

KIMBLE COUNTY CITIZEN.

TWENTY-SECOND YEAR. NO. 4.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1913.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

WHEN CHRISTMAS TIME COMES ROUND

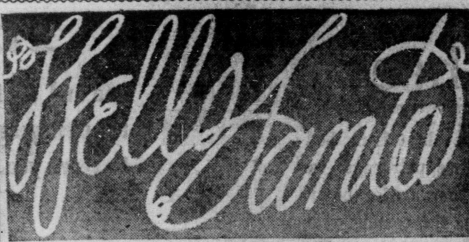
ST. KISER

When Christmas time comes round it seems
As though the long, long years
Roll back and take away our cares
And day up all our tears:
I don't know why it is, but when
The great day comes along
I get to feelin' young again,
And kind of turn to song,
And whistle and go on just like
A boy would. I'll be heard,
The old world seems to brighten up
When Christmas time comes round.

I'm tickled at the Jumps' Jack
And all them kind of things;
I like to watch the boys that play
By windin' up the springs,
And somehow—don't know why it is—
Love seems to fill the air,
And I forget I've enemies
Or troubles anywhere;
And every little while I sort
Of listen for the sound
Of voices that have long been still,
When Christmas time comes round.

I wish that I was Santa Claus
And had a magic sleigh,
To visit all the children who
Look forward to the day—
The orphans and the cripples and
The poor folks everywhere—
All children that are good and kind
And don't forget their prayers:
I'll bet you that they'd all be glad
When they get up and found
Their sockin's fairly bustin' out,
When Christmas time comes round.

Oh, happy time of lingin' bells
And hills all white with snow;
Oh, joyful day that takes us back
To care-free long ago!
I wonder if up there above
Where happy angels roam
They do not get to thinkin' of
The happy times at home,
And turn, in fancy, back once more
To listen to the sound
Of voices that have long been still,
When Christmas time comes round?



MERRY CHRISTMAS GREETINGS!

We take this method of expressing our appreciation to our many customers and friends for the business you have been giving us. As the old year draws to a close and we look back over the year's business, we are thankful to note that you have shown that you appreciated the service we have given to your needs in the hardware line. The dawning of 1914 finds us better prepared than ever before to supply your every want in everything that an up-to-date Hardware store ought to handle. We are adding to our stock all the while and it is our purpose to as near as is possible keep in stock ready for immediate delivery everything in this line you might need, but if it should so happen that we haven't on hand just the article you are looking for, we can order it for you at a saving of both time and money for you, and it would be our great pleasure to do so. We have wagons going all the time between here and the railway station.

With the Parcel Post system now in effect we are enabled to give our country customers a much better service and at cheaper rates than ever before, and will make every effort to give you most prompt and satisfactory service on all orders received by telephone or by mail. Next time you need something in a hurry just try us in this way. Our Prices are ALWAYS RIGHT and you can depend upon it that whether you phone in your order, send by mail or come yourself will make no difference whatever in the the price. ONE PRICE to ALL, and a guarantee of the best value and service--ALWAYS. DON'T FORGET US WHEN YOU GET READY TO BUY THAT GASOLINE ENGINE. WE HANDLE THE BEST. JUST KEEP IN MIND WE HANDLE THE FORD CAR--IT'S HARD TO BEAT. IF YOU'D RATHER HAVE A NEW BUGGY WE HAVE THAT TOO. HEADQUARTERS FOR ALL MANNER OF FARMING IMPLEMENTS ALSO. COME TO SEE US.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU

IS THE WISH OF

JUNCTION HARDWARE CO.

A Message Of Appreciation.

The "Old Reliable" House
Extends

Holiday Cheer

As another year draws to a close we take this method to thank our customers for the generous patronage we have enjoyed. We always appreciate your trade, be it great or small, and we hope that during the coming year we may serve you more and better than ever before. We now have a nice modern home for our business and are much better prepared than ever before to satisfy the wants of the buying public. When others fail it is worth something to have an "Old Reliable", ever-dependable house that, like the Rock of Gibraltar, is always there with a firm foundation for you inviting your confidence and faith.

Make our store your headquarters during 1914. You always have a "holiday welcome" here.

The "Old Reliable" House,
Schreiner-Hodges Co.

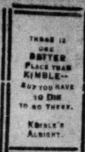
TO OUR CUSTOMERS
AND FRIENDS:

We Thank You

one and all for the patronage given us during the past year, and we hope to thus continue to serve you. We wish for you one and all

A
Merry Xmas
and
Happy New Year.

C. W. BERGMANN & CO.



KIMBLE COUNTY CITIZEN.

OF AND FOR KIMBLE COUNTY

VOL. XXII, NO. 4

JUNCTION, TEXAS, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1913

ESTABLISHED 1891

Schreiner-Hodges Co.

General Merchandise

RANCH SUPPLIES

We Buy Country Produce.

Junction, Texas.

Jno. M. Hankins' Drug Store

HAS IT

Drugs, Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Fruits, Confections, Fishing Tackle, Post Cards.

Books, Magazines, Stationery, School Supplies, Kodaks, Fine Perfumes, Toilet Requisites.

PRESCRIPTIONS MY SPECIALTY.

JUNCTION, TEXAS.

Junction Livery Stable,

T. M. HODGES, Sr., Prop.

Good Service. Careful Drivers
Terms: Cash.

That Monument

M. S. Nichols

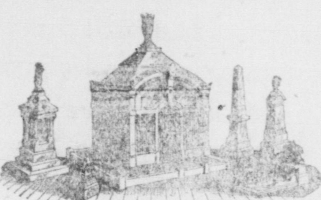
THE MONUMENT MAN

WANTS TO SEE YOU ABOUT THAT TOMESTONE

He can give you best satisfaction in Price and in Quality.

BEAUTIFUL DESIGNS IN MARBLE AND GRANITE.

LETHIMCALL AND FIGUREWITH YOU



R. BECKER,

Blacksmith

And

Machinery Repairing.

JUNCTION, TEXAS.

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

Read every one of the want ads. They may contain just what you are looking for.

If you are thinking of attending a business college or school, several dollars on the scholar-ship about it, we can save you

BUY AND USE



Red Cross Christmas Seals

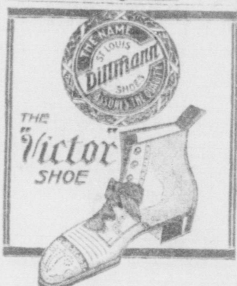
One cent each and thus aid in the movement to secure a County Hospital and Dispensaries in this County for the care of the sick and afflicted. Every seal you buy helps to provide hospitals, dispensaries and visiting nurses for the care of the sick and the prevention of disease.

CHRISTMAS SEAL CAMPAIGN, Headquarters State Capital, Austin. MRS. O. B. COLQUITT, General Chairman. Mrs. J. N. Hodges, Local Chairman. Local Committee: Mrs. Mand Prentiss, Mrs. J. B. Chenaux, Mrs. J. S. Dusk, Mrs. Emma Burrows, Mrs. Lily Nichols, Mrs. Jno. M. Hankins.

Now that the Railroad is practically certain to come, I wish to say the Lots that I have left in the College Addition to the town of Junction are a still for sale at the low price of \$60.00, \$65.00, and \$70.00; at this price they are the cheapest lots in town.

I have another lot close to main part of town with a South frontage that I will take \$275.00. Good situation. Good title. Frank L. Wilson.

Let us repair your old gun sewing machine or any thing else you may have that needs repairing. We guarantee our work. Junction Hardware Co.



Grand Leader has 'em.

TEACHERS' INSTITUTE HAS INTERESTING SESSION

The Kimble County Teachers' Institute met in regular session Monday, December 15th, 1913, 9:00 a. m. at the Junction High School building and was called to order by J. B. Randolph.

"America" was sung and Rev. C. W. Rylander conducted devotional exercises.

Hon. J. B. Randolph delivered a welcome address to the teachers and Mr. C. R. Stevens responded in behalf of the teachers.

The teachers then went into the organization and Ed F. Gibson was nominated and elected as secretary of the Institute.

The following teachers were enrolled the first morning:

Misses Grace Ray, Jettie Edwards, Jessie Cropper, Stella Phelps, Florence Sheppard, Ella Delavan, Juliet Holland, Mae Tobey, Mary Willis, Stella Hodges, Edith Young, Alice Heyman, Austin Durst, Henrietta Fairchild, Bennie Oliver, Bessie Robinson, Jennie Henderson, Fannie Willis, Ruth Maxwell, Mesdames Emma Burrows, Winnie V. Kountz, Messrs J. P. Kountz, Oran Stewart, C. C. Britt, J. H. Lewis, T. C. Hall, Ed F. Gibson.

The work has been in fine progress all the week, and has been the occasion for many interesting and beneficial discussions. The program was published in last week's issue. We expect to give the minutes in a later issue.

JUNCTION RAINFALL 1913

To Dec 16th 12 M

	INCHES
January	.76
February	1.20
March	1.30
April	2.15
May	2.75
June	2.60
July	1.20
August	4.50
September	4.37
October	2.85
November	7.53
December	4.10
Total	35.29

Last year's rainfall was about 7 inches, while the year before that had about 15 inches.

The dampness continues to come here now every few days and we may get a bout with more inches before January 1st.

New York Bargain Store We Are Making

every effort to please you in what you want in our line.

Our Prices

are as low as the lowest. Come and see.

We have made extra low prices especially for

Your Christmas Buying.

Melinger Bros.

JOHN F. REID,

LAWYER AND NOTARY PUBLIC

Will Practice in All the Civil Courts. No Criminal Business nor Divorce Cases Taken.

We're Not Joking About This
WANTED—27 loads of wood on subscription.—CITIZEN

Do you want to sell that property of yours? If so, list it with M. S. Nichols; if he can't help you he won't do you any harm

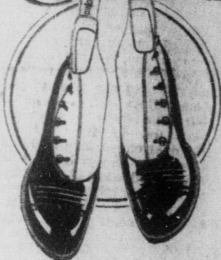
There are some shoes for you



At New York Bargain Store

Boost for the railroad.

Crawford



Grand Leader Sells 'em.

Five more days till Christmas. Better attend to the balance of that Christmas trading right this very day.

Citizen want ads bring results.



If you don't think Santa Claus has arrived in Junction just call in at Heyman's Drug Store and take a look. This season we early secured our holiday goods, and they are now ready for your inspection—and the wise purchaser will secure his presents early and thus have wider range of choice and save the worry of "the last minute" shopping tour. There are presents here for the old folks, the young folks, and the little tots. All kinds of presents suitable for all kinds of people. One of the nicest and most beautiful assortments ever brought to this city. Fine line Holiday Books. Games of all description. Kodaks and Kodak Supplies. Manicure Sets, Cake and Berry Sets, Nut Sets, Tea Sets, Glassware, Collar Boxes, Jewel Boxes, Hand Mirrors, Photo Albums, Kodak Albums, Tobacco Sets, Chinaware, Lovely assortment of Dolls, Child's Dishes, Pictures, Stationery, Pipe Racks, Necktie Racks, Music Rolls, Jewelry. Complete line of Christmas Candies and Confections. And hundreds of other holiday supplies. You'll find just what you want, and the prices RIGHT. Come and See. Better COME NOW.

J. A. Heyman's Drug Store.

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Antonio, Texa

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More Hessler's used than all others combined. Hand made. Best made. Best friend to carriers. Approved by Postmaster General. Complete with post box. Aluminum lined. For sale by merchants or sent direct for \$2.25. Postage prepaid. Name stamped on box free. Dealers and agents write for special discount prices.

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SOUTH FLORES ST.

Hardware, Harness, Loyal Separators, Flying Dutchman Tools

ELLIOTT GASOLINE ENGINES
PUMP JACKS
U. S. WIND MILLS
STUDEBAKER WAGONS, & IMPLEMENTS

FALL SEEDS

Cabbage, Yellow Bermuda Onion Seed, Beets, Beans, Peas, Lettuce, Mustard, Radish, Squash, Turnip, Barley, Rye, Red Oats, Alfalfa, Bar Clover, Rescue Grass, Bermuda Grass, Dwarf Essex Rape, Winter Vetches, White Pearl and Yellow Bermuda Onion Seed.

BEST QUALITY LOW PRICES QUICK SERVICE

REICHARDT & SCHULTE
Houston, THE TEXAS SEED HOUSE, Texas

Xmas Joy is all year joy when the gift is a KODAK

Selecting the Christmas Kodak is a very simple matter at our store. Our stock is complete, from the little one dollar Brownies to the most expensive special Kodaks, and we can explain clearly and simply their various points of excellence. Let us assist you in selecting the Kodak best suited to the person for whom you are buying.

We carry the best of everything for photography.

FILMS DEVELOPED, All sizes, 6

We use Velox Paper only for printing.

Try our finishing department. Experts to do your developing and printing.

Give us a trial and compare our work.

"THE KODAK PLACE"
Potchernick-Birdsong Co.
214 E. HOUSTON ST. Opp. Gunter Hotel SAN ANTONIO

1-4 DON'T WAIT FOR CASH 1-4 Off

Now is the Time to get your Xmas Piano

READ THINK

Our 25% off reduction sale gives you the opportunity you have been waiting for.

TERMS TO SUIT YOUR OWN CONVENIENCE. Freight Paid Anywhere.

ACT NOW

\$100.00 to \$200.00 SAVED ON EVERY PIANO OR PLAYER-PIANO NOW

MOVING TO A NEW STORE MAKES ALL THIS POSSIBLE

IT'S THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME

1-4 San Antonio Music Co. 1-4 Off

HUERTA PLOT FRUSTRATED

Military Prison Officials Are Sent to Penitentiary Colony at Quintanaroo, Yucatan.

Vera Cruz, Mexico, Dec. 8.—Major Garcia de la Cadena and Lieut. De la Pena, the Governor and the commander of the guard of Santiago military prison in City of Mexico, arrived here under charge of a strong detail of soldiers of the presidential guard, and were taken on board the gunboat Vera Cruz, bound for the penal colony of Quintanaroo, Yucatan.

The arrest of the two officers was the result of the discovery in the prison of a serious anti-Huerta conspiracy, the intention being to arm

BARGAINS IN UNREDEEMED DIAMONDS, WATCHES

Solid Gold Rings, Musical Instruments, Guns

S. B. MAY, Pawnbroker
104 W. Houston St. San Antonio

REBELS WIN AT TULA

Constitutionalists Claim to Have Won a Victory in the Mexican Oil Fields.

Brownsville, Tex., Dec. 8.—A twenty-four-hour battle near Tula, forty miles below Victoria, Tamaulipas, in the region of important Mexican oil fields, resulted in a Federal loss of 220, according to an official Constitutionalists' report, received at Matamoros from General Aguilar, the commander in chief in that district. The Constitutionalists' losses were not stated. Late advices from Victoria said fighting was again in progress.

The battle started Tuesday night. General Carrera Torres commanded the Constitutionalists, who numbered 2,000, and Generals Rabago and Arzamein the Federal force, which was more than 1,000 strong.

REFUGEES NEAR BORDER

Caravan From Chihuahua Is Now Only a Few Miles From Ojinaga.

Marfa, Tex., Dec. 8.—Five days on a desert without any more food or water than they could carry with them, the refugees from Chihuahua City, evacuated by the Federals, are within a few miles of Ojinaga, on the border opposite Presidio, Tex. United States customs and immigration inspectors left Marfa to meet the refugees in the expectation that they would cross the border, and also to meet any contingency that might arise in event any of the Mexican Federal officers should seek safety in this country.

At the head of the fleeing army officers is General Salvador Merced. Huerta's military commander in Northern Mexico, who evacuated Chihuahua after his troops threatened mutiny because they received no pay. Two thousand Federal troops, with members of some of the richest families in Mexico, are in the caravan.

Unable to procure vehicles, and given only a short time of gathering such of their portable possessions as they could, the civilians started on foot to follow the army. The route to the border is more than 180 miles of desert, without towns, railroads or wagon trails. That the refugees endured great hardships is thought inevitable. Luis Terrezas, one of the fugitives, is said to have withdrawn 5,000 pesos from the banks before leaving.

Almost everyone in Marfa left for the border to witness the arrival of the refugees. Marfa is about fifty miles from Presidio and is connected with it only by a wagon road and a telephone.

and release all the prisoners and then co-operate with bodies of disaffected troops in an attack on the National Palace.

The arrests were effected yesterday afternoon immediately after the discovery of the plot.

Extraordinary precautions were taken to prevent any communication with the prisoners after the arrival of the train and pending the preparation of the gunboat for their reception.

Who Suffers Pain?

Those who suffer pain should try Huert's Lightning Oil, the world's greatest liniment. It is the finest thing for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sprains, Burns, Backache, etc. All druggists sell it.

JOHNSON WANTS RED SOX

San Johnson Making Effort to Purchase Stock of Boston American League Team.

Boston, Mass., Dec. 8.—President Dan Johnson of the American League is in Boston, trying to close a deal for the repurchase of control of the Boston Americans "Red Sox," by the Taylors, including former President John Taylor and his father, General Charles H. Taylor, owner of the Boston Globe.

The Taylors are now 30 per cent owners, but by agreement with the syndicate headed by Mr. McAlister have had nothing to do with the management of the club.

While Johnson refused to say anything beyond the fact that he has talked with the Taylors, who have made a big offer for the stock held by McAlister, McRoy and others. It is known that he stands very close to Mr. Chalmers, who is perhaps the largest holder of stock in the club outside of General Taylor. This man is said to have been anxious to dispose of his stock. It is expected that an announcement may be made early next week.

A man in British West Indies, writes: "Wherever I am I find Huert's Lightning Oil indispensable. It is truly a wonderful remedy for rheumatism, neuralgia, sprains, etc. You should just try it and be convinced. Your druggist will sell it."

CONVICT WORKED ROADS

Of 275 Convicts Worked Under Ohio's Honor System, Only 18 Attempted to Escape.

The National Committee on Prison Labor sends out the following: The practice of putting convicts on their honor, especially prisoners who are at work constructing or repairing highways, has been started in several States and is meeting with much success, according to reports received by the National Committee on Prison Labor, North Dakota, Oregon, New Jersey, Michigan, Ohio and Colorado are among the States where the honor system has been developed to its highest degree.

Under the laws of North Dakota, the Board of Control may employ convicts on the public highways, their expenses to be paid by the respective counties in which they work. The law stipulates that the prisoners perform their duties under the supervision of skilled laborers, who act as guards, but, so far as possible, the law declares, the convicts are to be placed on their honor.

Another feature of North Dakota's prison law is worded as follows: "Each short time convict worked upon said State roads shall receive a credit upon his time of ten days for each thirty days that he shall faithfully and diligently work upon said State roads, and in case of convicts serving life sentences such privileges shall be given them as in the judgment of the warden is proper, but in case that any convict fails to do faithful and efficient work or attempts to escape, he shall forfeit all or any of said credits as in the judgment of the warden shall be proper."

Of 275 convicts who were worked under the honor system in Ohio, only eighteen reported that they attempted to escape, according to the report of Warden Preston E. Thomas of the Ohio State penitentiary. While these men were thus employed, there was no barrier except their own honor between them and freedom. Of the eighteen men who broke faith, all but seven were caught and returned to the prison, so that the percentage of those who failed to serve their full sentences was only 2 1/2. This record, says Warden Thomas, compares favorably with trusts in the outside world.

Also in Michigan, where all persons convicted of drunkenness or vagrancy are sentenced to work on the roads instead of to jail, the practice of trusting prisoners has been found successful. Not only that, but according to W. M. Bryant, Good Roads Commissioner of Michigan, the sentencing of convicts to work on the highways tends to eliminate much petty crime.

