

EDITORIAL PAGE---Let the Truth Prevail!

It Turns Out There Is a Good Reason Why Hendley Is So Sensitive

We commented a few days ago on the super-sensitiveness of the Rev. Mr. Hendley, school board member and candidate for re-election. After reading through the report that the fire chief, fire marshal and building inspector made yesterday to the city council we do not wonder that he shies like a frightened pony when the subject of fire hazards in school buildings is brought up.

In a smug statement to the public on the day following the Peabody fire Hendley pooh-poohed the idea that the Tacoma school buildings are unsafe and went into considerable detail to combat the idea. Why, he explained, fire drills are held in all the buildings! He went on to tell how the janitors assist at these ceremonies, how the fire escapes are used in practice and how smoothly and effectively the whole scheme has been worked out.

But the official report tells a different story. It discloses that at the Point Defiance and Fern Hill schools no janitor was found in evidence; at the Grant there are no fire escapes; at the Logan the pupils did not recognize the fire alarm signal and were very slow in getting out of the building; at the Irving, Lowell and other schools radiators and other objects block the way to the windows that lead out to the fire escapes; that the fire alarm systems are entirely inadequate in the Longfellow, Irving, Lincoln,

Washington, Point Defiance, Jefferson, Sherman, Roosevelt and Park Avenue schools; and that classroom doors were found opening inward at the Longfellow, Grant, Washington, Lowell, Whitman, Bryant, Horace Mann, Willard and Oakland schools.

Inflammable material was found piled in the attic at the Irving and Sherman schools. At the Grant an inaccessible attic room is used as an assembly hall, and at both the Grant and Roosevelt the heating plants are ordinary stoves, highly dangerous.

One school, the Fern Hill, was found unfit for further use, at least without a thorough re-building. Some times a politician can make "explanations" like the Rev. Mr. Hendley made and get away with the stunt. Rev. Hendley does not appear to be one of these persons. He chose an unpropitious time for his effort. To add to his embarrassment this official report had to come in just three days before election! And still worse, the parson finds himself opposed at the polls by Walter L. Johnson, the labor union candidate, of whose platform plank one is a pledge to work for safe school buildings. No wonder he is sensitive these days!

Minor's Remarkable War Sketches

Perhaps our readers will pardon us for editorially calling their attention to the remarkable sketches which the great cartoonist, Robert Minor, is contributing to The Times from the battlefields and battle towns of France and Flanders. These pictures in charcoal, made on the spot, are simply unapproachable in depicting, with sunlit clearness the terrors and in families of the war god.

The sketch, for example, entitled "The Flight," though it contains but a few terror stricken figures of man and beast, more than equals a thousand folios of the photographic reproductions to be found in the war supplements of the Sunday papers. And the sketches used today on page 1 of the old French peasant mother "binding Hers" in the extended graveyard of the Marne, and the little children returning to their "home" after the hell-beast of war has passed over it, held a human thrill which no photograph could possibly contain.

We make no pretense to a knowledge of picture criticism, and are not adepts in technique or other artistic details. And we think most people cannot truthfully make the claim either. But the picture or sketch that holds you; that talks to you; that not only suggests the subject it deals with, but an infinite number of other suggestions behind it, these pictures exist for all normal persons who have average imagination and intelligence.

Minor is now supplying The Times with pictures of this kind. They are not all equally impressive, of course; no artist's work is ever even in that respect. But some of them literally leap at you and hold you, despite the fact that they are materially no more than charcoal marks on common press paper.

While Verestehagin could obtain the same result with carefully painted scenes of actual battle, Minor attains it without any attempt at the reproduction of literal murder, dealing only with the things that go before or come after. But they tell the grisly story quite as adequately, and, perhaps more so.

We strongly advise our readers to preserve the reproductions of these sketches, for we are of the opinion that the originals will win a high place for themselves in the future, when the work of the artist comes to be summed up as a factor in the abolition of war, "the sum of all human villainies."

