

AMARILLO DAILY NEWS

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PROTECTION OF INSURANCE
Time was when men and women over the country looked upon the life insurance agent as he was then called, with as much indifference as they did upon the so-called "pestiferous look agent," but that time has passed.

There are no more "insurance agents" just as there are no more "drummers." These terms have become obsolete. Today there are insurance men and insurance agencies and insurance associations, but no mere insurance "agents." There are no "drummers," but the land is happily populated with commercial travelers, disseminators of trade sunshine, of happiness that dispels gloom as the warm morning sun eliminates the fogs of night.

Protection is the watchword, the stronghold, the advance guard and stay of the insurance men over the world today. That the United States government through its wartime insurance dignified and stabilized the insurance of the world, there cannot be a question of doubt. The business has gone forward at a rate since the world war never before dreamed of, and the end is far from being in sight. The man who does not carry insurance, is considered to be standing out as one who is not in touch with the great world pulse.

In view of the growing favor of insurance of the various sorts, types and orders, and the protection offered by each, the following published in The Line Gauge relative to a printer's organization in Tulsa, Oklahoma, from "Kokomo" (R. W.) Phillips, a "character" in the printing craft of the United States, and known in every establishment in the country, will be read with interest:

"New Haven, Conn., March 19. I have received to March 1, 1921, in Tulsa Benev. Assn. Enclosed is 3 bucks, \$2.50 for March, April, May, June and July in Assn. and for subscription to the rag I never get—the Line Gauge. The \$2.50 sure protects me. I have been a member now for three years, and as long as I have dues paid I can't get sick. Anyway, some day if I can find anything that will do it, I'll commit suicide to get even. I find, by holding a receipt in your organization, that haseshes, prussic acid, sulphuric acid, formaldehyde, sweet spirits of nitre hear my prayer; Mrs. Winslow's soothing syrup, paregoric, laudanum, twisting a mule's tail, breathing illuminating gas, that receipt in my clothes makes me immune. Now send the L. G. last couple I got November under seal of an envelope, with due receipt to Aug. 1, and I'll take a bottle of Jake and try to get sick."

"Send receipt quickly. I am not omented to this location. Love to all. Fraternally, R. W. PHILLIPS, Composing room 'The Union,' New Haven, Conn."

"P. S.—Hope to heaven I get sick after I get receipt. Kokomo."

The foregoing is given for two reasons: First, for its unusual style, and second that it reflects the fact that men of all classes even to these artistic vicinities of world-wide wanderlust are protecting themselves against life's misfortunes through the medium of insurance. This seeking after protection speaks a sanity, a wisdom creditable to humankind as a whole.

GO TO CHURCH TODAY. Regardless of the communion with which you are affiliated, or in which you are most interested, you will find something worth while in the program for you today. If your chief delight is the musical program, these may be found in good range and beautiful array. If it is the sermon, men of marked ability have been called from over the country to fill the pulpits. If it is a season of quiet for prayer and meditation, go early and remain as long as you like.

The churches of Amarillo represent broad range, and none perhaps have a spiritual need that cannot be met through the medium of the communions here available. Fortunately the style of oratory, the pulpit attitudes of the various ministers differ widely, so that if one does not please or satisfy, there are numerous others who are engaged for the purpose of preaching to you.

With the passing of the days, weeks, months and years, Amarillo's churches are showing an increase of attendance and a corresponding increase of interest.

There is in all probability not a church in the city that does not show an increase in attendance, even surpassing the general swell of the population figures.

This state of affairs is looked upon with deep interest by the ministers and other church leaders. It is believed to be an indication of increased spirituality, and carries with it assurance that the churches are executing to better effect the programs in which they have been engaged, and in which they are continuing.

While the individual communions are interested in their own organizations, as they should of course be, there is a showing of broad, all-inclusive sympathy and kindly concern, each for the other. This is an indication of growth, of expansion, of a deeper comprehension of the possibilities for good through the various organizations. This has led to a lack of bitterness between different denominations so much in evidence in the years comparatively recently passed. It is believed by all to be a most hopeful sign.

Today then, the doors are open, today then, there is a welcome, a cordial greeting awaiting each and every individual in Amarillo, at the churches. Go out and enjoy it, and be cheered and heartened!

HONOR WHERE HONOR IS DUE.

