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The East Texan, 1917-05-24

East Texas Normal College

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J. J. Wilson

The East Texan

COMMERCE, TEXAS, THURSDAY, MAY 24, 1917

When the Rules Go Off.

This has been a familiar expression for many years among the student body of the East Texas Normal College. Occasionally some dignified youngster would express the same meaning by saying some thing about "Open house," but after all the "Rules off" was the one thing that had the greatest buoyant force.

Many of the former students can discuss with their "life partners" how glad they were to have the news hailed abroad. Especially did they look forward to term final, and perhaps in the course of the term a few special occasions. Such now is not the case; in fact, there is hardly a day that we do not see the rules go off. Perhaps it is to this that we may attribute the fact that some of the former charm is lost.

The Rules are embodied in two separate organism, thus giving advantage of one set staying near us most of the time, also making escape harder. Under the present management they lighten their own burden while making the path of the would-be violator thorny.

Usually a combined force of two like quantities is stronger. Here such is not the case. In fact, when we see The Rules from the boys home and and The Rules from the girls home go off together we breathe a deep sigh of relief.

Remarkable Memories.

Browning, even in his old age, after a single reading of a book, used to quote page after page as fluently and accurately as if he

THE FLAG GOES BY

H. H. BENNETT

Hats off!
 Along the street there comes
 A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
 A flash of color beneath the sky;
 Hats off!
 The flag is passing by!

Blue and crimson and white it shines,
 Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines,
 Hats off!
 The colors before us fly;
 But more than the flag is passing by:

Sea-fights and land-fights, grim and great,
 Fought to make and to save the State:
 Weary marches and sinking ships;
 Cheers of victory on dying lips:

Days of plenty and years of peace;
 March of a strong land's swift increase;
 Equal justice, right and law,
 Stately honor and reverend awe;

Sing of a nation, great and strong
 To ward her people from foreign wrong:
 Pride and glory and honor, all
 Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off!
 Along the street there comes
 A blare of bugles, a rattle of drums;
 And loyal hearls are beating high:
 Hats off!
 The flag is passing by!

held the volume in his hand. William Morris used to boast that if every copy of the "Pickwick Papers" were destroyed he could restore them to the world without a word missing; and Gladstone, when once he was unable to find his translation of the first book of Homer to lend a friend, recited every word of it from memory.

When this feat was mentioned to his great rival, Disraeli, the latter remarked, nonchalantly: "That is quite simple. I could do the same sort of thing myself within an hour." Lord Derby's translation of Homer was handed to him. He retired with it for an hour, and on his return repeated the first book from memory—backwards.

The Queens Serenade.

Saturday night, at the usual hour, the girls assembled in their separate societies, after being in session for one and one-half hours carrying out the following program in the Frances Willard: Song Society Devotional Chaplain "The Benefits Derived from Belonging to Some Society" Kate Morrison Song (arranged by) Nell Davis What Are My Duties Toward My Society Mrs. Parsons Reading Unabella Lyday Original Jingles Lynnye McGlamery Story of "Ali Baba" Iva Fairchild "Myth of Cupid and Psyche" Annis Elam Reading Mrs. Roy C Owens Paper Myrtle Morris

The Amotherians extended an invitation, which was gladly accepted, to go for an evening promenade, with Mrs. Parsons chaperon. Marching in the best military form they had acquired, they proceeded as only a procession of girls can. Everything characteristic of a serenading party was completely entered into. The remarkable feature of the affair was that not a single girl escaped to town and all arrived safely at home before a late hour.

Through Inferno.

Wednesday evening the student body enjoyed the rare treat of taking a round trip thro' Inferno with the moving picture. By following the lecturer even the student who had never studied Dante's production could appreciate the wonderful work.

Allen—"Miss Manley, what is a hypocrite?"

Miss Manley—"A boy that comes to the recitation room with a smile on his face."

The East Texan

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

EDITORIAL STAFF

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Beginning March 1.....25c

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

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You are privileged to be living in great times. History is being made with great rapidity. The sheep are being separated from the goats; bluffs are being called; fakers and obstructionists are being brought to book, and all along the line humanity is getting busy in a way never before equaled. Let the good work go on; this is real progress; we are getting down to first principles, back to the realities. Let us hew to the line, and let the chips fall where they will. This is a good time to do some clear thinking and quick acting; if you've been on the wrong track, reverse your course at once, before it's too late. Times and conditions are changing, and unless you adjust yourself accordingly, you'll have to pay the penalty.

