

Heroes of Peace

Honor Medals for Firemen and Policemen of Washington.

Washington officialdom is to be felicitated on the enthusiasm with which it received The Times' suggestion of presenting hero medals to firemen and policemen of the city.

These be the heroes of peace. Our National Government and other institutions have provided in many ways for recognition of the heroes of war.

These medals are presented by The Times, but The Times does not consider its action as that of an individual—but rather as a representative of the whole people of the District, in this as in other activities.

Saving the Trees

Responsible Organizations Urging Forest Policy.

The Forest Industries Program Committee, a group of men interested in establishment of a national forestry policy in the United States, will meet in Washington next week.

They will consider the problem of the forests of the United States, neglect of which is little less than a national scandal.

The State of Indiana, with an area of more than 22,000,000 acres, was, a few short years ago, virtually covered with one of the best hardwood forests in the world, says the American Forestry Association.

The timberland of Indiana is now about one and one-half million acres. The story of Indiana is the story of many other States. The result is obvious, the association points out, in the high prices of lumber, the freight rates from distant points to the wood-using industries in such States as Indiana, and the high cost of living generally.

Here in Washington we know something of the national housing situation. If we could see the long haul of lumber taken from the backs of the railroads we would see freight congestion, particularly coal congestion, decreased.

This country needs a national forest policy. Behind the measure now proposed are such organizations as National Lumber Manufacturers' Association, National Wholesale Lumber Dealers' Association, American Paper and Pulp Association, American Newspaper Publishers' Association, Association of Wood Using Industries, and the United States Chamber of Commerce.

Senator Harding has expressed himself favorably on a national forest policy.

Charles Lathrop Pack, in commenting on the legislation to be proposed by the committee, said:

"The greatest forward step in forestry in many years has just been achieved. Practically every interest concerned in a forest policy has agreed upon provisions for national legislation which will combine protection from forest fires, provide for reforestation and acquirement by the Government of more forest land and will go far toward providing sufficient forest products for our future needs.

"The legislation proposed is sane, conservative, fair to every one concerned, essentially practical and, what is most important, is of a character that Congress is most likely to approve, adopt and make into law.

"It is the first time in the history of forestry in this country that all of the interests concerned are so closely united in approval of proposed forestry legislation and stand so closely together in the endeavor to secure its passage by Congress."

Discouraged?

To put new heart into discouraged men the following is published in the Sing Sing Bulletin, a newspaper published and circulated among the inmates of the famous prison:

Remember this: When Abraham Lincoln was a young man he ran for the legislature in Illinois and was badly swamped.

He next entered business, failed, and spent seventeen years of his life paying up the debts of a worthless partner.

He was in love with a beautiful young woman to whom he became engaged—then she died.

Later he married a woman who was a constant burden to him.

Entering politics again he ran for Congress and was badly defeated.

He then tried to get an appointment to the United States Land Office, but failed.

He became a candidate for the United States Senate and was badly defeated.

In 1856 he became a candidate for the Vice Presidency and was again defeated.

In 1858 he was defeated by Douglas.

One failure after another—bad failures—great setbacks. In the face of all this he eventually became one of the country's greatest men, if not the greatest.

When you think of a series of setbacks like this doesn't it make you feel kind of small to be discouraged just because you think you are having a hard time in life?

A Token of Recognition



Beatrice Fairfax ON Advice.

ARE YOU MARRIED TO HIM? DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: What do you think of a young man or a husband going away on Sundays and holidays to play poker? Do you think such a man makes a good husband? Do you think he is in love with me or prefers poker to a sweet wife or a sweet young lady who is thinking of marrying him? DOWNHEARTED and DISCOURAGED.

WHEN SHALL HE LEAVE? DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: What is the proper hour for a young man to leave the company of a young lady if he has been calling on her twice a week for nearly six months? My mother and I have argued on this several times, and have at last decided to accept your decision. I am nineteen. MARGARET.

TRULY "ABSENT TREATMENT." DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I have been going with a girl for a year at least, and I admire her very much. We go for automobile rides, for I have a car, and we have a good deal of love this girl and have told her so many times, but whenever I mention the subject she always tells me I don't mean it or I am only kidding. Now, will you please tell me what I must do to convince her that I really mean it. The girl is seventeen and I am twenty-two. LONESOME STEVE.

