

WAR REDUCES HUGE WASTE

THE world is learning the importance of saving scraps. Millions of dollars worth of material has been reclaimed from America's dump heaps in the last year or so



All stops waste! Paradoxical, perhaps, but true. It is the new principle of economics. The apothecary of the junkman is at hand, says a writer in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. Today there is invested in the industry of making-over scrap material the vast sum of \$700,000,000. The firms interested do a business of more than \$100,000,000 a year. It is a business of little things, concerning itself with what most people consider things of such insignificant value as not being worth thinking about at all. Yet a hundred million a year!

And how the war has boomed their particular business! Prices have been sent soaring. This has made it possible to transport waste from far-distant points that was never usable before. Despoiled junk is now rich raw material. Why, woolen rags are worth almost their weight in gold—they cost three times as much as they did before the war. Some rags have gone up 500 per cent. And so we get the strange anomaly that some rags fetch more than raw wool! Why? Because they have been dyed and deniers want those precious dyes back again (and they get them). With Germany blockaded, no dyes—no wool of which they have a monopoly—can come out.

Shoddy? You turn your nose at it! Do you realize that shoddy is the only thing that has enabled the poor to wear woolen clothing at all? Or that without deception (to the tailors) it is used to face some of the finest cloths in which the Beau Brummels today betog themselves? This because it makes a better finish.

Look at the romance of coal tar. Once dumped into vile-smelling heaps of refuse or pumped into the river, today it yields more than two thousand colors, besides drugs, preservatives, medicines, explosives, flavors, synthetic sugar and quinine, perfumes, chemicals, and what not. There is a business of more than \$100,000,000 in coal tar by-products today. And this is not a part of the business of utilizing waste, either, for coal tar is no longer counted as waste, but as a useful product from baking coal and making illuminating gas of it. The 140 pounds of tar from every ton is the most precious of all the yield from coal.

Germany is doing economical wonders with its war waste today. The "sammeletelle" is the chief point of interest to the visitor who can get behind the lines. "Collection point" it would be in plain English—junk pile, really. It contains the gleanings of the battlefield. Every conceivable object, from bits of rubber to broken bayonets and pieces of exploded shells, are collected and sorted.

Experts run over everything. Cartridges are saved out, and water bottles and clothes still fit to wear are piled up. The bayonets go to one place to be made over, the rifles are overhauled—every kind of make—and come back like new. Ripped and burst auto tires go to the melting pot and come back as sound wire mesh. A big laundry cleans 100,000 garments every month. Damaged artillery goes to shops, where it is repaired. Wheels are remade; barrels rebored. A new gun is often made out of the undamaged parts of several guns collectively put out of business. Leather is set to other uses, shoes are repaired and straps that are torn are cut into other widths and lengths, and put to other tasks.

And what do we do here along similar lines, in these piping peace days? Well, for example, we work over tin cans—a perfect mine of wealth—and iron scrap, and get back \$14,000,000 worth of useful metal again. Our tin is used over and over. Before the war scrap iron brought \$10.75 a ton; now it has gone up to \$18.50. Melted back into ingots it is quite as good as ever. Steel rails discarded by the big railroads are rerolled into rails for less important lines where lighter ones will do, or are bought by contractors for the use of their service lines on big jobs.

Scrap copper today is worth almost as much as new metal. War boosted the price regularly, so that by the end of 1915 new stuff brought 23 cents a pound and the old fetched 19 cents, and a business of \$35,000,000 in it! Scrap zinc, once a drug on the market



at 4 cents a pound, is 13 cents at this writing. Save it!

Here are the figures in tons of "recovered" metal from Uncle Sam's junk pile for just a year: Brass, 99,000; copper, 68,000; spelter, 43,000; lead, 60,000; zinc, 3,914; tin, 12,000; antimony, 5,300; aluminum, 5,400. The "recovered" metals totaled \$57,039,706. True, indeed, the statement of a business genius that "our next great fortunes will be taken from the junk heap!"