No institution is dearer to the hearts of the people of Amarillo than is our system of public schools. This is the system that has to do with moulding the lives, shaping the abilities, arming the hands of our young men and women for the years that are stretching as an uncharted sea before them. All honor and esteem are due the men and women who are conscientiously giving their lives to this immeasurably important task.

Men and women are hired for various stations in life and paid for services according to their several abilities, but this is impossible in connection with teachers. There may be those engaged in teaching who are paid more than they are worth, but on the other hand there are those who are conscientiously giving the best that is in them, day after day, week after week, month after month and year after year, who will never, and can never be adequately paid for their services.

That Amarillo has a number of this latter class, there cannot be a question. Results through the schools demonstrate this fact, for in the absence of something more than working for a mere salary, the children could not be receiving that which is theirs through the institutions. If the burden of the school work of the city was not carried by these honest, able and willing ones into their homes and prayed over in the quiet hours of the night, the present unsurpassed standing of the schools could not have been established and would not be sustained.

All righteousness, all missionary work, all godliness is not to be found in the programs of the churches—it extends to the schools and makes itself felt in the lives of the boys and girls processed through them. No attempt, by his fellow being, but it is designed that fuller appreciation may be had among the citizens, of the work that is being accomplished for the present and future generations.

Let it be recalled that a fool may destroy in a minute a work that has required long, patient hours for an artist to execute. Hasty, poorly based criticism, perhaps not intentionally unkind, may deeply wound, may permanently offend and hinder a worthy and altogether meritorious program. Let us be sure that good will be accomplished by our attitude before we launch a campaign against men, a measure or an institution working for the general welfare of the people.

SWAT 'EM EARLY AND LATE.

Already a considerable number of files are in evidence, and health experts have so emphasized the importance of early campaigns against them, that there really seems little to add, and yet—swat 'em, early and late!

Attention is called to the cartoon on this page. It is topical and timely and tells the story of the undesirability of the fly so clearly, so forcefully, so startlingly, that it is worthy more than a passing glance. Every line in the cartoon is soplete with meaning, and the example of the "little bear" should be followed to the fullest extent by all who would be of service to humankind through this phase of health preservation.

Amarillo is an aspirant for the prizes to be awarded to the cleanest city in Texas. That the city may capture these goals without saying if the people stand together in the campaign for cleanliness and health. Prominently placed in the eyes of Texas and surrounding states, Amarillo could do no better thing than to place herself in the "hundred per cent clean" class.

With every householder doing the best that is possible to exterminate the filth-carrying fly, to eliminate the rubbish piles, to eradicate all breeding places for pests, the work will have been put on a real foundation, and results will be assured.

If as a matter of fact the fly is so filthy, so loathsome, so great an agency in the spread of disease as the scientists credit it with being, then the very presence of the insect becomes evidence of almost criminal negligence on the part of those who willingly tolerate it. Whether or not the disease spreading possibilities of the fly have been exaggerated, certain it is that the insect is an embarrassment to the human race, and the lower his numbers are reduced, the higher the degree of cleanliness.

Smearing may look, certain of the essential elements of elegance as an "in-door sport," but it should not be overlooked in casting up the physical program of those who find time heavy on their hands and who are seeking light and helpful exercises for the promotion of health. Swat 'em early, swat 'em late!

SHE WAS "JUST A GIRL"

BY JOE L. POPE.

She was "just a girl," from an average home in Amarillo. She had passed through the Amarillo schools, had qualified herself as an office assistant. She had become proficient and earned a good salary. She succumbed to the frivolous life about her. She moved with the gay, with the unconcerned. She awoke when the tragic aspect of her condition forced itself upon her. She struggled against a losing game, and finally admitted first to herself, and then to the world, through her retirement, that she had lost.

In her overburdening sorrow, after the blackness of the path stretching in front of her, that seemed impenetrable and endless, gave way for one ray of light: She turned to the Salvation Army for help. With tenderness unsurpassed by a loving mother, Captain Louise Holbrook took the poor, broken, frail thing to her heart. Words of cheer and comfort were poured into her sickened soul. Like great, liquid raindrops on the parched grass, these sweet, reviving utterances fell on her torn and bleeding heart. They were balm of hope, they were wholesome and fragrant of promise. They opened wide the door of "another chance." With gladness, with the alacrity, with the eagerness with which a drowning man grabs at a straw, this fair, misguided girl seized her opportunity. She emptied her life of its bitterness, she threw back the shutters of her darkened soul, and the sunlight of God's eternal love flowed in, bringing peace, rest, joy.