It was in Colorado, under Warden Thomas J. Tolan, that the honor system was first employed among prisoners at work on the highways, and it is in that State and Oregon that the system has been most extensively developed. Governor Wood of Oregon, in a statement to the National Committee on Prison Labor concerning the honor system among prisoners at work on the roads, said:

"Our road gangs are made up of from fifteen to twenty-five men, with a free man as foreman, who lives and works with his crew. His word is law in camp, and his report as to the conduct of the prisoners carries great weight with the prison officials. It is most essential, therefore, that great care be exercised in the selection of these foremen. We have had unexpected success in the operation of our road gangs. Some have been maintained as far as three hundred miles from the prison, and nearly all in the hills and mountains, where every opportunity was given to escape. At first we had a number of failures, but our strategy and vigilance have since been maintained."

Johnson's plan is to purchase the stock of the Boston Americans, a team of the American League, and then to sell it to the Taylors, who have had nothing to do with the management of the club.

SEEDS

Our Large, Complete 1914 Catalogue is now ready. A copy will be sent FREE upon request.

SEEDS, INCUBATORS and POULTRY SUPPLIES

Moers Seed Company
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HOUSTON, TEXAS

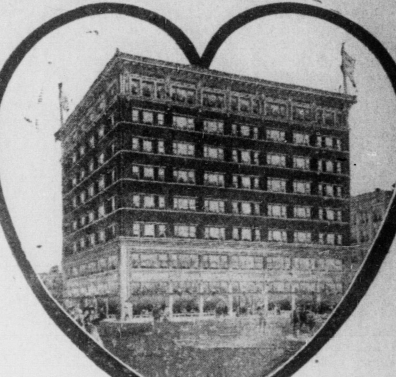
X-L AUTO EXCHANGE

105 Martin Street, Two Blocks North of Gunter Hotel

Specialists in finding buyers of second-hand automobiles. Do you want to sell your car? Do you want to buy a second-hand car? Phone or write us. Crockert 189; New Phone 404.

P. H. KELLER, Manager

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Southwest Texas' Greatest Shopping Place

THE WOLFF & MARX CO.
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS
On Houston, Main Avenue, Soledad and Varimendi Streets

Make Your Holiday Bake-Days Real Happy Events

Pioneer Flour

WILL PAVE THE WAY. THIS FLOUR IS NOT BLEACHED NOR WHITENED BY ANY UNNATURAL PROCESSES.

PIONEER FLOUR MILLS
DAILY CAPACITY 1200 Bbls.

This handy Bed-Room Necessity

LaBodie Alcohol GAS HEATER \$6.95

Equipped with heavy brass bowl; strongly supported and will heat half gallon water instantaneously. One filling of alcohol (sold about 10 cents) will burn for four hours. Regular \$14.00 value, this week for only 50c postpaid.

H. L. WAGNER, Druggist 407 E. Houston St. SAN ANTONIO, TEX.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR

PRICE-BOOKER MANUFACTURING CO.'S PICKLES AND CATSUP

BREAD! BREAD!

BUTTER BREAD, WHITE BREAD, RYE BREAD, ANY KIND OF BREAD

Shipped on Short Notice Anywhere. Write or Phone

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The San Antonio Loan & Trust Co.

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(Chartered 1890—Without Banking Privileges)

We Pay 4.38% Interest

Investment Funds Subject to 60 Days Notice of Withdrawal

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WANTED: IN CAR LOAD LOTS CATTLE AND HOGS

WE PAY FOR INFORMATION resulting in car load shipments to us of all kinds of **FAT CATTLE, CALVES and HOGS**. If you can furnish either the live stock or the information, write or phone

UNION MEAT COMPANY

THE CITIZEN

Published Every Week.

BY—

C. M. NICHOLS.

Subscription Rates.

One Copy one year.....\$1.00
Six months......40
Three months......20
Entered at the postoffice at Junction
Texas as Second Class Mail Matter.
Advertising rates made known upon
Application.

A Merry Christmas!

A merry Christmas! Thus we speak to one another each Christmas morn. What a magic that word Christmas carries! The great universal holiday when hearts are made glad throughout the earth. The interpretation, the form of observation of this annual joy festival may vary widely among the different peoples of the earth, but to one and all among civilized humanity this season brings the kindred feeling of brotherly love, of hearts made glad, and of beautiful Christmas cheer. A time when we may pause for a moment in the frantic hurry of this busy century and relax to extract an hour of joy from our brief, overwrought existence. Christmas, the happiest season of all the year.

The child grows eagerly expectant as he counts the dragging days for weeks before and looks forward to the visit of Santa Claus. While the older ones with gifts of hearty good cheer impress friends and loved ones with tender affection, fond remembrance, kindly thoughtfulness and brotherly love. The busy man of the world whose feelings of tender sentiment long since been seared with doubt, strife and strife, cannot but be reminded of higher motives when this great holiday of holidays is come.

The rich, will waste their millions in riotous joy for a merry Christmas. The poor newsboy who receives a few extra pennies from some kindly hand will rejoice and be glad that the Christmas season is come. Some hearts are a by force of circumstances poverty cheated of the joys of holiday season. But in every home, be it ever so humble, there should be some form of observation of this day of days, some effort to do as far as possible make happy the dear ones about us. Let the children and the dear ones who are in happy association in the home today rejoice and make glad the hearts of one another. Tomorrow's turn of the wheel of life's fortune may scatter the members of the happy group to the four corners of the earth. If thus it should be, in the years to come fond recollection of the happy Christmas time in the old home may serve as a balm to hearts wounded by life's scars and help to counteract the bitterness which may come in the struggles along the journey from the cradle to the grave. How dear are the pleasant memories which float back over the flood of the years to happy Christmas times in the old "home sweet home."

This is a practical age when the feelings of tender sentiment are cast into background—but say what you will, the noblest of efforts and the greatest achievements in man's career are born of sentiment. No man can dare say that there is even in this dollar-mad era a more potent, irresistible force, a greater power in the universe than love. The Christmas season is the season of love and happiness; it is the celebration of the birthday of the great Father of love. The dollar may rule the world, but love rules on a higher throne than the dollar's ever reach. Dollars can do much for us, but they cannot purchase another life when this one is gone. Andrew Carnegie, the great multimillionaire, said the other day on reaching his 79th birthday that if it were possible for someone to extend his life he would gladly tell them to name their price.

But it cannot be so. In a few more years at least he like the most lovely member of the race must have aside this life to launch out into the great unknown. It is given unto men to live but once on this earth. How careful then should we be! How earnest in life's race! How diligent in our efforts to make others happy about us, and extend throughout the earth the great love principle which comes from Him whose birth we now celebrate.

Christmas is not only a fact commemorating the sacred festi-

val in the world's calendar, but the glorious prophecy of a coming day surpassing all the bright dreams of the mind in man. The Nazarene on His human nature wide sprang from the lowliest of peasants and He is yet to lift every peasant to kingliest throne of character. He allied Himself with poverty and the common people. He is yet to banish poverty with all its ills, from the world, and to give to common humanity their rightful sovereignty. He worked with his hands for his daily bread. He is yet to dignify and glorify in the thought of mankind all his arms and blessed them. He is yet to make a blessed the child live in every home. He gave His peace to His disciples. He is yet to extend His peace throughout the earth. He rose from a manger babe to become the king of the ages, the monarch of life and death, the Saviour of men. He is yet to ascend this throne of power and establish His kingdom forever. He united His brethren with Himself. He is yet to make all men brothers and at one with His Father in heaven. By His death on the cross He provided a means of redemption to fallen humanity. And He is yet to make a perfect the fulfillment of this grand purpose.

A merry Christmas! Let us consider the meaning, the deep, real, grand, meaning of this blessed anniversary. And may we all join together in making real among all mankind the beautiful and sacred sentiment, "A merry Christmas to you."

Someone has figured it out that to set an ordinary column of type requires 10,000 pieces of type in which there are 70,000 chances to make errors, besides millions of chances for transposition. In the sentence "To be or not to be" by transposition alone it is possible to make 3,759, 023 errors. Now do you wonder that we sometimes make one?

—Ex.

Junction papers are certainly boosting the railroad proposition and we don't blame them. There is a fine territory along the proposed line, and many telling arguments could be made. The Enterprise wishes them success, and at the same time is watching for an opportunity to boost Mason in the same line; and we think it will soon be here. Mason is bound to have a railroad in the near future.—Mason Enterprise.

Did you ever think of it? Suppose every business man in the city took as much interest in the upbuilding of a city as a newspaper man. He works for railroads, manufactories, better roads, churches, good streets, and a hundred and one other things for the general good; he urges, pleads, scolds, badgers and coverts around generally until he gets what he sets out for. Imagine his feelings, then, when some lame, string harled kind of a fellow reproaches him because he doesn't boom things enough, and nine out of ten that same fellow has never paid a cent toward supporting that paper, the paper he reads with marked regularity, and he has borrowed from his neighbor or picked up from the counter in the store at which he trades.

To Our Readers.

As is our custom we will issue no paper Christmas week. This Christmas number comes to you with our compliments and our best Christmas wishes. We appreciate any and all patronage you give us and try to express that appreciation by increased facilities and stronger endeavor towards giving an ever improving paper and printing service. Quality counts with us in all lines above everything else, and our prices in each department are the very lowest consistent with high quality and good service.

This paper is just entering its twenty second year. We make no boasts of the past, nor unrealistic promises for the future. That isn't our method. We learned several years ago that people like to be shown. Our record of straightforward business policy and square dealing speaks for itself. Every help which you can give The Citizen helps to make the paper better for its hundreds of readers.

We wish for our and all most joyous Christmas, and hope that the new year may bring to each of you the cream of happiness which comes from a dear, well done.

Faithfully yours,
Publisher.

"Please Stop My—"

A newspaper is the great national book. It penetrates into the heart of nearly every family and silently does its work. It can drop the same idea into the minds of thousands of people at the same time. There are many people who read nothing else, almost no one reads that does not read the newspaper and hence, as an advertising medium it is by far the cheapest and best; and every business man who wishes to prosper and become a power in the land will have to keep the word "advertisement" constantly before him; take advantage of it on every hand; don't let an opportunity pass to make your name and business favorably known. Every advertisement inserted attracts the eye of the outside world, and nothing else tends more towards the growth of a city.

"Times are hard, money is scarce, business is dull, retrenchment is duty—please stop my—" Whiskey? "Oh, no; times are not hard enough for that. But there is something else that costs me a large amount every year, which I wish to save. Please stop my—" Ribbons, jewelry ornaments, and trinkets? "No, no; not those, but I must retrench somewhere. Please stop my—" Tobacco, cigars, snuff? "Not these at all, but I believe I can see a way to effect quite a saving in another direction. Please stop my—" Tea, coffee, and unhealthy luxuries? "No, no; not these. I must think of something else. Ah! I have it now. My paper costs \$1.00 a year. Please stop my paper. That will carry me through the strain easily. I believe in retrenchment and economy, especially in brain."

Tell me not in mournful numbers That the town is full of gloom, For the man's crank that sits bers.

In these glorious days of boom, Life is real, life is earnest. And the grave is not its goal— Every dollar that thou turnest Helps to make the old town roll. But enjoyment and not sorrow Is our destined end or way; If you have no money borrow— Buy a corner lot today. Lives of great men all remind us We can win immortal fame. Let us leave the chumps behind us.

And we'll get there all the same, In this world's broad field of battle, In the bivouac of life, Let us make the dry bones rattle. Invest something for your wife. Let us then be up and doing With a heart for any fate, Still achieving, still pursuing, Booming early, booming late.

A BOY'S COMPOSITION.

"A school ma'am is a verb, no doubt of that, because she denotes action when you throw paper wads at the girls. Switch is a conjunction and is used to connect the verb school ma'am to the noun boy. This is a compound sentence, of which boy is the subject and switch is the object. First person, singular number and awful case. A school ma'am is different from a boy, a boy wears pants and a school ma'am wears her hair banded all over her forehead. She puts paint on her face and some big fellows come and take her home. Ma says a school ma'am never gets to be older than eighteen until she gets married. It takes two school ma'ms a day to cook a dinner.

Christmas Tree.

There will be a Christmas tree at the Junction M. E. Church on Christmas eve night. You are invited.

The undersigned expects to preach on the 4th. Sunday on the subject, "The Establishment of the Church, and its Bible Characteristics." Services at 11 a. m. Every body invited.
John S. Durst.

HONOR ROLL Junction Public School.

FIRST GRADE

Katie Wilson, Laran Bissett, Wauldmore Jarvis, Marguerite Wright, Margaret Oliver, Mark Stevenson, Chas. Cowser, Ernest Randle, Sidney Randle, Albert Pierce, Lela Bruce, Fleming Feins—Myrtle Meadows.

SECOND GRADE

Ben Bailey Thomas, Joe D. Tomlerlin, Elsie Willis, Laverne Smith, Achsah Baker, Lela Burrows, Nettie Wright, Louise Ragland, Wilma McDonough, John Henderson, Homan Johnson, Clarence Richardson, Floyd Richardson.

THIRD GRADE

Howard Blackburn, Leslie Cox, Jim Burt Jarvis, Guy Mun, Van Martin, Frank Quisenberry, Carlos Taylor, William Van Egan, John Blackburn, Walter Waits, Orin Smith, Merle Blackburn, Ida Cowser, Clara Davis, Dorothy Hodges, Mylred Kelley, Flora Miller, Oma Smith, Blix Hankins, Ura Waits, Lois Hankins.

FOURTH GRADE

Ruth Baker, Irene Chase, Mary Louise Prentice, Natalie Sandherr, Edna Smith, Dorris Wright, Eli Baker, J. D. Baker, Willie Bissett, Warren Burt, Roquey Jobs.

FIFTH GRADE

Ula Waulle Jarvis, Hazel Randolph, Rachel Sprouse, Clara Bell Thomas, Aubrey Ivy, Chester Eckert, Laurence Johnson, Clinton Kelley.

SIXTH GRADE

Lucy Cowser, Pierce Stevenson, Cecil Martin, Francis Wilson, Henry Hamer, Garlen Newby, Louis Jetton, Emma May Hodges, Seaton Prentice, Esther Mueller, Elizabeth Patterson, Mary Meredith, Ernest Hamer.

SEVENTH GRADE

Mary Ellis Blackburn, Bessie Browning, Bessie Quisenberry, Doeboy Taylor, Mattie Tomlerlin, Harless Cox, Rowland Martin, John D. Phillips.

EIGHTH GRADE

Ida Mae Jarvis, Ida Stevenson, Lela Browning, Lottie Brooks, Carolyn Van Egan, William Wilson, Byron Newby, Cummins Patterson.

NINTH GRADE

Lottie Heyman, Loma Kelley, Allen Tobey, Ruth Stevenson, Dorris Holekamp, Flora Eckert.

TENTH GRADE

Reba Wright, Georgia Jarvis, Ota Jetton, Lillian Randolph, Lina Jarvis.

VISITORS:

Mrs. Sammie Baker, Misses Grace and Bonnie Oliver, M. E. L. Jarvis.

Rain and the resulting high water in the river kept some pupils from attending regularly, therefore their names do not appear on the honor roll.

We will have a statement of the school and its work up to the holidays in the next issue of the paper.

C. O. Britt

LETTER FROM RAILWAY PROMOTER

The following letter from railroad promoter Robinson is self explanatory:
At Oneida, Tenn., Dec. 11, 1913.
Mr. E. Holekamp,
Junction, Texas.

Dear Sir:
Have been delayed in the East longer than I expected, but expect to be in Texas next week. I will be accompanied by my Chief Engineer. I want him to go over the territory from San Angelo to San Antonio, and when we get there I will call on you by phone, and will want your aid in getting us over the territory in your section, so that we may do the work as expected as possible.

If convenient, I wish you would telephone to Col. Black the substance of this letter and will apply equally to him and to his territory.

Hoping to see you quite soon. I am,
Yours very truly,
Bird M. Robinson.

Ladies' Bazaar

The Bazaar conducted by the Episcopal ladies here Wednesday had no display many pretty and useful articles. Proceeds were \$10.65, which go for benefit of the church.

Wool and Mohair

Charles Schreiner,
BANKER

(UNINCORPORATED)

Makes Liberal Advances on Sheep, Goats,

Wool and Mohair.

Individual Responsibility, Three Million Dollars

Junction Hardware Co.

DEALERS IN

Pittsburg Perfect Electric Welded Fencing,
Gasoline Engines, Irrigation Plants, Fluming,
Well Casing, Windmills, Galvanized Tanks,
Cutting, Machinery of All Kinds

complete Tin and Repair Shop in connection

Junction, Texas.

QUICKER

BETTER

Joe H. Ramsey,

Contractor and Builder

No Job Too Large to Do, or Too Small To Be Appreciated. I Take No Cheap Contracts and use unexperienced help, but Use First-Class and Experienced Workmen throughout My Building. Let Me Figure With You.

M. E. BLACKBURN
Lawyer

With Practice in All State and Federal Courts
Abstracts of Titles of Kimble County.

HORACE E. WILSON
LAWYER

With Practice in all State and U. S. Courts
Office at Junction State Bank Building.

W. G. BOWMAN LUMBER CO.

If you want Lumber to build house or barn, figure with Us Before placing your Order.

Charles E. Patton, Manager. Menard, Texas.

Second-Hand Store

Furniture and Repair Work. Upholstering.

On South West Corner Square.

J. H. Stephen, Prop. Junction, Texas

Died

Mrs. N. E. Phillips, of Austin, mother of F. R. Phillips of this place, died at her home December 16th, after a short illness. Mr. Phillips returned only last week from a visit to the bedside of his mother, and had been home but a few days when he received the sad news of her death. Mrs. Phillips had reached the ripe age of 77 years. She leaves her husband J. W. Phillips, and five daughters and three sons. The Citizen extends sympathy.

RECEIVED

A large attendance enjoyed the recital given at the Hankins and Riley hall Thursday evening. The occasion was under the management of Mrs. Grace Stone, particularly being her music pupils and others.

The recital was thoroughly enjoyed by all and the rendition of the various numbers on the program reflects credit on the capable management of the leader, as well as the talent of those who took part.

Proceeds were \$37.40, which is to be used for benefit of Baptist Pastor's Home Fund.

Degree Team Organized

Look out for the degree team of Mountain Camp 434, W. O. W. located at Junction, Texas. They are coming to the front. At a recent meeting of the camp a committee of three was appointed to arrange the organization of a degree team; the committee is C. W. Bergmann, R. J. Motley, M. S. Nichols. The team has been organized and B. O. Newby elected captain. Great interest is being shown and it is expected to in the near future have a team of which any camp would be proud. A degree team is worth much to any Woodman camp.

December 6th was the regular time to elect W. O. W. officers. Election was held with the following result: J. D. Braley, C. C. Lee Lowery, A. L. (re-elected); Verley Richardson, Banker; W. E. Riley, Clerk, (re-elected); Conrad Holekamp, Escort; Weaver Baker, Watchman; K. G. Dyrst, Sentry; J. N. Hodges, Manager.

GIFTS FOR TWO

By Katherine Hopkins

(Copyright, 1913.)

The stores along Main street were gay with Christmas decorations. Even the window of Scarvin's curio shop bravely flaunted some brilliant holly wreaths.

Edwin Lander pushed between this window and stood for a long time apparently lost in contemplation of the flitree bronzes displayed there. At last he roused himself with an effort and opened the door. At his entrance, old Scarvin, the dealer, came smiling forward rubbing his wrinkled hands.

"What may I do for you this afternoon?" he snarled asked, while his shrewd, beady eyes noted every detail of his customer's tall, well-dressed figure.

"I should like to look at something that would be suitable as a Christmas present for a lady," Scarvin answered briskly, but a keen observer would have noticed that his cheerfulness was forced, and in his eyes was a look of utter weariness.

"Certainly, certainly, right over here," said Scarvin, leading the way to a case where some quaint necklaces were displayed. "This amethyst one

"I'd like to chuck the whole thing and go back. If only I could have a talk with Alice in the old way, I'd feel my old friend again." He sat up, his energy. "I wonder if she'd let me come."

