



MERRY CHRISTMAS



We are told in the Holy Book that Christ was born on Christmas Day and that's the reason we celebrate this great day--Christ brought us light and with light comes happiness. That's why we say

A Merry Christmas and

To be real happy one must own a good bank account; the larger the account the greater the happiness. We solicit your account regardless of size and offer you every accommodation consistent with good banking.

JUNCTION STATE BANK

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$100,000.00



Hamer's Store For YOUR Xmas Shopping

It's the store that carries a large stock of goods such as every family needs in everyday life.

YOUR XMAS GOODS, YOUR GROCERIES,
DRY GOODS, HARDWARE,

Most anything you want can be found here,
Make our store your headquarters when in town; meet
your friends here, use our telephone.

SHOP AT HAMER'S.

A Merry Xmas and
A Profitable New Year

is our wish for the people in Kimble County.

Alex J. Hamer Co.

Established 1898.

The Serve You Best Store

I take this manner of expressing my sincere appreciation of the liberal patronage extended to me during my first year in business.

I hope to enjoy the same patronage in the future and shall try to serve you so well that you will have no reason to regret.

I thank you one and all, and wish for you

A Merry Christmas

and

Happy New Year.

ARTHUR SIMON, THE
GROCER.

PHONE 10

JUNCTION, TEXAS



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BUYING A GIFT FOR HIS WIFE

This Man Had Plenty of Help While on a Shopping Tour.

His male shopper walked up and down the aisle of the big store looking about him with an expression of despair. He knew what he wanted to buy all right. It wasn't that. But he kept wandering about looking at the saleswomen behind the counters with all the perplexity of a dog trying to recall where he had buried a soup bone.

He stood off to one side staring intently at a busy young creature with dark bay hair behind the ribbon counter, and at last walked up within talking distance.

"Don't suppose you can leave here for a few minutes, can you?" he began in a low tone.

"What?"

"I say—never mind. I mean wait a minute till I be back."

And he rushed away to hide his confusion from the other shoppers. He did not return, but went over to another aisle and began sizing up people there, both in front and behind the counters.

Was the man hughouse? No. Just be patient and you'll hear all about it.

He kept looking and looking, and at last his gaze took in a tall young woman—reasonably young—with a bunch of small packages tucked under her arm. He walked up to her, hesitated, and then hurried. "Beg pardon, madam, but may I speak to you a moment?"

She gave him a look and started to hurry away, but he was obliged, hurriedly, to say:



"Don't You Suppose You Can Leave Here for a Few Minutes?"

ing gone that far, to make good and convince her of the innocence of his motives.

"Don't be alarmed," he said, catching up with her. "I'm not trying to flirt or get fresh. Honestly, now, I'm not in the habit of speaking to women I don't know. Look me over and you'll see that I'm well-meaning enough. But the fact is, you see, you're just the same size as my wife—apparently! And—"

The woman gasped. "I don't see—"

"Oh, but I want to ask a favor of you," went on the male shopper, more at ease now. "I've looked all over the saleswomen and the only one that would do was busy behind the ribbon counter, but you're just precisely what I need—oh, I beg your pardon, I mean you're just exactly my wife's size and can tell me what to ask for. You see, I came here to buy her a shirtwaist that she's been drooping little bits about, and now that I'm here it's just struck me that I haven't the remotest idea about her size. I'm the densest person you ever saw about such things—don't even know my own waist measurement. I'm positive, though, that whatever your size is, it would do for her. You may be an inch taller than my wife, but that's about the only difference."

"It's a little unconventional, isn't it?" the woman smiled not unpleasantly. "Still I don't see why I shouldn't tell you that my size is—that my shirtwaists are usually size thirty-six."

They had been walking down the aisle and were now right by the shirtwaist counter.

"I had a blue one picked out there," remarked the man, "that seemed to be about what I wanted to get, but I didn't know what size it was. See! That's lying over there on top of that pink one."

"Does your wife like that shade of blue?"

"You see," pointed out the kind woman in a considerate, half-sympathetic tone, "that particular shade of blue doesn't go with any other color. Now, if I were receiving a shirtwaist for Christmas I should want a white waist. Of course your wife may have expressed a preference for some other color. No? Well, now you understand it's none of my affair—and this is certainly rather informal, me helping you to select something for your wife, whom I don't even know, to say nothing of not even knowing your name—but I should think any woman would be delighted with something like this one, for instance."

"Why—er—well, of course she hasn't seen it," replied the male shopper. "Do you suppose she'd like some other color better?"

"You see," pointed out the kind woman in a considerate, half-sympathetic tone, "that particular shade of blue doesn't go with any other color. Now, if I were receiving a shirtwaist for Christmas I should want a white waist. Of course your wife may have expressed a preference for some other color. No? Well, now you understand it's none of my affair—and this is certainly rather informal, me helping you to select something for your wife, whom I don't even know, to say nothing of not even knowing your name—but I should think any woman would be delighted with something like this one, for instance."

The male person inquired the price. It was \$4 more than the blue one he had selected, but he said he would take it, and no questions asked.

"Send it out to number so-and-so Such-and-such street, and—oh, that won't do. It might be delivered when she was at home and that would queer the whole thing. Better send it to my office. Thomas J. Wingett is the name, in the Pretentious building. I'd carry it, but I don't get a lot of stops to make."

"Wingett," repeated the woman after hearing his name; "there's a Mrs. Wingett in our card club. You don't happen to be Mrs. Alice Wingett's husband, do you?"

"I sure am," grinned the man. "She's the girl that's going to get that shirtwaist off the pine tree next Monday."

"Well, of all things," gasped the kindly disposed woman. "I don't know Alice Wingett so very well, but I've met her at the club, and it does seem funny that I should be helping her husband to pick out a Christmas present for her. My name is Cummins. I don't suppose you know my husband. He travels most of the time."

"Seems to me I've heard Alice speak of a Mrs. Cummins," says Wingett. "Er—by the way, maybe you'd better not say anything to Alice when you see her about—about how informally we were introduced. She might think it funny. Like as not she'd think I'd been walking up and down the aisle staring at folks."

"I have a notion to tell her what you just said," grinned Mrs. Cummins. "I guess I won't though. Seems to me the joke would be partly on me. Well, I hope Alice likes the shirtwaist."

"If she doesn't she hasn't good taste," grinned Wingett. "I certainly am glad to see you. If you can't make up your mind what to get your husband, let me know, and maybe I can help you out."

And he bowed gracefully as his new acquaintance gathered up her packages and tripped on her way.



Forget your troubles and be gay, And make this a Merry CHRISTMAS DAY

blue?" the woman asked significantly, after biting her lips for a moment.

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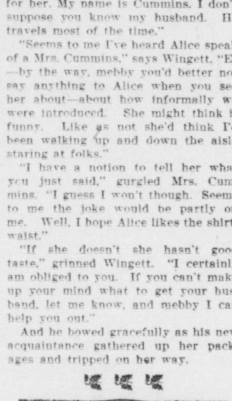
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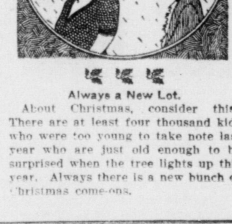
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Always a New Lot.

About Christmas, consider this: There are at least four thousand kids who were too young to take note last year who are just old enough to be surprised when the tree lights up this year. Always there is a new bunch of 'Christmas come-ons.



Ever Have Your Garment Scorched? NOT HERE

We never burn, scorch or gloss anyone's clothes. We press with hot, dry steam, sterilize your clothes and make them look as good as new—THAT'S SERVICE

Cleaning Repairing Altering

CALL US—WE'LL CALL

Ragland & Stephen

The STAR

Douglas Malloch

UPON the East appears a shining star, like a jewel to the night, a glowing star that lights a waiting world, One gleaming star, a beacon and a lamp.

FIVE points it has, five points like lesser stars. One looks to Heaven, and its name is Faith. Two follow the horizon: one is Love. The other world-encircling Brotherhood. Another, Kindness, burning on unchanged, And Charity, the fifth, are set toward Earth. To bring it nearer Heaven.

OUT from them all, from every shining point. Pour forth such rays! a glory radiant That seeks and finds the heaven's highest dome, That seeks and finds the deepest vale of Earth, The hearts of princes melts, the beggars' warms.

BEHOLD the Star," they cry, "of Bethlehem!" The Star of Faith and Love, of Brotherhood, Of Charity and Kindness! And behold Around, about, its fair, effulgent rays— The Christmas Spirit—lighting all the World! Now "Peace on Earth," they cry, "Good Will to Men!"

After Effect.



Santa Claus—These up-to-date flat chimneys do pull a fellow out pretty nifty. The Pocketbook—And the modern Christmas leaves me pretty thin, my self.



I love little girls and boys, And I like to bring them candies and toys: So, sleep sound, And I'll come around To leave you a bundle of joys.

THE STATE OF TEXAS, To the Sheriff or any Constable of Kimble County—GREETING.

YOU ARE HEREBY COMMANDED, That you summon, by making Publication of this Citation in some newspaper published in the County of Kimble if there be a newspaper published therein, but if not then in any newspaper published in the 33rd judicial district; but if there be no newspaper published in said judicial district, then in a newspaper published in the nearest district to said 33rd judicial district, for four weeks previous to the return day hereof, J. F. Chancellor, whose residence is unknown, to be and appear before the Hon. District Court, at the next regular term thereof, to be held in the County of Kimble at the Court House thereof, in Junction Texas on First Monday in February A. D. 1917, the same being the 5th day of said month then and there to answer a Petition filed in said Court, on the 9th day of December A. D. 1916, in a suit numbered on the docket of said Court No. 648, wherein Mrs. Ida Chancellor is plaintiff and J. F. Chancellor is defendant. The nature of the plaintiff's demand being as follows, to-wit:

The State of Texas, } In the District Court of Kimble County, Texas, February Term, A. D. 1917.

To the Honorable N. T. Stubbs Judge of said Court.

Now comes Mrs. Ida Chancellor, who resides in Kimble County, Texas, hereinafter called plaintiff, complaining of J. F. Chancellor, whose residence is to plaintiff unknown, hereinafter called defendant: and for cause of action herein, plaintiff alleges:

That she is an actual bonafide inhabitant of the State of Texas, and has resided in the said County of Kimble for at least six months next preceding the filing of this suit:

That on or about the 29th day of April, A. D. 1906, in Brady McCulloch county, Texas, plaintiff was legally married to defendant and continued to live with him as his wife until about the 15th day of September, A. D. 1909, at which time defendant deserted and abandoned plaintiff in Los Angeles, California, leaving her in destitute circumstances without employment and with no means to provide for her self and children.

That thereafter, by the assistance of relatives, and friends, plaintiff made her way back to her relatives in McCulloch County, Texas, and continued to live with them until about the 1st day of September, A. D. 1909, when defendant came to her place of residence and by promising to make amends or his past conduct, and to make a living for her, and to provide her with a home, and to treat her with the respect becoming her as his wife, that defendant thereby induced and persuaded plaintiff to again live with him as his wife and that plaintiff continued to live with him as his wife until on or about the 10th day of June, A. D. 1913, at which time defendant deserted her in Fort Worth, Texas, with the intention of abandoning plaintiff and did then and there abandon her and leave her in destitute circumstances, without means and without provision for herself and child, and that defendant abandoned her without just cause on his part and through no fault of plaintiff's.

That thereafter plaintiff secured employment and worked and earned a support for herself and child; and earned the money to pay her transportation back to the home of her relatives and has continued to reside with them until this date:

That plaintiff, during the time she lived and cohabited with defendant as aforesaid, had two children by him, to-wit, a boy, by the name of Henry born February 2 A. D. 1907, and a girl, by the name of Eula born June 23

A. D. 1909, and died April 9 1910 that during all that time plaintiff conducted herself with propriety and managed the household affairs of her said husband with prudence and economy, and at all times treated her said husband with kindness and forbearance. But that defendant, disregarding the solemnity of his marriage vow, and his obligation to treat plaintiff with kindness and attention and to provide a support and maintenance for her, has at all times failed to, provide a home for plaintiff and has never made her a support, and has abandoned her in destitute circumstances at the times and places above mentioned:

That when defendant, last abandoned plaintiff, to-wit, on or about June 10th A. D. 1913, plaintiff has not seen him and he has not returned to plaintiff or asked her in any manner to return to him, and has contributed nothing to the support and maintenance of plaintiff or her child; That plaintiff is now able to care for support and educate the child, of said marriage now living:

That there is no community or separate property of either plaintiff or defendant, and no property rights to be adjusted:

Wherefore plaintiff prays the Court that defendant be cited to appear and answer this petition; that on final hearing plaintiff have judgment dissolving the marriage contract now existing between plaintiff and defendant; that plaintiff have the custody and education of the said child of said marriage, and for costs of suit, and for such other, and further relief, special and general in law and in equity that she may be justly entitled to.

