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Tariff and the Laborer

More than 60,000 persons applied for municipal relief in New York City during 1909, an increase of 80 per cent in five years.

During 1909 more than 100,000 persons applied for shelter in New York lodging houses. This was more than double the highest record of similar applications during the last seven years. The records show that between 1904 and 1909 suicides have increased in New York by 50 per cent and that the chief cause of suicide is poverty.

There must be some cause for this remarkable growth of pauperism especially in these years of great apparent commercial prosperity.

The high tariff advocates have been trying to make us believe that the tariff was designed chiefly for the benefit of the laboring man. They claimed that if we could keep our factories running we would be able to give employment to our laboring men and all would be lovely.

Yes, under the Payne tariff bill we have been keeping our factories running pretty steadily. There is no denying the fact that the factory owners are growing wealthy very rapidly. But have the wages of laboring men increased materially?

The fact remains that the increased cost of living is a burden to all except those who control the market of our necessities. The less we own, the more we are hit by the increased cost of living. Naturally if the tariff adds to the cost of living it must share a portion of the responsibility for the increased suffering among the poor.

Some day the laboring men of America will rebuke with their votes the crafty politicians who have deceived them with pretty pictures of tariff-made prosperity.

Call of the White Collar

In spite of all "back-to-the-land" arguments, American youth continues yielding to the lure of the city.

Advance census figures indicate that 60 cities will be added to those having a population of 25,000 and upward. There were 160 in that list of 10 years ago; now there are 220. About two-thirds of the newcomers in the 25,000 list are in the great farming basin of the Mississippi, north of Kentucky.

Is the attraction of the average wage of \$1.50 for an eight-hour day in the city stronger than the drawing power of \$20 a month and "keep" for the 12 and 14 hour day of the farm?

Not that so much as the call of the white collar. All of us are strongly influenced, even in momentous matters, by little, unconsidered things. Gaudy uniforms have done more toward turning men into soldiers in all ages than patriotism. So far as the really high quality goes, there is as much of it in the man behind the plow and in the man behind the furnace and in the man behind the counter as in the man behind the gun. One's work is to all of one's life—nor the most of it.

If the boy raised in jeans and gingham and permitted a white collar only on Sundays and holidays comes subconsciously to associate the white collar with ease, enjoyment and respectability, is it not natural?

And if he follows the lure of the white collar to the city and gets a job in which he can wear a white collar all the week, and though he spends all his extra pay in keeping his collar and cuffs and shirt white, what does it matter, so long as he is satisfied?

If a white collar can make one feel more a gentleman, it's a mighty good thing. The feeling that one is living well is the most to be got from life.

There is, on the other hand, a decided back-to-the-land movement. But don't look among the solemn sociological books for its cause.

The city boy, bred in starch and convention, breaks for freedom and the comfort of a flannel shirt.

Deep thinkers reason profoundly and endlessly upon fine-spun principles of psychology that are supposed to control these shifts in population. But this is not a made-to-order world and never will be.

The impulse to this great shift, in either direction, originates no higher than the neck. And it's well to bear in mind that most of the great human forces don't originate even that high up.

OBSERVATIONS

GUGGENHEIM'S going to give a trophy for the finest irrigation-raised product at the Colorado expo. And Gug hasn't bethought himself to bar out Copper Trust stock, either.

PAT CALHOUN has a horse on 'em. His attorneys have served five days in jail, and Pat hasn't.

THOSE Newark, O., lynchers are being indicted for first degree murder. A few executions of lynchers would have a soothing effect.

A ST. LOUIS paper says, "Uncle Joe Cannon brought only one damn back from Kansas." Foxy Uncle Joe! He needed all he had after he got back to Illinois and heard those returns.

Daily Short Story

THE LOVE LETTERS

By Stuart B. Stone
 The Billingsleys had been married a year before pretty Mrs. Billingsley even thought of going back to Danby station. At the end of 18 months, however, the old folks began to write pleading letters, and Mrs. Billingsley felt that she just must go. Tom, though, was to write a long, long letter every day—and if she didn't receive it, she would cry those beautiful hazel eyes clear out—so there!



