

THE SKY-ROCKET

Vol. II

HENDERSON, TENN., MARCH 15, 1925.

NO. 6

THE PEERLESS FOUR SING FOR MOOSE AT JACKSON

On Monday night, Mar. 9, The Peerless Four drove to Jackson and rendered several very fine selections at the Moose hall. A large audience was present at the entertainment and though the program was varied considerably, judging from the applause given, the selections by the Peerless Four were the most heartily enjoyed. Miss Carrie Neal Hardeman accompanied the quartet to Jackson, and rendered some solos on the piano which brought her into great favor with the assembly.

NOTES BY THE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

There are only three characters that never apologize: the Perfect One, the Devil, and the Fool.

We will have to offer another apology too for not having our special number prepared, but since we are depending on the special assistance of others who are yet busy, we must defer the matter still.

Judge Owen very eloquently said: "The world is a mirror. If you smile, then a smile will be returned; if you frown, a frown will come back to you."

Every man is a potter. He has one lump of clay, and his whole life to make it into the kind of vessel he chooses.

During the World's War, Marshal Foch, who commanded the entire allied forces, had only 24 hours in each day and night. You have the same number now. Do you have more to do than he had?

Every man is what he makes out of himself.

The greatest man is he who renders the greatest service.

"He (Pontus Pilate) knew that for envy they had delivered Him." There is nothing so mean that envy has not caused. Beware!

"Know thy self" seems to be the most difficult lesson for us to learn. "Know others" is much easier.

"Neither do I condemn thee." This is a beautiful sentence, but too frequently spoiled by omitting the first two words.

Courtesy is the least expensive, and yields the greatest dividend of all our assets, and yet so few of us have it.

Homer: "Do you always shave outside?"

James: "Sure, you don't think I'm fur lined, do you?"

OAKLAND HOME NEWS.

Miss Lynelle Baker spent a week-end recently with her parents in Greenfield, Tenn.

Mr. B. G. Swinney spent Sunday, Feb. 15, in Jackson, where he conducted the song service for the congregation at the court house.

Prof. and Mrs. Hall and Mrs. Holland were in Jackson on business Friday, Feb. 20. Mrs. Hall returned to Jackson on the following day to have dental work done.

Mr. and Mrs. Don Midgett of Kenton, Tenn., were guests of their daughter, Mrs. H. H. Scott, recently.

Miss Frances Abernathy returned to her home in Corinth, Miss., to spend Feb. 21-23 with her parents.

Miss Sarah Neeley of Dyer, Tenn., visited homefolks Feb. 28-March 2.

Miss Pearl Winstead spent Feb. 28-March 2 with her parents in Fulton, Ky.

Miss Lynelle Baker, having had her tonsils removed, March 5 in Jackson, is now doing nicely. We trust her health will be improved thereby.

Miss Edna Long of Tupelo, Miss., was at her home March 7-9.

Miss Mary Thomas Burton returned to her home in Sharon where she visited her parents, March 7-9.

Misses Georgia Hardin and Loucille Dobbs spent the week-end of March 7-9 with Miss Hardin's aunt, Mrs. W. B. Jackson, at Enville, Tenn.

Misses Margaret Rehorn and Mary Katherine Hall accompanied Miss Mary E. Jones to her home at Humboldt, Tenn., where they spent March 7-9.

Miss Brooks was in Jackson, Saturday morning, March 7.

AN ALLEGORY.

A young man had been placed at the head of a large wholesale house through the influence of his father and friends. He soon became harsh and dictatorial toward both his employees and customers. With a self-important air he asked his father how he liked his manner of conducting the business.

"Come, go with me," said the father, and he led the way out to the barn lot, here, he picked up a handful of stones and began to throw at his horse.

"Why do you do that?" asked the son.

"Why does not the horse come to me?" replied the father.

"Because you are throwing at him," rejoined the young man.

"Correct," said the old, "and son, always give people credit for having as much sense as a horse."

Laura—"Where can I buy powder?"

Ricketts—"Face, gun or bug, madam?"

THE FACULTY MEETS.

A Tragedy in One Act.—Dramatis Personae—F. H. C. Faculty.

(The curtain rises, disclosing the office of Freed Hardeman College. At the right sits a large desk with a revolving chair on each side. At the left are a counter and a show case, behind which are several shelves of books. Seated behind the desk and in front of the counter are seen the members of the Faculty. Pres. Hall and Dean Roland are late. Profs. Sikes, Parks and Rivenbark are smoking cigarettes. Prof. Black is chewing tobacco. Misses Brevard, (E. M.) Jones and Allen are popping their gum. Misses Bromley, Crook and Beth Jones are busy over their compacts.)

