

From

Post-Dispatch

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Early Morning Observations

By GEORGE M. BAILEY

The latest Tar Heel sensation was the student dance at the Washington Duke hotel in Durham, and the wrecking of much hotel furniture by tipsy Tar Heel and Virginia students after the Chapel Hill football game. We are surprised that the Chapel Hill boys would drink and cut up so. Our understanding is that the unspeakable Sikes, who used to rustle moonshine in Chatham for the students, has been dead these many years.

If that Washington professor who says sleep is a form of intoxication is right about it, we wild-eyed reformers must get busy with laws to prohibit it and to punish the rascals who attempt to boot-leg it.

Of course, if we can catch those seventeen liquor violators worth \$5000 or more that the money remaining in the governor's law enforcement fund will pay rewards for we can afford to let the murderers get away.

Lady Astor, discussing bachelors and old maids, says: "Old maids expand; bachelors concentrate." We can inform Lady Nancy that we have seen bachelors quite as much expanded in the middle-age spread era as old maids could possibly be.

"Is there open gambling in Texas?" asks an inquirer from Ohio. We know of no open gambling in Texas except in the production, sale, purchase and serving of cantaloupes from May to August.

It's fine to sell a million dollars worth of merchandise, but the real profit is in making a million dollars worth of merchandise.

"Ma" Ferguson wants Amon Carter to quit the board of directors of the Technological college. Amon knows at last what it is to stir a woman's fury.

What in the mischief did those four convicts want to break out for, when they might have retired from the institution in state? Just for adventure, we reckon.

We can walk along Main street and pick out the people who have been members of Christmas savings clubs all this year. You couldn't fool us with that smile in a thousand years.

Despite the proclamations, warnings and threats of its distinguished native son, Wayne B. Wheeler, Ohio seems to be passing through the cider season of 1925 with quiet contentment, and fully assured that the cider that misbehaves is promptly disposed of by the honest farmers.

"Scraps" informs us that carp reach the age of 200 years. We believe the carp that live until we eat them are going to live much longer than that.

Senator Cole Blease of South Carolina will start a weekly paper so that folks can keep up with the unfolding of his monumental statesmanship. Cole evidently considers the esteemed Congressional Record too much like a Tutankhamen burial of his greatness.

"Why should men with \$5000 be any more guilty when violating liquor laws than those with less than \$5000?" asks the inquisitive subscriber of Wharton. They would not be a particle more guilty. Lawyers who make a specialty of securing pardons might make more out of them.

We can say this to Grand Old Texas: There is no such thing as free advertising. Even the kind she is getting now is expensive—the most expensive of all.

We see the photo of the portrait "Mother's Day" that was painted by Mrs. Hergesheimer of Nashville. It is a work to inspire reverence and to bring tears to the eyes. We wonder if fifty years hence an artist could produce such a work from sittings by one of our modern flappers. We wonder what a flapper of 1925 will look like in 1975?

This Christmas problem must be met. The Christmas savings club will make Christmas of 1926 easy for you.

Now it is shown that the late Charles Murphy of Tammany was worth more than \$2,000,000. We thought when it was first announced that he was poor, that if his executors could ever locate his brine barrel that evidences of his providence would be abundant.

Looking backward over the faded eleven months of the year we find no deed of ours so completely splendid as what we did on November 4 of last year when we put in a vote for George Butte for governor of Texas.

Let us hope that in due time the brightening glow of Christmas skies may soothe the tear-scalded lamps of Texas' "Say-it-with-Sorrowers."

There are 55,000 postoffices in the United States. They afford a painful index of what our glorious party is missing by keeping separated from the public confidence.

Houston used to be strong on paying poll taxes until so many of our people got to believing that voting was vulgar and beneath the dignity of nice people. Still, one out of three may decide to get in the 1926 scrimmage.

In order to have made matters interesting, Jim ought to have signed his letter to Amon Carter, instead of having Mrs. Ferguson to sign it, and awaited the reply.