Coke R. Stevenson, Attorney for Plaintiff.

HEREIN FAIL NOT, And have you before said Court, on the said first day of the next term thereof, this Writ, with your endorsement thereon, showing how you have executed the same.

Given under my hand and seal of said Court, at office in Junction, Texas, this, the 9th day of December A. D. 1915.

Oren C. Reid, Clerk District Court Kimble County, Texas.

By Byron Newby, Deputy.

THAT CHRISTMAS PRESENT.



"She's afraid I wasn't going to give anything to her."

"What makes you think that?"

"She sent in her present to me yesterday."

Is Marriage a Failure?

No, not if you secure your wedding cards at The Citizen office

It's a question which is the worst condition—to want a thing and not have it, or to have a thing and not want it.

In either case the answer is—read and use the want ads.

**COKE R. STEVENSON,
LAWYER**

County Attorney of Kimble County, Texas.
Will practice in any Civil Cases as well as Criminal.
Office in Court House, Upstairs Junction, Texas.

**M. E. BLACKBURN
LAWYER**

Will Practice in all State and Federal Courts.
Abstracts of Titles of Kimble County.

JUNCTION-KERRVILLE AUTO MAIL LINE

ROY KEMP, Contractor.
Car leaves Junction Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.
Leaves Junction 4:00 a. m. arrives in Kerrville at 11 a. m.
Car leaves Kerrville Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.
Makes Connection With Evening Trains.
FARE: One way, 75.00; round trip, 150.00
All matters entrusted to me will receive very best attention.

F. M. Chase Co.

Sells Kimble County land in large or small tracts. Farm or Ranch lands on Cash or Credit. Anyway to suit purchaser. If you want to buy or sell, tell me about it, and let me help you. I am familiar with Kimble County lands and the information will cost you nothing.

GOOD WISHES

By FORTUNE FREE.

SOMEONE said that the richest person was the one who was the fullest of good wishes for others and who received their good wishes in return. Wishing others well did him or her all the good in the world, and the good wishes in return were powerful for good. Don't we find it so ourselves? No one can do without them. They are our dearest possessions.

Montague Williams, the celebrated British barrister, once related the story of a rather unlovely old gentleman of miserly habits and rejecting in the neighborhood of "Old Fishbones." Generosity was not one of his virtues, and if he wished any human creature well he kept it a secret to himself. He was a man who seemed impervious to all good wishes—a solitary old grudge who cared nothing for the good or the bad wishes of any human creature. When he died, however, it turned out that he had been by no means as thick-skinned as he seemed. He left a will in which he bequeathed money to different persons, and ten thousand pounds to some unknown individual whom he named his solicitor to discover if possible. That person had been accustomed to send him yearly an anonymous post card with just "Best wishes at this time to you."

The writer gave no clue as to who he was. The old gentleman tear the cards up or threw them into the fire? Not a bit of it. He had carefully preserved them—tied them up in a nice packet. "If the writer can be discovered," he ordered in his will, "I request him ten thousand pounds for his good will."

I would dearly have liked to have got that money, but all efforts to find him proved unavailing.

One cannot help wishing well to the person who wishes others well. Good wishes are the magnetism of the earth. It is a delightful thing to think that others are thinking of us.

The well-wisher is thinking of us. He also puts his good thought for us into words. "I wish you every good thing or something of that kind. It is like a group of stars pressing out. It shines both the giver and the receiver. I don't know which gets the most out of it."

These are times when the world seems out into a night, about as if it were a goodly Christmas tree in the great gloom. Never had we so much of the magic of the evening Christmas time. It is an enormous opportunity for the good wisher to make his points felt.

It is a curious and beautiful thing about this Christmas spirit that your effort need not be felt as a burden, that all but those who, in order to give pleasure to others, while in the end we ourselves get the benefit, not of what he has received from others, but of what he has done for them.

Utility
"How your wife favors useful gifts?"
"Too much," replied Mr. Moxton.
"Last Christmas she bought me a nice dog-skin shoe."

Quotations to Go With Christmas Gifts
A PRETTY and original touch may give a Christmas gift by accompanying it with a card or note which is an earnest and sincere expression of its appropriateness. A few selected quotations suitable for different gifts are suggested here.

- For a postal card: Kind messages that pass from hand to hand.—Longfellow.
- For a set of books by a well-known author: The chief glory of every people arises from its authors.—De Quincey.
- For a small album: The child's first book is the book of his life.—John Ruskin.
- For a useful purse: The best friends are in the purse.—German Proverb.
- Happy the man, who, amid of cares and strife, In silver or in leather purse retains A spendthrift's smiling.—John Phillips.
- With a pack of cards: The cards beat all the players, but they never as soon as the player.—Longfellow.
- With a pair of gloves: Oh, that I were a glove upon that hand! "Romeo and Juliet."
- With a silver watch: The heart like a mirror should reflect all others without being sullied by any.—Confucius.
- With a "tear-off" calendar: The longest day must have an end.—Italian Proverb.
- A Christmas gift of a ring for a fiancée or wife: On her ring love As a herald's crown And pure as gold forever.—Robert Herrick.
- For the best baby: Much is the worth, and even more is made of her.—St. Basil.
- With an umbrella: The year must part deformed with dripping rain.—Cowper.
- With a crocheted: The taste of the kitchen is better than the smell.—Old Proverb.
- With an electric torch lamp: To a great night a great lantern.—Old Proverb.
- With a necktie: Who has had need of a hundred eyes.—Old Proverb.

Suppose you send this copy of THE CITIZEN to some friend elsewhere who might be attracted toward Kimble.

BILLY'S CHRISTMAS

By MRS. HAZEL B. BEATTY.

WE BILLY sat on the front steps and pondered. Truly this was a funny world, and we Billy could not understand why he could not have a brother to play with. Jimmy, across the street, had one; and Teddy Jones, two houses above, had two. One a great big brother, who used to give Billy pennies. And now to see Billy's sorrow the new family just moved in next door had five boys. Of course they were brothers, and none of them were grown up. What good times they must have. And here he Billy didn't have a soul but a cat outside of Mamma and Daddy Boy.

Poor Billy boy! The longer he pondered the more dejected he grew, but finally Smokey, the great big tiger kitty, who allowed his small master to pull his sacred tail and otherwise subject him to such indignities, was aroused from his peaceful slumbers by a much-excited little boy, who just hopped around on one foot and finally



He Put the Letter in the Fireplace.

swayed by grabbing kitty up in his arms. This was too much, for Smokey was an animal, and down went wee Billy, Smokey and all.

Such a riot up! For a few minutes nothing could be seen but a rioty pile of all arms and legs and a much-alarmed cat who managed to crawl from under his little master and sought the farthest corner in the front hall from which he could view Wee Billy Boy safely and also be ready to run if such another scene seemed imminent.

Billy Boy had solved the problem. What was it his teacher had told him about the Christmas baby? The small child groined for the much desired information, but in vain. Ah, how it didn't matter. Of course Santa Claus brought the Christmas baby, because he brought all things at Christmas time, so why not write Santa and tell him all about it.

Wee Billy Boy rushed to mamma's desk and was soon busy. Had he time to send his letter? It still lacked a week to Christmas and everybody was busy, so "Billy Boy mustn't bother," when he had asked his pretty mother; but he guessed it wouldn't take long for a letter to reach such a well-known old gentleman, so Billy Boy wrote: "Dear Santa Claus, I want a little brother, not a big one, but one just like me because I get loneliness, your best Billy boy."

He put the letter in the fireplace, happy in the knowledge that Santa Claus had received it because it "burned so beautifully."

Wee Billy gazed his precious secret carefully and covered the door. He haunted the doors and was in the way generally, meaning to intercept anybody bringing a baby brother. But the week passed and a heavy-hearted little boy was tucked into bed by Daddy Boy after a strenuous time of wondering and the hanging of the stocking.

"Where was his problem knowing she wasn't she there to kiss and tug him?"

But Daddy Boy said she was "getting ready for Santa Claus," and of course, Daddy Boy knew, but—and the heavy lids dropped and he'd great quiet. Wee Billy Boy was in Dream-land having an awful fight with a new brother, who insisted on sitting on Smokey.

Morning dawned and Billy Boy opened his eyes only to remember the day and shouting: "Merry Christmas, Mamma, Merry Christmas, Daddy Boy!"

He hopped out of bed. Daddy Boy was still at the door and strange to say was all dressed. "Did he bring him, Daddy Boy? Oh! Did he?" "Bring what, son?" asked Daddy Boy.

"A brother. I wrote Santa Claus for a brother." And the blue eyes grew early as he looked at his stocking, but saw no sign of the covered brother. "You come with me, son; perhaps on haven't looked in the right place."

**HASHIMURA TOGO
ON CHRISTMAS
BY WALLACE IRWIN**

To Editor, who realize how it must be more expensive to give than to receive.

DEAR MR. SIR: Merry Xmas thoughts fill me with something else. My brain refuses to ring bells in connection with this annual jingling. Perhaps it is because of following anecdote which happen to me:

At home of Mrs. & Mr. J. Poke, Rockpile, N. J., which is on the list of places where I am no longer there, I was employed in their midst. That family contained only two (2) complete children, but they were sufficiently plenty. By name they were Hester and Lester, aged 5 & 7 respectively. These young persons, when healthy, was full of childly amusements including—dish-break, runaway, knockabouts, and whitening pencils with Father's safety razor.

But by approach of Xmas time they suddenly became otherwise. I notice this because I seen it. They walk around with Y. M. C. A. expression of toes and seem too good to be happy.

"Oh childish children!" I reprove from them, "why so you do so? Do you enjoy some sleeping sickness to make you thusly silent?" "Hush!" they depose. "Xmas are coming!"

"Are Xmas, then, such saddest event that you should await it without cheers?" I ask to know.

"Oh not is!" they occultic. "But, unless we behave very Sunday-school, Hon. St. Claus will not arrive with gifts of great cash valuation."

I stand gawp for this phenomenal. So I go to Hon. Mrs. Poke and reprove from her. "Hon. Mrs. Madam, I say so, "who are this Hon. St. Claus who seem so Carnegie in his gifts?"

"He resemble Hon. Flying Dutchman," she suggest, with slyly winking. "No such person ever was."

"How so?" I snatch off for horrors. "Then I must inform Hon. Hester & Lester about this mistaken personality."

"Not to do!" she snigger peevily. "Why should not?" I ask to know, with eyebrows. "Because that," she say it. "I told them about this Hon. St. Claus from my own vision."

"How you could be so deceptive?" I terrify. "I do this to make my children less sinful in their compartment," she suggest. "When they go around making gunman noises, I holla, 'Stop before Hon. St. Claus hear you and refuse to come!' If they tell untruthful lies, I humiliate them by reproaching, 'Hon. St. Claus will snub you for this untruthfulness!'"

"Are it not somewhat sinful to relate them fabulous tale to tender child?" I negotiate.

"Ah, no!" she abstract. "If childhood should not believe in St. Claus, then most happy times would relapse forever. Togo, you must do everything what possible to make them believe in this whicker gentleman."

"I shall attempt to think up something deliciously deceptive," are smart answer I make.

On date previously before Xmas I go to town-village with weekly salary, price 5, and purchase considerable wheel-cart, squeak doll, jump-up Jack, and other childish amusement. These I poke under overcoat and retreat home slyly like snail walking over naphthalene.