Prof. Sikes—(exhaling cigarette smoke sleepily) I wonder why in Sam Hill those two procrastinating professors have to delay proceedings every time we meet. It looks to me like any two who can make such rousing talks on punctuality at classes could get to a Faculty meeting without being thirty minutes late.

Miss Brevard (popping her gum)—I know why they are late (smaack!) Mr. Hall is trying to finish the Whizz Bang before he comes (pop!) and Mr. Roland is washing dishes. (Sho-o-o-oh).

Miss Allen (petulantly)—Oh, that mean thing. Mr. Hall, I mean. I took that magazine from the library for myself and I just know I'll never see it again. He keeps all the good stuff for himself.

Miss Bromley (to Miss Brevard, angrily)—Why, you hateful old thing! You told me this morning that the Whizz Bang hadn't come, and all the time she had it. You needn't ever expect me to —

(Door outside opens hastily and closes with a bang. A gust of wind sweeps through the office, lifts Miss Brevard's hat from her head and sets it at a forty-five degree angle on Prof. Sikes head. Prof. Black swallows his tobacco. Pres. Hall enters breezily, holding a new gavel in his hand.)

Prof. Hall, (with a snap)—Where's Roland? (Nobody answers). Where's Roland, I said? Are you all dumb? Speak up.

Prof. Sikes—Miss Brevard said—

Miss Brevard—Oh, shut up, Sikes—

Prof. Black—Really now, Professor, I—

Miss E. M. Jones—Oh, I know, Mr. Hall, but—

Prof. Rivenbark—W-e-e-l—

(The above is said in unison.)

Prof. Hall (irritably)—Keep quiet, can't you? You sound like a flock of magpies. I should know better than to ask you a question. If you can act decent, wait until I (Continued on Page Three)

FRIENDS OF THE SCHOOL AT CHAPEL

Since the last issue of The Sky-Rocket we have had quite a number of visitors, among whom were: J. W. Brents, of Topeka, Kansas; G. C. Adkins, who has recently come to Henderson from Nebraska, and is preaching for the Christian church, this city; A. J. Meadors, Pastor of the First Methodist church; J. D. Canady, on the circuit of the M. E. church of this place; Price Billingsley, Evangelist of The Church of Christ; F. O. Howell, who is preaching regularly for the Church of Christ on Highland Ave., Jackson, Tenn.; and G. G. Butler of our own city. All of them spoke in Chapel. We are always glad to have the friends of this institution come.

"THE PEOPLE'S FRIEND"

When my body's coldly slumbering
And my feet no longer roam,
When I've ceased from all blundering
And my spirit faces home;
Tho' no world's here I have conquered
Nor great kingdoms I've subdued,
Grant my soul that peace of conscience
Thru the ages that shall ensue.
If all men here I should humble
Make them bow and reverence me,
All my hopes for that up yonder
I'm convinced can never be.
My stay here will soon be over
For this life is but a span,
Then let me as I grow older
Be a better friend to man.
Should I live to be a hundred,
Fill my coffers with much gold,
Have my name for days unnumbered
With the brave of earth enrolled.
Still my life has been a failure,
If a better world is not
By it made, thru my delay, here
And mankind has service got.
Help me, God, to be ever striving
All my selfish ways to mend;
When I'm dead I want this writing
On my tomb "The People's Friend."

The College Seniors presented on last Tuesday evening, as their season play "The Dust of the Earth", a comedy drama in four acts. The direction of the play by Prof. Shook was a success, and was enjoyed by all concerned. A large and appreciative audience was present and included several out-of-town visitors, mostly of Jackson.

ELECTION OF CONTESTANTS.

Miss Edna Long and Mr. Paul Summit have been chosen from the Philomathean Literary Society as contestants for the medal at the close of school. Miss Maybelle Whitfield and Mr. Ben McCann were chosen to represent the Sigma Rho.

THE SKY-ROCKET

Published monthly by the students of Freed-Hardeman College.

Entered as second-class matter October 15, 1923, at the postoffice at Henderson, Tennessee, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Subscription Rate \$1.50 per year
Advertising rates made known on application.
Address all communications to The Sky-Rocket, Henderson, Tenn.

STAFF

L. R. Wilson Editor-in-Chief
J. R. Endsley Associate Editor
T. H. Kennedy Joke Editor
B. J. McCann Business Manager
J. E. Williams Assistant Business Manager

LONG-JOHNSON, JACKSON, TENN.

LITERARY AND
DEBATING SOCIETIES.

