

THE WASHINGTON HERALD

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MONDAY, MARCH 10, 1919.

What Will Be in Your Great, Great Grandson's Dinner Pail?

One hundred years ago a London dude and glutton named Hugh Paddington had a Hungarian miller grind the world's first white flour so that his bread would match the tablecloth.

Thirty-three years before that potatoes were considered fit only for pigs. Ben Franklin scoffed at them until invited in 1786 to a potato dinner given by Parmentier, the great character in French history who introduced potatoes to the family table.

Consider how food has changed in the last century. A few generations from now, when our great-grandchildren sit down to their evening meal, will they eat foods now unknown to us?

Older folk can cast an eye over the 1919 table and list many things that have arrived within their memory. Grapefruit is a modern food. A few years back it grew only in the West Indies, where the natives thought it poisonous. Ice cream was unknown until 103 years ago, when Sambo Jackson, New York pastry expert, made the first dish of it by accident.

Prehistoric man lived on flesh, fish, fowl and fruit. Slowly he added to his menu. Bread and olive oil in sealed urns have been found in ancient Egyptian tombs.

The art of cooking originated with the Greeks and was borrowed by the Romans. The Italians gave the world modern cookery—taught French chefs their trade. They even invented the fork and spoon. England followed France, producing the famous chef families, Cooke and Coke.

Eternally man seeks novelty for his palate—in Mexico, parrots; in Northern Sweden, carth bread in bread for its supposed medicinal value. The savages of the Soudan dot on ants, Brazilians of butterflies. Digger Indians eat dried locusts.

What of the future—man's food a century from now? Will he carry his lunch in a pill box? Will wifey urge, "Eat the green pill last—it's dessert?"

No, say the German scientists, who, to keep the Huns from starving during the war, tried every food substitute from sawdust to drugs that stop hunger pangs.

These experts decided that artificial or even concentrated food is a failure. Butter, for example, is four-fifths pure fat. This, according to Dr. Robert Hutchinson, of Edinburgh, is the absolute limit in condensing of food values.

It is all very fine to talk of calories, proteids, albumose, carbohydrates and peptone; but man requires food with bulk to it—the filling stuff that sticks to the ribs.

Strange may be the changes of the next century. Refrigeration schemes may be hit upon to bring to American tables the fine steaks and roasts of caribous that run wild in herds of hundreds of thousands in the Yukon and Northwest territories. Canadians already are preparing to market reindeer meat. Wild Hudson Bay tea may become common. Bitter flour from white moss, the food of mountain sheep, may be a familiar sight at the 1990 grocery store.

Undoubtedly the world will soon have foods unknown today, but chemicals can never take the place of real stuff like pancakes, corned beef and cabbage and pie—in the stomach or sentimentally.

As to Prices.

"Everybody agrees that food prices will come down after the present situation in Europe is over."—The American Grocer.

"Prices must come down. While they are not expected to decline suddenly, it is expected that drops from time to time will average from 5 to 10 per cent."—The Dry Goods Economist.

There's another very good reason why prices didn't drop as suddenly as the Hun did. In order to keep alive, in face of the fact that business wasn't to be as usual, merchants bought stock at wartime prices and it would simply mean ruin to many of them to now clear their shelves and counters under a sudden drop in prices.

The consumer notes decided reduction in wholesale prices, but doesn't feel much of a reduction when he or she comes to deal with the retailer. It is an ugly situation, but there is bound to be a radical change for the better when the merchant has worked off his wartime stock in one way or another. The story of what our retail merchants have gone through the past two years would show that there has been a lot of courage, patience and patriotism not mentioned in the dispatches.

The near-great usually try to obstruct if denied the privilege of leading the procession.

Every time we see one of these extreme hobble skirts, we rejoice that it was denied a voice in government.

One reason why the high cost of living keeps one jump ahead of us is because our daughters have acquired the habit of wearing silk where it doesn't show.

The Street Car.

I looked down the lane of a car. With passenger heads in a row, And I said to each head, "What you are I am curious, somewhat, to know, I could fancy you ranged on a shelf, Like a series of overturned bowls, So I think, to enliven myself, I shall take off the tops of your souls."

And one soul was full of a scheme, Of how to grub gold, lily-handed, And one soul was ripe with a dream Of relief for the stricken and stranded, And one soul was witless and wild, All heedless of gaining or giving, And one—twas the soul of a child—Bubbled up with the laughter of living.