There was need to look in the telephone book for the familiar number. With breathless suspense he waited while the landlady called Miss Gleason to the phone, and at the sound of her voice his heart began to pound. She was certainly gracious, as he detected a note of surprise as he asked permission to call. Then she spoke of the roses and added:

"I can't begin to describe my delight over that quaint old English book it filled a long felt want for the possession of a real first edition." Mechanically he responded, questioning himself the while. "What book? I don't know a Christmas gift in Alice's. I'm doggedly sure I must have given her the dealer the wrong address." He thought of Marguerite's demand of the book as her due, and a sense of impulse seized him. He asked for the book which had defeated the usual order.

He sent a messenger boy with a note to Mrs. Dane containing regrets for the dinner, then dressed and hurried to the lodging house on Fleet street.

Shure, and you're a stranger these days, Mr. Lander," remarked the maid who opened the door. As she went upstairs to call Miss Gleason her round Irish face reminded him of a cherry full moon. He glanced at the worn old leather sofa, and the familiar shabbiness of the little parlor made the past year seem as unreal as a feverish dream.

When Alice entered she seemed to bring with her an atmosphere of serenity and peace. Eagerly he rose, then sank back on the sofa, his face white and everything blurred before him.

"What is it, Edwin, are you ill?" she cried in her alarm the old name slipped out unconsciously. He passed his hand over his eyes in a dazed fashion. "No, it's nothing," he muttered. "Don't, I'm tired—very tired like as it is."

She only smiled, Alice, you know, in the wide world that I love. In there, my home."

His next remark seemed to a whisper, and for some reason or other there was silence in the little room. Then, by way of answer, she drew the cover, threw back against her breast with a gesture of ineffable tenderness. In the moment Lander felt that to see her, questioning as to what was worth while, the answer was not material success, but love which means life in its fulness.

Curious Christmas Supposition. On Christmas eve, at midnight, country people in England believe that a ghostly child revisits the earth. Some claim that it is the spirit of the child who died in the house. If there is a sick child in the house, the mother will take midnight, and wait till the hour strikes. If the child recovers, it is because the Babe of Bethlehem has touched it with healing fingers during child sickness and died. But if the mother heart is comforted by the thought that the little one was called to the Christ child to be his "playmate" in heaven.

A place seemed far from her quarters and a realization that it was Alice

with her sympathetic voice and restful ways who had made it seem so. No matter how tired she might be with her day in the schoolroom, she was always ready to rejoice or sympathize. "I'll send her some roses—the finest I can find," he declared with a sudden rush of remorseful tenderness. He ordered a flower shop and bought a huge bunch of velvety American Beauties. "Send them to this address," he told the dealer and gave him a card.

Next door to the establishment of an expensive furrier, and a Lander peered the window he saw Marguerite Fulton looking at a set of brown furs. The rich tones went well with her wavy, wavy and wavy hair. As she stood there with the soft furs about her, she reminded him of some barbaric princess. Ever since he had first met her at a dinner given at the home of the senior member of the firm, Lander had been greatly fascinated and felt that her beauty and position fitted in with his ambitious dreams. Yet, strangely enough, today he found it did not make its usual appeal to him that mingled with her sinuous grace, was also something of feline cunning.

These furs probably cost more than my month's salary," he muttered. "Her insatiable craving for luxury would exhaust itself, vampire like, on the life blood of the man who marries her!" He strode down the street, feeling that the crowded cars would stifle him, and longing for the soothing air against his face. When he reached his room he found on the table an invitation from Mrs. Dane, a prominent society hostess, inviting him to attend a dinner she was giving with her before work I must get through with before office hours tomorrow." Wearily he laid a package of business papers on the table and rested his head in his hands. "What does it all amount to—what does life amount to?" he questioned despondently. "These people who invite me do not really care for me. It is merely because I fill in and make an agreeable dinner guest, and for that I have practically given up my old friends."

He realized that his present mood was the reaction from exhilaration of conquest which the past year of at most spectacular success had given him. "I'd like to chuck the whole thing and go back. If only I could have a talk with Alice in the old way, I'd feel my old friend again." He sat up, his energy. "I wonder if she'd let me come."

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JOHNNY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT

By Harold Carter

(Copyright, by W. G. Chapman.)

TWO beta six Teddy bears, three billions six boxes of lead soldiers, the head nurse counted. "And a football! Who wants the football?"

"Johnny Ward," answered Nurse Blair, half crying and half laughing. "Isn't it pitiful, Miss Gough?"

Nurse Gough set down her pencil and the memorandum and looked at the other wonderingly. "A football!" she reiterated. "Then he doesn't realize?"

"No, poor little fellow. Would you give it to him, Miss Gough?"

"What would the mother think?" the head nurse asked, and then Nurse Blair handed him against her eyes.

"Let's ask Dr. Keith," she answered, and that solved the difficulty for the time being.

Johnny Ward was eight years old and had been in the hospital for nearly five weeks, ever since he was knocked down by the baker's wagon while playing upon the street almost in front of the hospital entrance. He was quite helpless below the waist, and would always be so, said Dr.

Keith, after the operation, unless—well, miracles had happened and such cases had got well before. So he said nothing to the pretty young mother who came day after day, wailing and patient and always hopeful. "At least she had begun to suspect that her only boy, her stay that was to be in her later widowhood, would never leave the building save in a wheeled chair. But she kept her faith to her heart, and nobody had had the heart to tell her.

And Johnny wanted a football for his Christmas present. "Well," said Dr. Keith gruffly, "why shouldn't he have one if he wants it? I don't think much money to buy a football? Why, I'll buy him one myself. What sort should he have? What are they made of? It's a long time since I was a boy myself," he added, in self-excess.

"Why, they're made of pigskin, aren't they, doctor?" answered the nurse. "But you don't understand. How can we let him have a football and let his mother see him with it and him lying there as helpless?"

"Hm! I'll take the matter under consideration," the doctor answered. "Just a few minutes later he was asking the head internist, 'Where would you go to buy a football?' He put down the address in his memorandum book and the internist looked at him in wonder, for football and Dr. Keith seemed somehow inauspicious.

"Well, here's the football, nurse," he said that evening, coming into his ward. It was Christmas eve. All the children were supposed to be asleep. Here and there an eye偷偷ly unclouded to see if Santa Claus had really come. But sleep was stronger than expectation, and Nurse Blair would see to it that no gifts went to the sleepers. Dr. Keith held the paper-wrapped globe, the clerk had blown it up for him, and, again, he had carried it thus for half a dozen blocks. It was quite heavy for him not to have it, give it to someone else. Give him a Teddy bear," he said.

"Why, a boy that age doesn't want Teddy bears," answered Nurse Blair. "She thought for a long while after the doctor had gone. At last she went softly to Johnny's bed and hung the football from the head. The little boy's eyes were closed and he was sleeping soundly. The little helpless feet made tiny movements under the bedclothes. Nurse Blair turned away quickly.

Morning came, and the ward awoke. Shouts and cries of "Light were heard. The day nurses went from bed to bed, unwrapping packages. Johnny Blair had gone to her room, but she did not find him. She came back, tired but resolute, a half hour before visiting time, and went to Johnny's side. He was playing with the ball, bouncing it up, the sheets. It had fallen down six times, and each time the nurse nearest had picked it up and returned it.

"Johnny," said Nurse Blair, "your mamma will be here in a few minutes now."

"Yes, ma'am," answered Johnny. "Johnny, what are you going to do with that football?" asked Nurse Blair.

Johnny knew immediately. "I'm going to look at it and look at it and wish hard to be well," he answered. "Johnny, when your mamma comes she will see it and it will make her think of the time when her little boy was strong and well. You don't want to make her cry, do you, dear?"

"No, ma'am," answered Johnny. "Then, Johnny," said Nurse Blair, the diplomat, "suppose we put it away when she comes and don't show it to her."

"Yes, ma'am," said Johnny. A tear stole into his eye and overflowed. He handed her the football. "Yes, m-m-m-m-m," said Johnny, gulping. And just then the visitors came in.

Nurse Blair had taken the ball, but she had no time to conceal it before the little woman in black had come, hurrying to the bedside, and she stood holding it rather foolishly and self-consciously and could not face those searching eyes.

"You brought him this—and these," said Mrs. Blair, holding out the box of bricks and the mechanical toy. "But you—you've given him that?"

Nurse Blair stammered something, but she could never remember what it was, for the young widow had taken on both her hands in hers and was looking at her with such a way as to make falsehood impossible.

"Nurse," she said, "I want to ask you something. Will he ever walk again?"

Nurse Blair was silent. They might have been alone in the ward, so closely did the hum of conversation hedge them in. Each was with her own that Christmas morning and had no thought but for hers.

"Will he ever walk?" he will ever stand? The widow grasped the nurse's hands tightly as though clinging to her as her last hope in life. "Tell me," she pleaded.

"Never—unless a miracle happens," answered Nurse Blair, and the woman's hands fell and she turned to the child and smiled. Then Nurse Blair understood why some of the Madonnas were painted smiling.

"Mamma," said the voice from the bed, "I want to whisper something." The widow knelt down, but the childish whisper was loud enough to reach the nurse's ears. "I want to tell you what my Christmas present is, because it will make you cry."

The widow placed her arms round his neck and pressed his face to hers. "Mamma, I want to show you something I've kept for a Christmas present for you. Sit up, mamma, and look!"

Nurse Blair screamed. Dr. Keith, passing by, stopped, looked, and assumed an attitude of professional pride. His father tried face broke into a smile.

"Do that again, Johnny," cried Nurse Blair. "Look, doctor, look! He's wiggling his toes!"

"Yes, ma'am," said Johnny proudly. "That's why I wanted a football. Yes, mamma, you're crying after all!"

AER CHRISTMAS GIFT

By DOROTHY DIX

(Copyright, by Dally Story Pub. Co.)

It was Christmas eve, and Alice Maitland sat alone in her luxuriously furnished boudoir, putting the finishing touches on the gifts she was to bestow on the morrow.

She tied the last bit of scarlet ribbon about a jewel box with mathematical precision, tucked a bit of holly under the bow, and pushed it away from her with impatient weariness.

"There," she exclaimed, surveying the heap of packages that littered the table and the couch. "There, thank goodness, that's done! I've done my duty by my family and remembered every one that is likely to remember me, and I have worn myself to a frazzle and brought on neuralgia trying to find things for people who already have everything there is. Let me see, she continued, taking up the packages one by one and checking them off with a smile that was half sad and half cynical.

"Let me see—here is a silk smoking jacket for Uncle Harph, that he will never wear, and the famous rug that Aunt Maude only hated would be an acceptable reminder of the blessed season to her; the string of pearls that Adele has been openly admiring for months, and a check for Jack for his college larks—one's relatives aren't bashful about letting one know what they want, and that is a comfort, at any rate, at Christmas."

Yes, mamma, a gold bangle for Mayme Winslow, who will take right down to the jeweler's to appraise, and a tortoise shell and ostrich feather fan for Sally Stinton; she'll be sure to read me something, though she hates the little cat, and a couple of brooches for dear old Mrs. Bullion, through whose hands I've seen her in that overcrowded house of hers I'm sure I don't know, and—oh, things for the servants, and steins and etchings for the men who have been nice to me—and—er—I don't believe I have forgotten anybody I love, or who holds a kindly thought for me."

She paused abruptly, pushed the gay litter of costly trinkets away from her with disdainful hands, and with a sudden rush of tears, buried her face in her arms on the table.

Yes, she murmured brokenly to herself, there is one that I have forgotten, and he is the one in all the world that I have remembered most, and to whom I would give all if I dared, and then she sat still.

"Why do you not send him some little trifle, just a token that you have not forgotten the old days?" suggested her heart.

"Never," said Alice. "Even casual acquaintances may exchange gifts at Christmas," urged her heart, speculatively.

"He would not get my gift back in his feet," said Alice.

"Christmas," said her heart, "is the time of peace on earth and good will towards men. It is a time when old wounds should be healed, when broken ties should be mended, and hearts estranged should be reunited. Why do you not kiss and make up as children do?"

"What?" cried Alice, and she floated once more.

"You were very tired of the old unhappy life, with its monotonous rounds of selfish envy," went on her heart.

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"You were that loneliest and most forlorn of human beings, a great orphan and an orphan. All your life you had had everything you wanted, except the thing you wanted most of all—sincere and disinterested love. Your father and mother had died before you could remember them, and you had been left to the care of a cold uncle and aunt, who thought that they had done their entire duty towards you by seeing that you were properly fed, clothed and educated, and implanting in you a distrust of every human being who came about you."

"You never knew the joy that other girls had of being liked for their selves. When suitors came you were told they were fortune hunters. People, in speaking of you, never praised you for any charm of your own, or any grace, or accomplishment. They always said that you were rich, and wondered sometimes if they knew how their words hurt, or how it must seem to a girl to come to believe that there was nothing about her that could win love—that she must buy it with the money she hated."

Finally you began to realize that your whole nature was being warped by your environment, that your soul was being atrophied, and so you ran away from it all. You persuaded dear old Mrs. Bullion to take you away as her hired companion to a little quiet place, where no one would recognize you. You wore plain little cotton gowns, and smocks who would have flunked before the rich Miss Maitland snubbed and ignored you, but there was a man who saw the woman's heart under the shabby gown, and the woman's brain under the common hat, and he loved you, and asked you to be his wife. "We shall be very poor," he said, "for I have my way yet to make in the world, but, please God, we shall fight the battle out shoulder to shoulder."

"You remember," went on her heart, "how, with your head upon his breast, and his arms around you, you planned out the future—the little house, with the rose above the door, the dear little economies, the struggles, and the final success, and you drank deep of the cup of joy, for you knew life had made you rich at last, for you were loved for yourself alone—loved as a woman would be when a strong man trembles at her touch, and his smile glows soft and tender only for you. Then, at last, came the time when you had to tell him that you were none other than the rich Miss Maitland."

"And he went white as death while he listened, and said that had he known it he would never have asked you to be his wife," interrupted Pride. "But it was then, too late, triumphantly cried her heart, "he loved you, and nothing—not money, nor position, nor anything could change that. You came home," continued her heart, "and your worldly-wise uncle and aunt called him a fortune hunter, and said that he was going to ruin you for your money. You did not believe them, but he and by, as you plunged into the old life, with its world's strivings, and selfishness, and disbeliefs in all that is high and true, the old distrust began to creep up and poison life again."

"He should have trusted your love," said Pride. "He should have known that you were merely playing."

"The life," said her heart, sadly, "had not taught him how to play. It had all been hard, bitter seriousness, and so when he saw you smiling into this other man's eyes with the counter, felt of the look you had worn when your head lay upon his breast, he thought that you were faithless and loveless, and that you—you who had so much—had come down out of your high estate to romps with the little he had, and to make life sour to them."

"Then," said Pride, desperately, "he came and flung back your promise in your face and told you that he was ashamed to have loved so poor a thing."

"Love does not go at any man's bidding," sighed her heart, "you saw him the other day. He looked ill, and worn, and poor. Tomorrow will be Christmas day."

"But," began Pride, but Miss Maitland had risen up with a look on her face of great and exceeding joy.

"Think I can think of nothing but my love!" she cried.

The next morning Miss Maitland arose early, and spent much time at bold and unmistakable letters. "This and—er—I don't believe I have forgotten anybody I love, or who holds a kindly thought for me."

A long before, and over this she threw a long cloak. An hour later she directed her astonished coachman to drive her to a certain building on one of whose upper floors a struggling young lawyer was, at the moment, engaged in devoting with his eye the photograph of a comely young woman. As she reached his office door, Miss Maitland's courage wavered and sank, but, taking a death grip upon it, she hurriedly passed the office boy, and before she knew it was in his presence.

"Alice!" he cried, starting to his feet; but she did not wait for him to speak.

"Tom," she said, hurriedly, "I have come to bring you a little Christmas present, and with that she dropped the enveloping cloak aside, and pinned upon her breast was a large placard with the inscription:

FOR TOM.
WITH ALICE'S LOVE.

"You darling," he murmured, folding her in his hungry arms.

"It's no hard to know what to get for a man, so I just thought I'd bring myself," she said, hypocritically; "but oh, Tom, please don't stress this present back, and change it!" But he stopped her mouth with kisses.

THE ROMANTIC LEGEND OF "LOVER'S LEAP,"

AS TOLD BY
ONE LIVING WITHIN ITS SHADOW.



The local booster is ever prone to point with pride to the traditional heritage of the mysterious past. Something distinctive in the way of local attractions which will form the basis for the tourist's entertainment, and almost every community has the identical spot where the champions of chivalry and heroism or the ideals of love and adoration, performed their sensational feats of prodigious valor or romantic tragedy and as worshippers at such a shrine we are not behind those of our sister communities who give credence to the mystery of the ages, be they in whatever land, or of whatever nationality, except perhaps in the magnitude or importance of the traditional occurrence. We have our own distinctive feature, the rugged promontory of Lover's Leap.

Standing afar off, it presents no vision of astounding greatness, of lofty eminence or of adamantine firmness. Grand peaks have reared their seared and craggy walls in many localities. Scores of places boast a rugged, frowning height that makes dizzy the disciplined brain of an Alpine tourist, and others yet excite the frantic admiration of enthusiastic lovers of the extraordinary in nature. To the globe trotting traveler whose trained eye is accustomed to the magnificent and the beautiful, it would attract little, if any attention, and would excite no casual comment, except, perhaps from an occasional geological genius, who might discover from its shattered surface and fallen fragments of noble stones which deck its receding base, slight evidence of prehistoric seismic disturbance. Yea, verily among those elements which by nature are endowed with power to please by beauty, to thrill by grandeur, to attract by magnificence or to excite the veneration of admiring millions of historical connection with heroic deeds or valorous performances, it hath little space reserved wherewith to make its entrance into the niche of public attention. Yet the story which the silent mystic stones speak out to the patient explorer of nature's voice is enough to lend a gleam of reverential awe for the sun-kissed walls stand as grim sentinels with their grief-stricken heads bowed in supplication to the western horizon—the only witness of the climax of misery and desolation which was enacted from their summit. Will you listen while I, with feeble pen, tell the story which its voiceless cavernous echo with audible intensity through the still watches of the fleeting hours? The sycamore with doleful cadence, re-echo the mournful sound through its waving foliage, and the warbling sparrow with unsteady voice takes up the sad reminder of days in the long ago.

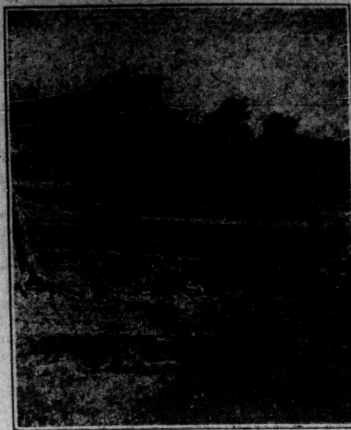
It was, indeed, long ago, before the enterprising "Pale face" had pushed his vanguards into the solitude of the western prairie, or across the dividing plateaus which separated the sparkling rivers of our strenuous west. The valley of the Llano was then unnamed, and no civilized homes dotted its fertile bosom, but instead were planted the wigwams of the savage natives. The Siouxittamas were the dominating faction in the tribal relations of the inhabitants of the Llano Valley. Their fine irresistible prowess in the arts of war, their skill and endurance in the chase and their suave diplomacy in tribal government gave them undisputed prestige in the councils of leadership. To incur the enmity of the Siouxittamas meant war unto the death and usually terminated in the death

gas were the only competitors for supremacy who dared to grapple with the cunning superiority of the Siouxittamas. But between these rival houses who took turn about boasting of their royal lineage each to the other, there had grown up by process of time, the most bitter hatred. Every valiant young warrior who had attained manhood's estate, bore upon his visage the indelible impress of long and constant training in the art of loathing his enemy and that enemy was the opposite house from which he hailed. This state of affairs grew constantly worse as the progeny of the tribes constantly increased, and it became apparent to all the older chieftains that hostilities were imminent.