The time has been when work of this nature occupied a front seat in the halls of learning, but now they are of the "have been" class. In by gone days this was work with a purpose in view; no school of merit ever thought they could exist without them. But what a contrast with the present day schools, especially the smaller and lower schools. I do not mean that there are no schools today when society work is encouraged. My statements apply to the general status of our educational system.

Our public schools seem prone to neglect and minimize this work. There are to my certain knowledge high schools in splendid towns with an enrollment of from three to five hundred pupils; headed by university graduates, and yet not a literary or debating society to be found in them.

This absence cannot be excused for a lack of time, because these very schools have an abundance of time to devote to athletics and stage work; these have their places when properly regulated but they should not be allowed to crowd out a more worthy work than they. But this is what has happened in most of our state high schools—they have become the minion of the day, and societies, the wall flower.

Nor can this neglect be justified on the ground of there being no longer a need for such, because never has it been of more importance or greater in demand.

This is an age of organizations. Every art, occupation, and profession has its multiplicity of meetings and assemblies. They must have men capable of conducting or presiding over such meetings with grace and ease. This can be accomplished with training and experience. Who has not been impressed with the lack of order and parliamentary procedure of such meetings?

Nothing will give one more prestige in the eyes of his fellow-men than the ability to stand before them and address an assembly intelligently. Neither is there any one thing acquired in school days that will add more to his usefulness. The leaders are always men with this attribute to some extent.

Many otherwise able men are deficient in this particular. There are school teachers holding high degrees and good positions that cannot do a decent job of introducing a speaker or make an announcement intelligently. Why are so many in that class? A lack of training at the proper time.

No person is really educated until he has had at least a reasonable amount of training in this work.

Youth is the proper time to train for most all, if not all, things. I believe that with enough training at the right time a great majority of pupils may develop a reasonable ability in public speaking and acquire a comprehensive knowledge of parliamentary procedure.

We cannot get this by merely reading books; we learn such by doing. Experience is the only way in the world to get rid of timidity and stage-fright.

Even in schools where such work is upheld and encouraged by the faculty it is often far below par. Some regard it as merely a past-time; others as a place of amusement by light and frivolous numbers. Of course, but little gain will be derived from such work; a little humor and clean fun are all right occasionally but only light minds can subsist on such a diet long.

I believe that this should be on the prescribed list for every student from the time he enters high school till he leaves the college halls. Why not? It will be worth more than many of the prescribed subjects. Few young people realize the importance of it. Those who need it worst are the ones who shun it as a voluntary work. Youth is the easiest time to acquire anything that we must learn. I long to see the time when teachers, parents, trustees and pupils awake to the needs along this line.

CLASSIFIED ADS.

Repairing Done—Broken dates a specialty. No charge for this kind of work.—Edna Long.

LOST—A book by a young man with black binding and no frontispiece. Reward offered.—I. O. U. 250, The Sky Rocket.

Wanted—Something to say.—Geneva Hall.

For Sale—A head, unused and good as new.—Glenn Burton.

To Let—Commencement dates. See me early.—Dorothy Brigrance.

Wanted—A guardian.—Lorene Spain.

Wanted—A ward.—Joe Rainey.

Lost—Somewhere between sunrise and sunset, three golden hours each set with sixty diamond minutes of delightful conversation. Probably lost in study hall after four o'clock.—Murray Anderson.

TAXI LEAVES DAILY
FOR JACKSON
AT 1:30 P. M.

Horn Transfer Co.
\$1.25 Round Trip
CALL NO. 1

THE

PEOPLE'S PRESSING PARLOR'S

garments hold their shape better and wear longer, because every detail of Cleaning, Pressing, Pleating, Dyeing and Shaping your clothes, is given special attention by an operative skilled in that particular detail.

NOTHING TO SELL BUT SERVICE,

and

NOTHING TO SERVE, BUT QUALITY.

CALL 16

Some Dollars Have More Cents Than Others

Dollars made with us during vacation bring you TRAVEL, ability in SALESMANSHIP and a most practical course in PSYCHOLOGY. These are the reasons why dollars made with us have more cents. Liberal commissions paid on BIBLES and BIBLE STORY BOOKS and N. B. HARDEMAN'S famous BIBLE SEARCHLIGHTS and LECTURES ON THE HOLY LAND.

If you need money and travel, write us.

Students Educational Publishing Co.

667 SHRINE BUILDING

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE.

EVERYTHING FOR THE HOME
AND FARM

Always Glad to See You

Hardeman
Hardware
Company

HOLLAND'S

Jackson, Tenn.

