

Bill for Waste in the Millions

Annual Loss in Industry Figured at \$30,000,000 by Federal Expert.

New York.—America is a nation of wasters. Zeros charge in phantoms, and the statistical army attacks with horse, foot, guns, all at once—airplanes, too—and when less than half a dozen items have been added up, there stands an estimated cost of national waste sufficient to make even a hot-weather conscience examine itself.

Within a few days the experts in various sorts of waste have been hurling figures a hundred million at a time, and the totals debited against America in these random items alone run to \$42,000,000,000 a year. That stands for waste in industry, and the cost of colds in the head, and funds Americans are said to carry abroad because they can't get decent cocktails at home, and the value of things which burn up though they needn't, and a banker's estimate of the social dead loss in the earnings of the gainfully employed.

If one called on other experts, the billions, quite likely, would go on rolling up indefinitely, till America turned out to be owing itself money. There are some who figure the lost power in smoke that goes up chimneys, and some the cost of sending empty freight cars back and forth, and others who make long calculations based on Dr. Charles W. Eliot's discovery that school children spend six years going through books which they could read in 46 hours.

How Big Is This Sum? The \$42,000,000,000 is ample for the moment, however. An imposing figure—but what does it mean? Adopt the statistical method; thus translated, the row of digits and ciphers stands revealed as ten times the United States budget, or twice the national debt, or almost one and a half times the indebtedness in all America's federal, state and municipal obligations. All the factories in the country turn out goods worth only half as much again a year. This partial waste bill represents an eighth of the country's entire wealth—land, goods in stock, machinery, everything. We throw away in merely these five items half as much wealth as we had altogether a quarter of a century ago; they equal the aggregate national wealth of Italy, the Netherlands, Switzerland and Peru.

The dabbler in indolent wastefulness hangs his head at such a showing. One man, he sighs, can do so little. Or possibly he questions the facts. There seems to be little hope for him there, however. Take them up, item by item:

Industrial wastes cause an annual loss of \$30,000,000,000 in raw materials and man power, according to William A. Gately of the Department of Commerce. He told a business convention the other day that a survey of six industries showed an average waste of 50 per cent in raw materials and man power.

Colds in the head cost the country \$1,500,000,000 a year in lost working time. That is the estimate of Dr. Besman Douglas of New York, given before the annual convention of the Laryngological, Rhinological and Otolaryngological Society at Atlantic City. He figures 100,000,000 colds annually, each causing an average loss of three days, at an average wage value of \$5 a day.

Then there is the avoidable fire loss. Call it \$400,000,000. The National Board of Fire Underwriters estimates the total at more than half a billion and says three-fourths of it is unnecessary.

To Europe for a Drink. Another \$100,000,000 is set down by the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment to the dry law. Americans going abroad for vacations spend \$200,000,000, says the association, and half of them go to get a drink. Other estimates of the foreign vacation bill have run more than twice as high. On the other hand, reasonable vacation expenditure cannot be called waste, so that this item roams outside the limits of conservative statistics. But that is of no great moment; such a small amount could easily be replaced by any of several others, if one were

bound to make up a total of so many billions. Poor ventilation, for instance, is accused of a loss running into millions.

The dry debit seems no more than a worn cent beside the \$10,000,000,000 set forth by William E. Knox, president of the American Bankers' association, as waste. That, he says, is the waste of the gainfully employed, and it represents a sixth of their total earnings. The single item of foolish speculation, according to this authority, amounts for a billion dollars.

One could go on, tabulating the cost of financial crime; the more or less theoretical loss in shipping coal instead of turning it into superpower at the mine. A billion here and a billion there might be piled up, but they are not needed as emphasis to the cautions uttered by two of those contributing to the present tabulation.

The cost of living will rise if waste isn't reduced, says Mr. Gately, and Mr. Knox declares the continuation of things as they are can only lower the American living standard.

All this pertains to the social side of waste. It is waste in mass production. Looked at in terms of man power, for instance, it is the sort of thing which makes the community spend \$1,000 breaking in a new hand on various jobs while his earnings in the same period are less than that sum.

Is Jay Walking Thrift?

Besides, there are various ways of estimating waste. Leisure has been defined as the non-productive consumption of time. Is waiting for the traffic signal, advising pedestrians they may cross the avenue, leisure? Or is it waste? Is the jay walker a benefactor of the community, even deducting the net loss occasioned by his rate of mortality while in action? Apply the statistical method to the pedestrian and one finds it costs New York \$75,000,000 a year to wait at the curbstone for the "go" whistle. This is simple arithmetic. Take New York's adult males, and a tenth of the adult females. Each loses, say 12 minutes a day waiting for the chance to get across streets. Reduce this to aggregate working hours, charge up the lost time at the same rate that colds in the head are charged, and the result is \$250,000 a day. If 12 minutes too high, or do not all the males try to cross the street? Add in, then, the time waiting for subway trains and skyscraper elevators; the total remains safe.

