

EDITORIAL PAGE---Let the Truth Prevail!

Boston Music Critic Tells the Truth About Artistic Temperament

In Etude, Louis Elson, Boston's noted critic, presents an article on the "artistic temperament" that is real good to ruminat on, since it puts into cold storage the popular obsession that great musicians are much better and nobler than the average of mankind, and anything that lets the truth shine in it with while.

The first distinguished possessor of an "artistic temperament" discoverable was Emperor Nero, of Rome. Nero composed his own songs, the singing of which took him five or six hours. If Nero saw in his audience a critic, like Wilson G. Smith, for instance, who was yawning or not showing signs of heavenly enjoyment, he sent a soldier around who cut that critic's throat from ear to ear, both ways around. When a Roman senator wanted a postoffice appointment, or some other favor, he hired Nero to do a private musicale at his house, one senator paying Nero \$37,000 for a single appearance.

Ptolemy Auletes of Egypt did things on the flute, night and day, neighbors be hanged, until all Egypt went to cussing any sort of "artistic temperament." Auletes was father of Cleopatra who had "artistic temperament" to beat the band. It beat pretty much all the big Romans who called on her, anyhow.

Henry VIII of England, the gent who simplified divorce by cutting off his wives' heads, sang very

much, played on the lute and composed, while his officers outside were quieting his domestic troubles with an ax.

Frederick the Great became a great flute-player, notwithstanding that his father swore he's hang every flute-teacher he caught on the place.

Napoleon loved music passionately but became so disgusted with the violins of the Grand Opera House that he ordered an opera without any violin music in it.

The inspired Beethoven was continually being inspired by a sort of artistic, temperamental, refined affection for different women.

Wagner not only had an "artistic temperament" particular to himself alone and that inspired him to his magnificently mad compositions but he habitually beat his creditors and artistically alienated the affections of the wives of Von Bulow and Wesendock, his financial backers.

Mr. Elson sums up the "artistic temperament" as something much more emotional than the average and sometimes dangerous. We believe him, and, judging by the present day samples of high "artistic temperament," there hasn't been a phenomenal change from the good old times when, in between spells of inspiration, the artist cut off a head, broke up a family, or outran a creditor.

A Lecture Course Worth Hearing

The Central Labor Council, in arranging with the University of Washington faculty for a series of lectures to be delivered in Tacoma, has been particularly fortunate in the selection of speakers and topics.

The instructors who are to appear in the course are the brainiest and most progressive teachers in the university, and the subjects are those they are best qualified to handle.

It is to be hoped that the hour and place at which they are delivered will be such that the largest possible number of Tacomans may hear them.

Kindness Never Fails

Men have always tried to discover new ideas, better morals, higher principles.

In the Spartan days they looked for health—in the period of the Greeks they sought culture—in the time of Alexander the Great men believed in wars.

Each system resulted in failure—they failed because with their BRUTISHNESS, their PHYSICAL HOBBY, their ARISTOCRATIC NOTIONS, they overlooked one part of the teachings of Confucious, Moses, Christ, and Mohammed—they missed THAT WHICH NEVER FAILS—KINDNESS.

Kindness is like wheat—IT INCREASES when cultivated—the more you sow the more you will reap, if you cultivate.

Fatten Him For Justice?

We're glad that General Huerta is recovering from his recent serious illness. Not that we have any too much sympathy for the man who is reaping the just punishment of a traitor, but because he is a guest, though an unwelcome one, of the military authorities of this country.

Huerta is under arrest and in custody of the government. In justice to ourselves his physical welfare should be scrupulously looked after so that when normal conditions are sufficiently restored in Mexico to guarantee him a fair trial, Uncle Sam may be able to return him to the proper officers of that country in A No. 1 physical shape. And Huerta will need to be real strong and robust about that time we are inclined to believe.

A Jitney Poem

David Daly, manager of the Houston Electric Co., a Stone-Webster property, parodies "Dear Heidelberg" in an after dinner speech. The sentiment expressed will appeal to the street railway magnates everywhere, hence we reproduce this poetical gem.

"Oh 1915; oh 1915! thy days we'll ne'er forget;
The dark blue haze of jitney days hangs round about us yet."

And will keep on hanging round, David. That blue haze has a London fog beaten to a fare-ye-well for persistency.

AND THOUGH
MINE ARM
SHOULD
CONQUER
TWENTY
WORLDS,
THERE'S A
LEAN FELLOW
BEATS ALL
CONQUERORS.

—THOMAS
DEKKER.

Personal and Social

Ladies of the Westminster church will hold an all-day meeting in the church Wednesday. Lunch will be served and the day spent in sewing.

Mary Stuart Altristic club will hold a card party Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 23, in the Pythian temple.

Mrs. G. A. Criswell, 3618 Sixth av., will entertain the Woman's Study club Tuesday afternoon.

The State Federation of Women's Clubs will hold an all-day civic meeting Nov. 20 in the Tacoma hotel.

Mrs. J. W. Brokaw will entertain members of the Arequipa club this afternoon at her home. Mrs. Harold Tracy and Mrs. Leonard Pearson will have charge of the program.

The Theater club will celebrate its organization this evening by attending "Twin Beds" at the Tacoma theater. The club organized to attend the good plays billed for this winter.

Robert Milligan, pastor of the Immanuel church, will speak this noon at the Y. W. C. A. on Africa.

Tacoma company No. 4, military department of the K. of P., will give their annual ball Wednesday evening at the Masonic temple.

