

AMARILLO DAILY NEWS

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TOP O' THE MORNING.

The indicted pork packers are squealing.

Jack Jeannette wants to fight Jack Johnson. N. B. This must not be mistaken for a stock farm item.

In England apes are being taught to talk—a fact which is carrying reproachful dismay among American Anglomaniacs.

Probably the best way to settle the trouble with Russia is to enclose a list on neutral ground and let a selected U. S. Supreme Judge and the Czar fight it out.

Young Miss Panhandle is growing so fast that she doubts if she can utilize even the most capacious of her this season's Christmas stockings for next year's wear.

It is said that the Pastour Institute at Auslin can get a legislative appropriation for the improvement of its rabies department it will give free treatment to members of the legislature itself.

An article is going the rounds of the press headed "Ancient New Mexico." This is a present misnomer, as New Mexico rediscovered and redeemed, is now no longer ancient, but Democratic.

The authorities at Washington "are watching the treatment accorded General Reyes as the final test of the Madero government." It might be well for our government to quit butchering brown men in the Philippines before sitting in judgment on yellow men shooting each other in Mexico.

RAIN, SLEET AND SNOW.

Monday morning of last week rain began falling in Dimmitt and Castro county and continued all day and it was 10 o'clock that night before it ceased. Sleet then began to fall and continued to do so for several hours, and midnight snow began falling and Tuesday morning old Mother Earth was covered with a white blanket of snow, and such a snow was never seen before in Dimmitt. The snow was six or seven inches deep and was of the kind that produces lots of moisture.

It means that the several thousand acres of land planted in wheat will produce a crop and will certainly yield prosperity to every person in Castro county, in fact throughout the Panhandle, even if Jupiter Pluvius does not again visit us.

The following Tuesday snow began early in the morning and continued until Wednesday morning, about five inches more falling. This makes eleven inches of snow in two days and the prospect for a bumper wheat crop next year is very bright indeed—Dimmitt Plainsman.

We note that the Jupiter Pluvius mentioned in the above article spells his family name with an ambitious "ious." We suppose, however, that he is the same common old moisture man so generally visiting the Texas Panhandle this year.

The Amarillo Real Estate Exchange proposes to establish a permanent exhibit in that city, so that when needed it may be packed and shipped to different cities where fairs and land shows are being held. They ask all the Panhandle towns to co-operate. Hereford will do her part. Go ahead, gentlemen.—Hereford Brand.

Following the Christmas rush and the necessitated recuperation, it might be well to exercise a bit and clear the sidewalks of their liberal ice-coatings. There's many a slip 'twixt Polk street and the postoffice—and elsewhere. Get busy and conserve the language and dignity of the populace.

CURIOS BITS OF HISTORY

THE OLD NATIONAL ROAD.  
BY A. W. MACY.

It is difficult for the present generation to realize the important part played by the "old National road" in the settlement of the central west. This road, or "National pike," as it was often called, extends from Cumberland, Md., to Vandalia, Ill., a distance of about 1,200 miles. Across Ohio and Indiana it is almost as straight as an arrow. It was built by the United States government, under the supervision of the war department. It was projected in 1806, and was constructed in sections, the government making appropriations from time to time. The last one was made in 1838, and the total appropriations were \$6,824,919.33. Toll was collected from those traveling on the road, but it was never self-supporting. For many years it was the great highway to the west, and was traveled by many thousands of people in "prairie schooners," or covered wagons, seeking homes in the new country. The road was a political factor of some importance at various times, some favoring and some opposing its construction and maintenance. At Plainfield, Ind., through which the road runs, there is an ancient elm still standing, known as "the Van Buren tree." Tradition has it that at one time when President Van Buren was going over the road on a tour of inspection, he was spilled in the mud in front of this tree, by reason of an axle that had been sawed almost in two by some political enemy.

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TEXAS RESPONSIBILITY.  
El Paso Times.  
The assertion that Texas with her two hundred thousand Democratic majority is responsible for the fact that both branches of Congress are not now controlled by the Democratic party will doubtless cause a smile. Yet that is nevertheless a fact. On her admission to the union Texas reserved the right whenever her people so determined to divide herself into five states without consulting Congress or anybody else. Had this state been so divided, its people would now be represented in the upper branch of Congress by ten Democrats instead of two, and the Democrats would control that branch as they now do the house.

The division of Texas is inevitable. The state is too large as it is—so large, the population so unequally divided, the interests of the five different sections—East, West, North, South and Middle Texas—are so conflicting that it is impossible for all sections to be equitably represented in any branch of the state government.

