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The East Texan, 1917-05-31

East Texas Normal College

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J. J. Wilson

COMMERCE, TEXAS, THURSDAY, MAY 31, 1917

Not His Job.

"I'm not supposed to do that," said he,
When an extra task he chanced to see;
"That's not my job, and it's not my care,
So I'll pass it by and leave it there."
And the boss who gave him his weekly pay
Lost more than his wages on him that day.

"I'm not supposed to do that," he said,
"That duty belongs to Jim or Fred."
So a little task that was in his way
That he could have handled without delay
Was left unfinished; the way was paved
For a heavy loss he could have saved.

And time went on and he kept his place,
But he never altered his easy pace,
And folks remarked on how well he knew
The line of task he was hired to do;
For never once was he known to turn
His hand to things not of his concern.

But there in his foolish rut he stayed,
And for all he did he was fairly paid,
But he was never worth a dollar or more
Than he got for his toil when the week was o'er;
For he knew too well when his work was through
And he'd done all he was hired to do.

If you want to grow in this world, young man,
You must do every day all the work you can;
If you find a task, though it's not your bit,
And it should be done, take care of it;
And you'll never conquer or rise if you
Do only the things you're supposed to do.
—Edgar A. Guest, in Detroit Free Press.

Visit to the Natatorium.

Thursday afternoon Mrs. Parsons chaperoned the girls to the city swimming pool. Many of the girls are excellent swimmers. Those who could not swim enjoyed an hour's wading. Heretofore it had been reported that the girls would be permitted only one trip. Very little was said concerning the report until the first trip was over. Now from every corner the cry is for many more "evenings out."

Examination Day Here.

As announced previously thro' these columns, the examination is being held here. Mr. C. A. Jay, from the State Department of Education, is conductor, some of the teachers here assisting. Above one hundred applications were filed the first morning.

Mask Made of Professor Mayo

Mrs. Rorex and Dr. Ellard Perform Work Credibly.

The question has often been asked, and more often it has been wondered, why a mask was not made of Professor Mayo that a more perfect bust or statue could be made. Though very little has been said about it, just this very thing was done.

Mrs. Rorex, art teacher, felt that this could be done even though there was not a professional at this particular work available at the time. She called Dr. Ellard of our town to her aid and proceeded to do the work.

Miss Clyde Chandler was shown the mask while here getting the plans of the W. L. Mayo Memorial Association with the view of submitting a model statue of Professor Mayo. She pronounced it excellent, saying that she did not see how a better one could have been made.

A mask of this kind is almost indispensable in making a perfect facial likeness of Professor Mayo, and Mrs. Rorex and Dr. Ellard deserve the greatest praise and appreciation for attempting this very difficult task. Had they not done this all would have lamented the fact that no absolute perfect likeness could be secured, and by this a better statue that is contemplated by the W. L. Mayo Association can be assured.

NOTICE.

All pledged subscribers will please remit at once if you wish to continue receiving The East Texan.

Closing Program.

On Saturday May 26, representatives from the various societies gave the last of a series of declamations. In spite of the stormy weather quite a number of the students were present. The following is the program, which was rendered:

- "Sacredness of Work".....Sid Buie Philomathean.
- "Present Agricultural Situation".....Bess Manley Amothonian.
- "Silent Voices".....Johnnie Wilhelm Lightfoot.
- "The Mother of a True Story".....Mrs. L. D. Parsons Frances Willard.
- "Personality of a Teacher".....Mr. Ward Excelsior.

Summer Normal June 5.

Plans for a greater Summer Normal than had ever been held before have been in process of formation for several months.

Existing conditions have altered the plans only to a small degree. Every loyal student still expects to make this a great Summer Normal. Every plan is for your good, and we are expecting you to avail yourself of this opportunity.

The work can be arranged. Are you going to get it?

To-Day's Enough.

To-day's enough. I will not mourn
The Past, that, like a robe outworn,
One's soul must ever cast aside
To wear the new and the untried.