TROUBLED. DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I am a young high school girl of sixteen, am considered rather good looking, a good dancer, and until recently was very popular with my schoolmates. Now, Miss Fairfax, I would like to know what I could do to regain their regard. I haven't done anything whatsoever to them. TROUBLED.

IF YOU DON'T KNOW THE REASON FOR YOUR PRESENT UNPOPULARITY, there is no way for me to advise you how to regain it. Why don't you go to one of your girl friends and ask her what is the matter.

Eat Rice It's Cheap and Good.

Whatever their other differences, there is one thing upon which all Europeans agree when they cross the sea to visit the United States. With irritating regularity, they conclude that Americans are the most wasteful people in the world.

The latest charge is based on the observation of a prominent visitor from Continental Europe who at home is accustomed to rice as an every-day food. Missing rice on the tables of his American hosts and in our hotels, he took pains to learn that the per capita consumption of rice in the United States is only three pounds a year.

"Three pounds a year!" he exclaimed. "Why, in France, we are eating an average of thirty-five pounds of rice every year. In Italy and Spain, rice is a delicious necessity, every man, woman and child eating around 105 pounds of it a year. I believe the English consume something like twenty-seven pounds apiece yearly.

"It is wasteful crime for you Americans to neglect a food that is so plentiful, so delicious, so nourishing and so economical.

Surely Europeans are as fastidious about their food as we are. Our chefs count it a discovery when they successfully imitate foreign dishes. Our menu cards further reflect our dependence upon foreign culinary creations.

"The rice at which Europeans eat rice—and enjoy it—proves the charge of American neglect. Growing from 13,000,000 to 14,000,000 barrels of rice in this country this year, America's 110,000,000 people will not absorb it unless they increase the per capita consumption from three pounds to five pounds. Rice is full of starch. Combined with the fat of meats and sea foods or with vegetables, jellies and fruit, it makes a perfectly balanced dish as can be devised. It lends itself to tasty variety as there are over 200 different ways of preparing it with other foods.

"Perhaps our 'wasteful crime' as our European critic calls it, can be explained in part by the fact that, except in the South, women do not cook rice. Rice is appreciated in the South. Eighty per cent of the American rice crop is grown there. Southern women do not stir rice. They know that rice millers expend hundreds of thousands of dollars in intricate machinery to remove the hull, bran and fine skin of rice without breaking the pearl-like grain within. Women of other sections do not understand this process. In a few minutes, they destroy all the good accomplished by this machinery by stirring rice while it is cooking, thereby breaking the grains and producing a sticky substance instead of the light, flaky dish with each kernel standing separately that is so popular in the South.

"Perhaps, if women generally cooked rice differently, Americans would find it more to their liking. Perhaps then our consumption of rice would approach nearer the figures quoted by our European critic.

Mr. B. Baer ON The Blue Commandments.

Muzzle the canary on Sunday that it shall not desecrate the day with discordant roars.

Thou shalt not kill (on Sunday).

Thou shalt not steal (on Sunday).

Thou shalt not bear false witness (on Sunday).

Thou shalt not profane (on Sunday).

On the other six days thou shalt follow thy own judgment.

Thou shalt bunketh the baby out of his rattle on Sunday that it may not curve his lips in a smile to false gods.

Drive out all laughter from thy household on Sunday. For it is an abomination.

Thou shalt not read the Sunday newspaper, for it teaches men to think. And he who thinketh strayeth from the fold of the pussy-footer.

Cranketh not thy riv on Sunday. If thou starteth cranking on Tuesday, thou shouldst finish the job by Friday.

If thy tent catcheth fire on Sunday, thou shalt not ringeth the fire alarm until Wednesday.

If a yegg smiteth thee on the koke with the nimble blackjack, thou shalt not bloweth the police whistle until Thursday.

Feed not the starving on Sunday nor giveth water to the thirsty.

Look not upon the sun when it is red. For sunlight is raging and fresh air is a mocker.

Stamp thy O'Sullivan upon the violet that groweth on Sunday. Curdle the milk in the infant's bottle that it may not be nourished upon the reformer's day.

These are the judgments and the statutes of the reformer. Follow them that thy days may seem more prolonged.

