

THE LUBBOCK AVALANCHE

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NOTICE—It is not the intention of the Avalanche to
cast reflection upon the character of anyone, knowingly
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Avalanche Publishing Co.

THINGS TO REMEMBER

Advertisers, contributors and all parties interested in the Avalanche please remember these things: We print the Tuesday Avalanche on Monday, press hour, 3:30 p. m. Friday Avalanche on Thursdays, press hour 3:30 p. m. Please have copy for local notices in not later than noon Mondays and Thursdays. Ad changes and copy should not be later than 8:00 a. m. Mondays and Thursdays. It takes a schedule like this to get your ads in the paper in good shape, and helps us give our readers better service, which means that the paper will be of better service to you, which we earnestly desire it to be. We do not want to be exacting but we must demand some things of you, if you expect us to come up to the notch.

ANTAGONISM BETWEEN TOWNS

In the great West Texas where the towns are not so close together as in other sections of the State, there seems to be too much jealousy for the better interests of this part of the State. Because of certain conditions that exist, some towns are just naturally going to be bigger towns than others, and are recognized as being wholesale centers and having the advantages of better marketing conditions, and for this reason there should be no really ill feeling toward the South Plains towns. Each should possess a spirit of thrift and have plenty of progressive citizens to keep them going and fulfilling their part of the program of development in this territory. We learned a few days ago that there is just a little too much inclination of some town on the South Plains to knock on the others, which should not be. We believe we are correct in the statement that Lubbock is destined to be the big town of this section. In fact it has passed the point where destined to be is hardly the proper way to express it, in as much as she has already gone ahead, and is the largest city on the South Plains from the standpoint of population. She is also favored at this time above others by railroad connection, which naturally makes it the distributing point of this territory, and a trading point for a very large section of the country; but this does not in any way suggest that Lubbock should not cater to the good will of every town within a radius of a hundred miles each way. Just because we are the big boy of the bunch is no sign that we should try to run things over the balance, and get it into our system that we do not need to give all the towns within our trade territory the closest consideration and co-operate with them in developing their respective territory, as we are bound to reap the benefits to a certain extent in every case. Lubbock, we fear, is neglecting this important matter, and the sooner the people of our city realize this and get to work to correct it, the better it will be for Lubbock and every town on the South Plains. Every farmer and stockman within the trade range of this city, every truck farmer and dairyman around Lubbock. Lubbock business people should extend every courtesy and assistance to the business men and other citizens of the South Plains towns, that it is possible for them to do, that they may have a kindly feeling toward our city. It is worth much to have the good will of people, and Lubbock needs this if she is to be the city that we have hopes of her making.

Good roads will do much toward turning the trade Lubbockward, and without this we will lose much. Last issue we gave you an idea of how some of the people were feeling about the Lubbock county roads, and it is only necessary that we make a little round into the nearby and adjoining counties to get an expression about the condition of our roads, that show up clearly that Lubbock is not getting her share of the business that would come here if our roads were in better condition. Lubbock business men should certainly see to it that the condition of the roads are improved, and if the county cannot correct it, then other steps should be taken to put our roads on a par at least, with those of other sections of the South Plains. We heard one man remark a few days ago, that he could tell on the darkest night that ever was known when his car struck the Lubbock county roads. Now this is a condition that our people should be utterly ashamed of, and make an effort to correct at once.

The Avalanche is compiling a list of those who most frequently complain at errors in the paper, and at some future date we are planning to give them an opportunity to get out an issue of the Avalanche, which no doubt will be a most interesting number in as much as it will be perfect in every way. In this respect it will be the only one in existence and we look forward to the time with keen anticipation.

PLEDGE AID OF FARMERS TO STRIKERS

Washington, Aug. 2.—An appeal to all organizations affiliated with the farmers' national council to exert their influence to compel coal operators and railway executives to grant the demands of both miners and railway employees was issued here today by Benjamin C. Marsh, Managing director of the council. The interests of the farmers demand that the men in both industries be paid a living wage, he declares. The appeal reads, in part, as follows:

"A nation-wide campaign is being made, financed, of course, by the

THE NEGLECT OF CHURCH SERVICES

The general neglect of church services throughout the country is no doubt largely responsible for the conditions that exist in this nation at this time. The attendance upon church services is appallingly light, and the people turn their attention in another direction. The entire enrollment of the Sunday Schools is much less than the number enrolled in the literary schools, while it should be more. How can we expect this great nation of ours to make the progress it should when we allow ourselves to drift so far away from God. We are taught that He is a jealous God, "visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generations of them that hate Me." He will not withhold his anger forever, and when we, his children are disobedient we may expect to be punished in some way. We are disobedient when we violate His laws and commandments, and when we show our utter indifference toward His services. The great thinkers of this day and time, even among those who are not noted for their Christianity are frank to admit that if America would stay off the rocks that will dash her to pieces as a nation, that we must return to God, repent of our wrong doings and serve the true and living God rather than the gods of our land, the gods of cattle, the gods of gold, and the many other gods that we are prone to follow after. There is certainly room for much serious thought along this line, whether it come from the press or the pulpit.