When night-time was there, Hon. Hester & Lester was cruelly sent to bedtime and locked asleep so they would not find out about Hon. St. Claus. As soon as they make sleep, Mrs. & Mr. Poke command me for bring forth Xmas-tree. I make him grow from soap-box in dining-room. I assist intelligently hanging this foliage with tin fruit, including numerous candies standing on limbs to resemble fireworks. While Hon. Poke boss my enthusiasm, I make.

I Clash Against Xmas Tree Which Tottle Over Amidst Horble Fire Alarms.

alarm, I fetch forth considerable heavy boxes from basement of cellar. Each box is loaded with me. Yet I continue this labor until mixed assortment of Xmas stood by tree with delectable looks about Hon. St. Claus.

At 1 o'clock hour a m. Mrs. and Mr. Poke retire backward, exhausted from observing my work. But my dutiful labor had just commenced. I must prepare to show these childish children how Hon. Mr. Claus down-slide down chimney pipe.

All house was full of darkness. Moon moonlight outside. With sneaker footstep, I make snake swimming in oil. I approach to closet and fetch forth

1 minkish atom-bomb coat
2 hooks of rubery exterior
1 cap from Eskimo leather
1 lb cotton resembling whisker.

I drop all them presents I bought inside one laundry-bag, place myself into these garments of elerbach, then with delective toes I descend up through attic to where chimney-pipe was on roof.

A look time now approach. Seeking affectionate hugs to Hon. Chimbley, I could tell it was Xmas by the feel of the thermometer. By peeking down Hon. Chimbley, I could see how it was sufficiently large hole to permit me Japanese smallness—yet I must compress myself to do so. I enjoyed considerable nervousness like heroes expecting to dive down Mt. Vesuvius.

Truly soonly 6 a. m. was there and I was not yet froze completely hard. By listening down chimney-pipe with telephone expression, I could hear childhood voices coming down stairs saying "Oh!" It were time for me to make some slide.

I pull 1 lb. cotton to my chin, smuggle Hon. Bag to back, and commence climbing into chimney. What was? Distinctly I could smell slight smudge of smoke coming upward! Yet it were too late. Already I was slipping, suddenly. More choking.

"Oh help! help!" I gollup. "Who there?" demand Hon. Poke below-down. "Hon. St. Claus containing smoke?" I yellup. "Make haste or else be quick!"

Some individual persons grab me at toes. With intense drag I was pulled forth to fireplace where blazing was. My cotony whisker become inflamed, and in desperado attempt I clash against Xmas-tree which retreat over amidst horble fire-alarms. Great holla by all. Then I am a hero, as usual. While all others make hook-and-ladder noise, I embrace Hon. Tree with obeisance and retreat him outwards through window. Of finally all was silent, except slight smell of smudge.

"What impossibility are you attempting to act like?" require Hon. Mrs. sarcastically. "Hon. St. Claus," I report.

"Why you no entrance by door?" screech Hon. Mr. with wounded knuckle. "Doors is not respectable for Santa to come in by," I devote. "They are plenty for Japanese to go out by," ventrout him, escorting me outwards with brutal jam.

And when I was a deploring away from there I hear Hester & Lester report in voice together: "We have saw Hon. St. Claus. We do not care to meet such a person!" So I depart off feeling like an impossibility. Hoping you are the same,

Yours truly,
HASHIMURA TOGO.
(Copyright, 1918, by International Press Bureau.)

**Under the Mistletoe
by De Lyse Berree Cass**



COIFFURED mesh of copper-colored hair, half disarranged, yet as scientific as a spider's web—humid melting eyes, luminous with a light born only of itself—a dimpled pitfall on one cheek where art and nature blend indistinguishably—red, red moist lips beneath which the ardent blood of maidenhood throbs strongly like a runner's pulse—a seductive sweep of velvety throat, with the delicate tracery of veins showing faintly violet—a tempestuous bosom—

And around all this, Two Arms—a Man's.

Schreiner-Hodges Co.

General Merchandise

RANCH SUPPLIES

We Buy Country Produce.

Junction, Texas.

HORACE E. WILSON, LAWYER

Will practice in all State and U. S. Courts. Real Estate Loans and Vendor Lien Notes Bought and Sold. Office West side Court House Square.

OH! HELL!

Anonymous in Angora Journal.

They say sometimes "It's cold as Hell."

Sometimes they say, "It's hot as Hell."

When it rains hard, "It's Hell," they cry.

It's also Hell when it's dry.

They hate like Hell to see it snow.

Now how in the Hell can any one tell

What in Hell they mean by this word, "Hell?"

"This married life is Hell," they say.

When they come home late, there is Hell to pay.

It's Hell when the kid you have to tote

When he starts to bawl it's a Hell of a note.

It's Hell when the doctor sends his bill.

For a Hell of a lot of trips and pills

When you get this, you know real well

Just what is meant by this word "Hell."

Hell, yes! Hell, no! and Oh, Hell! too!

The Hell you don't! The Hell you do!

And what in the Hell! and the Hell it is!

The Hell with yours! and the Hell with mine!

Hell with his! Now who in the Hell! and Oh, Hell, where? And what in the Hell do you think I care? But the Hell of it is--it sure is Hell-- We don't know what in the Hell is Hell!

WOODMEN CIRCLE ELECT OFFICERS Dec. 13

Following: Vashli Taylor, Guardian. Jessie Phillips, Advisor. Minnie Riley, Clerk. Agnes Jordan, Banker. Eula Ramsey, attendant. Nellie Hankins, Asst. Attendant. Benona Allen, Chaplain. Dora Holekamp, Inner Sentinel. Elizabeth Jarvis, Outer Sentinel. Selma Joseph, Manager 3 yrs. Hydie Pelps, 2 yrs. Samma J. Baker, 1 yr. Stella Martin, Past Guardian. Dr. R. H. P. Wright, Physician.

NOTICE

Mrs. Boone has reduced all goods in her line to almost cost for the next 10 days. This includes ladies and children's trimmed and untrimmed hats, veils, caps, gloves and handkerchiefs.

Arrived! NEW FALL SAMPLES

A BEAUTIFUL ASSORTMENT. SEE THEM NOW. THEY ARE BEAUTIFUL.

Our Made to Measure Clothing Fits.

W. H. SIMON, "Fit-U-Best" Tailor

It is Time to Consider Monuments

and before you buy we want you to consider the monuments we sell. A little time spent in investigation now will save you many dollars when pay day comes. Let us bring our designs and figure with you. Why send your order away from home when we can please you better for less money?

C. M. NICHOLS.

Junction Auto Co,

W. M. McDonald & Son, Props.

We have H. L. Mandlin, an expert mechanic. In our shop and we do all kinds auto and other repair work and we guarantee all work. Have full line of accessories. Service car at all times; rates reasonable. We will treat you right and appreciate your patronage.

New Proprietor at Lone Star Cafe

J. R. Pettitt, Who Established Business Again Assumes Charge.

J. R. Pettitt, who several years ago established the Lone Star Cafe is again at home in that place of business. Mr. Pettitt took charge Monday. He is a restaurant man of many years experience and needs no introduction in that capacity to the people here. He is assisted by his wife who, as everyone knows, is an excellent cook. The large brick oven has just recently been remodeled, lined with brick, and put in first class condition, and does splendid work. Other improvements are being added; Mr. Pettitt proposes that the pleasing satisfaction of this restaurant shall be second to none in this section. The place will be better equipped than ever before for serving the public; among other things Mr. Pettitt has a car delivery service always ready, and when light bread, pastry or any other product of the house is wanted, the busy housewife can order by phone and have her order come in a hurry. Mr. Pettitt invites all his old friends and the general public to call on him when hungry.

Teachers Institute

The Kimble County Teachers Institute had a busy term here this week, some thirty-seven teachers being present. The Institute program was for five days beginning Monday, but as several were anxious to finish and get home for the holidays night sessions were held and the program completed Wednesday evening. The entire program of the institute was very interesting and instructive.

BAZAAR

The Bazaar held by the Ladies of the German Lutheran Church last Friday and Saturday was a decided success, about \$45.00 being realized. The Ladies wish to express their thanks to Mr. W. H. Simon for the use of his shop and to everyone who helped about the Bazaar in any way.

Program For Epworth League

Sunday Dec 24, 1910. Subject, Helping to accomplish the Purpose of Christ's coming. Leader, Clarence Nichols. Scripture Lesson John 10: 1-16. Song, Joy to the World (No. 313) Prayer. Reading by Hazel Randolph. Christmas Recitation, Irma Phillips Song, No. 317. References, Matt. 2: 1-2 Mabel Taylor. Luke 2: 7-11 Irene Knox. Luke 2: 11-16. Mary Ellis Blackburn. Luke 2: 16-20. Hattie Dechert. Matt. 4: 21-23 Wilson Buster. Reading. Talk by Rev. J. C. Campbell. Song No. 32. Benediction.

Guessing Contest

In a glass jar at Heyman's Drug store may be seen beans of various kinds and sizes. With each 25c purchase at this store is given one guess at the number of beans in the jar. To the one making the nearest correct guess will be given a \$20 gold bracelet watch, 25 year guarantee, 15 jewel lever movement. To the next nearest correct guess will be given an \$18 gold bracelet watch, 14c gold case, 15 jewel lever movement.

Both prizes are such as anyone would be well proud to possess. Are you a good guesser? Take a few chances at these. Remember, one guess with each 25c purchase.

HEYMAN'S DRUG STORE.

American Grown Wool

Reaches \$1 Mark.

By the Boston Correspondent in the American Sheep-Breeder and Wool-Grower.

Scoured wool of domestic growth has touched the dollar mark at last the highest point since the Civil War. While this has been only for a choice lot of staple wool, it is indicative of the strong upward tendency of the whole market, which is in the midst of a "boom" rarely seen as a result of legitimate causes. Though on "the face of the returns," Boston is still the cheapest of the big markets of the world, something has recently been done towards bringing prices here to the parity of foreign markets, through London, Australia, the Cape Colony and South America report prices prevailing that could not be duplicated, if the wools were here today. Some of the more optimistic are beginning to say, "there's no limit but the sky" for wool prices.

Reasons for this world-wide strength are not difficult to find. England needs wool, and more wool for war purposes and has commandeered the clip of the United Kingdom, and has embargoed the clips of New Zealand and Australia. This leaves the Cape and South America the only big primary markets open to buyers from the United States. England would undoubtedly embargo the Cape wool also but she must hold that colony with "loose reign" for the moment. Sydney and Melbourne are finding buyers from Japan a very good substitute for those from this country, recent cablegrams reporting them as buying without limit, or as "unobtainable." Consequently, the wool growers of the commonwealth are satisfied with returns, and particular effort is being made to bring about a lifting of the embargo.

At the Cape, prices are running very high. Early shorn wools were sold at a figure over 50 per cent higher than the opening prices of last year, while recent contracts of the better combing wools are said to have been made at figures that will mean fully a dollar a pound clean landed cost. The native wools have sold well up to the level of good combing wools, quality considered. American buyers are exploiting the Cape markets, and probably a big volume of wool will be available from thence, provided England does not intervene. Manufacturers No Longer Indifferent.

There is no longer any complaint of the indifference of manufacturers. On the contrary, they have shown a very gratifying degree of interest in the situation. There is no longer any disposition to haggle over values, but if the wools offered can be made available, they are taken readily. In the early days of November the American Woolen Co. is credited with having operated heavily, and is said to have bought freely of the wools suitable to be used in its mills. This concern has by no means been alone in its buying, for there has been a general movement of this nature among large and small concerns, both worsted and woolen. Aggregate sales have been further swelled by speculative trading between dealers, mainly in foreign scoureds, which have been moved in this way to the tune of thousands of bales and bags, both local and co-

The Real Men

It is pretty hard to assert your independence and defy the world, when you have an empty stomach and an empty pocketbook. If your bluff is called, then what?

The prudent man who has saved a little, who has a reserve at the bank to tide him over a year or two, isn't afraid of sickness nor such a coward about being out of a job. A bank account is as substantial to real manhood. The larger the account, the firmer the footing. It breeds self confidence, it is a proof of efficiency, and an ever present resource in time of need.

It's not what a man earns in a year that gives him a surplus at the bank, it's what he SAVES. Remember that.

