

"The Melancholy Season"

By Samuel Rosinger

I do not find anything melancholy about autumn. I do not see anything to sigh and croy about in falling leaves and fading landscape. To me decline is as integral a part of growth as development. Life does not run in a straight or crooked line, ending in a terminal point, but moves in a circle in which the segments of the seasons represent continual changes and endless renewals. If Spring is beautiful in its rich floral adornment, Fall is replete with loveliness in its bountiful harvests. The delicate tint of the fruit is not less delightful to the eye than the dainty hue of the flower. If Spring represents the blush of dawn, Fall resembles the splendor of sunset. Spring symbolizes hope, Fall fulfillment. Spring stands for anticipation, Fall for realization. Both are essential components of the infinite process of life.

Those whom seared leaves fill with sadness long for eternal Spring and cloudless skies and balmy sunshine throughout the year. Such a monotony would be very depressing to me. That Eden on earth, the South Sea Islands, has no lure for me. I love the spice of variety, the stimulation of contrasts, the novelty of change. Blue skies and evergreen vegetation, year in and year out, would pale on me, and more me with their irksome sameness. If Heaven be a place of uninterrupted happiness, its deadening dullness would render it a fit abode only for dunces.

There is exquisite beauty in the Fall season, only it is of a different variety than the comeliness of Spring. And even as in nature, so also in the life of man there is loveliness and grace in age, provided one bears himself in accordance with the dignity of his years, and does not render himself ludicrous by aping the manners of gay youth. There is a deep tragedy in the futile effort of the feminine sex to perpetuate eternal Spring in their appearance. One may grow gray gracefully. There radiates a loveliness and charm from matrons who dress and act in a manner suited to their age, that a flapper of artificiality may well envy. Let us imitate nature and order our lives in harmony with the wisdom which speaks out of the variety of the seasons of the year.

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Slants at the Meeting

The wizard of Schenectedy from the House of Magic mystifying the members.

A great pastime for the eminent Dr. Manning; cracking atoms, bending rays, juggling ergs, distorting sound, creating sights and fooling nuts.

All the fakirs from Bagdad, Bombay or Borneo would look like a bunch of dubs in amateurish legermain compared to the wizardry of Dr. Manning.

He had sight and sound so confused we didn't know whether we were hearing things or seeing sights. Sensitivity was at the Nth degree.

The good Dr's. grace and grammar was just as fascinating as the electrical exhibitions.

This scientific nomenclature gives us tonsilitis anyway and recalls one of the worst abuses of the English language we know; when the old colored woman inquired at the Court House for the Reprobate Judge, saying her husband had just died De-tested and left three little Infidels and she was looking for the Executioner.

Old Bill Shakespeare said "Comparisons were odious" but we got to draw on here that is analogous to the situation. Listen! this exhibition was no more remarkable than the last four programs . . . every one a corking good entertainment . . . you count 'em, my mathematics are bad but I always liked figures . . . George Hardy, Jim Kirwid, Charlie Green and General Electric.

Boy, I'm afraid to miss a meeting now . . . Sally Rand or Mae West may be next.

—Double Check.

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Schools Doing Their Job?

It's a fair question: Are our schools doing what they should? We—and that "we" means society in general—have by tacit consent or implicit direction saddled them with the major part of the task of supplying boys and girls with what they should know to become good citizens. In grandfather's time it was quite different. Then the home was the dominating influence in the life of a child; it is hardly so now.

No, we expect more of our schools than ever before. Fewer children work, and each year we send an increasing number of them to school. Sons and daughters of parents who can not write learn their A B C's side by side with children of parents who went to college. But more. In school they form habits that will stick throughout their lives. What policies on domestic and international issues the voters of a decade or so hence will dictate to their governments is in large measure determined by attitudes towards others that boys and girls are acquiring in schools today.

This is a serious and pregnant truth, of which we need some recurring reminder just as the December leaf on a business man's calendar is notice that January first is inventory day. In the United States it happens to be the annual "American Education Week," which this year comes November sixth to twelfth. During this week, parents are invited to visit schools and ascertain for themselves whether the educational system is doing its job for the money it costs.

It is not difficult to find out whether reading and writing and arithmetic and the other subjects are properly taught; it is less easy to measure all-important attitudes.

And, when the educational inventory is done, if the teachers are found to be well trained, conscientious and sincere, it isn't bad parent-business to give them a verbal pat on the back. They are working against heavy odds in these days of economic retrenchment, and need all of the encouragement that can be conscientiously given.—from *The Rotarian Magazine*.

"Front" and Earning Power

Hard times bring out many queer situations.

For example, a man may be reported broke and yet he will be seen in an expensive chauffeur-driven automobile. In his house he will employ half a dozen servants. He will continue memberships in several clubs.

This seems utterly incongruous to the man who is managing to live on \$500 a year and to whom a balance of \$200 in the bank would be a fortune.

People accustomed to different levels of income are unable to understand one another's financial problems. In the same office you may find six people with incomes of \$20,000, \$10,000, \$5,000, \$3,000, \$1,500 and \$1,000. It seems ridiculous that the man earning \$20,000 a year should be the slowest pay of the lot, and yet that might be the case. Why can't all earning more than \$1,500 a year cut their expenses in half and thus begin saving money?

Two difficulties confront the men with large incomes:

First, they fear that if they lower their living standards they will be unable to collect their incomes. "Front" is an important factor in earning power. Corporations do not pay fat fees to lawyers who live in attics and wear shabby clothes. They should pay on the basis of service, but they don't and so there's no use arguing about it.

Second, the men with large earnings are usually men with large obligations. Many of them would like to get rid of their expensive homes and apartments, but are prevented from doing so by leases, mortgages, or inability to find a buyer. They are chained by commitments. In reviewing their affairs, some of them discover they must choose one of two alternatives: either they must drop from a \$20,000 scale to a \$5,000 scale, or they might as well go on as usual in the hope that everything will turn out all right in the end. Compared with large and inescapable obligations, the wage of a chauffeur and the upkeep of an automobile are trifles. If they can't get rid of the big items, the rich men figure they might as well continue the little items, and thereby make life bearable.

Many men who formerly enjoyed large incomes have been forced to make a rapid descent to the simplest standards. They have had no choice. Undoubtedly the majority accept their new situation with a sigh of relief. Occasionally a victim of the economic cycle shoots himself, but others are like the man about whom William James wrote: When told that he was cleaned out, he shouted with joy and rolled in the dust.