And one soul was grinning with guile Intent upon tricking a woman, And one lolled and languished while And approved its own wit and acumen, And one soul was fretful and thin A flying soul sentenced to flivving—And one (with an African skin) Chuckled up with the laughter of living.

And one soul was sticky with pride And counted all things by their cost, And one soul was dreary and dried, And one was afraid it was lost, And one soul was saved—and to show it, It wept with a mournful thanksgiving; And one—twas the soul of a poet—Leaped up with the laughter of living.

I set back their tops on the souls, On their frivol and fret, and their folly, And again, with expressionless jaws, They were passenger heads on a trolley. Then I peeped in my own soul, my brothers: I untopped it without a misgiving, And I found all I found in the others, Excepting the laughter of living. (Copyright, 1919.)

"SCHOOL DAYS" BY DWIG

New York, March 9.—A page from the diary of a modern Samuel Pepys: Up at dawn, there being a great clamor under my bed chamber, and it so fell to be for a drink, heavy with drink, who sang: The bells of hell go ting-a-ling-ling for you and not for me, a merry tune, and I was in good spirits all the day.

Came Mr. Douce from Mr. Munsey's lounge, and I took of my drink bill and he had a furred cap and furred mittens which I deem the best I ever saw. Through the West Side to market, and came upon a wench brandishing a razor before a group of seamen, and I looked once and hastened on after the victuals.

This day I was deeply concerned over the tax bill, yet it will bring much money into my Lord Woodrow's exchequer, and so I found myself humming over the figures. Arthur Somers Roche, the pamphleteer, comes to lunch and tells me of the stories he is writing, albeit I doubt if he can write again such a story as "Loot," it being the best mystery tale I ever saw.

With my wife afoot and to the chemists, where she purchased a powder perfume and a liquid soap which I use to trim myself, and thence to Mr. Sulka's shoppe where I saw a gay-colored scarf, but I feared to buy it on account of jesters.

On the avenue I saw the late Mr. Goodwin's betrothed and I deemed her not pretty at all, yet he usually picked well. Mr. Kelly's gentleman came after his suit, which he left in my care, and I was greatly tempted to wear it, but refrained in the evening to see "Lightnin'," a comic play, fair acted, then to Flacher's for a baked apple with a tankard of cream and so to bed.

The other night I saw Lillian Lorraine and her scrub ladies in their act at the Amsterdam at the Midnight Frolics show. The whole idea was a spate of genius. The scrub women were cleaning up one afternoon before rehearsal. The electrician, testing the spotlight, turned the calcium upon them. Ziegfeld happened to be there, and he immediately clapped them into the show. They are the most wonderful scrub ladies one can imagine, and all they do is scrub, while Miss Lorraine sings, but it is so real that it strikes home.

The scrub women of Gotham are of another world. One sees them only on the 2 o'clock subway trains going downtown to the office buildings to work until the break of day. They are toothless and tubular, and there is a comradeship among them that is pitiable.

All are old—at the age when they could sell by the fire and have peace. They are broken-down, graggle-haired, swollen-knuckled, beary-eyed and shapeless. Many of them have children or invalids to support if fortune ever smiles on me, the first thing I do is to find a Home for Scrub Ladies.

It had to happen. A man in the Bronx advertises in all the New York newspapers that he has goats for sale as pets and as security. It is a preposterous thing to do in New York, but a domestic goat at the Florida resort has succeeded the monkey, the Teddy bear and the chow dog as the travesty pet of the city. It is a preposterous thing to do in New York, but a domestic goat at the Florida resort has succeeded the monkey, the Teddy bear and the chow dog as the travesty pet of the city.

Deacon Weeks, of the linotype section, had a horse on his farm for which he had no further use, and desiring to get a good home for the animal he presented it to a colored friend of Alexander Gibbs over in Virginia; but the operation was not a success. The colored man returned the horse; he was sure there must be something wrong with a horse the deacon didn't want.

Count Deitz was happy Saturday because that boy Ernest had arrived in New York with the 199th Aero Squadron and is now in Camp Mills.

John E. Moran is working strenuously to get his boat fitted up for a voyage this summer. He expects to have some very fine chickens, provided the incubator produces—some pilot.

Thomas J. Conington returned to the machine shop last week after a visit to Boston because of the illness of his brother.