Three Complete Stores in One

Dry Goods

Ladies' Ready-to-Wear

Men's and Boys' Clothing and Furnishings

THE FACULTY MEETS

(Continued from Page One)

go after Roland. I can't see why he persists in always being late. It is exceedingly exasperating to get here on time and—

Prof. Sikes (thoroughly mad)—On time! On time! Why, you are forty minutes late yourself! And then to talk—

Prof. Hall (drawing watch)—Forty minutes late! Why, you look, look at that! 7:30. Exactly on time! Exactly!

Mary Beth (timidly)—Mr. Hall, I saw you running your watch back before supper. (Black laughs.)

Prof. Hall (violently)—Shut up! Shut up, all of you! I'm going after Roland.

(He slams on his hat angrily and starts for the door. As he reaches it, Prof. Roland enters hurriedly, and pushes the door squarely in Prof. Hall's face, knocking his hat to the floor.)

Prof. Hall—What in Heck do you mean?

Prof. Roland—I beg your—

Prof. Hall—Shut up! Why can't you get here on time?

Prof. Roland (nervously placing his hat on desk)—It's none of your business! Take it from me, it's none of your business!

Prof. Hall (in a rage)—None of my business! None of my business! I'll tell the pop-eyed world it's my business. Me wasting my valuable time waiting for you to get here. I've got important matters to attend to.

Miss Allen (pettishly)—Yeah, hurry up with that Whiz Bang.

Prof. Hall (grabbing his gavel and pounding furiously on desk)—Order! Order! Let the meeting come to order! (Prof. Rivenbark goes to sleep. Hall and Roland sit facing each other at desk. Black, Sikes and Parks light fresh cigarettes.)

Prof. Hall (drawing an old Virginia cheroot from his pocket)—I said order! Put up your smoking. Don't you know enough about parliamentary usage to know that nobody can smoke in session but the president?

Prof. Roland—Can't smoke! Can't smoke! I'm the bees knees when it comes to smoking, and I want to eye the geezer that says I can't—

Prof. Hall—Smoke at home while you're foolin' around trying to get here.

Miss Brevard—(Pop!)

Miss E. M. Jones—(Bang!)

Miss Allen—(Fiz-z)

Prof. Hall—Let the artillery cease. Sikes, where on earth did you get that hat?

(Miss Brevard checks a giggle and then screams faintly.)

Prof. Sikes—Hat? What hat?

Prof. Hall—Why, you platecephalous ninecompoop, the one you have on your head.

(Prof. Sikes glances in the mirror and faints. The ladies give cat calls and whistle.)

Prof. Hall—Order! Order! (Bangs the table with his gavel and beats Prof. Roland's hat into a pulp. Rivenbark wakes up.)

Miss Crook—O-o-o-h, I just think this is too horrible for words.

Prof. Rivenbark—Can't you be

quiet? How on earth do you expect a man to sleep in all this commotion?

Miss Crook—Oh, Mr. Rivenbark how can you think of sleep when Mr. Sikes is so dangerously ill?

Prof. Sikes (coming to)—Ill? Ill? Who in Sam Hill is ill? By the eternal shades of Aristotle and Archimedes, I'll bean the guy that presumed to set that contemptible progeny of so-called culinary art

on my head, and I don't mean perhaps. Was that you, Black?

Prof. Black—Now, Sikes—

Prof. Sikes—Now, nothing! If you'll come outside, you'll wake up when its THEN.

Prof. Black—Shut up! I'll make you look like the Nth root of zero.

Prof. Sikes—Idiot! Dumbbell! Trickster! (Bowing politely to

the ladies) Will you pardon me if I kick the gentleman beyond Roche's limit?

Prof. Roland (rising with dignity)—Mr. President, I rise to a point of order. According to Hoyle, 1925, football tactics are barred from parliamentary proceedings. Besides, gentlemen

(Continued on Page Four)

Frank Bond Shoe Company

JACKSON'S LEADING SHOE STORE

STACY ADAMS & CO. and HEYWOOD

SHOES FOR MEN

J. & T. COUSINS

SHOES FOR WOMEN

Both Phones 28

107 E. Main Street

Jackson, Tenn.

If You Want The Very Best Flour

—USE—

DELICIOUS ABSOLUTELY PURE

Handled By

WARD BROS.

YOU WILL FIND IT AT MRS. REID'S EVERYTHING READY-TO-WEAR, MILLINERY, NOVELTIES AND NOTIONS

Just because a baby coos, it doesn't follow that he will be a coocoo when he grows up.

But if you buy your Spring Clothing and Shoes here, it DOES mean that you are wise.