Her life was transformed, as she sheltered beneath the hand of Captain Louise, the "gracious lady of restoration"! The fact that the fruits of her sin must soon be manifested to the outer world, that world of which she was in reality, no longer a part, robbed her of no gladness. She accepted the "bitter cup of her transgression" with fortitude and forbearance. She went down into the valley-shadows of death. She heard the feeble wail of her own flesh. She realized the call to motherhood throughout the ages. Her soul was washed clean. She was sanctified to a life of service for others!

With heart and hands attuned to the noble impulses of a redeeming being, no angel of mercy could have been more gentle, more feeling, more resourceful, than this formerly shattered human wreck. Having been removed before her supreme test came, from Amarillo to the Home in picturesque El Paso, out near the famous Pershing drive, with its glistening whiteness, emblematic of purity, chastity and blessing, by Captain Louise, this girl became a veritable benediction. Soon after her own convalescence, there was brought to the Home more dead than alive, a Mexican infant. Skillful physicians and trained nurses following examination of the tiny mite of humanity rendered more dead than alive through exposure and maltreatment, shook their heads and unhesitatingly said there was "no hope." But, the redeemed one, the erstwhile hopeless one, would not have it so. She put beneath the frail little body of the foreign babe her own tender yet determined hands, while her heart went out in loving trust to Him who never disappoints a believer in the time of need.

All through the long and trying night she was steadfast. She would not lessen her grasp upon the promises of the Universal Father to hear those who call upon Him, and while with nimble deftness her hands performed the tasks, and her willing feet ran the errands of the sick ward, her soul in petition insisted on a fulfillment of her prayer for the restoration of the suffering little one. With the first rosy blush of morning over the beautiful landscape, came the answer to her prayer! The fever was broken, the dreamy, luminous eyes slowly opened, the dimpled miniature, olive-hued hands were outstretched, and despite the fact that patient and nurse understood not the native tongue of each other, the voice of love whispered a mutual melody of rejoicing one that neither of them through Time and Eternity will ever misunderstand!

So, out there in sun-kissed El Paso, out there where two republics meet and in measure blend, out there where God smiles upon and blesses the broken heart and directs the drooping spirit-eyes to look upward, out there where the atmosphere of His spirit pervades the Salvation Army Home, this tortured human thing has been transformed into a saintly being whose kindly acts of mercy have glorified the institution of which she has become an important part!

She was "just a girl," not your or mine, but some mother's darling, some father's pride. Then came the crash—and stunned by humiliation, loved ones wondered if they "could afford" to shelter her and share her disgrace, and meet the world! Nor were they to be blamed: Their other children, their other relatives, their other friends, all these came rushing forward as a surging throng of contestants for consideration, protesting against the "scarlet sin" of sister, of cousin, of friend! She was first to interpret, to know their inner thoughts. She was first, with pain-sharpened vision, to perceive, even more clearly than her physical eyes revealed, that they shuddered at the prospect! Without censure, with affection for her family and friends clinging to her as an added burden of sorrow, she fled to the one open door—the Salvation Army!

Beautiful day splendors of unseen worlds came to take the place of the hideousness of her night of humiliation and sorrows! Touched and resurrected by the hand of God, her real self came into being! The black mantle of shame vanished and in its stead there appeared a robe of resplendent whiteness—a robe of unselfish service for others, through Christ!