Lubbock is noted far and wide for her progressiveness in the matter of public buildings, her splendid business houses, her paved streets and her many palatial residences, but not much can be said of the churches of the town. She has three denominations now worshipping in basements. This is not a good indication of the feeling of the people toward the "Temple." Our people seem to be too well satisfied with what they have in the way of places to worship. Lubbock should see to it that her churches are kept in the forefront if they expect the town to have the respect of the very highest type of people who come this way to make their home. Nobody, we care not whether he be a Christian or the meanest old sinner on earth, would care to own property in a town where there is no church buildings or where the church buildings are dilapidated and old—all out of line with the balance of the surroundings. This is possibly not the best time in the world to proceed with the completions of the churches now under way, but it is a matter that should by all means have the attention of the Lubbock folks at the earliest possible time.

The matter of supplying Lubbock with rent houses is yet an unsolved problem. There is nothing like enough houses here to take care of the demands. Several parties come into our office every day looking for a house to rent. Some of them put up with light housekeeping rooms for a while, but others have to go to other places in order to find necessary accommodations. This condition is really commendable of our town in a way, but it is not pleasant to be confronted with these people every day, and have to relate the same old story to each, and inform them that there is "no such animal" in Lubbock as a rent house. Fifty new buildings could be filled with desirable tenants within a week we are sure, and if the word went out that there were that many houses here ready for occupancy, twelve hours would be sufficient to fill every one of them. Build more houses.

The life of the politician seems to be getting harder every day. Jim Ferguson has had to fight his way on to the Democratic ticket in both primaries, and now comes the new upheaval and some certain folks say that on account of Mayfield alleged allegiance to the Ku Klux Klan that he is not eligible to a place on the second primary ballot. Verily, Texas' political pot is a black one.

We know of some men in Lubbock who devote their entire time investigating things. We heard of a fellow a few days ago investigating a proposition that was eight or ten years back in the history of the town. We presume this is about as close up to the present day that this fellow ever lived. He could no doubt be correctly called a back number.

One Republican has announced that without a doubt Texas will be in the hands of the Republicans within the next eight years. Probably the old state will be able to withstand it as she has gone through some awful calamities in the past and still continues to sail on.

If the farmer struck every time they do not get just what they want or even get what they are justly entitled to, what would the various crafts say? We would not be able to repeat it in print and get by the United States mail.

The Plainview News says that Plainview will never be happy till she gets that direct railway with Fort Worth. That being the case, in all probability, that Plainview family will be very unhappy for a long time.

Beating trains is a great past time with a lot of autoists, and it is usually a tie. The train ties into the automobile and the undertaker takes charge of what is left.

big financial interests, to justify the position of the mine operators and the railway executives, and so to turn farmers against mine and rail strikers.

"The members of your organization know that labor well paid for honest work is the farmers' best market. Few miners and few railway men were receiving a fair living wage when the strikes were called. These strikes were inevitable to prevent miners and railway employees from being sacrificed to the greed of the same financial interests which have robbed the farmers of \$20,000,000 during the past three years by hammering the prices farmers received for their products way down below the cost of production and to

crush labor unions. "If the miners and railway employees lose their strike their power to purchase farm products will be seriously curtailed, and farmers will suffer."

FORT WORTH MAN IS SHOT TO DEATH

Fort Worth, Aug. 5.—Raymond J. Blystone, 29 years of age, was shot to death this afternoon as he sat in an automobile on Houston Street in the heart of the business district. V. H. Shankle, 33, and married was detained. Blystone formerly was a lieutenant in the reserve signal corps and was stationed at Brooks Field, San Antonio.

A Big Load For The Old Horse



FROM LOS ANGELES TO THE LUBBOCK AVALANCHE

Aug. 7, 1922.

I left Lubbock on the 27th day of July. Reached Los Angeles on the 3rd day of August. The habitable Golden West stops 100 miles west of Lubbock, and never shows again until within 100 miles of the Pacific Ocean, 600 miles from Lubbock. I reached the Continental Divide, which is 8500 feet above sea level. Heavy rain fell while I was there, and some of the water seemed puzzled as to which way to run—east, toward the Atlantic, or west to the Pacific. I waved it eastward and pointed toward Lubbock.

Yes, we had our trouble. Every one does who crosses this rough range of mountains. We had blow-outs, blow-ups, and blow-downs. Broke brake and one bearing, two springs and smashed one hind wheel. This last occurred when we were on the desert, a long ways from anywhere except the desert, and caused regrettable delay.

We saw and inspected the petrified forest and the homes of the ancient cliff dwellers in Arizona. Architecture of those lofty habitations does not conform to any of the recognized orders except com-

posit, but they are exceedingly interesting to lovers of nature.

