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### The East Texan, 1917-02-15

East Texas Normal College

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#### Recommended Citation

East Texas Normal College, "The East Texan, 1917-02-15" (1917-02-15). *All Issues*. 692.  
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COMMERCE, TEXAS, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1917

## DID THEY COME BACK?

If you ever got anything you didn't want, when it seemed to you there was no need of it, you are eligible to sympathize with the basket ball team, and supporters too, when Burleson came over on our court and took a victory by a margin of one point. Another game was scheduled. Now can you guess what that meant? It was on Burleson's court too. Observers observed something that looked like players putting their heads together, then some quiet but hard practice on the courts, and this is what was seen in the Commerce Journal the next day, after the game:

The Normal basket ball squad defeated Burleson in a fast played game Friday on Burleson grounds.

Neither team seemed to have any great advantage in the first half. The score being 10-12 in E. T. N. C.'s favor.

The second half started with several fresh men for Burleson but they were unable to handle the excellent passing done by the Normal.

Cameron and Decker did excellent work at forwards, while the Burleson forwards hardly had a chance with such men as Rubarth and Lacy as guards. Rubarth substituted Mayo as guard. Johnston played a good game at center.

The final score was E. T. N. C. 25, Burleson 17.

## Coach Garitty Hopes to Be Back With Us Soon

A letter from Coach Garitty brings the news that his brother who was taken to the Mayo Institute at Rochester, Minn., for a very serious operation is on the road to recovery and that he

hopes to be back with us before many more days.

Mr. Garitty has been away for nearly two weeks and just recently reached his brother on account of the snow blocking his way. He writes that his first experience on snow shoes was very interesting, but says that just now he thinks that black mud would suit him a little better as he cannot adopt himself to 30 degrees below, well enough to feel quite at home in every sense of the word.

First in order of those who miss Mr. Garitty are the basket ball men, but many others feel the absence of his congenial spirit.

## Prominent School Man Will Visit Us in May

Dr. Musselman, editor of the Texas School Journal, will be with us in May to give a series of ten lectures. All who have heard Dr. Musselman here or elsewhere before can testify to the richness of his thoughts. Though these lectures do not cost the students anything, there will be but few occasions when money can buy admission to hear better.

Along with the latest in the educational field, all who hear these lectures will get new and inspirational thoughts in the problems of everyday life.

Dr. Musselman is a convincing speaker. No one gets sleepy while he is speaking. All who have heard him before will be eagerly looking forward to the time when they can hear him again.

Don't worry over a mistake that can be corrected, but go to work and correct it.

## E. T. GOES UNDER SOD

No great crime has been perpetrated, no evil deed done, no tragedy enacted. But a series of persistent and beautifying changes have been in progress, such as grading the Athletic field, and building up parts of the campus with new soil.

There is no doubt but what the new Athletic field is a first class, up-to-date one. Its site is excellent, being located where the old college baseball field formerly was, that is south of the Science Hall and the Dormitories. Approximately ten fresnoes and scrapers were employed for two weeks in leveling it. It is now almost finished, and when fenced in by a nice board fence it will be a valuable addition to the surroundings. We intend to play baseball on it this next season.

After this work on the Athletic field the part around the Science Hall received the attention of the graders. Then they went to work on the strip lying south of the Dining Hall. They filled all ruts and uneven places on the surface with fresh soil, making it pretty as well as level.

## ROBERT PARKER MILES

Have you heard him? Are you going to be told next Saturday that you missed something that you wanted to hear? They say Mr. Miles might have been a great actor—he has great dramatic ability and his audiences carry away vivid pictures of the great personages whom he has characterized as "Tallow Dips" or "Sparks"—pictures as clear and clean-cut as cameos. You cannot help liking Mr. Miles and his lectures.

# The East Texan

Published weekly by Students of East Texas Normal College, Commerce, Texas.

## EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief..... Burr Cameron  
 Assistant Editor..... Miss Myrtle Morris  
 Alumna Editor..... B. H. Miller  
 Athletic Editor..... Allen Ritch  
 Locals..... G. F. Hudspeth, Miss Lutie Moulton  
 Subscription Managers, E. L. Taylor, Miss Jewel Tuttle.

## SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Six months, beginning Jan. 1.....50c

Address all business to The East Texan, or to Circulation Managers.