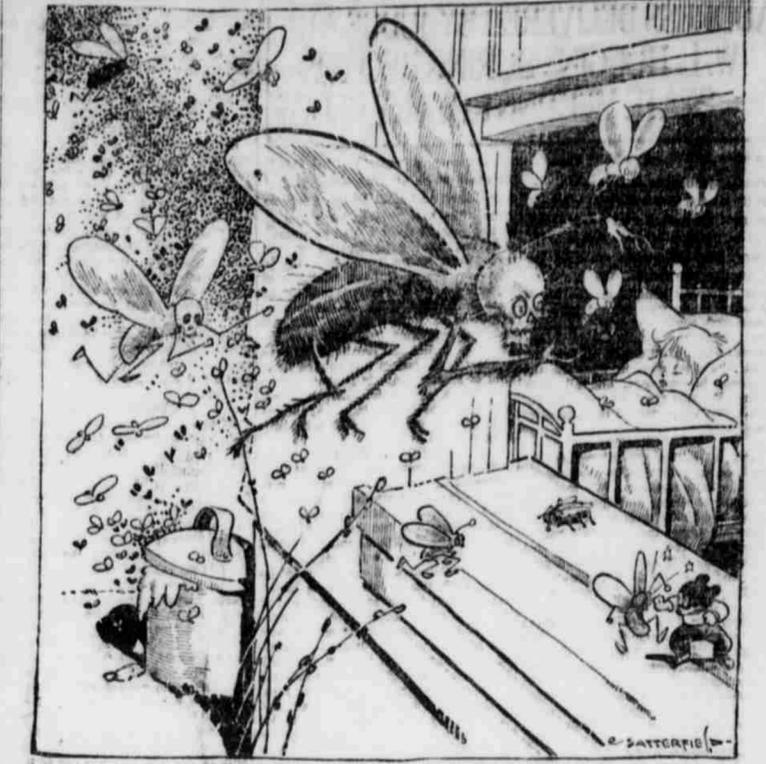
Lumber Company Helps

J. E. Hill, general manager of the Panhandle Lumber Company in the North Plains Country, was in Spearman last Saturday. Mr. Hill states that his company has recently launched a new scheme by which he believes they will be able to help a limited number of farmers throughout this section to buy building material, fencing, windmills, well supplies, etc., which they need badly at present but haven't the ready cash to buy. If a man owns land which is clear of all encumbrances, this company will secure a ten-year loan for the owner, in an amount sufficient to make all needed improvements and to purchase machinery, terms, etc., with which to make a start at farming. The ordinary loan company will not make a loan on a homestead, but this company can handle such loans by reason of the fact that they will hold a marginal man's lien on the improvements. Several farmers have taken advantage of this opportunity, and are making splendid showings. It is only another big effort of this big concern to live up to their motto: "Our aim is to help improve the Panhandle." The Panhandle Lumber Company is looking over into the future. They know that as the North Plains Country is developed, so will their business grow and expand. They want to see the country reach that height in economic growth to which its great resources entitle it. If banks, grain men, and other big business concerns will follow the lead of the Panhandle Lumber Company in helping worthy farmers get started off right, much and lasting good can be accomplished. Let the good work go on and on.—Spearman Reporter.

The Panhandle Lumber Company's vice president and general manager is a live citizen, and has his mind working for the general good. Mr. Hill is a live business man who realizes that the farmers must succeed to assure the success of other phases of worthy endeavor.

Woman's Name Chosen
Cunard Line officials, in choosing a new name for the former German liner Imperator, have departed from their usual custom of naming ships after provinces of the Roman empire and have named the liner "Berengaria." Berengaria was the wife of Richard I of England.

THE UNSCREENED WINDOW



NORTHWEST TEXAS PRESS

EXTENDING ABO PASS
The commissioners court will have the new Abo Pass highway between Canadian and Glazier by way of Dry Creek opened up just as soon as all preliminaries can be disposed of and arrangements made for work to go forward—Canadian Record.

SHOUT IT, JESS.
Former U. S. Senator Burton was escorted out of Great Bend, Kan., and two other organizers of the Non-Partisan League were tired and feathered Saturday night. And this occurred in Kansas, where the people go out of their way to denounce Southern people for not allowing negroes to vote and attend the schools with the white children! Yes, Kansas, where the people are strong for free speech, while the News despises the Non-Partisan League and all other such radical organizations, it is satisfied that mobbing its organizers will not break it up, but will rather help it along; Outlawry never benefits those who resort to it.—Plainview News.

THAT'S TELLING IT TO 'EM, AND IN ABOUTING IT BACK, YOU'RE RIGHT. Of course, we join you in your ideas about the Non-Partisan League, we've no use for it, but violence is all wrong, where milder and more lawful means would meet the need.

APPRECIATE A GOOD THING.
It is now announced with all seriousness that the Cherokee Indians have filed a claim for the Texas Panhandle, and expect to prosecute it in earnest. We have read in history about Indians in times past claiming vast scopes of this country, but they finally retired to the Indian Territory reservations, and the war dances are about over. We doubt that the Cherokee claim to the Panhandle will amount to any more than it would had they claimed Alabama or Kansas.—Hill County Herald.

