

AMERICAN PEOPLE GREAT SPENDERS

Millions of Dollars Thrown Away for Trifles That Ought to Set Nation Thinking.

SOME WAYS MONEY GOES

Postcard and Cheap Souvenirs Take Big Sum Every Year—Billions Spent for Needless Telephone Calls and Telegrams.

By EDWARD MOTT WOOLLEY.

It seems incongruous that in this rich and wonderful land of ours it should be necessary to conduct mighty selling and advertising campaigns in order to raise money to crush our enemies—cruel and dangerous enemies who are bent on throttling the very liberty on which our country has been built. If we really felt the impulse, we could raise six or eight billion dollars spontaneously and without the glare of salesmanship and publicity; and we would do so easily that Germany and her allies would stand aghast at our overwhelming resources and purpose.

The trouble is that even yet we do not realize the tragedy that is over us. The war has not sunk into the American consciousness. With a million or more of our boys in France, and the casualty lists coming home every day, we still lack the pulsating fervor of intrepid courage—the courage that wells within one and stirs the soul.

Fighting Impulse Needed.

The one unquestionable evidence of courage is the willingness to sacrifice. A man who sees his child in deadly peril is instantly ready to sacrifice everything, even his life. It takes no argument to "sell" to him the need of courage. He gets it from within. The fighting impulse dominates his every instinct. What we most need in America today is fighting impulse. Once we get it the doom of Germany, as a menace to ourselves and to the world, will be sealed. If we had this valorous, undaunted determination we could raise, this coming year, not merely six or eight billion, but as many billion as our country might need. Let us search our hearts, therefore, and discover why it is that brass-band methods are needed to sell us Liberty bonds. It seems all the more incredible that such should be the case when the money we are asked to contribute is merely money saved for ourselves.

Indeed, we could put through this fourth Liberty loan without even feeling it directly. I am not talking here about great sacrifices. With merely trivial and passing inhibition we can make this fourth loan a glorious manifestation of Americanism.

Never was there such a nation of spenders—we literally throw money to the winds. Cash runs out of our pockets into a hundred channels of extravagance. Tempted at every turn by something that appeals to our pleasure-saturated instincts, we hand out the dimes, quarters and dollars. We work hard, most of us, and we play hard. Many of us play with an amazing abandon that scarcely reckons the cost. And we gratify ourselves not only at plays, but we satisfy our luxury-loving tendencies and our vanity in many of the things that enter into our daily lives.

Let us consider here merely the millions that go for trivial things that do not count as permanent investments either for utility or luxury.

Millions Spent for Cards.

For instance, take our post card mania. This habit, which perhaps we would not criticize in times of peace, is almost universal. A dealer estimates that 30,000,000 people spend an average of a dollar a year on the cheaper kinds of cards, and an additional sum of a hundred million dollars on postage. But on the fancy cards and more expensive sets, sold largely to tourists, the estimate is \$200,000,000, in addition to the postage. Including the cards that are kept by the purchasers, it is probable that the total is half a billion dollars. Many men have made fortunes in this business. I know of one former valentine manufacturer who retired with a lot of money.

It is certainly inconsistent that this great sum should go for such a trivial purpose when the nation is involved in this mighty war that calls for cash everlastingly. Here is one expenditure that could be eliminated almost wholly until the war is over. Besides this amount put into Liberty bonds might mean something worth while to the people themselves.

Then there is another class of souvenirs that masquerade as merchandise and absorb an astonishing amount of money. Travelers and tourists especially waste their cash upon these things, and immense quantities are sold to the people everywhere. The bulk of this stuff is useless junk—at least in war time, when conservation is the high need. Why spend our money these days for fancy baskets, card trays, wooden clasp articles, knick-knacks, trinkets, popguns, stuff and whim whams? The souvenir stores in Atlantic City, Asbury Park, Coney Island, Revere Beach near Boston, Venice near Los Angeles, and similar establishments take more than a hundred million dollars out of our pockets every summer. One small town concern in Atlantic City sells a hundred thousand dollars worth, on which the net profit is over fifty thousand. There are factories that turn out this sort of product in vast quantities, and much

of it is fraud stuff. Wooden articles are reputed to be made from trees that grow on historic spots, but are really bogus. Strings of beads are manufactured by the mile and sold to the public as the work of Indians. The same is true of moccasins, toy canoes and the like.

