

thousand on the Eastern front. Hindenburg will probably change all that. He will transfer this war to the East.

THIS will admit failure on the West. Paris, Calais, England, will be left untaken and unpunished. The Moltke-Falkenhayn plan of campaign will so far have been written off as a dead loss. But then Bethmann-Hollweg had practically written it off already. His peace proposals have always begun by promising the evacuation of France and Belgium. It was not France or Belgium or Britain that Germany was after IN THIS WAR, but Russia and the Balkans. France was struck at because it was clear that she was coming to the help of Russia. Battle was accepted—reluctantly—with Britain, although the Germans knew that their navy would have to go into hiding at once. These were unfortunate features of any war against Russia which had to be accepted. And they were frankly accepted from the first, and

dealt with on the most approved military plan. But the permanent results which Germany has hoped to get from this war were a new Russian frontier, a Poland under Teuton control, domination of the Balkan Peninsula, and practical suzerainty over Turkey. Bethmann-Hollweg has never proposed to give up any territory necessary to retain these results.

AND Germany will now fight for them. Whether she will begin her retirement in the West this year, remains to be seen. She will delay it till next year if she can possibly do so; for no one knows what diplomatic developments may come during the winter. So long as Germany holds her present fronts she can pretend to an easy confidence in her ability to hold them indefinitely. This is a good "bluffing" basis for keeping her Allies in line and neutrals tame. If peace negotiations should by any accident open, it is a good bargaining basis. But if Germany must

choose this year between leaving the East perilously weak in troops, or retiring in the West, she will certainly begin her great, humiliating but inevitable retreat in the West.

THE Western Allies will try to make it a rout. But, as the fighting on the Somme has shown, this will not be easy. We shall probably see an orderly retirement from entrenched position to entrenched position, with a maximum of losses inflicted upon our brave forces. The final halt may be made at the line of the Meuse. That would be a good line for the Germans to hold—if they can. Then the big fighting will go on in the East. We can get into it in three ways—(1) pound so hard in the West that Germany must keep a large number of men there, (2) increase the offensive columns at Salonika, and (3) join the Italian armies which will certainly seek to penetrate to Vienna.

CORNERING A CITY'S JUNK

How Red-Cross Societies Beat Out the Rag-Man

By MARY DAWSON SNIDER

THERE is a rival in the field of the bearded, soft-voiced foreigner who politely enquires in deprecatory, persuasive tones: "Anythink in deprecatory, persuasive tones? It is the Red Cross. So to sell to-day?" It is the Red Cross. So serious is this rivalry that during the first few weeks of the Society's work six hundred members of the Waste Collectors' Association in Toronto offered the Red Cross Society a donation of \$8,000 if they would call off the invasion of their domain.

"Rags, bones and bottles" men do not haunt the streets and scour the city lanes purely for the love of vocal exercise and fresh air. They are bringing up families on what more wasteful people throw away. In collecting, sorting, and selling such things they work hard. Their livelihood seemed endangered. Their patient example of thrift, so long scornfully ignored by citizens born in this young and prodigal country, might be followed to their own undoing.

Instead of the familiar figure of the middle-aged man with the sack who applies at the basement door of a warehouse a bright young woman breezes in to the private office of the proprietor. Tilted back in that dignitary's swivel chair she enquires in the crispest of Canadian accents if he does not want to do a good deed and incidentally make her happy.

Of course he does. She is chic, bright, pretty, and he probably belongs to the same club as her father. When she explains she is canvassing for donations of waste paper, rags, etc., he is so relieved that it is not an autographed cheque she requires that he readily promises "all the junk the house produces from now till the end of the war."

War, that has opened so many vocational avenues for women, has induced dainty femininity to assume temporarily the role of junkman. They are doing it for the Red Cross. This spring, when the Toronto branch of that society started a "waste conservation" department they staked out a gold mine.

SCARCITY of labour, lack of sufficient freight vessels, excessive ocean rates and insurance, all make for shortage of material. Prices for waste consequently went away up. Everything possible is now being made over. Here are some practical examples of how what we ordinarily call waste materials have advanced in value since the beginning of the war. Roughly speaking, wool rags have increased 500 per cent., and 2,000 pounds of back-number newspapers are worth more than a ton of coal. Old rubbers and rubber soles now sell as high as 8½ cents a pound, instead of 4c. A quarter of a cent a pound is paid for old fountainless garden hose that two years ago was worthless. Worn out motor or bicycle inner tubes are worth 10c. a pound. In 1914 they were 6c. or 7c. Rubber bags without canvas are 2½c. a pound, instead of 1c. Clear copper shows the biggest advance of any scrap metal. It has risen from 7c. to 21c. a pound. Scrap iron is of many grades. Roughly quoted, its value is unchanged at 35c. per cwt. Its increase shows when sorted. Tea and chest lead has jumped from ½c. to 3½c. a pound, and lead pipe to 6c. a pound—it was 3c. Gem jar screw tops are worth 5c. or 6c. a pound now that scrap zinc has advanced two cents. Mixed qualities of carpets that brought only ¼c. a pound before the war now sell at ½c. to ¾c. Scrap leather is worth from 1c. to 10c. a pound. It has advanced 10 per cent. Newspapers, formerly 15c. or 20c. per cwt., now sell for 45c. Even wrapping paper, bags, boxes and other scrap papers bring 10c. per cwt.