Our Inventions. It is no doubt true that nearly all human inventions have been suggested by natural objects, says the New York Herald, Fremont, of the French School of Mines, points out an interesting example in the case of the screw; the fundamental idea of which, he believes, was suggested to primitive man by the spiral shape of the edible snail. It was not the shape of the shell that suggested the screw, but the spiral motion which it is necessary to give to the body of the snail in order to withdraw it from the shell. This at once showed that an object of a screw shape embodied in a solid power fully resisted attempts to withdraw it by a straight pull. The hint was enough, and the screw became one of the earliest of man's inventions.

HEARD AND SEEN

THE WEAKER sex IN THAT portion OF THE human race WHICH GOES down town IN ZEBEL weather IN A half-cock waist AND PUFFS AND PUFFS silk stockings TO BUY hubby SOME WOOLEN sex AND A size warm muffler SO THAT HE CAN GO TO work YOU'RE WELCOME. LEONARD MIKULES.

IN SHOW TOWN. "Kismet." "To Please One Woman." tried to stop "Irene" from abouting "ough-lo." While "The Famous Mrs. Fair" exclaimed that "The Furnace" was "The Best Show in Town," "Marie Cahill" said "Betty, Be Good," to "Jimmie Cooper," and his "Beauty Revue." Everything would have come out all right if "Franklyn Ardell" hadn't said, although I love her "Body and Soul," "Behold My Wife," whose love is "In the Heart of a Fool." PECK.

Nature leaves a lot of work for the dressmaker to finish. FREE N. E. Z.

"DIMPLES" writes that a "mouse jumped on one of the girls" in Division E, Patent Office, the other day, and that some good looking roll-tops were visible for a few minutes. Chairs were in great demand.

Many a man thinks he's a live-wire because the charges against him are shocking! W. WALTER.

"BUCK" writes that he got home about 1:30 the other night and was dead tired, but wouldn't go to sleep till he read H and S. When he did sleep his dreams were happy ones.

THE PERFECT MAN. No man is perfect, tho' sometimes there's one, in wife's view. It's the man she could have married. If she hadn't married you, SOUTHERN BELM.

NO KICK TO NOTHING, NOWADAYS. Mule ad in country paper—"We know the kind you want and will stand back of every mule we sell." And likewise these "locals" from the home paper: Jerry Bostick Monday and Tuesday, and partly Wednesday at noon. And maybe he Sundayed at the drug store.

A. A. DeLoe, while walking with a young lady, slipped on the icy pavement and sprained his arm between Grobels' corner and the crossing.

Some one turned in a false alarm last Saturday evening while most of our firemen were taking their Saturday night baths. They were subjected to severe colds.

Mrs. Alex. Gudorf again "poured tea on her spacious veranda" last Tuesday afternoon to a few friends. MABLE.

In a second-hand bookstore on F street I saw, side by side, "The Woman Thou Gavest Me" and "The Hour of Conflict." J. B.

As to peculiar Washington names, look in the telephone directory for RABBITT & HUNTER. Interesting combination for this season of the year. C.

Joe—"A girl must like a guy when she begins to pick threads off his clothes." Tony—"What does she think of him when she begins to pick hairs off his clothes?" JUDGE FROG.

AN "INSEPARABLES" CONTEST. Many times the editor receives contributions regarding "inseparable twins" of Washington—referring to noted social or men who are noted for their constant associations with each other. Several writers have suggested an "inseparables" contest.

F. R. B. today makes mention of FLORENCE HULSE and ALICE GROVES, of Business High School, as "inseparable twins." Nominations of inseparables will be received where made with good intention properly signed by writers, and the addresses given as evidence of good faith.

Nominations must be of two females or of two males, and not one of each. Such nominations will be most interesting where the friendship is founded upon regard and affection. Damon and Pythias were the most noted companions in the world. There are many true friendships as lasting as was this celebrated one of antiquity.

HELEN HODGES is another Washington girl who will join "The Follies." H. G. states, and ELINOR GRIFFITH, charming Washingtonian, is to be here next week at Poli's.

THIS WAS OLD ONCE. Johnnie—"Ma, is 'cofferdam' a bad word?" Mama—"I never heard of the word. I don't suppose it is bad, why?" Johnnie—"Well, if it ain't bad, I wish that old lady next door would 'cofferdam' head off." DOTS.