A Film With a Lesson

We went to see "Damaged Goods" at the Apollo theater last night. It is plain that the success it has met with this week does not rest on any tendency toward morbid sensualism nor silly sentimentalism. These qualities are entirely absent from the film.

But like the story of the Bollinger baby, it presents to girls and boys, men and women, the solid, scientific facts which are the rock-bottom of nature's laws. And just because these facts are told in a way that is intensely human in its appeal, touching as they do the very mainsprings of the lives of men and women, the crowds which they draw and hold by their interest go away, not disgusted, but enlightened and instructed. Perhaps a little awed.

The ruin and sorrow which follow in the path of the "sins of the fathers" never were pleasant to look upon, yet a first-hand glimpse of them on occasions often serves as a bracing tonic in the round of human endeavor.

By Way of Variety---

"Slicker" is slang for a bunco man. "Slacker" is British slang for an able bodied man who will not join the army. A "hangover" party is a social function which lasts over two or more meals. A "flapper" is perfectly good English university slang for a nice girl below the debutante age.

We mention these selected specimens of expressive speech not because we admire them but because they have the charm of novelty to ears wearied with "dearie," "lay off the chatter," "a bale of mazzoom," "yeast factory," "coffee sister" and other similar niceties of the American vernacular.

New Tacoma Industry! They Are Making Furs Out of Hare Skins

By Edgar C. Wheeler

That time-worn jingle about "a little rabbit skin to wrap the baby Bunting in" isn't all fiction, after all, at least in Tacoma.

You remember the story in The Times about how Tacoma folks are getting the idea of raising Belgian hares to eat in place of hens and turkeys?

Well, a brand new industry has been introduced into Tacoma by an old gentleman named John Huntamer, breeder of Giant Belgian hares and Black Dutch rabbits.

Real Home Industry.

It is the rabbit fur industry. In a small building adjoining his rabbit hutches at 5822 South E street, Huntamer has established a tannery where he steals Mr. Rabbit's hide and turns out glossy white, black and brown furs. It is his hobby, as well as his trade.

It is the only establishment of its kind in Tacoma and probably in the Northwest, and the industry is growing every day. Other Tacoma rabbit fanciers are visiting Huntamer to find out how he does it and are planning to become furriers, too.

"One of these men who visited my tannery the other day told me he was going to steal my trade from me," said Huntamer yesterday. "But I should worry. It's a good profitable home industry and why shouldn't others take hold of it and give it a boost? They're welcome."

"All this talk about the tariff makes me smile, when we don't even try to compete with foreign products."

Many Nature Fakes. One-third of the medium grade furs which are imported into the United States and sold for seal

skins, etc., are rabbit skins, declared Huntamer.

He knows a rabbit fur when he sees one, and he says he has seen many of them for sale at good prices in the stores and fur shops under the names or some of the high lights in the animal kingdom's social set.

And he sells a rabbit fur (you wouldn't know - the - difference kind) anywhere from two-bits to a dollar.

Yesterday he had a big fur robe, 6 feet by 4 feet, which he had made by patching together smaller rabbit skins, and he sold it for \$5.

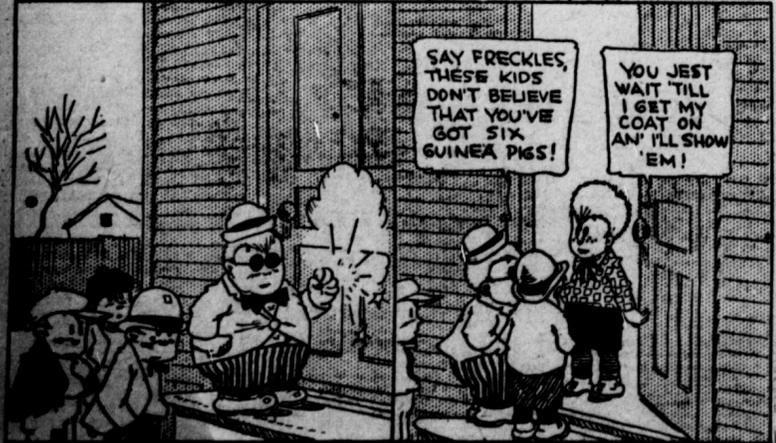
Tacoma's new industry is growing.