At best the bulk of these goods is rubbish, and our outgo for this purpose might well be cut off entirely during the war. To do this requires absolutely no sacrifice. The people engaged in this business will simply have to do what so many of us have already done, adjust themselves to war.

Aside from souvenirs, we are wanton spenders for actual merchandise that is inferior or worthless. There is a great class of people to whom cheapness or flashiness appeals, rather than utility and economy. A dealer in cheap goods told me that he netted \$25,000 a year from merchandise that was practically worthless. He found it easy to appeal to the spending instincts of his customers.

Unnecessary Phone Calls.

Not many of us ever stop to think of the immense amount of money that is spent for unnecessary telephone calls. Wherever you go the telephone booths are occupied, and when you catch fragments of the conversations you usually find them unimportant. Reginald calls up his best girl to tell her he still loves her, Maude calls Aggeron to thank him for the chocolates. No matter how trivial the occasion, our first impulse is to step into a telephone booth.

If five million people would save one five-cent call a day it would mean a total of over ninety million dollars a year. Doubtless several times this sum could be saved very easily by the general public on local and long-distance calls. We are lavishly extravagant in the use of the telephone. I know of business houses that talk several times a day between New York and Chicago, incurring tolls on each occasion that run from five to forty dollars or more. If there is one thing that the Americans haven't learned it is economy of talk—which in these days of war need might well mean millions of dollars in Liberty Bonds. The telephone wires are heavily overtaxed, anyhow.

Then there is the telegraph. We have this habit, too. With a little planning we could commonly use a three-cent stamp instead of a ten-word message. One large wholesale house requires all its traveling men to report daily by telegram, an expenditure that might be eliminated. The telegraph tolls of some of the large industrial and commercial establishments are so big that they seem incredible.

The night letter is, in a measure, a luxury, at least we could do away with the social phase of it and much of the domestic. I happen to know one business man, who on his frequent and long absences from home, gets a night letter from his wife every morning and sends one each night. Nor are these messages confined to fifty words, but often run several times that length. Baby had the colic; Freddy fell downstairs and skinned his knee; Jeannette had her hair washed.

I happen to be acquainted also with a young man who revels in night letters to his fiancée. They are real letters, too, beginning like this: "Darling Sue—I love you more than ever. I couldn't sleep last night thinking of you. Do you love me still? . . ."

A certain business man, the head of a large concern, goes away at intervals to rest for a week or two, but insists on having a night letter every morning, narrating the substance of the previous day's business. These messages run into hundreds of words every day.

I would not belittle the night letter; but in the present stress we need to curtail whatever part of this expense may be unnecessary, and loan the money to the government.

The Taxicab Mania.

We Americans also have the taxicab mania. There is a very large class of men and women who ride in cabs habitually, and let go immense sums in the aggregate. They take taxicabs to go a few blocks. In a group of twenty leading cities there are about four hundred thousand of these vehicles, and if each of them absorbed ten dollars every day in unnecessary fares the aggregate would be over fourteen million dollars a year. What would be the total for the whole United States? It is a luxury to jump into a cab whenever one wants to move about, but these are stern times and we need to be more iron-minded. The boys in France do not ride in cabs, and the money we waste on this form of luxury might better go into gas masks for them.

We Americans men saturate ourselves with many kinds of soft indulgences—as in the barber shops. These places in the high class hotels, as well as the better shops outside, take from us immense sums—for what? Here is a typical list: Shave, 25c; haircut, 50c; shampoo, 35c; bay rum, 15c; face massage, 35c; manure, 50c; shine, 10c; tips, 20c; total \$2.40. It is not uncommon for men to go through the whole list, and to pay additional money for hair tonics and other fancy frills.

When we analyze this list we find that the only item really necessary is the haircut—and perhaps the shine. Men can shave themselves at a cost of two or three cents, and save perhaps half an hour in time. Our soldier boys cannot indulge in these effeminacies. Many of them, in those good old days of peace, were in the class that patronized these shops, but today they are made of more Draconian stuff. Why should we ourselves indulge in these costly habits when the nation calls for cannon to back our troops abroad? If a million men spend an average of

50 cents a day unnecessarily in barber shops we have a total of \$182,500,000 under the actual figures, taking into consideration all classes of people. In the less exclusive barber shops one finds a continual stream of men, of the moderate salary class, who indulge in the items I have enumerated. We might guess the total ought to be at least half a billion dollars.