We pay 5 per cent on Time Deposits.

Junction State Bank

lional secured being included. Independent of Politics.

Just before the election there was an exceptionally good demand for Territory wool, and Election Day itself was the best day the trade has had for a long time. Whether this was due to confidence in Hughes election is not clear, though most of the dealers seem to think that the wool market is independent of the political situation. Probably the end of the campaign, and its accompanying uncertainty, had more to do with the matter than the fortunes of any particular candidate.

In the last week of the campaign, sales of Territories were estimated at 5,000,000 to 7,000,000 pounds, one house selling about 2,000,000 pounds, and another 1,000,000 pounds. Individual sales included graded fine Idaho, Wyoming and Utah wools up to 90 cents clean; half-blood Territories, including both combing and clothing, at 85 to 90 cents clean and occasionally more; about 500,000 pounds three-eighths-blood and quarter-blood, Territory at 36 to 38 cents, or 75 to 85 cents clean; Montana half-blood at 36 cents, or better than 90 cents clean; Oregon finest staple at 28 cents in the grease, and Utah, Idaho and Wyoming wools in the original bags at 28 to 32 cents, or 85 to 87 cents clean.

Quotations of Territory wools on scoured basis have shown a sharp advance for the month the current rates being 95 cents to \$1 for fine staple, 93 to 95 cents for half-blood staple, 85 to 87 cents for three-eighths-blood staple, 75 to 77 cents for quarter blood staple, 85 to 90 cents for choice fine clothing and 80 to 85 cents for average fine and fine medium. Texas wools are quotable on the scoured basis at 85 to 90 cents for twelve-months and 73 to 75 cents for eight-months.

Nothing has yet been done in the new fall wools, which have been accumulated at central points in Texas, and are awaiting purchasers. It is expected that they will open here at 60 to 65 cents clean.

Bulls, Pop guns, Pistols, Cans, Torpedoes etc. Alex. J. Hamer Co.

WHAT YOUR MOTHER THINKS YOU ARE

A poet, Ernest Louis Bowling, of Utah, who pens the following lines, sets a standard for men that is difficult to reach:

While walking down a crowded city street the other day, I heard a little orphan to his comrade turn and say:

"Sav, Jimmie! You know I'd be as happy as a clam

If I only was the feller that my mudder t'inks I am;

She t'inks I am a wonder and knows her little lad

Would never mix with nuthin' ugly, mean or bad.

I often sit and t'inks how nice it would be, Gee Whizz!

If a feller was the feller dat his mudder t'inks he is."

So, my friends, be yours a life of toil or undiluted joy.

You still can learn a lesson from the small unlettered boy.

Don't try to be an earthly saint, with eyes fixed upon a star.

Just try to be the feller that your mother thinks you are.

If every boy was the boy that his mother thinks he is, we would reduce the size of our courthouses, demolish our jails and prisons, fire the wardens and guards, put down the number of judges, very materially and relieve prosecution attorneys of their duties. Legislatures would cost the people less for laws passed to restrain man from doing evil to his brother in one way or another.

We could dismantle the world's fleets, discharge the soldiers and convert fortresses into rosebuds. Mont gomery Advertiser.

NOTICE All hunting or trespassing in any form on all lands owned or controlled by me is absolutely forbidden, and all violators will be prosecuted. J. J. Smith.

W. E. Newton & Son, WELL DRILLING

Now is the best time to have that well drilled. Don't wait until the dry summer, or till the drought hits you and you have to have water. We have a first-class outfit and our rates are reasonable. Those for whom we have done work will tell you that we give entire satisfaction. Let us figure with you.

R. BECKER,

Blacksmith

And Machinery Repairing.

JUNCTION, TEXAS.

CITY GARAGE

O. L. EASTMAN, Prop.

A Garage and Repair Shop where you get Prompt Service, Reasonable Charges and Perfect Satisfaction.

Well equipped for all repair work--and we know how to Give us a Trial.

THE CITIZEN

Published Every Friday

—BY—

C. M. NICHOLS.

Subscription Rates.

One Copy one year \$1.00
Six months50
Three months40

Entered at the Post Office in Junction, Tex. as Second Class Mail Matter.

Advertising rates made known upon application

Good Christmas Motto.

"Peace on earth, and good will to men" is the Christmas motto, and the Christmas spirit should ring in our hearts and find a kindly expression in acts and words. What a joyful thing for the world if it would be if the Christmas spirit of peace and good will could abide with us all every day of the year. And what a beautiful place this world would be to live in. And it might be so if each one of us would resolve in our hearts that peace and good will should be our motto every day, and that we, individually, would do our best to make the Christmas spirit last all the year round.

Merry Christmas To All!

As has always been the custom of this paper, there will be no issue Christmas week. This Christmas number, the last issue for this year, comes to you with our heartiest good wishes for a merry, merry Christmas, and a glad and prosperous New Year. We appreciate the cooperation and support that has made this number possible—as well as the some 1,200 issues which have gone before. THE CITIZEN is just entering its twenty-fifth year, and with the many Christmas seasons which have come and gone has seen—and, we trust, helped in some measure—this splendid country and ideal country to build up from a practical wilderness to its present state of improvement. We rejoice in the progress and prosperity which this section has made, and of which any country might well be proud.

It is our desire to work for the advancement of all betterment in this community as well as to give the local news of town and country. And we consider that one of the highest compliments that may be paid to any man is, "He is a builder and booster." We strive to be a builder and booster.

As we journey from year to year we have no false hope of pleasing all the people all the time, but we strive for that which seems right and best, hoping to give the most pleasing service possible under the circumstances. To those who at any time have in the days of the fast fading year thrown encouragement our way, we thank you. To those who have thrown a stone our way, we forgive you and trust that if we have given you just cause for the stone you will forgive us.

May your cup of cheerfulness in this Christmas season be filled to overflowing. May your new year be the best that you have ever lived. May this Christmas season hold for you all that you hoped it would in joy, remembrance and friendliness. And may there be many other just such merry Christmas seasons in here for you in the coming years.



AT MAY JETER'S.

Boys' Blouses and Pants.
Ladies' Black Petticoats.
Royal Society Thread and Stamped Pieces.
School Supplies.

Useful Gifts Are Best



Arctic Regions, N. P., Santa Claus Manager, December 15.

My Dear People:

After centuries of experience in the study of gifts of every kind, I have come to the conclusion that USEFUL gifts are indeed best of all. In this day of high prices, this point is all the more evident. I expect to, as much as is possible, make this a rule in making my Christmas rounds, and I offer this suggestion for what it may be worth to the worried Christmas shopper who is wondering what to give some loved one.

With best wishes always,

Santa Claus.

P. S. Philip Joseph's store in Junction has one of the best lines of useful gifts I have ever seen.

ENTERTAIN.

One of the most sumptuous entertainments of the entire season was given at the Fritz Hotel by the young men of the city, Wednesday evening. The occasion was especially in honor of the Camp Fire Girls, though several others were invited. Fifty-five young people were present to enjoy the elaborate feast that had been prepared. And to say that it was a feast is a mild reference to make to it. It was great! Interesting contests was an enjoyable feature also. Fun and merriment reigned supreme, and the festivities continued until after midnight. All who participated pronounce it the most pleasurable evening spent in many a day.

Program For Epworth League

Dec. 31-1916.
Subject, Lessons to Learn from the past.
Leader, Hattie Dechert.
Scripture Lesson Eph. 5: 15-21
Prayer
Song No. 184.
Lessons to Learn from the past by Hazel Randolph.
Things Wasted that could be Saved, Mabel Taylor.
Avoid Hasty Decisions, by Irene Knox.
The meaning of Disappointments, Grenade Farmer.
The Offer of Opportunities, Lina Jarvis.
If I had Known, Irma Phillips.
Duet by Mrs. Nichols and Clarence Nichols.
References, The best bargain anyone can make, Eph 5: 19 Willie Pearce

The Highest wisdom anyone can make is to understand in such a way that one will do it, Eph. 5: 17, Wilson Buster.
The Spirit of God must enter a Soul wholly or not at all, Eph. 5: 18 Elph Dechert.
Yet there is where the blessing is, Eph. 5: 20 Mrs. McDonald.
Song No. 187.
A few illustrations to think about, Clarence Nichols.
Song
Benediction.

FOR TRADE

Elegant 2 story residence in Austin, Texas, in refined neighborhood, large lot, nice shade-trees, only \$9000.00. Would trade for ranch in Kimble Co. of even or smaller value. Write Carl Wendlandt & sons, 707 Congress Ave. Austin, Texas.

Want some GOOD LEG H BREAD? Come Star Restaurant has it

LONDON DOTS

Willie McDonald was here Monday from Junction.

A baby girl arrived Friday night to live with Prof. and Mrs. W. L. Clark.

Mrs. Dan Finley is here from Fite visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Thurber.

Mrs. A. J. Ivy and Mrs. E. P. Amaon returned Tuesday from a few days visit to the ranch with Mrs. Clarence Young.

Miss Lola Bulluck, Miss Victoria Brewer and Prof. W. L. Clark are in Junction this week attending teachers institute.

John McDonald of Junction and I. W. McDonald of Red Creek were here Tuesday demonstrating a new 1917 model Buick car.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Taylor, J. B. Fisher and John Gentry of Red Creek passed through town Monday on their way to Douglas, Arizona.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Amaon, Mrs. G. T. May, E. L. Herne, Ernest Amaon, Robie Briscoe, and Owen Amaon went to Menard Sunday and brought over a shipment of Chevrolet cars.

The Woodmen Circle elected at their regular meeting Saturday afternoon the following officers to serve for the coming year: Past Guardian, Gussie McCollum; Guardian, Jessie Weaver; Advisor, Nora Weaver; Banker, Mary Cannon; Clerk, Victoria Brewer; Chaplain, Mary Brewer; Attendant, Mamie Massey; Inner Sentinel, Daisy Waddell; Outer Sentinel, Erie Ivy; Managers, G. T. May, W. J. Mogford, W. C. Eckert, Grove Physician, Dr. Stevens.

Ada

Lots of new Goods arriving by freight and express. Come and see what new things we have to offer you at lowest prices.

Alex. J. Hamer Co.

The country paper is the nucleus of community life, and the country must measure its progress by the community. The country editor exerts more of an influence on the community than any other agency. He is the advance agent of its civic progress, the stimulus of its social life, the big brother of the church, the patron saint of the school.—Merle Thorpe.

If there is one enterprise on earth that a quitter should leave severely alone it is advertising. To make a success of advertising, one must be prepared to stick like a barnacle on a boat's bottom. He should know before he begins that he must spend money—lots of it. Somebody must tell him that he cannot hope to reap results commensurate with his expenditure early in the game. Advertising does not jerk, it pulls. It begins very gently at first, but the pull is steady. It increases day by day and year by year until it exerts an irresistible power.—John Wanamaker.

SCHOOL NEWS.

D. C. PATTERSON, Editor.

The greater part of Friday afternoon Dec. 15, was spent in celebrating the close of school for the holidays; after recess the building resounded with revelry and enjoyment. Most of the grades had prepared special attractions for the occasion and we were glad to note several visitors were present.

The pupils of the primary department indulged in the customary sports, belittling the advent of Christmas.

Miss Stella Felps favored her pupils by means of the conventional and highly appreciated tree and debate.

Miss Oliver's time was taken up by the pupils having a general jubilee.

The senior class, repaired to the room of the sixth grade where a nice program had been arranged by Miss Jones.

In Miss Hall's room the discussion on the debate "Resolved that the horse is of more importance than the automobile" was awarded to the affirmative.

The "freshies" had a "fish-pond" at the conclusion of which they promenade to the adjoining room where the ninth and tenth grades were in the midst of a joint literary program under the direction of the junior class presiding officers. Features of this program were a debate "Resolved that water is more destructive than fire," in which the affirmative won, and the presentation of class remembrances to R. L. Morris, and his consequent "stump speech".

School will be resumed Tuesday, January 2nd, 1917.

The fellow who is always waiting for something to "turn up" is the one who is most liable to get "turned down".

Lela Hardesty was absent last Friday.