A few days ago this question was asked:

What is a highbrow?

"A highbrow is a person who has an habitual attitude of contempt toward that which is popular, and who, generally, is educated beyond his intelligence."

There is little doubt that this school has ever suffered seriously from highbrowism. Education is universal, but intelligence is not so common; knowledge is on display everywhere, but wisdom still is a rare bird. We have made the mistake of thinking that peo-

ple could be made wise by cramming a certain amount of book-learning into them.

Humanity's Worst Enemy.

I am more powerful than the combined armies of the world;

I have destroyed more men than all the wars of the world;

I am more deadly than bullets, and I have wrecked more homes than the mightiest of siege guns;

I steal in the United States alone more than \$300,000,000 each year;

I spare no one, and I find my victims among rich and poor alike; the young and old, the strong and weak, widows and orphans know me;

I loom up to such proportions that I cast my shadow over every field of labor from the turning of the grindstone to the moving of every railroad train;

I massacre thousands upon thousands of wage earners in a year;

I lurk in unseen places and do most of my work silently. You are warned against me, but you heed not.

I am relentless; I am everywhere—in the home, on the street, in the factory, at railroad crossings, and on the sea;

I destroy, crush or maim; I give nothing, but take all;

I am your worst enemy—I am CARELESSNESS!

Safety First.

Some time ago someone congratulated ex-President Taft on the work he had done for the advancement of the cause of world peace. "Let me tell you an appropriate story, he replied, smiling: "A fat man was once asked: 'Why is it that fat chaps are always so good-natured?'"

"We have to be," he replied. "You see we can neither fight nor run."

Ten Commandments for Girls.

1.—Thou shalt not delude thy mother.

2.—Thou shalt not surrender thy modesty for the favor of unprincipled men.

3.—Thou shalt not run wild and fall into the whirlpool of fashion and plunge thy family folk into the hopper of the nerve-grinding mill.

4.—Thou shalt not allow the limber tongue of the flatterer to bewilder thy head and master thy strength.

5.—Thou shalt not tattle.

6.—Thou shalt not let frivolity of speech or manner uncliothe thee of thy attractiveness and personal charm.

7.—Thou shalt not think more of the clothing of thy feet than the culture of thy head.

8.—Thou shalt not smoke; thou shalt not tamper with the liquor cup.

9.—Thou shalt not be slothful while others in the home toil.

10.—Thou shalt find real happiness in truthfulness, hopefulness, joyfulness, peacefulness, and in serving others in the spirit of the Great Master.

Mrs. McGee—"My husband has no faults; he doesn't gamble, and he doesn't drink."

Mrs. Nelson—"Doesn't he smoke, either?"

Mrs. McGee—"Well, after a good dinner he may light a cigar, but that's only about once in six weeks."

While working in the girls' building a few days ago, Mr. Miller chanced to see a girl trying to drive a nail with a flat-iron. "Miss, you can never drive it that way; for heaven's sake use your head," and now he wonders why the girl will not look at him.

The Habit of Cheerfulness.

All my life, until three years ago, I was a victim of the most distressing periods of despondency, which became more frequent as I grew older and the buoyancy of youth departed. I wanted to be happy, but I seemed to close the door against happiness, and persisted in looking on the dark side. Finally I got to the point where I rather enjoyed being miserable and telling people about it. You may imagine I had few friends.

One summer, while on a vacation, I met at the boarding house a frail little woman who seemed fairly to radiate sunshine. She was not well, had to live most of the time in the open to live at all, but she did more to scatter cheer and sunshine than a dozen well women. We became friends and one day I said to her: "Do tell me how you keep cheerful. I wish I could be as happy as you."

"You can," she instantly answered.

"But I can't," I contradicted. "I have such a lot to worry about and I get such horrid blue spells. I feel miserable most of the time."