With crude rubber at \$1 a pound now, and all the warring nations gobbling every ounce they can beg or seize or buy, no wonder there is a steady demand for old garden hose, rubber tires, arctic tubes, auto peelings, wringers, car springs, horse-shoe pads, matting and packing, air-brake hose, fire hose and tubes. Prices in these discarded life fluctuate daily, just as stocks and bonds do. All go to the melting pot at from 1 cent to 10 cents a pound and come back brand new!

You haven't a pound of old antimony lying around the shop, perhaps? The foxes Chinese have cornered it because of its great demand for munitions of war—to say nothing of type. Once it was worth \$125 a ton; now you pay \$500 gold a ton for the same. Why? Because it is mixed with steel for shells, making it more brittle. Thus it breaks into smaller pieces when it explodes. Nice thought for the men in the trenches; what?

So they are working over old, worn-out type, here and abroad, and exploded shell fragments, to get back this near-precious metal. Tungsten is used in making tool steel, for which there is an enormous demand. Before the war it brought 60 cents a pound. Today it is \$2 a pound, and a ton of ore brings \$2,000. So precious is this metal that even the assay offices are being scoured for specimens, and every ounce of it is being reclaimed that can be found. Brokers do not sneer at a trade in one-pound rounds.

And, says the editor, "there's an overnight fortune for the man who can reclaim it from old tools and such." A lot of clever men are trying, but nothing doing yet. Rags are the Bethlehem Steel of the junkman's trade. Two million dollars' worth have just gone to England to make shoddy. Rags that brought four cents a pound now bring 14; tailors' clippings, once quoted at 7 cents, are now 21 cents. Black worsteds, aristocrats of the species, fetch 32 cents a pound. England alone can use up 210,000,000 pounds of rags a year! This country imports \$2,000,000 worth of waste rags every year just to make writing paper.

About 1,400,000 tons of flax straw have been burned or allowed to go to waste in this country every year. Not for much longer! Specialists in the employ of the department of agriculture have shown that it can be used for making paper and fiber board. Already a demand for \$1,500,000 worth of

flax straw has sprung up. Once it was clear waste. Now it is—gold!

Time was when yellow brass turnings were entirely unsalable. Now they average 12 cents a pound. Old tin foil brings 30 cents and siphon tops are worth a quarter a pound. When Tony gets through with his shoe rags he can sell them for 4 cents a pound and you may see them next in some fine "bond" writing paper. Bones fetch \$25 a ton after everybody's picked 'em.

Now hear Arthur D. Little of the United States Chamber of Commerce: "We waste 150,000,000 tons of wood a year, 1,000,000,000 feet of natural gas a day; 1,000,000 tons of flax straw a year. Our coke ovens flame for miles in Pennsylvania, wasting precious ammonia and exciting no comment, while the burning of a \$1,000 house would draw a mob."

Some experts have got the waste down finer than even Mr. Little. We waste 13,000,000 feet of lumber every year in old lead pencils by throwing away the stubs. Two girls earn for the government 100 times their salaries just by going through the waste paper baskets in the treasury department at Washington. Their prize find was a \$10,000 United States gold bond. Old corn cobs are now made into fuel briquettes and railway ties. Potash, mighty useful for war, is made from the moldering heaps of seaweeds tossed upon our Pacific coast. Oil is now pressed from used cotton waste, renovated and used over again. It has been figured out by a junkman expert that this country loses \$36,000,000 a year in cotton wastage alone, after the last shred of the fiber has been saved that can be. And this is how:

Wrapped in jute bagging and strapped with hoop iron, last year's bales averaged 599 pounds apiece. Just 5,649,000 of these bales went to American mills. Actually there was spun into cloth and yarn the equivalent of 4,801,850 bales, because of 15 per cent loss. This is divided into two classes, raw material waste and manufacturing waste. The first counts the bagging and iron straps, included in the weight, the shrinkage and three pounds torn off in transit for samples. The second includes flying cotton lint, cotton damaged in processing and the quantity that remains that is not spinnable. The latter is one of the new savings now. Suppose a two-inch length is required; some is not that long. This goes for a coarser yarn to another mill, and the residue there goes to still another for even coarser products, and in the step-down from mill to mill the final residue lands in a factory making wicking mop yarns, etc.