TURN TO THE CLASSIFIED WANT ADS ON PAGE 8 FOR RESULTS. SEE PAGE SIX.

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

(Moral: Don't Count Your Guinea Pigs Till You see 'Em!)

By Blosser



RELATIONS WITH HER WERE PROPER

Denying that he had any improper relations with Mrs. Edward Hammerbeck, Joseph Dower, N. P. shopman, was acquitted by a jury yesterday of a statutory charge preferred against him by the woman's husband.

FOR WHERE'S THE STATE BENEATH THE FIRMAMENT THAT DOT EXCEL THE BEES FOR GOVERNMENT?

—DU BARTAS.

Personal and Social

Tacoma Review No. 3, Ladies of the Maccabees, will give a card party Friday evening in their quarters in Fraternity hall. A business meeting will precede the party.

The bazaar of the Danish Lutheran church opened today and is drawing a great number of friends. The fair will continue until tomorrow night. Lunch and dinner will be served during the fair.

John A. Logan circle entertained Monday night at a chicken dinner in the Armory. S. S. King, whose birthday was honored, was the guest of the evening.

Trinity branch of the Woman's auxiliary will hold an all-day meeting Friday.

Members of the First Baptist Church Aid society will hold their annual sale Friday and Saturday at the church.

Mount Tacoma Rebekah lodge No. 69 will hold an annual sale Saturday in the former Sherman, Clay & Co.'s store on Broadway.

St. Andrew's guild will give a benefit this evening at the Sunset theater, Sixth ave. and Fife st. Besides the movies, there will be a musical program.

Mrs. F. W. Keator will entertain the executive committee of the Ladies' Musical club at her home in the Rutland apartments today.

The Women's Aid society of the First Congregational will hold a sale all day tomorrow in the church. Dinner will be served in the evening.

WHAT TO DO FOR ECZEMA

Greasy salves and ointments should not be applied if good clear skin is wanted. From any drug-gist for 25c or \$1.00 for extra large size, get a bottle of zemo. When applied as directed, it effectively removes eczema, quickly stops itching, and heals skin troubles, also sores, burns, wounds and chafing. It penetrates, cleanses and soothes. Zemo is dependable and inexpensive. Try it, as we believe nothing you have ever used is as effective and satisfying.

Zemo, Cleveland.

FEIST & BACHRACH

FRIDAY'S BARGAIN to Times readers offers a Xmas Gift suggestion at lowest possible cost.

New \$2.00 Sunshine Silk Petticoats \$1.25

Crisp and rustly as real silk! Black, navy, Coppen, brown, Russian green, plum; made with patent Flexo top, tailored or accordion flounces; extra large sizes included. Get one Friday at only \$1.25

FIGHT CARRIGAN

NORTH YAKIMA, Dec. 2. — The meeting of county commissioners and engineers here yesterday developed into a political squabble when the delegates balked at the announced determination of M. J. Carrigan, chairman of the King county board, to be elected president.

CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

(Copyright, 1915, by Newspaper Enterprise Association)

I was very proud as we arrived at the curb to find my electric car looking so bright beside it. The car is the last word in electric, with all the little "refinements," as the automobile salesmen call them. It is painted a blue-black with gray lines and my monogram in gray on the side of the door.

Inside the upholstery is of a very light gray in two tones, and Dick had given orders that it should never be sent to me without a half dozen pink roses in the cut glass vase at the side.

Bill Tenney's eyes lighted as he looked at it. "I did not know they made them so good looking, I'll have to get Donna one," he said.

By this time I had unlocked the door and bent forward to put my key in the controller, and there lying on the floor of the car was a black "invisible" hair pin. I always wear the brass ones, as they show less in my red hair.