The sad experience of this section of the state, which contributes more in proportion to population and real values, than any other section to the support of the state government and yet can get no share in the offices or in the appropriations for public buildings or in the division of the public institutions—that cannot get even an act of the legislature that would permit, not to say promote, the development of its natural resources without detriment, but to the decided advantage of the other sections—the experience of West Texas proves that all the sections of the state cannot hope for equal and exact justice until it shall have been divided.

In addition to the necessity to the welfare of the people of Texas of division, there is now the demonstrated value to the whole country of the increased representation in the senate of the eight additional members which it would provide, thus adding to the benefits of larger influence in shaping legislation that would prove of great importance in securing justice to southern industries and activities.

Texas, therefore, owes it to the whole country, to say nothing of what is due her own people and interests, to go about the division into the five states contemplated by the statesmen who guided her in the early days of her history.

Was Suspicious.  
"That was suspicious," said Senator Newlands, in an address in Reno on irrigation. "That was as suspicious on our opponents' part as the action of the railroad conductor. A passenger, having lost his ticket, paid this conductor in cash, and then said: 'Why do you put half my fare in your coat pocket and the other half in your trousers?' Well, the company's got to have something, ain't it?" was the reply.

Asbestos Shingles.  
Asbestos shingles are now being manufactured in this country with success, and the trade has grown enormously. The new products are of the lightest weight, and preproof up to a temperature of 2,000 and more degrees. They are proof against acids and weather, and last as long as a concrete building will.

Earth's Rotation Slowing

The customary answer to the question: "How long does it take the earth to rotate once on its axis?" is "Twenty-four hours." This is correct after a fashion but if the next question is "How long is an hour?" it is always necessary to fall back, in the end, to the statement that it is one-twenty-fourth of the time it takes the earth to rotate once on its axis. This is simply reasoning in a circle and nowhere. To push the inquiry further it is necessary to ask "What is time?" and in attempting to define this we find ourselves becoming more confused in thought and usually give up in despair. In this brief article we wish to show how our idea of time is intimately connected with the earth's rotation and to call attention to some of the things which affect the latter.

The customary way of measuring the length of day is to take the interval between two consecutive noons when the sun is highest in the heavens. In this interval the earth has made one rotation. Our clocks are so regulated that they show the passage of twenty-four hours in that interval. If we now assume that an hour is always of constant length it means that we assume that the rotation period of the earth is constant. If this latter should be in any way variable then an hour by the clock at one time would not be the same length as an hour at another time. There is some reason for believing that this is really the case. The two following reasons lead to this conclusion.

1. The great tidal waves raised in the ocean by the moon and sun

run round the earth in a direction opposite to that in which the earth rotates. These waves are therefore constantly exerting some friction against the solid earth. While this force is very small as compared with the roasting power of the earth nevertheless it acts as a brake and the effect is a slowing down of the earth's rotation.

2. Meteors are constantly falling to the earth from outer space. Most of them are burned up or dissipated into dust before reaching the earth's surface, but the products of combustion are added to the atmosphere or gradually settle to the surface of the earth. It has been estimated that annually 36,500 tons of matter are added to the mass of the earth in this way. This increased load, which the rotative power of the earth must set in motion, reacts by decreasing the speed of rotation.

Thus we have two processes constantly at work to the end that the rotation period be increased. This means that our clocks will show hours gradually increasing in length. For any given year or century the amount will be excessively small. It has not, in fact, been certainly detected, but there are certain discrepancies between the actual and the calculated positions of some of the heavenly bodies which can be explained on the assumption that the day is very gradually increasing in length. We know positively that these processes are at work and continued observation and more refined methods of measurement may ultimately detect the fact and determine its amount.

POLITICS AND POLITICIANS.

Philadelphia Democrats are planning for a big Jackson Day banquet next month.

Superior, Wis., will vote January 23 on the question of adopting the commission plan of government.

The Georgia Democratic State Committee has decided to hold a presidential primary election some time prior to June 12.

Judge La Moure has been a member of North Dakota's senate since the State was admitted to the Union in 1889.

Charles W. Pool, who was speaker of the Nebraska house two years ago, has announced his candidacy for the Democratic nomination for governor. Maine and Rhode Island are the only New England States in which women have not been granted the right to vote for public school commissioners.

Former Speaker Joseph G. Cannon expresses the opinion that the Republican party will win next year if it sticks to a stand-pat platform.

Governor Harmon of Ohio for President and Governor Burke of North Dakota for Vice President is the national ticket conceived by some of the Democratic politicians.

In the Massachusetts election last month the Socialists polled less than 15,000 votes, as against a total of nearly 40,000 votes cast for their party candidates in 1902.