To have our shoes shined we spend at least \$100,000,000 a year and a million more than the market price for shoe laces because we wish to avoid the trouble of putting them in ourselves. Some of this expense undoubtedly is necessary, but while the war lasts we need not be ashamed of any form of Spartan economy. We can be tight handed and rigorous with our nickels and dimes without being open to the charge of stinginess—provided we use the money for government needs. We can shine our own shoes for a tenth of this hundred million dollars. There are in New York a number of men who have grown very wealthy from the shoe-shining business. Among them are some large tenement owners—one reputed to be worth millions. There are more than fifty thousand bootblack places in the United States, some of them employing a dozen or more men. The majority of these bootblacks are within the fighting age, at least they ought to be doing some sort of war service, instead of shining shoes—while American blood runs so freely on the other side.

Women Big Wasters.

But when it comes to this kind of self-pampering women spend far more money than men. Figures secured from one large department store give some interesting sidelights on possible economies. Its sales of toilet goods last year ran about 1.3 per cent of its total sales. Thus for every million dollars in sales its customers buy \$13,000 worth of toilet articles. Apply this rate to all the stores in the United States and you have a total of unnumbered millions. The term toilet goods is very elastic, including both necessary and unnecessary articles, but the conscientious war saver no doubt would class one-third of these items as partly dispensable, such as perfume, certain soaps, powders, rouge, toilet waters, so-called beauty compounds, and the like.

America's women are highly scented. We live in an atmosphere redolent with ambrosia. From almost every woman one passes on the "parade" streets of the cities there comes an aura of roses, or perhaps violets. Our girls demand scents, in infinite variety, not only in perfume itself, but in hundreds of products. Merely to gratify our sense of olfactory luxury we spend tens of millions of dollars annually. Yet in France the husbands, brothers and sweethearts of our women and girls are sweating and fighting in noisome places amid the stench of disease and death. The odors they get are of gunpowder and blood. Surely we can spare some of our perfume money in the cause for which we sent them abroad.

If it were possible to estimate the money spent by women in New York alone for hairdressing and beauty culture it would undoubtedly run into the tens of millions. One hairdresser in the metropolitan district states that within eighteen months, or since America entered the war, he has built up a business that nets him seven hundred dollars a month.

A woman proprietor of a so-called beauty establishment says that fifty customers bring her a revenue of \$30,000 a year, that she realized a clear profit of \$20,000 on powders, creams and perfumes, that she sold sets of cosmetics at seven hundred dollars each. Thousands of women pay fancy fees for hair waving, tinting and bleaching. One concern announces twelve colors, ranging from black to golden blonde. Much money also goes for removal of freckles, wrinkles treatment, face bleaching and so on. The manure bill in New York is enormous, and the chiropody outgo large. These places are furnished in the utmost luxury. If only we could impress on women of this class the dreadful hardships our American youths are undergoing in the great cause!

The lesson ought to sink home to all women in America, who in greater or lesser degree, let their good money go for such futile vanities.

It is estimated that a million men and women throughout the country are giving to the Turkish baths an average of a dollar a day. Thus we have a total of \$365,000,000 a year. To this we can add perhaps half as much for massage, attendant fees, special treatment and incidentals.

Bathing is commended, but most of us, at least those who have the Turkish bath habit, can take our ablutions at home. The soldiers in Europe don't have Turkish baths. We imagine we need them here. We eat big dinners and fill ourselves with rheumatic deposits, poison ourselves by gormandizing. We contract colds because our systems are too badly clogged to throw off the germs. It is when we are stuffed with rich viands and all sorts of luxuries that we turn to the Turkish bath for relief. Why not discipline ourselves during the war and transfer all these millions of dollars into the fund that is going to beat autocracy and the German peril?

I have touched on merely a few of the items of unnecessary outgo. The list might be extended indefinitely. But there ought to be enough here to set us thinking, and we can make the extensions ourselves. There is no use denying the fact that the people have not yet put themselves on a war basis financially. We are still wasting millions on trifles. The war would be over now if we had taken ourselves in and of the beginning.

IN CAESAR'S STEPS

Allies Fight Germans on Ground He Made Famous.