Massed figures make long columns, but the insidiousness of waste lies in the little things. There also lies its appeal, which is like a charm. That is what makes crusading against waste such an uphill job. It belongs to the Old Nick who continues to lurk in a fairly large proportion of mankind, despite the teachings of efficiency. The man with an instinct against waste is as rare as the ascetic. As for the rest, they will spend their money to be told how to spend more money, but won't be able to see a 40-foot billboard giving them the contrary advice.

Perhaps the explanation of these readily observed phenomena lies in this: That the waster measures his wealth not by what he keeps but what he wastes. Was Adam aware of his riches before he threw away the garden?

Open and Secret.

This is not the same thing as the doctrine of conspicuous waste set forth by Professor Veblen to account for social institutions. Waste devoted conspicuously to gawds may prove to the world that the waster is rich enough to pay for usefulness but the commoner satisfaction in waste is a delight enjoyed in secret.

It is not the glee of the small boy smashing things, but a tranquil disregard, unconscious as good digestion. This indulgence is not the waste problem of industry, all riddled with problems of efficiency and management and morale. It is something commoner, though doubtless with a much smaller aggregate cost. Perhaps it comes close to the \$10,000,000,000 problem set forth by the banker, through those individuals who try to buy \$3,000 worth of automobiles and radios and

phonographs on a \$3,000 income. It stands for luxury as against bare necessity.

Thus it may become not merely dress but leaven; conspicuous or hidden. It may become a margin of richness for the individual even while in another form it drives factory executives to sanitariums and baldness. It is like the pleasures of idleness. The American has never admitted those pleasures; possibly that is why he has, in compensation, earned the name of waster. To him, Robert Louis Stevenson, when he extols idleness, has seemed only a trifler, and Walt Whitman, loafing and inviting his soul, has been an anomaly.

The habit of activity was contrived by nature and history when they called for the tilling of a whole new continent, imposing the need of incessant work, or at least the tradition of such a need. But they have shown no bias against waste, and so have brought forth a nation which, always having had material to spare, marvels at the organized frugality of the stockyards—while listening for the uncanned squeal of the pig—but has no respect for the thrift of the French peasant. The American worships magnitude, even in waste. He may seek for iron in street dust and find uses for discarded cornucopias; that these are casual attributes to one with the open-handedness of a rollicking sailor is indicated by such things as the present warnings and the earlier call for the conservation of resources.

Prodigality of Nature.

Nature herself has not seemed to care, so far. She does not create the spring blossoms on a plan of efficiency, and as for economy of means, consider the million eggs laid to bring forth a single fish. There is no need to go so far afield: April 15, say, brings two flies, and by September 30 nature has expended on the matter in hand energy sufficient to multiply those two flies to 335,923,200,000,000—enough to reach from earth to sun, 29 abreast. If the greater part had not been sacrificed, unborn, to waste.

Besides, waste is largely relative, as far as the individual is concerned. America is wasting a capital value of seven thousand billion dollars a year through not still further extending the span of life. Fifteen years have been added to the average life, and the present aim is ten more by 1930. But meanwhile the waste goes on by the thousand billion, estimating only the capital needed to produce the average worker's income during the years he might have lived had the span been longer. The individual, however, is apt to give little thought to all these billions. Even if he did, he might say: "Well, better a short life and waste the odd years if I can live the sort of life I like."

For the most part, of course, he can't, like the rest of the world. He is as wasteful of life as of material. But once he has got past writing "Willful waste makes woeful want" in his copy book, he can show his true feeling by giving glamorous names to the spendthrift and piling up hard words for the other sort—such as skinflint, cheeseparer and curmudgeon. If he carries the attitude further in America than men do in other lands the cause may be that for him this habit of mind takes the place of the cult of indolence to be found in older countries.—New York Times.

Burn Equipment in School Used by Lepers

New York.—Teachers and pupils of the Avon avenue public school in Newark clustered around the fiery opening of a furnace in the basement.

All the books, papers, pens, pencils, erasers and manual training equipment in the school were consigned to the flames.

It was a pyre kindled by the fears of eight teachers and many parents that articles brought near to Hale and Frank George, student lepers, might be infected with the dread tropical disease. The bonfire cost the taxpayers of Newark more than \$2,000, as books are furnished free.

Meantime, the George lads, thirteen and eleven years old, were receiving expert treatment at the Essex County Isolation hospital. Chaulmoogra oil, the specific for leprosy, was being administered regularly and the boys, in good spirits, were receiving visits from their parents.

