

# The Kerrville Mountain Sun

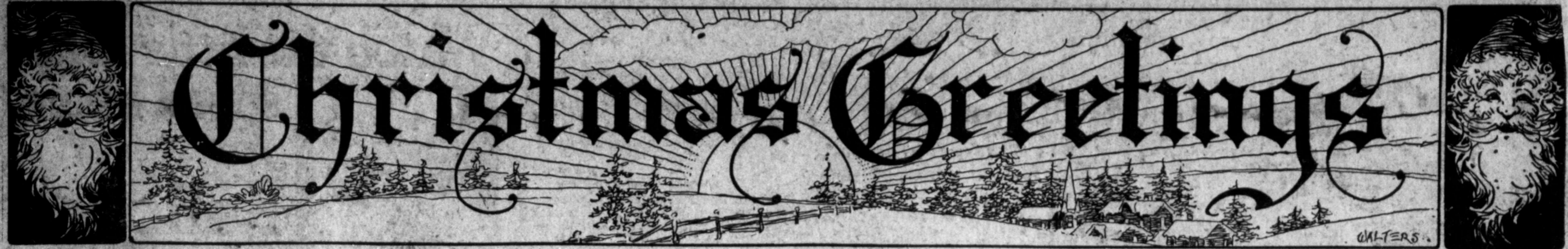
AND ADVANCE

The Mountain Sun, Established 1884  
The Kerrville Advance, Established 1912

Consolidated March 1, 1919

KERRVILLE, KERR COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1922

VOLUME  
NUMBER



## Tell Us About Dem Reindeers



FOURNIER PHOTO

### GRAMMAR AND HIGH SCHOOL TO GIVE CHRISTMAS PROGRAM

The Kerrville Public Schools will close for the Christmas holidays Friday, December 22nd, and reopen on Tuesday, January 2nd. The first term of school will close two weeks after the holidays, at which time the semi-annual examinations will be given.

On Friday night after closing the entire school will give a Christmas program in the auditorium of the High School. The program will consist of about eight numbers, four of which will be given by the Grammar School and four by the High School. In order that the seating capacity may be conserved as much as possible there will be a small entrance charge. This entertainment will be one of the most representative Christmas programs ever given by the school, and a record crowd is expected. The different teachers are now devoting all of their spare time to the training of the children. The High School orchestra will be there with an entirely new bunch of songs, the High School girls in their Turkish costumes, the Grammar School with its Christmas pageants, everything of the best that you will like to see.

Friday, December 22nd, "Town Day" with the school. Show your support by visiting the school and attending the entertainment that night.

### FINAL CONTRACTS LET FOR LEGION SANATORIUM

Austin, Tex., Dec. 7.—The building committee for the American Legion Memorial Sanatorium at Kerrville will meet here tomorrow to let the last of the contracts to finish that institution. It will open proposals for the construction of drives, walks, fences and landscaping, the aggregate of which will be close to \$40,000. The committee consists of Chairman Cowell of the Board of Control, State Health Officer Florence and Dr. J. B. McKnight, superintendent of the Tuberculosis Sanatorium at Carlsbad.

Mr. Cowell is in correspondence with the Veterans Bureau at Washington with references to leasing the hospital as soon as it is finished, as authorized under a resolution adopted by the last Legislature. Negotiations have proceeded slowly and nothing definite has been evolved. Unless the contract is made the State will furnish and equip the institution and operate it. There are 63 patients in it at this time and when completed it will accommodate 600.

If the Federal Government does not lease the hospital outright it may make a contract for the hospitalization of some of its wards and thus fill the institution.

### Real Estate Transfers

U. J. Edwards and wife to S. L. Jeffers, 1,685 acres at head of Town Creek, five miles from Kerrville; sold under court order; \$8,828.22.

Wesley W. Holder and wife to J. C. Kiefer and wife, lots 19 and 20, block 5, Lowry Addition to Kerrville; \$250.00.

Geo. B. Miller to W. A. Fawcett, 106x200 feet on Barnett Street, Kerrville; \$1,600.00.

## END THIRTY-NINTH VOLUME

With this issue we reach the end of the Thirty-Ninth Volume, which means that The Mountain Sun starts next week on its fortieth year of publication in Kerrville. Quite a span of years!

We have no particular promises to make so long as the present management is in control. We will do the best we can to give the people of this immediate section a clean, newsy local paper. We do not expect to please everyone, nor to attempt to do so, because if we made any such futile effort the result would be not to please anyone nor ourselves.

The Sun has grown in size and power as the years have passed—and newspapers, unlike individuals grow stronger as the years go by. We trust that it will continue to increase in its power to benefit the community in which it is published.

We very much appreciate the liberal patronage that the enterprising and loyal business men of Kerrville have extended The Sun. This patronage is more than the average country newspaper receives and we consider it as an appreciation of our efforts in behalf of the community and the attempt on our part to publish a paper that is a credit to the people it represents.

We desire the people of this section to consider The Sun as their property, in the sense that it is neither a personal nor a political organ. It is a public institution and as such belongs to the people generally.

Thanking our friends and patrons for their patronage, as well as wishing them a Merry Christmas and a Happy, Prosperous New Year, we remain,

Yours truly,  
**TULLIS & SALTER.**

### SCOFIELD SCHOOL TO HAVE TWO WEEKS' VACATION CHRISTMAS

Like all school children, the pupils of the Scofield School are eager for their vacation, which begins at the close of school December 22nd and lasts a week into the New Year.

The first quarter of the school year has been a busy one and the reports show that some have made excellent use of their time and talents, and feel that their holiday is well earned. The Junior English Class has been working enthusiastically on a debate to be held soon on "Is a College Education a Desirable Thing for the Average American Girl?"

The Spanish Department has been doing some interesting work this term and the classes have reproduced one of Harrison's plays in Spanish. The Sewing Classes have made some dainty and useful articles, and just now everybody is engaged on Christmas gifts, and embroidery work is picked up at every spare moment.

We do not neglect the physical training in our zeal for the mental. The girls are having a thorough course in outdoor gymnastics. Each morning before breakfast they are given fifteen minutes setting-up exercises, and for an hour and a quarter in the afternoon they have drill, apparatus work, games and a hike.

Nor do we forget the necessity for a good uproarious time now and then. Miss McCall, in charge of the social entertainment for the girls, has some delightful programs for Saturday night: A novel and interesting was a peanut party given in the schoolroom. The first game was the "peanut" game with all the "peanut" Races for spearing peanuts with a hatpin, carrying peanuts on a and rolling them a certain distance with a tooth pick were enjoyed. Then each one settled down to make a peanut doll. The prize, a bag of peanuts, went to Misses Lillian Draper and Mae Brashear for their attractive peanut couple.

Thanksgiving Day a short program was given in the schoolroom, after the saluting of the flag and singing the "Star-Spangled Banner" out of doors. Some interesting talks and readings gave us a better understanding of the history of the day and its proper observance. At night we attended the union service at the Presbyterian Church.

The successful work of Mrs. Howard as a teacher of piano is too well known for her pupils to need introduction here, but the school is fortunate in having also Miss Jewel Carey as vocal teacher and director of choral work. These classes meet twice a week and are progressing well. Just now they are studying some Christmas music, and are planning an informal musicale shortly before the holidays. The girls will also entertain with a Christmas tree before leaving.

The new catalog is just out, and makes a pretty booklet with its new pictures, taken from photographs recently made. The trees have grown so much that it was necessary to have a complete new set of pictures of the

## Chas. Schreiner Bank

WOOL AND MOHAIR COMMISSION MERCHANT

## Good Will An Asset

The prestige enjoyed by the Chas. Schreiner Bank is the result of serving well those whose satisfaction we value as our greatest business asset.

ESTABLISHED 1869  
KERRVILLE, TEXAS

### CHRISTMAS EDITION OF THE SUN AGAIN TWENTY-FOUR PAGES

For the second time under the present management of The Mountain Sun there is printed a 24-page Christmas edition. We feel proud of this achievement and give to our liberal advertisers the main credit.

We have not urged a special edition every few months as is the custom with some publishers, but prefer a regular and substantial support throughout the year. However, at least once a year, and upon some occasions, two or more special editions of a newspaper are not inappropriate, and in honor of the world-wide celebration of Christmas it is proper to give it recognition with as good and creditable a paper as we can issue.

We trust that our readers will peruse carefully the advertisements and words of best wishes and cheer from our business men, and also make them a visit and secure some of the many bargains offered.

### MRS. RUTH PETERSON BLUM DIES AFTER LONG ILLNESS

Mrs. Ruth Peterson Blum died last Saturday afternoon at 5:15 o'clock, after an eight weeks' illness, at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter G. Peterson.

Mrs. Blum was born at Kerrville, January 28th, 1902, where she lived as a child and where her girlhood was spent. She attended Tivy High School, graduating in the class of 1920.

After leaving school she was connected with the firms of the H. Noll Stock Company; Mosel, Saenger & Company and Chas. Schreiner Company, where she was held in high esteem by those with whom and by whom she was employed, and by the people of the community who patronized these establishments—in fact, every one who knew her was her friend.

June 15th, 1922, she was married to Henry Blum of Fredericksburg, son of Mr. and Mrs. Max Blum, who were former citizens of Kerrville. The young couple went to Dallas to make their home, where Mr. Blum was employed by an Abstracting Company.

About three weeks ago, Mrs. Blum came home on account of illness, and November 27th underwent an operation in an effort to save her life, but it was unavailing.

The funeral took place last Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the family home, an impressive service being conducted by Rev. J. B. Holt of the Baptist Church and Rev. F. A. White of the Methodist Church. Appropriate selections were rendered by a quartette of male voices, and beautiful and

numerous floral offerings were in evidence.

Burial was at the Glen Rest Cemetery under the auspices of the Order of the Eastern Star.

Those left of the immediate family to mourn her death are the husband, Henry Blum; parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter G. Peterson; sisters, Mrs. Lyman Rouse of Fredericksburg, and Annabel Peterson, and brothers, Carl and Jack Peterson.

The Sun joins the many friends in extending sympathy to the bereaved family and husband.

### KERRVILLE WANTS W. O. W. HOSPITAL FOR TUBERCULARS

San Antonio News, Dec. 11th: W. G. Carpenter of Kerrville, former postmaster and a prominent business man of that city, has entered the fight now being made by a large number of Kerrville business men to have the proposed \$1,000,000 tubercular hospital for Woodmen of the World located near Kerrville.

Mr. Carpenter has written to Senator Morris Sheppard, asking his assistance in having the site changed from Terrell Hills, just north of San Antonio, to Kerrville. He states that a great percentage of the residents of the city on the Guadalupe River favor location of the sanatorium there, if it is situated a few miles out of the city.

"We think San Antonians right in not wanting it so near your city limits and I hope you will fight them to the last ditch," Mr. Carpenter said. "If located at Kerrville the business will all come to San Antonio anyway. These hills in Kerr County were made for just this purpose—curing tuberculars."

### JOHN WANAMAKER SUCCUMBS AT 84 YEARS

Philadelphia, Dec. 12.—John Wanamaker, merchant prince and philanthropist, owner of Wanamaker Stores in New York, Philadelphia and Paris, died early today at his home here following an illness lasting more than two months. High hopes have been entertained for Mr. Wanamaker's recovery following a marked improvement in his condition recently.

He was 84 years old and this is believed to have rendered recovery impossible.

Death was due to a persistent heavy cold which defied all attempts of the three attending physicians to remedy it. About a week ago Mr. Wanamaker's condition became critical and it was reported that he had been greatly weakened by violent fits of coughing during the night.

### BIG TAX DODGERS ARE FINALLY BEING PROBED BY THE STATE

Until the San Antonio Express, followed by other papers, began to disclose the practice of oil pipe line companies dodging the gross receipt law, the big tax dodgers were having an easy time of it, as those State officials whose duty it was to enforce the law were apparently negligent of their duties. Since the Express and other papers have taken off the lid, the Attorney General, Secretary of State, Comptroller and other State officials have been taking some action.

Of course the Humble Oil pipe line and Texas pipe line at once went into the courts—one the State and other Federal—and in each got postponement of any enforcement of the law. This is always the course pursued by these big tax dodgers and sorry to relate, the courts nearly always aid in the delay sought to dodge paying just taxes. Still, the courts and law officers pretend to wonder why people have lost faith in courts and laws.

### BILL ALLOTS TEXAS TWO MORE CONGRESSMEN

Washington, D. C., Dec. 11.—Texas will be authorized to elect two Congressmen-at-Large under the reapportionment bill, which Representative Mondell, floor leader of the Republicans, declared would be introduced at this session.

It is understood the bill will provide for a membership of 460 in the Sixty-ninth Congress, but it would not affect the size of the Congress which takes office on March 4, 1923.

### THREE IN ONE FAMILY HURT BY FALLS IN HOUR

Longview, Tex., Dec. 11.—Within an hour Charlie Gordon and two members of his family suffered falls which resulted in serious injuries.

Gordon fell 17 feet from the roof of a building he was repairing, suffering injury of the back. When he reached home he found Mrs. Gordon had fallen down the steps, also suffering injury of the back, and a few minutes later his aged mother fell through a hole in the back porch and was badly bruised and shocked.

### Subscription Honor Roll

The following have either subscribed or renewed the past week to The Kerrville Mountain Sun:

O. C. McWilliams, Dr. L. Sandel, J. R. Forester and W. S. Brown, all of Kerrville; Chas. Weston, Center Point; W. T. Grider, Leonard, Texas.

### TIVY HIGH FOOTBALL TEAM TO BE TENDERED BANQUET

President Ally Beitel of the Chamber of Commerce states that the latter will tender a banquet to the Tivy High School football team at an early date, complimenting the boys for the excellent games they have played the past season.

In addition to the banquet, there will be given each member of the team a miniature football of gold that can be worn as a watch charm or made into a scarf pin.

The banquet will be held at the St. Charles Hotel, which is sufficient guarantee of its excellence, and the plates will be \$1.00 each. The citizens of Kerrville generally are invited to attend, as all are interested in doing honor to our boys who have acquitted themselves so creditably.

### STATE INCREASES AUTO LICENSE PLATES BY 100,000

Austin, Tex., Dec. 11.—An order for additional 100,000 automobile number plates will be placed in the near future, it was announced by J. F. Dupre, chief clerk of the State Highway Commission, who estimates that Texas will have 600,000 automobiles by the end of 1923. By the end of this year there will be approximately 530,000 automobiles in Texas, an increase of 5,000 over last year, Mr. Dupre said, and with this being an off year in finances the increase next year should be larger.

Out of the 600,000 number plates ordered and delivered the Highway Department has distributed 886,000 among the counties of the State and is holding a reserve of 14,000 for counties where the quota may be exhausted. As the number plates are new and will be used for several years to come the additional 100,000 will be available for some months.

Seals will not be required next year because all automobiles are to take new numbers, but beginning in 1924 there will be an annual seal to show the current tax paid in each year.

# TOYS

It is the Birthright of Your Children to Receive Toys and Gifts at Christmas Time  
Come in and Pick Them Out Now—We Will Store Until Christmas  
A Most Complete Stock Ready for You Now

## RAWSON'S DRUG STORE

"Santa Claus' Headquarters"

# TOYS

### TRESPASS NOTICES

**TRESPASS NOTICE**—I have leased the hunting right of my pasture. All trespassers will be prosecuted. F. S. LAND. 47-8tc

**TRESPASS NOTICE**—I will prosecute anyone trespassing in my pasture at head of Fall Creek. WILL SAWAY. 47-8tp

**TRESPASS NOTICE**—I will prosecute anyone hunting or in any other way trespassing on my land. DR. E. THOMPSON. 40-4tc

**TRESPASS NOTICE**—I will prosecute anyone hunting with dogs or in the Reservoir Pasture north of town. CHARLES SCHREINER. 48-1tc

**TRESPASS NOTICE**—We will prosecute anyone hunting or in any way trespassing on our land. 47-4tc  
BRUNO SCHWETHELM,  
O. B. SCHWETHELM.

**TRESPASS NOTICE**—All persons are warned not to trespass or hunt on the ranch of Joe and Ernest Rotje, A. W. Schmidt and L. E. Purnell, Lessees. 48-1tc

**TRESPASS NOTICE**—All the lands owned by me on south side of river and pastures on Camp Meeting Creek are posted, and trespassers will be prosecuted. L. A. Schreiner. 48-8tc

**TRESPASS NOTICE**—All persons are warned not to trespass or hunt in the Barton pasture. U. G. Griffin, Frank Ludlow, James Balmos, E. Christian, H. Brown, Lessees. 49-4tp

**TRESPASS NOTICE**—We will prosecute anyone hunting or in any way trespassing on our land. 45-12tp  
R. A. SPROUL,  
FRITZ BASSE,  
A. D. KAISER.

**TRESPASS NOTICE**—All persons are notified not to trespass or hunt in any manner on the Tom Holdsworth or "Rattlesnake" Ranch. HENKE 46-1tc

**TRESPASS NOTICE**—All persons are hereby warned not to hunt or trespass in any manner in my pasture near Kerrville. S. S. DU-NT. 46-8tp

**TRESPASS NOTICE**—All persons are hereby warned not to hunt or trespass on the Peril Ranch on Harper road. MRS. W. A. PERIL and W. R. PERIL. 47-8tp

**TRESPASS NOTICE**—My pastures on the head waters of Camp Meeting, West and Bear Creeks are posted—hunters take notice. J. T. S. GAMMON. 46-8tc

**TRESPASS NOTICE**—I will prosecute anyone trespassing in my pastures in any manner, without asking any questions or considering any excuses. Mrs. Ola B. Gammon. 38-1tc

**TRESPASS NOTICE**—Our pastures at the head of Town Creek, known as the old Cottonwood Pastures, are posted and all trespassers will be prosecuted. 46-8tc  
HENRY AHRENS,  
FELIX AHRENS.

**TRESPASS NOTICE**—All persons hunting or otherwise trespassing on the Lamb Creek and Lookout Mountain pastures will be vigorously prosecuted. Oscar Strohacker, Owner; Jno. R. Leavell, J. A. Oswald, J. A. Jackson, W. A. Lochte, Lessees. 47-1tc

### CHEVROLETS DOWN THE FORDS—IN FOOTBALL

Last Friday, the Fords and Chevrolets (two kid football teams) battled away to a score of 14 to 6 in favor of the latter.

The Chevrolets' touchdowns were made in the first period, while the Fords' came in the last quarter. Pedro, the coming quarterback of Tivy, made both touchdowns for the Chevrolets, while Pete Gold made the only score for the losers. The Chevrolets' gains were made by end runs, while the Fords' were made by line bucks.

These teams have arranged for another game soon. The line-ups: Fords Position Chevrolets

S. Love	Left End	W. Bessley
O. Love	Left Tackle	O. Guentert
R. D. Beaty	Left Guard	C. Turner
A. Inscore	Center	Spot Morris
R. Saucier	Right Guard	F. Vanhoozer
J. Ewing	Right Tackle	V. Cochran
B. Grantham	Right End	C. Secor
Pete Gold	Quarterback	Pedro Loyd
Tarver	Left Halfback	G. Stafford
Rees	Right Halfback	E. Radeleff
Garrett	Fullback	Jonas

Officials: A. Dieter (Tivy) referee; L. McCoy (Tivy), head linesman; Caw Leazar (Tivy), time keeper; Jack Fly (Notre Dame), umpire.

KID REPORTER.