New Mexico hopes to have the official record of the returns of the recent election completed in time to inaugurate William C. McDonald as the first State governor early in January.

The ballot for the election in Boston on January 9 will be the smallest ever presented for an election in that city. Only twelve names will appear on the ballot, as candidates for the city council and school committee.

Congressman Victor L. Berger of Wisconsin is scheduled as the chief speaker at the third annual convention of the Intercollegiate Socialist Society, which is to meet in New York city on December 28. The society has branches in Yale, Harvard, Brown and a number of other of the leading colleges of the country.

Of the twenty-six occupants of the President's chair six have been native born Ohioans, as follows: Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Benjamin Harrison, McKinley and Taft. Virginia has furnished seven. Seventeen of the twenty-six were college graduates, the nine non-collegians being Washington, Jackson, Van Buren, Taylor, Fillmore, Lincoln Johnson, Cleveland and McKinley.

Present indications point to a lively three-cornered contest for the Democratic nomination for governor of Illinois at the primaries next April. The prospective candidates for the nomination are Samuel Alschuler of Aurora, former Congressman Ben F. Caldwell and former Mayor Edward F. Dunne of Chicago.

Height of Meanness.  
"I never knew Jack could be so mean." "What's the trouble?" "He absolutely refuses to sell his 1911 model car and buy a 1912."

Two Points of View.  
On one occasion, at a party given by Sir John Millais, Lady Halle rose to play the violin, when to her intense amusement she heard Landseer exclaim: "Good gracious! A woman playing the fiddle!" On the other hand, an old-fashioned nobleman, when he saw a gentleman sit down to the piano, contemptuously remarked: "I wonder if the creatures can see!"

A JOURNEY TO ARCADY

BY MAUDE J. PERKINS

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"I don't know what's the matter with me," said the great lawyer, a trifle fretfully. "My business is getting on my nerves and I didn't know I had any nerves."

"We'll soon find out what's wrong," replied the doctor, cheerfully. "What are your symptoms?"

"I don't sleep well nights. I'm nervous and easily angered. And a case I didn't even take is worrying me."

"Didn't take?"

"Yes. It was two weeks ago. A girl came here from Edgewater, Saranac county, and insisted on seeing me. She'd heard about me, and no one else would do."

"It was about a farm—all her father and mother and herself had in the world. A money lender up there had found a flaw in the title and was going to take it away from them. The case was perfectly clear. I could have driven the old rascal out of court in 15 minutes. But—I didn't take it."

"Why?"

"It's out of my line. And besides, my fee would have been more than the farm is worth. I couldn't afford it, you see. But she looked so sorrowful when I told her—so disappointed. She had set her heart on getting me. Her cousin—I didn't ask who he was—had sent her. Confound it, I explained very kindly I couldn't bother with it!" he broke off, frantically.

"Hum," encouraged the doctor.

"I haven't been able to get her and her miserable little farm out of my mind since. I get to thinking of them in the midst of really important matters. Why, I even moon in court about her! You don't imagine I am breaking down, do you, doctor? I'm only thirty-five!"

The doctor prodded and sounded and thumped his patient, and did other professional things in a very grave, professional way. Then he asked suddenly: "Was she pretty?"

"No—yes. That is, I don't know. I never really noticed. She has reddish-brown hair, a lot of it, rather curly."



It Was Sunset When He Came to Her House.

and brown eyes with little gold specks in them. Those eyes seemed to grow darker when I disappointed her. Her lips made you think of June roses—they were so fresh and warm red. Her cheeks were pink, with a little bit of tan over them. She smiled once, at first, and her teeth were as white as that paper, and as even.

"As to figure—well, she was dressed quietly and nicely, and she seemed more slender and at the same time more rounded than the women here in the city. I can't say she was what you'd call pretty or not. I didn't have time to think about her looks. I had some other important litigation in mind, and I barely glanced at her."

"What is her name?"

"Bonita Lamont. Rather odd, isn't it?"

"Odd—and pleasing," returned the doctor. "It seems to give one an idea of what she looks like."

"Now to get back to your case. It's serious, but not necessarily fatal if you will follow my prescription, you'll be all right. First, you must take a month's vacation."

"I am going abroad in a few weeks."

"Your vacation begins tomorrow," returned the doctor, firmly. "Wind up your affairs today and start at sunrise—"

"In my car?"

"On your two feet," was the brusque rejoinder. "You need regular exercise, and fresh air, and plain food. Carry a knapsack and a staff like a pilgrim of old. And do a kindness every day."

"I don't like to be conspicuous," objected the lawyer.

"You won't be," was the dry response. "Kindnesses are not so rare as you crusty old bachelors seem to imagine. And as for the knapsack and the staff, plenty of better men are trudging along the highways like that, breathing the dust the automobiles kick up."