BILLINGSLEY PROMISED FAITHFULLY.

Billingsley promised faithfully, though he detested letter writing, and Mrs. Billingsley departed. Billingsley started home early the first evening in order to get a good running start on the letter. At the last corner, however, he encountered Cunningham.
 "Hello, Tom," called Cunningham, "wifey gone to the rural hedgeways for a bit, hasn't she?"
 "Ye-t-es," admitted Billingsley.
 "Good!" hawled Cunningham, slapping Billingsley upon the back. "Kennedy and Cobb are in town—just talking about you. Great luck—we'll have a red and purple week with silver trimmings. Come on."
 "Can't," said Billingsley, with some resolution. "Got to write a letter."
 "Forget it," urged Cunningham. "Write tomorrow. Come on."
 For a while, Billingsley held

back novels till we know them by heart, and have worn out our palm-leaf fans trying to keep cool. We are in pickle just now. It's H-O-T, hot. We forgot to pay up the electric light bill, and they've turned the current off, and we have to burn lamps behind our drawn shades. We'd turn in and go to sleep, but we can't. There's a gang of noisy brats playing on our front porch thinking us far away, and we can't chase them without letting everybody know that we've been in the house all the time.
 Isn't this the extreme limit?
 (Continued.)

out; but Cunningham would not take "No." So Billingsley compromised. On the way to the club he telegraphed:
 "Circumstances prevent writing today. Await long letter tomorrow."
 Exuberant over his diplomacy, Billingsley let himself out. Cunningham and Kennedy and Cobb let themselves out also, and as a result Billingsley arose next afternoon at 2 o'clock. He felt letter writing to be an impossible task, and besides the others were waiting for him. Therefore he dispatched this:
 "Peculiar turn of events prevents writing today. Long, tender, fully-explanatory letter tomorrow."
 Cunningham and the others were just getting started, and the week slipped into a perfect fulfillment of Cunningham's red-and-purple prophecy. Each day Billingsley telegraphed an ingenious message, reciting the impossibility of writing at present, but promising a masterpiece of all the tender emotions on the morrow. Mrs. Billingsley's responses were coming in daily, at first fully understanding, forgiving and awaiting the promised masterpieces, but finally waxing impatient, skeptical and angry.
 On the last day before Mrs. Billingsley's expected return, Billingsley awoke to the fact that it was now too late to get through the letter, even if he had the resolution—which he didn't. Therefore, he called a council of war. Everyone was feeling rather dull and suggestions were few and impractical.
 "I'd telegraph the letter complete, if I only had the nerve to write it," Billingsley groaned.
 At this, Cobb sprang up with a whoop. "What's the matter with this?" he exclaimed, fishing a fat, red book from under the table. It was "The Standard Book of Etiquette and Complete Letter Writer."
 "By George!" cried Billingsley. "Pick out the best and longest."
 "They found it on page 133, entitled 'Missive from a Devoted Gentleman to His Wife Sojourning in the Country,' and, as a poetic, tender masterpiece, it was more than Billingsley had promised. Billingsley tore out the whole three pages and raced to the telegraph office. The tolls amounted to \$43.16, but Billingsley paid without a murmur.
 And he never regretted it. For Mrs. Billingsley declared it the sweetest, dearest, tenderest message any woman ever received—and she knew all the time her big, lovable old bear was fixing up a surprise for her.

"OH, DEAR! HOW RIDICULOUSLY THEY DID DRESS IN 1860!"



FASHIONS

The latest French fad is the long black satin scarf, lined with white, ten inches wide and three yards long.

It is prophesied that late fall will bring forth the velvet or velvet suit-for-trimmed.

Plain tailor made suits will be leaders in suits for street wear.

The favorite corset is being waisted even when the bust of the corset is low.

The preponderating notes of the new fashions are a lack of many seams, kimono sleeves and mists of chiffon, over spots, stripes, floral patterns and vivid colorings.

Attractive bows of sheer silk and batiste, trimmed with fine laces, are shown, in which the

loops are short and usually in two pairs, with rather long ends. The daintiest butterfly bows are seen in the shops.