### NOTICE

At the meeting of the next Legislature, the Kerrville Public School Board will present a Special Act, creating a new Independent School District. The land included in this new district will be all of what is now District No. 1, and that part of District No. 7 which now uses the Kerrville Schools. No attempt is being made to take in an immense amount of land that is not in a position to be benefited by this school.

The School Board desires the co-operation of the people taken in, since this is a great help to those thus benefited. No more tuition to be paid, a closer relation in school matters, thus making for a better school.

This is the first step to be taken, in this part of the country, toward consolidation, and it is hoped that the people will see the benefits derived from it in such a forcible manner that it will only be a short time until more territory will be wanting in.

Your co-operation in this matter is earnestly solicited.

Kerrville Public School Board,  
E. GALBRAITH, Pres.  
J. D. BOWDEN, Secy.  
(Advertisement 52-1tc)

### Thanks Extended to County Agent

We, the members of the Animal Husbandry Class of Tivy High School, want to express our gratitude and thanks to you for the invaluable assistance which you have so willingly and unselfishly given to this class. There has not been a time that we have called upon you for assistance that we have not found you anxious

to help us. We have found you exceedingly thorough in your work. Our best wishes go with you in your new work.

Resolved; That a copy of this letter be sent to Mr. Oswald and that it also be published in the local paper.—Members of the Animal Husbandry Class.

### "Together, Shall They Sing."

Sunday night, December 24th, the Presbyterian Sunday School will present a pageant, which is woven altogether from the Bible and brings a message of worship, reverence and prayer. The theme of the pageant is: "The Interpreter," speaking for those who work and look for the "Kingdom of Heaven and the Church" are sad on Christmas Eve because the outlook seems so dark. "A Pilgrim," "The World Without Christ," and the "Wandering Jew" visibly portray the sorrows and problems of the world. An angel appears and reveals to them that when the Church brings everything she has of life, service and possessions as gifts to the King, the promised day will dawn.

There will be the "Babe in the Manger," the carolers, the different departments of the Sunday School in songs and recitations, presentation of gifts by departments, solos and special numbers by the choir.

### Francis-Saucier

A marriage, which will be of interest to many of the readers of this paper, is that of Mrs. J. R. Saucier of this city and Joe C. Francis of San Antonio, formerly at the American Legion Memorial Sanatorium, which was solemnized last Saturday evening, at 8 o'clock, at the home of the Baptist minister, Rev. J. B. Holt, who officiated.

After the ceremony the happy couple went to their home, the Noble Hotel, which had been purchased by the bride a few days previous to the wedding.

Mrs. Francis has many friends in Kerrville, having lived here as a girl with her mother, when she was known as Marah Clayton, and having made this her home for the past eight years as the wife of John R. Saucier and mother of the three Saucier children.

The Sun joins their many friends in best wishes for the happy couple.

### Card of Thanks

We desire to express to friends our sincere thanks for the floral offerings, sympathy and kindnesses shown at the burial of our daughter and wife, Mrs. Anna Packham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dan Rees.

DAN REES AND FAMILY,  
R. C. PECKHAM.  
Kerrville, Tex., Dec. 12, 1922.  
(Advertisement 52-1tp)

### The average woman of means in

Burma wears about 50 pounds of brass jewelry.

### MRS. STUART DAVIS FLORIST

Cut Flowers Pot Plants  
Funeral Designs a Specialty  
First-class work on short notice  
Phone 73-Y

### SUN REDUCES SUBSCRIPTION ON ITS MISCELLANEOUS LIST

Beginning January 1st, The Mountain Sun will reduce the subscription price on its miscellaneous list from \$2.00 to \$1.50. While it costs more to mail these single wrappers, in the way of work and increased postage, still, the subscription price from January 1st will be only \$1.50, the same as charged locally.

We desire that each subscriber on the miscellaneous list look at label and see if they are due anything. If so, please remit at once, so as not to miss a copy of the paper after January 1st, because on that date we expect to drop all names on the outside list not paid in advance. If any persons are sending The Sun to friend or relative, come in and pay if you desire the paper continued to them.

### I'se Lookin' fer Ol' Santa



## Watch the little folks speed home for Kellogg's Corn Flakes



"Mudder, I always wins the race when I carry home Kellogg's Corn Flakes. I can't hardly wait till I have some quick, mudder!"

It's great to see child-enthusiasm for Kellogg's; great to see every one in the family enjoy their crisp crunchiness and wonderful flavor! To sit down before a heaping bowlful of these joyous oven-browned "sweet-hearts-of-the-corn" and some milk or cream—and fresh fruit, if it's handy—is just about the very last word in appetizing appeal! And, your good taste will prove that!

Kellogg's Corn Flakes ought to be superior—they are the original Corn Flakes! Kellogg's are never tough or leathery; never hard to eat; never a disappointment!

Be certain to get Kellogg's—the delicious kind of Corn Flakes in the RED and GREEN package—because none are genuine without the signature of W. K. Kellogg, the originator of Toasted Corn Flakes.



# Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

Also makers of KELLOGG'S KRUMBLIES and KELLOGG'S BRAN, cooked and krumbled

# BURNEY'S Money-Saving Cash Sale

Stretch Your Dollars—save money on the necessities and thereby have more to spend on Christmas pleasures for the Kiddies and for yourself. 20 Per Cent Reduction on all Shoes and Dry Goods. See the Special Bargains in Hosiery and Gloves.

Cash Sale Begins Tuesday, Dec. 12, and Ends Saturday, Dec. 23

Come early and do your shopping while the stock is unbroken. Very Special Cash Sale on Groceries. Every item on this list is a Speedy Christmas Seller. Don't miss this Opportunity to Stretch Your Dollars. Buy Your Winter Supply of Flour Now.

48 lbs. White House Flour	-----\$1.80	12 lbs. Sugar	-----\$1.00
24 lbs. White House Flour	----- .95	10 lbs. Spuds	----- .20
1 lb. Dromed'y Sliced Candied Peel	----- .50	1-lb. can Calumet Baking Powder	----- .25
1 1/2-oz. pkg. Dromedary Dates	----- .11	Large Rolled Oats	----- .20
11 oz. Seeded Raisins	----- .12	Small Rolled Oats	----- .10
1 lb. Bulk Seedless Raisins	----- .10	1 lb. Coffee, Maxwell House, Admiration or Golden Plume	----- .35
1 pkg. Mince Meat	----- .13	All 15c Tobacco, 2 for	----- .25
1 lb. Snow Drift	----- .15	All 10c Tobacco, 3 for	----- .25
1 lb. Crisco	----- .15	All 6c Tobacco, 6 for	----- .25
1 lb. Cooking Butter	----- .25		

The Above Are a Few of the Many Bargains

Special Offer for First Five Days of Sale

The first customer each morning, who makes a purchase of \$1.00 or more, will be given FREE a 1-lb. Christmas Jar of Prince Albert Tobacco!

With Every \$50.00

Bill Sold a Full Box of Apples Given FREE!

# JOHN BURNEY'S STORE

# The Kerrville Hat Works

EXTEND THEIR HEARTIEST WISHES FOR A  
**Merry Christmas**  
— AND —  
**Happy New Year**

We also wish to thank all of our customers for their kind patronage, and we assure you that we will at all time strive to serve you faithfully in the future as we have in the past.

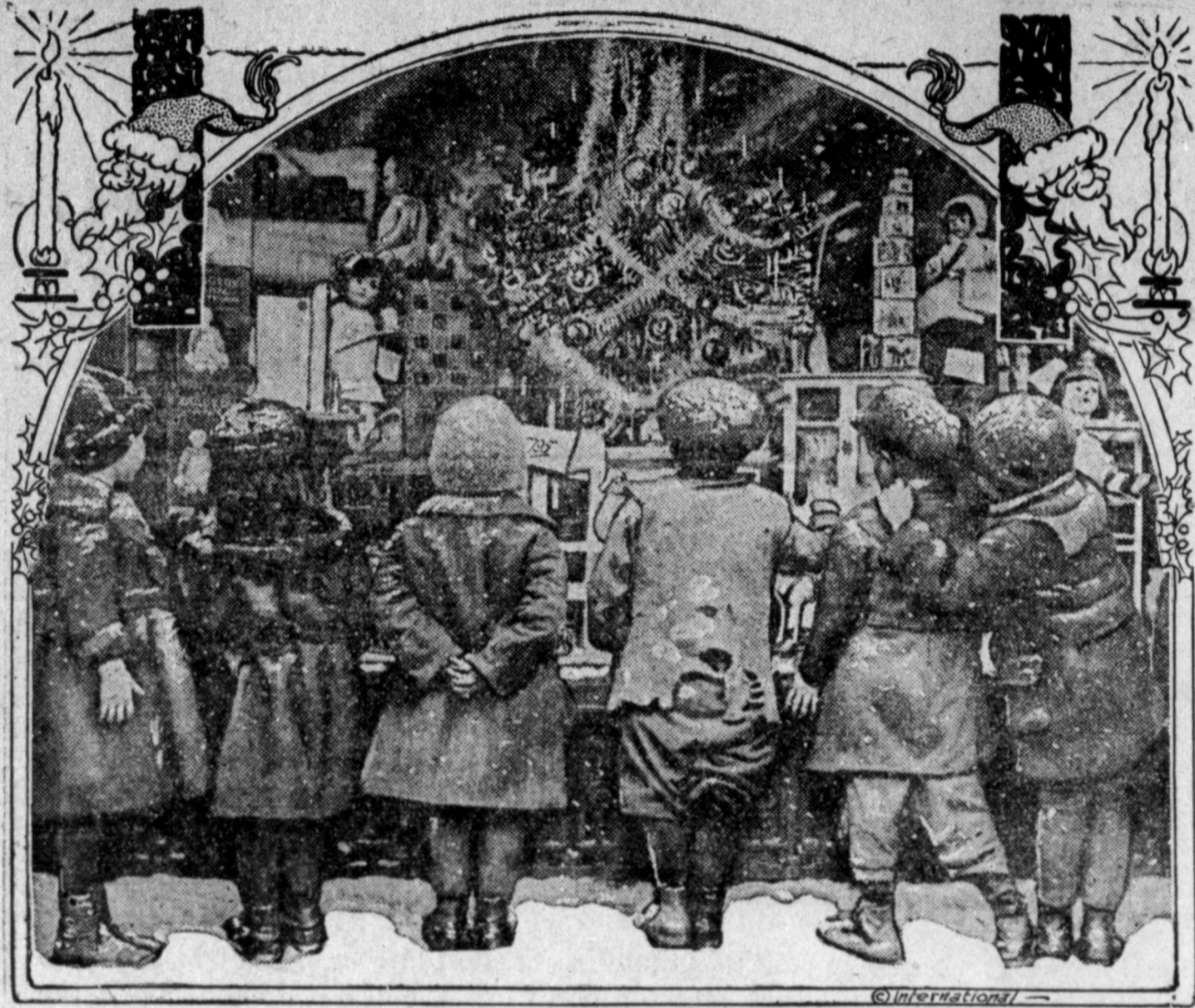








With But a Single Thought



Christmas  
in the  
Country  
by  
Martha B. Thomas

Copyright, 1922, Western Newspaper Union.

IF YOU are fortunate enough to live in the country, then you are all right. If you are unfortunate enough to live in the city, then you'll have to pretend for a little while that you are in the country. There is nothing to equal it at Christmas time. Let me tell you about it.

A week before Christmas you scurry around and find as many big bags as you can—burlap bags that probably came filled with grain. Then you buckle up your arctics, draw on your mittens, wind a muffler around your throat, make sure your ears are protected, and start for the woods. Under the snow are the green fingers of



ground pine, or crow's foot. Yards and yards of it come up when you pull. It looks as fresh and contented as though it grew in a comfortable conservatory. Instead of cuddling under a frozen blanket. You stuff great quantities of this delightful Christmas trimming into the bags, and

you are sure that the woods in winter are much superior than at any other time. Then you come home with your fragrant bags slung over your shoulders and the most amazing appetite. You probably eat a pile of pancakes and maple sirup high as a pagoda!

Then think of the string, the scissors, the aprons and the fun of making wreaths! The whole family devotes an entire afternoon to it, and get into friendly squabbles about the length, breadth and thickness of their respective products. Everyone is perfectly sure that none can equal his!

And we have said nothing at all about driving four miles back in the hills to buy the largest turkey that ever graced a platter; and how there was no room for anybody else when the prodigious bird was landed in the wagon, and how the head of the kitchen declared she never could get him in the oven, but seemed very pleased at his noble appearance!

And pies! Bless us, the P-IES! Not your thin, anemic characters, but thick, round succulent beauties that make your nose sniff as far as the front of the house. I have known the noses of small boys to become almost permanently wrinkled from the constant exercise

thus stimulated by the aroma of pumpkin pies. It is a dangerous period, this time of cooking and baking, if you are accustomed to maintaining a solemn expression! I warn you to keep away from country houses if you are fond of keeping your countenance intact! Then, of course, a Christmas tree has to be found. This is even more fun than going after greens. A rope, an ax with a responsible edge that understands the duty required of it, and as many people as you can muster to take part in the expedition. Such laughing, such stumbling, such falling down of persons who forget that feet need to be wary of running vines and dead briars, such mirth over the young man who unwittingly winds himself up in a bramble bush and has to be uncoiled. And best of all, the terrible arguments about selecting the right tree. There is no fun like this.

And if on Christmas day you don't wish for a stomach as big as a blimp, then you are not the person I thought you!

Christmas in the country? Well... rather!

**Dressing.**  
Three-quarters cup sugar, 1/2 cup pineapple juice, juice of one lemon, 1 heaping teaspoonful flour, 2 eggs, well beaten. Cook all together until it thickens. When cool and ready to serve add 1/2 pint of whipped cream and spread on top of salad which has been placed on lettuce leaves.

- A -  
MERRY  
CHRISTMAS



We are very glad that the passing of another year gives us an opportunity to express our sincere appreciation of your loyal friendship and patronage, and to wish you a

MERRY CHRISTMAS  
And a Prosperous New Year

Kerrville Light & Power Co.

DICK EASTLAND, Manager



INSURANCE

FIRE, HAIL, TORNADO, LIVE STOCK, LIFE  
AUTOMOBILE, CASUALTY  
PLATE GLASS

Some of the oldest and most reliable companies in existence. Your patronage in the past is greatly appreciated and a continuance solicited.

A Merry Christmas in all that the term implies, and a Happy and Prosperous New Year, is my wishes for you and yours,

Sincerely,

Fred F. Real

KERRVILLE, TEXAS



ALLY BEITEL E. SCHWETHELM

Kerrville Lumber Company

(Successors to Beitel Lumber Co.)

We have everything to build a home or make repairs. We furnish free complete plans of any design you may select from one of the best collections in existence, for your residence, bungalow or business house.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

We extend to you a Merry Christmas, and during the year that is at hand

May it be for you  
365 Precious Gems—  
Each Gem a Perfect Day.

### FILLING THE STOCKING

For little children everywhere  
A joyous season still we make;  
We bring our precious gifts to them,  
Even for the dear child Jesus' sake.  
—Phoebe Cary.

WHERE there are children the Christmas stocking should never be forgotten. Nothing can take the place of it, for nothing else arouses quite so much speculation and pleasurable anticipation as what Santa Claus will put into that homely article.

The general distribution of gifts may well take place after breakfast is out of the way; but no child can be expected to wait very long for the "feel" of something old Santa has left. If all his gifts are given immediately on waking, excitement will run high, and dressing and breakfast will be gone through with great difficulty. Also, a considerable quantity of candy and nuts will have vanished before the morning meal is served, and with them will have disappeared all signs of an appetite.

As a means of avoiding these conditions the Christmas stocking serves a good purpose. Carefully filled, it will satisfy the child's longing for "Christmas the first thing in the morning," will give him a taste of Christmas goodies without destroying his appetite for breakfast, and will leave sufficient expectancy concerning the other things coming so that he will readily submit to being properly bathed and dressed.

An orange for the toe of the stocking, some especially desired toy which will prove of untold interest, some article of dress in which he can "parade around," a handful of pop-corn, a small box of animal crackers and a stick or cane of pure sugar candy should make a stocking sufficiently bulging to please any child. All the food it contains can be consumed without continual warnings of "Don't eat too much now," or "Better save the rest until breakfast." The toy and the one other gift will hold the child's interest until every one is assembled for the big distribution, which need not be hurried.—Margaret Bartlett in Farm Journal.

### YULETIDE AND CUPID

WITH Christmas there comes to every detached man a strange, insistent urge to fulfill the promise to realize the purpose for which he is born, to become the head of a house, a home, a family," writes Anna Steese Richardson in McCall's. "He feels a gripping desire to stand first in someone's life."

"He may be able to withstand the lure of a lovely face, as close to his as the modern dance demands. He may steel his heart, pulse and purse to a provocative face above a one-piece bathing suit. But when the corner grocer banks his sidewalk with trees; when the florist ties crimson ribbon on crackling holly; when happy, wide-awake children overflow toy-shops, even a confirmed bachelor wants a woman of his own, a wife."

"And in this hour of weakened defenses lies the marriageable woman's great opportunity."

"By the term 'marriageable woman' I mean any woman between sixteen and sixty!"

"Just as Easter week and the first fortnight of June bring long lines to license clerks and marrying parsons, so do certain dates represent what we might call the open season for bagging husbands."

"Christmas is one of them. 'Now some women, especially those past thirty, are going to pause right here, in a state of virtuous horror. 'No nice' woman stalks a man, and there can be no happiness in marriage unless the man, and not the woman, has been the pursuer!'"

"Theoretically, the above statements are sound. Practically they are relics of the Victorian age. The shame of pursuing a man lies not in the object but in the methods used. For man wants to be pursued and lauded by painless and invisible methods. He wants to marry. He recognizes that certain privileges and dignities can be acquired through marriage only. These include running a lawn-mower over his own grass, telling some outwardly meek woman that if he run his business as she runs her house they'd starve to death, and repeating to his suffering clerks the latest clever sayings of 'that kid of ours.'"

ous odors floating by, spice and plums are stirred in pie. In the morning when you wake—sniff the air—that's chocolate cake! Ring, ring, ring! the door bell's chime, postman says: "It's Christmas time!"

When you shop and see, and hurry, looting all the bustle. Scurry quick for hiding place lest she guess it from your face that this bulky box contains mother's gift you've made with pains. When you've heeked nuts to crack, trips to make to town had back, Yuletide crinkles in the air—Merry Christmas everywhere!

Then at length comes Christmas eve, Mother mine can you believe that tomorrow is the time, happy cause of all my rhyme? Wreaths and greens and stockings hung, answering bell that's rung and rung. Off to bed—a little sleep—seems a moment, then you peep, fling the covers quick away. Yes! at last it's Christmas Day!—Grit.

### Old Santa Right on Time



### Don't Be Penny Wise and Pound Foolish

Don't think because you can get a big can of Baking Powder for little money that you are saving anything.

There's Only One Way to Save on Bake-Day, Use

## CALUMET

The Economy BAKING POWDER



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—You use less because it contains more than the ordinary leavening strength.