Hart-Schaffner & Marx Clothes Rothschild Hats and Caps Star Brand and Edwin Clapp Shoes

J. F. O'NEAL & COMPANY

"THE HOUSE THAT QUALITY BUILT"

GET THE HABIT

Nine-tenths of the things you do are really the results of your "habits." The degree of success you make in life will be largely determined by the kind of habits you cultivate or permit to grow upon you.

It pays, therefore, to acquire as many good habits as possible, and once a thing is fixed as a habit, it becomes a sort of instinct or "Second nature."

Get the SAVING habit. It is a good one.

START AN ACCOUNT HERE TODAY.

Peoples Savings Bank

HENDERSON, TENN.

THE FACULTY MEETS

(Continued from Page Three)
should never lose their temper. Like the calm unruffled sea, gentlemen should preserve their temper—Hall, What is that on our desk? (Points to his hat.)

Prof. Hall—How am I expected to know? You drag up everything conceivable and pile it down on this desk. You keep everything on it but your cigars. I'm getting mighty tired of keeping you up.

Prof. Roland (examining the ruins of his hat)—This thing looks a little familiar. (Looking more closely) If I get the dope straight, this WAS a hat. (Looking under band) 'Tis a familiar odor. (Looking around) Hall, where is my hat?

Prof. Hall—Your hat? Don't bother about your hat. Didn't you see Sikes faint over a hat a minute ago? I don't know anything about your hat?

Prof. Sikes—Fainted? Who fainted, I want to know? I'm going to knock the next fellow for a row of Chinese lanterns—

Prof. Roland—Close up, Sikes! (Angrily to Prof. Hall) You'd better know something about my hat! I've had all the monkey business I'm going to.

Miss Allen (calmly)—(Pop!)

Prof. Hall (frigidly)—Well, you'd better stop your own business then.

Miss E. M. Jones (placidly)—(Crash!)

Prof. Roland—This was MY hat. Now, you white livered, unsophisticated, impotent, moronistic scion of a gas bag, I'm going to rid the educational world of a heartless hat crusher.

Miss Brevard — (sedately) — (Swish!)

Prof. Roland (To Sikes, Parks, Brevard, M. E. Jones and Crook)—Fall in!

Prof. Hall (To Rivenbark, Black, Bromley, Allen, and E. M. Jones)—Fall out!

(Immediately the factions rally to the standards of their leaders.)

Prof. Roland (haughtily)—To the barricade!

(His followers gain the counter and begin hurling books at their adversaries, who charge the works

but are repulsed and driven from the office, pursued by the victors).

Prof. Holland (Rising from behind the counter where he has been hiding)—Meeting is adjourned!

(Curtain)

After reading the (supposed) humor which Tolbert Kennedy had prepared for this issue, Ben McCann lazily lifted his head and drawled, "Are these the jokes?"

HEMSTITCHING, BUTTON HOLES, BUTTONS AND DRESS-MAKING

Mrs. Pearl Anderson

Henderson, Tenn.

LET ME

Give Your House That School Girl Complexion.

JOE SUGGS

Automobile Tires, Pop Corn, Gasoline, Goobers, Hamburgers, and Free Air

R. E. KING

THREE WISHES

1st—We wish you to visit our store.

2nd—We wish you to look at our goods.

3rd—We wish you to buy.

O. L. McCallum & Co.

WHEN SHOPPING

REMEMBER

B. M. TERRY

The Variety Store

E. E. ROBBINS

THE MAN'S STORE

Let us help you

GRADUATE

SUCCESSFULLY

Guinn & Anderson

STAPLE AND FANCY

GROCERIES

FRESH FRUITS,

VEGETABLES

and KEILLEBER'S Cream

Bread.

Phone 142

H. A. Robertson's Cafe

FOR QUICK SERVICE

W. R. CARTER

DENTIST

Office Over

Farmers' and Merchants' Bank.

Roy L. Simmons

Dealer In

SHOES, HARNESS AND AUTOMOBILE TOPS

IF—

It's good eats, candies and quick service you want—

Hunt

TULL'S CAFE

GROCERIES, FLOUR, AND FEED,
CANDIES, NOTIONS AND GARDEN SEED,
BUTTER, EGGS AND CHICKENS,
ALL AT PRICES TO BEAT THE DICKENS.

W. C. FARROW

JOHN A. JOHNSON

ALL KINDS OF

BUILDING MATERIAL

SCREEN DOORS SCREEN WIRE

FULL LINE OF PAINT

PRICES

SERVICE

APPRECIATION

THE REXALL STORE

City Drug Store

Lorance & Taylor

Headquarters for

GROCERIES

FLOUR AND

FEED STUFF