The new washable skirts of pique, duck or linen fit almost like gloves. If the skirts are any tighter it will be difficult to get into them. Pique skirts are made of five or seven gored models shaped in below the hips, the seams heavily welded and conspicuously stitched.

A decided vogue for black, for evening or afternoon wear, is indicated.

The tendency seems to be to make the sleeves larger than they were last year.

Waists made of plain colored satins to match the color of the suits with which they are worn, are to be in high style this fall and winter.

Hair ornaments deserve the term "gaudy."

ALL AROUND THE HOME
 By Cynthia Grey

Much time may be saved if all soiled kettles, spiders and saucepans are filled with cold water until the time to wash them.

It is said that the heaviest apples are the best.

Perspiration stains can be removed from white silk or satin by sponging the spots with peroxide of hydrogen. Sponge the stains on colored silks with equal parts of alcohol and chloroform.

When food that is cooking starts to burn, place at once in pan of cold water; this will remove all scorched taste.

If you are troubled with ants try a little quicklime in the infested places. This will drive away any kind of ants.

Turpentine should be sprayed or sprinkled in the haunts of cockroaches. It will often quite destroy the pests and will always disperse them.

Paraffin used on the tops of preserve glasses can be saved until the next season by washing in cold water and putting in a tin box with air-tight lid.

If your milk pan or any utensil holding cold liquids has a small hole in it melted paraffin is a good remedy if the soldering stick is not handy.

HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS?



Mushroom hat of black satin, edged with full shirring of cerise colored chiffon and topped by a large stiff black aigret. The hat very large and very drooping—unusually so, even for a mushroom.

Arabian Nights

THE BLACK MARBLE KING.

When the sultan, in a strange pursuit of beautiful fish, had found a palace one day occupied by a young man who could not rise from his chair because all the lower part of his body from the waist down was black marble, he showed so much sympathy that the unfortunate youth consented to tell the story of his misfortunes.

"My father was the king of this country, which is called the land of the Black Isles," he said. "According to his wishes, I married the princess of a neighboring kingdom, a fair lady whom I grew to love dearly. She, in turn, seemed very fond of me, and for five years I was happy. Then suddenly my queen lost all interest in me, and I, becoming suspicious, followed her one day as she was going forth on a solitary walk, and I found that she stole forth thus secretly to meet another man. Filled with an uncontrollable rage, I pursued the pair, and with one quick move of my dagger, I plunged it into the man's heart. Then I turned and went back to my palace. Ere long my wife came, too, into this very room and close to the throne whereon I am sitting. She stood before me and her face was white with anger.

"By virtue of the magic power which I possess, I command thee to become half marble and half man," she cried, and straightway I became the thing you see sitting here. Then the cruel woman changed my cities into the lake that surrounds the palace; my people she changed to fish of various colors. And this is not all her revenge; every day she comes and lashes my naked shoulders until I am covered with blood—then



THE WICKED QUEEN TURNED HALF OF HIM INTO MARBLE.

she goes into an adjoining room, where she has built a tomb for her dead love, and there beside his body she spends hours in tears and lamentations, while I am forced to sit here and listen to her.

"Dear king," said the sultan, "there is but one way in which I can assist you, and that is to get the woman in our power. I have no magic arts at my command, but I have a plan which ought to help you out of her power—wait in patience."

Soon we will tell the story of the sultan's efforts, and how they were crowned with success.

SOCIETY

The Lakeside club will give its regular fortnightly dance this evening at American lake.

Everything is ready for the Magnolia water carnival at Quatermaster Harbor on Saturday. It is expected to be one of the grandest affairs of its kind. The Seattle Yacht club has been invited to attend.

A pretty home wedding was solemnized yesterday evening when

Miss Jane Louise Snyder was married to Dr. Nathaniel Brown of Los Angeles, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Franklyn Snyder, on North L street.

The wedding of Miss Edith Cornelia Norris to Otto B. Rukp of Seattle took place last night at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Norris, on North Stevens street.

