

# THE AMARILLO DAILY NEWS

MERGED WITH THE DAILY PANHANDLE.

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### HE'S A FIGHTER, TOO!

Cullen F. Thomas, whose excellent work for the democratic party, doubtless gave to the United States States Woodrow Wilson as its war time president and who recently visited with friends in some of the leading communities of the Panhandle-Plains Country, is continuing his campaign for the Senate to succeed Senator Chas. A. Culberson, the broken and decrepit veteran statesman, now occupying the place.

It is time now, for the consideration of a real man, for a real place in the upper house of the United States Congress. Cullen Thomas is known throughout Texas, and while it is a fact, doubtless, that not all love him, for he has opposed numerous would-be leaders among the people, there are none who fail to recognize in him a fighter of no mean calibre. The people uniformly look upon him as a man of unshaken nerve, unquestioned integrity, unsurpassed principle, with the willingness to die if need be, in support of a principle.

In this day, when the world is in the process of re-making, when was it ever more necessary to have a man in the Senate, in Congress, in every place of responsibility and trust, than right now? Cullen Thomas is loved of the great masses of his fellow countrymen, his name is a household word among those who knew him first when he fearlessly attacked political crime in high places, and almost singlehanded and alone, went into a battle that looked like nothing so much as overwhelming defeat, but he won out gloriously, and the passing of the days more clearly demonstrates the righteousness of his contention.

Note the following from the Cleburne Daily Enterprise:

"Honorable Cullen Thomas, candidate for the United States Senate, was in the city today. He paid the writer, editor of *The Enterprise*, a personal visit and this visit brought up political activities of the past. Particularly vivid was the convention in San Antonio in 1912, when Gov. Colquitt was renominated for Governor the second time. He was the central figure in one of the stormiest political conventions ever held in Texas.

"Thomas had been permanent chairman at the convention held in Houston two months previous that sent forty mere mortals to Baltimore that turned the tide in favor of Woodrow Wilson for president. The feeling engendered at Houston burst out at San Antonio in the organization of the state convention.

"When Thomas began his speech to place in nomination the choice of the "prohibition caucus" as temporary chairman Bedlam broke loose and the opposition tried to hound him down. Thomas stood his ground. Men stood on chairs, hoots and cat calls mingled with the music of the band for three quarters of an hour. In vain the chairman pounded for order.

"John Henry Kirby tried in vain to calm his faction. Jake Walters tried to still the uproar. Excited delegates tried to remove Thomas from the platform by force.

"Thomas' friends gathered around him cheering him on. One obstreperous delegate who tried to drag him from the platform was knocked back into the crowd by Thomas. He then began one of the most stinging speeches ever heard from a Texas platform against the liquor traffic. The audience did not hear him, but the reporters on the platform took down Thomas' terrific arraignment of hirelings of the saloons who were trying to deny free speech to a Texas Democrat.

"Finally his persistence and calmness and cour-

### REMEMBER THE POOR.

If I have withheld the poor from their desire or have caused the eyes of the widow to fail; or have eaten my morsel myself alone and the fatherless hath not eaten thereof; if I have seen any perish for want of clothing, or any poor without covering; then let mine arm fall from my shoulder blade, and mine arm be broken from the joint.—Job 31: 16, 17, 19, 21.

age stilled the tempest and he finished his speech in triumph.

"It was an exhibition of physical and moral courage long to be remembered and likened to a similar experience of James Stephen Hogg in the historic Waco convention, when he lashed the "corporation lackies" into silence."

He was a fighter then, and he is a fighter now, for the principles of righteousness, and Texas will to herself proud to elevate Cullen F. Thomas to a place in the United States Senate.

### AMARILLO MUST HAVE FAIR.

Amarillo has been convinced that she must have a great regional fair. It is demanded at her hands by the various enterprising communities by which she is surrounded, in and out of the Panhandle and Plains of Texas in this portion of the Southwest.

This is no longer an empty assertion, but is a fact that is generally acknowledged here and elsewhere. To reach other considerable expository enterprises, the people of this portion of the state must slip their exhibits a long way, incurring a great expense and delivering their products in more or less of damaged condition. Amarillo is a railroad center, easily accessible to all parts of this portion of the Southwest, and this is one of the reasons why the fair should be launched, and that on such a scale as to compare with the needs existing.