It will perhaps be difficult for people of the advanced civilization of present day America, to grasp the idea that the natural propensities of man are the same in all ages and that the ardor of affection among the primitive children of the forest was as intense as that displayed among the most intelligent and refined of modern Romeos and Julietts. The methods and manners of endeavoring such fact may have changed, but the natural desires of heart were the same then as now. Man loves, woos and wins; woman loves, hearkens and surrenders. It is just the same old story and yet new every time it is told. Neoplawah, the fiery, impassioned chief of the Mercuwaugas was fierce, bloodthirsty and crafty leader of his people. Many were the scalps that had dangled from his girdle and still greater were the numbers of forest creatures which had fallen by his hand. But while brave and alert in battle and skillful beyond credulity in the chase, he was the incarnation of savage cruelty in the home. His children while growing up around him, were taught from infancy to regard him with awe and mystery, and that the greatest reverence which could be bestowed upon their paternal ancestor was one of fear. All was impregnable solemnity when in his presence. He was the greatest devotee in his tribe to the inveterate sin of the Indian—gambling, but even in his wildest reveries he never forgot for a moment his august personage, and allowed no tribute of homage to escape at any time. Conspicuous among those who reached maturity's estate around his fireside was the handsome, swarthy figure of his eldest son; more conspicuous, perhaps, because of his absolute lack of enthusiasm in all the tribal relations to which his father so strongly adhered. He was tall, robust, and of fine physique, yet often for hours upon his bear skin mat, reclining upon his elbows and gazing absently into the depths of space; apparently, he had no idea of ever developing into a great and stalwart warrior, or skillful and successful hunter. This utter indisposition was a source of continual annoyance to the stern old chieftain; for, aside from the abnormal parental desire of every father of the Red Man to have his son become a mighty nimrod or a youthful Tecumseh, Neoplawah entertained the dearest hopes of having his son named as his successor when he should hearken to the voice of the great Manitou and cross the invisible line which separated his own wigwam from the happy hunting grounds. The son, however, seemed to catch no such exalted visions of his future station in life, and made no endeavors in that direction. Notwithstanding the traditional custom of his forefathers that the youth of every household should bear no name until he had earned it, either in battle or some noteworthy chase,

though he well knew that a nameless youth was scorned and despised by his own family. No exhortations along this line, however, were a sufficient inducement to make him bestir himself and finally from sheer force of necessity his companions began to dub him Dreamy Eyes. His apathy at length became so disgusting to the stern old chieftain that he determined to effect an awakening, and he accordingly resolved to place the matter before the tribal council. It was nothing short of individual disgrace to be arraigned before that high tribunal, but the wrath and indignity of the father would brook no further patience and a week after the resolution was born in his heaving bosom the august council of twelve crafty tribesmen assembled to hear the case in hand. The primitive assembly hall was none the less gorgeous because of its antiquity; and no youth of our land would feel more subdued in the presence of our Supreme Court on a charge of national treason, than did Dreamy Eyes on being ushered into their midst. Sitting at regular intervals on every side of the buffalo hide wigwam, dressed in their most hideous war costumes, with brilliant features and eagles claws arrayed in a setting of crimson paint, were twelve grim, hard visaged warriors, who had been subjected to every hardening process within the knowledge of the enterprising Mercuwaugas. With them mercy was a crime and cruelty a promise of future reward. With ostentatious dignity they heard the case, and with great composure decided it in accordance with the chieftain's wishes, and with little regard for the evidence adduced. Tsbidalet, the presiding officer, pronounced sentence to the effect that if in one week more Dreamy Eyes did not awaken to a sense of his obligations to the house of Mercuwaugas, he should be subjected to the animal test. Even as the words were spoken Dreamy Eyes was dreaming, and heard the impending decree with stoical complacency; hesitancy and embarrassment on first appearance before the tribal court, had vanished before the mellowing influence of his roseate conceptions of the future, as do the slumbering dew drops before the sparkling rays of the king of the eastern sky.

One week more; it was hardly comprehensible to him, though occasionally a cloud would darken his bronze features as he caught a vague glimpse of the animal test. These occasional glimpses of inevitable punishment, however, in no wise affected his temperament, or disturbed a single characteristic of his indomitable apathy. He was by nature a dreamer and naught could impede or aught interfere with a single tendency of his natural avocation. I might be at a loss were I to attempt a so-



lution of the puzzling problem of a human brain so steeped in dreaming that it became totally oblivious to all the influences usually exercised by either love, entreaty, command, or the fear of corporal punishment, so I will advance no theoretical suppositions. Some of my readers will unhesitatingly apply the epithet of "non compos mentis" to any man or woman who is so fearfully addicted as I have given out here to be, but here I call to your remembrance if some of our greatest thinkers in the Anglo Saxon race have not been dreamers also. Perhaps if Dreamy Eyes had been endowed with a wealth of wisdom such as is available to our students of the present and past civilization, he might have left for our consideration at least an indication of the channel of his speculations. But such was not predestined, or even catalogued in the chronography of the ancients, and to this day we know not whether his flights of fancy were the crude authorings of the poetic heart, the fantastic admiration of artistic delineation, the spontaneous overflow of the musician's rhythm, or the speculative desire to fathom conditions prevalent in the "happy hunting grounds." The fact remains only that he was a dreamer, perhaps the greatest dreamer of the Indian race, and certainly the greatest in his tribe.

The week passed and Dreamy Eyes was the same inveterate dreamer, and Neoplawah's proud old heart almost rejoiced to think that the time had now come when the long continued listless apathy of his first born should be broken once for all. The animal test was a remedy that had prevailed for ages among the Mercuwaugas for making bold, fighting warriors out of weak, timid boys after every other method had been exhausted. Tsbidalet summoned the other savage braves who had officiated at the trial of Dreamy Eyes and in one magnificent body they rode to the tribal headquarters. Neoplawah met them with all the dignity becoming a great chieftain, and escorted them to the private abode of Dreamy Eyes. With appropriate ceremony he was handcuffed and bound with leathern thongs. Then each of the great braves struck him three lashes as they marched round his quivering body. Then with those brutal stripes burning into his very soul, with his life's blood streaming from those ghastly gashes, and his lacerated limbs writhing in feverish pain, he was bound to the back of a fiery mustang and followed by the howling jeering tribesmen, was galloped forward to the midst of a dense forest. Here a half dozen of the more stalwart dismounted and rode the crafty Sachem of the Siouxittamas, the house which Dreamy Eyes had hated from his feet to a secret place in the forest jungle. They circled him round and round several times, was the first to speak, and it

the last of the party carefully covering all traces of their foot steps so that their victim might be utterly confused in his efforts to follow them out of the forest. Dreamy Eyes was now securely fastened to the trunk of a fallen tree; and after affixing one end of a fuse to the bandage which held his hands the other end was lighted, and the company took their departure, concealing as before, their retreat. The average length of time required for the fire to reach the bandage was three hours, and during this time the victim had no alternative but to lie in mortal agony while the constantly approaching flame slowly scorched his writhing flesh, and then eventually severed the binding cords and set free the blistering, bleeding hands. Dreamy Eyes withstood the terrible ordeal with fortitude, and when at last the charred pinions melted away he lifted a feeble hand and tore the hood wink from his eyes. Then he loosened his feet and stepped upon the earth again, a free man, and the most painful of his trials over; but with almost all his powers of endurance exhausted and alone in the forest with nothing to guide him through its pathless jungles. He had not a morsel of food, not one drop of water to quench the burning thirst which almost consumed him; moreover knew not what a savage beast lay snuggly in his lair awaiting his approach.

But Dreamy Eyes was a born dreamer; it was for the sin of dreaming that he was now suffering all these privations and while his tribulations seemed more than he could bear he lifted his wistful eyes and looked upward, when lo! the same azure blue sky that had ever smiled upon him, greeted his tear dimmed gaze, and in the superstitious imagination which floated over, his buffeted soul he beheld the same great Manitou in those cloudless depths. He faltered not, and as a moment of rapturous ecstasy glimmered in his unconquered eyes, he exclaimed "I shall yet hold my ideal!" He gave himself up to those exalted flights of fancy which had ever been his chosen companions and bestirred not himself till the rayes desire of nature impelled him to seek sustenance in physical refreshments.

He wandered on, he knew not where, perhaps in a circle, till it seemed utter exhaustion had seized his wounded limbs. He all but relinquished the struggle and stood ready to drop when across the dark profile of the evening shadows he heard the shrieking scream of the fish hawk and with inexpressible joy realized that water was near. Superhuman energy reanimated his throbbing, pulsating heart, and the pleadings of his parched tongue for just one drop of the cooling liquid urged him forward in spite of his wearied feet. Just beyond the matted underbrush he caught sight of the bubbling spring gushing from broken boulders and instantly he realized for once he was not dreaming—this was a reality. His strengthless frame fell full length upon the grass at the water's edge, and he eagerly quaffed the limpid fluid. When he had done, he lay back upon his arm for a pillow and closed his wearied eyes. Perhaps the rising of the morrow's sun would have found his position unchanged but for a tiny pebble, which the hand of a mischievous maiden flung into the rippling stream. It splattered the glittering drops on the bronzed features of the dreamer's face, and glancing up he beheld the object of which he dreamed. She was Lilawema, daughter of Yardee the crafty Sachem of the Siouxittamas, the house which every Mercuwauga hated from the bottom of his heart. She round and round several times,

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(Continued on next

THE ROMANTIC LEGEND OF LOVERS' LEAP

(Continued from other side)

But now a cloud came over the brow of beautiful Lilawama; a deep, dark cloud, a cloud of sorrow, passionate and bitter. "I love you," she murmured mournfully, "but—but—the law for bids."

"What law," questioned the anxious Dreamy Eyes, "is love to be regulated by any law?"

"Oh, don't you know that death is the penalty when a Sioux sisseton man or woman marries a Mercuwaug?"

"Yes, I remember, 'tis the same in our tribe; but suppose I forsake my family for yours, suppose I become a warrior for the Sioux sissetons, then the law could not interfere."

"That can never be," replied Lilawama sadly, "from any other tribe perhaps my people might become reconciled—but from the Mercuwaugas, never."

"But you are the chieftan's daughter, cannot you implore him to listen to my plea? I can not live away from you. You are a part of my very life now; I can not and I will not give you up."

"Any argument with my people would be useless. They would at once think you a spy that had taken this route to destroy our otherwise impregnable tribe. Besides my father would not consent for me to marry any common warrior of our own tribe, and if you were one of the Sioux sissetons he would still frown with rage at my choice. I dare not mention to him that I love a Mercuwaug."

"Then what shall we do?"

Lilawama did not have time to answer the question even if she could, for just then a clatter of hoofs was heard far up the stony trail. Lilawama knew at once what this meant; she had been gone longer than she knew, had been missed from the family circle and now a searching party was coming! One lone warrior had seen her as she had left the wigwam and sped off to meet her lover. Yarradee ever suspicious had started his henchmen as soon as he had heard, and now they were coming!

"Shall we fly?" exclaimed Lilawama, starting for her horse.

"No," said Dreamy Eyes, as his square jaw set and his eyes flashed away their dreamy expression, "we will meet them."

"And then?"

For answer Dreamy Eyes pressed her hand to his lips for a moment, then stepped out and braced himself for the coming crisis. No sooner had he done this than the great henchmen dashed into view and the savage old sachem rode up furious with rage. Dreamy Eyes in few words told his story with wonderful ruthfulness and simplicity. But he did in vain. It was as Lilawama said. And though he pleaded with all the ardor of a lover his words had as well been directed at the white boulders which lay scattered about them.

"You are condemned to die," said the short, blunt verdict of the sachem. And by way of emphasis struck the pleading, upturned face with the spiked war club which ever

left him in readiness at his belt. "My dream! My dream! All this I suffered for thee!" Thus the unfortunate Dreamy Eyes staggered and reeling and support against a yucca tree near by. A wound, a fresh wound added the poor fellow's bruised

face, and another rushing of his dearest seemed more than he could bear. Luckily for Dreamy Eyes, however, the old chief's heart was partially broken by the terrible thing and thus

the intended effect. Lilawama heard the old chief's heart broken behind him as his henchmen. Turning

he saw the fiery little mustang of one of the men pitching with all strength. The pony seemed veritably doubled up in the air with each wild jump, and the rider was having the test of his life in staying mounted. Meanwhile the other redmen looked on with great glee. Then there was heard back in the opposite direction a cracking of twigs, and the clatter of hoofs, and the savage old chieftan turning saw the magnificent black horse ridden by Lilawama, going at breakneck speed down the river trail, and seated on the horse behind the Indian maiden was Dreamy Eyes. With a cunning agility and heroic effort Lilawama had taken advantage of the moment's distracted attention of her father and his henchmen, and was determined to brave all to save her lover. "Oh, woman, such as thou wert is worthy of man's devotion!"

With fierce commands from the old chief and wild threats by all the company started in hot pursuit. But the steed ridden by Lilawama and her lover was a fleet-footed one and with the advance start that been gained by the fleeing couple, Chief Yarradee and his men were in for a chase. The nocturnal queen of the heavens—that same old moon that for ages has acted as solitary witness to deeds of tragedy, of love, of joy and of sorrow—was now nearly halfway up towards the meridian in its silent journey; and as it cast its luminous rays over hill and valley of this early western scene, and as it rose nearer and nearer its zenith, the fleeing victims of unconquerable love rode faster and faster toward the southern horizon. They crossed the river and went dashing up the rocky heights beyond. And following closely after in a wild, mad, raging rush came the squadron of redmen, urged on all the while by the stern commands of their enraged chieftan. The distance between them and the fleeing couple is lessening. The pace is telling on Lilawama's faithful steed. The pursuing band is fast gaining now, and a savage, gleeful war-whoop goes up from the company. But look! The exultant yell is interrupted. Chief Yarradee's horse has stumbled and fell catching the rider beneath. With a snort the animal scrambles to its feet and slides off a few yards to be caught by one of the men. But the old chief lies motionless and pale where he fell, while the silvery summer moonlight bathes his grim, set features, and the men stop in anxious dismay. The misfortune of the pursuing mob gave the fleeing lovers the advance lead once more and with fresh courage they pressed on along the backbone of the range which guides the Llano's winding course. Lilawama's steed was fast tiring now, and thinking to deceive the Sioux sisseton band the couple reined in, circled back and round in the opposite direction and descended into a deep growth-entangled gorge. Here they took refuge and stopped for a little respite while they as well as their animal quenched their thirst from a bubbling spring.

When Chief Yarradee recovered from his stunned condition the pain from a sprained limb was only overcome by his maddening rage as he thought of the Mercuwaug youth who was the cause of all this trouble. With his characteristic persistence he soon had his men again hot on the chase. But the ruse of the cunning Lilawama and her lover proved a successful one, and as the light of a new-born day stole over the eastern hills it found a disappointed and disgraced mob of redmen headed by Yarradee consulting over their failure. And as they did so the two ardent lovers in their hiding place were drinking from the fountain of love's supreme joys as they again took up the journey of their

flight. Determined to scour the country out and capture the source of his annoyance Yarradee divided his company into squads of three and began combing the country over. And after the king of day had made two hours journey up the vaulted blue heights the keen, trained eye of the old chief sighted the objects of the search. The horse carrying Lilawama and Dreamy Eyes was just climbing a ragged point a few miles distant. The signal given the mob was soon again fast bearing down toward their desired victims. On came the pursuing band with their blood-curdling yells. On dashed the steed of the two lovers. But the heat of the summer's day and the fatigue of Lilawama's faithful animal at length made evident that the chase must soon end.

"It's about all over with us Dreamy Eyes," said Lilawama to her lover. "They are fast gaining on us now, we shall soon be in their hands—and just so sure as capture is the horrible death which will follow for you. And what fate my father will determine for me I do not know, for his wrath is fearful."

"Whatever is done to you will be after they have disposed of my struggling life," said Dreamy Eyes resolutely.

"To encounter with them would be folly. There are too many. And I will not stand by and see you brutally massacred. The inevitable is come. We cannot live together—but—we—can—die—together," cried the beautiful Lilawama.

They were now gaining the crest of the ragged range and at length reached the rocky precipitous point overlooking the very wigwam of the Sioux sisseton sachem. Lilawama and her lover dismounted and looked into each other's faces for a moment and there read again in the depths of their sorrowing eyes, the mutual compact, stronger than ever spoken by the lips of man or woman. In this last crucial moment they could hear the thundering yells of the pursuing savage tribesmen drawing nearer and nearer.

"Do you see that thicktopped tree down there by that big rock," and Lilawama pointed off down the dizzy heights toward the river bottom. "That has been my playhouse from infancy. There I have strung my beads of brilliant color, wore my wampum belts, and toyed with the fleeting hours of pleasure. There I have grown from girlhood to womanhood, and I have dreamed my dreams there, and built my castles there; and I, too, have fashioned my ideal, my heart's ideal. I have found him now and I will keep him in life and death, forever and ever. But, oh, my dearest, think of the cost!"

Dreamy Eyes slipped his arm around the maiden's slender waist and the emotion which rendered the poor lad's heart in vain could not find suitable expression in words.

Yarradee and men were now fast ascending the point and the expression of hungry victory seemed to blaze from the old sachem's glowing eyes. The mob was now only forty paces away, and the last alarming moment of tragedy was at hand. Dreamy Eyes lifted the little figure of his loved one and crushed it to his bosom. He kissed again and again the rich, pure, warm upturned lips.

"Mercy!" pleadingly shrieked Lilawama to her father.

"Dozs!" sang out old Chief Yarradee through clenched teeth in reply to her entreaty.

Dreamy Eyes reached and snatched a sharp pointed arrow and buried it with all his might at the chieftan, but it missed its aim and fractured the skull of another tribesman. With a howl of threatening vengeance the other redmen with uplifted tomahawks closed in on the offending

couple who stood now just on the bluff's edge.

"Come," said Lilawama to her lover and pointed off down at the yawning abyss below.

"May the great Manitou, father of our dreams, have mercy!" exclaimed Dreamy Eyes. Then with a grim determination and with one graceful motion, he swung the swaying form of Lilawama far over the edge of the precipice; her descending figure pulled his own after it, and arm in arm folded in their last embrace they plunged into the arms of the grim monster death.

Then the elements themselves grew kind, as if to lend a pitying sympathy to the unfortunate of humanity. The air grew tenfold denser, as though the insatiable substance made one superhuman effort to lessen the horror of that terrific leap. A huge, dark cloud black and threatening rose up and covered the sun as if to shield the sight of horror from his shining face. The wind came rushing with might and main through the swaying, rustling tree tops, as if to drown in its howling roar, the echo of those falling bodies.

Yarradee peered over the yawning brink just in time to behold the last stage of this climax of desperation. Then, for the first time in all his days of existence something seemed loosening in his bosom. His heart seemed to rend in twain with anguish unspeakable, and lifting his eyes from earth toward the abode of Great Spirit he cried with agonizing supplication, "Wahonda! Wahonda! me cheha! me cheha—kaghremie chichauanga!" and stretching back and to one side he reeled and fell a great way upon his face. Instantly the heavens opened their deep pinnacles and from black, dismal clouds issued a lurid streak of forked fire. The blazing stream descended from heaven to earth and with irresistible force struck the barren rock where the lovers' last stood and shattered ten on a big yards of massive boulders, from their lofty pedestal and hurled them as a covering to the limped and lifeless forms below. The upcoming waves drew back before that fiery blast and a terrible fear such as they never knew before, made them tremble as did the leaves in the raging wind about them; and curses mingled with supplications to the great Manitou.

For some time Yarradee lay as one dead, a great grief consuming his soul, and when at last he lifted his face the skies were a bright and the clouds had passed away. "Ah," thought he, "Wahonda! the great Wahonda! has been displeased, but now his face will smile again for poor Yarradee," and venturing up the bluff to the edge he looked below. There was nothing save a rounded heap of stones and earth in what had a few hours before been his own daughter's playhouse.