Campaigns Today Have Many Striking Points of Similarity to Those Fought by the Great Roman Conqueror.

Over the same ground where Caesar fought nearly 2,000 years ago, and with many implements of war remarkably like those used by his army, the allies are fighting the Germans today, says a writer in Pittsburgh Dispatch. The foe is the same in cruelty and in overbearing nature, as any school boy or girl who has read the commentaries of the great Roman general can tell you. How history repeats itself and how important as well as interesting is the study of the Latin language become since the war is illustrated in telling fashion by a classical exhibit in the University of Pittsburgh.

In the exhibit, which was arranged under the direction of B. L. Ullman of the State Classical association, is a model of a bridge built over the Rhine by Caesar. It was made from the description given by Caesar.

The bridge is almost exactly like the temporary bridge the soldiers at Pilsburg are now being taught to make and on which they expect to cross the Rhine as they go into the domain of the kaiser.

The Roman ballista, used to throw stones at the enemy, is made exactly on the same principle as the machine used today to throw trench bombs. Modern springs now take the place of the twisted rawhide with which momentum was obtained by the Roman machine. A model of the Roman ballista is in the exhibit.

On the same principle is the catapult, used by the Romans to shoot arrows. Several of the weapons used by the Roman soldiers, including sword and spear, forerunners of the bayonet, are much like those used in the present war. Models of all these are in this exhibit. There are also models of the Roman soldier and of the soldier of today, both wearing headpieces of metal much alike.

The boy who is reading Caesar can tell you that Remus, whose wonderful cathedral has been destroyed by the Germans, was named from the Ram tribe mentioned by Caesar and that Solonians takes its name from the Suesonians tribe, conquered by Caesar. The commentaries are full of names made familiar by the war going on today and the schoolboy reads with added interest how Caesar defeated Arminius, king of the Germans, and won other triumphs on the same battle front as that of the allies today. The wolf holes he describes are much like the traps used to ensnare and bewilder the enemy now.

Other articles in the exhibit made by students show what a wealth of Roman tradition has been handed down to us. The Roman fasces, shown on the new United States dime, is the original of the mace, the symbol of power, used by the speaker of the house of representatives. The fasces, in turn, had its origin in the sticks used by the Romans to flog offenders and the ax used by them to cut off the heads of the worst of them.

The Halt, the Blind and the Maimed.

The large number of men, women, girls, and boys in Great Britain who are receiving wages they never dreamt of before the war, are not always ungrateful for the wants of others. In fact, many of the "world's sad derelicts" are benefiting substantially by the good times of their more fortunate brethren. Instances of it are very noticeable in the Black country. On pay day, in the particular region, may be seen wandering to a convenient "pitch" the maim, the halt, and the blind. Some have musical instruments which they perform upon. Others sing, some are blind, and others are minus a limb. They all have caps or other receptacles for coppers. When the works gates are open, and the workers come forth with pockets full of money, there is a variation in the music which can be described as weird. But it is a great time for the musicians. There is a continual "clink, clink," into the caps of the poor folk until the last worker has passed their line.

Put Both on Their Feet.

It was in the bar parlor of the Spotted Dog. The subject was the rise in the price of beer, and the man who had his glass of cider said it was the very best tax he had ever known.

"Since the rise in the price of beer I have not drunk any at all, and the money I have saved has put me on my feet—yes, fairly put me on my feet," replied the gurgler of apple juice.

"Well," said the landlord, "come to think of that, it's put me on my feet, too—for since this 'ere bloomie' tax 'as come into operation, I've 'ad to sell my 'orse an' trap!"—British Farm and Home.

To Do Away With "Rush Hour."

In order to prevent the rush of workers the British board of trade tramways committee suggests that industrial concerns should "stagger" their times of opening and closing. By taking on and discharging work people at intervals of ten minutes or so the cars could be worked more economically and there would be a continuous stream of passengers, instead of the present rush at certain hours.

Patriot.
Little Dorothy's under is both at the war, and she has a great admiration for soldiers. The other day in a crowded street car she was sitting on her mother's lap when a wounded soldier entered. Dorothy immediately slipped to the floor.
"Here, Soldier," she offered, "you can sit on mama's lap."—Harper's Magazine.

That's the Question.
Mr. Oldboy—Marry me and I could die happy.
Miss Bright—Yes, you could—but would you?