Another and perhaps the greatest one reason for an exposition in Amarillo is the fact that this portion of the country has every interest in common. It is a great plains section with soils that differ but meagerly with climatic conditions and rainfall about the same, and the same high type of white American citizens.

In the recent past there has been much criticism of Amarillo. Some of the newspapers in this portion of the state have taken occasion to say that Amarillo is a foreflusher, that she is a bluffer and will not bear her part in a great, constructive program. If this be true, it is high time this city realizes it, and takes up her burden of responsibility through which to meet her possibilities as a center of the proper class, and if there be no foundation in fact for the statements, let her action demonstrate the error of the charges. In either event, there is no time for resentment, except that shown through action.

Either Amarillo has been properly rebuked, or unjustly criticized, and regardless of which is a fact, her one way out is the establishment of a regional fair of adequate proportions to meet the demands against her.

### PRESIDENT ON PROHIBITION.

Whether Democratic or Republican, every American will give ear to the utterances of the President of the United States, out of consideration for the office he occupies, and also that he has been sufficiently esteemed to assure his elevation to the most exalted political station in the United States.

President Harding recently gave out the following statement with reference to prohibition:

"In every community men and women have had an opportunity now to know what prohibition means. They know that debts are more promptly paid, that men take home the wages that once were wasted in saloons; that families are better clothed and fed, and more money finds its way into the savings banks. The liquor traffic was destructive of much that was most precious in American life. In the face of so much evidence on that point what conscientious man would want to let his own selfish desires influence him to vote to bring it back? In another generation I believe that liquor will have disappeared not merely from our politics, but from our memories."

While this is true, prohibitionists must not overlook the fact that there remains much of fighting to be done. This twaddle about "beer for medicinal purposes" is a subterfuge. It is extremely doubtful if beer has ever saved a life, and there is indisputable proof that it has ruined countless thousands of them, as well as wrecked the happiness and morals of added thousands, as a supplemental demonstration of its destructive powers. Prohibitionists will have to meet this viper just so long as it is allowed under law, to trail its noisome, slimy body, as a curse, over the paths of men, scattering infections of death and vice in its course.

Vitalized prayers in the form of investments of money, time, thought, and labor, are required for the subjugation of this damnable traffic. "Medicinal," indeed! From whence cometh this cry for "medicinal beer?" Not from the so-called sick, primarily, but from those interested in brewing, and handling the beverages. Study well the words of President Harding—they are true!

If sour, repellent attitudes of mind could have brought prosperity, many citizens would long since have been billionaires. Why not try working the game by opposites?

That regional fair of which Amarillo's leading spirits have been dreaming during the past several years, will become a reality in the early fall of 1922.

### DO WE REALLY WANT PEACE?

BY JOE L. POPE.

Earnestly, honestly, sincerely, do we really want peace, white-winged and beautiful, over the face of the earth?

There are those who in their unthinking, will stand aghast at this question, voiced in all sincerity.

It has never dawned on the people as a whole, that but for the element of selfishness, eating as a blight at the heart of a comparatively few individuals, this world would long since have been robbed of the possibilities of war.

Himself shielded and sheltered from the possibilities of bodily contact with the missiles of the enemy, the former Kaiser of Germany planned, with the help of his war-lords, the most terrible and destructive war, the world has ever known, and may the God of the universe rue that it shall be the last.

Had the call to arms sounded in the ears of the German forces, been a summons to death for the Kaiser, it would never have been issued. The ruling figure in Germany qualified for a place in the class to which he belonged, the makers, but not the fighters of wars. He spurred his people with the intoxicating urge of war-madness, and then made sure that he was out of the range of danger, personally. Be it recalled that neither the Kaiser nor any one of his sons were slain in battle.

For many years, the people of the earth have declared themselves to be desirous of world peace. They have talked prettily of brotherly love, of the fatherhood of God, and mouthed empty of the "peace on earth and good will towards men," voiced so many centuries ago, but are we appreciably nearer to the consummation of this dream, than at the beginning?