The ninth grade, chaperoned by Miss Veda Wood, spent a pleasant hour Thursday afternoon on Flagstaff Mountain. They had the senior class as their guests.

Miss Jones' pupils hiked to round mountain to gather decorations for their room last Wednesday.

A new plan is in effect which has met with the hearty approval of the students of the lower grades, whereby those who are credited with perfect grades are allowed to go up to the superintendents room and have a good time. When departing, they march out singing, "Mr. Britt is a jolly good fellow, which no one dares deny."

Here's hoping your Christmas will be a jovial one. May the New Year be a happy one to you and each year more prosperous than the last.

HONOR ROLL Junction High School.

First Grade: Bertie Bell Clendenen, Ila Holley, Lena Southall, John Wilson, Nuna Lee Chenault, Ira Dee Perkins.
Second Grade: Dick Boone, Clarence Dechert, Earl Thomas, Marel Wilson, Natalie Lowery.

Wool and Mohair

Charles Schreiner, **BANKER**

(UNINCORPORATED)

Makes Liberal Advances on Sheep, Goats, Wool and Mohair.

Individual Responsibility, Three Million Dollars

Tinware



HOUSEWIVES find this store the right place to buy tinware of all kinds. Madam, if you want a milk pan or a washing pan or a baking pan or any one of a score of other things in tinware this is surely the place to come for the right price. We keep a large variety of household utensils for the kitchen. We heartily welcome every one to seek satisfied service here.

Junction Hardware Co.

ELECTRIC LIGHTS

will add wonderfully to the enjoyment of your home life this year. We do expert wiring and installing of lights, etc.

WE SELL

all kinds of electrical supplies, from a bulb to the highest priced reading lamp or dome. Let us figure with you.

JUNCTION ICE AND ELECTRIC CO.

City Barber Shop

Wilson Buster, Prop.

The home of Satisfaction in Barber Service. Clean, Sanitary and Up-to-date.

Will appreciate your trade. A cordial welcome for you always. HOT AND COLD BATHS.

Our Work Pleases. Come to see us.

Third Grade: Veema Fleming, Amy Blackburn, Mary Martin, Zola Stephens, Lula Bruce, Carrie Clendenen, Velma McNealy, Johnnie Belle Duderstadt, Tina Barker, Christine Simon, Elsie Wilson, Alton Fleming.

Fourth Grade: Lura Taylor, Bernice Chenault, Gussie Boone, Pai Taylor, Margaret Oliver, Marguerite Wright, Lois Jarvis, Fred Taylor.

Fifth Grade: Francis Brunson, Emily Dechert, Elsie Willis, Lanan Bissett, Liano Boone, Sidney Fley.

Sixth Grade: Dorothy Hedges, J. D. Baker, Ura Waits, Dorris Wright, Ida Cowser, Virginia Meador, Joe Oliver, Guy Mann, Frank Quisenberry, Warren Burt, Howard Blackburn, Flora Mueller, Merle Blackburn.

Seventh Grade: Ruth Baker, Irene Chase, Louise Farmer, Bix Hankins, Lois Hankins, Elizabeth Newton, Leslie Cox, Shelby Jobs, Harry Tobey.

Eighth Grade: Dewey Brown, O. T. Jarvis, Maggie Knox, Flora Becker, Chester Eckert.

Ninth Grade: Jack Boone, Hatless Cox, Lois Tobey, Rowland Martin, Grenade Farmer.

Tenth Grade: Loyless Jarvis, Bassie Quisenberry, Viola Schrier.

Eleventh Grade: Ida Stevenson, Ida Mae Jarvis, Gladys Tobey, Velma Cothrun, Lily Wood, Joe Felps.

NOTICE

The pastures owned or controlled by the undersigned are posted. Hunting or trespassing in them will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

Phillips and Blackburn, Andrew Paterson, Felix Watson, Mrs. James Paterson.

Notice.

My pastures known as the Point Rock and Black are posted according to law and all hunters or other trespassers will be punished to the full extent of the law.

Chas. Schreiner.

TRESPASS NOTICE.

This is to give notice that all hunting or trespassing of any kind on my premises is strictly forbidden under the full penalty of the law.

Hoy Smith.

At The Tabernacle

There will be a fifth Sunday morning all day D. C. 11st. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:15 p. m. There will be singing in the afternoon by preacher Braun and class from Viej; we are inviting every one to participate in this rally; friends in our rural districts are cordially invited. Christians at large we ask your prayers that this rally may be truly blessed with the presence of the Holy Spirit. Your brother, c w Ely

Something new entirely different in Xmas Gifts at Alex J. Hamer Co.

Alex J. Hamer Co.

Quality -- Efficiency -- Service

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, HARDWARE,
SHOES, HATS, ETC.

Our Large Volume of Business Assures You
Always of Best Goods and Lowest Prices.

You Buy Right When You Buy From Us.

Mohair, Wool, Hides and All Kinds of
Country Produce Bought.

PHONE 11 JUNCTION, TEXAS PHONE 11

Rx

For coughs and colds use
our remedies. They insure
quick relief.

Beware of That Cold!

A stitch in time saves nine. A remedy taken for your cold saves serious trouble—bronchitis, pneumonia, tubercular complaints. A cold is so easy to catch at this time of the year, and it generally lasts unless you shake it right off. Our remedies for coughs and colds are recommended for your consideration and for your use.

J. A. Heyman's Drug Store.

About Meat--

Any old kind of teeth will do when you eat the meat that we sell. There is none tenderer, none juicier, none better, nothing as satisfying. Ring No. 82. Your order will come in a hurry.

Favorite Meat Market

JUNCTION-MASON AUTO AND PASSENGER LINE

Phone 72 3 rings FISHER BROS. PROPRIETORS Phone 72-3 rings

Car leaves Junction 6:30 a. m., arrives at Mason 12 m.
Car leaves Mason 12:30 m., arrives at Junction 5 p. m.
FARE, \$3.00 EACH WAY

We run Service Car any time, anywhere.

M. E. BLAGKBURN LAWYER

Will Practice in all State and Federal Courts.
Abstracts of Titles of Kimble County.

Gives Dinner For Teachers

N. H. Skaggs was host to some thirtyseven school teachers at a noon dinner at the Hodges Hotel here Wednesday. The teachers were here in attendance at the Kimble County Teachers Institute, and are unanimous and exuberant in expressing their appreciation to Mr. Skaggs for his kind and thoughtful hospitality. The dinner was enjoyed very much.

WE HANDLE:

Standard Mowers,
Standard Rakes,
Standard Planters,
Standard Cultivators
In short a full line of the well known Standard Implements on hand now. Get yours now

JUNCTION HARDWARE CO

TRESPASS NOTICE

All hunting on my premises or driving of stock through my pastures is absolutely forbidden unless special permission is given by me. Violators will be prosecuted. Stay out and save trouble.
W. R. McKee.

GO TO
**THE
MISSION
LUMBER
COMPANY.**
MENARD, TEXAS

FOR
**LUMBER
SHINGLES
CASH DOORS
GLASS
ANY SIZE.**

Local Lines and

Personal Paragraphs

Your subscription may be due. S. P. Bennett was in town Monday.
Roy Skaggs motored over to Leander Miller and family are here from Menard.
Nice line of fancy Xmas Gifts, Toys etc. Gifts For Xmas just received Alex J. Hamer Co.
S. F. Lawler was circulating in town Monday. O. B. Fleming of South Llano was in the city Saturday.
Brown, Powdered and colored sugar at Simon the Grocer. Be sure to get some Red Cross Christmas seals. At all stores
J. M. Webb the Ingram nurseryman had business in Junction this week. Coke R. Stevenson made a trip to Comfort this week, returning Wednesday.

If you want to take a hurry up trip somewhere, try East man's new Ford. Charlie Luckie is suffering with a broken arm caused by cranking a car last week.
T. B. Phillips bought of D. L. Benton a ten section ranch in Edwards county. Consideration, \$6,000 per acre. S. H. Weaver and three boys and G. Lewis were up from London on a business trip Monday.

Four and Sweet pickles in bulk at Simon the Grocer. Be prepared against an attack by your children; buy them a box of Apples, Oranges, Baloon, pop corn and candy at Simon the Grocer.

Rev. S. F. Marsh of Medina preached to a large congregations at the Baptist Church here Sunday morning and evening. Mrs. Cari Taft of San Saba is here spending the holidays with her parents Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Bruce.

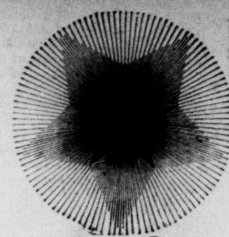
Something new entirely different in Xmas Gifts at Alex J. Hamer Co. When Eastman starts with you in his new Ford you can depend on it that he will take you there and he's always ready to start

Mrs. E. Holekamp and daughter Miss Doris returned wednesday from a visit in the Alamo City. They were accompanied home by Walter Holekamp who will remain to spend the holidays with home folks. Mr. and Mrs. J. R. B. Fairchild of San Saba Station are spending the holidays with relatives in Kimble

Cheap cars, expensive cars. Cars large, and cars small. But when you need a service car Eastman's Ford beats them all. Levinson and Weinstein have closed out their grocery business here. Schreiner Hodges Co having bought their stock of goods. Screen wire rabbit and chicken wire all kinds of wire at Junction Hardware Co.

The Lone

The Place to Eat.



The Place to Eat.

Cafe

J. R. PETTITT, Prop.
"THE OLD RELIABLE MAN AT THE OLD RELIABLE STAND."
The best lightbread and pastries you ever tasted.
Car Delivery to any part of the city Phone 79 and order it.

G. T. MAY

W. L. AMAON

—AGENTS FOR—

CHEVROLET CAR

We have the agency for the Chevrolet Car for Kimble County, and will be glad to answer any inquiries from anyone thinking of buying a car. The Chevrolet is the coming car of Texas. It will pay you to investigate its many desirable features before purchasing a car of any kind. Cars and parts are carried in stock. Write or phone us and let us show you this car.

MAY & AMAON,

London, Texas.

Rev. J. C. Campbell has been granted leave of absence, and he and Mrs. Campbell left Tuesday to spend the holidays with relatives in East Texas. They will return about the first of the year. Mrs. Matt Roberts has returned from an extended visit in Ft Worth; she was accompanied home by her mother and Mrs. Cox, a sister.

B. B. Kirk, W. A. Nance, Dr. J. W. Blasdel, Ike Howning, Dr. A. S. Love all of Ballinger and Henry Blasdel of McCulloch county formed a touring party through the Kimble country the past week. Be prepared against an attack by your children; buy them a box of Apples, Oranges, Baloon pop corn and candy at Simon the Grocer.



PRESENTS FOR MEN

Practical Gifts that will make glad the hearts of men and boys. Our display of rich, beautiful dependable Holiday furnishings is larger and more varied than ever before, at popular prices. We extend you a cordial invitation to look into our stock.

PRESENTS FOR WOMEN

Buy her gift at this store and rest assured that she'll be pleased. Our store is full of intimate personal gifts for women and misses, and doubly attractive because sensible and also useful. Come in and investigate our goods for yourself.

TOILET ARTICLES ALWAYS MAKE ACCEPTABLE GIFTS.

In our stock you will find the latest designs in Dresser Sets, Manicure Outfits, Hand Mirrors, Combs, Brushes, etc. Don't worry if you are unable to think of suitable presents for any member of the family or friends. A glance over our line will suggest many appropriate gifts, and the prices are satisfactory. Come in.

CANDY

One of the essentials of a real Merry Christmas is a supply of good pure Candy. We have a splendid stock selected to meet all your needs for the Holiday season. An especially attractive assortment of box goods in any desired size for gift purposes.



SANTA CLAUS

makes his headquarters here. It is the place all children should visit. Here you will find the most toys—the newest toys—the best toys for the least money. Look over our stock at once.

DON'T FORGET

our extensive line of excellent Christmas Books.

JEWELRY

For a gift that will give greatest satisfaction to the recipient, you should select some article of Jewelry. You will find in our Holiday stock many things that will be specially pleasing. We have appropriate gifts to fit any price you want to pay.