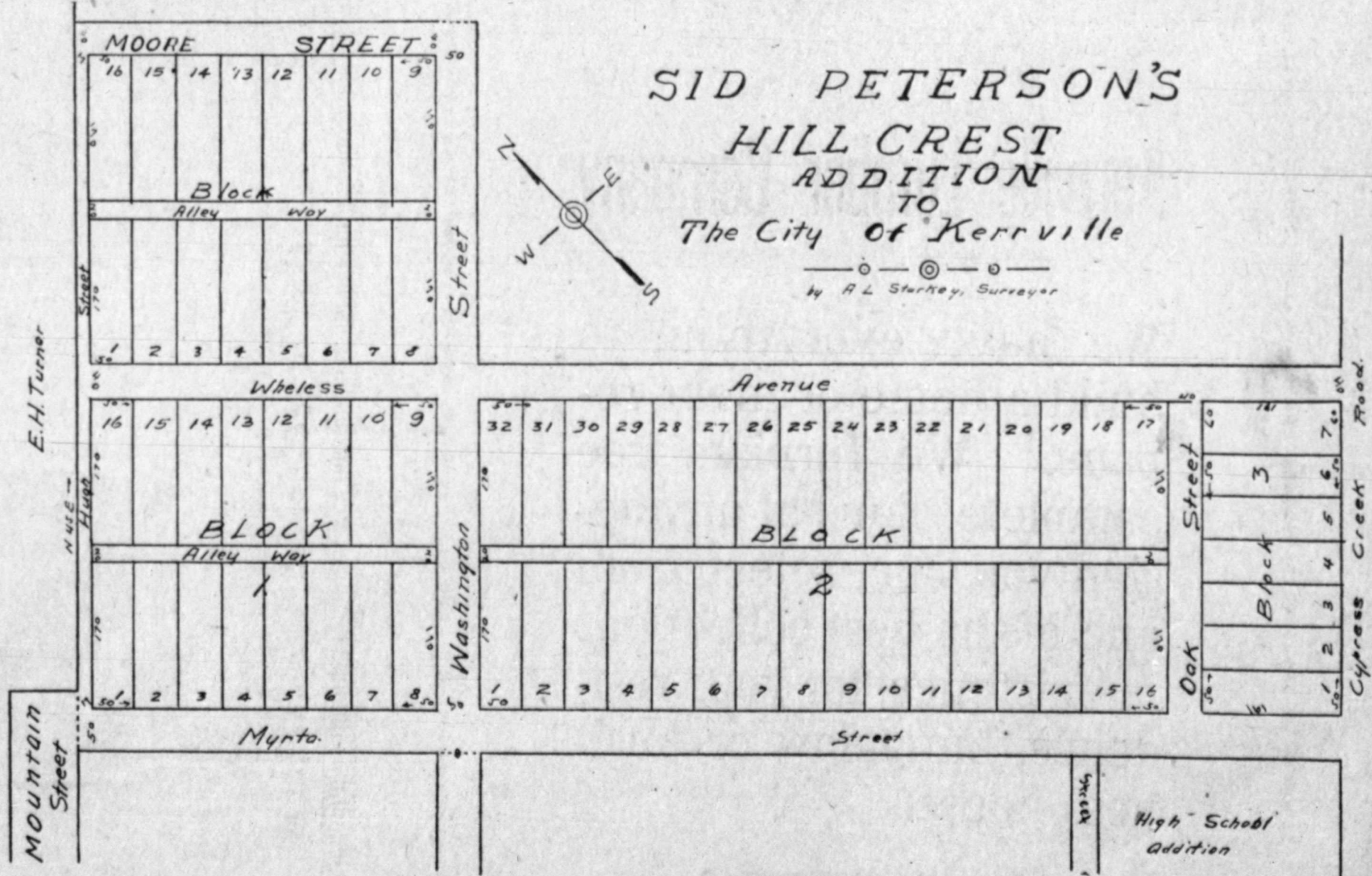
The sales of Calumet are over 150% greater than that of any other baking powder.



BEST BY TEST THE WORLD'S GREATEST BAKING POWDER

## Buy Some Lots in the Hillcrest Addition for a Christmas Present!

If you will do a little figuring you are bound to conclude that Hill Crest Addition is right in line with the direction in which Kerrville is sure to expand. Take into consideration also that this addition is the only part of town in which building restrictions are being imposed on buyers of lots. We will not contract to sell a lot without the following provision: "The buyer agrees the lot (described) shall not be sold, rented or occupied by negroes, except as servants; that the said lot shall not be used for keeping or treating for profit, persons afflicted with tuberculosis or diseases contagious or infectious. The buyer, his or her heirs, shall, whenever a dwelling house is erected thereon, erect such dwelling house to cost not less than fifteen hundred dollars."



Every lot in the addition is now accessible to water, electric light and telephone. Every lot is from 65 to 75 feet above the level of the business section of Kerrville and every lot has from 12 to 24 inches of good soil. Fruit trees will do exceptionally well on this hill.

The following citizens of Kerrville have bought from one to three lots each: Dr. A. A. Roberts, A. B. Williamson, W. B. Brown, Cecil Robinson, E. E. Saenger, Carl Mosty, Otho Morris, J. M. Drodgy, Walter Grona, Nelson Davis, Emmet Henke, Dr. J. E. McDonald and E. H. Prescott.

Lots 50x170 feet to a 20-foot alley, \$350.00 to \$500.00. Terms: \$10.00 Down, and \$10.00 Monthly.

SELECT YOUR LOTS THERE  
**See HAL PETERSON**

### When Christmas Comes

WHEN December snows appear, when the nights are crisp and clear, chilly do the north winds blow and we walk on crunchy snow, gazing at a wintry moon—Christmas time is coming soon!

When the stores are trimmed in green with poinsettias in between, on the shelves are books and toys, dolls and drums for girls and boys; tinkling sounds the glockenspiel and you hear sweet laughter's peal, or the tin horns' trumpet blast—Christmas time is coming fast!

When the house smells—oh, so good, mother's cooking wondrous food, glori-

## MERRY CHRISTMAS HAPPY NEW YEAR

Christmas comes  
But once a year,  
Let's love our kind  
And cast out fear.

### OUR NOTION IS—

That if every business man in this country would substitute good will for fear, 1923 would be a wonderful year.

Your patronage the past year is very much appreciated, and we trust to have your favors continued in the future.

We have fruits, candies and other ingredients for your Christmas cooking, as well as many substantial articles that would prove an appropriate Christmas present.

With greetings of the season,

Yours to command,

## JOHN W. BURNEY

Phone 128, Kerrville, Texas



The Lighted Candle

By Christopher G. Hazard

(©, 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)

"I'M SORRY for anyone who has to be out tonight," said Mrs. Gentle, as she drew down the window shades and stirred the hearth fire, shutting the light in and the darkness out and sending a host of sparks up the chimney to scare away the storm. The disappointed wind howled in its rage and shook the house, the snow whirled about and heaped itself up, the cold tried to get in at every crack and crevice, but Nelly and her mother were as snug and safe as any Christmas eve could wish to find them. The Christmas tree looked all ready for the youngsters who were fast asleep upstairs and dreaming about it, with its bundles and gilded balls that twinkled in the firelight, like the star of hope that guided those wise people that brought their gifts to the Christ Child long ago.



"Mother," said Nelly, "this is as comfy as it can be with father away on the wild sea, but I don't quite like to have the outside of the house all dark; I like to think of friendly light-houses when it storms and of our house as a kindly guide in the darkness."

"Well," answered her mother, "suppose we do as they did in that lovely story we read the other day, and put a candle in the window to guide the Christ Child through the storm, and you can hang up another stocking, in case he should come."

So the four stockings by the chimney corner became five, a shade was lifted a little to give a glimpse of the pleasant room, and the lighted candle sent its beams out into the stormy night, looking for any little wanderer who might be astray. The cheering rays played with the snowflakes and they seemed to feel invited in as they pressed upon the window panes.

While they sat there listening and looking, there came a step on the stair and there was Tommy, in his nightgown and peering through the partly opened door. Failing to see Santa Claus, he was about to flee up to his room again, but Nelly caught him and said that he must sing them a song first, as a punishment for his curiosity. Tommy had just learned a new song, so he was willing enough, and this was it:

Five little brothers set out together  
To journey the lifelong day;  
In a curious carriage, all made of leather,  
They hurried away away,  
One big brother and three quite small,  
One wee fellow, no size at all.

The carriage was dark and not too rooNy,  
They could not move about;  
The five little brothers grew quite gloomy,  
The wee one began to pout,  
Till the biggest one whispered,  
"What do you say?"  
"Let's leave the carriage and run away."

So off they scampered, the five together,  
Far away they sped;  
When somebody found the carriage of leather,  
Oh, my! How she shook her head!  
'Twas her little boy's shoe; as everyone knows,  
The five little brothers were five little toes.

Then, with a bow, Tommy was off to his dreams again.

The fire was burning low and so was the candle, so it was time to go upstairs and get out of Santa's way, but just as Nelly and her mother were about to do so there came a little face up against the window pane and they heard a small voice, so faint that they could not know what it was saying. It took Nelly but a moment to throw open the door and bring the little stranger in, but it was longer than that before they could cuddle him up into comfort and warm his cold little toes. It was not until Christmas morning that the searchers found out where the little boy had wandered to, and when they came to Mrs. Gentle's house he was happily busy in opening his stockings, and did not want to go home. After he had gone away, with his stocking under his arm and candy marks all over his face, Nelly said, "Mother, I think there is a good deal of truth in that story about guiding the Christ Child to your house with a lighted candle."

Nut Pudding.

One cupful soft bread crumbs, 2 cupfuls scalded milk, 1 tablespoonful shortening, 1 cupful chopped nuts, 1 cupful chopped seeded raisins, ½ teaspoonful salt, 2 egg yolks, ½ cupful sugar, juice and grated rind of 1 lemon, 2 stiffly beaten egg whites.

Mix bread crumbs, milk, shortening, nuts, salt, egg yolks, sugar, juice and rind of lemon. When well blended, add raisins and mix thoroughly then fold in whites of eggs; pour into buttered individual molds; bake 20 to 30 minutes. Serve hot with cream.

Christmas Music

By Mary Graham Bonner

(©, 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)

BRENT had grown away from his family. Brent was a successful man. He played a violin in a big city orchestra. He belonged to the union and the union backed him up and he never played a minute more than he had to play. It had become such a business with him that he never played now when he came home.

He came home once a year. Something handed down to Brent from his parents made him do this, although when he was home he often was cross. On the last home-coming he remembered his mother had talked to him about the coziness of a home and had spoken of the attractive house she had seen a picture of in the paper. She wished Brent would marry and have a nice home like that instead of an



apartment which was so far from being a home. He had explained to his mother that such a "home" was beyond the incomes of ordinary city people and that if she wanted him to be as cozy as that she'd have to get him the coziness of millions.

For it took a millionaire to own a real "home" in a city.

How foolish his mother had been not to have realized all that. She knew so little of city life, of business, of anything outside her own small groove.

But Brent was coming home for Christmas and that was happiness for the parents. Only they did wish Brent was more like the boy he had promised to be. There was something so hard about him. He had told them the time before of a friend of his who was getting a divorce from his wife.

"But my friend is so honorable," Brent had said. "He wants the divorce as he's bored with his wife, though still she loves him, but he is having her secure the divorce and is paying all the expenses, for it is only fair to a divorcee to have the divorce secured by her. He really never wanted to marry her. He became tired of her soon after they were engaged. But it was his high sense of honor which kept him from telling her—to have a man break the engagement would have been dishonorable."

And Brent scorned their opinions. He regarded them as old-fashioned.

There was a man in a town some little distance away who wanted to see Brent's father on business and it was



arranged that a meeting should take place at the man's house. Brent's father was going to sell much of the land, which had become a burden since Brent had gone away.

And he arranged the meeting so that he would be able to meet Brent on his way home for Christmas.

Brent greeted his father with reserved affection. "So you've brought the fiddle," Brent's father exclaimed. Brent never brought his violin with him any more because he would be asked to play by old friends who didn't realize that music was his business.

"Yes," Brent said, "I have to play right after Christmas and the town I'm to play in is nearer here, so I'm going there directly."

There was nothing more said. But at the next station a group of youths got on and at once began to play the mandolins and guitars which they had with them.

Brent's father nudged him.

"Don't insult me," Brent whispered angrily.

"No son, I only wondered—I didn't mean you—I wonder if I could play on your fiddle with the boys. You know it's a good many years since you brought yours with you and I haven't touched one—I'll be careful of it. I used to play as a boy, you know. They said you got your music from me."

And Brent's father played and became a boy again. All the Christmas tunes they played—and the people in the train sang and there was merry-making that recalled to the aged man the happy days of long ago, despite the fact that his fingers were stiff.

Brent watched at first, rather disgusted at such a display of friendliness, for many of the people were strangers, and then he saw his father's eyes and the expression there—the expression which the music gave him and which he had denied him. What a cold, concealed, heartless person he had been, severe with his parents, keeping his music solely for pay, denying it to those whose love and warm sympathy had given him the talent.

"We had music, Christmas music, on the train," Brent's father told his mother as they got home.

"And we're going to have it here, too," Brent added. "I've made music my business, but Dad has put music into his life. And somehow," he added, and his voice had a new affection in it, "that Christmas music on that dingy, local train, and the singing of those cheery people just got at my heart—somehow," he repeated.

The Left-Over Doll

By Christopher G. Hazard

(©, 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)

WHAT was the left-over doll thinking about as she hung on the topmost twig of the Christmas tree all alone? Perhaps about all the other gifts that had been taken off by loving hands and given to the boys and girls. Maybe she was wondering whether there would be a Christmas tree every winter, bearing such nice fruit in such a strange season, if there had not been such a great gift from God as come on Jesus' birthday. More than all, however, she must have been asking herself why she was left over, why nobody wanted her, why the name that was pinned on her dress had not been called.

She was as good a doll as ever was made. Her eyes would open and shut, she always had a smile upon her face, her cheeks were rosy, she did not have a pug nose, and her dress was beautiful. When they put her on the tree she thought her name would be the very first one. She could hardly wait to hear it, and she wondered if they would never get through singing



carols. Now it was all over and she wasn't wanted at all, not by anybody, not even by Sally Wiggins, who had no doll—not even one. She wasn't wanted! Oh, it was too bad, and her eyes tried to wink out two tears.

So they put her in the basket with the other unwanted things, and there the minister found her the next Sunday. She was lying there fast asleep, with a little carpet sweeper near her, and a box of candy close by, and a looking glass by her side. At her feet there was a spruce cone that had fallen off of the tree, and the bit of paper that had told who she was meant for, but her eyes were shut—she had retired from the world, no one wanted her.

There she was still when the minister came into the room the next Sunday morning. But now her eyes were wide open, only she wasn't looking at the presents in the basket. She was awake, but turned away, and still trying to squeeze out some tears because she was left over. And every time the minister took her up she would shut her eyes and go to sleep again, unless he held her up pretty straight, and then she seemed to be sad, and to be dreaming about being left over, even while she was awake.

She wasn't awake even on children's day until little baby Mover came in to get ready to be baptized, but as soon as he held her up she opened her eyes, and when she saw what a pleasant little boy he was she looked pleasant and hopeful again. Then he put her down, and she went to sleep and slept until Christmas came again!

With a new Christmas there she was upon a tree once more, and they were singing carols again and getting ready to call off the names. This time she was sure that somebody would want her, for she had been patient a whole year, and she hadn't made any fuss even though she had felt so sorry. Besides, this was the very best tree they had ever had, and so many had come to see it. It was full of gifts—not like the little tree that the minister saw in the corner of a house parlor—the mother said, "It's most all tree and paper, but it's a tree"—there were go-carts, and everything, and an Indian tomahawk to go with a boy's warwhop, and some fringed pants to be put on with them, and a picture of a little girl in red, under a big umbrella, in a snowstorm, and "Ain't this a nice snowy day?" written under the picture, and lots of things, and the left-over doll, looking so friendly and nice—nicer than ever.

Well, they began to call the names, and almost the first thing somebody took down the left-over doll and gave her to Polly Rankin! Polly is just the dearest child I know. It was Polly who had said that she wished she had a doll to pet and bring up right. I am sure that Polly will do it. She will make the left-over doll feel very much wanted. She will teach her to be always cheerful. She will find her very obedient, and even nicer than she looks, and she will be kind to her. I hope that when the left-over doll is grown up she will be just like Polly!



"Santa Claus."

"Santa Claus" is a corruption which originated apparently in Flanders or possibly among the Dutch, of the name St. Nicholas, a saint noted for his love of children and his boundless charity. His "day" was perhaps December 8, originally, but since the displacement of Old Father Christmas, the British representation of the Christmas spirit, he is celebrated almost universally as the Christmas saint.

Again—

We wish for you a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year



May we express the hope that we will continue to merit your patronage and good will in the future as in the past.

We have striven in word and action to merit your confidence and cooperation, and with the coming of another year, we look forward in the hope of again being able to number you as a friend and customer.

We trust this Holiday Season will hold for you a real share of Good Cheer and Happiness, and that the New Year may bring to you and yours all the many good things of life.

U.S. SHEETROCK The FIREPROOF WALLBOARD

Why Not Get the Best?

Sheetrock has these advantages over ordinary wallboard: It is non-burning, non-warping and permanent. It gives smooth, tight joints, resists heat and cold. Sheetrock walls and ceilings do not require panel strips. You can use any decoration. Sheetrock saws and nails like lumber; can be erected at low cost. Ask us to show you Sheetrock.

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## The Big Old House In the Little Old Town

WELL, Christmas is coming, and all the day long My thoughts have been running away, With an echoing laugh and the lit of a song To an old-fashioned Christmas day— To a big old house in a little old town, Where you and the others and I Made merry together, with never a frown And never a thought of a sigh.

The big old house in the little old town, Oh, how it would rock with our mirth, And gather us gladly and cuddle us down, The homiest place on the earth. It wasn't upholstered in tapestries rare, (I can see the old window-seat yet) It may have been shabby a bit here and there— Well, those are the things we forget.

But, oh! the mysterious secrets it knew, That old house, when Christmas was coming, And the laughter and fun ringing through it and through, And the voices and somebody humming; And the hour when around the piano we'd meet.

Yes, even in busy December For an old Christmas hymn with its harmony sweet— Ah, those are the things we remember. And then you recall how the midnight train down Would bring back a sister or brother, To the big old house in the little old town, Where Christmas meant home and the others, And the old house was looking its holiday best, And the table all spread for the feast; With an extra chair set for the holiday guest, Some stranger, "one of the least."

The big old house in the little old town— They tell me the years are unkind, It looks bare and neglected, its fence tumbles down, Since we scattered and left it behind, No, I haven't been back; I would rather recall The days of its glory gone by, When we fled to its arms for the best day of all, You and the others and I.

—Grace Strickler Dawson, in Kansas City Star.

## BURNING THE YULE LOG

THE name given by the ancient Goths and Saxons to the festival of the winter solstice was Jul, or Yule. The latter term is still reserved by the Scotch.

The burning of the Yule log, known by other names in continental Europe, was an ancient Christmas ceremony descending from the Scandinavians, who at their feast of Jul used to kindle huge bonfires in honor of their god Thor. Similar bonfires were kindled in Europe and elsewhere at the summer solstice.

The English ceremony of bringing in and burning the Yule log on Christmas eve, which still has its local survivals, was full of picturesque detail. The log was a massive piece of wood, frequently the rugged and grotesquely marked root of an oak.

It was drawn in triumph from its resting place amid shouts and laughter, every wayfarer doffing his hat as it passed. On its entrance into the baronial halls, the minstrels hailed it with song and music, or in the absence of the minstrels each member of the family sat upon it in turn and sang a Yule song.