Actually, though there is a 15 per cent theoretical waste in a bale of cotton, the total loss is reduced to a minimum and only 3 per cent goes to the junk dealer to sort out and sell. In all the processes through which a bale goes but 2 per cent is irretrievably lost in flying lint. Added to the 3 per cent which is the junkman's share, there is 5 per cent lost in manufacturing and 10 per cent in raw material. In other words, the manufacturer loses just \$9.16 to the bale.

Center of Area. The center of area of the United States, including Alaska, Hawaii and other possessions, is in northern Kansas, ten miles north of a place called Smith Center, in Smith county, in latitude 39.55 and longitude 98.55. The center of population is 657 miles east of the center of area—that is to say, around Bloomington, Ind.

But She Didn't Know It. She—Before we were married you told me you were well off. It—Well, I was.—Judge.

Not a Chronic Borrower. It is said of George W. Woolworth, one of the greatest merchants in the world and owner of the highest building, that in the days when he was getting his business start, he never borrowed money but once. That was to buy his wife a new silk dress that she wanted.

Show Them Some Food for Cattle. George Livingston Dods of Winnipeg, Man., has taken out a patent on a process for making catfeed out of saw-blasts.

HAPPENINGS in the BIG CITIES

How They Make Street Cars Stop in Chicago

CHICAGO.—John rested his weight on one foot, banged a hollow dinner pail against his knee, and watched a Cottage Grove car sail insolently by, bulging with the human-loop sardines. John wanted to get home, and there was lots of room in a superlative stomach to permit his resentment against the company to expand.



John was shortly joined by Joes, Jims, Harrys, Williams, Horaces, Toms, et al., to the number of 200, and they banged their dinner pails and watched car after car snort past Ninety-third and Cottage Grove without even a tactful hesitation. They had observed the phenomenon for so many evenings that it had almost become a quaint old custom. It may have been the rakish trolley pole which suggested the ensuing bit of land-piracy, or possibly the motorman watted them an exasperating grin. At any rate, the dinner-pails picked out one car, pulled off the trolley pole and swarmed aboard with curses instead of cutlasses between their teeth. Man, woman and child, babes in arms, were sent over the plank with their clammy, useless transfers clasped in hand.

When the passengers had been emptied from the car the raiders broke windows, tore up seats, and completely wrecked the vehicle. A call sent in by the crew brought police, but the crowd dispersed at the bluecoats' approach and no arrests were made.

The protest was effective. The car company switched cars from branch lines to carry the bad buccaneers home. Most of the party which held up the car are workmen employed at plants and shops near this corner, who live in Pullman, West Pullman and Roseland. They have made many complaints of the inadequate service, the police declare, and scores of them during the rush hour have been forced to wait an hour or more for a car.

Puppies Are Guests of a Great New York Hotel

NEW YORK.—With the hum of mighty drive-wheels for their lullabys and being coddled to strong young doohind in the subbasement of one of New York's greatest hotels. On the diet which was devised, along with the feeding apparatus, by the chief engineer of the hotel, they are growing fat and playful.

Up in the hotel kitchen, nearer the level of the earth than the deeply hidden engine room, highly paid chefs each day prepare the milk which the puppies suckle three times every 24 hours. It is diluted and sweetened and then heated to the proper temperature before it is poured into seven carefully scoured bottles that are placed in the rack from which the pups are fed.

Each bottle has a rubber tube and the conventional nipple, only in this case the nipple is the thinnest which could be found. The seven little pups, packed close together in a row, eat regularly at nine in the morning and at one and half-past four o'clock in the afternoon.

The dogs are the offspring of the chief engineer's fox terriers, Nifty and Dot. Dot, the mother, died less than two weeks after the pups were born, and the chief engineer faced the problem of either drowning the dogs or raising them. The idea of drowning them never seriously entered the chief engineer's head, for he loves dogs, and he had seen the marking on the pups and knew of what breed they were.

