

"He Profits Most Who Serves Best"

The Things That Matter

By Samuel Rosinger

My calling brings me into intimate relationship with people who are either laid low by sickness, or prostrated by bereavement. In pouring their hearts out to me, I find, they frequently reflect on the folly of taking financial troubles too seriously. "What's money, what's business", they remark ruefully. "Life and health are the only things that matter."

I wish that the realization of this truth would come to us not when we writhe in pain on a sickbed, or when our heart bleeds because of the loss of a dear one, but while we are in the full enjoyment of vigor and health, and while there is no aching void in our hearts for a loved one, gone from us never to return. "What's money, what's business." Externals, non-essentials, exaggerated assets, over-rated values. How little it takes to satisfy the actual needs of man. What a small part of his time and effort he would have to spend on his real sustenance, were he to live simply and sanely. Unfortunately, cupidity and competition magnify his elemental needs from a molehill into a mountain, and man spends his life groaning under the weight of the material burden he carries on his earthly pilgrimage, until he drops it at the brink of the grave as useless baggage.

Therefore, as long as you and your dear ones are in the enjoyment of health of body and soul, and you can provide for their wants if ever so modestly, you have no right to be disgruntled. If business is at a low ebb, if your investments bring meagre returns, if the fruit of your labors is scant, let these adverse circumstances not throw you into the dumps. Put your glumness and grouch and grumbling aside, and thank in your heart of hearts the Power Above for watching tenderly over those precious beings whose welfare is, really, the only thing that matters to you. Thank him for the love of a solicitous father, a saintly mother, a loyal helpmate, darling children and other dear ones whose souls are bound up with your soul.

And peg along at the daily grind with the gratifying thought that as long as your dear ones are spared to you, you are rich beyond compare, no matter what your financial losses. Realize the truth, ere sickness or sorrow forces it upon you, that your ability to fight the battle of life for them, and the inspiration of their quickening love to sustain you in that fierce struggle—are the only things that truly matter to you.

ROTARYGRAMS

OF BEAUMONT



WEEKLY BULLETIN

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Slants At The Meeting

An exhibition of creating stars is certainly better than a realization of "seeing stars."

We fear the Vocational Committee cannot claim credit for the program last week. This unearned increment would be about as ridiculous for them to claim as for a man who had stuck a splinter in his foot claiming to be in the timber business.

As a matter of fact it was quite a few semesters back when this "star creation" started.

John Yianitsis' great-great-great grandfather, Thespis, started this racket about 25 centuries ago. Just before the Greeks began that series of A buildings. . . You know, the Acropolis, Art's Arena, etc. Those Greeks already had a strangle hold on the wrestling business for a bunch of their "body bruisers" had put the shoulders of a few nations down and were starting on that intellectual uplift.

Histrionic supremacy abided with these old Athenians for many centuries and they held the "mirror up to nature" as it were, justly proud, even as in the modern shine parlors their descendants hold the polished boot up to their contented customers.

The club is indeed proud of Dr. Scheps effort in securing that cast of characters as well as his marvelous technique in removing a few bicuspid, molars and incisors from the front door of one of the thespians.

Mr. Courneen (it sounds like Irish), the new director, of the Little Theatre, gave a splendid demonstration of the difficult task of ironing out the difficulties encountered in those embryonic Bernhardt and Booths.

The enthusiastic manifestation of one big Dick from Carl's column trying to "muscle in" on the jaw cracking pastime threw quite a few "cackles" in the multitude. His refreshing ignorance of the trouble was about as palatable as a cold one on a hot day.

Retregressing a bit we notice Beaumont's "water pressure" or "pollution poll" at Austin with a hard-

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headed Guve was just about as effective as sprinkling syrup on your front door steps to keep the ants away. In other words, the Big Boy from Anahuac "hung it" on 'em like moss on the old cypress. He told 'em they could stand on their heads until their fallen arches waved in the breezes like striped bunting. Incidentally his political fences in this district are about as secure as chaff before a blower, for these raisers of "Early Prolific" or "Late Anemic" don't want their water polluted with oil or salt . . . they don't mind their corn saturated with a little H2O. In Memoriam will probably be broadcast from the Council Chamber.

—Rotarygrams—

ROTARY VISITORS

The following guests were present at last week's luncheon:

K. S. Rosenfeld, Orange.
A. Josephson, Orange.
L. E. Thorne, Port Arthur.
J. C. DeShong, Paris, Texas.
D. H. Coers, Port Arthur.
H. F. Mengden, Houston.
Emmett Sampson, Houston.
J. W. Smith, Houston.
Ellih A. Turner, Houston.
M. G. Thames, City.
L. F. Farmer, Houston.
I. Schwarz, St. Louis.
Lloyd Frost, City.
T. L. Lewis, Houston.
Dooley Richardson, City.
W. H. Wood, Austin.
Karl Schwartz, City.
A. L. Morgan, City.
E. W. Jackson, City.
F. W. Courtney, City.
G. I. Lewis, Houston.
Dale Broussard, City.
Geo. N. Ningree, Dallas.
H. Dittlinger, New Braunfels, Tex.
Howard McDaniel, City.
W. Crow, New Braunfels, Tex.
H. T. Galt, City.

"Attendance is the Price of Membership"

The Machine Age Just Started

The machine age is popularly supposed to have been unshered in when the great cotton-spinning industry began to flourish in England a century or so ago. Actually, the age of the machine is just arriving, and only dimly do we appreciate that fact's significance for business and the art of living.

The age of automatic, semi-automatic, and one-third automatic machinery driven at high speed for mass production on tremendously large scales is, except for certain spots on the globe, not over ten years old!

Nearly all such machinery is driven by electric motors drawing electricity from large central generating stations. In the United States, alone, since 1919 there has been an increase of 6,500,000 horse-power of energy used through electrical motors in factories. The capacity of electrical public-utilities generating-plants has more than doubled since 1920! In 1920 all of the primary power in the United States, no matter whether generated in manufacturing plants, public-utilities power-stations, mines or quarries, totalled only 45,201,000 horse-power; in 1929 this total has moved up to 66,000,000.

So, when we talk of "modern industry," we are indeed dealing with something very new. And it is vitally important that we remember that fact when we give the demagogue and class-conscious revolutionist a hearing on the causes and cures of the present depression.

It is true that we can produce more goods than we can consume. More than that, with a little organized effort it would probably be possible within three or four years to mobilize industry so that we could produce an annual average of three to five times the amount of goods that the world has ever thus far consumed in a year of good times. What a vastly different problem this is from the historical struggle against famine! We are inclined to forget, when soup kitchens are feeding thousands of unemployed and tales of food shortages come out of China, that for uncounted centuries man's great struggle has been against no food at all.—From "The Rotarian" Magazine.