Although its shuttle has begun,
To-morrow's raiment lies unspun;
Though yesterday in dream be fair,
It is a shroud that dead men wear.
So it is good that I should dress
My Life in each day's perfectness.

The East Texan

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

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A COMBINED effort adds strength to the propelling force. This was demonstrated to a marked degree Tuesday morning when the student body rallied to the call for workers. In a few hours results that were indeed gratifying to all were visible from the outside walks to the remotest corner of the buildings. It is wonderful what we can do when we really try. Some of us, perhaps, have never had to summon all our resources to meet a trying circumstance. Oftimes we say we can't because we have not faced the situation with a force that we were capable of mustering.

Mental experiments show that more work can be done during the summer months than any other period of the year. If you have never tried it, this is a good time to experiment. Combine your efforts and see if the proof can be established.

Miss Moulton—"Mr. Driver, what is disappointed love?"

Driver—"My dearest dear friend, I hate to say, but to please you I'll answer that question: Disappointed love is h—ll."

Prof. Cowling—What three words are used among college students?

Weary Student—I don't know.
Prof. Cowling—Correct.

Power.

Power was in the beginning. It dates back to the sun. Always it has been two fold. Alternately it is repose and effort, alternately growth and birth, and always progress. Readiness and action in one, it is both, it is neither, it is either.

The man made motor of power purrs gently on the level, but, opposed by the acclivity, it summons itself, rouses, and roars alike its protest and its pean.

The God made river is power, endless and renewed, dating back to the unceasing snows, on eternal and unchanging hills.

At times it is silent, and at times tempestuous when opposed.

No power ever was or ever can be lost. It goes into the primal unit, into the nomad, and it endures, two fold.

There is no divorce in the union of power. It is the strong who give courage and who offer faith, the weak who are loose-lipped and unenduring.

In the monogamy of purpose there is no wavering.

The lion and the eagle are strong; the rabbit and the guinea pig are weak.

Power is the Law. We love it in its calm, fear it in its wrath. Our arms never cease to embrace it, our souls never cease to implore it.

Rightfully we reverence it, rightfully do more than admire it. It is Law itself, twofold—progress and birth, twofold.

It is the ancient of days, knowing no variableness, neither shadow of turning.

It is Law! It is Life! It is God!

Booth—But I asked you, dearest, to keep our engagement a secret for the present.

—I couldn't help it. That hateful "Old Girl" said the reason I wasn't married was because no fool had proposed to me. So I up and told her you had.

Broken English.

He was a hard-working and intelligent Frenchman, but the verbs still troubled him.

"Ah, yes, m'sieur, I saw Mrs. Brown the other day," he said to an English friend, "and she telled—I mean told—me that her school was soon to break down."

"Break up, you mean."

"Oh, yes, break up! Your verbs do trouble me so yet! Break up—that was it!"

"Why was she going to let her school break up so early?"

"Because influenza has broken down in it."

"Broken out."

"—Oh yes; and she is going to leave the house in charge of a care-taker, as she fears it might be broken—How do I say that, please?"

"Broken into, I expect."

"That is it. Broken into—by the burglars."

"Is her son married yet?"

"No. The engagement is broken in."

"Broken off. Oh, I hadn't heard of that. Is she worried about it?"

"He only broke up the news to her last week. Is that right?"

"No; you should say just 'broke,' there."

"Oh, well, I think I am nearly broke myself by these verbs of yours."

Driver—"Oh, Miss Moulton, you are the only girl on God's green earth I ever loved!"

Miss Moulton—"Driver, you mean thing! Don't insult me that way, for I am particular who I love."

Driver—"I am not."

Charlie (to Decker)—Your roommate says he is a practical socialist.

Decker (about McKensie)—He must be. He wears my shirts, smokes my pipes, and writes to my girl.

First Answers.

One afternoon this week one of our reporters found pleasure in making a study of first answers to familiar quotations. The following are the first answers made to the question, "What is conscience?"