## I'se Lookin' fer Ol' Santa



## HOW DOES SANTA GET HIS MAIL?

By Charles Frederick Wadsworth

(© 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)  
I'll bet old Santa Claus is gettin' letters by the ton From boys an' girls that's 'fraid he will forget; I don't see how he takes the time to open ev'ry one— There's lots o' toys he hasn't finished yet.

But then, he knows how many kids will look for him to come, An' all the year he's making something new; An' that old shop o' his, I know he makes it hum, An' Mr. Santa Claus, I bet, can hustle, too.

But how does Santa get his mail—that's what I'd like to know— The postman couldn't carry it, I'm sure; It's not so easy goin' miles an' miles an' miles in snow, An' nothin' like a little pleasure tour!

Jes' think of all the hundred thousand million million toys That old Santa what they want this year; An' even in this town o' ours there's lots an' lots an' lots O' kids that wrote an' mailed their letters here.

There's Johnny Jones that wants a bat, An' Jimmy wants a ball, An' Harold Brown an engine that will run; An' Larry Smith a doll that talks, an' Bess a parasol, An' little Eddie Davis wants a gun.

There's Harry Green whose daddy's store has ev'rything there is, But Harry thinks that nothin' there will do; A baby sister's what he wants, an' one that's truly his— An' maybe Santa Claus'll bring him two!

Then think o' all the other towns an' cities 'round the earth, An' all the children sendin' Santa word To make each little home a place o' gladness, joy an' mirth, Where Christ'mas noise an' laughter may be heard.

It may be Santa hitches up his reindeer to the sleigh To get the mail that tells him what to do; But anyway, I hope each kid will have on Christmas day The present that he wanted most. Don't you?



## LIMITED GENEROSITY

Tightwad told his wife to select her own Christmas present. That was very generous of him. And then, he gave her half a dollar to pay for it.

## RENOWNED AS GREAT RULER

Roman Emperor, Trajan, Spread the Boundaries of the Empire and Governed Justly at Home.

The Roman emperor, Trajan, whose full name was Marcus Ulpius Trajanus, was born about the year 56 at Italica in Spain, which was then a Roman province. He was trained for a military career and gained distinction in the Parthian and German campaigns, and after holding two civil offices was adopted by the Emperor Nervah whom he succeeded on the imperial throne in the year 98. The greater part of his time as emperor was spent in the field, commanding his troops. His first campaign was carried on beyond the Danube against the Dacians, whom he conquered after a long struggle. In the conquered country he planted a Roman colony, and the descendants of those colonists are the Romanians of today. Trajan's next war was carried on in the East. He made Armenia and Mesopotamia into Roman provinces, but suffered defeat at Ctesiphon, not far from Kut-el-Amara, where a British force was cut off and compelled to surrender during the World War. In his rear the Jews of Cyrus and Gyrene rose in revolt and made fearful massacres, and disorders also arose in the West. Trajan returned to the coast and took ship for Italy. His health was broken and while on the journey he died at Selinus in Cilicia, Asia Minor, in August, 117. Trajan found time to accomplish much in the internal improvement of the empire. He beautified Rome; he constructed canals, great military roads, and harbors, and built up towns. Law was enforced and justice fairly administered.

## FISH MISTAKEN FOR VESSEL

Peculiar Appearance of Swordfish Gave Rise to Many Strange Stories Concerning It.

In the warm waters of the Indian ocean there lives a strange mariner, who is the cause of many tales among the natives of the near-by coasts. They tell of a wonderful sail often seen in the calm seasons, when not a breath disturbs the water, and the sea rises and falls like an immense sheet of glass. Suddenly a sail appears, apparently driven along by a mighty wind. This sail glistens with rich purple and golden hues. On it comes, quivering and sparkling as if covered with gems; then, suddenly, it disappears as quickly as it came!

Many travelers have listened with unbelief to this strange tale, until, one day, this beautiful craft passed directly under the stern of a passing vessel, and it was seen to be a gigantic swordfish which is now known as the "sailor-fish." The sail was really an enormously developed dorsal fin, over 10 feet high, and richly colored with blue and iridescent tints. As the fish swam along near the surface of the water this great fin waved to and fro, so that from a distance it was easily mistaken for a sail.

## Father of Three Kings.

Charles Bonaparte, father of the great Emperor Napoleon, was a humble lawyer, with no very extensive practice, in the sleepy little town of Ajaccio, in the isle of Corsica. He seems to have been a most affectionate and exemplary parent, and as the father of three sons who became kings (Joseph, king of Naples and Spain; Louis, King of Holland, and Jerome, king of Westphalia), and a fourth who became the greatest military commander, monarch and king-maker of modern times, he holds an unique place in history.

There were thirteen children in the family, Napoleon being the second. Charles Bonaparte, although hardly well-to-do, strove to give his sons the best possible education, and had he not decided to send Napoleon (then aged ten) to the military school at Brienne, the whole course of the world's history might have been changed.

## Word "Lot" of Puritan Origin.

The use of the word "lot" to designate a field or plot of land, is universal in the United States. It had its origin among the Puritans, and was the product of their strict adherence to Biblical customs.

Among the early settlers of New England the extensive salt-marshes from which the salt-hay was cut, were owned in common, every man helping himself to as much hay as he wished. As the population increased this condition could not prevail with general harmony, and it was agreed to divide the marshes equally among all the families. This was done by the Biblical fashion of lot and the portion which fell to each man was known as "his lot." In a short time the word came to apply to any piece of land, and finally reached the meaning of any great quantity.

## Survival of Old Roman Custom.

The custom of appointing prominent citizens to act as a guard of honor at a great man's funeral is the survival of an ancient Roman custom. The name "pallbearers" also descends from the old days in the "City of the Seven Hills."

"Pall" comes from the Latin word "palla," the long sweeping robes worn only by priests and men and women of the highest standing. When a great personage died his "palla" was thrown over his coffin and a number of his distinguished friends were permitted to "bear the palla" to the grave and to act as guard of honor to the dead.

## At the Christmas Party



# MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR



May Christmas Morn usher in for you and those most dear to you, an era of gladness and joy.

May the pleasant countenance of prosperity smile upon you all through the year of 1923.

May the harvest of your hopes be replete with joy, peace and contentment.

## Peterson-Moore Lumber Co.

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**KEARNEY BUTT, Proprietor**  
PHONE 304, KERRVILLE, TEXAS

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WHOLESALE GROCERS

EXTENDS

## CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

AND HAPPY NEW YEAR

TO ITS

## FRIENDS and PATRONS

KERRVILLE

UVALDE

LAREDO

FREDERICKSBURG

EAGLE PASS

SAN ANTONIO



### Watching for Santa Claus



FARMAN KODAK CO. PHOTO

## A Merry Christmas

There is nothing so valuable as friends, and nothing so necessary as to keep them. We desire to maintain our mutual co-operation with you during the coming year, and extend our best wishes for a very MERRY CHRISTMAS and a Happy New Year.

## Dixie Theater

WM. BRICE, Prop.

## Merry Christmas!

At this season our thoughts go out in gratitude to our friends who have made our past year's business successful. May the coming year bring you Happiness and Prosperity.

WE WISH FOR YOU  
A MERRY CHRISTMAS

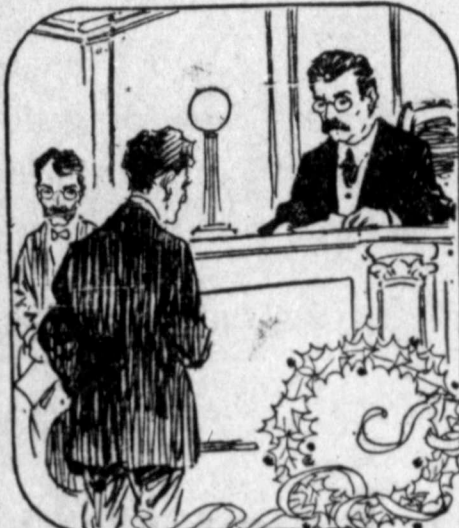
## Weston & Kemp Garage

Phone 115, Kerrville, Texas

## The Judge's Christmas Sentence

By F. H. Sweet

Copyright, 1922, Western Newspaper Union. HE Judge leaned forward a little, his face, which had been growing more severe through the trial, now very stern. "Have you anything to say why I should not pronounce sentence—the severest under the law?" he shot out. The prisoner moistened his lips. "You and I went to school together, Judge," he reminded, weakly. The judge's face did not relax. He waited. "And we—we—" The man quailed under the eyes fixed upon him, and did not end the sentence. "You were about to say, loved the same girl," the judge finished. "You won her, and she died under your neglect and abuse. I think you started to say something without due thought. But we will let that pass, and the school. You are up for this crime now, and we will judge you by it alone, uninfluenced. Have you anything to say, beyond your lawyer's plea?" "No," sullenly. "You have defrauded women and children through the mail, changing



"Have You Anything to Say?"

your name and going from postoffice to postoffice. So it has been impossible to locate the victims. You could not do it yourself, I suppose." He took off his glasses, wiped them with his handkerchief, placed the handkerchief in his pocket and the glasses on his nose. Then he looked down again at the prisoner. But he was completely changed. The severity was gone from his face. There was a twinkle in his eyes. The judicial voice was laid aside. There were those who criticized some of the judge's judgments. They were not orthodox. They took no account of precedents. They ignored Blackstone. "Jack," he said, "I believe I shall have to help you." "What—what—let me go, you mean, Tom?" stammered the prisoner, looking dazed. "No, indeed," laughed the judge. "That wouldn't help you a bit, Jack. I was just thinking of the time at school, when you stole Billy Bob's marbles. Accused of it, you grew sullen and abusive, ready to fight the whole school. Then Billy Bobs remembered it was near Christmas, and he told you it was all right: about the marbles, as you would have won them from him anyway, and forced a whole handful more into your pocket and insisted on taking you over to his house for the Christmas dinner. Billy was a good sort. "Well, it is Christmas time now, Jack—only three days ahead. And I was just thinking what a good chap you were for a whole year after the Billy Bobs episode—till your father got angry and beat you up. "Pretty tough life you've had, Jack. I was thinking. Good-for-nothing father and slattern mother and every kind of crooked teaching. Then you were a handsome boy, an exceedingly handsome young man, which is the worst kind of handicap one can start out with. And then, to cap the whole thing, an uncle left you \$500 of badly tainted money. That sort of fixed you into a rut, for it riveted your energies into making more in the same way. Not many Billy Bobs have broken through the even tenor of your life, Jack. "What are you driving at, Tom?" growled the prisoner. "Are you acting like Billy Bobs, or just stringing me?" "Billy Bobs, but with a thought to the thirty years intervening between Jack the boy and Jack the man. Let me see, you have gathered together, by devious ways, about \$50,000." "No, Tom, you're crazy!" ejaculated the prisoner, in a startled voice. "I haven't a thing except maybe a thousand or two from—this last job." The judge looked at a slip of paper. "Fifty thousand, four hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars," he read, "and it's pretty close to the exact figures, Jack. Maybe you've got some small change in your pockets that was overlooked. And we know in just what banks most of the money is deposited and under what names, and where the rest of it is hidden. We've had you under close surveillance for some time, Jack, and lucky for you, for it shows me how I can be of real service."

"Huh! I can guess how," snarled the prisoner. "The boodle is going to be divided. What will be my share? I can't understand how you got track of it." "Now, the first thing is to pronounce sentence," said the judge, rising slowly and putting on his judicial face. "After that we can talk." He stood, looking down at the prisoner for some moments, and then said: "For the crimes of which you stand convicted, John Battey, I sentence you to twenty years in our state penitentiary."

He paused, and the prisoner collapsed in a ludicrous heap, his eyes bulging. "Tw—twenty years," he stammered. "I—I thought—" "But, in view of certain things in my mind," the judge went on, calmly, "I will suspend this sentence indefinitely, the length depending wholly on yourself. If you violate or fail to meet in any particular the terms I am about to propose, the sentence will immediately go into effect, and there will be no later mitigation. Now, I pronounce, as a provisional sentence, that you expend \$1,000 of the money in doing Christmas work the coming week, commencing tomorrow. There are hundreds of ways of doing this, but, as you are new to the business, I might suggest going through department and other stores and studying the Christmas shoppers. There will be many with anxious faces, counting the few dimes or dollars they have to spend. Get in touch with the clerks so that, by a nod or look, you can make them understand they are to cut prices in half, or put in extra goods, and you meet the difference. Let the children shuffling through the stores, with eager, hungry eyes, who appear to have no money, select something and you pay for it. Do the same for those whose faces are pressed against the windows outside. Talk with market men and have them send turkeys to homes that can't afford one. It doesn't matter whether the father or mother may be unworthy. It is Christmas, and a taste of turkey and cranberry sauce would not hurt them. And, besides, there are the children! You can find ways enough, and each one you meet will open others. "And after this week, Jack, you will expend \$1,000 each month in such work, until the whole is gone. It will take you nearly four years. We will allow you \$20 from it each week for your personal needs—no more. The very last \$500—the dirty \$500 left by your uncle and which may have started you into that way of money getting, you will give to some poor woman in memory of your wife. Because it is bad money, it should expiate itself in good work."

The prisoner had been straightening up. There was sullen defiance in his eyes. "Suppose I don't do it to the letter, Judge?" he queried. "Suppose I save out some? You never could know. It's too much to ask me to give up every cent. How could I live afterwards?" "There is the suspended twenty years' sentence, Jack," significantly. "If you deviate a hair's breadth from this work the sentence will be enforced. It would take the rest of your life, and the money is not worth a thought in comparison. Besides, you must be purged of the money for your own good. As to not knowing, we shall keep close watch of all your money. If you draw more, or take more than the sum allowed each month, the original sentence will go into effect."



Led Him to the Door.

I extend the clemency only a month at a time. At the end of each month you must bring me a report of your work, a record in detail, and I will extend the clemency another month. If you fail to appear or send a satisfactory reason why, an officer will be after you within twenty-four hours. It is the best way I can think of helping you, Jack, a Billy Bobs way, with the thirty years' hardening that must be broken through. I have faith that four years of such philanthropic work will not be without result. After the money is all gone, every dollar, come to me and I will give you steady employment at a living salary. You used to be exceptionally good at figures in school, and had a quick mind. All you need is to get the mind to working along in a straight line, Jack. Now you may go and draw the first \$1,000 to be ready to commence work." He nodded to an officer, who led the scowling, half-dazed prisoner to the door of the courtroom, and to another for the next case to be brought in.

**Bulbs at Holiday Time.**  
If for bread you have no dole,  
Buy hyacinths and feed the soul.  
So sings the ancient poet. The modern version is a tiny bowl of bulbs, growing ones which will bloom at holiday time, or unrooted bulbs neatly tied in gray and blue receptacles.

## The Christmas Shopper



## THE TROUT SEASON

By JEAN M. GRAY

© 1922, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

Mr. and Mrs. Billy Trout had been married almost a year when Mr. Billy brought home the invitation from his big and genial boss to spend two weeks with him at his camp in the Adirondacks. Little Mrs. Billy almost wept with delight, although she hated to leave their pretty little apartment. "An anniversary honeymoon," she told her husband. "And a raise, with a membership in view," he returned. "We must make a success of it, honey, for I'm pretty sure our whole future depends on these two weeks. Mr. Henry's a bug on fishing, so he and I will hit it off all right, and if anyone could help loving you—" After the festivities and the packing and the trip, the visit started auspiciously, and continued so for a week and a half. Mrs. Henry and Jack and Jill, the incorrigible seventeen-year-old Henry twins, took Honey to their hearts at once, and Billy and Mrs. Henry waded miles of brook for trout and bass and came back to the camp tired, content, and empty-handed. "Got to go down to the village with this letter, Honey." "Not in this downpour, Billy!" "Silly! It's important, and Mr. Henry wants it to go at once. I met Jack and Jill just coming in, soaked from head to foot. They're going to have a corn pop and promised to wait till I got back. Doesn't that sound good?" "Yes, but—oh, run along, I'm going to have a nap till you get back, 'cause I'm sleepy, sleepy, see-ee-py." She nearly yawned a big, impolite yawn. Billy hugged her, and hurried off. Honey tugged the screen around the couch, disappeared behind it, and snuggled down by the leaping fire. Some time later she woke to the sound of voices, one irritated and fretful, the other soothing. "But, dear—" the soother was saying. "I know, I know," the irritated voice of Mr. Henry answered his wife, "you are going to tell me it's my own fault, but how the—how could I know it was going to be like this? Usually when we've been up here at this time of the year everything's been fine, but—" Honey, an unwilling eavesdropper, held her breath. What could he mean? Mrs. Henry was speaking. "Surely, dear, you can afford to be magnanimous, and forget that these two weeks haven't been all that you expected." She was laughing at him, and he, as always when she laughed at him, forgot his grouch and laughed ruefully. "You're an angel, Clare," he told her, "but this blamed trout season has got me. Let's go and see if Bill is in sight yet." Honey lay cowering among the pillows. "This blamed trout season! This blamed trout season!" It beat into her

brain. Then she had failed, after all, and Billy's life was ruined. Their visit was not a success, but a miserable failure, and it was her fault. Poor Billy, it meant so much to him, and she had spoiled it all. Tears rolled down her cheeks. What had she done? Why? Why? She would go to Mr. Henry and ask, and tell him that it was her fault. Billy must have his raise.

She staggered to her feet, pushed aside the screen and stared at Billy, still in his dripping old-skins.

"Why, sweetheart," he began, and the storm broke, rivaling the one raging out-of-doors. On his breast Honey panted out her story, and Billy, at first inclined to laugh at her, grew serious and then alarmed. This thing meant so much to Honey, and if he had done anything to queer it, he'd straighten it out or—

"There, there," he said lightly, "don't cry, Honey. You're just a silly little girl. He didn't mean anything. It's just your imagination. Too vivid. He wants to see me now, just as soon as I get off my coat, and everything'll be all right."

"But he said: 'This bl-blamed trout season!'"

"Well, but—" Billy was worried himself. "Honey, listen, I'm going to see Mr. Henry now. Bathe your eyes and wait for me here and then we'll see what's to be done. Will you, Honey?"

Honey went off with her tears and troubled soul, and Billy squared his shoulders and marched into Mr. Henry's den. Honey came back tearless, and waited, still companioned by that same troubled soul. And then, when she could bear it no longer, Billy shot out of Mr. Henry's den, hugged her, kissed her, and sat upon the couch and held her on his knees. He laughed and laughed until Honey was ready to burst into tears again.

"Dearest," he gasped, "you dear, silly little kid! Mr. Henry's crazy about us. You're sitting on the knees of the junior partner of Henry,illard & Henry, right now, and Mr. Henry says I owe it all to you. He's stuck on you, darling."

"But, Billy, those blamed trout—" "Exactly. We wallowed through fathoms of water, and have we caught one? We have not. They are the trout that are 'blamed,' Honeybunch, not your poor, unfortunate fish of a husband."

"Billy! My Billy Trout!" gasped Honey, and sat silent, thankful with all her heart that the fishing had been so good last year, when she caught her Billy.





When you give Furniture or other Household Furnishings or buy them for your own family gifts, something is secured that will last and be useful for a long time.