William B. Myers has been absent several days entertaining a new baby girl at his home on Georgia avenue.

Dan Leone always lends a helping hand to the fair sex coming to work in the morning. He is never so happy as when he guides into G street with his auto loaded to the gunwales with femininity.

At the bindery checker game Saturday, Bill Hope asked Jack Burke for a "bite," and Jack flashed three different brands. Bill don't understand how a married man can be so generous.

"What do you think about going to work at 5 in the evening?" "I don't do that kind of language during working hours."

Because of the uncertainty of getting leave money, Lou Allen has postponed that fishing trip indefinitely.

The salary commission will probably investigate wages in the printing office. Wonder if they will be interested in the sick leave we don't get?

The bindery changes announced in Saturday's paper were correct with the exception that the machine sewing section goes to the east end of the north wing, fourth floor, where the finishers now hold out.

William Wilson has returned to the engineer section after two weeks' illness at his home in Alexandria.

Elwood Frey, of the electrical section, has been called to Philadelphia by the illness of his mother.

Who is the maiden in the machine sewing section who threads her needle with a hair pin? Ask Miss Alice or Miss Agnes, Moral: Never throw away an old hair pin.

J. W. Curraen, of the electrical section, starts on two weeks' leave today.

Did Alexander Braxton take the market basket with him when he went home this week?

Eddie Sturm says all his overtime money was needed to pay his income tax.



You just teach that there string if you wants die! Is it say a year business whether I pull it out or not? I'm a gonna pull it when I git ready, and I? Whatcha spose I gotta string tied to it for unless I'm gonna pull it? But I ain't ready yet—when I get ready, why, I'll jiss pull it. Is it your both? You act like you owned it.

GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE NEWS

The bindery bowlers are organized for the tail-end of the season and threaten to challenge the winner of the Kurnel Saturday.

money available. Hard luck, Lou; there is another year and more fish coming.

Al Smith has returned to the press-room after a month's absence from a stroke of apoplexy.

John J. Burns, a finisher in the day foundry, has been ill several days.

Alphus Schell, Sylvester A. Breen, Augustus J. Bates and Lewis O. Knowles, compositors in the monotype section, are on the sick list.

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A LINE O' CHEER EACH DAY O' THE YEAR. BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

IN TROUBLED WATERS. (Copyright, 1919, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.) Sometimes when trouble pestera me I find some comfort in the thought That I'm a sailor on the sea. In some great raging tempest caught.

But if my ship is staunch and true, Despite the hurricane and blast I'll come in triumph sailing through Into the harbor safe at last.

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BUREAU OF ENGRAVING AND PRINTING NEWS

The duck pin tournament to be held for bureau employees only on the 25th and 26th of this month at the Recreation Alley, is meeting with much enthusiasm and promises to be a large affair. Some of the latest entries are: O. Veltmeyer, C. Lord, M. Klindfater, W. Deese, C. Williams, Jr., A. C. Hutchison, T. Helmerich, G. Land, E. Stetson, V. C. Dean, F. C. Hahn, C. Bennie, A. Costello, J. J. Sullivan, C. A. Winter, W. B. Palmer, H. Platt, R. Donahue, J. H. Kelly, J. A. DeMar, W. E. Anderson, T. Kilpatrick, J. Brazzoli, R. Burrows, H. Youcher, and R. Bowman.

J. P. Murphy, superintendent of section 4, has been called to his home in Bridgeport, Connecticut, on account of the sudden illness of his mother.

On account of the unavoidable absence of A. Jones, leader of the band, Friday night, Prof. Kemper was in charge, and was generously applauded for his good work. He had his hand full when he piloted the rookies through their exercises, and some actually said that they did well, and so they did.

S. M. Falconer, of the Federal reserve vault, has been on the sick list.

Mrs. Fannie Hanback and Miss Marie Carr, wetting division, night force, are taking painting lessons. They were interested in their lessons the other day that they forgot to watch the time and reported ten minutes late for their work.

For the information of the employees of the bureau, who contribute to the support of the band, the officers of this organization wish it to be known that all the expenses of Friday night's concert were borne by the members of the band, and not taken from the band's fund, as some erroneously thought was the case.

Care No. 23, numbering division, night force, has a poet and doesn't know it. In the person of Miss Laura Potter. Here is her effort. Let's give it the once over:

Mary, Mary, quite contrary, How does your "one silver" go? Hang ups, cut ups, and ink spots, All a row, as you go.