Friday was the opening of the conference of world leaders called for the purpose of limiting armaments, and thus heading off future wars. This conference begins its work three short years after the "firing of the last shot" in the World War. How swiftly time passes and how merciful is the memory of humankind that it allows them to forget the horrors through which they have so recently passed. Receding into the rich, purpling shadows of the past, the wounds of yesterday are not so acute, and the pain is numbed, the wounds are healing, leaving the less painful though livid, scars.

How terrible was the cost of the last war in the measure of human lives. It is shown upon authority that fully 10,000,000 citizens were killed in battle, and added millions found their way into the grave as the direct result of war's brutal demands, and still other millions were left helpless charges on society, thus rounding out a cup of bitterness, a measure in flesh and blood alone, that staggers the processings of the human mind. In addition to this there was a financial loss aggregating \$180,000,000,000, affecting all the peoples of the earth, whether or not they were drawn into the brutal maelstrom. After that is the debt, and the incident industrial and financial penalties, attendant upon such a mighty disruption of the affairs of the world.

With these horrors fresh in the eyes, the hearts and the ears of the conferees, with the gaping wounds in body and mind, with aching voids that can never be filled, may it not be hoped that the people will demand a getting away from the agencies that produce war: Selfishness, greed, individual interests and desires for personal glory?

Some have seen fit to criticize former President Wilson, some that in the early days of the world's frightful upheaval he "kept us out of war," and later, that he should have plunged us into it more quickly. But, the facts remain the same, criticism changes nothing. War is based on selfishness and greed. Thinkers are now convinced that more than force is required to settle questions involving the rights of individuals, or nations. It is also an admitted fact one war makes way for other wars, that the oft repetition of disturbances, create a laxity of attitude, a degradation of standard that works in no thing for the good of the people in interest.

None will dispute the fact that the man who has once killed, finds it much easier to slay, than does one who has never been brought under conditions before, where violence seems to offer the way out. It is the same way with nations whose moral fiber has given way to the desire to settle their differences through the arbitrament of arms, until they become warlike in their spirit and attitude, and look with less favor on the proposals of peaceful adjustment of their differences.

For years, a movement has been in progress for the abolition of the pistol. Numerous states have legislated against the weapons and penalties provided as a means of punishing those found in possession of it. It is admitted by those who have made a study of the subject that the very presence of the pistol is a banter to the man carrying it, to use it in such manner as to make him regret his action, when he has time to cool and to reflect. This knowledge is narrowing the field of the pistol, and the time will unquestionably come when it will not be carried, even by officers of the law.

But we come now to the time when prayers are offered for peace, when the great nations of the world, through suffering, have been brought to a common understanding. The absolute and wasteful futility of war has been demonstrated unquestionably to the satisfaction of all. If any nation could have wrung a perfect winning through the spirit of organized hate, Germany was entitled to that distinction, but it was impossible. No nation in the world's history, has more signally failed than did Germany. She went into the conflict with the most perfect program, with a system that was polished and finished in detail. The theories had been demonstrated through the channels of practice, the rehearsals had been many, and to the imperialistic mind, there could be no failure. The machinery of hate had been so matured and finished that humanity had no place in it, except to put the war machine over for its own sake. Every part worked in unison with every other part, and the Kaiser as the war over-head looked upon it and pronounced it terrible, horrible in its completeness, against which nothing, either in heaven, or on earth, could stand.

The very perfection of this machine, made its demonstration of the failure of the arbitrament of arms all the more inescapable. It could not be hoped by another nation—no, not within a half century, that the preparations of Germany could be surpassed. That would be daring the impossible. The failure of armaments stands out so plainly, so acutely frightful, that it seems the whole world must see and understand.

With this demonstration, with the heart-aches of the world so dominantly present, there seems to be reason to expect that the conference now in session will tend greatly to free the world from this bloody, and awful burden, under the weight of which it has been staggering during the centuries of the past. The task to which these men are called, is a supreme one, and one on which the prayers of the entire human family should be centered, for success. Let those who thirst for blood, as a medium for transforming their wares into gold, perish with their thoughts, but let "peace on earth and good will among men" abound and endure, forever!