A portable X-ray outfit has been invented which will show the location of pipe lines and beams inside the walls of buildings.

tion with the view of exchanging visits. The Hungarian scout officials propose to send fifty boy scouts to Japan next year if a return visit of Japanese scouts can be arranged for the following year.

Blue Roses Bloom

Roscoe, Cal.—Unless it be black tulips, nothing in the floral line is as rare as blue roses, yet some of the latter are in full bloom at the ranch of Alma Johnston, in Orange Cove, in this vicinity. The bush produced several blossoms last year of indifferently shade and color.

Gets Aged Lock

Piqua, Ohio.—A handmade lock, more than 113 years old, has been presented to the Schmidlapp Library museum by F. E. Campbell, furniture merchant. John Riddle had the lock placed upon a log cabin he built near here as government land in 1812.

In Norway, Sweden and Finland, women are frequently employed as sailors, and do their work excellently,

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

By F. A. WALKER

VIALS OF HATE

AMONG the many poisonous things which we humans are prone to carry about us, and uncork with more or less frequency, are the diminutive vials of hate.

Hidden in the heart, these banes are brought forth when the heart beats a little faster than is his wont under the pressure of some imaginary wrong, to be scattered broadcast, quite regardless of where they may fall or whom they may injure.

If we could measure the truth ac-

curately, we would find that most of the sorrows and upheavals, which gnaw away our peace and happiness, are directly traceable to this common scourge.

In all grades of society, among all peoples, hate is ever seeking new victims.

It lifts up its flattened head like a deadly snake and shows its frightful fangs at every opportunity, spitting venom and striking from unexpected places with the swiftness of a rattler. Character quails before its terrible hiss.

Homes are darkened and sorrowed by the plague it carries through the back door, to find its way to the drawing room and the bed-chamber.

Some one has uncorked a vial of hate when blaring bugles call to war and nations are turned from their peaceful pursuits to face the killing guns; some one has uncorked a vial of hate and ruined the chaste name of a lovely maiden.

All along the pathway of life, hate leaves nothing but sores and tears, creped doorways, curtained windows, crazed minds and bleeding hearts.

After all the human emotions have been mastered to the front, carefully weighed and inspected, it will be found that hate is the most treacherous, the most persistent, dangerous and destructive.

If we suspect that we have a vial of hate hidden in the pockets of our hearts, or beneath our tongues, let us proceed without another moment's delay to find it and fling it away, so that we may preserve our good name, the tranquility of our home and our country and perhaps the salvation of our souls.

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WHO SAID

"Great pleasures are much less frequent than great pains."

THE man who uttered this expression was a philosopher, whose philosophy is marked by the rather serious view of life which is to be noted in the phrase quoted above.

Life to David Hume was a sober thing—a thing to be taken with seriousness and regarded as a stepping stone to some future existence where one's status would be determined by his conduct here. "Great pleasures" were scarce in his life and not nearly so frequent as "great pains." In fact, it is safe to say that great pleasures were viewed askance by men of the school of David Hume, who retained the idea of the Puritans—that pleasure was an invention of the Devil and must be indulged seldom.

Hume is best known as a historian and philosopher. His best known works are an "Inquiry Concerning the Principles of Morals" and a "History of England," the first written in a philosophic vein while the latter is purely historic. In the year 1754 Hume published the first part of his "History of England," but it was not until 1761 that he completed it. His "Inquiry into the Principles of Morals" was written and published in the year 1752. The publication of the "History of England" brought considerable fame to its author and he was well rewarded financially for his work. In addition to the royalties he received from the publication of the book, he received a pension from the government because of the reputation it made for him.

Hume was born April 26, 1711, reckoning the years by the old style calendar then in vogue. In 1741 he became secretary to General St. Clair and traveled with him to the courts of Vienna and Turin on behalf of the British government. In this capacity he procured much valuable material which was later used in writing his history. He died in Edinburgh, Scotland, the year that the American Declaration of Independence was signed.—Wayne D. McMurray.

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Mother's Cook Book

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.—Tennyson.