"Oh, but so did I," she replied, "especially at first when they told me my life would have to be a constant struggle against disease. I utterly gave up. Life did not seem worth while to me then. I determined, with God's help, to change. I would be cheerful, optimistic: I wouldn't let despondency get the better of me. Oh, I tell you, it was a struggle. Whenever a gloomy, discouraging thought would come to me I would pick up a book and force my mind in another channel. Sometimes it would be the Bible, sometimes a poem, giving me a picture to dwell upon, or a short story, but always it was of

a cheerful nature. Sometimes I put on my hat and went out for a walk. I visited someone who was worse off than I was. If the weather was stormy I went into the kitchen and made a cake, or dressed up in my prettiest frock. Also I have a hobby which I ride when I am not able to be active. I cut out colored pictures and paste them in a cambric book for the kiddies in the hospital. There is nothing like a hobby to help you ward off an attack of despondency. I used to indulge in self-pity, but I gave that up. I realized that I had a toilsome way to travel, but when I grieved I altered nothing and made others unhappy. So I have tried to live my life eagerly, encourage friendship by offering it a smiling face, enjoy the beauty around me and make as much music within myself as possible. Gradually I formed the habit of cheerful, optimistic thinking."

Many of the students are deeply concerned about the sudden disappearance of Mr. Harrison. A note found in his room is self explanatory:

COMMERCE, TEXAS, May 20, 1917.

To Whom it May Concern:

Broken-hearted, disappointed, and without hope, I must do this dastardly act. I can trust HER no more. SHE did not mean to be so cruel. It has been done. SHE will not, cannot make amends. I do not blame HER. SHE to me is immaculate. I have been true to HER, but SHE could love not me, and it was not HER fault. O, cruel world, please do not blame HER. Blame none but me. Do not tell HER how or why I have gone thus. SHE will be, must be happy when I am gone.

All must go sometime, in some manner. This is my chosen time and preferred way.

Farewell to all; mother, father, try not to think hard of me or to grieve when you see me no more.

Good-bye.

GEORGE J. HARRISON.

Domestic Art Class

The following announcements have been made regarding the Domestic Science Department:

Arrangements have been made with the Texas Power and Light Company for complete electrical equipment for the use of the Domestic Art Class of East Texas Normal College. The latest type of Western Electric range will be used. The sewing machines will be equipped with electric motor. The entire furnishings will be modern. A dining hall will be provided to serve new dishes.

For further information communicate with the President.

Pending events demand that every definite measure be taken if the women of the country are to be prepared to meet the emergencies that will confront them. Colleges and normal schools are facing the situation squarely by planning brief courses in economical food preparation for the summer school.

If you are an advanced student of Home Economics the work can be intensive in nature, and problems of vital importance can be worked out. Those who are not familiar with food values and processes of cookery the more elementary phases of the question can be developed.

The class will have one of the best advantages to get a thorough course with the best instruction.

A War-Time Girl.

"Give me a license to marry the best girl on earth," ordered the enamored swain.

"Sure," commented the clerk, filling out a blank. "That makes several hundred licenses for that girl this season."

Which One Do You Need?

Half of success is in seeing the significance of little things.

Sympathy is a key that fits the lock of any heart.

The religion that produces no sunshine is all moonshine.

There are too many hungry for love for any ever to talk of suffering from loneliness.

Another man's burden is the christian's best badge.

When your face spells failure its no use talking of the glory of your faith.

There is no argument equal to a happy smile.

Stealing sorrow is as much of a sin as acquiring stolen joys.

Love never knows how much it gives nor what it costs.

The song of sympathy never comes until the singer has been to the school of sorrow.

True spirituality can see the altar in the cook stove and the wash tub.

It's the common virtues that make uncommon saints.

Success is not in an endeavor to do a great thing, but in repeated endeavors to do greater things.

The surest way to impoverish your heart is to hoard up your love.

The long look within ourselves will cure us of a lot of impatience with other folks.

A life is an empty lamp without the oil of love.

The only way to have happiness as a permanent guest is to keep your door open to the helpless.

A merry heart kills more microbes than any medicine.

Tomorrow's burden is the only one that breaks the back of today.

Tears over yesterday's broken toys blind us to today's treasures.

Many a man thinks his life is clouded over when the truth is he

is burying his head in the stream of his own sighings

You are not likely to cheer the hearts of men by looking down in the mouth yourself.

—From "Levels of Living."

Persons Not Located.