### "MY NEIGHBOR IS PERFECT!"

By ARTHUR S. ROCHE

Gov. Thomas McRae, in declaring legal holiday in Arkansas, to be known as "The Day of Faith," has rendered articulate the wish of mankind.

For nineteen centuries the founder of Christianity has been revered in preach- ment, but distained in practice. Govern- ments have done honor to his name, but carefully avoided emulation of his deeds.

Yet there is abroad in the world a new spirit, a spirit that sees the Great Teacher not as a dreamer but as an extremely practical man, who laid down not merely laws for spiritual guidance but for daily living in the family, the nation and the world.

Practical considerations have ruled the world for thousands of years, and the man who proclaims that people are innately fine of soul is scorned as a visionary and we are advised to avoid him lest we wreck ourselves upon the rocks of material disaster.

Yet the so-called practical men who have ruled the world and sneered at what they term impracticability have made a pretty mess of things.

Ten millions of dead and ten millions of crippled and millions more of starving women and children pay tribute to their practicality.

A world crushed by the twin burdens of despair and fear is asking to what dread pass practicality has led it. Frenzied this wilfully blind leadership the world is turning in sick dismay. It has worshipped at the obscene shrines of practicality too long, and now it must inevitably turn to that thing which it has so long disdained—the heart of man!

It is not enough to pray that disaster may not overtake us. We must at length cease to be quarrelsome children in a world of infants and stand forth as

adults in a world grown mature. Governor McRae, by his splendid action, has challenged the world to vow its belief in the doctrines given us nineteen centuries ago.

Can the world, in this moment of social, industrial and international chaos, afford to ignore that challenge? Can the governors of other states fail to understand that Governor McRae has pointed out the only possible way of escape from the perils that beset us?

Can the national government or the world ignore him?

Or do they prefer us still to worship at the feet of the lecherous gods of practicality to whom we have just paid the bloodiest tribute in history?

Shall we let McRae lead us to the light or do we prefer darkness?

Do we dare try Christianity for one minute?

The following proclamation by Gov. Thomas McRae of Arkansas is the basis for the foregoing article, which is copyrighted by the National Editorial Association, 1921:

"I do declare Nov. 1 as a legal holiday, to be known as The Day of Faith; and, mindful of the tragical years behind and of the dreadful potentialities of the future, I do enjoin all good citizens on that day to offer prayer for the success of the disarmament conference, to acknowledge the rights and duties of their neighbor, whatsoever be his nation, his race, or his creed; and as evidence of that faith which is within them, at the hour of noon, on such Day of Faith, reverently to speak the allegorical words 'My Neighbor is Perfect,' hoping, without self-righteousness, that where Arkansas dares to lead, the world may not fear to follow."

### METROPOLIS PROMOTES LAWLESSNESS

By ANDREW M. LAWRENCE

It makes no difference whose ox is gored. If there are staunch defenders of law and constitution, implacable enemies of law violation, anywhere in the land, they are in New York. Its press is able, insistent and persistent in upholding law and condemning its nullification. With a fine fervor it lambasts contempt for courts in and out of season. The country would not have it otherwise. Everywhere throughout the United States, the New York city newspapers have ranked high in their advocacy of respect for law, for constitutional provisions, and for the obedience thereto necessary for the stability of society. Nobody suspected a cloven hoof.

But since the prohibition amendment and its enforcement law came into existence, many of the respectable newspapers of New York have made pitiful displays of childish petulance and vicious attacks on law enforcement. They have loaned their popular columns to the propagation of contempt for both law and the Constitu-

tion. It is hard to hold any great city within the law, but vast interests require the constant fortification of all laws, through a patriotic public sentiment, as the only protection for property and business.

With what consistency can those influential New York papers, which have encouraged contempt for the Volstead law, and promoted disloyalty to the constitutional provision for prohibition, argue for the enforcement of labor laws, or building laws, or banking laws, or laws on any subject, after sailing month in and month out a particular constitutional provision and Federal law, which they happen to dislike. As for that, what right has any man to condemn the lawlessness he dislikes while voluntarily violating law himself in order to gratify his taste for alcohol?