So he sat himself in his big chair and thought for a long time; after which he called on the chefs in the kitchen and talked persuasively. The result was the nursery in the subbasement, where the great machinery which heats, lights and maintains the hotelery has its being. The pups have never been to the surface of the earth yet, but they are getting frisk and fat despite that.

Social Usage Course in New York University

NEW YORK.—At last a college is meeting the real needs of the age. The classics may be forgotten, but New York university has a course in social usage and etiquette. Arthur H. Nason, assistant professor of English, is the instructor. He is a tall, courteous person, with a very neat Van Dyke beard, and evidently well qualified to give such a course. He assured a reporter that the course is not official. But it may become such in time. He said a group of medical preparatory students wanted it for purely professional purposes. A doctor must know how to get along with his patients, you know.



"How many students have you?" "Fifteen or twenty, depending on the weather and the ball game," was the smiling response.

"And just what do you study?" "We're very practical. The first time we studied 'Usages in Public.' Last time it was 'The Bachelor as Guest.' Next time we will take up 'The Bachelor as Host.'"

The professor was very uncommunicative as to just what topics came under these heads. "Usages in Public." It was explained, covered "how to act on the street or in the theater." Possibly it includes a careful study of the various methods of removing one's hat when meeting a woman on the street. Should it be lifted, or should it be lowered with a graceful sweep? Then there is that vexed question of just when it is proper to take a girl's arm, and how much of it one should take.

The subject of "The Bachelor as Guest" would naturally involve such topics as: What to say when you have spilled soup on the table; how to manage spaghetti when your hostess is watching you; the propriety of gnawing a chop while holding it in your fingers; how to eat grapefruit without squirting the juice, and "The Proper Remarks to Make When Viewing the Infant Child of a Relative."

Shreveport Treasure Hunter Keeps on Digging

SHREVEPORT, LA.—Having discovered evidence of what he believes is buried treasure or a gold mine on a piece of ground on Fairfield avenue owned by Dr. J. M. Comegys in the most exclusive residence district of the city, a Shreveport contractor named Farmer spent all day and part of a night digging in the plot for hidden wealth. Farmer claims he was led to the spot by a divining rod, and he further maintains that his divining rod hasn't played him false, because it leads him to the exact spot every time he moves.

Farmer, with the assistance of three negro helpers, labored far into the night in search of the treasure or mine, or whatever it is, and spadeful after spadeful of dirt had been removed without results. Late bulletins from the scene indicated that no treasure had been disclosed as yet, though the hole measured four feet deep and as many feet in width when the search was concluded temporarily.

Shreveport is too far inland to have been the haunt of Captain Kidd or any other of our well-known pirates, and the next best guess is that it is a gold mine. Farmer won't quit until he is convinced by his own satisfaction that his divining rod has pulled a "boner" or that there is really a treasure at the spot.



TAKEN FROM EXCHANGES

One-fourth of the world's lead supply is from Great Britain. Eighteen thousand bricks can be manufactured by the steam process in ten hours. It is estimated that those slain on the battle field represent about half the total deaths attributable to war. A dinner table reaching round the earth 15 times would be required if the inhabitants of the world sat down at a meal together. With a four-horse power engine a motor-driven plow of English invention cuts a six-inch furrow at a speed exceeding three miles an hour. The charts of the coast and geodetic survey will be publicly displayed at the leading post offices of the country, to make persons familiar with their use. Cleveland has the honor of having more telephones in proportion to its population than any other city in the United States. New Orleans draws the booby prize.

SATIN COMES BACK

Although no woman hesitates to have her most formal evening gown made of taffeta, especially when it is in the soft Fragonard colors, built up with lace and touched up with roses, she finds satin an attractive substitute, and is glad that it has been returned to fashion.

Satin suits are appearing on smart women also, and if anyone is looking for a good choice of coat and skirt a bit different from what every other woman has there is everything to say in favor of black satin trimmed with wide, soft, black silk braid; the skirt laid in double box plaits attached to an irregular and shallow hip yoke; the bottom trimmed with three graded

cheaply and in almost any color so there is no difficulty about the foundation.

To get the right size of the net cover, put the pad on a piece of paper, and draw a shape round it, then cut out a piece of the net doubled to the shape.

