

## We Are Our Brother's Keepers

By Samuel Rosinger

OUTSIDE of palm and evergreen shrubbery, I have no trees in my front yard. Yet, my lawn is covered with dry sycamore leaves which the wind blows over not only from adjoining neighbors' property, but also from across the street, and any place whence it listeth. While I am raking these leaves together, I look upon them as symbols of that close relationship in which we human beings are bound up with one another. No individual, country or even continent, can live in isolation from the rest of the world. My neighbor's condition and conduct affects me most vitally. The wind may blow from his property to mine worse things than seared sycamore leaves. It may blow the germs of an infectious disease over to my house, and bring me and mine to grief. It may blow over to my yard his children, who might be very undesirable companions to mine. It may blow over his cantankerous and contentious spirit, and thus make life miserable for me.

But, on the other hand, the wind may bring to me precious things from my neighbor. If he keeps his promises in a tidy and prim condition, a spirit of imitation and emulation will flow to me on the wings of the wind, and my yard will show a cleaner and neater appearance. If he is a man of education and refinement, I shall welcome his children as companions for mine. If he is a man of culture, and has that fine neighborly spirit which glows from a generous heart and tactful soul, blessings will be wafted to me from his personality.

Thus, for better or worse, we are bound together by the ties of common interest. And not until we realize this inescapable solidarity and unshirkable responsibility for each other, can we hope to find a healing for the many ailments that beset us.

I observe that yards surrounded with hedges or fences, are strewn with as many, if not more, leaves than mine. Aye, mine being open, is often cleared by the same wind which cluttered it up, while in those yards that are fenced about, the falling leaves remain pent up. Whether economically or morally, you cannot protect yourself by a wall of separation. No fence will keep out from your premises disease, misery or sorrow. Sooner or later you will be made to realize that we are all in the same boat, that we swim or sink together.

It is this selfish isolation, especially between nations, that is at the bottom of all mankind's troubles, that Rotary tries to remedy by the promotion of international friendship and good-will. Unfortunately, few of the members realize, as yet, the vast significance and possibilities of Rotary's internationalism. A great deal of educational effort will have to be put forth along these lines to awaken the average Rotarian to the golden opportunities that the organization has for bringing about the fulfillment of the ancient hope:

"Peace on earth, good will to men!"

# ROTARYGRAMS

OF BEAUMONT



## WEEKLY BULLETIN

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## SLANTS AT THE MEETING

YOU rams who sit weak-end and week out, listening to programs as matter-er-course and coarse of matter, perhaps give little heed to the efforts of your committee, subpoenaing the old grey tissues to crystallize something into laudable and laughable entertainment. At times we have a plethora of platitudes and a paucity of pleasantries, but this Rag of Reason avers here, in the legal phraseology of our imminent barrister Stephen Austin Smith, "amidst the galaxy of stars" there are none more effulgent than Keith Hotchkiss and his cohorts.

The Father and Sons Day, in commercialized entertainment, would be a "gate crusher". The three budding Demosthenes gave you everything from high tenor to adolescent bass. At times they smote the welkin with false notes and "kicked out of bounds" but the subject matter tickled the parental ear like a hearty meal does a hungry hobo.

Young Cooke Wilson manifested all the forensic fervor of the embryonic orator—even betraying the mannerisms of the modern speaker. After his introduction he avidly seized a glass of water—known as the gullet wash—wiped his chin and launched into a high pitched discourse.

The tall six-footer bearing the moniker of Roark is truly a block off the old chip,—with a facile manner and fluent flow.

Tom Clemmons, Jr., was a bit disconcerted. Perhaps due to the presence of the pater familias whose absence had been heralded.

Little Ed, the pride of Big Ed, responded to the toast "FATHERS" and acknowledged in a gracious and befitting manner his own allegiance and loyalty.

A committee was appointed by the Chair to 'phone different members for contributions of old clothes to the Community Chest, for the needy. It has been suggested a call be put-in to one of Beaumont's little out-lying ministers to characterizes the Chest as pagan, to donate a few loin cloths lest some of his own suffer.

—CHECK.

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### Price of Meals

A hundred restaurant operators who met the other day to prepare for a national restaurant convention next month were told:

"You will have to readjust your prices, and you may as well face the fact now as later."

This declaration will be made at the convention, applying to every city and section represented.

"The outstanding topic of discussion," says one of the planners, "is bound to be the economic phases of the business. We'll know more about it when the restaurant men of the country have exchanged information. But there can't be much question about deflation. Sugar is cheaper than ever before. Coffee is lower than it has been in 18 years. Flour is down to \$4 a barrel, and the public knows it. There must be a readjustment in the prices of these and other staples."

Such talk sounds good to the restaurant-eating public.

### A Man Can't Function Where He Isn't

"Although I have searched most diligently through Rotary literature, I cannot find provision has been made for any committee that will make Rotarians out of those who do not attend Rotary meetings." This statement was made by Elmo Sawyer, Past President of the Rotary Club of Hartford, Wisconsin, (U. S. A.) in speaking at his District Assembly. The Hartford Club recently held its 155th 100% meeting.

### Jewels For Gentlemen

"A heavy gold chain, with a gold-mounted tooth pick dangling therefrom, across his middle. A gold watch at one end of the chain, a gold knife at the other. An ornate stick pin in his tie. Jeweled links to match, in his sleeves. Rings on his fingers, diamonds on his belt buckle and real pearls in his dress shirt studs."

This is not a description of the villain in a melodrama, nor yet of a prince. It is merely the idea of the jewelers of America of what the theoretical "well dressed man" will wear this winter.

It's a poor season indeed when somebody doesn't tell long suffering men-folks what they must wear. Sometimes the would-be dictator is a tailor's association; sometimes, as just now, it is an "institute" of jewelers; sometimes it's a hard-hearted valet; often it's only a wife.

It's more or less hard on the men, or it would be if they ever succumbed to the dictation. But they have a way of worrying along in the same old costumes a little uncomfortable and warm in the summer, to be sure, but homely and familiar. "We know our sartorial arrangements fall short of perfection," they agree, "but at least we don't have to revise them every six weeks as the ladies do."

### Seven Christian Names

It must be harder to name infant princes and princesses than it is to name Pullman cars, because the latter need only one name apiece. The new Belgian royal baby is Baudouin Albert Charles Leopold Axel Marie Gustave. The Leopold was inadvertently omitted until the attention of the royal parents was called to the fact that the founder of the Belgian dynasty had a right to have his name on that roll of honor.

An American kid would hate so many names, but the little Baudouin won't mind. He'll never be called all those names at once, even if he's naughty and runs out of the palace garden to play in the streets.

Pepperell is a name well known to housewives, and to them it means a dependable quality of bed linens, thanks to continuous and well-planned advertising. To the business observer, Pepperell means a New England cotton mill that has continued to make money when many New England cotton mills were closing up, going broke, or moving South.