Somewhere in this store are the gifts you want at the price you want to pay. The wonderful assortments are now more complete than ever before. Nothing is to be gained by waiting, on the contrary you have every advantage in making your purchases early. WHY DELAY?

Only 2 more shopping days till Christmas. SHOP TODAY.

J. A. HEYMAN'S DRUG STORE.

STATE OF TEXAS.
To the Sheriff or any Constable
of Kimble County—GREETING:

YOU ARE HEREBY COMMANDED. That you summon, by Publication of this Citation in some newspaper published in the County of Kimble if there be a newspaper published therein, but if not then in any newspaper published in the 33rd judicial district; but if there be no newspaper published in said judicial district, then in a newspaper published in the nearest district to said 33rd judicial district, for eight weeks previous to the return day hereof, N. A. Wilkes and Ames Wilkes and the unknown heirs of N. A. Wilkes and Ames B. Wilkes and George W. Hobbs, and the unknown heirs of George W. Hobbs whose residence is unknown, to be and appear before the Hon. District Court, at the next regular term thereof, to be holden in the County of Kimble at the Court House thereof, in Junction on the 5th day of February, A. D. 1917, then and there to answer a Petition filed in said Court, on the 2nd day of December, A. D. 1916, in a suit numbered on the docket of said Court No. 648, wherein C. M. Massey is plaintiff and N. A. Wilkes et al. are defendants. The nature of the plaintiff's demand being as follows, to-wit:

The State of Texas, in the District Court of Kimble County, Texas, February Term, A. D. 1917.

To the Hon. N. T. Stubbs, Judge of said Court.

Now comes C. M. Massey, who resides in the County of Kimble and State of Texas, hereinafter called plaintiff, complaining of N. A. Wilkes and Ames B. Wilkes, and the unknown heirs of N. A. Wilkes and Ames B. Wilkes, and George W. Hobbs, and the unknown heirs of George W. Hobbs whose residences to your petitioner unknown, hereinafter styled defendants; and

For cause of action herein plaintiff alleges:

1st. That he is the owner in

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children
In Use For Over 30 Years
Always bears
the
Signature of
Dr. J. C. Fitch

Becker Hotel
Mrs. R. Becker, Prop.

35 Cents Per Meal.

Best Accommodations.
Junction, Texas.

Quality Paint

We have a full stock of
Simmons' and Masury's
Paints. See us for prices.

Junction Hardware Co.

Now Here!
Old Time Chicken 684.

Jno. F. Storms,

Attorney at Law.

Practical Life Bldg.
New Austin, Texas.

Dr. P. H. Rogers

DENTIST
side Courthouse square
spot cash

for simple and in possession
of the following described tract
of land situated in Kimble County,
Texas, to-wit: Thirty acres
of land of the north end of a 113
1-3-acre tract out of the West
side of the South half of Survey
No. 53, originally granted and
patented to Wm. Pace, by Pat.
No. 57, Vol. 4. Said thirty acres
beginning at the N. W. corner of
said 113 1-3-acre tract; thence
east to the West line a 100 acre
subdivision conveyed by W. M.
McDonald and wife to John
W. Taylor; thence South far
enough to make 80 acres by run-
ning West to the West line of
said 113 1-3-acre tract; thence
North to the place of beginning.

2- Plaintiff alleges that he is
the owner of said land, claiming
title thereto under the following
conveyances, to-wit: Patent from
the State of Texas to Wm. Pace,
Patent No. 57, Vol. 4, dated Jan.
24, 1876. Deed from the heirs
of Wm. Pace to Rhoads Fisher,
dated July 30, 1890, and recorded
in Vol. 5, pages 258-9, of
Deeds Records of Kimble County,
Texas; Deed from Rhoads Fisher
to W. A. Williamson dated April
1, 1891, recorded in Vol. 5, pages
292-4, of Deeds Records of Kim-
ble County, Texas; Deed from W.
A. Williamson to G. W. Beaton,
dated June 8, 1891, recorded in
Vol. 6, page 48, of Deeds Records
of Kimble County, Texas; Deed
from G. W. Beaton and wife to
Joe P. Fritz dated Oct. 22, 1904
recorded in Vol. 10, pg 509, of Deeds
Records of Kimble County, Tex-
as; Deed from Joe P. Fritz and
wife to W. M. McDonald, dated
May 8, 1909, recorded in Vol. 13,
pages 213-15, of Deeds records
of Kimble County, Texas; Deed
from W. M. McDonald and wife to
I. W. McDonald, dated May 28,
1910, recorded in Vol. 12, page
572, of Deeds Records of Kimble
County, Texas; deed from I. W.
McDonald and wife to C. M. Mas-
sey, dated _____, recorded in
Vol. _____, page _____, of Deeds
Records of Kimble County, Tex-
as.

3- Plaintiff alleges that he and
those whose estate he has, claim-
ing to have good and perfect title
and right to the land herein
claimed, have had and held peace-
ably said land and the adverse pos-
session of the same, cultivating
using and enjoying the same for
a period of more than ten years
before the commencement of this
suit, and this he is ready to
verify.

4th- Plaintiff alleges that he
and those whose estate he has,
claiming under conveyances duly
registered have had and held
peaceable, continuous and ad-
verse possession of the land and
tenements herein claimed, culti-
vating, using and enjoying the
same for a period of more than
five years before the commence-
ment of this suit, and this he is
ready to verify.

5th- Plaintiff alleges that the
defendants, as aforesaid, are set-
ting up some character of claim
to said land hereinabove describ-
ed, but that the claims so set up
by said defendants are spurious,
fraudulent and unjust, and that
the said claims of defendants
casts a cloud upon plaintiff's
title to said land, seriously de-
preciating the value thereof.

Wherefore, premises consid-
ered, plaintiff prays the Court that
the defendants herein, and each
of them, be cited to appear and
answer this petition, and that on
hearing hereof the plaintiff have
judgment for the title to said
lands, divesting out of the de-
fendants any title thereto, or
claim thereto, and vesting the
same in plaintiff and removing
all cloud from plaintiff's title to
said land, for costs of suit and
for such other and further relief
both legal and equitable, as plain-
tiff may show himself entitled to.

Coke R. Stevenson,
Attorney for plaintiff.

HEREIN FAIL, NOT, And have
you before said Court, on the
first day of the next term thereof,
of this writ, with your endorse-
ment thereon, showing how you
have executed the same.

Given under my hand and seal
of said Court, at office in Junction
on this 2nd day of December,
A. D. 1916.

Oren C. Reid,
Clerk District Court Kimble County,
Texas.

Trespass Notice.

This to emphasize the fact that
no hunting, trapping or any other
trespassing is allowed on
my ranch.

A. L. Mudge.

FOR SALE—Good four room
house, close in, conveniently loc-
ated and a desirable place. A
bargain in price and on easy
terms. For further particulars
call at this office.

THE STATE OF TEXAS.
To the Sheriff or any Constable
of Kimble County—GREETING:
**YOU ARE HEREBY COM-
MANDED.** That you summon,
by making Publication of this
Citation in some newspaper in
the County of Kimble if there be
a newspaper published therein,
but if not then in any newspaper
published in the 33rd judicial dis-
trict; but if there be no newspa-
per published in the 33rd judicial
district, then in a newspaper
published in the nearest district
to the 33rd judicial district, for
eight weeks previous to the re-
turn day hereof, J. M. Steiner
and the unknown heirs of J. M.
Steiner, whose residence is un-
known, to be and appear before
the Hon. District Court, at the
next regular term thereof, to be
holden in the County of Kimble,
at the Court House thereof, in
Junction, Texas, on the 5th day
of Feb. A. D. 1917, then and there
to answer a Petition filed in said
Court, on the 2nd day of Decem-
ber, A. D. 1916, in a suit num-
bered on the docket of said Court
No. 645, wherein C. M. Massey is
plaintiff and J. M. Steiner et al.
are defendants. The nature of
the plaintiff's demand being as
follows, to-wit:

The State of Texas, in the Dis-
trict Court of Kimble, District Court

of Kimble County, Texas, Febru-
ary term, A. D. 1917.
To the Honorable N. T. Stubbs
Judge of said Court.
Now comes C. M. Massey, who
resides in the County of Kimble
and State of Texas, hereinafter
styled plaintiff complaining of
J. M. Steiner and the unknown
heirs of J. M. Steiner, hereinafter
called Defendant whose resi-
dence is to your petitioner, un-
known.
For cause of action herein
plaintiff alleges:
1st, that he is the owner in fee
simple, and is in possession of the
following described tract of
land, situated in Kimble County,
Texas, and being Seventy five
(75) acres of land out of and be-
ing a part of Survey No. 165,
Cort. No. 595, Abstract 415, Origi-
nally granted to F. Niebuhr, and
patented to J. M. Steiner, by Pat-
ent No. 37, Vol. 19, dated May
26, 1858, containing 320 acres of
land. Said 75 acres described by
metes and bounds as follows: Be-
ginning at the N. E. corner of
said Survey No. 165, for the N. E.
corner of the tract, thence
South 891 varas to stake and
around for the S. E. corner of
this tract from which a L. O.
18" brs. S. 31 W. 51 varas; an-
other 14" brs. S. 70 E. 20 Vrs.
thence West 475 varas to a st.
and for the S. W. corner of the
tract thence North 891 varas to
st. and in the North line of said
Survey No. 165, for the N. W.
corner of this tract, thence East
475 varas to the place of begin-
ning.

2nd. Plaintiff alleges that he is
the owner of said land, claiming
title thereto under the following
conveyances, to-wit: Deed from
V. M. Brewer to E. W. Brewer,
dated February 12, 1881, record-
ed in Book A, pages 550-553
Deeds Records of Kimble County,
Texas.

Deeds from E. W. Brewer to I.
W. McDonald, dated October 28,
1916, recorded in Vol. 13, page
25. Deeds Records of Kimble

County, Texas.
Deed from I. W. McDonald to
C. M. Massey, dated _____, re-
corded in Book _____, page _____,
of Deeds Records of Kim-
ble County, Texas.
Deed from J. G. Stewart to
Ruben Stewart, dated July 15
1885, recorded in Vol. A, pages
436 7, of Deeds Records of Kim-
ble County, Texas.
Deed from R. F. Stewart to D.
M. and J. F. Stewart, dated De-
cember 12, 1885, recorded in Vol.
A, pages 437 438, of Deeds Re-
cords of Kimble County, Texas.
Deed from D. M. and J. F. Ste-
wart to James Kuykendall dated
May 3, 1886, recorded in Vol. 2,
pages 138-139, Deeds Records of
Kimble County, Texas.
Deed from J. M. Kuykendall
to D. M. Stewart, dated October
27, 1888, recorded in Vol. 19,
page 23, of Deeds Records of
Kimble County, Texas.
Deed from Hattie G. Johnson,
and husband, Samuel Johnson,
to Emma D. Tomlinson, dated
December 8, 1888, recorded in Vol.
4, pages 295-6, of Deeds Records
of Kimble County, Texas.
Deed from Emma Tomlinson
to D. M. Stewart, dated April 8,
1889, of record in Vol. 7, pages
256 257, Deeds Records of Kim-
ble County, Tex; Deed from D.
M. Stewart and wife to Frank
Latta dated Nov. 17, 1898, re-
corded in Vol. 6, page 565

Deed Records of Kimble Coun-
ty, Texas.
Deed from Frank Latta and
wife to James R. Hunter, dated
November 27, 1899, recorded in
Vol. 8, pages 528-9, Deeds re-
cords of Kimble County, Texas.
Deed from James R. Hunter
and wife to Guiton Lewis, dated
December, 29, 1904 recorded in
Vol. 9, pages 607-8, of Deeds Re-
cords of Kimble County, Texas;
Deed from Guiton Lewis and
wife to R. C. McCollum dated No-
vember 15 1912, recorded in Vol.
16, pages 404-5, Deeds Records
of Kimble County, Texas. Deed
from R. C. McCollum to I. W.
McDonald, dated November 26,
1913, recorded in Vol. 17, pages
263-4 of Deeds Records of Kim-
ble County, Texas.