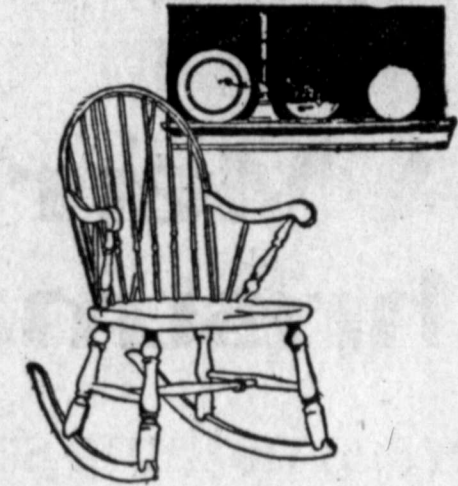
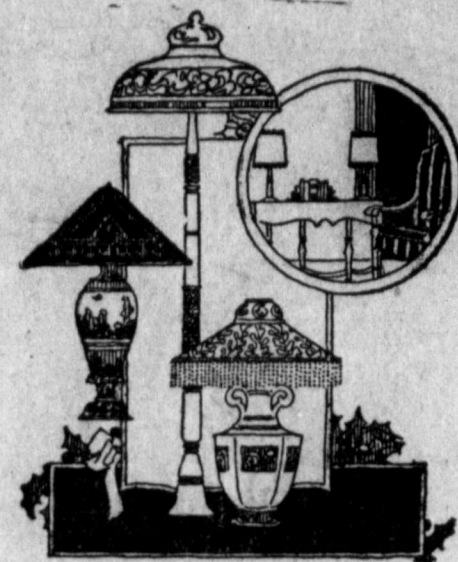
In addition to Furniture, Rugs, Stoves, Blankets, Comforts and Pillows we have Beautiful Lamps and Shades in attractive designs as well as much Bric-a-Brac to make the home cozy and cheerful looking.

In addition to desiring to supply you with useful presents, we wish you

### A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

With the advent of the Holiday Season and the coming of the New Year it is our great pleasure to express our appreciation to our friends and customers for their liberal patronage and good will.

Here's wishing you and yours a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.



**W. A. Fawcett Furniture Co.**  
Kerrville, Texas

## CHRISTMAS COMES

Everybody, Especially Parents, Know What It Is.

Look Ahead and Save for Months to Provide Pleasure and Happiness for Kiddies.

YOU know what Christmas is, says Eugene Wood, in the Delineator. In a manner of speaking, it is a kind of Sunday. Six days of the week the ideal set before you is to have the alarm clock wake you; to gobble down your breakfast before you are thoroughly roused; to rush to the shop and get your overalls on before the whistle gets done blowing or to be doctored an hour's time; to work like a nailer till noon, when you look into your dinner-pail to see what the old lady has put up there for you, and warm your coffee on the steampipe; to begrudge the time for that luncheon; to lick into your work again till six o'clock, with the foreman sauntering up and down, watching that you don't take too many drinks of water, or get a chip in your eye too often, or gas too much with the man next you; to get home so tired that you fall asleep reading the newspaper after supper—the same thing over again tomorrow and the next day and the next day and the next day, all your life long. That's business.

But Christmas comes along. You tell your little ones that awful whopper about Santa Claus and his reindeer, and they, to whom you are the pattern of truthfulness, stand and listen to you with their jaws hanging loose and their eyes looking like hard-boiled eggs with the shells off. And the older ones aid and abet you in the deceit, and help the little ones compose their sprawling letters to old Santa, asking for dolls and skates, and choo-choo cars and all such extravagances, when you ought to be saving your money against a rainy day. And you skimp yourself of necessary food to buy these follies, and sit up nights wasting your strength for the next day (which really doesn't belong to you, since your boss buys it and pays for it), and when 11 o'clock, "Christmas eve, comes" and you get down from the chair, having hung up the last gift ball or glass peacock, you are so tucked up you can hardly stand. But you turn out the gas and light the candles to see how pretty it all looks, and your wife says: "Won't she be tickled at this! And won't he jump for joy when he sees that!" and you put your arm around her, and the twinkling candles swim before your sight, and your throat kind of chokes you.

### The Legend of Christmas

(©, 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)

THEY say that on that first, strange Christmas Night, So dazzling was the radiance of the Light, That sun and moon and stars leaped in the sky, And danced in ecstasy. The silly sheep fled, scampering in dismay, Yet stayed their foolish fleeing, so they say. To kneel in adoration and in prayer. And peace was everywhere.

The crooked stump stood straight, the legend tells, And held forth leafy arms; and tiny bells, Wee, starry blossoms, gemmed the living green. No withered thing was seen. The lion and the lamb watched side by side. Sharing the wonders of that Christ-mastide. The air was rich with perfume, sweet with song. The cock crowed all night long.

And every Christmas Eve, so runs the tale, In field and forest, mountain-top and vale, The blessed fairies guard, that over all No evil may befall. They say that angels hover all the night, Close to the listening earth; and when the light Of Christmas morning heralds the glad Day, They fold their wings and pray.

You never saw these wonders? No, nor I! Only the pure and childlike may descry The tiny fairies fitting in the grass, And speak them as they pass. Guileless of guile, from greed and envy free— Oh! very like the Christ-Child must you be, To hear a blessed angel when he sings, Or feel the brush of wings. —Vilda Sauvage Owens in New York Times.

#### Almond Cake.

Cream  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup butter, add gradually  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar, beating constantly. Add 4 egg yolks beaten until thick and lemon-colored,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup milk,  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup flour mixed and sifted with 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder. Beat thoroughly, filling small paper cases two-thirds full of mixture. Sprinkle with shredded almonds and powdered sugar, bake in moderate oven until delicately browned. Serve in paper cases.

### Peace on the Hearth

(©, 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)

THE Christmas bells were making their glad announcement again, but Toby Fowler was not in sympathy with them. "Peace on earth!" said he. "What peace have I on earth?" It wasn't that his worldly affairs troubled him, but a man may have a good job and a sum in the savings bank and yet find no peace in his house, and this it was that dimmed Mr. Fowler's holiday season and made its gladness clash in his ears, there was no peace upon his hearth.

And, as a troubled home is like a rolled spring, or a splinter in the hand, sending on its turbid disturbance of all these in the estimation of Tobias.

The blame seemed to point to Mrs. Fowler, as though the difficulty might be in her disposition or her indisposition. There is a natural discontent that nothing can cure, a fault-finding ambition that nothing can satisfy, an ingratitude that never is thankful, a nagging nature that is never pleased, and his wife appeared to be possessed of all these in the estimation of Tobias.

But the root of the trouble lay deeper than the man's understanding of it. It was a lonely house. It was a silent house. It was an orderly house. There was no child in it. And, as many discoveries and cures have been accidental, so Mr. Fowler blundered upon the remedy for his troubles rather than devised it. For it was for his own comfort rather than with the hope of stilling the home tempests that he brought in a lovely little boy on Christmas day and announced that he had adopted him.

He had been too uncertain of approval in the matter to have any conference about it first at home, but, after her first expressions of surprise, his wife did not leave him long in doubt, for the child found a place in her arms as one who belonged there. Not only to him, Mr. Fowler felt, but to them a child had been given.

It is amazing what solutions of trouble a little child can bring, what response meets its dependent claims upon love, what joy ministers to its development, what peace is felt even amid its clamors for our self-forgetfulness! With a happy satisfaction in the midst of all its new cares peace had come to Mr. Fowler's hearth and to his earth.

"Santa Claus," From Dutch. "Santa Claus" is derived from the Dutch for St. Nicholas, patron saint of Christmas.

## TASK OF SHOPPER

Forethought Necessary in Selecting Toys for Kiddies.

Articles That Lead to Constructive Play Urged by Primary School Teacher.

THE nice art of toy selection, in anticipation of the Christmas season, recently was discussed by a primary teacher of the Indianapolis Normal school before a group of parents and teachers.

The leading thought of the lectures was the need of choosing playthings that will lead the child to dramatic or constructive play of its own invention, and conversely, the avoidance of playthings that are perfect or total, in the sense that they speak to the child's admiration only, and suggest to it nothing that means action or effort on its own part.

The toy shopper, as his task was treated by the teacher, has more to do than to collect at random and take home in triumph a truck load of baubles.

"The thought used to be," she said, "that a child's play ought to be ordered with a view to its preparation for its adult life. Girls, of old, were taught to sew, to make fine stitches, such as they could put to practical use when they grew up. Now we feel that the eye strain and the nervous focus required by such a task are undesirable. And the tendency is to make play satisfying to the child's wants in its child life—to teach it to make itself at home and happy in the here and now—and to trust to that training to prepare it to care for itself equally well in the later stages of its experience."

Blocks, tools, lumber, papers and pencils and crayons, cloth and the raw materials of every art and craft are the ideal stuff for the ideal play as it is discerned in the light of the later studies of the child mind, as explained by the speaker. She illustrated point after point by actual toys and play materials.

Dolls that will come up smiling after a head-foremost fall to the sidewalk from the upper flat are to be preferred, for several reasons, to the kind that crack at a fall of the temperature, the teacher believes, in common with many fond fathers. The doctrine that play is the work of childhood, the vocation of little people from which they will turn, a little later, to other vocations, no more important in their day than the play seems in its time, pervaded the discourse, and gave to its summing up a dignity and consequence that was not lost on the listeners.

## ON THE WAY



"With But a Single Thought"



## IN QUEST OF SANTA ON SKIS

By Eleanor E. King

Copyright, 1922, Western Newspaper Union. HERE were three things that Ralph thoroughly enjoyed—the West, skiing and adventure. He and three other fellows about his age, ranging from nine to twelve had been skiing all morning. The whole surrounding country was mountainous and the boys had no trouble finding places to ski.

"Well, fellows," said Ralph, poised for action at the top of the hill, "I'm off. Here begins my great quest for Santa Claus" and he made a low bow, scraping the snow with his cap. "So long," and he was gone.

"Good luck," called the fellows. He seemed to go on and on at a remarkable speed after he reached the bottom. The boys stood and watched him skim over the snow out of sight.

Ralph went on for two or three miles this way. Then he came to a wooded strip. His ruddy cheeks glowed with delight, as he thought of the adventures he might have here.

The farther into the forest he got, the darker it grew, until finally Ralph couldn't see his hand before his face.

There was only one thing he knew of to do—feel his way out. That was a slow process, but Ralph thought any way out of this dark hole would suit him. In his search for a way out, he found a place where the snow seemed to go almost straight up. It occurred to him that this might be the side of a mountain, and if he could get up high enough he would come to daylight.

He slid down several times, got badly scratched on branches, but that didn't bother him in the least. He was determined to get out of the forest. The mountain proved to be quite high and after an hour or so of climbing Ralph sat down to rest in the snow. As he rested, he took a good look at what was before him. What was that up on the top? Why, it looked like a hut, sure enough—a place where he could rest, get something to eat and get warm.

Ralph didn't rest long, he wanted to get to the hut. It was a queer little place, he found upon reaching it. It looked as though a puff of wind would be enough to blow it over.

Ralph knocked at the door very gently for fear of knocking the house down. The door opened, but Ralph started back with surprise, for the object before him had a bull's head and horns, and a man's body, cloven hoofs and a long tail.

"Well, my boy," said the creature, "what are you here for? Did you come to help me? I usually have some boys come about Christmas time." Ralph gave a shudder. So this was his beloved Santa Claus, who looked and talked like this. Why hadn't someone told him?

"Who are you?" stammered Ralph, getting up his courage. "Are you Santa Claus?"

The creature burst out laughing. It sounded like thunder. He held his sides and rocked with laughter.

Ralph didn't know what to do now—was he going to laugh himself to death? Well, he rather hoped he would.

Then the creature finally composed himself to say, "No! but I follow up Santa with my helpers. We break up the toys for the children that they get for Christmas. You stay here tonight, with me and then go along with us. It's a great sport breaking up toys."

"No, I can't stay," said Ralph, backing away. "I am in quest of Santa Claus."

The beast doubled up with laughter again. Ralph thought this an opportune time to make his getaway, so he put on his skis and started down the mountain. Dangerous? Anything was better than staying with that beast.

Ralph seemed to be coming to a wall. He jumped, landed squarely and skimmed along the saw for a mile or more. Looking up (he hadn't had time to do this before), he beheld in front of him a great castle, covered with turrets and towers.

"Now, what have I gotten into?" said Ralph, aloud. He knocked at the door and was admitted by two queer-looking fairies.

"Who are you, and who lives here?" queried Ralph. "Do you go around breaking up toys, too?"

Had a Bull's Head and Horns.

Reaches Santa Claus' Castle.

# Presents For All



## Christmas Greetings

We are happy indeed to offer today our greetings, both warm and sincere; also to wish in the heartiest way a year of good luck and good cheer.

**MERRY CHRISTMAS**

For Christmas we have a variety of suitable gifts to please all, and to refresh your memory we submit a list below from which you can choose:

### For Her

- Toilet Articles in Sets
- Ivory Goods
- Cut Glass
- Norris Candy
- Baskets
- Stationery
- Parker Pens
- Thermos Bottles
- Eversharp Pencils
- Books
- Perfume

### For Children

- Books
- Dolls
- Footballs
- Rubber Balls
- Pocket Knives
- Games
- Drums
- Harps
- Blocks



### For Him

- Books
- Parker Pens
- Eversharp Pencils
- Cuff Links
- Thermos Bottles
- Flashlights
- Cigars
- Pipes
- Pocket Knives
- Bill Folds
- Military Brushes
- Safety Razors



## Season's Greeting

Imbued with the spirit of this joyful Christmas season, we are eager to express our best wishes for your welfare and to wish you and yours a

**MERRY CHRISTMAS**

And a Happy and Prosperous New Year

# ROCK DRUG STORE

L. W. McCOY, Proprietor

PHONE NO. 60

KERRVILLE, TEXAS

The fairies began to laugh. "Now, you're laughing, too."

"Why, this is Santa Claus' castle you're in," answered the fairies.

Ralph let out a yell of delight, throwing his cap into the air. "Well, what's all this noise?" demanded a large, rather round, jolly-faced man who entered the hall.

"You're the one I came all the way to see. I wonder if you would be too busy to take me through your workshops?"

"No, of course I'm not. Come right along."

"You see, I have my castle divided into two parts. One side, where they make toys for girls, and the other side entirely devoted to boys. I suppose that's where you want to go?"

"Sure!" came the reply.

"In this room"—he opened the door—"I am perfecting an airplane that a boy about your age can run and manage easily."

Ralph was all eyes. He couldn't say enough.

"Get in and try it."

"Now, in the next room," he continued, "I am perfecting a motor that will take you up the hill after your coast down."

After they had made a tour of all the rooms, Ralph said he ought to be going.

"Well, I want you to see something else out in the garage that helps me to get around better. You see, I have my car all fixed up," said Santa. "I put chains on my back wheels, and then, taking off the front tires, I rivet these runners onto the rims."

"Those wheels fit in the curves of the runners, don't they?"

"Yes, I made them to fit that way."

"Jump in, Ralph, and I'll show you how my runners work. Incidentally, I'll take you through my tunnel, so you won't have to pass that horrid creature's house that you were telling me about."

"That was fine!" exclaimed Ralph, when Santa stopped, his eyes shining. "I'm so glad I had this adventure. I'll get home fine, from here. So long, Santa!"

December Twenty-Fifth. Observation of December 25 as the date of the birth of Christ was adopted under Pope Liberius in 353 or 354, but the early church observed the festival with little uniformity.

**SOME SPENDER**  
Can I spend Christmas evening with you?  
I'd rather you do your spending before Christmas.

**Dependable DELCO-LIGHT**  
Electricity for Every Farm  
more than 150,000 Satisfied Users  
See us for New Reduced Prices and Easy Payment Plan.

R. L. MANGUM  
Lighting Fixtures and Wiring Supplies  
Phone 348, Kerrville, Texas

\*\*\*\*\*  
When in the City Stop at  
**THE NOBLE**  
"The Hotel With a Welcome"  
\*\*\*\*\*  
RATES REASONABLE  
No Tuberculars Taken  
\*\*\*\*\*

## You Bet Santa Was Here



## Believing In Santa

THE sons and daughters of men are of two classes—not the rich or the poor, not the young or the old, not liberals or conservatives, nor even Aristotellans or Platonists, but those who believe in Santa Claus and those who do not.

Children are of the first and more glorious family. Hence they grow; hence they burst with life. They believe, and so have faith, that good comes riding out of the air, with jingling bells and prancing reindeer, its pack crammed with gifts, its round and smiling coachman breathing benevolence and cheeriness and hastening to fulfill every wish that is dreamed on dented pillow. Alas! when doubt creeps in, when the eyes and ears of the spirit no longer see or hear and demand comes for physical evidence, then all the high faculties wither and pass away.

The walls of the prison house tend to close around the growing child. He credits the slender that there is no Santa Claus. Poison enters into him and he degenerates into an animal that merely touches or tastes. Thrice blessed are they who are able to keep an imagination green and lusty and to subdue or drive away all forces that would throttle it. The rites of Christmas, after all, are mainly for the old folks, their observance representing the instinct to keep alive the divine spark of youth. A little one that no longer petitions good St. Nick is a sad spectacle; even sadder is the man or woman to whom his myth has lost its savor. To such when the sun goes down and the west fades the heavens fill with no shining stars.

The period through which mankind has passed has been marked by a duel between those who hope and those who despair—between those who believe in Santa Claus and those who do not. Let us rejoice that the quivering balance is now definitely inclining to the better side. Be young, be forever young—never has the old text been more vindicated than in these days.

Unlogged with prudence and limping with no rheumatism, youth, shouting to laggards, "Would you live forever?" plunged forward through four terrible years, furnishing new reasons for respecting humanity. Then came the sere and yellow leaf of the stay-at-homes. They sought to turn off the fountains of faith. But, happily, their grip is loosening and the sweet waters flow again. Whether your youngster hangs up stockings or not, don't yourself, Mr. or Mrs. Grow-up, lose your own credulity.—New York Tribune.

# QUALITY GIFTS

You will find in our store a complete stock of goods that contain suitable and practicable gifts for every member of the family. These are some of the lines we carry:

Peters All-Leather Shoes for everybody, Curlee Guaranteed Clothing, Overcoats, Shirts, Ties, Handkerchiefs, Hosiery for everybody, Hats and Caps, Gloves, Belts, Sweaters, Blankets, Ladies' Coats, and hundreds of other useful articles.