But we should worry, She's always contrary, And so and so and so.

Mrs. Kluge, who was injured recently, is reported to be improving slowly in Emergency Hospital.

Robert S. Jones, plate printer, section 6, is on the sick list again. Bob had been back only a short time, after a two month's fight with the flu.

Secretary of the Treasury Glass, and Assistant Secretary Shouse, sent letters of regret at their inability to attend the concert given by the band last Friday.

J. J. Knibbs, of the federal reserve vault, is taking some of his leave.

Miss Edith Housley, Miss Augusta Harding, Miss Mary-Fish and Miss Agnes Maher, have been detailed to the Treasury from the stamp perforating division.

Wednesday is courting night, so they say. Is that why Miss Mary Smith, numbering division, night force, always reports for day work on Wednesday?

Mrs. G. Taylor, examining division, is reported to be very ill.

AIN'T NATURE WONDERFUL

BEAUTY CREAMS "Beauty is only skin deep." Nothing to it. Since face creams slid on the market that chortle has been backed into the shadows.



Equimo debutante cracking a mirror with doll-baby looks and they've been plastering their frown pastures with walrus cold cream since the first walrus was launched. Anyhow, the real beauty salve is butter on pancakes.

Old-Fashioned. Howell; Powell is a most conventional fellow. He is even contesting his wife's suit for divorce.—Cartoons Magazine.

"Palm Beach Can't Beat It." Here and there among the guests in the hotel lobbies, a glimpse may be obtained of sunburned faces and complexion that remind one forcibly of torrid August suns. They usually adorn returning travelers from Palm Beach resorts.

Ex-Mayor Fitzgerald, of Boston, who became a member of Congress last year, is one boasting a healthy tan.

"I'm so accustomed to seeing March 4 in Washington, a cold, sleety, disagreeable day that it's pleasant to see the weather," he said. "Palm Beach itself can't beat it. The only trouble is that as we journey further north, we've got to shed the light and comfortable for the more reasonable arguments that keep out the East winds."

Women's Styles Prove Nothing. Spring may not yet be here, but the ladies care nothing about seasons. They are determined to wear hats on the heels of winter and furs in the middle of summer who can take it for granted that the reforms which are hitting everything nowadays have struck men's wear.

Exit Ham Lewis; Enter David Walsh. While the renowned Senator J. Ham Lewis passed from official life with all his propensities for being ultra-fashionable, Senator-elect David I. Walsh is expected to take up the task of showing the upper branch of Congress how to dress. The new Senator is a fastidious dresser and in addition combines good looks with a graceful manner. He is a confirmed bachelor, which is enough to make him eagerly sought for on social occasions. Thus far Senator-elect Walsh has always taboed the palm beach suit or anything akin to it.

A Poetical Flapjack Toss. There is a poet who tosses the buckwheat cakes at a steam table luncheon shop along the Avenue. He has placed a blossoming blue hyacinth plant in front of his clean and shining hot-water stove.

Band Concert Program. Conduct by the U. S. Soldiers Home Band Orchestra, in Grand Hall, 1000 G Street, N. W., beginning at 8:15 o'clock. John S. M. Zimmerman, director.

Home. March 9.—The parliamentary committee investigating the Italian defeat at Caporetto, informed Premier Orlando today that it would complete its report in April.

Probe Italian Defeat. London, March 9.—Billy Watson, one of the leaders in the Bolshevik movement among British laboring men, was arrested here today as a result of inflammatory remarks made in a speech which he delivered in February to a group of radicals.

Schools And Colleges. FIRST GRADE CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATIONS for April 9 and 10. Tuition for the course for 1919, \$2.00. The CIVIL SERVICE PREPARATORY SCHOOL, No. 1215 and F Sts. Franklin 1996. 12:30-8:00.

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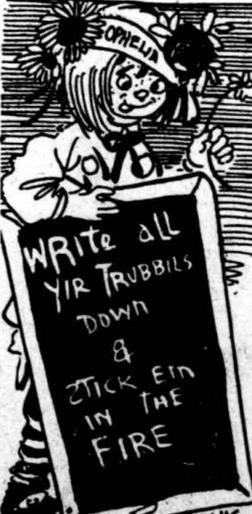
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