3rd. Plaintiff alleges that he
and those whose estate he has
claiming under conveyances duly
registered, have had and held
peaceably, continuous and adverse
possession of the land and ten-
ements therein claimed, cultivat-
ing, using and enjoying the same
for a period of more than five
years before the commencement
of this suit, and this he is ready
to verify.

4th. Plaintiff alleges that he
and those whose estate he has,
claiming to have good and per-
fect right and title to the land
herein claimed, have had and
held peaceably said land and the
adverse possession of the same,
cultivating using and enjoying
the same for a period of more
than ten years before the com-
mencement of this suit, and this
he is ready to verify.

5th. Plaintiff alleges that the
defendant J. M. Steiner and the
unknown heirs of J. M. Steiner,
are setting up some character of
claim to said land hereinabove de-
scribed but that the claims so
set up by said defendant is spuri-
ous, fraudulent and unjust, and
that the said claim of defendant
casts a cloud upon the plaintiff's
title to said land, seriously de-
preciating the value thereof.

Wherefore, premises consid-
ered, plaintiff prays the Court that
the defendants herein, and each
of them, be cited to appear and
answer this petition, and that on
hearing hereof the plaintiff have
judgment for the title to said land,
divesting out of the defendants
any title thereto, or claim thereto,
and vesting the same in plaintiff,
and removing all cloud from
plaintiff's title to said land, for
costs of suit, and for such other
and further relief, both legal and
equitable, as plaintiff may show
himself entitled to.

Coke R. Stevenson,
Attorney for plaintiff.

HEREIN FAIL, NOT, And have
you before said Court on the said
first day of the next term thereof,
of this writ, with your endorse-

ment thereon, showing how you
have executed the same.
Given under my hand and seal
of said Court, at office in Junction
this, the 2nd day of December,
A. D. 1916.

Oren C. Reid,
Clerk District Court Kimble Coun-
ty, Texas.

TRESPASS NOTICE

This is to give due warning
that all driving of stock, hunting
or trespassing in any form what-
soever on any of the premises of
the undersigned is forbidden un-
der the full penalty of the law.
This means you. Better stay out.

C. P. Bruce.

C. W. Atchison.

M. E. Blackburn.

P. H. Rogers.

J. S. Durst.

N. C. Patterson.

CARDWELL RANCH POSTED.

We agreed there should be no
hunting on this ranch, there-
fore, you are not invited and not
welcome. We ask you to stay off.

Frank Baker.

O. W. Cardwell.

CORROBORATION

Of Interest to Junction Readers.

For months Junction citizens
have seen in these columns out-
rastic praise of Doan's Kidney
Pills, by residents of this local-
ity.

Would these prominent people
recommend a remedy that had
not proven reliable?

Would they confirm their state-
ments after years had elapsed if
personal experience had not
shown the remedy to be worthy
of endorsement?

The following statement
should carry conviction to the
mind of every Junction reader.

Mrs. W. Fraser, E. Main St.
Llano, Texas, says: "I was com-
pletely run down and scarcely
able to be about on account of a
dull bearing down pain across
the small of my back. My
kneys were disordered and my
head ached all the time. Doan's
Kidney Pills rid me of the trouble."
(Statement given May 25,
1908.)

On March 29, 1915, Mrs. Fra-
ser, said, "I confirm all I ever
said about Doan's Kidney Pills
and add that the trouble has not
returned."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't
simply ask for a kidney remedy
—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the
same that Mrs. Fraser has twice
publicly recommended. Foster
Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N.
Y.

Cut out the sock
and use the Bank!

The FIRST NATIONAL BANK receives
deposits of all kinds. Start today.

Slip a few Prince Albert smokes into your system!

You've heard many an earful about the Prince Albert
patented process that cuts out bite and parch and lets you
smoke your fill without a comeback! Stake your bank roll that
it proves out every hour of the day.
Prince Albert has always been sold
without coupons or premiums. We
prefer to give quality!

There's sport smoking a pipe or rolling
your own, but you know that you've got
to have the right tobacco! We tell you
Prince Albert will bang the doors wide
open for you to come in on a good time
firing up every little so often, without a
regret! You'll feel like your smoke past
has been wasted and will be sorry you cannot
back up for a fresh start.

You swing on this say-so like it was a tip to a
thousand-dollar bill! It's worth that in happi-
ness and contentment to you, to every man
who knows what can be
gotten out of a chummy
jimmy pipe or a makin's
cigarette with
Prince Albert for
"packing"!



Copyright 1916 by
R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

...and in addition
...December.

...to C. Reid,
...Rimble Gunn

NOTICE

...ue warning
...ck, hunting
...form what
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...P. Atchison,
...Blackburn,
...Rogers,
...Durst,
...Patterson.

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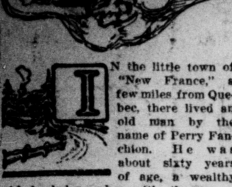
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...swelling you
...and here. 50c
...10c. handsome
...and half-point
...riders and in
...clever crystal-
...handful, with
...age. notwater.
...that ledge. This
...merco in such
...condition—
...lures!

Christmas Eve New France



In the little town of New France, a few miles from Quebec, there lived an old man by the name of Perry Fanchion. He was about sixty years of age, a wealthy old bachelor, who, with the exception of a housekeeper, lived alone in a great weather-beaten old mansion on the river road. He lived a very secluded kind of life, was seldom seen upon the streets of the town, and attracted very little attention when he was seen. There were hardly ten people in the place that knew the man or anything concerning his life.

Yet there had been a time in the life of Perry Fanchion when he had attracted a great deal of attention, and won the sympathy and pity of the whole town. That had been over forty years ago, and in the meantime the town had changed from a village into a city. The old families had died out and the younger generation had forgotten the history of Perry Fanchion.

It was Christmas eve night and bitterly cold. Sleet and snow drove with incessant fury against the great French windows. The heavy old oak doors rattled and shook, while the wind whirled mournfully among the many old-fashioned gables and chimneys.

Perry sat gazing into the fire. His hair was snow-white, his eyes were dark, and tonight they had a tragic, gloomy look.

On the old colonial furniture the sister faces carved there grinned horribly and the iron claws seemed to

"Well, Well—I Hope the Children Are All in Bed."

grip the floor hard, as though they were repressing some dark emotion or evil thought.

Forty years ago this night Perry was a happy man, for tomorrow he was to marry the beautiful Miss Nelly Leroy, daughter of the rector of St. Agnes.

But that great factor in the events of a man's career, fate, willed otherwise, for only a few days before the wedding was to take place the bride-to-be was stricken with a fatal illness and less than a week later was laid away in the village graveyard.

After the funeral Perry Fanchion shut himself up, almost alone, in the great house. Time moved on and people left him, until at last he stood alone, a stranger in a stranger world!

About this time the poorer people, the destitute of the city, became aware of the fact that they had a friend, a very good, mysterious friend, mysterious because, try as they might (and did) they never could discover his identity.

One time when a severe landlord was about to turn a poor family out of the home they lived in, because they were not able to pay the rent, that family found the required amount and a short note asking them to accept the money as a gift, by the fireplace. Several times incidents like this occurred among the unfortunate, out as to where these mysterious presents came from, or by whom presented, none could ever tell. But the children suspected Santa Claus of having a hand in the matter.

Tonight as Perry sat by the fire he was very sad and very, very lonesome. The town clock struck ten. Perry arose, donned a huge fur coat to play his little act bravely. A worn, tired smile played around his usually grim mouth as he thought of the scenes of joy and poverty he would witness this night. He crossed the town with

rapid, nervous strides and entered a little family burying ground. He was gone for thirty minutes and when he returned, his face showed traces of deep emotion.

"Good-night, sweetheart, I have waited forty years, surely the end cannot be far distant!" he murmured as he softly closed the gate.

There came a jingling of sleigh bells—a sleigh drove up, he entered and was whirled away over the snow.

In a tiny little hovel on the edge of the city five little curly-headed children, dressed in old and ragged but clean clothes were grouped around a small fire trying to keep warm. Their mother was sewing for a living, her husband having died several years ago, leaving the children to her to provide for, and being a woman of good education, she was trying to rear her children as best she might. She was having a desperate struggle and day by day she saw with despair the fight growing harder and harder.

"Mother, when is Santa Claus coming?" inquired little Billy.

"For a while mother didn't seem to want to say anything. A large girl fell silently on her work. With a hasty movement, almost angrily, she brushed it aside.

"Perhaps he won't come at all!" she replied with a little catch in her voice.

"No-o-o-o!" came a chorus of unbelieving voices from the fire.

"He is coming!"

Suddenly there came a jingling of bells and a sleigh drew up in front of the home.

"Whoop!" yelled Johnny. "Come on kids—Santa Claus! My eye!"

In an instant the fire was deserted and five little heads were peering eagerly out of the door.

"See willkins! Look at the toys!"

"Well, well," said Santa in a loud voice, pretending not to see the little ones. "I hope the children are all in bed tonight, for if they are not, I will not come again."

Five curly heads vanished in a second, and when the old gentleman entered the room all were tucked snugly in bed—that is all but Billy, who in his excitement and hurry pulled all the cover up over his head and left his feet and only uncovered the tips of his ears.

Santa Claus laughed and dumped the contents of his pack near the hearth. There were drums, dolls, tin soldiers, books, candy, nuts and fireworks.

Just at this moment Billy's toe rubbed up a splinter, and there came a subdued grunt from the bed which changed to a fitful, sleepy kind of cough as the "old fellow" turned around. The snores redoubled in volume. Old Santy handed mother a sealed envelope and departed before she could sufficiently recover from her confusion and surprise to thank him. It was addressed to her, so she broke the seal. The sum and substance of it was, that the house and property of Fanchion and something like five hundred dollars were to be hers upon the death of Perry Fanchion.

So at last the identity of the mysterious Santa Claus and the friend of the poor and unfortunate was disclosed.

Her home was only one of the many to which he had been that night. Tomorrow they would honor him. They would come one and all and thank him, to praise him, to bless him—perhaps to beg for more as the case might be.

The sleigh stopped at the Fanchion homestead and old Santa Claus paid the driver and entered the house.

Perry was weary and as he walked down the dark, gloomy hall he almost dropped with fatigue. Fatigue of the body, weariness of the soul, the sense of a broken heart, all conspired against him! Wearily he slid out of the disguise. His eyes wandered with a pitiful expression over the empty, dark room. None came to welcome him. No one to love or care for him. She had gone on before. Perhaps she was waiting for him up there now. He didn't know. The blood-chilling faces grinned and the cruel claws gripped. He drew one of the heavy old chairs up before the dying embers and cast down, bowing his head far over into the grate. Closer he huddled. What was this dreadful chill that seemed to be taking possession of his body? His great sorrow preyed upon him.

"Oh, God!" he murmured; "I can stand it no longer."

Something gentle and soft stroked his hair! His hair that was white as snow. Two arms encircled him lovingly.

He looked up, at first unbelievably, and then a wonderful smile lit up his face.

"Nelly!" he exclaimed, joyously. "At last you have come for me. I knew you would! I thank Thee O—"

His voice trailed away in the distance.

The fire died out and the faces no longer grinned, but seemed to smile in the darkness. Far off, just as the dawn was breaking, the chimes rang out their message. Was it fancy or did a soul far out in space echo.

"Give to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will toward men."

Perry was at rest!

Yes, Do It Now

DO your shopping early while the good things are on tap. Grab the early bargains while they're on the bargain map. Don't be one of those Kites that hit the shopping trails When all the clerks are weary after forty thousand sales. What's the use of loafing while the early shoppers win? When you are sweating lava, those same early birds will grin!

Christmas eve the pleasant girls who ladle out the toys Will be so worn and weary they'll have no Christmas joys. Haven't they a right to holler at your putter and delay? Pray leave them strength to celebrate a bit on Christmas day! If you put off your shopping till the very last hour, I hope you draw a lemon that is second-hand and sour!

The tardy shopper blithely said, "A Merry Christmas girlie!" The clerk replied, "If you were dead or did your shopping early We could enjoy a little fun around our Christmas table, But slow-pokes keep me on the run, till Christmas joy's a fable."