Don't Poison Baby.

Forty years ago almost every mother thought her child must have PAREGORIC or laudanum to make it sleep. These drugs will produce sleep, and a FEW DROPS TOO MANY will produce the SLEEP FROM WHICH THERE IS NO WAKING. Many are the children who have been killed or whose health has been ruined for life by paregoric, laudanum and morphine, each of which is a narcotic product of opium. Druggists are prohibited from selling either of the narcotics named to children at all, or to anybody without labelling them "poison." The definition of "narcotic" is: "A medicine which relieves pain and produces sleep, but which in poisonous doses produces stupor, coma, convulsions and death." The taste and smell of medicines containing opium are disguised, and sold under the names of "Drops," "Cordials," "Soothing Syrups," etc. You should not permit any medicine to be given to your children without you or your physician know of what it is composed. CASTORIA DOES NOT CONTAIN NARCOTICS, if it bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

Watch Your Stomach In Hot Weather

A Cool, Sweet, Strong Stomach Your Best Safeguard Against Summer Sickness

"Keep your stomach in good working order during the hot summer months and you will have little to fear in the way of sickness" the advice many physicians give as hot weather approaches.

Good, sound, common sense advice, too. For very frequently, and especially in hot weather, these common stomach disorders which so many people seem to regard as of minor importance, do open the way for serious illness.

So keep your stomach sweet, cool and comfortable all summer long. The extra war work—change of diet—poisons that come with hot weather—all hit us in the stomach. The strongest stomach will need help this summer as never before.

The one easy way if you have the right remedy is to rid the stomach of too much acid. Because it's superacidity that interferes with digestion and assimilation, and this causes about all those stomach miseries you are so familiar with—heartburn, food-repeat-

Mised the Kaiser.
A negro from Louisiana supposed when he reached the training camp that he was already "at the front."
"Say, boss," he asked an officer, "where's dat feller dey calls the kaiser? I see been here six weeks an' I ain't seen him."—Exchange.

Its Fault.
"Is your new automobile all right?"
"It's pretty fair, but it will shy at horses."

A politician thinks he is entitled to as many kinds of opinions as he may need in his business.

Help Save the Harvest

When Our Own Harvest Requirements Are Completed United States Help Badly Needed Harvest Hands Wanted

Military demands from a limited population have made such a scarcity of farm help in Canada that the appeal of the Canadian Government to the United States Government for

Help to Harvest the Canadian Grain Crop of 1918

Meets with a request for all available assistance to GO FORWARD AS SOON AS OUR OWN CROP IS SECURED

The Allied Armies must be fed and therefore it is necessary to save every bit of the crop of the Continent—American and Canadian.

Those who respond to this appeal will get a Warm Welcome, Good Wages, Good Board and Find Comfortable Homes

A card entitling the holder to a rate of one cent per mile from Canadian boundary points to destination and return will be given to all harvest applicants.

Every facility will be afforded for admission into Canada and return to the United States.

Information as to wages, railway rates and routes may be had from the

UNITED STATES EMPLOYMENT SERVICE

HASTINGS, LINCOLN, NORTH PLATTE

In the Tolls.

He (watching another couple)—I suppose he feels that he could not live without her.

She—Yes, and I don't think he could have a chance to find out that he could.

Fiery Red Pimples.

A hot bath with Cuticura Soap followed by an application of Cuticura Ointment to distressing eczemas, etc., proves their wonderful properties. For free samples address "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston." At druggists and by mail. Soap 25c, Ointment 25c and 50c.—Adv.

Deceitful Biddies.

Fogg is rather disgusted with poultry farming. He says that when he left home yesterday morning forty of his hens were bragging about what they were going to do; but on his return he found that only eight had laid—the rest of the bunch had simply lied.—Boston Evening Transcript.

Beautiful, clear white clothes delights the laundress who uses Red Cross Ball Blue. All grocers. Adv.

Not Sufficiently Marine.

Pluto was boasting of Cerberus. "But he isn't a devil dog," we objected.

Germany limits clothing purchases by civilians.

Your Granulated Eyelids.

Eyes inflamed by exposure to Sun, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by Murine Eye Remedy. No Smarting, Just Eye Comfort. At Your Druggist or by mail 60c per Bottle. For Book of the Eye free write to Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

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