EASTERN HIGH POETRY. We go to Eastern High, Read this and see where we get our knowledge: She threw around my soul a charm, I threw around her waist my arm; And we strolled along in the cooling shade Of a quiet path, where I kissed the maid! Some other day, my heart stood still; The red blood rushed—all seemed a whirl, And wonderful change came over my girl, Did her brown eyes flash, and a cry of wrath.

Echo along that shady path, Nay, nay, but clinging as ivy climb, She held her head up ever time. JAM AND JELLY.

Q. Why are laws like the ocean? A. Because most of the trouble is caused by the breakers. Q. How do you know a turkey is a w. A. Because he never makes a goose of himself. CHEVY.

A NUTTY QUERY. Let's get some answers to this, Bill: Why do people cross a city street during the time they are eating? Only people who have feet or legs amputated fail to do it. "BLISS" HENDRIX.

TWINS IN SORROW. Say, Bill, do you happen to know this gem? 'I saw two men by the roadside sit, And each bemoaned his lot, For one had buried his wife, he said, And the other one had not.' Z. R. I.

MUST BE DONE FORMALLY. Giving vent to his feelings after discharge from the army, a soldier wrote to his late colonel: "Sir: After what I have suffered it gives me pleasure to tell you and the army to go to hell." In due course he received the following answer: "Sir: Any suggestions or inquiries as to the movements of troops must be entered on Army Form 2132, a copy of which I enclose." H. B. E.

Miss HAVE U HEARD, an inquiring queen, Once fell in love with a JUST SEEN. Now I JUST thought her very nice, And to her I told my heart, So they were wed by Father's Price, And now they're just apart. SILICUS.

We wonder if DAN CALLAHAN will give us all a chance to look at him when he attires himself in the robes of a knight of the Order of St Gregory? Anyhow nobody will be grudge Dan any honors bestowed on him. He deserves them all.

The man with the HOE can never attract as much attention as women with their HOES. E. M. O'S.

HE DIDN'T GET THE HINT. The farmer boy and his best girl had driven to town and were seated in a buggy, near a popcorn vendor. "My," said the girl, "doesn't the popcorn smell good?" "That's right," observed the gallant, "I'll drive up closer so you can smell it better." JUTE.

FELLOW SUFFERERS. The pretty young thing bought a Times and stopped right in the streetward box. There at her side staring at her, her hopeful eyes down the column aped, But she saw not what she sought, And oh, the misery in her eyes. From experience I knew how she felt, And I knew that I loved her then, And hated Bill, the heartless wretch, I wanted in the her little hand, To say some little word— To let her know I understood, But stupid convention held me back, And perhaps 'twas well it did, For she could never have known I was sincere and not just flirting. HOMO.

"The Pugilist" isn't, after all, a bad name for a lunch room where they serve nothing but SCRAPS. HARPER'S FERRY.

WANTED. One of the arrows that "cupid shot" A hat for the head of a man, A key to fit an elephant's trunk, A splinter from a submarine, A pair of spectacles to suit the eyes of potatoes, The club with which an idea struck a poet, A stick to measure narrow escapes, The identical hook and line with which an angel caught a cold, An umbrella used in the reign of tyrants, A knot from the bow of a man paid \$10 a week for. IRISH.

A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN. I dreamed about a maiden fair, A healthy, happy, dainty miss, The kindest most men seek everywhere, A charm of femininity like this.

I searched the gilded halls of life, For her—my plans are all amiss; Though with fair dames the world seems rife, Too many are painted mannikins like this.



I searched the gilded halls of life, For her—my plans are all amiss; Though with fair dames the world seems rife, Too many are painted mannikins like this.

A young lady named Anna Danner In the choir sang high soprano; She slipped on the stair, Her feet flew in the air, And the gang saw silk-hose on Anna. RHYMES.

A kind old lady, after giving WMM some candy: "Now, what do you say?" Willie—"Got any more?" GEORGE.

If your waste basket is already overflowing just use the backs of these sheets for figuring your income tax. SILICUS.

A GUM CHWER. They say that in her primer, While her jaws were marking time, Still never give her teeth a rest For twenty rounds.

But now she walks the streets, And she looks at all she meets, For she shook a wicked jaw, And the fight was not a draw, Her teeth are gone. HANDSOME HARRY.