

EDUCATION OF PEOPLE NEEDED TO CURB FIRES

"Our present achievement in the forest-fire being 59,000 fires and 10,000,000 acres burned over, we are averaging 200 acres to the fire. Each, then, averages two-thirds of a mile in diameter. Lining up the 59,000 so they touch, they extend 32,784 miles; so each year we run ten lines of fire, each two-thirds of a mile wide, across this country from coast to coast; and if we cut out the prairie and farm country, keeping these lines in the woods, it will not take very strong winds to drop sparks anywhere between them.

This is the handicap we place on every public and private agency we have the effrontery to hold responsible for the perpetuation of American forests, and to criticize for their negligence. We accuse the lumberman because he does not face this handicap and still try to provide more material for the national bonfire. We main forest schools to produce foresters. We ask the taxpayers to finance public financeforests. We expatiate on the requirements of silviculture and discuss laws to make them compulsory. We even get a national law that does not recognize the true situation and authorize the government to cooperate in dealing with it. But the appropriation we make for doing so is in keeping with the spirit of a 50,000-acre country. A nation's spirit lives not in its laws, but in its songs, and ours is "Keep the Home Fires Burning."

Now, as to the solution: If I had minimized the seriousness of the situation, this would be easier for me to discuss; but the worse the situation we are in, the more decisive must be the selection of some most promising way out, this although there are other ways to be kept open if we may. My proposal in this instance is a centering of much nearer nine-tenths of our effort, if fire protection is nine-tenths of forest perpetuation, upon the definite task of arousing the American people to fire consciousness.

I do not undertake here to outline the complete program of dealing with the fire evil, most of which is as familiar to you as it is to me, but only to urge a campaign against its cause. Because this is belated, it will be difficult. Because it is belated and difficult, it calls for action more decisive and vigorous than any we have attempted or, as far as I can see, is being contemplated.

I would, in every budget in this land for forest protection, devote not less than 5 per cent—sometimes more—to education against the starting of fire. You need not tell me that \$325,000, or this proportion of our average six and a half million expenditure, would not, if skillfully used, cut down the cost by a far greater amount and save tremendous loss besides. It is an indefensible system that leaves preventive education, in a situation such as I have described, to a haphazard experiment now and then with what funds it is felt can be spared from fire-fighting.

Has it ever occurred to you that we are the best fire-fighters in the world, of which we are inclined to boast, just because we lead the world in permitting fires on which to practice?

Secondly, I would police the woods in a way they have never been policed, not leaving the law to be taught and enforced altogether by forest firemen, however splendidly chosen and trained for the technique of their own profession, but providing as many as need be of men equally chosen and trained for the different and equally needed profession of law enforcement. If their presence and efforts do not forestall the crime, they must bring in their man and achieve such an understanding in community and court that punishment is a lesson, not a farce.

It is an indefensible system that trains thousands of men to chase and fight fires, but virtually no men to chase and fight those who build the fires. How long would our cities stand unburned if on their firemen rested also all responsibility for the observance of laws governing fire hazard and arson, for detecting violations, and for bringing all evidence before the courts?"

FROM TOPSY

Jo Bramhall made two trips to Klamath Falls from Dorris last week, where he is punching truck. Jo made a hurried business trip to Klamath Thursday evening, but was not able to finish all of the details, so returned Saturday evening to wind up his unfinished business.

MILLING AROUND

"Well, the happy day is near, but I'm terribly nervous and worried. Could it be possible for me to have halitosis and not know it?"

"It would be just awful for Harold to discover it at the last moment and leave me like the man in the magazine advertisement!"

"Still I don't think anything like that will happen. I've certainly done everything I could to make him a perfect bride. * * * I've used the very best tooth powder at all times 'nd everything!"

"I'm sure he loves me. How could he do otherwise? Don't I use the facial creams all the magazines say I should if I'm to win and hold a man? Don't I stick to the rouge and powder that Mary Garden insists all girls should stick to if they wish to attain perfect happiness?"

