

## NEARLY 40 PER CENT INCREASE

A bulletin issued from the business department of "The Rotarian" magazine calls attention to an increase of 38 per cent in the advertising revenue in the June number over the same issue of last year. The great improvement that has been made in The Rotarian in recent months is already drawing more high-class advertising into the magazine.

—Rotarygrams—

### YOU GOLFERS—READ THIS

The captain of the American team which has just won the Walker Cup for another two years, none other than "Bobby" Jones, has a splendid article on Golf in the June number of "The Rotarian." He has mixed a great deal of good golfing advice with some good homely philosophy about golf and life that every golfer in our club should read. We believe you'll thank us for calling this to your attention—read "Bobby's" article—it will help your game!

—Rotarygrams—

### A VILE CUSTOM

"Shylock was the sort of man who would never make a good Rotarian. Shakespeare made him say: 'I will buy with you, sell with you, but I will not dine with you.' For the man who will have a pound of flesh out of another man, after he has eaten a pound of steak with him has broken something more ancient than the ten commandments. The vilest custom in modern commerce is that of taking a man out to lunch in order to take him in." declares W. W. Bair-Fish in "The Rotarian" for June, divulging his reasons for attending the Chicago Convention.

—Rotarygrams—

**N**EWCOMB Carlton, president of the Western Union Telegraph company, is an apostle of the breaks. "Bah!" he is quoted as saying when asked for the secret of success, "its the breaks. Success depends upon which side of the street you were walking on a certain minute of a certain day. There are dozens of men in any one of our plants who could fill my job as well as I can. But they probably won't get the opportunity. They won't get the breaks. These people who are always lecturing youth or anybody else, make me sick. And say, these stuffed shirts who come from the high places and tell how the world is getting along are ninety per cent bunk and ten per cent publicity. Everybody knows that of course, but I'm sick of important, pretentious people."

It is inadequate to say that we endorse Mr. Carlton's views. And we're every bit as Mr. Carlton says he is and we have been in that condition for years. We're sick of those who pontificate and sick of those who lay down rules of conduct for others. There is only one formula for success and anyone may compound it. Get all the joy you can out of life. And don't let anyone talk you out of doing what you want to do.

# ROTARYGRAMS

OF BEAUMONT



## WEEKLY BULLETIN

Membership Secretary Phone 932

Vol. X Beaumont, Texas, June 4, 1930 No. 21

## SLANTS AT THE MEETING

**H**AD some high powered scenario bug been present last week at the meeting he would have sensed immediately the necessity of a theme song by Gershwin or Berlin, and perhaps given it the title of "Assininity of Assistants" or the "Synco-pation of Suckers" while listening to the vibrant tones of one Kenneth Milican as he rushed thru the most enjoyable program delivered in many a day.

The importation of this speaker from Texas Largest City was, indeed, a treat. There was only one bad feature . . . time limit of thirty minutes. We would like to dedicate a couple of hours of intense concentration to this man's rare humor.

Being a member of the despised, but highly respected, banditti known as "bankers" he had the 'low-down' on the money moochers of this land and proceeded to unfold the devious methods of induction and seduction used on the wary and suspecting victims.

He stressed the perfect co-ordination of confederates, and abhorred the tactless blunders of inferiors that would bring a scowl to the customer.

He even designated the port-side as the proper location on which to launch the attack, as a swing from the right is more effective as the 'lamb' must be put in a comatose condition to become perfectly docile.

He revealed the uselessness of a high-priced, hole-proofed executive trying to get the pelt of a peasant when some undergraduate of the institution was ricocheting obliquely from the line of barrage and upsetting the fire. In other words what's the use of wearing a silk hat with holes in your pants; going to a kissing bee with halitosis; or gaining the reputation of a wastrel with your purse bolted down with a lock-washer on it.

A few more peppy programs like this and the attendance record will stand out like your enthusiasm on a frosty morning.

Sam \$ \$ \$ says Sam Rosinger was mistaken

about that bucolic (that's not a bad word) scene on the walls of the ROSE ROOM, to the left, depicting the limpid waters of a pool. He says it's a swan not a goose.

See you next week,

—Check.

—Rotarygrams—

## Business With Pleasure

By Samuel Rosinger

I visited a business man in an outlying industrial section of our city, and to my great surprise, I found his office, a modest, yet comfortable frame structure, neat without and clean and orderly within, well lighted and ventilated. Aye, my eyes met with something that made them blink and wonder whether they were looking at a mirage or a reality. For alongside of the office I saw a good-sized rose garden, surrounded by a well-trimmed hedge. The flowers were abloom, and their colors radiated beauty, even as their scent diffused perfume.

In my experience and observation, this represented the first instance in which I found an American business man go out of his way to make his office a pleasant place to live in. The average American business man, unless he happens to have his office in one of our modern skyscrapers, spends the best part of his life in dingy, dirty and dusty offices. In our community I know wealthy men whose offices are poorly lit and ventilated, and are scarcely fit for human habitation. I know well-to-do-merchants who have their offices in dark corners of their establishments, where they have to work in broad day-light by artificial light. I know business men whose offices are fire-traps, and who in case of emergency, would have no chance for escape. I know business men whose offices are so noisy that workers have difficulty in communicating with each other.

No wonder that so many of our business men when they have made their pile, have no health left to enjoy it. No wonder that so many of our business men when they are ready to retire, have lost their aesthetic faculties, and cannot use their leisure for spiritual pursuits. It is a pity indeed to see the enslaving power of money. Man, instead of being the master, becomes the slave of his ambition.

Business before pleasure may be sound advice,

but business with pleasure is a wiser way of life. Pleasant surroundings have an imperceptible, but a very penetrating influence upon a person. A clean and comfortable office with plenty of air and light, with furnishings that reflect refinement, taste and culture, a few plants, a few pictures, will transform the occupant from a machine into a man. Man indeed "doth not live by bread alone," nor will money satisfy his longing soul. He has faculties, which, unless atrophied by neglect, crave that aesthetic pleasure which one derives from the cultivation of art, music and literature and the appreciation of the beauty of nature. It is these things that distinguish man from the beast, and lend worth and dignity to life.

Business is not an end in itself, but a means to an end. Business in its higher sense is a utilization of the material resources of the earth for the ennoblement of man, and for the sublimation of his life. And when man permits business to kill all his feelings for the finer things of life, he has indeed bartered his birthright for a mess of pottage.

—Rotarygrams—

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—Rotarygrams—

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