If you know where any of the following persons are, or if you see a name that is wrong, please notify Burr Cameron, Secretary W. L. Mayo Memorial Association:

LADIES.	GENTLEMEN.
Delia Fraly,	G. P. Humphrey,
Pearl Hopkins,	W. D. Dilbeck,
Mrs. L. R. Rhodes,	J. B. Kitchen,
Ellie Lee Howard,	Buel Nicholson,
Mrs. Olliver Foster,	W. H. Horton,
Maud Hulton,	W. E. Jackson,
Pearl Jones,	P. A. Hail,
Dosa Hunter,	J. C. Haddock,
Myrtle Hunter,	W. E. Good,
Mamie Gates,	B. F. Reid,
Mrs. Pearl Keller,	W. H. Jones,
Mattie Furgeson,	Roy Lee Fritz,
Virgie Fuller,	H. H. Keller,
Ivey Reynolds,	Albert Jackson,
Mrs. Lollie Robertson,	Dee Furgeson,
Belle Westand,	J. H. Huffacre,
Annie Tankersly,	Milner Hofnor,
Ona Brown,	Herschel Hall,
Lizzie Yarborough,	J. J. Howard,
Etta Jones,	F. C. Hall,
Versa Gilchrist,	C. A. Johnson,
Alpha Gray,	E. C. Hedrix,
Eula Kerby,	Dr. B. Tipton,
Mrs. F. A. Knight,	Rebbie Harrison,
Mrs. Ethel Lepter,	V. R. Lytle,
Lizzie Nowell,	T. Herman Rogge,
Hallie Fuller,	Vendo Ford,
Beulah Tarpley,	W. J. Gray,
Mary Reese,	C. M. Harrold,
Ruby Goodman,	A. Ferriero,
Nannie Hale,	J. L. Harrold,
Maudie McGee,	Joe D. Murray,
Mary Lee Knight,	Russel Hood,
Edith Hanes,	Jim Jeffus,
Rosa Harrison,	H. Q. Rigney,
Nettie Hood,	A. B. Frazier,
Beulah Gamble,	Murphy Kitchen,
Ina Hall,	Jodie Mitchel,
Nora Freeman,	A. A. Foster,
Lonnie Reed,	V. C. Hogan,
Bertie Hoaner,	J. D. Favor,
Minnie Greer,	C. C. Holmes,
Callie May Roberts,	C. E. Hall,
Lillie Hall,	Deb C. Murphy,
Mary E. Gorman,	C. H. Graham,
Florence Newberry,	F. O. Hilburn,
Thula Kitterman,	W. J. Foster,
Nellie Rainey,	Clifton Huff,
Florence Funderbank,	S. Turner,
Audry F. Dolder,	J. A. Green,
Eva Neal,	H. J. Francis,
Mineola Lange,	Luther Morgan,
	William Franklin,
	T. L. Music,
	R. B. Giles,
	L. R. Rhodes,
	C. O. Finley,
	J. A. Yarborough,
	W. H. Yarborough.

EX-STUDENTS

B. R. Killebrew was a very studious boy when he was attending school here. He is now general manager of the L. B. Killebrew Mercantile Co. at Everton, Ark.

G. I. Jordan taught school this year near Kerens. They tell us that "G. I." made a "hit" this year.

Miss Maggie Derden is teaching near Athens. If she teaches school like she worked while going to school, it is needless to say that she made good. That is understood.

Cary Trevatham has been going to school at Lufkin this year.

Tom Alexander is teaching in Angelina county. His teaching is like his given name—it is well known.

Miss Susie Shive of near Bonham is re-elected at Dickens. Miss Pearl Bond will also be in that school.

Miss Mae Apperson is teaching near Dickens. Her school closes within a few weeks.

Misses Lola, Belle and Lilly Wilson are teaching near Goree.

F. C. Griffin is with the Texas Company. His headquarters are at Stamford.

Miss Mae White of Abilene taught at Merkel the past year.

A. W. Cleveland taught in Runnels county last year.

Miss Pearl Cockrell taught in Dickens county, near Spur, the past term.

H. D. Neff has charge of the English in the Stamford school.

T. R. Webb, who has been successful as superintendent of Stonewall county, is at Leon Springs waving "Old Glory" for his Uncle Sam.