Entered as second-class matter Jan. 12, 1917, at the post office at Commerce, Texas, under Act of March 3, 1879.

EVERY year the care of the campus immediately surrounding Willard Hall is given over to the girls. Heretofore much of the work has been undertaken by those in charge of the Home. This year a plan to have every girl take part and have a special interest in the garden has been formed. We expect to make every vacant spot a "Thing of Beauty to Behold." At an early date we hope to have the work begun. We must have your co-operation to make this year's garden a success. We suggest that you form groups and choose a plot of ground to call your own. Each group may plan their plot that will appear most attractive. If you do not think you would like the yard arrange a window box, which will add to the pleasures of your room as well as the appearance of the building. Buy a share in this field and get what is coming to you from this stay in Willard Hall. Build yourself a monument by placing some plant in the yard.

CONDITIONS during the present basketball season have brought things to where the need of an Athletic Association is evident to even a casual observer, and to those directly connected it has become almost an imperative necessity for the continued

growth and success of the right kind of athletics and athletic spirit. There has already been some talk about this. Let's not allow it to stop with talk. If we need a systematically organized Association, we should have it. Intercollegiate athletics is young with us, it is true, but there is need of an Association to begin with.

THE EAST TEXAN is now mailed as second class mail matter. One more step toward permanency.

THE result of the Christmas craze is about under control. Measles and mumps have practically been stamped out in the student body.

Mr. G. F. Hudspeth, who has been a student and a member of the editorial staff of the East Texan, has been called to Dallas for a few days on business.

W. E. Vaden, who is teaching at Saltillo, visited his friends at E. T. on last Saturday.

Mr. C. C. Price has been called to his home at Mont Alba on account of the death of his father.

M. S. Mayo is spending a few days in Dallas attending to business.

Mr. Byron Giles, ex-student of E. T. N. C., who will finish his course in the medical school at Galveston in May, dropped in to pay a visit to his brother and sister Monday.

Miss Willmythe Dial has gone home where she will rest easy after her adventurous college life.

Miss Aileen Mayo is playing the accompaniment to Mr. Hampstead Bentley's singing at Hippodrome this week.

It is a good thing for some people that the necessities of life don't include brains.

## SLIM STEM.

Slim Stem was born in Narrow street  
 Where there was little light,  
 He slept upon a dirty mat,  
 And fed on skimmed milk diet.

This form of the aglutenated dust  
 Decided to choose a trade,  
 And late in life began to question  
 How a living might be made.

He dreamed about the baseball field  
 And all the money and the pride  
 Of a pitcher who'd power to fan  
 Men playing on the other side.

Slim Stem decided he'd throw curves  
 That should defeat the bat,  
 And should surpass Jeff Tesreaus's  
 And surpass them far, at that.

Slim started out to find a coach  
 Who would quickly show him the way  
 To produce a crop of skillful curves,  
 And produce such every day.

The coach began with skill and vim  
 To work with all his might  
 To make a Jeff Teasreau of Stem  
 Regardless of the poor youth's plight.

At first the coach began to work  
 Upon that shabby form  
 In hope that he Stem's skin and bone  
 To musele might transform.

When exercise for form and breath  
 Was to this youth prescribed,  
 All interest sagged and purpose waned  
 While the youth with warmth inquired:

"Am I here to waste my time,  
 And in my purpose swerve?  
 I am in your charge to learn at once  
 To throw a skillful curve."

The experienced coach with earnest  
 mein

A grave problem did discern  
 And in his answer to the youth  
 Displayed a deep concern.

"You cannot throw a curve, my lad,  
 Until you learn to stand,  
 And your weak arms grow strong  
 enough

To lift your flabby hand."

—Contributed.

## Standing of Society Subscription Contest

Society—	No. on Roll	No. Subs.	P.C.
Amothenian	40	15	38
F. Willard	60	15	25
Excelsior	25	10	36
Philomathean	63	25	40
Lightfoot	117	35	31

## *A Sample of 1917 Students.*

With gleeful spirit we began to assemble at the approach of the new year. For the most part we were within chapel walls facing teachers eager for conscentrated work but not more in earnest than were pupils to fill to overflowing their minds from the bountious stream of knowledge.