Proclamation of Joyous Christmas to all of you

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"THE NAPLES OF THE GULF"

Adulterations of a Christmas Dinner

by George V. Hobart

SAY! did you ever get reckless and give a Christmas dinner to an assorted collection of petrified relations?

Take it from me, dodging benzine buggies on the boulevard is sleepy work in comparison.

Friend wife concluded it was up to us to squeeze a few inches and amts into our 4 by 4 dining room and throw turkey wings at them, so I coaxed my nervous system to behave and told Peaches to cut loose.

She sat down and invited Uncle Peter Grant and Aunt Martha, Uncle Gregory Smith and Aunt Bessie. Then she went in, took another look at the dining room and stopped.

Invited Bud Hawley, his wife Sybil, and Hep Hardy, and explained to them that we would all have to sit edge-on at the table and get our meat cut in the kitchen, so as to avoid hitting each other on the funny bone, and it was so ordered.

Hep arrived early. He always does. He generally breezes in with the information that four pages of tango music are waiting for him in some hoof palace, and he has to hurry away, but on this occasion he concluded to see the fight to a finish.

Then the other members of our dinner party began arriving and the mad revel was on.

Uncle Peter brought a friend—the famous food expert, Doctor Smotherjoy.

The doctor is a high card with Uncle Peter.

He is one of those old ginks with beady eyes and a license to hunt for germs, and everything he eats has first to give the counterjuggler and then go through a written examination.

Uncle Peter belatedly greeted every word that leaves Doc Smotherjoy's face, but for my part I think he's an old Camembert.

At any rate, no sooner were we seated at the table than Doc parted his whiskers carefully, coughed to attract attention, then poked up a little-neck clam on the end of his fork and proceeded to give it the third degree.

"The adulteration of foodstuffs these days is being carried on to an extent worse than criminal," the old bluff began solemnly. "Ah, even here I see traces of sally-silic acid with borax-phosphorus even here on this clam."

"Put a little tabasco on it and cut loose," suggested Bud Hawley.

"Have a lemon," said Hep. "Squeeze it over the clams and make a wish."

Uncle Peter listened with marked attention, while Uncle Gregory glanced at his claws and shuddered.

The doctor ate his unconcernedly. When the soup came on the Doc lifted a spoonful thoughtfully, then sloshed it slowly back into his plate, while the two unlikes eyed him nervously.

"It's bullyion," whispered Uncle Peter, anxious to prove the soup's innocence.

"Here," said the doctor, examining his spoonful critically, "here are traces of hydrophosphates and about ten per cent. philharmonic acid."

"I never eat soup," retorted Uncle Gregory, "because it's a waste of good space."

The doctor said nothing more, but quietly surrounded his soup.

When the fish was served the doctor danced over his plate with his fork and said, "Hydrostatic acid with here and there symptoms of manganese germs and a few sulphide microbes."

Uncle Gregory pushed his plate back with a sigh that was pitiful to hear. Peaches was now so nervous that her hands were doing a shaker dust, and there was a big pink spot on each cheek.

The others at the table, with the exception of nervous old Uncle Gregory, paid not the slightest attention to Doctor Busyface.

Even Uncle Peter threw away his germ fear after the clam episode, and took a long chance with everything from soup to nuts.

Next we had some turkey with mashed potatoes, green peas and asparagus tips.

When Uncle Gregory's face broke out in a rash, he could see his appetite was all over.

"In this," the doctor began, holding up a turkey wing by the tail, "in this we have a case of sally-silic acid which has been treated with sally-silic acid and chloride of potassium to keep it in an adulterated state."

"Pardon me, doctor," exclaimed Peaches indignantly, "but it isn't a cold-storage turkey, because I saw her as a present by some friends on Long Island only this morning."

"Possibly," went on Caterpillar Charlie, "possibly my hurried diagnosis was at fault, but we can never be sure about these things, because here, on the elbow of the wing, I find traces of sally-silic acid over the membranes."

"No, thank you," said Uncle Gregory. "I never eat turkey, it gives me the heartburn." And the poor old gink struck such a note of hunger that I wanted to throw that doctor out of the window.

By this time several others at the table were becoming more or less impressed, and the dinner party was beginning to assume the cheerful aspect of a meeting of martyrs an hour before the arena opened.

"Please pass me some mashed potatoes," whispered Uncle Gregory after the pangs of hunger had begun to tap to the ropes.

"Here we find," croaked the doctor, raising a forkful of mashed potatoes, "here we find one of the most all effects of food adulteration. This potato was grown in the fall of the year 1888, but it has been washed in alum water to give it the appearance of being modern, while its eyes have been treated with betadonna to make them bright and snappy."

Uncle Gregory groaned pathetically, and the rest of us, out of politeness, tried to look interested, but only succeeded in looking senile.

When the ice cream and cake were brought on Doctor Smotherjoy drove his spoon down deep into the chocolate and vanilla mixed and said, "Here is a pitiful illustration of what dishonest tradesmen will do for money. Here we find that some of this ice cream was pale originally, but it was treated with aniline dye to give it this chocolate effect, and then baked in the sun to deceive the eye. On the other hand, we find this vanilla was originally dark and forbidding, but it has been treated with peroxide of hydrogen to make it more of a blonde."

"Pardon me, doctor," snapped Peaches, her teeth chattering with nervousness, "but this ice cream was made in our kitchen by our own cook."

"The Next Time You Give a Dinner Party Cut Out That Bug Doctor."

with first-class cream, and we never have any but homemade ice cream, so there!"

"Ah," said the doctor, "then in that case it must be traces of thanatopsis which I see, and the evidence is conclusive that a great deal of artificial trappe has been used, nevertheless."

"No, thank you," said Uncle Gregory. "I never eat ice cream because it goes to my head and makes me cold to my friends."

"Take this coffee, for instance," shouted the doctor, juggling a spoonful with the left hand and four lumps of sugar with the right. "Herein you will find copper salts, iodide of mercury, a four per cent solution of stibolous, together with about a sixteenth of a grain of mocha to the cupful."

"No, thank you," gasped Uncle Gregory; "I never drink coffee; it gives me the hiccupps."

After the dinner was over, Uncle Gregory took me outside and whispered: "John, for the sake of a blissful heaven, the next time you give a dinner party cut out that bug doctor, or let me wear ear muffs!"

Peaches hasn't spoken a sensible word since that bitter evening.

Can you blame her?

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Merry Christmas



GREETINGS AND A WORD OF THANKS

Appreciating the generous patronage extended to us during the past year, we whose cards appear on this page desire to extend to the people of this community our sincere thanks for the same, and to express the wish that the New Year may bring you many blessings and much happiness. We will feel grateful for your continued patronage during the coming year, and will strive to the utmost to merit your confidence and support. Greetings of the season to each and every one.



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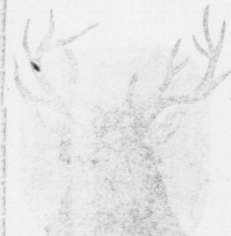
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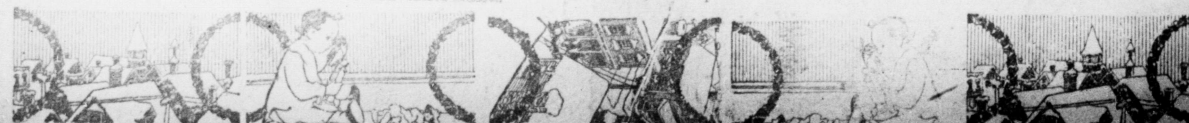
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CHEERFUL GREETINGS

From Junction's Exclusive Hardware Store

To Our Customers and Friends

As the year draws to a close we desire to express our thanks for your generous patronage the past twelve months. We extend the season's greetings to one and all and hope for a continuance of your trade during the year that is to come. You always have a big old Christmas Welcome at this store. We try to show our appreciation of your patronage by our service, and whatever you may want in the Hardware line you will find it right here at this store and at most reasonable, \$-saving prices always.



"A BIRD IN THE HAND IS WORTH TWO IN THE BUSH"

Buy Your Farm Implements Here

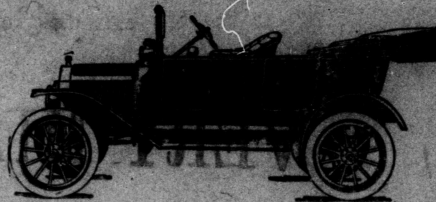
Don't you think it SAFER, Mr. Farmer, to buy your farm things here in town at a RELIABLE store than trust to an outside house, where you CAN'T SEE what you're buying?

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Big Line, Prices Right

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'TIS CHRISTMAS TIME

That bright and happy season when all the world looks Beautiful. We are printing this to let you know that our Best Wishes are added to those you have already received, and we trust this will be the jolliest Christmas that you have ever known. We appreciate the business you have given us during the year 1916, and we ask to be remembered in the days to come. We have had many years experience in the Tailoring business and we give

"Service that satisfies."

TAILORING, PRESSING, ALTERING, REPAIRING.
"MADE-TO-ORDER SUITS THAT SUIT."

W. H. SIMON, THE TAILOR.

OUR CHRISTMAS WISH

MAY THE CHRISTMASTIDE BEAR YOU
TO THE HIGHEST LEVEL
OF YOUR DESIRES,
AND
THE EBBING YEAR
LEAVE YOU STRANDED
ON THE GOLDEN SHORES OF PROSPERITY.

REESE & WEAVER
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Merry Christmas And Happy New Year

It's Christmas and it's thankful we are that it's here, We are grateful it comes each year.

If we've pleased you we hope that we'll always be friends,
If not, come in and we'll make our amends.

We appreciate the patronage we have enjoyed since we have been in business among you. We realize that no man can please everybody. But we have tried to do our best to give you the best service possible. We expect to, if possible strive even harder toward that end during the year that is to come.

The very mention of CHRISTMAS sets the heart aglow and recalls to mind many happy hours spent in company with friends both old and new, and promote the feeling of good will within us, wherefore we send forth our good wishes for your Happiness and welfare.

Junction Telephone Company.

S. B. KINDRICK, Manager.

Greetings of the Season

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF JUNCTION

Thanks you for the many kindnesses shown during the past year.

Your patronage has made our success possible.

We extend to Kimble County people best wishes for a

VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS

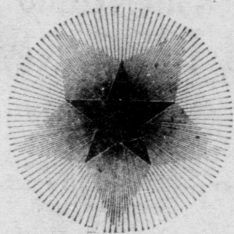
AND

Wish you added prosperity for the coming New Year.



The Lone

The
Place
to
Eat.



The
Place
to
Eat.

Cafe

Extends Holiday Greetings

On Monday, December 18th, we again assumed charge of this our old stand and will conduct it in future. We established this business some years ago, and feel that we need no introduction as a restaurant man. Will be assisted by my wife, whose cooking we can, without boasting, say compare favorably with any ever set before a hungry man in Junction. The people know this is true. We invite you to come to see us. We are much better prepared than ever before to give pleasing service.

Car Delivery to any part of the city Phone 79 and order it.

The best lightbread and pastries you ever tasted.

J. R. PETTITT.

"THE OLD RELIABLE MAN AT THE OLD RELIABLE STAND."

CHRISTMAS 1916

should be a season of gladness and rejoicing throughout America, for our people more than any other in the world are enjoying the blessings of peace and goodwill. All the instrumentalities of civilization, all the agencies of progress are at work making this a better land to live in.

American business has withstood the shock of the world's greatest war and is stronger today than ever before.

Our own immediate vicinity has prospered to a marvelous degree and truly we have much to be thankful for. The records of our business is not a bad index to the production and prosperity of this section--and our business this year has been by far the best in all its history.

In the midst of this gladsome holiday season we wish for all the people of this glorious country the blessings of health, happiness and prosperity.

Schreiner-Hodges Company

KIMBLE COUNTY CITIZEN.

Twenty-Fifth Year

Junction, Texas, Friday, December 22, 1916

Number 2



Christmas Hymn

By Philip Brooks

O holy Child
of Bethlehem,
Descend to us,
we pray;
Cast out our sins,
and enter in,
Be born in us today.
We hear the
Christmas angels
The great glad
tidings tell;
O come to us,
abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel.

ABIDE

WITH US

OUR LORD

EMMANUEL

Merry Christmas