LUSCIOUS PINEAPPLE

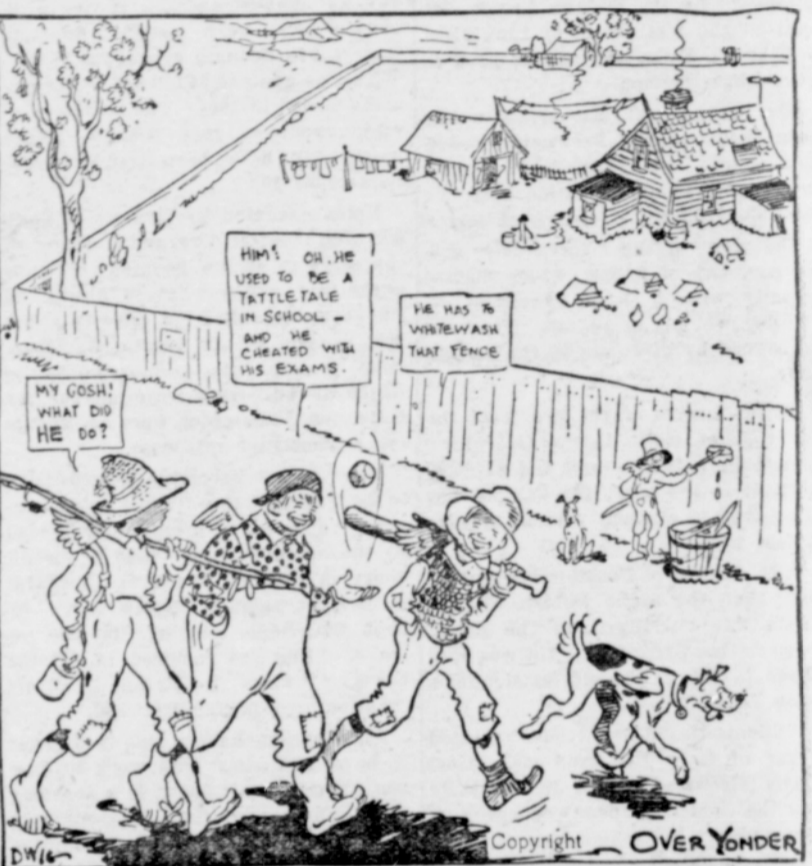
PINEAPPLES like other fruits are never better than when served and eaten fresh. But we are glad to have a few cans during the season when they are not in the market to help out in the menu-planning.

As a salad there is nothing more delicious than crisp hearts of lettuce with the juicy diced fruit sprinkled over it dressed with a good French or mayonnaise dressing.

Pineapple Fritters.

Prepare a fritter batter, using one cupful of flour, one-half teaspoonful of baking powder, a pinch of salt, two well-beaten eggs, one-half cupful of sugar and one-half cupful of milk. Beat well, add one cupful of shredded

SCHOOL DAYS



pineapple. Fry by spoonfuls in deep fat.

Pineapple With Cheese.

Place a slice of pineapple in the center of head lettuce, put a ball of cream cheese in the cavity of the pineapple slice, sprinkle well with French dressing and sliced egg yolk.

Pineapple Dessert.

Arrange on individual plates a slice of pineapple for each serving. In the center of each slice place a cone of ice cream and sprinkle with chopped nuts.

Frozen Pudding.

Make a custard of a pint of milk, three egg yolks, a cupful of sugar and a pinch of salt; strain, add a teaspoonful of vanilla and almond extract mixed, then fold in the whites of the eggs beaten until stiff, and a cup-

ful of whipped cream. Then add finely chopped pineapple and candied cherries; freeze as usual.

Pineapple Cake.

Make an angel food baked in a sheet. Cut and put together in layers, using a filling of whipped cream sweetened and flavored with shredded pineapple well drained, added to the cream.

Nellie Maxwell
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THE YOUNG LADY ACROSS THE WAY



The young lady across the way says the income tax isn't bringing in as much as it was and she supposes the government won't have much money on hand until the next bond issue is paid off and it gets the actual cash. (© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

MILLIONAIRE LEAVES \$4,000 BONDS TO CAT IN HIS WILL

Boston.—Bitter resentment transpired in his heart for more than forty years because a fascinating young woman to whom he gave a musical education abroad married against his wishes is believed to be the motive for a strange will, disposing of an estate of about \$1,000,000, left by Irving Wood.

According to one of Mr. Wood's most intimate associates, the aged financier bought four San Salvador 8 per cent bonds last year, pinned a note to them stating the income was to be used by his housekeeper in providing John Henry with the best of care, and declared his intention of making appropriate provision for this in his will.

The will, filed in Probate court, does not mention John Henry's name, but Miss Alice W. Blackburn, the housekeeper, said she saw the bonds Mr. Wood bought for the cat, saw him write the note stating their purpose,

and that he told her to take care of both the bonds and the cat after his death.

John Henry, five years old, and said to be the biggest and heaviest pet cat in Boston, is now living in state at the Wood apartment.

China and Japan Exchange Boy Scouts

Tokyo.—Fifty boy scouts from Japan will go to China this summer to pass several weeks in camps there. At the same time two dozen Chinese boy scouts will come to Japan for a visit.

The plan of exchanging boy scouts with various countries has aroused considerable enthusiasm among the scout leaders here.

It was stated that the boy scout organization of Hungary has begun negotiations with the Japanese organiza-