Since arriving in Los Angeles, I have decided that this world is nearly full of people and the most of us are here in and around Los Angeles at the present. A large per cent of them are old worn out human fossils with complacency below the waist line which is evidence of an over-indulgent life. They are a hard looking lot, vainly looking for the fabled fountain that restores youth. There are more pretty women on one block in Lubbock than there are on a quarter section out here. The population here is made up of Dudes, Dudens, Flappers, Flippers, Chinamen, Japs and human beings. Some theories of evolution teach that animals were once people and people were once animals. These theories have some support in the fact that many people here love dogs better than they do people. Perhaps a few generations ago these people were nice little dogs and still love their distant kin. They dream their dogs up in expensive jewelry and place them by their side in their fine auto and feed them on joint steak while human children are half

starving around them. There are people in Lubbock like this but do not judge them too severely because they may have ancestry like those above mentioned.

People from each Eastern state have a club here and meet once a month. I attended the Texas Club and was forced to make a talk. Brief extract of it follows:

After much travel I have found out that this beautiful world is composed of six grand divisions: Europe, Asia, Africa, North America, South America and Texas. The greatest of these is Texas, who in 1839 spanked her old dark skin mother on the south and took the United States of America under her protecting wing in 1845. The best part of the great Empire of Texas is the South Plains surrounding Lubbock, the most important city between the towns of Fort Worth and Los Angeles. Next in importance is California, which is the home of three of my daughters; some of the best products of Texas. While my audience was "boor-ing" for Texas and California, I sneaked out and made my escape.

WALTER E. TAYLOR.

Americans are the only people in the world willing to pay foreigners for the privilege of listening to them tell how uncultured we really are.—New York Morning Telegraph.

Punchettes

It may be trite to say that farming is the most necessary and one of the most honorable occupations in the world. The world will always be indebted to the farmer.

THE FARMER'S BOY

Without him it would be impossible to progress in any line. The farmer has not always considered his position in the dignified way he should. In fact, it is only in recent years that he has been made to realize the scientific side of his work. Prior to that time he was really a trespasser on the soil; he was a robber, an ingrate. He scratched the soil he mutilated it; he robbed it of its producing power. Any farmer who does not give back to the soil a proportionate part of that which he takes from it is an embezzler, not only of God's Providence, but also of Nature's bounty.

The farmer did not have the right attitude toward his own son. He worked him because he was his son. That was unfair and dishonest. He should have considered his son a partner and shareholder in the labors, responsibilities, liabilities, assets and profits of the farm. He



should have rendered an account to his son, paid him a just compensation, and given him an honest and equitable share in the profits of the farm.

The farmer has not always made the farm attractive to his son. You can't keep a boy at home if you give him a pine knot fire by which to read when the world offers him electric lights, a library, and a reading lamp. The farmer must bring the pleasures, amusements, books, magazines, and attractive things into his home and upon his own farm if he expects to keep his boy and make a great agriculturist out of him.

The parcel post, the rural mail delivery, the automobile, the paved

highway, and other conveniences, are for the purpose of enabling the farmer to bring the attractions of the world into his own little country home, into his own desolated farmhouse, and to his own fireside. If he will seize the opportunity, fill his table with magazines, papers, and good books, bring in the music box, and the wireless radio and thus make his home attractive, bright, cheerful, magnetic, and fascinating, he will keep his boys and girls around him.

This is the day of the farm if the farmer will only realize it. This is the hour when the farm ought to be the most attractive spot in the country. This is the moment when the farmhouse ought to ring with music, and the barnyard ought to be the convention hall of agricultural and political activity. The farmer should make his son the leader in that convention and teach him how to mold public opinion and direct legislation.

Let the farmer learn how to be generous and kind to his children and to keep them in the atmosphere of agricultural purity, peace and prosperity.

poem by UNCLE JOHN

This life we live is irksome, no matter where we be; the road is lined with boulders, an' breakers crown the sea. But we mustn't get discouraged an' declare that life's a cheat, for the prospects ain't so cheerin' when a feller gets cold feet.

COLD FEET

The man that proves a winner, is the man that trims his sails, and steers his craft, unerrin' amid the storms or gales,—the hard knocks don't dismay him, which he squares his chin to meet, and his symptoms don't betray him—he never gets cold feet!

There ain't no road to glory, but what's beset with thorns, and it's purty hard to travel, if you're pestered some with corns. So, to make yer failer certain, wear yer pants out on the seat,—it's a sign that allers tells me that a feller's got cold feet. . . .

I like to greet the feller that can laugh at clouds an' cares—that squares himself in trouble, with his fists as well as prayers. . . . One that earns a benediction, that is mighty soft an' sweet, He blessed the world he lived in, and — he never got cold feet!

HOMEY PHILOSOPHY for 1922

If a man should put a pair of handcuffs on himself, lead himself to jail, lock the door an' throw away the key, we'd most likely drag him out of prison an' put him in a padded cell, but we don't do a thing to the bunch that's trying all the time to strip themselves of human rights as well as liberty. Now we are considering censorship of the movies—when we have right with us the only efficient censorship without any law—the censorship of the people. Moral conduct by royal command never has worked out. Let the people have what they want when they want it. Old Dame Nature will take care of them into the line of decency. We wouldn't have steam heat no day if our aboriginal ancestors hadn't been frugal with moral notions.