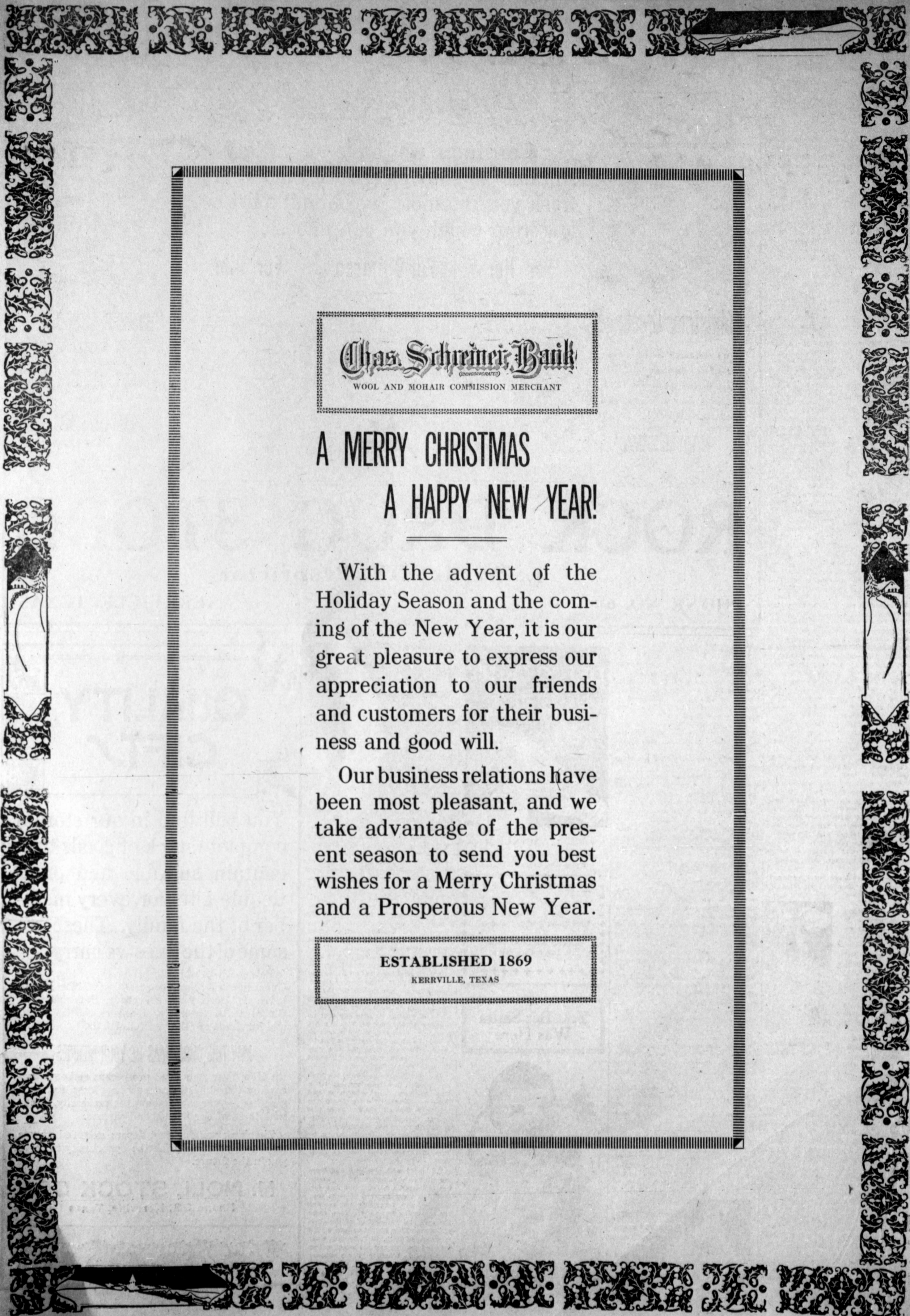
## MAY THIS CHRISTMAS BE YOUR MERRIEST

the New Year your most prosperous and each succeeding Christmas bring new happiness, and each succeeding year more abundant prosperity, is our wish to all of our friends and patrons.

Thanking you for past favors extended us, we trust to be favored with the opportunity to serve you in the future.

**H. NOLL STOCK CO.**  
Phone 33, Kerrville, Texas





**Chas. Schreiner Bank**  
(INCORPORATED)  
WOOL AND MOHAIR COMMISSION MERCHANT

**A MERRY CHRISTMAS  
A HAPPY NEW YEAR!**

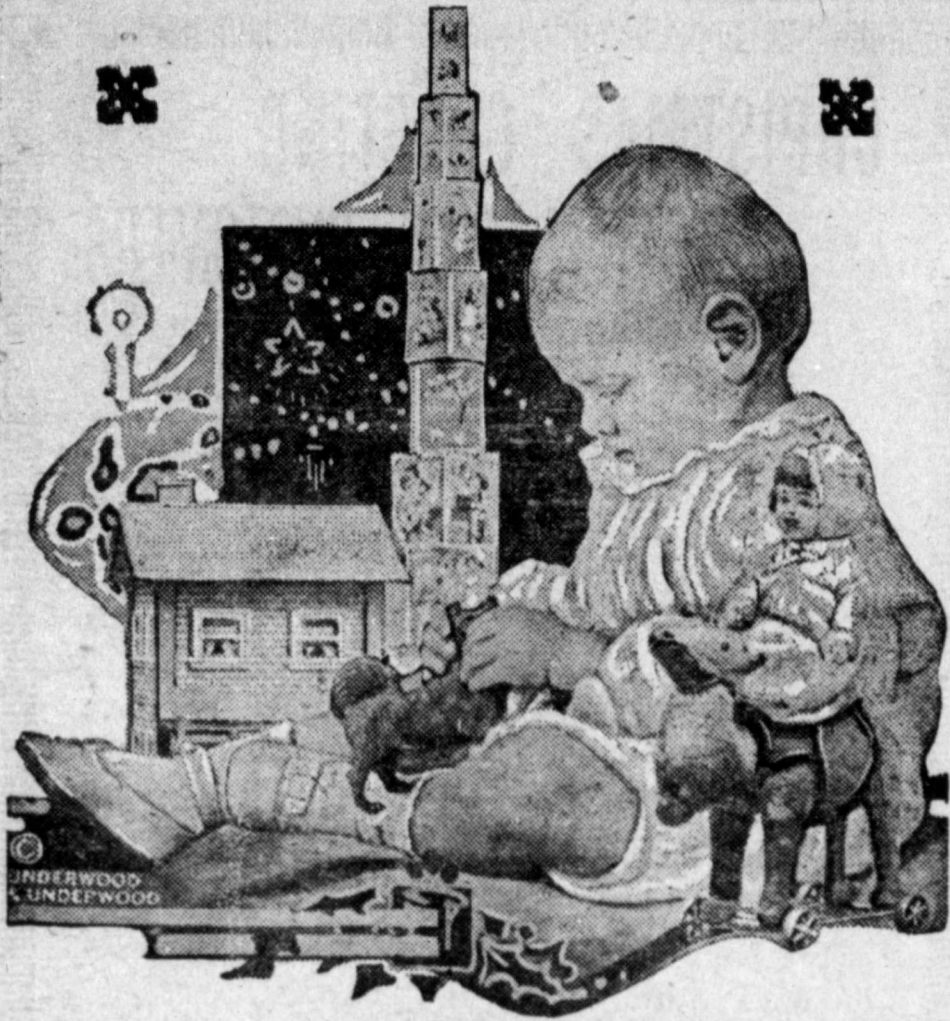
With the advent of the Holiday Season and the coming of the New Year, it is our great pleasure to express our appreciation to our friends and customers for their business and good will.

Our business relations have been most pleasant, and we take advantage of the present season to send you best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.

**ESTABLISHED 1869**  
KERRVILLE, TEXAS



### I'd Like to See Old Santa



### A CHRISTMAS SUGGESTION

By ELEANOR E. KING  
(©, 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)

TWO young girls were standing in front of one of the counters in a large department store. They were well dressed and gave the appearance of coming from wealthy, refined homes.

"There is no use talking. Christmas is just a bore to me. I know before I open a present that everything I have mentioned as wanting, is here before me."

"Yes, I know," returned her friend. "You never do have much anxiety over what you are going to get for Christmas—or any time," she added.

A rather trim looking woman who had been standing near them, waiting for change, now stepped up.

"Pardon me, but I couldn't help hearing part of your conversation," she handed the girls her card. "I think I am the possessor of the keys to your happiness—at Christmas time—and I just had to tell you."

"My name is Betty Wentworth, and this is my friend Janis Hamilton, Miss Harper. I have heard lots about your work here in the city. I would be only too glad to try the key you speak of and see if it would fit."

"Good. Come to my office at ten tomorrow, and I will tell you more about it."

Betty went. She spent a pleasant hour or so talking with Miss Harper. She thought her suggestions splendid and left fifty dollars to cover the expense involved.

Instead of sleeping until noon Christmas morning as she usually did, Betty was up and dressed at eight o'clock. She called for the machine and drove to Miss Harper's office.

The room was piled high with baskets containing fruit, canned goods, candy and toys. Necessaries which Miss Harper knew only too well, her poor people needed.

They piled them in the machine. Then under Miss Harper's guidance, they were left at the homes of the most needy in her district.

Betty had the time of her life. She couldn't believe that a little basket full of food and toys could create such joy. The recipients couldn't thank her enough. When they returned to the office, Betty said: "My, Miss Harper, your key surely fit. I have never had such a wonderful Christmas. If people wouldn't think I was ungrateful, I would go right home, take all my presents and give them away, too."

## Gifts for Everyone

#### WRIST WATCHES

Engin, \$20.00 and up  
Gruen, \$50.00  
Others at \$50.00 and down

#### MEN'S WATCHES

In Nickel Cases, \$7.50 to \$15.00  
Yellow Gold Filled, \$16.80 to \$50.00  
White Filled With Fancy Dials,  
\$25.00 to \$39.75

#### BROOCHES AND BAR PINS

Dozens of Different Styles  
In Solid and Filled,  
From Wish Bone at \$2.10  
To Diamond at \$50.00

#### WATCH CHAINS

Regular Vest, \$2.10 to \$8.75  
Waldemar, Yellow Gold,  
White Gold and Filled,  
\$2.00 to \$12.25

#### CUFF LINKS

Gold, Gold Filled and Pearl  
For Soft Cuffs, for Stiff Cuffs,  
50¢ to \$18.00

#### LA VALLIERES

With Pendants of Diamonds,  
Pearls and Other Stones,  
\$3.50 and up

#### EMBLEM BUTTONS AND CHARMS

Masonic, Woodmen, Eastern Star,  
K. P., Odd Fellows, Etc.,  
\$1.00, \$2.00, \$5.00 and up

#### SCARF PINS

Diamonds, Cameos, Garnets,  
Signet Top, Etc.,  
The Price Is Right

#### RINGS, RINGS, RINGS!

Plain Wedding, Engraved Wedding,  
White Gold, Yellow Gold,  
Diamonds, Rubies, Sapphires,  
Dozens and dozens of 'em,  
\$1.25 to \$149.50, and more

#### KODAKS

The Present That Gives  
Most Joy for the Money,  
\$2.00 and on up

#### AND WE HAVE

Stationery, Cut Glass,  
Silver and Clocks

#### ALSO

The Biggest Line of Fountain Pens  
in the Hill Country—Waterman,  
Conklin, Wahl and Dunn,  
Eversharp, Redpoint  
and Conklin Pencils

### GIFTS THAT LAST

Just a  
Square Deal

# SELF'S

Phone 55  
Kerrville

## To Our Friends and Patrons

'Tis Christmas Time—the Season of Good Cheer and Santa Claus, and we want to take this opportunity of extending our heartiest greetings and to wish you a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

And, too, may we say a word of thanks for the business you have so kindly turned our way during 1922? This business has been sincerely appreciated, and we trust it has been so handled as to justify a continuance of our past pleasant relations.

But now—at this Yuletide Season—we wish you and yours a wonderfully Happy Christmas, and a 1923 filled with joy, prosperity and plenty.

Cordially yours,

## City Meat Market

HENKE BROS., Proprietors



W. G. GARRETT JR.

L. D. GARRETT

## GARRETT INSURANCE AGENCY

Presents Compliments of the  
Glad Season

May Christmas Joy be with  
you today and every day  
hereafter

Is the Sincere Wish of

GARRETT INSURANCE AGENCY

Kerrville, Texas

### VISION

LAST night I crept across the snow  
Where only tracking rabbits go,  
And there I waited, quite alone  
Until the Christmas radiance shone.

At midnight twenty angels came,  
Each white and shining like a flame,  
At midnight twenty angels sang,  
The stars swung out like bells, and rang.

They lifted me across the hill,  
They bore me in their arms until  
A greater glory greeted them,  
It was the town of Bethlehem.

And gently, then, they set me down,  
All worshipping that holy town,  
And gently, then, they bade me raise  
My head to worship and to praise.

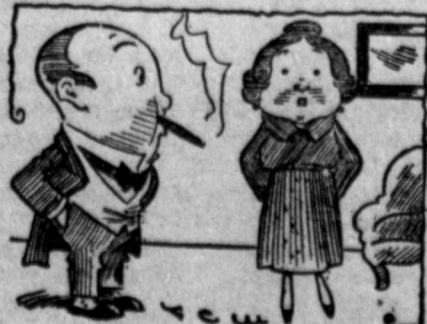
And gently, then, the Christ smiled down,  
Ah, there was glory in that town!  
It was as if the world were free  
And glistening in purity.

There, in that vault of crystal blue,  
It was as if the world were new,  
And myriad angels, file on file,  
Gloried in the Christ-child's smile.

It was so beautiful to see,  
Such glory for a child like me,  
So beautiful, it does not seem  
It could have been a Christmas dream!  
—John Farrar, in The World Magazine.

#### When Removing Seeds.

Use a fork to remove seeds from oranges or grapefruit. The result is most gratifying, as there is no waste of the precious juice as when a knife is used.



#### A FIERCE ONE

"I'm going to give you a necktie for Christmas."  
"Don't do it; I haven't lived down the one you gave me last Christmas."

## Santa Makes Them Happy



## The Story About Christmas



## We Want to Help Build Up!



We extend Greetings for a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.  
 Our honest desire is to add something to the sum total of human happiness, to those agencies in life which build up rather than pull down.  
 We thank the public for its liberal patronage since locating here among such worthy people, and trust to receive a continuance of a share of your custom.



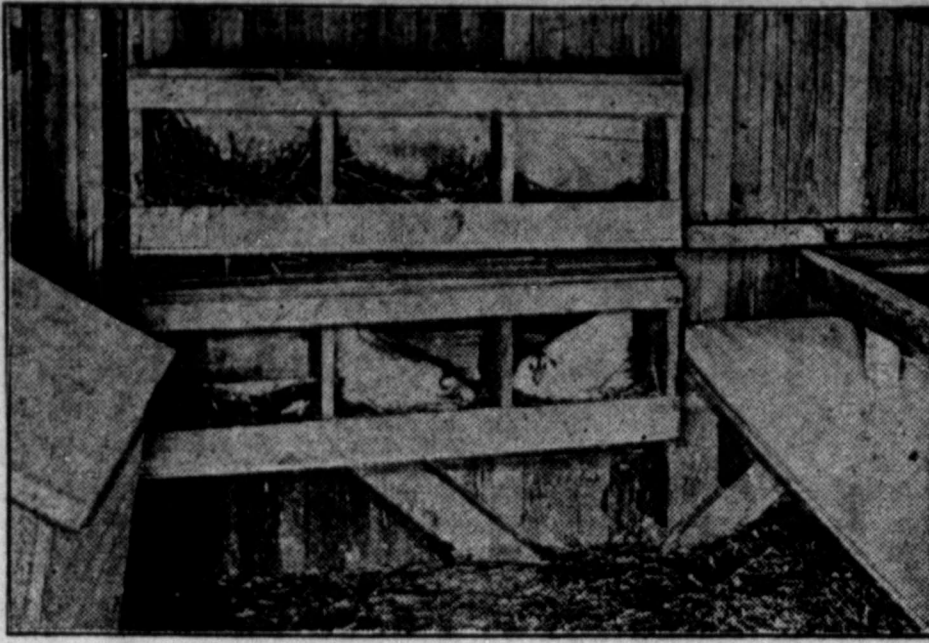
## OVERLAND AUTO SALES CO.

C. A. HILL & SON, Proprietors

## Stories About Santa Claus



## FEEDING IS MOST IMPORTANT IN GETTING PROFITS FROM POULTRY



Profits Are Greater When Houses Are Kept in Sanitary Condition.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Next to good breeding and health, good feeding is most important in getting profitable yields from the poultry flock. A few simple suggestions on feeds and practices, such as those in the following paragraphs from the United States Department of Agriculture, will help build up the egg yield.

**Principal Grains Used.**  
 The principal grains fed to poultry are corn, wheat, oats and barley. Corn and wheat are the most popular. Corn is the best and most economical single feed, but is very fattening and should always be used with some other grain. Wheat is the safest to feed alone. The usual practice of successful poultrymen is to feed a part of the daily grain ration ground. This is on the theory that it is easier to digest. Soft feed, while it is a little more economical, must not be overworked. Too much soft feed may cause digestive troubles.

**Ways of Feeding.**  
 Methods of feeding differ, but a good rule to try to follow is to have empty crops in the morning and never have them quite full until it is time for the chickens to go to roost. For the first feed, grain scattered in the litter in the morning is best, the sooner after the birds leave the roost the better. This induces them to exercise. Feed about one-third of the scratch mixture in the morning and the other two-thirds in the afternoon. A light morning feed keeps the hens hungry and exercising all day. Have the litter from three to six inches deep and dry. It may be of straw, hay, leaves or any other material of this sort.

**Indicates Health of Fowl.**  
 The condition of the droppings is a good indication of the hen's health. They should be of enough firmness to hold their shape, but not solid. The

normal color is dark, shading off into grayish white. Droppings that are soft or pasty and of a yellowish or brownish color indicate too much fat or a lack of meat. If the droppings are watery and dark with red splashes of mucus in them, too much meat is being fed. A greenish, water diarrhea usually is evidence of insanitary conditions, either in the surroundings, the feed or the water.

A ration must necessarily be based on local conditions and prices, but any of those quoted below will be found satisfactory.

Ration No. 1.	
Mash.	Scratch Mixture.
100 lbs. corn meal.	50 lbs. cracked corn.
40 lbs. meat scrap.	50 lbs. wheat.
5 lbs. wheat bran.	50 lbs. oats.
5 lbs. wheat middlings.	
Ration No. 2.	
100 lbs. corn meal.	100 lbs. cracked corn.
35 lbs. meat scrap.	50 lbs. oats.
Ration No. 3.	
100 lbs. corn or barley meal.	100 lbs. cracked corn.
50 lbs. wheat bran.	50 lbs. oats.
50 lbs. wheat middlings.	50 lbs. wheat or barley.
50 lbs. meat or fish scrap.	
Ration No. 4.	
100 lbs. corn meal.	100 lbs. cracked corn.
50 lbs. middlings.	50 lbs. wheat.
50 lbs. bran.	50 lbs. oats.
30 lbs. cottonseed or gluten meal.	50 lbs. barley.
20 lbs. meat scrap.	
Ration No. 5.	
50 lbs. corn meal.	100 lbs. cracked corn.
50 lbs. bran.	50 lbs. wheat.
35 lbs. meat scrap.	50 lbs. oats.
50 lbs. middlings.	50 lbs. barley.
50 lbs. ground oats.	
Ration No. 6.	
100 lbs. corn meal.	100 lbs. cracked corn.
25 lbs. bran.	50 lbs. wheat.
15 lbs. middlings.	50 lbs. oats.
10 lbs. meat scrap.	

## MULCHING THE SOIL TO SAVE MOISTURE

Covering Must Be the Kind That Will Not Blow Away.

Dust and Straw, Except in Orchards or Berry Patches, Not Satisfactory; Water Will Evaporate Quickly.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Thirty years of investigation by the United States Department of Agriculture and the much longer experience of practical farmers have demonstrated that about the only way of conserving soil moisture for the use of agricultural plants in the regions of scanty rainfall is to provide a suitable seed-bed for their germination and early growth and to prevent useless weeds that would otherwise compete with them. Theoretically, covering or mulching the soil for the purpose of preventing the loss of soil moisture is very efficient; practically, it has very narrow limitations.