Yarradee stood for some moments in meditation gazing down at the fallen rocks. But his meditations were abruptly interrupted by a cry from his tribesmen, "Oh Chief, the Mercuwaugas! The Mercuwaugas!" With characteristic quick action he summoned his scattered wits, turned prepared for battle. And as he turned he saw a band of the Mercuwaugas coming rushing up the eastern slope of the bluff and with their savage war-whoops they made a dash for the company of Sioux sisseton tribesmen. And before the brave old sachem could move from his tracks a poisoned arrow pierced his breast and Yarradee, heretofore the most noted warrior of the Sioux sissetons, had his fatal wound. Reeling backward he fell headlong over the brink of the precipice and his warm life's blood stained the white boulder monument which the elements had just erected over the bodies of the unfortunate and visionary Dreamy Eyes and the beautiful Lilawama. Under the leadership of Yarradee's son the Sioux sisseton tribesmen rallied and went into the encounter with a desperate fearlessness—and that was the beginning of the greatest struggle of all history between the Sioux sissetons and the Mercuwaugas. But that is another story.



LET'S SHOW 'EM WHAT WE HAVE.

HOME, SWEET HOME

I've bought goods at Glasgow, Belfast and Cork, London and Liverpool, and then in New York. I've purchased in Paris, yes even Rome. But I say to you truly, there's no place like home. Have sent to Chicago. I'm sorry to say, I got what I ordered, but first had to pay. When the boxes were opened I stood there alone. And I said to myself, goods are better at home. The stove that I sent for had only three legs. What's the use of a stove if it hasn't its legs? When I looked in the oven it was cracked in the dome. And I wished to Old Mike I had bought it at home. I'm now all filled up with this buying away. I'll buy where I sell my good butter and hay. If the Lord will forgive me, no more will I roam. Hereafter I'll spend all my dollars at home. —Ypsanti (Mich.) Press.

TEACHES LESSON OF LOVE

Christmas the Season of All Others Where its Lessons May Be Learned Anew.

LOVE is the keynote of the Christmas season. The greatest mystery of life is love. Who has not sought to sound its unspeakable depths? Who has not felt its all-compelling power? Who has not surrendered to its irresistible force?

Romances are built about it. Wars have been fought for it and religions based upon it. Love is the dream of the poet, the puzzle of the philosopher, the theme of the novelist and the song of the minstrel.

Love links all the human race. Its note of victory is heard in the royal court and in the peasant's cottage. The song of love is on the lips of the proudest queen and of her humblest subject.

It is the stimulus of parental affection in the home and of patriotism in the nation. Hence men die for it and noble women perish that they may hear its sweet incense with them to the grave.

How sweet and tender is this splendid attribute of mankind! In its smiling presence, anger, bitterness and strife melt away. How much more has the world to hope for from love than from envy, malice and hatred!

In this period of world-wide distress, of resentment against economic conditions, of protest against another human and divine, and wide-spread defiance of law, can we not turn aside at this Christmas season for a moment and learn anew the lesson of love?

When we shall have learned that lesson, we shall also know the better and fuller meaning of obedience, contentment and peace.

A YEAR OF PLENTY. The Christmas trees and in the boughs. The angels from heaven. And follow declare their early hear. The harvest of crops. —Illadalia, Bulletin.

When Billy Berans Was an Orator.

Join Warren Hunter, in the San Angelo Standard, tells of old days in Mansd when Billy Berans, the millionaire ranchman and banker, made his first speech. Billy was one of the bright shining lights in the Blueback Speller class, and very much against his will, the teacher selected him as orator at bar because given by the settlers, writing his speech, this is a first paragraph of which was as follows:

"Knowledge is power. The schoolhouse is the bulwark of our liberties. The diffusion of knowledge expands the broadest range of the human intellect. Education fosters patriotism and patriotism is the whiplash for tyrants."

Billy was out of school a week memorizing his speech and when the day of the barbecue had arrived, and Fayette Helms, the musician of the valley, had played Rye Straw, he mounted the platform and began:

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"Say, Bill, your a hirt tail's out," shouted a small boy in the audience, and with becoming grace the orator left the platform. The small boy was a Jim Callan, and Billy Berans spent the rest of the day chasing him up and down the San Sabas.

That was forty years ago, and if Billy has ever made a big speech since—

Ever consider, Mr. Farmer, how easy it would be to locate a few customers for your eggs, poultry, fruit, etc., with a want ad?

Your dignity will not be disturbed, or your time wasted by this course, and you will find eager customers at the best prices.

THAT AUTO

He owned a handsome touring car. To ride in it was heaven. He ran across a piece of glass. Bill—\$14.97. He took his friends out for a ride. "Twas good to be alive. The carburetor spang a leak. Bill—\$40.65. He started on a little tour. The finest sort of fun. He stopped too quick and stripped his gears. Bill—\$90.61. He took his wife down town to shop. To save car-fare was great. He jammed into a hitching post. Bill—\$275. He spent all of the coin he had. And then in anguish cried: "I'll put a mortgage on the house. And take just one more ride." —Leology.

A PAGE OF THANKS

We whose cards appear below take this opportunity to thank our customers and friends for the past patronage we have enjoyed. Please consider this as a special invitation for your future business. We wish for you one and all

A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

Auto Supplies

Best Service.

Stationery

Confections

JUNCTION AUTO CO.,

EASTMAN & TINSLEY, Props.

Repair Anything.

Car Work a Specialty.

Galvanized Work.



Short Orders

Prompt Service

Lone Star Cafe,

J. R. PETTITT, Prop.

The Place to Eat.

Good Eating

Well Prepared



T. B. Phillips

Roy Blackburn

Junction Telephone Co.,

PHILLIPS & BLACKBURN, Props.

Local and Long Distance Phones. A Phone Saves Lots of tedious trips.



Junction Tailor Shop,

B. B. RAGLAND, Prop.

MADE-TO-MEASURE CLOTHING.

Clothing Cleaned, Pressed, and Repaired.



KIMBLE COUNTY CITIZEN.

C. M. NICHOLS, Publisher.

OF AND FOR KIMBLE COUNTY ALL THE TIME.
A QUALITY RECORD OF 21 YEARS STANDING.

ESTABLISHED 1892.

ADVERTISING THAT PAYS.

PRINTING THAT PLEASES.



J. A. HEYMAN,

Dealer In

Pure Drugs.

School Supplies

Patent Medicines



A. V. Harris,

Garage and Repair Shop.

Oxygen Acetylene Welding Plant.

All Work Absolutely Guaranteed.



N. C. PATTERSON, W. D.

If It's Watch or Jewelry Repairing, I Can Do It.

Twenty-five Years Experience.

Office at City Drug Store.

I Can Supply Your Jewelry Needs.



J. B. Van Eman,

Dealer In

Dry Goods, Clothing, Embroideries, Notions,
Graniteware, Tinware, Glassware, etc.

Picture Frames Made-to-Order.

"We Sell For Less and Appreciate Your Trade More."



**Llano River Irrigation and
Milling Company.**

Owners of

JUNCTION WATER WORKS, COTTON GIN,
CRIST MILL AND SAW MILL.

Water for All Purposes.



WATER MOST VALUABLE AGRICULTURAL ASSET.

Enough Wasted Annually to Supply 6,000,000 Acres. Conservation Urged.

The cry of water arising from the arid regions of Texas has caused the Texas Welfare Commission to investigate the subject of irrigation.

The report of the commission shows that we now have 425,000 acres of land under irrigation in Texas today, and of this area 275,000 acres are in rice and 150,000 general crops and the land is the most valuable in the state.

The report further states that water is our most valuable agricultural asset. According to the report of the division of irrigation investigations of the United States Department of Agriculture, there is no water in the Gulf of Mexico through the ordinary flow of the Rio Grande five million acre feet, half of which we claim. Through the Colorado one and a half million acre feet through the Rio Grande five million acre feet, half of which we claim. Through the four streams at least ten million acre feet of water is each year lost to Texas which, if conserved, would serve as a supplemental supply of water to at least six million acres of land.

The commission finds millions of acres of fertile soil in southwest Texas land without an artificial supply of water that has very little value, and there is no section of the state in which the productive power of the soil will not be immensely increased if, when periods of scant rainfall occur, a supplementary water supply is available and applied. The only thing to be irrigated is only limited by the extent of the water supply. This supply may be drawn from the natural flow of streams, from their discharges by impounding in reservoirs, from artesian and from hillside wells.

The commission suggests a unity of effort between the federal and state governments in the solution of the irrigation problem. The federal government stands ready to contribute dollar for dollar in this cooperative work with the state. It is hoped that a co-operative bill along this line may be enacted at the coming session of the legislature.

See the Local Paper in the Home

The local newspaper should be read in every home. No child grows up ignorant who can use a paper to appreciate the value of the newspaper. It is the stepping stone of intelligence in all those who are not to be a trained in the world. Give your children a newspaper which contains not a word about any person or thing which they ever heard of, perhaps ever heard of, this they can expect them to be dashed and tested? But let them read such a paper and read of the age. Dr. whom they meet, and a world of his which they are faithful and soon an interest is created in what which increased with the arrival of the local paper. With all this a habit of reading is formed, and those children read the white papers all their lives. You are a credit to their age as the showing in their knowledge of the world as it is today.

Crawford
I suffered from the most terrible of all diseases, a terrible disease, it attacks children so suddenly they are very apt to choke unless given the proper remedy at once. There is nothing better in the world than Dr. King's New Discovery. Lewis Chamberlain, of Manchester, Ohio, writes about his children: "Sometimes in severe attacks we were afraid they would die, but since we proved what a certain remedy Dr. King's New Discovery is, we have no fear. We rely on it for croup, coughs and colds." So can you too, and \$1.00. A bottle should be in every home. At all Drug-gists. H. E. Bucklen & Co. Phil St. Louis.



TEXAS IN A NEW ROLE



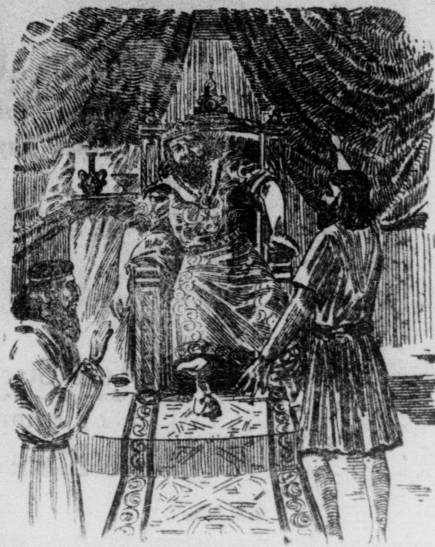
The Texas products are finding favor among the Christmas shoppers and the nuts and fruits from the Lone Star state are popular with the northern and eastern consumers.—News Item.

TEXAS NEEDS GREAT MEN

XXXVIII. APPEAL

PHILLIP, the Macedonian king, while drowsy with wine was trying a case and the prisoner after sentence was pronounced, exclaimed, "I appeal." "And to whom do you appeal?" inquired the astonished monarch. "I appeal from Phillip drunk to Phillip sober," replied the prisoner, and the king granted the request and at a rehearing gave the prisoner his liberty.

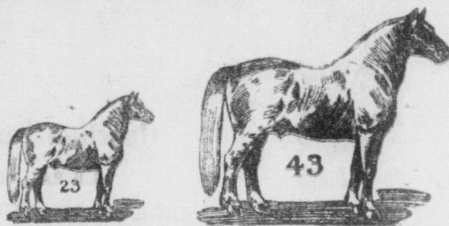
The people drowsy with the wine of discord oft-times pronounce a verdict on public questions which they reverse in their more calm and deliberate moments. The next best thing to making no mistakes is to correct them.



A PRISONER APPEALING FROM PHILLIP'S DECISION.

Let those who balance the scales of justice and weigh out the destinies of their country, avoid the bar-room of suspicion where envy and hatred are served and where the atmosphere is poisoned with the fumes of discord; touch not the wine cup of ambition sparkling with dishonesty and bubbling with deceit; abstain from the use of class prejudice that benumbs judgment, inflames the mind and delirious reason. Texas Needs Great Men.

GOOD ROADS



IMPROVING PUBLIC HIGHWAYS WILL INCREASE EFFICIENCY OF DRAFT ANIMALS.

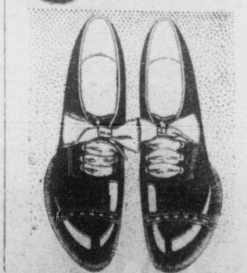
The domestication of animals and the invention of the wheel made road building the greatest problem of mankind. The cost of hauling products over the public highways of Texas is 43 cents per mile and the average in the United States is 23 cents. By improving our roads to the general average, we will almost double the horse power of 1,369,000 head of horses without increasing the number.

Croup and Cough Remedy.

Croup is a terrible disease, it attacks children so suddenly they are very apt to choke unless given the proper remedy at once. There is nothing better in the world than Dr. King's New Discovery. Lewis Chamberlain, of Manchester, Ohio, writes about his children: "Sometimes in severe attacks we were afraid they would die, but since we proved what a certain remedy Dr. King's New Discovery is, we have no fear. We rely on it for croup, coughs and colds." So can you too, and \$1.00. A bottle should be in every home. At all Drug-gists. H. E. Bucklen & Co. Phil St. Louis.

Applies at Shreveport, La.

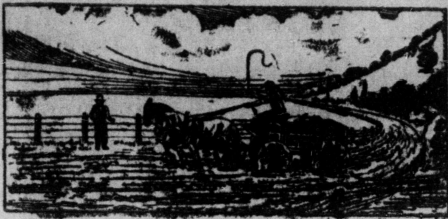
Crawford



You need it—The Citizen.

See 'em at Grand Leader.

GOOD ROADS



A BAD ROAD.

Psychologists tell us that "the slow moving animals are those with the least brains" and of all the animals, man alone has been able to increase the rapidity of his movements by borrowing and by artificial means. Man's accomplishments in transportation are the best index to his progress and civilization is best gauged by the kind of vehicle and character of roadways.

The patience of the public in enduring bad roads is one of the marvels of modern times. Let's get a move on us and build good roads.

And the Fuss Goes Merrily On.

Scene: Old Mexico. Revolutionary factions in hot quarrel.
Revolutionary forces: ———
Bang! Bang!
Government forces: ———
Bang! Bang!
Diaz exits. Enter Madero.
Rev. forces: Bang! Bang!
Gov. forces: Bang! Bang!
Madero killed. Enter Huerta.
Rev. forces: Bang! Bang!
Gov. forces: Bang! Bang!
American citizens in Mexico imprisoned, slaughtered, and their property devastated.
Uncle Sam: Here, stop that fuss over there.

United States citizens in Mexico: Help, Uncle!

Uncle Sam: Hark ye, my citizens in Mexico, get you out of that place at once. Come on back home where you belong!
Rev. forces: Bang! Bang!
Gov. forces: Bang! Bang!
More slaughtering and devastation.

Rev. forces: Bang! Bang!
Uncle Sam: Stop that fuss I tell you!
Mexico: You keep your chin out of this, Uncle.

Enraged home citizen: Let's whip the whole bunch!
Busy man, home citizen: Oh, let 'em fight it out, we have troubles of our own at home.

Uncle Sam: Huerta, I think you'd better resign the presidency.

Huerta: I think not.
U. S.: Huerta, I'd advise you to resign.

Huerta: I don't care what you advise.

U. S.: Huerta, I must ask you to resign.

Huerta: Sorry, but cannot accede to your request.

U. S.: I must insist that you resign, Huerta.

Huerta: Insist all you like—but I will not resign.

U. S.: By the authority vested in me, I hereby officially and most emphatically demand that

you resign:

Huerta: By the authority vested in me, I hereby officially and most emphatically refuse.

U. S.: Huerta, my patience is about exhausted. Will you get out?

Huerta: I will not get out.
U. S.: I can make you! You git!

Huerta: Go fan yourself.
Enraged citizens: Come on Uncle, let's whip 'em.

President Wilson: Easy there now; let's reason this matter.

Congress: Right! We're not prepared for war.

U. S.: Something must be done; Huerta, I give you just 15 minutes to git up and git!

Huerta: ———— I'm here to stay!
(And all the meanwhile the forces in Mexico are fighting vigorously.)

Pres. Wilson: This is exasperating in the extreme. It really appears as if we shall be forced to interfere.

Bryan: Peace, be still.
Huerta: ———— Wilson! ———— U. S. and his little old army!

Col. Roosevelt: (aside) Sufferin' cats! Wouldn't I just like to get hold of that greaser for a pair of seconds!

Japan: Sic 'em Huerta.
England and France: Well, Uncle Sam, what are you going to do?

Enraged U. S. citizen: Let's give Mexico a dose of Uncle Sam's war pellets!

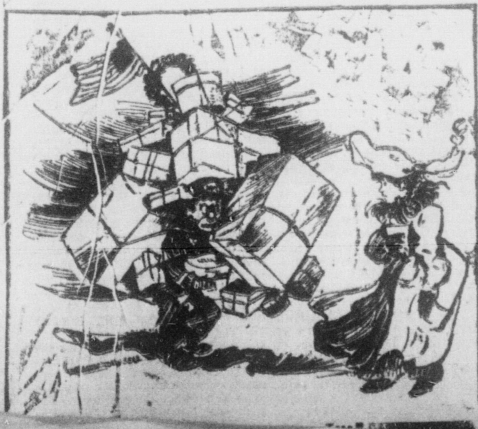
Diaz: My iron hand is the only remedy, but—

U. S.: Beat it, Huerta!!
Huerta: ———— Never!!!

U. S.: (rolling up his sleeves) This is a nasty job, but by the shades of Sam Houston, if I have got to attend to it I can do it!

Shine up the guns, boys. We've got to go out this evening after supper and spank a young smart alec, and we're going to do a good job of it.

(To be continued.)



PASSING THE SICK ALONG

Inhumane Practice Condemned by the State Medical Association.

Passing the sick along is an unfair and an unjust practice. It is unfair to the community receiving the sick stranger, and it is an inhumane way to treat the patient. Locally, the actuating motive underlying the custom is unpreparedness. What is more natural in a community where there is no charity hospital, or no hospital at all, than to raise sufficient funds to send a sick person to the most available hospital where the required attention may be had? Frequently this is done, as it were, on the installment plan, only sufficient funds being raised in each community to defray the expenses of the patient to the next community. The idea is to get the patient where proper attention may be had and distribute the cost as nearly as possible among intervening cities and towns.

No thought is given to the extent of the imposition on the community which has a prepared to care for the indigent sick. No more charitable institution exists in the world, we presume than the noted Charity Hospital of Louisiana at New Orleans. Only recently this institution found it necessary to issue an order prohibiting the admittance to its wards of patients from other States. The people of no State in the United States are more charitably inclined than those of Texas, and particularly West and Southwest Texas. We recall the cry of distress that recently went up from this State through the Southwestern Conference on Tuberculosis, because of the hordes of practically indigent consumptives pouring in from Northern and Eastern States and intervening territory, to be cared for ultimately by the several communities into which they finally come. The idea has become prevalent throughout the country that the balmy atmosphere and equable climate of the great Southwest is essential to the cure of pulmonary tuberculosis, and a hundreds of people have come of their own accord or been shipped in by others, perhaps with the best of intentions, with sufficient funds at best for not more than a few months' expenses. These people frequently become helpless and in a short while must be cared for by others. Our people are, as a rule, not wealthy, and no matter how charitably inclined, the effort to care for these indigent stranger consumptives is a burden.

Clearly, the proper thing to do in all justness and fairness is for each community to prepare to take care of its own indigent sick. The county hospital and dispensary law, passed by the recent Legislature, provides that our Texas communities can care for their own sick poor; the State has recently established an institution for the care of its own indigent consumptives, and Texas Anti-Tuberculosis Association is operating a hospital for tuberculosis children. It remains for somebody to care for stranger consumptives coming into the Southwest from other States. It is impossible for us to place the burden in each case on the State to which it belongs, and it would seem that in the emergency the Federal government might be called upon.