I wondered idly how the hair pin could have gotten there as the mat was supposed to be taken out and shaken every night, and then all joy and pleasure in the car fled. I saw red.

If Bill had not been with me I think I would have just driven it into a tree at full speed and taken the consequences. As it was, I pulled myself together and said "don't be a fool under my breath." Bill pushed forward a little and said "Anything in the matter, Margie, are you getting cold feet at driving me?"

"Not a bit of it; come on, I'll leave you home in a jiffy." I did not dare pick up the hair pin which in the light might look as though it was made of ten-penny nails, and as Bill helped me in I made the mistake of trying to brush it aside with my foot. I am not sure that Bill saw it, but he immediately began to talk of Donna and how comfortable they were together. "I almost feel as though I'd like to ask unhappy married couples to get a divorce and marry again," he said, whimsically. "Donna and I are now trying to please each other instead of each feeling annoyed because the other does not seem to please us."

"But Donna never did anything to displease you, Bill," I said.

"Oh, didn't she?" remarked Bill rather grimly. "Perhaps not very often, but a woman can look more things in a half a minute than a man can say in an hour."

I laughed. "I have never thought Donna was a nagger since I knew her."

"She is not, and I suppose that I did look upon her attitude from my own point of view, but at that

time I was working pretty hard during the day and I wanted to forget it if possible when I got home at night. Donna always wanted to talk over the affairs of the day, not only her affairs, but my affairs, and I finally got into the habit of ducking."

"That is habit, a habit that grows on a man," I broke in, "especially as he always finds it an open season for ducks whenever he leaves home and mother for the hunt of distraction."

"Margie," accused Bill, "you've gotten slangy since I have been away. I shall have to take you in hand."

"Any old time, Bill, I place myself in your hands," I said with a smile.

Bill did not say anything for a moment, but he looked at me very closely.

"Aren't you happy?" he asked at last.

"As happy as it is given to us poor mortals on this earth," I answered.

Bill drew a long sigh. "I guess I am getting old," he said, "for if I had met you in this mood a few years ago I would have asked you up to — for a cup of tea up to — for a cup of tea — or something stronger."

"And then you would have tried to flirt with me," I broke in. "It's too late, Bill—too late for you and too silly for me. I may as well tell you that I have never felt the inclination to interest myself even mentally, let alone sentimentally, in any man except one for about a half hour on the train, and that man was killed shortly after in a wreck."

Bill laughed. "Siren," he exclaimed gaily—"do all your smiles mean death?"

"Let's don't jest about it, Bill. I have always felt very sorry for that man who died to save my life."

"So that was it," said Bill curiously. "Well, Margie, we all have our little romances, don't we?"

"But this was not a romance," I protested earnestly, "only an episode."

"Say, Mrs. Waverly," he interrupted himself, "do you know I think you are an expert driver, but do you know we have been traveling around this block at least four times? If Donna should see us I cannot count on the consequences."

"Hush up, goose, Donna might not trust you, under any circumstances."

"She would do more than I would."

"What do you mean, Bill Tenney?"

"I mean that there is not a human being on this wide earth that I would trust under any circumstances."

(To be continued.)

TIMES ADVISORY BALLOT

Below is an exact representation of what the ballot in next Saturday's school board election will look like. You are entitled, if you are properly registered, to vote for one candidate only by placing an X in the column on the right and opposite the name of the person for whom you wish to vote.

The Times recommends that you vote for Walter L. Johnson, the labor union candidate, by marking your ballot as follows:

NAMES OF CANDIDATES	
Harry B. Hendley	
Frank G. Riley	
E. O. Heinrich	
Otto Johnson	
Walter L. Johnson	X

THE TACOMA TIMES

MEMBER OF THE SCRIPPS NORTHWEST LEAGUE OF NEWSPAPERS. Telegraphic News Service of the United Press Association.

Entered at the postoffice, Tacoma, Wash., as second-class matter. Published by the Tacoma Times Pub. Co. Every Evening Except Sunday. Official paper of city of Tacoma.

PHONE: All departments, Main 12.