Magazines that used to sell at ½c. a pound have now doubled in value, and books or ledgers are the same price, or a shade better. Junk prices fluctuate from ½c. to 1c. almost every week. As high as 4c. a pound has been paid this year for mixed rags. Two weeks later the price dropped to 2½c. Before the war ½c. to ¾c. per pound was their average price. In household rags, wool is included with cotton and silk, though wool rags, when graded, become "mill stock" and very valuable. Despite prohibition legislation, bottles also have increased in value from 10 per cent. to 50 per cent. Pickle and liquor bottles sell at 1c. and beer bottles at 2c. apiece. With the exception of milk and other registered kinds every old bottle is saleable.

WHEN the patriotic appeal for waste was made, fear of infection barred the donation of rags through the schools, but children were asked to bring bottles, books, magazines, papers, metals, etc., and jute waste bags for paper rags and junk were distributed among householders willing to help.

Toronto's children have gone heart and soul into the business of waste conservation. No store-room or cupboard in the house escapes their financially appraising eye. To them one hundred pounds of newspapers means all of 45c. towards relieving some soldier's suffering. They regard the jute waste bags as their especial property, and, like parent birds they seek all day long to fill the gaping mouths. Delightedly they hail the discovery of soleless shoes or holey stockings. Trousers, long past all hope of patching, are to them a find. They confiscate tattered awnings, dilapidated carpets, bits of sacking, disrupted sheets and tea towels, ancient pieces of party frocks, pyjamas and pinafores. Zinc rings, disassociated from broken gem jars, are exhumed from dusty boxes. They stake claims for raiment eyeleted by moths, broken knives, disjointed scissors, metal door knobs, furnace pipes or scrap iron, and are insistent in requisitions for tea lead, auto treads, bicycle tires, inner tubes, rubbers, ledgers, magazines, books and all kinds of old paper. Never have Toronto's attics and cellars been quite so free from accumulated litter.

"Aw, Maw, let me have those for my rag bag," coax the girls when boxes are being "turned out" in search of patch or pattern.

"Gee! We can get as high as 8c. a pound for rubber. D' y' want this old garden hose? An' say—can't I have those worn-out rubbers an' the hot water bottle that leaks?" plead the boys.

"Our school could sell those for the soldiers," childish voices are sure to admonish if, in any section of the city saleable rubbish is about to be destroyed.

Heretofore you might tell the average boy fifty times a week not to throw bottles on the street, but the forty-nine times you were not watching he would use them as dumb bells, see how far he could toss them, or dash them to the pavement just for the fun of hearing them smash. Now his aim is to salvage as many as he can and motorists bless the day school boys became philanthropists.

Every school has a volunteer express agency. It is run by boy power. The juniors lend their toy waggons and the big boys haul to the school parcels of paper and junk too heavy to be carried there. At stated intervals motor trucks shaped and painted

like ambulances, with a red cross blazoned on either side, collect accumulated waste from the schools. They also call at private houses and places of business that have offered to contribute. After the first month of the waste saving campaign, the three motor trucks at the service of the Society proved insufficient. Three more trucks were added. Two of them are driven by young ladies—volunteer workers.

A storing and sorting warehouse was soon required. This the Toronto Harbour Commission donated. Located beside a dock at the foot of York Street, it is central and easy of access. Many wealthy patrons deliver their own donations. Almost any day you can see dainty damsels jockeying their cars to make more easy the deposit of big bundles they have carried. It is others of these erstwhile butterfly girls who are canvassing business houses and securing material formerly destroyed or sold for an infinitesimal part of its value. A sale of the first month's donations realized \$1,619. The work was far from fully organized then. It is expected that at least \$25,000 will be netted this year.

The Red Cross Society realized that junk collecting was a matter of bread and butter to the junk man, but investigation showed that 95 per cent. of the donations they were receiving would not have been either given or sold to the dealers. It would have been buried in the garbage can or burnt. They stated this in declining the offer and pointed out to the Waste Collectors' Association that the small percentage of legitimate business affected would be more than counterbalanced by the tremendous increase in prices. Much of the volume of business worked up by the Society's volunteers will, after the war, continue. But it will then flow through regular business channels. What, to the junkmen now seems a bane, will eventually prove a blessing.

But—what becomes of all the waste?

WITH varying form and tireless frequency, school children ask this question. Teachers tell of its uses and enlarge on its economic value. Quite unintentionally thrift has been added to the curriculum of Toronto's public schools. Impressionable youthful minds are being stamped with the truth that hardly anything is useless.

Parts of old trunks and shoe uppers not good enough for slippers or suspender fittings become fertilizer. Rotted scrap leather enriches the ground. No use has yet been found for the hard leather of old shoe soles.

Cotton rags and linen make the best book paper. Old ledgers, when reincarnated, are again ledger paper. Books are re-made into book paper.

Silk is the cheapest rag on the market. Coupled with the worst grades of carpet it finds its way in to roofing or felt paper. Wool rags vary much in quality. The best of them make such good shoddy that experts cannot distinguish it from new cloth. Automobile tires that defy repair are worth \$2 or \$3. They reappear as rubber coats, rubber boots, matting and stair treads. Broken glass is melted and re-made. If, by the conservation of waste that would otherwise have been destroyed, the Toronto Red Cross can make \$25,000 in one year, there must be \$25,000 to be saved for somebody in that same city every year. It is found money—found by thrift. And this is a strange state of affairs—so thinks the baffled ragman. Does he sell his waggon? No, he gets along with less food and fewer cigarettes.