Two resolutions were adopted by the State Medical Association at San Antonio bearing on this very proposition. One of them called upon the United States Public Health Service to investigate the situation, and the other called upon Congress to set aside abandoned military posts for the care of indigent stranger consumptives, and to maintain the same at Federal expense. These resolutions have been communicated to the proper authorities, but it is extremely doubtful whether anything will come of the effort. At any rate, the way has been provided, and pointed out for a proper distribution of the obligation of caring for the sick people who cannot care for themselves, and now becomes the duty of the medical profession to exercise its good offices in impressing the fact upon the proper authorities.—Texas State

The Old Man

"Ishabod, my boy, me thought I heard you speak of your sire this morning as 'the old man.' You are eighteen years of age, are you not? Just so. That is the age when callow youth has its first attack of big head. You imagine at this moment that you know it all. I observe by the cut of your trousers, the angle of your hat, the tip of your head, the flavor of your breath, the style of your tooth-picks and the swagger of your walk that you are badly gone on yourself. This is an error of youth which your uncle can overlook, but it pains him sorely to hear you speak in terms of disrespect of one you should never mention save by the sacred name of 'father.' He may not be up to your style in the modern art of making a fool of himself, but ten to one, he forgets more in a week than you will ever know. He may not enjoy smoking snipes, chopped fine and enclosed in a delicate tissue paper, but he has borne a good many hard knocks for your sake and is entitled to all the reverence your shallow brains can muster. By and by, after, you are through knowing it all and begin to learn something you will be ashamed to look in the glass, and wonder where the fool killer kept himself when you were ripe for the sacrifice. And then, when the 'old man' grows tired of the journey, and stops to rest, and you fold his hands across his bosom and take a last look at a face that has grown beautiful in death, you will feel a sting of regret that you ever spoke of him in so grossly a disrespectful manner and when other sprouts of imbecility use the language that so delighted you in the germinal period of manhood, you will feel like chasing them with a stick and crushing their skull to see if there is any brain tissue on the inside."—Burdette.

It's Queer Old World

This is a sort of topay turvy world. No one seems to be satisfied. One man is struggling to get justice, another is fleeing from it. One man is saving up to buy a house, and another is trying hard to sell his dwelling for less than it cost. One man is spending all the money he can earn in taking a girl to the theater or show and sending her valuable presents in hopes that he may eventually make her his wife, and his neighbor is spending all the gold he has saved trying to get a divorce. One man keeps a pistol to protect himself against burglars, while his neighbor doesn't keep one for fear of shooting himself or some member of the family. One man pays for his paper in advance because he can read it with greater relish, while another takes it four or five years without paying one cent for it and enjoys it hugely all the while. Surely a queer old world this is. San Angelo Standard.

"It's difference of opinion," said Mark Twain, "that makes a horse race."

It's difference of opinion—and taste—and condition—that makes the classified page a most effective solution of most human perplexities.

Try a want ad for your trouble.

Citizen want ads bring results.

—AND KNOW NO SUCH WORD AS "FAIL."

As you journey through this checkered life Of success and dire disaster, Through knocks, calamity and strife, Working harder, working faster, To accomplish that toward which you aim, To reach the long-sought goal, And then perhaps find the same A mere mirage—and before you roll The days and nights of toiling grind While earnestly you sought it— 'Tis disappointing thus to find The goal not what you thought it Will you then worry and despair Of all the joys of living, Let life become a load of care With all things unfulfilling? Or if you striving fail to obtain— After bending every sinew— The goal; and life seems in vain, And there's nothing left within you Save the will to keep on fighting, Though trouble comes to wreck your plans, Your dearest hopes forever blighting, Can you turn with toil-worn hands To build again foundation For bigger, better, nobler things Than in your first creation? When those you thought were friends indeed Prove false, your trust betraying, And just when some kind word you need, Reviling things they're saying: When those you've helped in time of need, When sacrifice perhaps it cost, Forget the kindness of your deed When you in trouble then are tossed; When all of life seems but to fail, When none among men seem just, When foes your very life assail, When no one can you trust; When years of successful building up Are swept away in one short hour, When you seem to drain sorrow's cup, And blighted seems every flower; Will you discourage and give up the race, And acknowledge your bitter defeat, Like the coward, in disgrace When the fight is hottest retreat? You're only being tried, my friend— All gold must be refined— Run the gantlet to the end! Leave failures past behind! The man who wins is the man who stays, And undaunted laughs at fear, As he crowds the months and weeks and days Throughout the live long year With effort, each stronger than the last, Uncompromising effort true, Regardless of results—or past— Press on! Show the man in you! Count not of foes along the way, Count not of friends too much, Consider with reason what others say, But sacrifice not principle for such. The man who wins is the man who stays Forever and ever and a day If necessary. Keep your gaze Toward the front! The way To the mountain top is steep and rough— There is no easy trail— At trouble laugh; put up a bluff, And know no such word as "fail."

According to the Calendar

The locust sounds its rasping lay Upon some log, And hot and humid is the day In Aug.

—Kansas City Journal.
Dad looked at his lean pocketbook And then he wept; He's glad the folks will be home In Sept.

—Los Angeles Express.
We soon must claim the overcoat That we have hocked; Because the nights will be cool In Oct.

—Youngstown Telegram.
Thanksgiving triumphs will be few For me, by Jove! I've signed a note that will be due In Nov.

—Chicago Record-Herald.
If Christmas bells are to ring Good will, joy and peace, Early shopping is the thing In Dec.

—Houston Chronicle.
Unless you are a Hotentot, A Hindoo or Afghan, See that a poll tax receipt is got Ten during Jan.

While traveling on a train several months ago Miss Mary Bailey of Valdosta wrote her name on the window by which she was sitting. A young man from Macon occupied the same seat a few days later and seeing her name wrote her a post card, and they were married last Sunday. They are both highly respected people. It pays to advertise.—Ex.

An Editor's Invoice

A North Carolina editor has kept track of his profit and loss during the year and gives an invoice of his business at the end of 12 months of his ups and downs:

Been broke 861 times.
Had money 4 times.
Praised the public 99 times.
Told lies 1,728 times.
Told the truth 1 time.
Missed prayer meeting 52 times.
Been roasted 441 times.
Washed office towel 3 times.
Missed meals 0.
Mistaken for preacher 11 times.
Mistaken for capitalist 0.
Found money 0.
Took baths 6 times.
Delinquents who paid 23.
Those who did not pay 455.
Paid in conscience 0.
Got whipped 0.
Whipped others 28 times.
Cash on hand at beginning \$1.74.
Cash on hand at ending, 15 cents.

It is alright for a fellow to "toot his own horn" if he is in a brass band—and sometimes it's alright in other circumstances, if the horn that is being tooted is worth tooting. But you've seen these horns that are sometimes put on the Christmas tree for right little boys; and those little boys sometimes take them and toot and toot and toot—and toot at everyone's face regardless of all else save the tooting process. The moral is too plain to need expression. Apply the illustration to affairs in life. Ca-

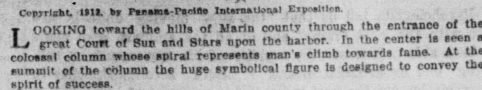
Citizen want ads bring results.

The Magnificence and Grandeur of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition Cannot Be Adequately Described—A Gathering of the Nations of the World.

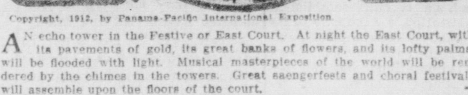
Beautiful Color Effects.
In the courts marvelous blending of colors will be attained. Pompeian red, strong Italian blues, vermillions and orange will predominate. The roofs of the exhibit palaces will

on the approach of the Court of Festivals will be a triumphal arch similar in size surmounted by a globe representing western civilization. A huge prairie schooner will complete the central motif of the group.

As the visitor in 1915 passes beneath either of the huge triumphal arches to the east or Festive Court, the great canal the Grand

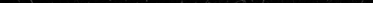
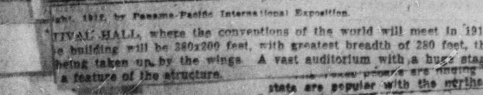


center will be located Festival Hall, and near the west end the Palace of Horticulture, a huge structure of wood and glass. Flanking the great rectangle on the west will be the Palace of Fine Arts, a classic and beautiful structure embodying the spirit of Italian Renaissance and facing upon a great pool from which its outline



Beautiful Color Effects.

In the courts marvelous blendings of colors will be attained. Pompeian red, stone, Italian blue, vermillion



and orange will predominate. The roofs of the exhibit palaces will be covered with Spanish tile, a reddish pink. But from afar, the ^{main} among the Christmas shoppers and eastern consumers. — *Page 11 (cont.)*

1948

Italian Renaissance and facing upon a great pool from which its outline

THE SERVANT PROBLEM

Mr. Glenfiddle started out about a week before Christmas to solve the servant problem. The trouble with women," he said to his wife, "is that they don't go at things right. This trouble will never be settled until it is settled by democracy, and democracy is a thing that I am sorry to say, doesn't come natural to women. Servant girls are human—that's a thing which is often forgotten. Treat your girls right and they will stand by you. It's the rule I go by in my business affairs. What kind of a time do you suppose I would have with the girls in my office if I tried to manage them as a woman manages the help in the kitchen? Why, I'd always have a deep breaking in new people. Now let me give you a few pointers. Get something nice for the girl. Christmas—something that you would be glad to have yourself. Most men give their servants a few cheap trinkets that serve no other purpose than to show the girls that they are put away down in the social scale. Instead of getting her a ten-cent trinket or a new contrivance to scrape crumbs off the dining-room table, get her a nice present this year. Give her something she will be proud to show to her friends. Then, you see, they will get to envying her and considering their own cheap presents with what she got from you, and what'll be the result? She'll conclude that this is a pretty good place to work; she'll see that we give her credit for possessing good taste, and we will have no more trouble over the servant problem for a while away."



"Emma Has Given Me Notice." The result? She'll conclude that this is a pretty good place to work; she'll see that we give her credit for possessing good taste, and we will have no more trouble over the servant problem for a while away."

Mrs. Glenfiddle decided to take her husband's advice for once. If the servant truth must be told, she has never become addicted to the habit of doing this. But there seemed to be a few gleams of reason in his argument, and accordingly she decided to make her Emma twice glad on Christmas morning. The girl had been very patient and faithful for quite a while away, and it was no more than right that merit should be rewarded. Among the things in the box which Emma found on the kitchen table was a note from her mistress. She went down to get breakfast on the morning of the great day, and found for a fine new dress, a toilet set for her bureau, a glove box with a pair of gloves in it, and a purse made of leather. The next day when Mr. Glenfiddle came home his wife said: "Oh, by the way, Arthur, I wish you'd put an ad. in the paper tomorrow. Emma has given me notice that she will leave us a week from Thursday. She has found a place where she can get 25 cents a week more than we are paying her."

Let Them Forget. Hunt out the little lame girl. The poor boy who is blind. Hunt out the weary widow. Who thinks the world unkind; Arch down among the boys. Where gladness seldom strays, And teach the doubting people. There still are Christmas days. You have been busy planning To spread your gifts afar, To add your fair love-tokens Where joy and comfort are. But have you in your gladness, Bestowed one kindly thought On those who sit in darkness, Whose crusts are dearly bought? Your heart is full of kindness, You hear the anthem sing And gaze up at the windows Where ribbons wreaths are hung; You've heard the sweet old story With reverence retold— But there are hungry children Where all is dark and cold. Hunt out the little lame girl. The poor boy who is blind. Hunt out the weary widow. Who thinks the world unkind; Arch down among the boys. Where gladness seldom strays, And teach the doubting people. There still are Christmas days. You have been busy planning To spread your gifts afar, To add your fair love-tokens Where joy and comfort are. But have you in your gladness, Bestowed one kindly thought On those who sit in darkness, Whose crusts are dearly bought? Your heart is full of kindness, You hear the anthem sing And gaze up at the windows Where ribbons wreaths are hung; You've heard the sweet old story With reverence retold— But there are hungry children Where all is dark and cold.

Getting the Particulars. "Oh, have you seen your Christmas present to me, dear?" "No," he answered, "what did I give you?" "A beautiful cabinet for the dining-room." "It's beautiful, isn't it? How much did I pay for it?"

CHRISTMAS DON'TS

Don't tell people that you do not expect to receive any presents. You know you do. Don't forget that the clerk who has been working long hours for many weeks is human. Don't, if the present you are sending away was expensive, fail to remove the price tag. Don't hunt for price marks on the presents you receive. Don't wait till Christmas for the purpose of being kind. Don't let your left pocket know what your right pocket gives for friendship, for love or for charity. Don't be grouchy merely because some delivery boy merely because you with the corner of a box that is twice as large as he. Don't let yourself suppose when you crowd into the place where Christmas shopping is being done that you are the only one who is in a hurry.



Don't present your Christmas gift as if you were conferring a favor. Don't give merely for the purpose of creating the impression that you are generous.

JESTS and JINGLES of the CHRISTMAS SEASON

Dear Santa Claus, My mother she says what she wishes you'd bring me. On Christmas is a heart that's kind And—oh, yes, the wish to mind, And happy smiles for every day. And goodness that won't wear away.

Dear Santa Claus, please won't you bring These all on Christmas—everything My mother wishes that you would? Bring me the wish to study well, And I would like to have a gun. The kind that shoots—on iron ore.

My father told me if I'd write And ask you for that you might Bring me the wish to study well, And I would like to have a gun. The kind that shoots—on iron ore.

Friend Santa, bring them all and I'll be good and cheerful all the while; But if I don't have everything, My parents say they wish you'd bring, And if I can't have only one, Why, please, I'd rather have the GEORGE.

A Preference. "Bobbie, could you rather find your Christmas present in your stocking or on a tree?" "I'd rather have it on a tree, 'cause there's more room there."

Wise King Solomon. "King Solomon had a great head, all right." "Certainly. He was the wisest man who ever lived." "I guess he was. He had all those wives of his before there was any such thing as Christmas."

Independents. "Well," said the good man, patting little Willie on the head, "have you written to Santa Claus?" "No," replied the child. "I heard papa and mamma talkin' about what they were going to give me, one night when they thought I was asleep, and if old Santa don't want to stop here without gettin' invited he can drive on."

Countin' the Minutes.



The "Longest" Day of the Year.

those days, and a sister of mine who had been married only a couple of years was made glad by the arrival of a little one only about a month before Christmas. I thought a nice present for her would be a book on the care and nursing of infants. So I bought it. At the same time I bought a very handsome volume of poems for the girl.

"Yes?" "They got mixed. I believe this Christmas present business is all fool-johnness."

Many a woman is known by the Christmas presents she takes back to be exchanged.

If there is a Christmas season in heaven the department store clerk will hardly want to go there.

A good thing about some Christmas presents is that they don't last more than a day or two.

People who put off buying things they really need until after Christmas hardly ever find them in their stock-ings.

Some people don't permit their children to believe in Santa Claus because they selfishly want all the credit themselves.

If Santa Claus were a woman Christmas would always have to be postponed for a few days while she administered the finishing touches.

Lucky Givers. With happy hearts some people give And never mind the price. They know the gifts they will receive Are sure to be as nice.

A Warning to Liars. "What was the happiest moment of your life, dear?" she asked. "It was when you said 'yes, darling,'" he replied. She sighed and permitted her cheek to rest against his breast for a long time. Then she said: "Harry, do you remember that diamond ring we looked at in Blazen's? I was there yesterday and they had it still. What a splendid Christmas present it would make."

TO BE A TIME OF JOY FOR HIM

This Little Story Shows Just What a Lot of Good Things the Bachelor Misses at Merry Christmas Time

"My wife has been questioning me for the past three weeks about what I would like for Christmas." "Well, I suppose you told her?" "Yes. The first thing I thought of was an umbrella. I really need an umbrella, because it is quite a distance from my house to the train, and I have to walk to it. A nice umbrella would come in handy on rainy days. Then there were some books I would like very much. I gave her a list of them as nearly as I could at the start, and have been adding to it day by day as I happened to think of something else that I liked. I mentioned cuff-buttons and studs for full-dress occasions, and I gave her an understanding that if she didn't feel like troubling herself over the matter I would be glad to take the money she had set aside for me and buy myself some cigars. Last night I had occasion to look into a closet we don't use much, and there I found my present, all ready to be placed before me on Christmas morning."

"Of course, then, she hadn't adopted your suggestion as to the cigars." "No. I'm going to be made glad with a beautifully worked sofa pillow."

At Christmas Time By S. E. KISER

Along the road to Bethlehem These weary men were slowly fared, And wending homeward at their side, And bowed the heads which they had bared— These were men who had journeyed far, And slowly o'er the hills that night, Still following their guiding star, Whose constant beams were broad and bright.

At Christmas time they heard a voice That sweetly sounded far and high: "Repent, ye sons of men, repent!" The words rang clearly from the sky. The trembling men were paused to hear, The song that angels sang to them, And ceased to think and turned from fear, That Christmas night in Bethlehem.

We hurry through the busy days And in the market-place contend; We strive to win in shameful ways, Forgetting brother, wronging friend; We foster greed and sin and pride, We have no time for being kind, We rudely push the lame aside, And give no guidance to the blind.

We madly struggle after gain, Forgetting all the Master taught; We worship riches, and disdain To heed the message that He brought— Yet, even so, at Christmas, love Assails our hearts and chafes them, And brings us glad remembrance of That holy night in Bethlehem.

We cease a little while to sin, We turn a little while to pray; We greet the stranger at the gate, And reaching forth we lead him in, And supply him with our need, The love that in the manger lay, We all acknowledge Him our King, As they did that first Christmas day.

These shadowy wits men slowly fare Along the shadowy highway still, And shadowy thoughts which these men share And see the star shine o'er the hill, And men, wherever men may dwell, Shall hear the message borne to them; That God still reigns and all is well, The star shines on a lot of Bethlehem.

Child's Reasoning. "Mamma, Santa Claus isn't married, is he?" "I don't know. Why do you think he isn't, dear?" "Cause if he was Mrs. Santa Claus wouldn't let him stay out that way at night."

No Room for Any More. "Go in to hang up your stocking, Christmas, Mickey!" "Now?" "Better. You might get it filled." "It's filled now." "What with?" "Holes."

His Gift. He gave the girl a pair of skates, And now his heart is full of hate; He never strays around and waits And inwardly rebels at Fate, While one more favored far than he Is or may ever hope to be, Knelt where she stands, so fair, so sweet, And fastens them upon her feet.

Joy Ahead for Him. Don't forget that the clothes you are not going to wear any more may look mighty good to somebody.

MR. BILGER'S CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

The eminent speculator in stocks. "I intend to do something this year that I have never done before. I have never taken much stock in this Christmas foolishness. It seems to me that people carry it to an absurd extreme; but, as I have said, I am going to break away from my custom this year. You are helping to support your widowed mother, are you not?"

The boy who marked the quotations up on the big blackboard made a strong effort to conceal his emotion as he answered: "Yes, sir. I always carry my earnings home to her."

"That is noble of you. You deserve the highest praise for your thoughtfulness."

A "mother" who has such a son should be very proud of him, and I have no doubt that your mother fully appreciates your worth. What I started to say a moment ago was that I intend to do something to encourage you in your work—something to prove to you that I wish you well and that, however cold I may have at times appeared, I am kind at heart."

"Oh, thank you, sir," said the boy. "Mother will be proud when she learns that I have been able to win your respect."

"I like to hear a boy talk as you talk," the eminent gentleman continued. "A boy who is glad for his mother's sake to win the approval of others may always be depended upon to give a good account of himself. You may not have suspected it, but I have for a long time been watching you. I have noticed that you do not smoke cigarettes; that you use little slang; that you pay strict attention to your duties; and always show a proper deference to those above you."