Tacoma court No. 2, Tribe of Ben Hur, initiated new members last week.

Sisters of Hur will give a Thanksgiving dinner in Fraternity hall.

Topaz circle, Women of Woodcraft, will hold a progressive jitney bazaar in Eagles' hall Wednesday evening.

TURN TO THE CLASSIFIER WANT ADS ON PAGE 6 FOR RESULTS. SEE PAGE ALL.

OUTBURSTS OF EVERETT TRUE



CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

(Copyright, 1915, by Newspaper Enterprise Association.)

When Dick came home last night to dinner he was not in very good humor, although he tried his best to be polite to Mary.

"I did not make" the mistake that I often did in the first years of our marriage of asking him what was the matter. I have found, little book, there is nothing a man is as jealous of as his moods.

Of course, if he should deign to share them with you all well and good, but I am going to tell Mollie to be very chary of saying, "What is the matter, dear?" when she sees a frown on her husband's face. It is like shaking a red rag at a bull to ask this question of Dick, and it took me years to learn it.

Advice about another thing, which one sees so often exploited

"I don't want to be made happy," growled Dick. "I only want to be let alone."

At the time I was inexpressibly hurt and shocked, but since I have learned that there are times when every human being wants to be let alone, that the thought of even having to be pleasant to anyone is torture to him, and so after many sad experiences from "butting in," as Dick would call it, I have learned to keep perfectly still when Dick comes home with his mouth set in that thin, red line and the hard moody look on his face.

I waited until after dinner, hoping that his favorite beefsteak, cooked perfectly to his liking, would bring a hint of good nature to his face. And with the coffee and his cigarette he did thaw out a little.

Mary innocently brought the things to a head, however, by saying: "I believe I will not go with you and Dick to Eliene's tonight, Margie. I feel a little tired after my ride."

Dick bristled. "I hope you have accepted no invitations for me, Margie, because if you have I shall have to decline. How many times have I told you that I wish you would consult me before disposing of my time in the evenings?"

"I did not accept for you, Dick. I have learned better than to do that," I said somewhat angrily. "I only accepted for myself and conditionally for you if you should care to go."

"Care to go—care to go. Of course, you put it that way, and now that I can't go Eliene will think it is because I do not care to go. I've got to go out this evening, although I would much rather go to bed."

"All right; I'll tell Eliene you are unavoidably engaged." "You will do nothing of the kind. You will say that as Mary does not feel able to go we think we should stay with her."

"Don't please—don't let me keep you at home," spoke Mary nervously.

"I'm not going to, Mary my dear. You need sleep and rest. Dick has an important engagement, but I am free and feel like dancing, so I'll go over to Eliene's and make excuses for both you and incidentally have a good time myself instead of sitting here alone in unbroken quiet."

Dick just glared, swallowed his coffee with a gulp, although I knew it scalded his throat.

"Well, I'm off. Good night, Mary, I hope you will sleep well." "Oh, I'm so sorry, Margie," said Mary after Dick had slammed

TIMES DAILY CARTOONET



the hall door. "You are not to blame, my dear. Dick is like a child in always wanting his own way even about what I should do and gets very petulant when I decide that his way is not always good for me. Do you want to come up to my room while I dress? I want you to tell me if you like that new Nile green evening frock of mine."

(Continued Tomorrow.)

IT'S RATHER UNUSUAL



HENRIETTA MILLER—but this stenographer's vocal notes are going to win her more fame and money than her shorthand notes.

Until just the other day Miss Henrietta Miller's only thought was of tapping the keys of a typewriter in the legal department of a railroad office in Milwaukee. Then Calve came to town. The prima donna heard the typist sing; she bade her close the typewriter desk forever and begin studying with her for grand opera.

WANNEBO HIDDEN BY "HOLY CULT?"

In a letter to Prosecutor Remann, the chief of police of St. Paul says he believes Martin J. Wannebo, "high priest of the Holy People," wanted here for wife, desertion, is being hidden away by members of the cult.

IN THE EDITOR'S MAIL

Short letters from Times readers, of general interest and without personal malice, will be printed. Write about anything or anybody you wish, but do not have malice as your motive. Many letters are not printed because they are too long. Keep 'em short.

A WOMAN'S VIEWPOINT

Editor The Times:

I have this to say in answer to the question asked so often, "What has become of the good old fashioned women?"—the ones like grandma—the ones who could cook, sew, 'tend babies and raise a large family on nothing, yet remain sweet and patient through it all.

Probably some of them have "progressed" with the "good old fashioned husband," whom one

never hears of now.

But there are a whole lot of the good old fashioned women right here today. Only, being good, patient and sweet, they do not come into the limelight like the others. The average man does not give a good, moral wife a fair show. In fact, to the majority of them, such a wife is "monotonous."

One man frankly stated that few men were virtuous, and won first prize, in the Theda Bara contest in Seattle recently, when

he also said that the successful wife must be a combination of "mistress," inspiration, passion and beauty; that she must "entrance the eye; respond to his ardor as flame rises to the wind," etc. And that thrice blessed is the man who gets such a wife.

I wonder if that man has a wife who is so tired from doing the family wash, 'tending the children and his home, doing his cooking that when night comes she could not scare up a bit of "passion or ardor" to save her life. Anyhow I think the suds would have a dampening effect upon any "flame" that might arise.

I ask, "Where is the good old fashioned husband" that we used to honor?

Also give us good wives a show and there will be fewer divorces. NAN.

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

(One Way of Being "Too Proud to Fight!")

BY BLOSSER



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.