Before sewing the two halves together, cut out from odd pieces of chints, print or crotonne some flowers and foliage to the clean outline of them.

Arrange this decoration on each side of the cover as in the illustration, and when satisfied with the result, sew them into place.

Neatly turn up a hem at the bottom of each cover, then seam the two sides together on the wrong side. At the top, in the center, make a little handle of cord, the color of the net.

If made of black net, the covers will not require washing at all; white net, of course, will soil in time, but will be found to wash beautifully, and the flowers as well, for the colors employed are always fast dyes.

A cozy like this makes a most acceptable present, and will bring a good price at a bazaar, for although they look so dainty and decorative they are very serviceable and will stand daily wear and tear.



Afternoon Frock of Blue and White Striped Silk.

bands of braid between knees and hem; the coat short, slightly curved in at the waist; the sleeves long and plain and all edges bound with braid; the fronts should be fastened with two buttons, one below the collar bone, the other slightly below the waist line, the space between open to show a blouse of fine white batiste.

The crush of silk net in a new pattern has caused an immense amount of satin to be ordered by the dressmakers to be used as a foundation and probably as a bolero. The majority has not realized that net gowns ought to be ultra-fashionable for the late spring and summer. The new net is coarser than what we have been wearing, and it has a broken surface. It has a square or round mesh, a polka dot large or small, a thin, trailing vine design or a stripe. Possibly, all these new nets could be classed under the head of point d'esprit.

One of the best known designs is called a Rebois net, and other weaves are so coarse that at first glance they would not appear suitable for evening frocks. Yet, if one does not like them for formal gowns, they are admirable for afternoon frocks, over the thinnest silk lining.

A quarter of a century ago, these nets in black and white were the choice for afternoon frocks with slightly low necks and elbow sleeves, and as far as one can see, the wheel will turn back 25 years and these gowns will again be in fashion.

One of the latest of the afternoon frocks, in blue and white striped silk, shown in the illustration, has won many friends among eastern women of fashion.

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POPULAR TEA COZY COVER
One of the Handsomest That Has Been Devised—May Be Made of Odd Bits of Material.

The cozy cover here illustrated is an ideal one as regards handsome effect, hard wearing and economy.

It is made of net, the roses and foliage being cut out of odd pieces of



cretonne and appliqued on the net, or simply kept in position by a few stitches here and there.

The color of the net is a matter of choice—it may be cream, white or black. Black looks most effective and is at the moment most fashionable.

The slip of net is then just put over a cozy pad, which may be had very

PARISIAN IDEA FINDS FAVOR

New Form of Ribbon Has Demonstrated Its Right to a Place in Feminine Adornment.

An entirely new idea in ribbons has recently developed. Some persons would call it straw braid. At least that is the impression one receives at the first glimpse. But it is made entirely of silk, at least of the imitation silk which is a wood fiber.

The ribbon is made in a dull finish and in all widths and the texture so closely resembles straw braid that it is very difficult to find a term which will describe it. It is as flexible as any soft ribbon and can be made into soft loops and bows like any other ribbon, and the dull finish is distinctly a new note in a season where waxed effects have been so popular.

This ribbon is used on hats suitable for morning, afternoon or evening use. Combined with the new plastic flowers it makes a beautiful effect and lends an added charm to a hat.

It is true that not all artistic ideas of fashion originate in France, but

these two must be credited to the Parisian artistic fancy. The flowers were the idea of a war widow, who is making them in Paris to raise war funds and she is able to give employment to many young women widowed by the war, or if not widowed, left alone.

Silk Buttons. Many buttons covered with silk to match the frock are used for trimming. Some of the sleeves, wide at the wrist, have buttonholes at each side of the cuff and two buttons, held together with several strands of twisted silk, are used in these buttonholes like link cuff buttons.

Touch of Color. The blue serge suit must have about its trimming a touch of color. For instance, one has buttons and trimmings of yellow cloth, while another may have bands of gray stitching and a gray silk collar.

Square Crowns. Some of the new straw hats have square crowns.