"My mother told me when I started out in the 'world,' the boy replied, "to always keep away from bad habits and be respectful to the people who had the right to be treated respectfully."

"Good. It is evident that you have an estimable mother. With such a mother and such a character as you seem to possess I have no doubt that you will succeed in life. It would be a pity to disturb your self-reliance by giving you money. I shall not do that. I do not believe in giving money to people anyhow. It is a bad practice. There are other ways of extending help that are much more effective—much better for those who receive it. Now it is my purpose to do something for you."

"I hardly know how to thank you, sir."

"Oh, never mind that, my boy. The most eloquent thanks are not always expressed in words. There are other ways of showing appreciation. So don't bother yourself if words happen to fail you. There are indications that this is going to be an old-fashioned winter, and I know what it is to be tormented by the cold. You have seen that I have a new overcoat with a Persian lamb collar and real mink lining, have you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"You would be surprised if I were to tell you how much it cost. But I need not dwell upon that. I have found it extremely comfortable. It has caused me to feel sorry for others who cannot afford such costs. I think it must be the Christmas spirit that has come to me. With the collar of my warm coat turned up so that it covers my ears I am able to keep comfortable in the coldest weather."

The boy felt a lump rising in his throat and he was compelled to wink rapidly to keep back his tears of gratitude.

"This morning," Mr. Bilger continued, "I found a pair of plush earmuffs that I used last winter, and I have decided to present them to you."

At Christmas Time

By S. E. KISER

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One of Junction's Oldest Business Houses

Alex J. Hamer Co.

During its long period of service as a Mercantile Establishment it has constantly adhered to the sound principles of **Safety, Conservatism and Fair Dealing.**

Year after year our business has grown and is still increasing.

We still adhere to **QUALITY**, and **Lowest prices always.** It's a good place to trade. We give you service and we give you Accommodation.

ALEX J. HAMER CO.

One of Junction's Oldest Business Houses.

Adam and Eve

didn't care much for Style in Clothing—but times have changed. Particular People now want nice made-to-measure Clothing, the kind that fit—the only kind that really fit. Get them at **Junction Tailor Shop** and thus be assured of the best. We also Press, Clean, Dye, alter and repair Clothing. See us. **Barney Ragland, Prop.**

City Barber Shop,

RAGLAND & MAINES, CO. Props.

Up-to-date Hair Cutting and Shaving Done with Neatness.

Hot and Cold Baths. Your Patronage Solicited.

HODGES HOTEL

The place that seems like home
RATES, \$1.25 PER DAY
SPECIAL RATES BY WEEK OR MONTH

MEALS 25 CENTS PHONE 4

A. M. REESE,

London Texas.

BREEDER OF
REGISTERED HEREFORD CATTLE
BULLS FOR SALE.

SANTA CLAUS

AT

J. B. VAN EMAN'S STORE

Rocking Chairs for old and young.
Dolls Galore.

Wagons. Doll Buggies.

Toys.

Latest talked of Books,

Stationery.

Solid Gold Rings and Cuff Buttons.

Cut Glass.

Ingersoll Junior Watches.

Table and Dresser Scarfs. All Linen Napkins.

Guest Toweling.

Please call to see the other articles
at

J. B. VAN EMAN'S.

SUBSCRIBE FOR The Citizen

As a Christmas Gift to Someone.

Apples at Schreiner Hodges Co

Jobe Fisher was in from Red Creek Wednesday.

Tom Rembold of Segovia was in Junction Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Clem Jones of Yates, were in town Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Miller of Gentry, were in town Saturday.

W. B. Adams of Sutton county was in the Kimble capitol on business Saturday.

All kinds auto repairing—Eastman and Tinsley.

Theo Hunger was in from South Llano Saturday.

Ed Fleming of Telegraph, was in Junction Saturday.

We vulcanize inner tubes.—Eastman and Tinsley.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer McCollum and Mrs. J. L. Jones were in from the ranch Saturday.

Do you need Tank? Windmill or piping? we have it in stock at all times.—Junction Hardware Co.

Roy King the Kimble surveyor was in from Segovia Saturday and Sunday.

Bud Bartley of Rock Springs, had business in Junction this week.

Gasoline, oils and all manner of car supplies at Eastman and Tinsley's.

R. E. Spicer is visiting in the city guest at the home of his sister Mrs. E. A. Loeffler.

G. W. Beaton and L. D. Ivy of Red Creek, came up Saturday and stayed over night in the city.

August Simon of Teddy town, came in Saturday and was accompanied by Mrs. Simon and the children.

Messrs Bernie and Loyd Ligon, prominent ranchmen of Ft. Stockton are in Junction this week on business.

Judge W. C. Linden of the Alamo city was in Junction and Kimble county several days this week on business.

Stanley Wilson and a family of Ft. Stockton, came in Monday to visit a few days at the home of Mrs. Wilson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Smith.

There are some very nice rocking chairs at J. B. Van Eman's. Don't forget that when purchasing holiday gifts.

Andrew Wood of Bear Creek came in this week to attend the institute. Wonder why Andrew takes such interest in our school affairs.

If you have friends or relatives coming in or going away we will than you to call, phone or write The Citizen office. You like to read about others; others like to read about you. Every news item one gives us makes this paper just that much more interesting for the other teen hundred readers. And such favors are not forgotten by the editor.

Mrs Beattie Reynolds has been in town several days this week.

Apples at Schreiner Hodges Co.

Ben Joiner was in from Bear Creek Monday.

Will Kelley of McKavitt was in Junction the first of the week.

R. S. Price came in home Friday after several months absence.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Dunk were in Junction Monday looking for Santa Claus.

R. W. Allison of Teddy town had business in Junction the first of the week.

Go to Mrs. Boone's for Cheap Millinery—She is clearing out her stock at cost.

J. L. Bishop of South Llano was in the capitol city of Kimble county Saturday.

J. R. B. Fairchild and his daughter Miss Henrietta of Segovia, were in Junction Saturday.

R. M. Alexandria, ranchman of Owensville had business in the Kimble county capitol Saturday.

FOR SALE—Good single buggy for sale at a bargain. Apply at Citizen Office.

Miss Jettie Edwards the North Llano teacher leaves Saturday for Blanco where she will spend the holidays with home folks.

Robert Corde of Edwards county is here for a few days with friends and relatives.

Mrs. E. A. Loeffler and the boys Fritz and Reuben came in home Friday after a visit with Mrs. Loeffler's parents Mr. and Mrs. Spicer of Kerr county.

See those beautiful rocking chairs at J. B. Van Eman's. They make excellent Christmas gifts.

Need a bathtub, flue, trough, or galvanized tank. Eastman and Tinsley can supply your wants at a saving.

Ova Browning came in Saturday from San Antonio, where he has been for several months attending Draughton's Practical Business College.

If you need a galvanized tank see Eastman and Tinsley about it. Their prices are lower, and their work is guaranteed.

J. W. Boone was in from South Llano and reports only one mud hole on the road from his house to town and that one about twelve miles long. He lives twelve miles from town.

The Junction I. O. O. F. had election of officers Saturday December 6th, with the following results: Frank Bisset N. G.; Joe Bisset, V. G.; De Witt Cowart, Secretary.

Miss Stella Felps came in Saturday to attend the institute and spend the holidays with her homefolks. Miss Stella graduated with honors from the Junction high school last year and is now teaching the Segovia school and doing nicely.

Just Received

a carload of Emerson Buggies and Hacks and Newton Wagons. See us before buying elsewhere.

Junction Hardware Company.

With the coming of Christmas the young men will all want to dress nicely for the occasion. The Junction Tailor Shop is the place.

John Menges, one of Kimble's old timers but now of Bryne county Okla. is visiting in this part of the country. He was a business caller at the Citizen office while in town Saturday. He says Kimble looks good to him and he thinks he will move back.

JUNCTION STATE BANK

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS,

\$70,000.00

Our ample Banking Capital, strong Board of Directors, able and experienced Officers, and outside connections put us in the position to be able to take care of all business entrusted to us in a prompt and efficient manner, be it large or small.

Schreiner-Hodges Company

say they are too busy to write an ad but desire to remind you that they are still doing business at the same old stand and are always ready to serve you. The old reliable, ever dependable standby that knows, a knowledge gained through years of experience, just how to supply your every need.

We have just purchased the entire stock of shoes of C. W. Bergmann & Co. and in future will have not only the American Gentleman and Ladies' Shoes, but also the famous Star Brand.

WE'RE ALWAYS GLAD TO SEE YOU.

J. W. Garrett was in from the ranch Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Taylor Hull were in the city Thursday.

W. W. Chaison was in from the ranch Thursday.

Adam murr was in Thursday from McKavett.

Anel Wallace of Teddy town was in Junction Tuesday.

You can get some knitting wool now at J. B. Van Eman's.

We are glad to note that A. V. Harris is able to be out again after being laid up for repairs.

S. M. Zettlemeyer, a Menard county ranchman was in Junction the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Ethridge and their children were in from North Llano Wednesday looking for Santa Claus.

J. Snow and wife were guests at Sheppard home this week while in Junction on their way to visit relatives and friends in Dallas.

W. B. Waggoner called at the Citizen office Tuesday and had his name put on the honor roll by advancing his subscription.

R. J. Pickett and his daughter Miss Emma came in Wednesday from east Texas to join their son who has been here for several months; they expect to locate in Kimble.

Mrs. S. P. Bennett and the children, of Coparas, came down to the city Tuesday in search of Santa Claus. Mrs. Bennett remembered the Citizen in a substantial way and she is now on our honor roll.

Another real estate deal was put through this week. T. S. Butland and W. P. Riley bought of F. M. Chase the business property now occupied by C. W. Bergmann & Company consisting of 4 lots and business house. Price paid \$6000.

Orphans Home Day.

Buckner's Orphan's Home Day was observed at the Baptist Church here last Sunday, and Pastor Deel's interesting sermon Sunday morning was in accordance with that subject.

At the close of the service free will offering was taken for that Home and for the Old Ministers Relief Fund. Total contributions were \$120.40.

Apples at Schreiner Hodges Co

Some Beautiful Matting Art Squares at J. B. Van Eman's.

G. K. Ivy and John Martin are in Lampasas on business this week.

Mrs. Boyd Jetton is spending the holidays with home folks on Turtle Creek in Kerr county.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Q. Taylor, Robert Turner Sr. and daughter Miss Sylvia left last week for Lordsburg, N. M.

If you want to buy some good business property in Junction, see me quick.—M. S. Nichols, at Citizen office.

W. H. Sheppard returned Friday from his farm in Mason county where he has been since last Sunday. He informs us that he will move back to the farm about the first of the year.

A. M. Reese the London Commissioner while in Junction this week to attend a called session of the Commissioners' Court, remembered the Citizen in a substantial way and thereby advanced his subscription and had his name put on our honor roll.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Skaggs and the baby while on the way to city Friday were leading a horse behind the buggy which became frightened and pulled the buggy over throwing them all out under the horse and buggy. They all escaped with very slight injuries.

Orlan Stewart like all other up to now teachers likes to keep posted on the happenings of his home country so he called at the Citizen office Friday and deposited some cash with us to keep him in good standing and keep the Citizen visiting his home. Orlan is teaching at Red Creek this year and getting along nice.



Grand Leader has 'em, ly.

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ATTRACTIONS AT GRAND OPERA HOUSE

PLAYS THAT HAVE HAD LONG AND SUCCESSFUL RUNS IN NEW YORK, TO BE SEEN HERE DURING THE COMING WEEK.

ATTRACTIONS

Commencing December 15

Dec. 15, 16—Gertrude Hoffmann.
Dec. 17—Broadway Jones.
Dec. 18, 19, 20, 21—The Blindness of Virtue.
Dec. 22—Lillian Russell.
Dec. 23, 24—Sisters and Marlow.
Dec. 25, 26—Fire Fly.
Dec. 27, 28—Trail of the Lonesome Pine.

SHAKESPEARE'S MILL—BERRY TREE IN CLYDE TRAIL PARK, NEW YORK

It Was Discovered By Julia Marlowe Through a Clipping Which She Found in an Old Book.

Thirty-two years ago an off-shoot of Shakespeare's Mulberry Tree, presented to Mayor Cooper of New York by Charles Beale the novelist, was planted in Central Park. For some inexplicable reason, this tree, which was entirely lost sight of Marlowe, who with E. H. Sothern, will appear at the Grand on Friday and Saturday, December 25 and 26, in "Taming of the Shrew" and "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

Lately, while Miss Marlowe and Mr. Sothern were playing at the Manhattan Opera House in New York, Miss Marlowe dropped into an old book in the Grand on Christmas Day and



found a clipping which told her that a tree which had been planted in Central Park thirty-two years ago was an off-shoot of Shakespeare's Mulberry Tree. She immediately set out to find the tree, and after a long search, she discovered it in the Grand on Christmas Day. She then wrote a story about the tree, which was published in a magazine. The story was so popular that it led to the tree being planted in the Grand on Christmas Day.

It was discovered by Julia Marlowe through a clipping which she found in an old book. The tree was planted in Central Park thirty-two years ago. It was an off-shoot of Shakespeare's Mulberry Tree. The tree was discovered in the Grand on Christmas Day.

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woman and gratify her inclination by directing them to be planted in your famous park. I fear mulberry trees, but I hope that one of them at least will take root and grow in the Grand. Thus, the original Shakespeare was a son of the Mayor of New York, and there seems a certain appropriateness in sending these shrubs of his famous tree to where his language is spoken, his name honored, I have the honor to be, Mr. Mayor, your very respectfully,
Charles Beale

Miss Marlowe at once communicated with Charles B. Stover, the park commissioner of New York, in order to learn the location of the tree. Curiously enough the tree in question had been entirely lost to the park records. Mr. Stover discovered that James F. Weisman, now in the president of the Park Board, was still alive. Mr. Weisman remembered the planting of the tree and was able to point out its location.

LILLIAN RUSSELL.

John Cort's Feature Festival, Manhattan Opera House, in New York, Miss Marlowe dropped into an old book in the Grand on Christmas Day and

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"HELD UP" CORPORATIONS

President of New York State Democratic Committee Is Indicted.

New York, Dec. 8.—Arthur A. McLean, president of the Democratic State Committee, was indicted this afternoon on two counts for receiving contributions from corporations.

E. P. Fowler of Kingston, the indicted Tammany "bagman," already was indicted for receiving contributions from corporations.

The indictment of McLean makes Attorney General's charges of graft in the State Highway Department.

The first count against McLean charges him with receiving contributions from the Van Alstyne of Albany, an officer of the Van Alstyne Construction Company, who testified that he had sent a contribution of \$1,000 to McLean in October, 1912, and received therefor McLean's receipt.

The second count charges McLean with receiving contributions from the Van Alstyne Construction Company, who testified that he had sent a contribution of \$1,000 to McLean in October, 1912, and received therefor McLean's receipt.

The new indictment against Fowler was based on Owen's testimony that Fowler had solicited him to contribute to a corporation in exchange for a contract for the construction of a highway.

McLean's indictment was based on the testimony of the Van Alstyne Construction Company, who testified that he had sent a contribution of \$1,000 to McLean in October, 1912, and received therefor McLean's receipt.

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GENL. SCOTT AT POST

His Border Command Includes Three Cavalry and One Infantry Regiment and Battery.

El Paso, Tex., Dec. 8.—General Hugh L. Scott, commanding the cavalry brigade on border duty patrol, returned to Fort Bliss this morning with three congratulatory telegrams from General Leonard Wood, Commissioner Cato Sells of the Indian Affairs, and Secretary of War L. M. Garrison in the general pocket of his fatigue jacket. General Scott succeeded in pacifying the peaceable Navajos from the Shiprock Reservation who had gone on the warpath.

Four troops of the Twelfth Cavalry were sent to General Scott for use against the Indians, but he did not even take them to the reservation with him. The troops rode today at Gallup and will reach El Paso tomorrow to augment the border guard now on duty here. This will give El Paso the Second, Third, Fourth and Fifteenth Cavalry, a battery

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS PHONOGRAPH RECORDS.

Obtainable at Louis Book Store, San Antonio, Texas.

- 16952 Adele Fidelity
- 16953 "Swear, My God, to Thee, Lead Kindly Light."
- 16825 The Coming of the Year
- 16826 Lord, Dismiss Us With Thy Blessing.
- 17164 Silent Night.
- 17164 Hark! The Herald Angel Sing.
- 17167 Silly Nacht, Heilige Nacht.
- 17167 No candle Was There and No Fire.
- All the above records at 75c each.
- 17116 Hallelujah, Chorus from the "Messiah."
- Price \$1.00.
- 25953 Star of Bethlehem.
- 25954 Savior, When Night Involves the Skies.
- 25955 Christmas Day in the Work House.
- All above records at \$1.25.
- 17177 Star of Bethlehem.
- Price \$1.50.
- 25953 Jesus or Saviour (in French).
- Price \$2.00.

Storage battery fed electric head-lights for baby carriages are a Cleveland inventor's idea.

More than 207,000,000 cigars were exported from the Philippines in the last fiscal year.

Fully one-third of the coal consumed in Berlin is in briquet form. Many a fall in the dark will be averted if the bottom collar step be painted white.

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Why Scratch?

"Hunt's Cure" is guaranteed to stop and permanently cure that terrible itching. It is compounded for that purpose and your money will be promptly refunded without question.

If Hunt's Cure fails to cure itchy, Eczema, Tetter, Ring Worm or any other skin disease, 50c at your druggist's, or by mail direct the has't. Manufactured only by C. O. BULLARD & SONS, INC., SHREVEPORT, LOUISIANA.

San Antonio, Tex., Dec. 8.—The eight Navajo Indians who surrendered to General Scott last Sunday were sentenced late today by Federal Judge Pope. Two of them were given thirty days in jail at Gallup and six were given sentences of fifteen days each.

Judge Pope lectured them on the duties of their race. They were tried on charges growing out of disturbances at the Shiprock Agency in September.

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YOUNG MEN WANTED

TO LEARN AUTOMOBILE INDUSTRY
Phone or Address INTERNATIONAL AUTO SCHOOL
732 EAST BOWLING STREET
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

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SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

THE TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE.

Engage Walter's dramatization of "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" at the Grand Theatre, December 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31. The story of a young man who finds a girl who has made the mountain side and across which the story of the play moves. A strange, mysterious love story. A love story that was made in New York, Boston, and London.

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KODAK ROLL FILMS DEVELOPED FREE

If roll films are bought from us, we develop them FREE, charging you for prints only on these rolls. We are the Almerene Refrigerator System in San Antonio for developing films.

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THE FOX COMPANY

209 Alamo Plaza
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

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San Antonio
Texas

GENERAL DIRECTORY

District Judge, Clarence Martin
 District Attorney, Dayton Moore
 County Judge, J. B. Randolph
 District and Tax Collector, W. F. Riker
 Sheriff and Tax Collector, G. R. Ivy
 Tax Assessor, O. G. Reid
 Treasurer, J. A. Bessing
 Justice of Peace, T. J. Meredith
 Constable, R. L. Smith

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS
 Precinct No. 1, L. J. Meredith
 Precinct No. 2, W. B. Miller
 Precinct No. 3, C. S. Reese
 Precinct No. 4, John A. Convent

DISTRICT COURT
 Meets on 1st Monday after 1st Monday in February and September.

PROBATE COURT
 Meets 1st Monday of February, May, August and November.

COMMISSIONERS COURT
 Meets 2d Monday of February, May, August and November.

SECRET ORDERS

W. O. W.
 Mountain Camp No. 434 meets 1st Saturday night of each month. J. B. Randolph, C. C. W. F. Riker, Clerk.

A. F. A. M.
 Meets 2d Saturday night in each month. J. L. Wright, W. M. Thos. B. Rutland, Sec.

MEETINGS
 Meets 1st and 3d Saturday night of each month. Asa Farmer, N. G. Joe Bissett, Sec.