If we mistake not, New York papers have entertained something likely to cover them with shame in the future.

(Note: The writer of this article is editor and publisher of the Chicago Journal of Commerce.)

### TOTO'S NEW ADVENTURES

SNOWED IN  
By KATHRYN McILROY

"After several hours' travel our people of 'The Big House,' reached the lumber camp.

"Florence and Al, being tired by the long trip, hurried off to bed, leaving Fuzzy Wuzzy and I all alone to sit up.

"I'll tell you, let's explore for ourselves," exclaimed Fuzzy Wuzzy.

"That sounds very nice, but you're a bear and don't mind the cold weather like I do," I told him.

"You're right, I suppose," and with these words he said "Goodnight."

"Saturday soon passed with much frolic and glee for the children, but Sunday the snow came down so fast and hard that the time planned to leave was postponed.

"Surely snowing, and guess we are snowed in," explained my Missus Pather.

"Snowed in?" repeated Albert.

"Exactly so," replied his uncle.

"Then there will be no school for us, thought Florence, as she watched the white flakes come down.

"My little Missus and Al played until dark, then retired early for the long winter nap.

"Fuzzy Wuzzy having another notion for a prowl, invited me to join him, but I told him 'no,' that the weather was still too cold for such things, and

besides, who knows but we might meet some bears, or slumps! that would scare me awfully, which I wouldn't like.

"But we haven't seen half the things, and off by himself he went.

"Finding the kitchen first (which are all bears' headquarters), and eating all he wanted he tried exploring. But somehow he felt too tired, and it seemed to grow colder all the time.

"Seeing a nice, warm corner, he lay down to sleep.

"Next morning what did Florence's Mother see? A brown bear curled up in one corner of the kitchen, and she called the children to come see the funny sight.

"Albert started to pick him up, but Al said there by starboard all around the toy bear.

"This caused much excitement. After a needle and thread were secured, the bear recovered, and told of how a rat had gnawed a hole in his pretty brown fur.

"The next day the folks left for home, the snowstorm having ended.

"Fuzzy Wuzzy was very happy at leaving, for he had another rat might get loose, as he called it."

We will next read about "Thanksgiving Day."

### BUTTERFLY-BREEDING RANCH

By SAM E. CONNER

A butterfly ranch is the interesting and lucrative venture of a Maine woman. While the ranch does not pay her so well as the chicken farm, which she also owns, it calls for less work, smaller equipment, and nowhere near so large an investment. A few boxes, some bark, moss, gravel and earth, form the whole outfit.

In the early days of her venture she depended upon finding the cocoons from which the butterflies and moths are hatched in the woods near her home, but for some time she has been breeding them on the ranch. Hatching boxes are manufactured at home.

The great difficulty in the breeding

of moths from home-produced cocoons is that of keeping the caterpillars where it is possible to get the cocoons sure it is formed. The moths lay their eggs on the bark of trees, on leaves, and in other places. The eggs are closely observed until the caterpillar, which is the embryonic butterfly or moth hatches. Then the caterpillar is placed on a tree branch until the cocoon has been formed. The latter is placed in the hatching box to remain until the moth ceases forth, when the process is repeated. The moths are mounted and sold to collectors, schools and museums.

(Note: Printed in December Popular Mechanics Magazine.)

### LOVE'S WAGES.

The wages of Love are small, so small  
You scarce might know they are paid at all,  
A glance, a smile, or the clasp of hands,  
The coin of a heart that understands;  
A name soft whispered, a lingered kiss  
The wages of Love are paid in this.  
But, O, the magic such coin can buy—  
The waking joy of a dawn-flushed sky,  
Drudgery speeding on skylark's wings,  
Songs in the heartbeats of common things,  
And firelit shadows of evening blent  
With peace and comfort and all content.  
The wages of Love are small, so small  
One scarce could say that they cost at all.  
Yet aives are lonely and hearts still ache  
In bitter lack for the wee coins sake;  
And many a silk-clad life of ease  
Would brater its purse of gold for these.

—Martha Haskell Clark.