For the purpose of adding to the funds of the Y. W. C. A. and to aid in making the final payments on the association's camp at Formosa, Fox Island, a musical will be given Monday night at the home of Mrs. George S. Long on Prospect Hill. Mrs. Grace Clark Kahler, the well known singer who is visiting here, will give several numbers.

Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Demorest will make a motor trip to the mountain to spend the week end.

Miss Julia Sprague, who has been visiting with Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Seymour, leaves today for her timber claim in Whatcom county.

Mr. and Mrs. William W. Wynkoop will be at home after September 1 at their apartments at the Ingleside.

The Brotherhood of American Yeomen will hold open meeting and entertainment Friday, August 19, at Eagles' hall, corner E and Thirteenth street. All are invited to a good time. Free to all.

Josh Wise SAYS:

"When it comes ter takin' up yer valuable time, some people are reg'lar steam sovels."

Then gently scan your brother man,
 Still gentler, sister woman;
 Though they may gang a kennin' wrang,
 To step aside is human.
 —Burns.

HICKORY GROVE CORRESPONDENCE.

Bob Perkins has painted his hen coop. Bob is one of the most prosperous citizens aroun' these parts. He expects to paint his house next spring.

Jud Blossom went visitin' down to Cedar Creek Saturday. He Sundted at Squire Hoskin's house. What's the attraction, Jud?

Tom Wintergreen's bull bit him in the barn on Mon. News are scarce this week.
 —VERITAS.

"Knockerblit has all the money he needs."
 "Yes, and there is only one thing now he wants."
 "What's that?"
 "More money."

Sir Alfred Turner of England says reading in bed the works of the best poets is a cure for sleeplessness. The shades of Shakespeare, Milton, Keats, et al., are busy now preparing a warm reception for him on the Other Shore.

Although no tobacco is grown in Spain, Seville is becoming a manufacturing center for this product, and 5,500,000 pounds of the raw product were imported from the United States, Buba and the Philippines last year.

Inspired By 90 in the Shade.
 How I wish that I were a Hindoo. And lived in a house of bamboo! I'd sell all my duds, And wallow in suds, And for clothes I'd just make my skin do.

Two Minute Vaudeville



SLAP: Can you tell me anything about prehistoric humor?
 THUD: Certainly. I attend every minstrel show that comes along.
 SLAP: Well, then, what was the original joke?
 THUD: Adam.
 SLAP: How was Adam the original joke?
 THUD: Why, when Eve handed him the apple he got funny, and everybody fell for it when he bit.
 SLAP: Well, if Adam was the original joke, he was crazy.
 THUD: How do you get that?
 SLAP: Because he was the first one cracked.



"Gestertay, Adolf, I vent mit der crowt to der Schuetzenfest picnic. I lufe to be vere dere iss lots of people."
 "I see you haf der gregorio us instingt, yess."
 "Oh, haf I? Blease excuse me; I must haf taken id by mistake."

TIME'S FUNNY CHANGES
 "What's become of that fellow who used to be run to death with collectors?"
 "Oh, he got a new job to es cape them."
 "What is he doing?"
 "He's a collector."

ONE DARN THING AFTER ANOTHER



SYNTHIA GREYS CORRESPONDENTS

Dear Miss Grey: (1) Will glycerin promote the growth of hair on the face? (2) Is there any simple method of destroying hair on the face? (3) What will whiten the hands when they are brown from the outdoor work?

FARMER GIRL.
 A.—(1) Glycerin in small amounts does not hurt the skin in any way. It does not do to use it too freely, however. (2) Nothing permanent. Alternate use of ammonia and peroxide of hydrogen will help temporarily. (3) The brown of tanning cannot be removed except by time and indoor work. Use dry oatmeal to dry the hands after washing. Wash hands twice a week in sour milk and corn meal. Rub until dry and leave meal on. Wear a pair of old kid gloves at night.

Dear Miss Grey: I am 19. Bust measurement is 41, hips 38 and waist 26. Please tell me how I can reduce both bust and waist. Will camphor oil injure the health if applied to the bust?

A FRIEND.
 A.—Camphor oil will not harm you, neither will it greatly reduce. Reduce bust by arm and chest exercises—such as swimming, tennis and dumb bell work. Your waist is just right—let it alone.