The third morning of this new year friends were called upon to name the peculiar disorder that was affecting one of their fellow students. Although we had never before seen the like it was immediately pronounced a terrible malady(?). The week passed on and the following Monday after a counsel of experienced and expert consuls it was agreed without consulting the persons engaged that those who had been near the ward containing this dreadful disease should for a period of fifteen days keep themselves secluded from the world. Perhaps for the first time in their lives fastened in a small cell with all your ambition to do as good as an ordinary class member almost crushed, you were not even allowed to know how far they might have progressed. The student will read and as they begin to hope for better days, what must happen but one of "the chosen" to be stricken.

Headquarters were moved and on the fourteenth day the veil was lifted and we were permitted to re-enter the great work, only to be told that you could by hard work get what had been gone over in your absence.

For some days all went well then a clinging fever begins to arise but like Sarah Bernhardt, in spite of everything, you stayed in the game.

Then like a crash it came. Prof. Lutz says it is IT but from one case we would have to say

them. For many days we lingered on the border of the mysterious realm as only a stricken person can. The gloom begins to arise and you are told each day that tomorrow you will be over the chasm—each succeeding day to be only as before.

Appealing letters from home to spend only a few days must be ignored. The familiar expression "the worst is yet to come" is realized. Sit with folded hands cautioned not even to look into space. Could anything be more horrible?

At last you venture into a class room to meet the teacher who is sympathetic but says we must bestir ourselves or all is lost.

Disappointments piled upon us must press on. He who wins must conquer all.

## *Austin College Will Play Here Monday.*

Austin College will give us a return game Monday. Most of the basket ball fans have more interest in this game than in any that the team has played this year. Last year our boys went over and defeated Austin on her own court and then Austin came back and took a victory here. This year we lost to Austin on her court and now to make things even up as they should be, we have got to win this game, we may be sure that the visitors are not coming to lose. The other game was not a bad one at any time. All who see this game expect a hard fight. So talk it up. Lets have a good crowd; the weather promises to be favorable.

The basket ball trip on which games were scheduled with Dallas University, S. M. U., and Denton Normal, had to be called off on account of sickness.

## *Lightfoot Society Establishes New Plan.*

The membership has become so great that it became necessary for them to make their society into two sections so that it will give each member a chance to be on the program more frequent. By using this plan we feel sure that it is better for the individual member, and also the Lightfoot Society in general.

Sterling Taylor, a former student spent a few days this week with his brother E. L. Taylor.

Miss Pearl Dickson of the Expression Department gave a very highly appreciated reading for the U. D. C. at the home of Mrs. L. W. Rutland last Wednesday.

Some of Mrs. Owens' pupils are working on a play for a program to be given in the near future.

Prof. Lutz: What is your question, Mr. Story? Excuse me, you were just stretching.

When Miss Teel returned from church Sunday she said: "Listen, I bade Mr. Hudspeth good-bye with bitter tears." We extend our sympathy in her hour of grief.

Prof. Stone—"Now that is the question, do dogs think?"

"Dr." Eads—"Why sure!"

Prof. S.—"Now, Eads, don't you jump up here and answer questions that psychologists have never been able to settle."

"Dr." Eads—"Well, ah, you would know if you ever had hunted any, for they are all time thinking they have treed when they haven't."

The average woman will jump at the sight of a mouse almost as quickly as she will at an offer of marriage.

## Alumni Doings

Mr. A. H. Cowling, A. B., who began his professional career many years ago in dear old Delta County as a rural pedagogue, and later was initiated into faculty now at E. T. N. C. as Librarian has had a rather extensive experience of late. After serving as Librarian he was promoted to the Science chair, succeeding our dearly beloved Dr. Bowlus. After filling this chair with his usual thoroughness and attention to detail he accepted the superintendency at Detroit, Texas, taking with him his then newly made wife. Having served two years in this responsible position and being elected for a third term he returned to E. T. N. C. to accept the chair of Latin. After a year in this department he was transferred to the Mathematics department, succeeding Prof. T. A. Martin. This chair he now fills with his accustomed proficiency. In the meantime, he has been pursuing his studies at the University of Texas by residence work in the summer and by correspondence now having quite an aggregate of credits piled up. He has also been laying by in store as he has been prospered and owns a cozy cottage home in Commerce. He has also been "picking up" in physical reserve and easily ranks as one of the "big four" in avoredupois. Bird says that he has to swap work with his wife these days to get his shoes fastened. He is rapidly assuming the role of the philosopher of scholarly attainments.