There are several things required of a soil covering or mulch besides simply preventing the loss of moisture. Among these may be mentioned the following: It must "stay put"; that is to say, it must be of such character that it will not be blown away by the high winds common to all arid regions. This rules out all dust and straw mulches, except possibly in orchards or berry patches, and, in them, the straw mulch is frequently objectionable on account of its harboring rodents, especially field mice. A soil covering must let rain into the soil. This rules out the dust mulch which is almost, if not quite, impervious to ordinary rainfall, as it puddles producing a sheet of paste over the surface that prevents the water from reaching the roots of the crop plants.

A straw mulch, if thick enough to prevent the growth of weeds, will absorb most, if not all, of an ordinary rainfall. The water thus absorbed will evaporate very quickly, as soon as the rain ceases and the sun begins to shine on the mulch, never reaching the roots of the crop plants.

The heating of the soil by the sun's rays and its aeration by exposure to the winds are important factors in the growth of agricultural crops. Many wild woods and swamp plants thrive without these conditions, but nearly all of our agricultural plants have been developed through long periods of time in soil open to the free access of the sun and the wind, and these conditions seem to have become necessary to their fullest development.

## HOW MANY SEEDS IN POUND?

United States Department of Agriculture Makes Count of Number in Various Kinds of Grasses.

Counts to determine the relation between the number of grass seeds to the pound and the number of pounds required per acre to assure a good stand of grass, have been made by the United States Department of Agriculture. In general the fine-seeded grasses require fewer pounds of seed to the acre than do the coarse-seeded varieties.

The work of the department shows that timothy on the average has 1,200,000 seeds in a pound. Kentucky blue grass has 2,400,000 and Redtop, 4,000,000, while Sudan grass has only 50,000. Orchard grass has 500,000; Canada blue grass, 2,700,000; tall meadow grass, 150,000; meadow fescue, 240,000; foxtail millet, 200,000; sheep's fescue, 680,000; red fescue, 500,000 seeds; Italian rye grass, 280,000; perennial rye grass, 280,000; and Bermuda grass, 1,800,000.

Timothy usually is seeded at the rate of 15 pounds to the acre; Kentucky blue grass, 14 to 18 pounds; Redtop, 10 pounds; and Bermuda grass, 5 pounds. Orchard grass is usually sown at the rate of 25 pounds to the acre; Canada blue grass, 15 pounds; and tall meadow oat grass, 40 pounds. Meadow fescue requires 25 pounds to the acre; foxtail millet, 12 to 25 pounds; sheep's fescue, 28 pounds; and red fescue, 30 pounds. Italian rye grass is sown at the rate of 30 to 40 pounds per acre; perennial rye grass, 30 pounds; and Sudan grass, 12 to 25 pounds per acre.

There are some 6,000 distinct species of cultivated and wild grasses in the world but only about 20 of these are of importance in the United States.

## DECREASE IN GRAIN CROPS

Reports Indicate Smaller Yields of the Principal Crops in England and Wales.

The production of wheat in England and Wales for 1922 is estimated by the British ministry of agriculture to be 63,040,000 bushels from an area of 1,909,000 acres, according to a recent cablegram from the London representative of the United States Department of Agriculture. This estimate is 6,738,000 bushels less than the estimated production last year.

The area sown to barley was reported as 1,362,000 acres and the yield as 40,720,000 bushels, compared with 42,472,000 bushels last year. The oats area was given as 2,181,000 acres and oats production as 74,320,000 bushels, compared with 80,264,000 bushels last year.

## A Merry Christmas

I wish I might greet in person each and every one of my friends, but as that is impossible, I send to them, to you, this silent messenger to carry best wishes and to say

**MERRY CHRISTMAS**  
 AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR

## J. A. JACKSON

Optometrist and Jeweler  
 Next Door to Post Office

## CHRISTMAS GREETING TO FRIENDS AND CUSTOMERS

December is here—the last month of the year.

Pay up your debts that others may pay their debtors, and we'll start the New Year in Big Red Letters!

Our business has been satisfactory. We have worked hard—hard work is the best investment we ever made.

We have tried to give you honest value for your money.

We bow to thank you for the business you have given us.

Respectfully,

MR. AND MRS. J. R. BURNETT.



## Burnett's Cash Store

PHONE 181, KERRVILLE, TEXAS



## Sunset Limited Auto Line

PROMPTNESS, COURTESY, SAFETY

## A Merry Christmas

This, of course, you know, but we would not be happy unless we told you so.

May this be the most joyous Christmas you have ever had and a Prosperous New Year.

I thank you for your past patronage, and trust to merit its continuance.

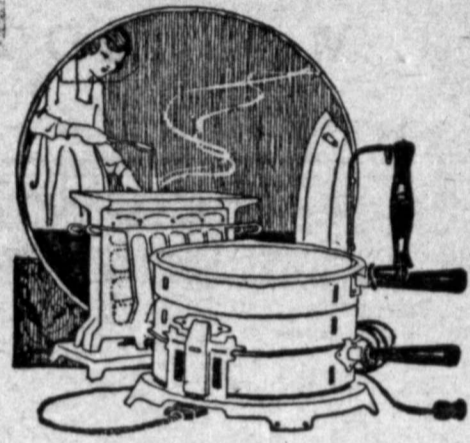
## J. G. AYALA

Proprietor Sunset Limited Service  
 PASSENGER AND FREIGHT





# The SANTA CLAUS STORE



### Gifts for Women

There are so many gifts that please a woman it is impossible to enumerate all of them. Just a few suggestions:

- Vanity Bags and Boxes
- Jewelry
- Toilet Sets
- Electrical Goods
- Books
- Hand Painted China
- Christmas Boxes of Huyler's and Liggett's Candies

### Gifts for Men

If you want to reach a man's heart through a gift, send him something useful as follows:

- Safety Razors
- Sterling Silver Belt Buckles
- Fountain Pens
- Cigarette Cases
- Ash Trays
- Cigars
- Pipes
- Traveling Sets
- Fitall Cases
- Flash Lights
- Scarf Pins
- Waldemar Sets
- Cuff Links

No matter what else you send, include a Box of Cigars.



### Gifts for Boys

It is not hard to please a boy. Give him an assortment and you will win his appreciation.

- Air Guns
- Books
- Bibles
- Pocket Knives
- Flash Lights
- Radolite Watches
- Brushes
- Cameras
- Scarf Pins
- Cuff Links
- Electric Toys Up to \$25.00



## MERRY CHRISTMAS

Santa Claus Is Coming!

Are You Ready for Him?

Our Toyland Is a Revelation

WE REMAIN OPEN EVENINGS

A GIFT FROM

Rawson's

IS SURE TO PLEASE



FRESH

Huyler's and  
Liggett's Candies

--in--

Xmas Boxes



FRESH

Huyler's and  
Liggett's Candies

--in--

Xmas Boxes



### Gifts for Girls

The main idea with a girl regarding gifts is that she receive plenty of them. We suggest:

- Parisian Ivory
- Vanity Cases
- Hand Bags
- Leather Goods
- Toilet Articles
- Perfumes
- Manicure Sets
- Books
- Sewing Baskets
- Stationery
- Jewelry
- Cameras

Candy in Christmas Boxes  
If the girls see our display they will express many wishes.

### For the Old Folks

Don't overlook the old folks; they, too wish to be remembered at Christmas time!

- Electric Bed Warmers
- Books
- Icy Hot Bottles
- Aluminum Hot Water Bottles
- Flash Lights
- Stationery
- Cigars and Pipes
- Tobaccos in Holiday Packages
- And They Like Candy!



### Small Boys and Girls

- Toys
- Wagons
- Rocking Horses
- Velocipedes
- Desk Sets
- Picture Books
- Picture Books
- Games
- Etc., Etc.

Prices Ranging From 5¢ to \$25



## Big Reduction in Price on Toys

See Our Window Displays. Come Inside and Select Your Gifts

Our Wonderful Assortment of Toys Are Meeting With Approval  
Better Select Today What You Want Old Santa to Bring the Children



## Rawson's Drug Store

SANTA CLAUS' HEADQUARTERS

Opposite the St. Charles Hotel, Kerrville, Texas

### Little Cayman Isle With Strange Story

Houston Chronicle: A sun-kissed island in the tropics, an atmosphere of peace and contentment; the people all one large family, working and playing together—the Garden of Eden brought down to date.

That fittingly describes Little Cayman, a diminutive island off the coast of Jamaica, the schooner Captain M. Bodden, now loading cargo in Port Houston.

The tall, bronzed captain talked to a Chronicle reporter of the island, concluding his recital with "I live in the Garden of Eden. If you doubt it, come down with me and I will prove it!"

The island is only 14 miles long by three miles in width, lying wholly a few feet above the sea. Its inhabitants number 256, all white, and all related to each other—none more distant than second cousins. Only four family names exist upon the island—Scott, Bodden, Hunter and Wood.

How has this unusual situation come about? It dates back 172 years. It had its beginning before the Revolutionary War. In 1750, there were two families, the Scotts and the Boddens, colonists from England, who had settled upon the island of Grand Cayman, a few miles from Little Cayman. In company with other colonists who felt the fascination of the New World, they had come from England in a sailing vessel and established a settlement on the island.

Then, as now, there were those who were discontented with their lot, who, by being two, their neighbors, so the two families decided to break away from the other colonists and set up a colony of their own. Among the inhabitants of Little Cayman, the story is still told of how those hardy colonists made their way over the rough water on rafts of their own making to the beautiful island, and how they landed in the natural harbor that they possessed by a line of reefs from the elements.

**Isolated From Other Colonies**  
During the first years they were virtually isolated from any intercourse with other colonists, for very

made by the islanders, where they have small truck patches. The native wood is hard, resembling iron wood, and is used for foundations for their homes. The lumber, of which every house is built, is brought from this country in small schooners.

**Houses Surrounded by Trees**  
Each home is surrounded by a grove of fruit trees—all native to the island. These include oranges, pineapples and two other kind, virtually unknown in this country—sop and sunnet sop. Everyone raises nearly everything required in the way of food, while the matter of clothes is simple. The same kind are worn the year around, an even temperature always hovering over the island. Summer and winter the winds are open day and night.

While the island is an English possession, and consequently administered by the government of Jamaica, there is never occasion for the officials to function so far as Little Cayman is concerned. The peace of the island hangs heavy on his hands.

The small isle is intensely primitive in many ways. The only transportation is on pack animals, and the only vehicle has once disturbed the stillness of the island. Almost perfect roads wind about over the small body of land, made by the combined efforts of the inhabitants, but there is no vehicle larger than a hobby buggy on the island.

An electric light has never sent its rays of brightness piercing the night, and a telephone bell has yet to jingle on Little Cayman. All those things, which people consider indispensable to their living are entirely superfluous on this happy island. On Little Cayman, if one wishes to send a message to the mainland, he takes it on his hands to the first party he meets, as he, or some one he knows will be going over to the other side soon. It is all very simple and works out well on the island. They have lived in the atmosphere of Utopia for nearly two centuries.

During the recent war Little Cayman contributed three men to the fighting force of England. One of them was killed. The island today "wears" in France, and on the island represented the sacrifice that Little Cayman was called upon to make by its motherland.

And Captain Bodden, walking along Main Street in Houston, seeing the jagged skyline of this comparatively new city, auting about through Houston's wealthy residential sections with their palatial homes, has ambitions to build the "Southwest" headquarters of the Southwest's commercial center and journey back to Little Cayman, or as he terms it—"The Garden of Eden."

### Dr. H. R. Wall

— DENTIST —

OFFICE OVER ROCK DRUG STORE

PHONE 325

### J. M. DRODDY GARAGE

Your Repair Work Will Receive Careful and Expert Attention

GASOLINE AND OILS AT ALL HOURS

Quick Service — Courteous Treatment

We Will Appreciate Your Patronage

J. M. DRODDY

PHONE NO. 230

KERRYVILLE, TEXAS

# Merry Christmas!



No matter what you may give or receive, no matter the size of your bank balance or the prosperity of your business, our best wish for you at this Christmas time is, that down deep in your heart you may wish

*"Peace on Earth"*

and that you may honestly feel

*"Good Will Toward Man"*



## The First State Bank

KERRYVILLE, TEXAS

(GUARANTEE FUND BANK)

OFFICERS

A. B. BURTON, Active Vice President

A. B. WILLIAMSON, Cashier

PAYNE L. WILLIAMSON, Assistant Cashier

DIRECTORS

J. L. FOWLER

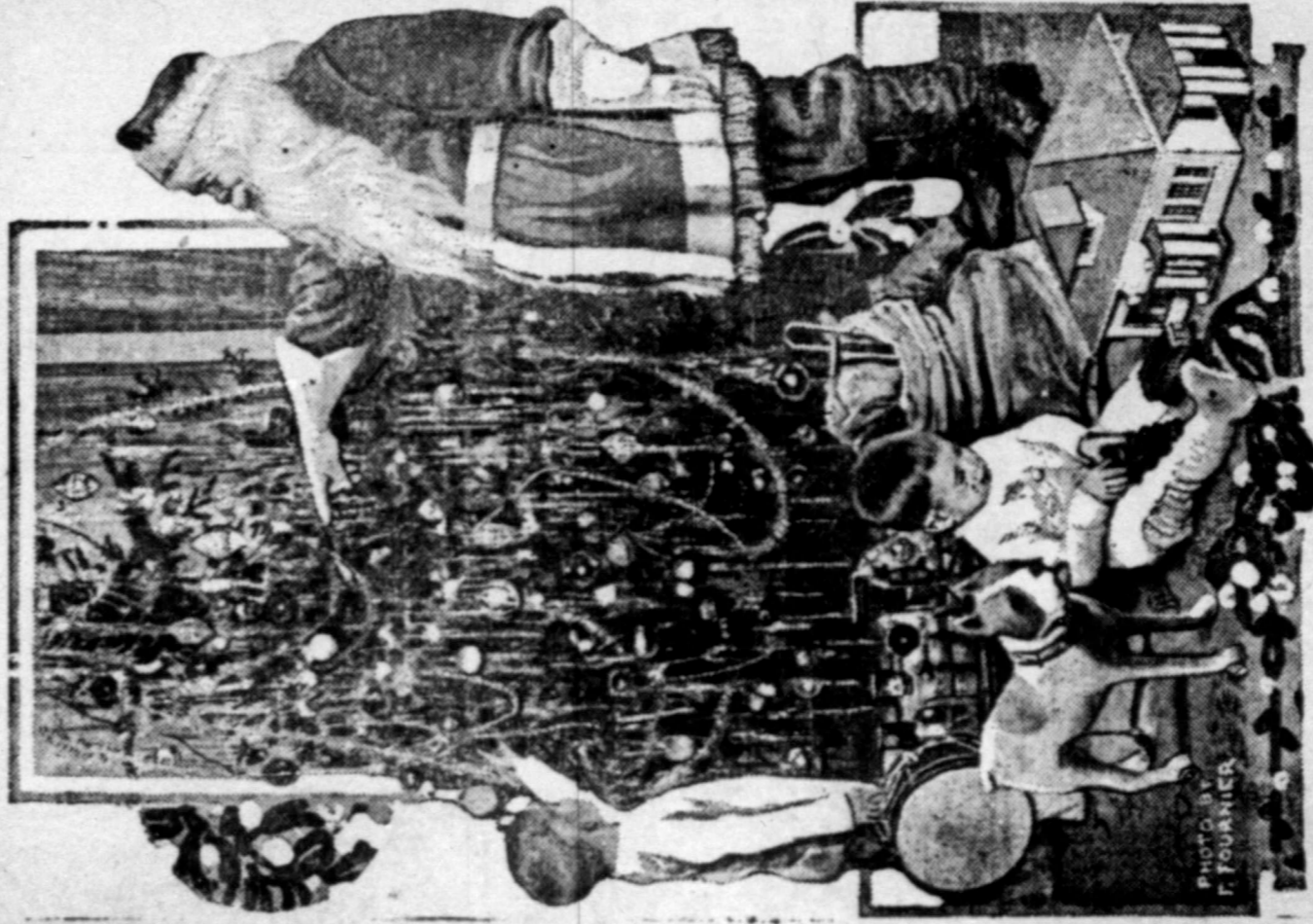
A. A. ROBERTS

A. B. BURTON

E. GALBRAITH

A. B. WILLIAMSON

### Early Christmas Morning



### CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

I am happy indeed to offer today, my greetings, both warm and sincere; also to wish in the heartiest way a year of good luck and good cheer.

### W. G. LEAZAR

Gunsmith and Welding



## Christmas Violets

By Mary Graham Bonner

(©, 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)

HAROLD had been told by his mother that big cities were full of designing women. Harold did not know whether his mother was right or not. But he did know that in his city boarding house there was one of the dearest little girls who had ever lived.

Harold was not selfish. He was far from being a miser. His idea of a miser was a chap he had known in his home town. He had never spent any money which he could possibly avoid spending. He always ate with his friends and rarely paid for a meal. He was always out of cigarettes and so smoked his friends' cigarettes.

He had made a good living and never failed to talk of his poverty.

He had been accused of worshipping money and he had replied: "Not a bit of it. I have great respect for money. That is the difference."

Harold despised that kind of a person. And yet, perhaps, wouldn't the "dearest little girl" think he was mean? He had never given her anything and he had lived at the boarding house for six months now. Did she think he was mean? That was what bothered him. She had told him of a person she had known whom she considered a miser, and she had told him of a joke upon this "miser." For he had bargained with a little shop dealer and had obtained an article marked a dollar for fifty cents, and then had walked down the street a little farther on and had seen the same article in another window for twenty-five cents. And finally he had seen it in a ten-cent store for a dime—well, he had almost considered life useless, while everyone else had rejoiced that it had been a good one on the "miser."

One of the reasons that made him feel that she thought, perhaps, he was mean was because she knew others who were generous. Or, at least, one other.

Every Saturday she had received flowers. She had taken a card out of the box as they had sat at the board-

ing house table at breakfast. The other boarders teased her about her admirer and she seemed to enjoy it. Only he felt uncomfortable and could say nothing.

And Helen, whom he called to himself the dearest little girl, had been receiving these flowers for quite a few weeks now.

Finally he could stand it no longer. His mother needn't tell him anything more about the city's designing women. He was not going to lose the dearest little girl, if there was yet a chance, because of his mother's warnings to keep to himself.

And, besides, Christmas was coming, and Christmas was a time of year when everyone felt happy. He was going to make a tremendous fight to be happy!

And he sent her violets, beautiful deep purple violets, with a pink rose in the center.

Never had he seen her so happy as she was over his violets. How differently she acted about his than about the others. And then he asked her if she would take a walk with him. So far, they had had all their talks in the boarding house.

"I wonder," he said, "if you'd think it was awfully sudden if I made a little suggestion? I was thinking how nice a ring would look on that left hand of yours—as a Christmas present—and an engagement present, if I may be so bold, and if you've not already promised yourself to the other fellow? Or, maybe you could learn to like me better."

"What other fellow?" Helen asked.

"The one who has been sending you flowers all along."

"Oh," Helen said, "I'll have to tell you the truth. I sent them to myself. You were so shy, you seemed to like me and yet couldn't go about telling me or asking me out, and I thought maybe I'd make you curious or jealous or something."

"And you've cared for me all along as I have for you?" he queried.

She nodded. And then he told her the warnings he had been given by his mother.

"I don't know out what's she's right," Helen said. "I made designs for you, she could truthfully say."

But neither of them thought of the past, only of the glorious future ahead.

And Helen wore more violets on Christmas day and a ring with a stone

which sparkled so beautifully. And they had dinner by themselves—a real Christmas dinner, for it was not only Christmas day—it was their wedding day, too!