"Don't I keep my hair lustrous with Goko's Shampoo Soap? Don't I always take excellent care of my eyelashes? When I smile don't my teeth look elegant? Wasn't I runner-up in the 1923 Miss America contest? Didn't I finish third in that newspaper bathing beauty contest last July? Didn't I get honorable mention in the Evening Gossip's ankle contest, and wouldn't I have won the Cinderella contest for the girl with the smallest foot if I hadn't been laid up with influenza? Really, we ought to be very happy together!"

The Bridegroom

"I'm sure I'm getting a wonderful little girl. She smokes the kind of cigarettes I carry, dances wonderfully and is a knockout for looks if she doesn't get in too strong a light."

"I hope I'll suit her. I ought to. I've taken the Be a Man Among Men Personality course now for over a year and feel I could walk right into J. P. Morgan's office tomorrow and smile in such an irresistible way he would make me a junior partner just on my teeth alone."

"I've bought all the books in the Brilliant Conversationalists' Library and can argue on anything. I've at last found a preparation that keeps my hair in place without giving me a greasy look. I wear Igloo collars exclusively and always brush my teeth up and down, not across."

"I 'Charleston' and drive a car with one arm free. I know all the live cabarets and head waiters. I swim well and have often been mistaken for a life guard. And I love canoeing."

"Why, say, that girl is getting a man in a thousand!"

"What's All the Shooting For?" It is understood the League of Nations council meetings at Geneva are featured by hourly bulletins from the various war fronts.

President Coolidge is for the rights of all nations, including the Scandinavian.

The presidential party used as its song of songs at St. Paul that touching old timer "Pull for the Thor, boys, pull for the Thor."

Can You Remember?

- When we have no bananas?
- When people occupied the archaic restaurants to work out cross word puzzles?
- When Able had no Irish Rose?
- When there was a Rum Row off New York harbor?
- When there was no market for padlocks in New York?
- When we had no picture newspapers?
- When Dempsey was the champion heavyweight?
- When Babe Ruth hit a home run?

—A. C. HART.

It's a Good Trick, If He Did It. "Frank Horacek, of 117 Nicholas avenue, charged by Building Inspector Armstrong with having a 37 foot building in a 35 foot area, was found guilty of violating the city building laws in the Court of Special Sessions."—Yonkers Statesman.

Cannibalism During the Hot Wave "Throngs surged into the restaurant and, after eating those who were not in suits went to the bath-houses."—The Times. "Thank goodness," comments Helen D. Williams, "the heat has abated!"

Espan Guests Leave

Mr. and Mrs. H. Nelson, accompanied by Miss Luberg, left yesterday for their home in San Francisco after visiting for several days at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Espan. Mr. Nelson, who is in the restaurant business in San Francisco, is greatly impressed by the possibilities of Klamath Falls, and may locate here permanently later in the season and open a restaurant.

Why don't you wear a beard?

It hasn't been so many years ago that a man's crowning glory was his luxuriant growth of whiskers. The more luxuriant they were and the better they disguised him the more important he considered himself.

What Brought About the Change?

A certain man by the name of Gillette or Safety or Duplex (at any rate he had a name) decided that there would be money in selling a razor that anyone could use without making a run on the insurance companies, one that wouldn't mutilate his appearance unless he used it as a meat axe. This man worked and worked and finally perfected an instrument which he figured would not make this a country of orphans, so he set about marketing it.

Then He Struck a Snag

He found that men didn't want to come out from behind their ambush. At that time there were no wars to help him as it did Alexander, when this well known general was afraid his army would scare the enemy to death before they could get close with their clubs, so he ordered them to shave. Our friend the razor maker couldn't go around to every one in the country and tell them that they looked like a bunch of weather beaten straw stacks, neither could he write them each a letter. So he figured this way—everyone reads the newspaper—if I put a few words in there every day or so telling these men how insightfully and unsanitary their crop is and how much better they would feel and look if they would come out in the open—it won't be long before these birds will begin to scarp and when they do that I'll start to tell them how simple the operation is with a safety razor.

It All Worked Out as He Figured

And now the beard is the exception. It has gone the way of the coon-skin cap and the ox team.

This is just another example of the value of advertising and the value of buying advertised products.

The merchandise advertised in THE LUMBERLOGUE

is right and the merchant stands back of it