Jewel Womack—"Oh, goodness, something that hurts when you do wrong, I guess."

Lucile Lemmon—"Conscience? It's fear."

Bena Armstrong—"Its grandma. It tells you when you do wrong."

Irene Dethrow—"I don't know. I don't have any."

Myrtle Morris—"Conscience? Why conscience is that undefinable feeling we have."

R. A. Eads—"Conscience is the goddess that gives you Hail Columbia after you take an examination."

Jeff Story—"It is that thing what tells you when you do wrong, like yours did yesterday."

Some answers to the question, "What is Love?" are given below:

Allen Ritch—"Love is an excitement between two fools."

Bess Manley—"Love is a foolish feeling and a lot of little memories that don't amount to anything."

Fronie Trumble—"Oh, I don't know. I have heard people say it was a conversation between two fools. I don't know myself."

Mr. Driver—"Love? What do you want to know that for? Well, love is a little tickling feeling around the heart, I have heard. Now don't you put that in the East Texan."

Herbert Bland—"Why, I don't exactly know. There are different kinds of love—love of parents, love for God, and love for the country. I can't give a general definition. I tell you what, I'll

think about it and give you one later."

Willie Eanes—"It has about three meanings. The one I usually give is this: A tickling feeling around the heart that you can't scratch."

Louis Richardson—"It is a pig's heart fried in sorghum molasses."

Jewel Taylor Wortham—"I don't know. I know nothing about it."

Hugh Ritch—"It's Prof. Stone's favorite theme."

Fred Decker—"Love is that which makes you want to give somebody everything you have got."

He Wasn't a Slacker.

A few days before registration day, a tall, lank Irishman with the shamrock sprouting from his brogue and a new clay pipe in his pocket, approached the desk of the county clerk. In the background hung a plump little partridge with a bright new spring hat to match her eyes of Erin's blue, a bunch of street vender's roses clutched tightly in her hands.

"Me name's O'Hallahan," boomed the bridegroom, looking around the room to make sure no one was out of earshot. "Oi kin lick the best six Germans that iver backed the kaiser or anny six men here that sez Oi can't. After Oi git spliced Oi'm goin' straight out an' carry a gun for me Uncle Sammy. Come on now, Delia, till th' gentleman th' noime iv ye."

Mr. Bigomy—I am going to write to my mother.

Herbert Bland—How happy you should be. I don't have any to write to.

Miss Ashbrook—Neither do I. Bigomy to Josephine—I have one that will be mother to both of us.

The Past Week

Mr. and Mrs. Talmadge Mayo and J. D. Jr., are visiting friends at the college. They have just finished a successful year's work at Pecan Gap. From here they will visit Mrs. Mayo's mother, thence to Kentucky for a summer's vacation.

Miss Emma Simpson was carried to Greenville Thursday for surgical treatment.

Elmer Taylor is at Naples attending to business. From there he will probably spend a few days in Linden.

Mrs. Henderson, nee Westmoreland, is visiting friends at Willard Hall.

Miss Bessie Webb has finished her year's work and is again in school.

Mrs. Rorex visited in Sherman several days this past week.

Miss Juanita Cochran is doing special work in expression and art this summer.

A New Plan, Boys.

This is an age that demands educated men and women—one with little scholarship looks with high regard upon another who has several degrees attached to his name. W. H. Culberson is willing to do his part toward promoting educational interests. This was made evident one morning this week when he asked a certain young lady to confer the M.R.S. degree upon her. She was shocked and said she would think about it.

"Oh, I see you are housecleaning," said Forest to Virginia.

"Yes," said Virginia; "there is nothing like moving things around. Why, I just run across a pair of shoes under the bed that I thought had been lost for a year."

Ill Deeds and Ill Words.

Thinking lightly, one might suppose that ill deeds would reach further and strike deeper than ill words.

But it is not so.