CHANGE YOUR MIND.
Programs are out for the meeting of the Panhandle Press Association at Amarillo, April 15 and 16. The program from the appearance of things, will be

ABE MARTIN



THREADS

BY RAY B. McCORKLE

Some people have been so "dead set" in their belief that oil would never be found in the Panhandle, that they are not willing for the Gulf No. 2 to be a producer, even though it has been "squinting" oil for two weeks. When the first oil sand was encountered these pessimists turned over and yawned. It was their intention to throw a wrench in the wheels of progress, and they came very near doing so. But when the second "dry sand" was found, and when they knew that the Gulf really marked the opening of the Amarillo field—that the well was a sure producer—they made a run for the salt water.

Within four hours after the Gulf came in they had it standing 2,000 feet in salt water and six inches in oil. The salt water in many ways resembles their tears, but as sure as there is a North Pole—oil stands out boldly upon the waters, salt or otherwise.

Threads is not kicking, but being an optimistic case, he has an eternal hate for the pessimist. And so far as he is concerned the "salt water" tribe may move on, for God knows their tears will supply the world with enough misery, even though they are compelled to cry in the shade in order to keep the sunny rays of optimism from drying the tears upon their wrinkled cheeks.

At this time no one doubts but that Amarillo has a real oil well—though some people have seen fit to put out some very unfavorable reports. Threads will forgive them, however, if they will keep quiet in the future.

For a while we were inclined to believe that Governor Pat was telling the truth when he said that he was a friend to West Texas, but we are honest to confess that our vitals have been shaken during the last few weeks. Pat wanted to be governor so blantly bad that he was willing to promise anything, and we are sorry to note the fact that a majority of our people voted for him. But when he was elected, and after he had entrenched himself in the

state house, he brought out a new pair of glasses. And herein the trouble lies. The glasses he is wearing since his election are short ranged glasses—you can't see West Texas through them. In fact they are the same as have been worked by all other Texas governors, and they don't really do it.

West Texans are "saw" and right they should be, and if Mr. Neff refuses to "pull 'em off" he is going to force a division of the state. Really we hope he does, for we want to run for governor. As the case now stands we have no chance. In East Texas, where most of the votes are stationed, we are not very well known. We have never learned to speak "nigger," and that knocks us out. In West Texas a candidate only has to solicit white men—negroes, alligators and peons are barred.

We hope Mr. Pat changes his glasses. These drum corps are getting as numerous in Amarillo as ticks are in the East, and unless there is a city ordinance passed to suppress the whole city will eventually be one large drum corps. As we are not affiliated with any of the corps, we are at liberty to say just what we please. Here it is: "our noise is intended." We hold membership in several lodges, and was at one time Past Exalted Ruler of the Ancient Order of Crapshooters. Later we were chosen as Grand Crowding Buzard of another organization. Both of these positions were entirely honorary, but we are not going to let that fact go to our head, and we hope that the members of the various drum corps come out as well as we did.

It is hoped that Mr. Gooch will rush work on the new "Y" as the bathing season is now here. We have postponed our bath until the swimming pool is erected. Honestly, it's time to be serious. If the people of Amarillo want a Y. M. C. A., why in the dickens don't they say so? Their humming and hawing is enough to drive a "nut" crazy. Let's build the "Y."

Called patriotic Americans are moved to the shedding great, damp, dripping, drops of wet slushy grief for the "spore heads," as our brave, massed, shirt-sleeved, fearless boys call them? Give 'em lots of what Sherman called war, and make 'em appreciate their own dosage!

GREAT SCHEME
Wellington representative business men say that they would like to be a big power plant built at Childress and lights and electric power furnished to their citizens. Wellington people can and will build the high line if Childress people or the city will build the plant. That would mean economy for both towns. Let's put to practice some of their neighborly feeling we have heard about.—Childress Index.

WELL, THAT'S GOOD.
It makes this editor feel good to see how liberal Childress merchants are patronizing the local papers as compared with other papers in this and other sections of the state. If one is around the hotel lobbies for a few hours he will also find that the towns having merchants not advertising are called by the traveling salesmen as being in hard condition are dead. If a fellow wants to kill his town, his club or his business he only has to take the "quilt."—Childress Index.

Well, that's good, and it is mighty encouraging to everyone, for the local newspaper is the "rock in a weary land" for every legitimate business in the community, and a veritable scourge to the swindlers. Let the good work continue and expand until appreciation of the papers become general.

Hike! It's Healthy
Do you hike enough? It's the best exercise known. And if you're thin it's ideal—if you have the will power to resist eating too heartily after the hike. For hiking creates an appetite, and if you eat a bigger meal on your return, all the good the hike has done you is taken away.