"But—"

"Don't interrupt," snapped the doctor. "Walk 15 or 20 miles a day. Avoid the newspapers as you would snailpox. Don't leave any address behind you. Take a book in the knapsack—something that was old and musty and thumbed over by eager readers before the first 'best-seller' was ever heard of."

"And go to Edgewater, Saranac

county and find Miss Bonita Lamont."

"What?"

"What?" mocked the doctor. "That's the only way to lay the ghost of your conscience. Go, and offer to help her. After you have saved her farm I trust you will be able to give me some sort of an intelligible description of her."

The young man rose with sparkling eyes. "I'll do it, doctor!" he cried.

"Hub!" grunted the doctor; "of course you'll do it."

It was rather hard at first for Mr. Sanford Mortimer, which was the great lawyer's name, to do a kindness every day. He was a bit out of practice, and kindnesses are nearly as much a habit as anything else. But after the first few days it was really astonishing the number of kindnesses that intruded themselves in his vision, just aching to be done.

Late June, when the bees are dropping, and the sun is shining, and the grass grows an inch over night, and the creeks run clear and brown, is an easy time to do things for other people. Or so Mortimer decided, on giving the matter thought as he trugged along the highway sniffing the fresh scents like a foxhound.

He helped small boys dig worms to go fishing. He organized the successful pursuit of a black-and-white pig which escaped from its pen in Sanbourn village and set out to root up the neighbor's gardens. He replaced a punctured tire for a motor car of women whom he found stalled on the highway eight miles from a garage.

He laid out a golfing green at Beyerfield, and umpired a baseball game at Kelly's Corners. He went into the justice court at Hollyford and secured the acquittal of a frightened Hun, who had been arrested for trespass because, not being able to read the warning signs, he had wandered across the boundaries of the princely Holly estate. He rode a plowhorse bareback, and at a reckless gallop, to the nearest telephone when a farmer north of Middleville fell off the barn he was shingling.

Mortimer traveled five miles a day, or 30, as the mood and the helping of others permitted. He read a little now and then from the book in his knapsack, a classic beloved of college days. He slept soundly at night. And in every waking hour, back in his mind like a golden fire, was the consciousness that he was going to save the farm of Bonita Lamont—and see Bonita Lamont herself.

It was sunset one evening when he came to her home, a low, white house on an oak knoll, with vines adventuring from the kitchen to the gray post on which hung the old dinner bell. Bonita was standing at the gate, shading her brown eyes with her little brown hand as she looked down the high road. She did not seem surprised at the sight of him.

"Am I in time?" he asked, curiously content only to be near her.

"Yes. The case does not come on until next week," she replied, giving him her hand. "It has been adjourned, because of the haying."

"I am glad," he said. And then: "You were expecting some one?"

"You," she replied. "I have looked down the road every day at sunset for more than a week. You see, my cousin wrote me you were coming. I knew you would, even before his letter told me."

"Your cousin?" he echoed, wonderfully.

"Yes. Dr. Annesley. He said you were coming this way on a walking tour. He had sent you out to cure an ache." She smiled at him. "You look healthy enough—as if you didn't know what pain was."

He looked deep into the brown eyes. "The ache," he said, softly, "was in my heart. It's cured—now."

"Oh!" breathed Bonita. The rich red swept up into her cheeks as she led the way to the house.

LEE'S IDEA OF A GENTLEMAN

Great Southerner's High Ideals Shown by Memorandum Found Among His Papers.

Lee hated parade, display and ceremony, hated above all things being made an object of public gaze and attention, declares a writer in the Atlantic. His idea of high position was high responsibility; a superior was simply one who had larger duties, and the mark of a gentleman was a keen sense of the feelings and susceptibilities of others.

No one has ever expressed this attitude more delicately than he himself in a memorandum found among his papers after his death.

"The forbearing use of power does not only form a touchstone, but the manner in which an individual enjoys certain advantages over others is a test of a true gentleman."

"The power which the strong have over the weak, the magistrate over the citizen, the employer over the employed, the educated over the unlettered, the experienced over the confiding, even the clever over the silly—the forbearing or inoffensive use of all this power or authority or a total abstinence from it when the case admits it will show the gentleman in a plain light."

"The gentleman does not needlessly and unnecessarily remind an offender of a wrong he may have committed against him. He cannot only forgive, he can forget, and he strives for that nobleness of self and mildness of character which impart sufficient strength to let the past be the past. A true man of honor feels humbled himself when he cannot help bumping others."

Meats cut just as you want them at our market, Griffin Grocery Co.