An ill deed may only scratch the skin, while ill words sink their barbs to the very heart.

The serpent bites much more poisonously and incurably with its tongue than with its teeth.

Flesh wounds may pass unheeded and soon heal.

But rancor and venom imparted to the blood impair the very source of life itself.

The light and idle word has embittered more lives, wrecked more homes and excited angrier passions than has the bullet.

Jealousy, envy, malace are wilful murderers. But the evil word, spoken without thought or intent, is a deadly blunderer that often strikes deeply and fatally in the back of a trusting friend.

There is nothing more detestable than deliberate slander that springs from envy and malace. Yet, because it so often overreaches and because it usually bears an unmistakable brand upon its face, it does less harm than does mere carelessness of speaking.

Impertinence and curiosity, an itch of talking and meddling in the affairs of other men, a desire not to seem ignorant of what is going on among other people, continually impel the idle and thoughtless to let slip from their tongues poisoned words that their own judgment would not sanction were it consulted.

The shallow and vain and spiteful are incapable of estimating the injury that slander can do. They know not the inestimable value of a good reputation, nor how delicate a thing it is and how easily injured.

[Written in honor of my teachers, who have labored faithfully and kindly, to aid me in securing and retaining an education in the E. T. N. C.]

When the sky is fair and cloudless,
And the grass is wet with dew;
Then my memory filled with fondness
Wanders back to school and you.

Tho the storms are beating wildly
On my cottage top and side,
I can ne'er forget your kindness
Till I cross the ocean's tide.

If I wander to the mountain,
Or perchance beyond the sea,
Your eyes with tenderest affection
In my memory I shall see.

If when Time has dealt in changes,
And my schoolmates few and old;
Yet with us shall live thy precepts,
That are dearer far than gold.

When I've wandered down life's pathway,

Thro the sunshine and the rain;
I shall stand in memory's hallway
Clasping hands with thee again.

When I pluck the pretty roses
That are wet with morning's dew,
I shall look down memory's pathway,
And pin a bouquet fast on you.

And when clouds have gathered o'er
you,
Casting joy beyond your view,
Just remember that the sunlight
Soon will pierce the shadows thro.

And when you reach the golden city,
Think not anxiously of me;
For I'll meet you there in gladness,
In our home beyond the sea.

— C. E. CLAWSON.

A dreamer and a man of action loved a woman. The dreamer said: "I shall write verses in her praise; they will touch her vanity, and she will love me for them." But the man of action said: "How old-fashioned! I shall make a corner in the stock market that will win her."

So the dreamer wrote verses, and he induced a friend of his who ran a magazine to print them, and the man of action cornered something or other and became a millionaire. In the meantime the girl married a man who had inherited money. But the dreamer was so proud of his verses that he didn't care; and the man of action was so busy that he didn't grieve. The only man to suffer was the man she married.

EX-STUDENTS

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Kitching, who taught at Kencer the past year, will be there another year.

Miss Bonnie Mae Erving taught near Aspermont the past two years.

Frank Speer is teaching and farming in Dickens county. Frank has been married several years and "the stork" has paid him a visit.

Thurman Blankenship is in the transfer business.

J. C. Henderson and wife taught in Fannin county the past year.

Miss Alma Duncan of Winters taught in Runnels county last year. Miss Annie Laura Ritch also taught in that county.

U. R. Butts is teaching and farming in Dickens county. U. R. says he is not going to board any longer.

Miss Emma Smith is at her home near Anna, Collin county.

T. L. Gilbert is proving his patriotism by serving his "Old Glory."

N. W. Hilburn died from the results of an operation for appendicitis. He died at Hamlin.

Henry Earl had charge of the school at Clairmont last year.

Otto Losebee taught in Jones county the past year. Otto has gotten himself married.

On Good Terms Now.

H. E. Allen and John Lantrip have buried the hatchet. They had their pictures taken together the other day and John was so proud of it that he took the pains to go through the dormitory to show it to all the boys.