### KNOCKING ABOUT.

By an Alumnus of E. T. N. C.

Dear Mr. Alumnal Editor:

In response to your request for an account of some of my experiences since I have been out in the great world seeking for life's golden treasures I have taken an evening off and have recalled several incidents and experiences that have impressed me as I have passed along.

You knew me in school as a light-hearted boy; hopeful, but wonderfully ignorant of what real people are like as you meet them in the world. When I left the halls of dear old E. T. N. C. and spent more than half that night talking with you I looked upon the world into which I was going as a great benefactor beckoning me to come

and willing to pour its treasures at my feet. I felt that with my equipment in the way of learning—and you know I had a great store of it—and good intentions it would be but a moment till some great opportunity would throw itself in my path.

Tucking my diploma under my arm and packing my other worldly goods in my grip I started out boldly to beard the lion in his den. I went to Dallas first and tried to get something big to do. But try as I might, I failed to make an impression. I knew I could make good if only I got a chance, but the chance never came. I followed up numberless ads in the News for places where young men of my caliber were being asked for, but was invariably told that they couldn't use me. I knew that they were using somebody, and could not see why they could not use me. My money was wasting away, I must get something at all hazards. I became desperate. In addition to following up ads, I inserted one. But it was the same tale. I was given a hearing by many kindly appearing men and by some veritable hornets—but the answer was ever the same. In despair I offered my services to a firm for nothing in order to convince them of my worth. I was promptly told that they could not use me if I paid them a salary for the privilege of working with them. That was too much. I wanted to know what was the matter with me. Here was my answer: "You came to us with your hair unkempt, your shoes not shined, and your suit badly in need of the services of a tailor. You sit on a chair as though you had never seen one before; butcher your language as though it was beef; and present the general aspect of a tramp, or a slum. You would be repulsive to our customers." It was a bitter dose, but I took it. I went back to my room and studied the situation over and tried to go over again all the details that had been pointed out to me. That afternoon I had my suit pressed, got a hair cut and a shine; studied how to present the bearing of a man; watched people come and go; and worked till late bedtime at the game of sitting on a chair. All the next day and the next I practiced; and then I made a new start for work. The first man I applied to told me that I had reached him just too late, but that he was favorably impressed with me and hoped I would find something soon. The next man hired me and my first errand was to the office of the man

who a few days before had so berated my appearance. At first he seemed not to know but presently he stopped short and exclaimed: "Well I'll swear! So soon, and with old Crab, at that!" I hardly knew what he meant, but soon learned. My employer was a crab. I stayed with him more than four years and never knew h'm to put his hand to a task that did not directly or indirectly enlarge his business. He was absolutely re'entless and uncompromising. His employes feared him; his competitors hated him; his customers worshiped him. If he got an intimation that one of his men were thinking of going elsewhere he fired him on the spot. Of course he could go nowhere else then. He gave no increase of salary after about the third year of service; but he demanded continually more returns from that service. He was extremely irritable and peevish in his bearing toward his employes; but very kind and considerate in his dealings with his customers.

The way I got away from him was amusing. He had some business with a firm, this business being very important and being confidential in character. He entrusted it to me, warning me to be extremely careful. While I was waiting for final instructions he called the firm to which I was being sent and commended me to them as dependable and capable of looking after the matter in hand. I heard that conversation and knew that my chance had come. My business was with the auditor of the firm; and as soon as I had finished it I called for the manager and filed with him an application for the first opening he might have—and referred him to the auditor. The next day I began with the new firm at nearly twice my former salary.

I have worked hard and steadily, and have kept my eyes to the front always, but with the best I can do I find that it is hard to get by unscathed. Visions of golden apples rise before me frequently but when I stretch forth my hand to seize them I find that they are mostly just bubbles.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

“Yes, grandma, I am just back from finishing school.”

“Ah, my dear, let us see what you have learned. How should a young lady enter a drawing room?”

“Well, grandma, methods differ. Some girls enter with a giggle; others with a whoop.”