays the blame at the door of that long-suffering personage, the army cook, who has never had the slightest training in the culinary art, yet is blamed because he does not know its intricacies.

The whole trouble lies in the fact that drunkards, block-heads and recalcitrants who are not fit to carry a musket, or sick men who are physically unable to do so, are detailed to aid the company cook and as it is impossible for him to keep his eye on all of them at once, some wondrous culinary monstrosities result.

The ration schedule is generous, and the quality of the food exemplary at the outset, but when the assistant cook has set an uncorked kerosene can in the butter box, boiled seventeen or eighteen pounds of rice in a kettle that will not properly accommodate half that amount, cleaned his lantern-globe with the dish-rag, stored gasoline in the tea canister and spilled the mustard into the stew a few times, the company often finds half its rations gone in a few days after they have been issued, and the men must fast or forage, for the inexorable schedule cannot be changed in the slightest and is not even elastic enough to cover unavoidable accidents.

Then it is that a wail goes up, and an officer is sent to the regiment to inspect the food, his invariable report being that the usual allowance of food of fair quality is being drawn by the company quartermaster; in what happens to it after it is drawn the government has no concern.

There is just one remedy, and it is too radical to be offered without trepidation. If the company and regimental officers could be forced to eat government food of the same quality and quantity issued to the men under them, we unhesitatingly opine that there would be a revolution in the commissary department that would make the earth tremble, and that men would be chosen to cook because they were good cooks; not because they, like Uncle Eben's coon dog, were "no 'count fur nothin' else."

If Schwab's riches **WANTED—MIL- LIONAIRES.** are the result of consolidation of interests, then we are for the consolidation of interests.

His purchase of a considerable property on Staten Island with the avowed intention of fitting it up for

the entertainment and instruction of waifs from New York, is probably the best-directed charity ever conceived by a millionaire philanthropist.

The want of just such a place, conducted in just such a manner has been felt for decades; subscription lists have been circulated in vain, but the much-maligned American millionaire solves the difficulty, and twelve hundred to fifteen hundred hollow-cheeked children will daily benefit by his enterprise and thrift.

If the claim that certain men are favored and enabled to acquire riches through special privileges granted them were true—which of course it is not—and the laws and conditions complained of resulted in creating a thousand more Carnegies and Schwabs, posterity would be more healthy, happy and intelligent, and wharf rats and uneducated and unprincipled youth would be scarce indeed. Give us more millionaires.

Warfare is a cold, **SENTIMENTAL- ITY IN WARFARE.** cruel business, and at best is repugnant to most men.

Every army has its critics, who, never having paced a lonely beat in the jungle or tramped through a hostile country where every stump is suspected of hiding an enemy and every house is regarded as a hostile fort until it has been explored,—accuse officers and men of being too ready to kill. At present the army-cursing business is being slightly overdone.

Hundreds of orators are detonating, and publicists erupting because an American guard actually shot a Filipino who refused or neglected to halt, having been requested or ordered to do so. What in the name of General Smith should the guard have done? Should he have turned in a fire alarm, or telephoned the police station?

What, think you, would have taken place during the civil war, or the revolution, if a guard should have been approached at night and his challenge should have been ignored? An American soldier of the old school would have, without the slightest hesitation or parley, shot down an Englishman or a brother American, perhaps a comrade of his own army, under such circumstances; what wonder then that a guard who has seen bolos flash from the fluttering shirts of white-clad "Amigos," has witnessed the night forays and ambuscades, emphasized his remarks with a contraction of the trigger finger?

The jungle is no place for the exchange of nice courtesies. There, etiquette allows no more than two or three seconds to intervene between

a command to halt (a word in common usage in both armies) and the dispatching of a z-z-i-p-p-ing steel-clad remonstrance in the direction of the unmannerly intruder upon the sacred privacy of the outpost shack, and no one who has met the Filipino on his native morass will for a moment question the propriety of this guard's conduct.

Discuss the Philippine question if you will, for it is certainly capable of being discussed; but please don't be silly!

While the isth- **CRATERS AND CANALS.** mian canal matter is a subject in which the United States is principally concerned, Mount Pelee has taken a hand in the discussion and with burning eloquence has presented an argument which the most enthusiastic supporter of Nicaragua cannot answer.

All along the proposed Nicaraguan way volcanic disturbances and earthquakes are monotonously frequent. Aside from the danger to life and property, which must be encountered here, the system itself could hardly hope to survive the repeated shocks to which it would be subjected, even though a destructive outpouring of molten destruction such as occurred on Martinique might not occur here for ages to come.

The Panama district is one of the few spots along the isthmus that is not subjected to periodical shakings and dustings and for this, if for no other reason, the Panama route should be adopted, without hesitation, as the safest, therefore the most available and economical.

What an inhuman **SIT DOWN ILLINOIS.** brute that man Dowie must be. Besides allowing his daughter to die, he attempts to punish her after death by asserting that she died on account of having disobeyed him; worse still, there is every probability that he lied about her, for a man who can stand over the bier of his dead child and criticise her even in the slightest is capable of any low meanness imaginable. So long as Dowie exists, Illinois has no call to point the derisive finger at freaky Kansas, or statesmanesque Nebraska.

When a railroad **HANDY ARITH- METICIANS.** has been completed a thousand editors rise to remark that the price it cost per mile is an absurd exaggeration, and that it could be easily paralleled at a third the sum named.

The next spring when the line has been assessed, the editors revise their figures and prove that the line is worth untold millions per square foot.