O. F. S.
 Meets 2d Saturday afternoon and 4th Thursday afternoon. Mrs. R. H. P. Wright, W. M. Mrs. M. J. Nethery, Sec.

W. C.
 Meets 2d and 4th Wednesday afternoon. Mrs. Alex J. Hamer, Guardian. Mrs. J. B. Cheenalt, Clerk.

CHURCHES

METHODIST
 First Sunday, Copperas, Second and Fourth, Junction. Third, Danville, 2d Sunday afternoon. Centrally, 5th Sunday, Danville schoolhouse. C. W. Rylander, pastor.

Sunday school 9:45. Prayer meeting Wednesday night.

BAPTIST—Sunday School 9:30 a. m. Preaching services, Junction 1st, 2d and 3d Sundays in each month. R. T. Deel, pastor.

Midweek services, each Wednesday night.

CHRISTIAN—Services Fourth Sunday in each month, morning and night. Elder J. S. Darr, Pastor.

EPISCOPAL—Services Third Sunday in each month, 11 a. m. Other services by appointment. Rev. Richard Neizer, Pastor.

PRESBYTERIAN—Services every Third Sunday, morning and evening. Rev. Wm. Bierschwald, Pastor. John F. Reid, Clerk of Session.

MAIL ROUTES

KERRVILLE
 Leaves Junction daily except Sunday at 8 a. m. arrives in Kerrville same day at 6 p. m.

Leaves Kerrville daily except Sunday at 8 a. m. arrives in Junction daily at 6:00 p. m. W. T. Petrusky, Contractor.

MASON
 Leaves Junction daily except Sunday 9 a. m. arrives here daily except Sunday at 6 p. m. J. L. Bruce Contractor.

TELEGRAPH
 Leaves Junction Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 7 a. m. Arrives in Junction Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 6 p. m. Jeff Meredith, Contractor.

ROOSEVELT

To Roosevelt and return Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. Leaves Junction 7 a. m. returning arrives in Junction 5 p. m. J. K. Peckitt, Conductor.

THE NEW KERRVILLE SANITARIUM HOSPITAL
 The latest and best of everything for the examination and treatment of diseases of all kinds by DR. H. H. ROGERS or by DR. L. E. SECOR, M. D.

Dr. H. H. ROGERS, M. D.
 Physician and Surgeon in Charge.

WM. LEE SECOR, M. D.
 Physician and Surgeon in Charge.

Dr. P. H. Rogers
 DENTIST
 Office in Masonic Hall Building
 All work spot cash

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FROM LONDON

As we are having vacation, we thought we would write again.

Mr. Henry Jarvis was in town Monday.

Mrs. Bethel is on the sick list this week.

Mrs. J. L. Jones of the Jones ranch is expected home for holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Wes Smith were pleasant visitors in London Saturday.

The ladies of the Circle will give an entertainment Christmas night.

Mr. J. Paul Kountz wants the school children to give a nickel a piece to buy their report cards.

Mrs. Fussell, Mrs. Weaver, and Mrs. Bethel are practicing the children for songs and recitations for holidays.

The night of the 22nd, the ladies of the Baptist Church will give a supper. They are arranging to have quite a nice program.

We can almost hear the Christmas bells ringing as the merchants are getting in a nice line of holiday goods and the people in general are making preparation for a jolly time.

We regret to say that little Calie Macy was stricken Friday night with appendicitis. Dr. Fussell and Mr. Macy started to Temple with her Saturday night at 12 o'clock.

We will have a Christmas tree Christmas eve night, under the supervision of the school children. Mr. Jack Ake with his usual highheartedness has loaned us his dance hall for our tree where we will have a plenty of room and lots of fun. Mr. Editor come down you will find Santa waiting you.

Two Little Girls in Blue.

WILL CONTINUE RIGHT THROUGH THE HOLIDAYS
 Owing to our large attendance many students from a great distance and that could not go home for the holidays, others anxious to finish their courses, that they may accept positions awaiting them, we will continue our sessions except on Xmas day. New students may continue to enroll and take up work to the very best advantage without being interrupted with a vacation, and will also enable them to secure choice of boarding place before the big January enrollment comes on.

For several months we have not been able to supply the demand for our graduates of being kept and Shortland or Teigrap, we are therefore anxious that new students enroll early. The more graduates we can place in good positions, the better opportunity we have to demonstrate to the business men the proficiency of our students.

Young people interested in commercial education are finding that life is too short, and a time too valuable to spend from one year to twelve months taking a course in a college teaching other systems when it is a positive fact that we can give them a better course in half the time, and at half the cost with the famous Byrne Simplified Shortland and Practical Bookkeeping and our practical methods of teaching Telegraphy. They are also finding that a graduate who has the training given by these practical modern systems obtains a better salary than one graduating from a school using the old difficult faulty theoretical systems. We guarantee a better course in less time, at a less expense, and a better job with a better salary than any other school using other systems.

Fill in name, address and course interested in, and mail to Tyler Commercial College, Tyler, Tex., and a recovery catalog setting forth plainly why we can afford to make the above claim with regard to our systems and amount of time and money we can save you. Also read our Cash Guarantee of \$100 in our catalog.

Name _____
 Address _____
 Course Interested in _____

San Antonio, Tex., N. Y., New York, Boston and Chicago.

WANTED
 Some goats or sheep to pasture; have about 1000 acres good range, good fence; will take same at 3c and 3 1/2 c per head.

See or phone G. W. Ragland, San Antonio, Tex.

NOTICE
 We have our Bear Creek pasture posted, also the pasture we have leased on Gentry, known as the Tarlton pasture. Hunting and fishing strictly forbidden. Keep out.

F. W. Jenkins and Bros.

TRESPASS NOTICE
 All hunting or trespassing upon my lands is strictly forbidden. Any and all violations of this will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. This means you. This is going to be enforced upon my premises this season. Please take this as sufficient warning and save trouble.

A. L. Mudge

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT
 The most popular general news and farm paper in Texas is the Dallas Semi-Weekly Farm News. It is read by more people than any other publication in the Southwest. It is the favorite with men readers, women readers and boy and girl readers. It has something for all of them, and the best to be had at any price. The Kimble County Citizen and the Semi-Weekly Farm News will be sent a whole year to any address for \$1.75. We accept and receipt for all subscriptions at this office. We do all the ordering and take all the risk.

The subject of the morning preaching service at the Baptist Church is "The Sin of Acan." At 7:15 p. m. "The Dying Message" of the Christ will be preached on.

We shall appreciate your presence at these services.

R. T. Deel, Pastor.

TURKEYS WANTED
 I am shipping turkeys to eastern markets and will pay you highest cash price. Phone or write me at Menard.

C. W. Innes, Menard, Texas.

AUTO OWNERS ATTENTION
 On account of having so much other work we will hereafter not accept any more Auto Repair work.

Of course this does not include Ford owners. We handle Ford Cars and Ford Repairs and are here to serve you, and it is our aim to give you the best service possible and all Ford owners are invited to bring their cars to our shop if in need of anything.

Junction Hardware Co.

POSTED
 Hunting, fishing or trespassing in any of my pastures, and any one caught in same in violation of law will positively be prosecuted.

G. F. Gordon.

If you need anything that is not usually kept in stock, please remember that we will take pleasure in ordering it for you, and on orders of this kind we make especially low prices for cash. Junction Hardware Co.

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 Some goats or sheep to pasture; have about 1000 acres good range, good fence; will take same at 3c and 3 1/2 c per head.

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G. F. Gordon.

ROOSEVELT ROUNDUP

A fine rain fell here Tuesday. Mr. Richard Grossbacher went to Menard Saturday.

Mr. Bell a drummer was in Roosevelt last week.

Mr. Earl Adams attended Sunday school here Sunday.

There will be a dance at Fred Schweining's Wednesday night.

Mr. and Mrs. August Simon and children went to Junction Friday.

Miss Annie Grossbacher and Grace Allison went to Junction on business Wednesday.

There will be a Christmas tree at Roosevelt. Every body invited to take part and come.

Mrs. Tobey and daughter Miss Agnes came up after Miss Mae Tobey last Friday.

Mrs. Fred Schweining, mother Mrs. Ikenhoff and little Miss Ra by Schweining went to Junction Tuesday.

Mr. Paul Leifeste of Dallas returned to his old home at Roosevelt Sunday. We are glad to welcome him home.

Mr. Tom Wilson was in Roosevelt Thursday inviting to a party at the Swayer's home last Friday night. A royal time was reported.

Last week's write up stated that Mr. and Mrs. Tom Wilson returned from Mason when it should have been only Mr. Wilson. It was also stated that the Simon sheep sold for \$3.50 when it should have been \$3.50.

Mr. Claude Lawler received the news of the marriage of his sons in Miss Julia Taylor to Mr. B. A. B. of Argonne on the 30th of September. He visited her last summer and has many friends here who wish for her a long and happy life.

Blue Eyes
 Citizen wants ads bring results

HONOR ROLL, MURR SCHOOL
 Average of 90 per cent and better lower than 75 per cent in any subject.

First Month
 Margaret Holland, Asa Murr, Elizabeth Murr, Lora Murr, Lora Murr, Roy Murr, Fred Reynolds, John Reynolds, Margaret Reynolds, Emmett Simon, Esther Simon, Herbert Simon, Wilton Simon, Ruth Simon.

Second Month
 Lora Fish, Lewis Fish, Margaret Holland, Muriel Holland, Asa Murr, Elizabeth Murr, Lora Murr, Roy Murr, Fred Reynolds, John Reynolds, Margaret Reynolds, Terry Reynolds, Emmett Simon, Esther Simon, Herbert Simon, Wilton Simon, Ruth Simon.

Miss F. Ruth Maxwell Teacher
 On the first, second and third Sundays in each month there will be preaching at Junction Baptist Church. Morning service at 11 o'clock, evening service at 7:15. You are urged to be present at these services.

When you are absent we miss you. "The Spirit and the bride say come."

R. T. Deel, Pastor.

Stomach Troubles Disappear
 Stomach, Liver and kidney troubles, weak nerves, lame back and female ills disappear when Electric Bitters are used. Thousands of women would not be without a bottle in their home. Eliza Paul of Epew, Okla., writes: "Electric Bitters raised me from a bed of sickness and suffering and has done me a world good. I wish every suffering woman could use this excellent remedy and find out as I did just how good it is." As it has helped thousands of others, it surely will do the same for you. Every bottle guaranteed, 25c and \$1.00. At all Druggists. H. E. Bucklen & Co. Philadelphia or St. Louis.

If you need anything that can be made from Linseed, Eastman and Tinsley. They are well equipped with tinners tools, and they know how. Tell them what you want and they will make it for you.

Furs! Furs! Furs!

There is big money handling furs. We are among the largest handlers in Texas of FURS and DRESSED POULTRY. Our outfit is enormous. Write TODAY for our SPECIAL PRICE LIST if you have some furs on hand. Ship them to us. We will mail you a check immediately. Your prices are not satisfactory, return the check and we will ship your furs any place in the United States losing what Express we have paid. We want a bright, energetic man who understands GRADING FURS to represent us. Good pay to right party. Write TODAY.

Chas. S. Guilhem Co.,
 (Incorporated.)
 Austin, Texas

Capital Stock, \$10,000.

North Llano News

Bro. Shaggs filled his regular appointment at North Llano Sunday and Sunday night.

Miss Dorothy Mudge is expected home soon, to spend the holidays with her home.

Mr. Kid McCalch left Friday for his home after a few days visit with his aunt, Mrs. Lee Corlier.

Mr. Will Dack and Henry Leifeste were down from Roosevelt Friday to attend the party at Mr. Thomas's.

Misses Mae Tobey and Jettie Edwards left for Junction Sunday morning, where they will attend the institute.

Mrs. A. Tobey and Agnes Tobey went to Roosevelt Friday for Miss Mae, as her school closed for the holidays.

The pound supper at Grandmother Thomas's was nicely attended on account of rain but all who were present reported a very fine time.

There is to be a party at Mr. Oscar Weaver's Friday, December 12. Everybody is cordially invited to attend.

Quite a crowd of people have to the party in Bear Creek Friday night. Among them Misses Lila Anderson, Cora Middleton, Maudie Red Franklin and Ernest Johns.

SEED
 Citizen wants ads bring results

LISTEN
 We represent the celebrated Baldwin, Elting and Howard pianos, all owned and controlled by the Baldwin Piano Co. Chas. small, Ohio. We furnish the best action in our pianos that the world produces. Our instruments are high grade goods from every standpoint and in price and terms we defy competition.

J. C. BOURLAND PIANO CO.,
 Eden, Texas.

Citizen wants ads bring results

COULD SCARCELY WALK ABOUT
 And For Three Summers Mrs. Vincent Was Unable to Attend to Any of Her Housework.

Pleasant Hill, N. C.—"I suffered for three summers," writes Mrs. Walter Vincent, of this town, "and the third and last time, was my worst."

I had dreadful nervous headaches and prostration, and was scarcely able to walk about. Could not do any of my housework.

I also had dreadful pains in my back and sides, and when one of those weak, sinking spells would come on me, I would have to give up and lie down, until it wore off.

I was certainly in a dreadful state of health, when I finally decided to try Cardui, the woman's tonic, and I firmly

believe I would have died if I had taken it.

After I began taking Cardui, I was greatly helped, and all three bottles I had me entirely.

Cardui is purely vegetable and gentle acting. Its ingredients have a mild effect on the woman's constitution.

Cardui makes for increased strength, improves the appetite, tones up the nervous system, and helps to make pale, yellow cheeks, fresh and rosy.

Cardui has helped more than a million weak women, during the last 50 years. It will surely do for you, what it has done for them. Try Cardui today.

Write to "Chas. S. Guilhem Co., Ltd., 1001 E. 10th St., Chicago, Ill., for Cardui, with full particulars on your case and 64-page book, "Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper.

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Cardui is purely vegetable and gentle acting. Its ingredients have a mild effect on the woman's constitution.

JUNCTION STATE BANK

Wishes For Its Patrons

A Merry Xmas

And Increased Prosperity for the Coming Year,

And assures them that it is in a better position than ever to take care of its customer's wants.

HERE IS LAST STATEMENT OF CONDITION OF JUNCTION STATE BANK, AS MADE TO THE COMMISSIONER OF BANKING AT CLOSE OF BUSINESS OCTOBER 21, 1913:

RESOURCES

Loans	\$198,847.43
Banking House	4,100.00
Furniture and Fixtures	1,634.00
Interest in Guaranty Fund	1,392.92
Cotton Drafts	8,876.24
Cash and Exchange	44,501.71
Total	\$259,352.30

LIABILITIES

Capital	\$50,000.00
Surplus	20,000.00
Profits, Net	1,199.05
Bills Payable	35,000.00
Deposits	153,153.25
Total	\$259,352.30

Capital and Surplus, \$70,000.00.

We Pay 5 Per Cent Interest on Time Deposits.

OFFICERS:

T. S. BUTLAND, President.
A. C. SCHREINER, Vice-President.
E. E. BOLT, Vice-President.
C. R. STEVENSON, Cashier.

DIRECTORS:

T. S. Butland, W. R. McKee,
A. C. Schreiner, A. L. Mudge,
E. E. Bolt, J. F. Burt,
Jas. Paterson, J. R. Martin,
L. Beasley.

Christmas Greetings

To Our Friends and Customers:

Accept our most cordial thanks for your patronage since we opened up for business here last July. We wish for you every one a

MERRY CHRISTMAS

AND

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

We invite you to come to see us during the coming year. We are always glad to have you call, and appreciate every opportunity to serve you. Our prices are always very reasonable.

Melinger Bros.

"Our Xmas and New Year Wish."

We take a delight in expressing to you a wish that you may have a very

Merry Christmas

And a Happy New Year;

that the felicities of the occasion be such as to cause you to be thankful for the peace, prosperity and good will hovering over our land; and the hope that the coming year will mark greater progress and greater achievements to the credit of those who are ambitious.

During the coming year we expect to continue the policy we HAVE ALWAYS TRIED TO FOLLOW: TO PLEASE THOSE WHO FAVOR US WITH THEIR BUSINESS, BY RETURNING

QUALITY, SERVICE and VALUE.

Alex J. Hamer Co.

Jolly Yule-tide



GREETINGS

FROM

"THE GRAND LEADER."

We Thank You, One and All

for the liberal patronage which we have enjoyed since we have been in your midst. We opened up our store in Junction last July, though we had had business dealings with the people of this section for the past ten years. We assure you that our business here thus far has been very pleasant and profitable.

There is a Reason.

Here it is:

"PRICES TALK."

We are informed that since our coming here money orders for the mail order business through the Junction Post Office and through the Junction State Bank have decreased a very great per cent. The reason is very evident. When people are made to SEE that they can get as good or BETTER Quality of goods at home and get them at mail order prices, they will not send their money away to Rears & Sawbuck, or some other buck, where it will never benefit local people again. We always had a little cranky notion about seeing the stuff we buy before paying out hard-earned dollars for it. The majority of people are the same way--when they are made to see by actual proof that their dollars will go as far at home. There are some people here from Missouri; they have to be shown. There are a lot of people here who are Texans; they have to be shown several times. We can show them. We have been showing them. We are showing them. We are going to show them in the future. Come in and see us. The latchstring always hangs on the outside, and we're always glad to have you call whether you buy or not. It's a pleasure to us to show our goods and quote prices. That's what we're here for. If you are not satisfied with our goods and prices there's no harm done; we won't get mad about it, and your welcome will be just as cordial the next time you call. We'll give you the most courteous treatment and faithful service in every particular.

Here is a little composition on "Clothes." It tells a lot in a few words--then there's a lot more between the lines:

"Clothes."

Clothes are mighty good things to have about. All good law-abiding people wear clothes. Those that have tried to evade this civil responsibility have gone to jail.

But even with those that gladly wear clothes of some kind there is a wide diversity of opinion as to the Quality and Price to be paid.

Some make the grave mistake of paying too little expecting to get something for nothing which does not happen very often, while others make the foolish blunder of paying a fancy price to satisfy some sort of vanity, but when you get down to bedrock and sound sense we think "THE GRAND LEADER" successfully avoids the two extremes.

"Classy Clothes for Classy People" at the price you can easily afford to pay is a slogan that rings clear and distinct around The Grand Leader store and if you will kindly whisper your order we'll hasten to furnish the evidence that will convince the most skeptical.

In every week's issue of The Citizen we have a message for you. It will be worth your while to read every one of these.

We are as busy as a bumble bee in an alfalfa field, but you know it is only the fellow who has nothing to do who usually misses the train. Our prices will enable you to dress up and never miss the money.

A Nice Line of Beautiful Gifts.

DON'T FORGET US WHEN ON YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING TOUR. WE HAVE A VERY NICE ASSORTMENT OF ARTICLES SUITABLE FOR HOLIDAY GIFTS. COME IN AND SEE THEM. YOU'LL BE PLEASED. MUFFLERS, HANDKERCHIEFS, TIES, LADIES' HAND BAGS, PURE LEATHER PURSES, RUGS, ART SQUARES, AND MANY OTHER PRETTY, ACCEPTABLE GIFTS THAT WILL BRING A SMILE TO THE FACE OF FATHER, MOTHER, BROTHER, SISTER, SWEETHEART OR FRIEND.

Our Nice, Spacious, New Quarters in the New Rock Building Will Very Soon Be Complete

and we will soon be in a location and style suitable to our needs and business. The Grand Leader is going to have a home fitting to its name and trade.

We thank you again most heartily for your past patronage, and we herewith again cordially extend happy greetings of the season; we wish for you one and all

A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

"THE GRAND LEADER." Philip Joseph, Prop.

JUNCTION, TEXAS.

"PRICES TALK."



See or phone G. W. Bagdall. Come Interested in... to order.

Building will be 285x200 feet, with greatest breadth of 250 feet, the... A vast auditorium with a huge stage... being taken up by the wings... a feature of the structure... state are popular with the northern and eastern consumers... from the... state...