## COOKIE ST. NICKS

Dainties for the Kiddies of the Netherlands.

Little Shoes Are Set Outside of Each Door to Hold the Goodies and the Gifts.

IN SETTLEMENTS where the holidays are affected by the customs of the Netherlands it is not at Christmas time, but on Saint Nicholas Day—Dec. 6—that the children have their jolliest holiday. No stockings are hung, but little shoes are set outside each door for goodies and for gifts. The most important gift is the image of the good Saint Nick himself. It is generally hung to the door knob.

It is no plaster model or stuffed doll affair—this Saint Nicholas—but a very large cookie dough representation, a sweet brown molasses mixture.

Wooden moulds used to stamp out these special and glorified gingerbread men are used but once a year, and the bakers take great pride in making them as elaborate and realistic as possible. Rows of hazel nuts often button up the great coat, and sometimes a border of trimming is set round the coat with raisins.

The Saint Nicks are eaten, but generally not until the very last. There are other Holland cookies quite as necessary for the gift shoe of a well-treated baby. Letters and lace cookies are the most important. Letters might be described as a sort of rich pastry tubing filled with the richest possible fruit and nut mixture, which nearly always, in the good old days, was flavored with a generous dash of brandy. This tubing is shaped into the form of capital letters, and every child expects to find at least the initial of his given name in the shoe. More fortunate children get their entire set of initials, and pampered darlings get their whole names.

The lace cookies seem to serve as a substitute for candy in the regular and standard Dutch baby's Saint Nicholas shoe. They are really not cookies at all, but rather a nut butterscotch patty made very thin and transparent. This transparency is the thing that gives them their name—lace cookie.

The First Christmas Cards. Christmas cards printed for sale were first struck off in 1847. The first year, not more than 1,000 were sold. Today, millions are used.



# The Christmas Store

## Christmas Gifts Galore

Our stock consists of everything you can think of at the lowest prices, based on the old law tariff. We have over 1,000 items, from every market in the world, to select your presents from—

Purses  
Handkerchiefs  
Shirts  
Caps  
Gloves and Mittens  
Underwear  
Suspenders  
Hose Supporters  
Rubber Goods  
Foot Balls  
Basket Balls  
Motor Boats  
Motor Cars  
Automatic Toys  
Rocking Horses  
Hobby Horses  
Express Wagons

Velocipedes  
Games, All Kinds  
Books  
Aluminum Sets  
Toy Furniture  
Christmas Candles  
Candle Holders  
Festooning  
Tissue Bells  
Drums and Horns  
Safety Razors  
Teddy Bears  
Horses  
Black Boards  
Slates  
Toy Stoves  
Tool Chests

Toy Wash Sets  
Trains on Track  
Doll Sulkies  
Wheel Barrows  
Banks  
Work Baskets  
Doll Cradles  
Doll Beds  
Trunks (Doll)  
Building Blocks  
Sandy Andy  
Trip Hammer  
Dolls, Every Kind  
Christmas Candy,  
25c per pound  
Chocolate Drops,  
25c per pound

# Rouse Variety Store

# Let's Make This An Automobile Christmas!



# BUICK



Let Us Wrap Some "Gifts for the Automobile" in Holiday Attire for You—No Extra Charge For "Santa Clausing" the Package

- BUMPERS
- TIRE COVERS
- FLASH LIGHTS
- BOYCE MOTOMETERS
- LOCK STEERING WHEEL
- NICKEL TRIMMED FLOWER VASES
- WHITE ENAMELED WIRE WHEELS
- REAR VIEW SAFETY MIRRORS
- RADIATOR ORNAMENTS
- KLAXON HORNS
- AUTO-REELITES
- DOMELAMPS

CHRISTMAS "GIFTS FOR THE AUTOMOBILE" ARE APPROPRIATE AND ACCEPTABLE

# R. L. SCHMERBECK

Buick and Chevrolet Automobiles

Republic Motor Trucks

PHONE NO. 275 - KERRVILLE, TEXAS

### Things That Old Kris Brought



### THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

By Mary Graham Bonner

(©, 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)

ELLEN had been feeling that there was no such thing in the world as a Christmas spirit.

During the summer, for example, she had taken a trip. Everyone seemed to enjoy it. Everyone seemed to be glad to get away from the world with its scandals and its spoilt civilization. That was what everyone said as they took the trip through the simple wilds, remote and picturesque and old.

This seemed to be the life everyone longed for and then some one mentioned a scandal which had taken place nearby some months before.

With a dash everyone made for the scene—so they could tell the people back home that they had seen the locality of the scandal and Ellen had been disgusted. Was it such a sordid world after all?

Then she had taken some poor children to a big store to see the Christmas display and they had been refused admittance. The customers had objected to such crowds of children—they wanted to see the display themselves—why should poor children see the toys when they could only look? And all about the outside of the store were eager little faces peering into the windows and hoping that perhaps they could get in when the one who watched at the door was not looking. Once in a while one did and the children from outside waited for the news.

"What did you see? What did you see?" they shouted as the lucky one came out again.

Other stores had been different. Other stores had not had their rich

### Christmas Festival

THE INSTITUTION of the festival of the birth of the Savior is attributed by some authorities to Pope Telesphorus, who died A. D. 188.

In the early days of the Christian religion it was one of the most movable of feasts, being often confounded with the Epiphany and celebrated by the eastern churches in April and May. In the Fourth century the urgency of St. Cyril of Jerusalem obtained from Pope Julius I. an order for an investigation to be made concerning the day of Christ's nativity. The result of the inquiry, made by theologians of the East and the West, was an agreement upon the twenty-fifth of December.

As told in the gospel of St. Luke, Christ was born in the night. Therefore, divine service is performed on the night of December 24-25. It is the custom in Roman Catholic churches to usher in Christmas day by the celebration of three masses, one at midnight, the second at early dawn, and the third in the morning. This custom dates from the sixth century.

Preparatory to Christmas the bells are rung at midnight throughout England and the continent. After the solemn celebration of the mass in the churches of the continent, which are magnificently adorned for the festival, it is customary for the worshippers to partake of a collation.

### Christmas Games

MISTLETOE. Hang it up. Form a circle. A slipper is required.

Also a nice, slippery floor. The first player slides the slipper. He tries to land it under the mistletoe. If he falls another makes the attempt. If he succeeds there is a lively scramble. It concerns the young lady toward whom the slipper points. She must seize it and get away before caught. Then the guests are given humorous gifts (previously wrapped), and are admitted (one at a time) to the Christmas room to deposit them in the stockings.

Another jolly game is played with Christmas stockings, a number of which are previously hung up.

These are placed in a separate room and the name of the person for whom each is intended is concealed upon it.

Another Christmas stocking game calls for a huge stocking of tough tissue paper filled with toys of all kinds. Each guest is blindfolded, given a light rod or cane, turned three times around and told to hit the bag. The first to break the stocking gives the signal for a general scramble, each guest being supposed to get one of the trinkets or souvenirs thus scattered.

### Conserving the Tablecloth.

When the tablecloth is partly worn cut an inch off one side and one end, and make a new hem. When it is ironed the creases will come in new places and the wear thus be redistributed.



customers complain. But it had saddened Ellen. And one of these very complainers had bought six copies of "The Christmas Carol" by Dickens to give away to friends. Ellen heard that later. It had not improved matters.

And on this same Christmas trip another she had met had said to her that these children had such shamefully poor coats and had reproved Ellen.

"I wish," the woman who had spoken so sharply to Ellen had said, "that they had some of the nice warm things belonging to my children," but when Ellen suggested that she should do something for these children she had gone off angrily.

And another person had patted her as she had seen her walking with these children and had said:

"A fine work, my dear."

And Ellen knew that the woman felt she had showed Christmas duty and Christmas service and Christmas love by making that speech.

But when Ellen began to see the trees which were sent to the city for Christmas she felt better. The smell of the trees gave her some of the Christmas spirit. Oh, yes, it was all right after all, she had been seeing only what was disagreeable and everything else had passed her by.

And then one day in the crowded section of the city she saw a small crippled newsboy go up to a Salvation army bucket and put in his donation. Helping others to have a Christmas dinner when he was none too sure of his own!

As she saw it she involuntarily smiled and a smile answered hers. A strange man was smiling at her.

Was some one going to be impertinent to her? Was the incident of the



little boy only going to serve as an excuse for a man to smile at her?

But in another moment he was apologizing.

"I'm so sorry," he said. "I was trying to place you in my mind. I was so sure I knew you. And then I remembered that you were the picture of the girl on the cover of a magazine last Christmas which I saved all the year and so which is naturally very familiar to me. I am so sorry!"

And then Ellen laughed. For last year she had posed for one of her artist friends.

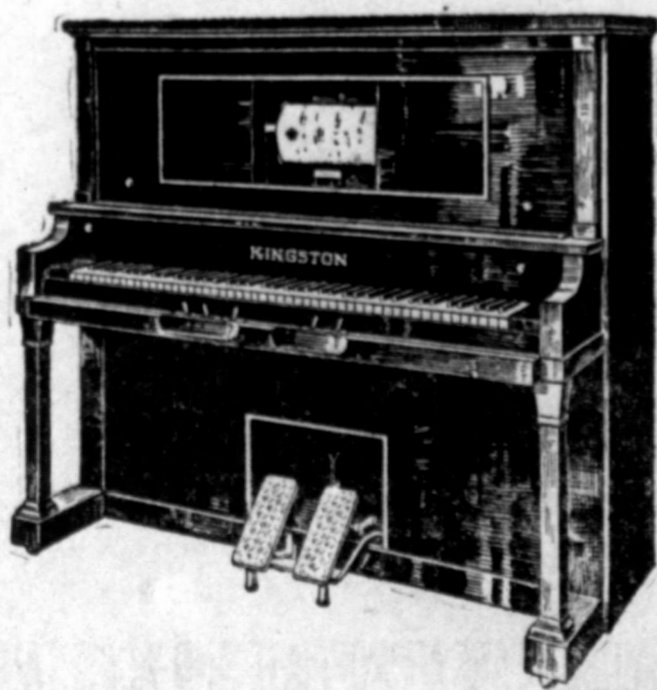
"I don't suppose you've any idea," the man continued, "how much good that picture did. I've heard so many speak of it and of the Christmas spirit it expressed. You fairly breathed it—then."

"And now I'm different?" she asked. "You don't look just as—just as Christmasy," he faltered.

And Ellen felt ashamed. For she had been critical of others and in worrying about the world's shortcomings she had lost her own Christmas spirit. But it had been merely wandering—if was not utterly lost—and the man? The man who had found it again for her?

They became friends and then they became sweethearts and they made of their love a permanent thing and were married.

And he always called Ellen his beautiful Christmas picture. And Ellen was glad that he did. It kept constantly in mind the Christmas spirit that had once almost left her for good and all!



The more lasting pleasure your gift will bring the more fun there is in selecting it. GIVE YOUR FAMILY A PIANO THIS CHRISTMAS—a lasting reminder of your thoughtfulness. Bring to your children the character-building influence of good music, which will keep the spirit of Christmas in your home every day in the year.

## G. M. DOYLE

"The Kerrville Piano Dealer"

Wishes You a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year!

## CHRISTMAS GREETING AND BEST WISHES

For a Successful 1923 From the

### KERRVILLE TELEPHONE COMPANY

Use the Telephone more for greater results next year.

Any station in the United States is as near to you as your telephone.

Southwestern Bell Telephone Connections.



# PAMPELL'S

for more than 30 years has had the pleasure of extending to the trade a Merry Christmas. This year our business is larger and better than ever before, made so by your generous patronage.

The Quality of Our Merchandise has been "The Enabling Act" that has merited your patronage these many years.

We have now on display a wonderful line of Seasonable Gifts, including Victrolas.

Christmas is a failure without candy. It will not be so good, unless you have PAMPELL'S.



REMEMBER, EVERYBODY LIKES CANDY!

We Wish You Well,

## J. L. PAMPELL

PHONE 6, KERRVILLE, TEXAS

Season's Greetings



# Christmas Greetings



May the Joys of the  
Holiday Season be  
Yours, and the Com-  
ing Year carry  
through to its end  
Prosperity, Health  
and their Blessings

THE CHARLES SCHREINER COMPANY

1869

Established 1869  
"THE HOUSE OF QUALITY"

1922





## The Big Old House In the Little Old Town

WELL, Christmas is coming, and all the day long my thoughts have been running away. With an echoing laugh and the lit of a song.

To an old-fashioned Christmas day—To a big old house in a little old town, Where you and the others and I Made merry together, with never a frown And never a thought of a sigh.

The big old house in the little old town, Oh, how it would rock with our mirth, And gather us gladly and cuddle us down, The homiest place on the earth.

It wasn't upholstered in tapestries rare, (I can see the old window-seat yet) It may have been shabby a bit here and there— Well, those are the things we forget.

But, oh! the mysterious secrets it knew, That old house, when Christmas was coming, And the laughter and fun ringing through it and through, And the voices and somebody humming, And the hour when around the piano we'd meet.

Yes, even in busy December For an old Christmas hymn with its harmony sweet— Ah, those are the things we remember.

And then you recall how the midnight train down Would bring back a sister or brother, To the big old house in the little old town, Where Christmas meant home and the others.

And the old house was looking its holiday best, And the table all spread for the feast; With an extra chair set for the holiday guest.

Some stranger, "one of the least."

The big old house in the little old town— They tell me the years are unkind, It looks bare and neglected, its fence tumbles down, Since we scattered and left it behind, No, I haven't been back; I would rather recall.

The days of its glory gone by, When we fled to its arms for the best day of all, You and the others and I— Grace Strickler Dawson, in Kansas City Star.



JUST SO.

He: What's the proper thing for a fellow to give his fiancée for Christmas?

She: Oh, anything that costs over \$25.00.

## Believing In Santa

THE sons and daughters of men are of two classes—not the rich or the poor, not the young or the old, not liberals or conservatives, nor even Aristotelians or Platonists, but those who believe in Santa Claus and those who do not.

Children are of the first and more glorious family. Hence they grow; hence they burst with life. They believe, and so have faith, that good comes riding out of the air, with jingling bells and prancing reindeer, its pack crammed with gifts, its round and smiling coachman breathing benevolence and cheeriness and hastening to fulfill every wish that is dreamed on dented pillow. Alas! when doubt creeps in, when the eyes and ears of the spirit no longer see or hear and demand comes for physical evidence, then all the high faculties wither and pass away.

The walls of the prison house tend to close around the growing child. He credits the slander that there is no Santa Claus. Poison enters into him and he degenerates into an animal that merely touches or tastes. Thrice blessed are they who are able to keep an imagination green and lusty and to subdue or drive away all forces that would throttle it. The rites of Christmas, after all, are mainly for the old folks, their observance representing the instinct to keep alive the divine spark of youth. A little one that no longer petitions good St. Nick is a sad spectacle; even sadder is the man or woman to whom his myth has lost its savor. To such when the sun goes down and the west fades the heavens fill with no shining stars.

The period through which mankind has passed has been marked by a duel between those who hope and those who despair—between those who believe in Santa Claus and those who do not. Let us rejoice that the quivering balance is now definitely inclining to the better side. Be young, be forever young—never has the old text been more vindicated than in these days.

Unlogged with prudence and limping with no rheumatism, youth, shouting to laggards, "Would you live forever?" plunged forward through four terrible years, furnishing new reasons for respecting humanity. Then came the sere and yellow leaf of the stay-at-homes. They sought to turn off the fountains of faith. But, happily, their grip is loosening and the sweet waters flow again. Whether your youngster hangs up stockings or not, don't yourself, Mr. or Mrs. Grown-up, lose your own credulity.—New York Tribune.

## BURNING THE YULE LOG

THE name given by the ancient Goths and Saxons to the festival of the winter solstice was Jul, or Yule. The latter term is still reserved by the Scotch.

The burning of the Yule log, known by other names in continental Europe, was an ancient Christmas ceremony descending from the Scandinavians, who at their feast of Jul used to kindle huge bonfires in honor of their god Thor. Similar bonfires were kindled in Europe and elsewhere at the summer solstice.

The English ceremony of bringing in and burning the Yule log on Christmas eve, which still has its local survivals, was full of picturesque detail. The log was a massive piece of wood, frequently the rugged and grotesquely marked root of an oak.

It was drawn in triumph from its resting place amid shouts and laughter, every wayfarer doffing his hat as it passed. On its entrance into the baronial halls, the minstrels hailed it with song and music, or in the absence of the minstrels each member of the family sat upon it in turn and sang a Yule song.

## You Bet Santa Was Here



## SANTA'S HERE AGAIN

## A MERRY CHRISTMAS

The sort of happiness Christmas inspires is far above the material. It is spiritual in nature and therefore the only real happiness one can experience. It is this happiness, this feeling of "Peace and Good Will Toward Man" that we wish for you today, and every day hereafter.

We also take this opportunity to extend to you our thanks for your patronage since the last Yuletide Season, and wish you and yours a Merry Christmas and a Happy, Prosperous New Year.

**Mosel, Saenger & Co.**  
Kerrville, Texas



## A GIFT OF YEAR 'ROUND HAPPINESS!

The Ford Car is the ideal Christmas Gift. Delivered prices lowest in history, and improvements and refinements that make the Ford car of which you can be proud to own.

We wish you sincerely a Merry, Merry Christmas and the Happiest of New Years!

LEE MASON

CHARLES L. MASON

## Lee Mason & Son

FORD, FORDSON AND LINCOLN  
Authorized Sales and Service

PHONE NO. 154 KERRVILLE, TEXAS



# ONE PRICE ONLY!

Do not try to "skin" you just because it is the Holiday Season. Buy a watch now at the same price as in May, unless the manufacturers' prices change. Buy a Kodak at the same price here as at the biggest house in San Antonio.

# SELF'S

## NOTHING NICER

than a pair of double-vision glasses for mother for her Christmas Present. Let her come in today and get her eyes tested.

## A. E. SELF

Licensed Optometrist  
Member San Antonio Optometric Society

### NOTRE DAME INSTITUTE For Boys and Girls Kindergarten to Twelfth Grade



**WE BELIEVE IN**  
The 4th R-Reading,  
'Riting, Rithmetic  
and Religion'  
The Open Bible  
Undivided Civil  
Allegiance to our  
Glorious Democracy

The soul of Culture  
is the education of the Soul  
and  
The heart of Education is  
the education of the Heart

#### LOCAL AND PERSONAL

#### Items of Interest Gathered Here and There

Fresh Kraut at CHAS. SCHREINER CO. (Advertisement 52-2tc).  
Judge J. S. Wheelless left Sunday, spending this week in San Antonio.  
Remember, Everybody Likes Pampell's Candy. (Advertisement 52-1tc).  
Mrs. L. A. Nichols was a visitor at San Antonio the latter part of last week.  
Federal Tire users are satisfied. Richards Garage & Filling Station. (Advertisement 50-1tc).  
Mesdames A. Dolch and L. Dolch of San Antonio visited Mrs. Richard Holdsworth last Friday.  
Christmas Apples, Oranges, Nuts and Candies at CHAS. SCHREINER CO. (Advertisement 52-2tc).  
Alex Hamer, a prominent merchant of Junction, was attending to business in our city this past week.  
WANTED—260 goats, 60 sheep. Give ages, kind, grade, price, location. W. W. Meadow, Bronson, Texas. (Advertisement 51-2tc).  
Miss Ellen Mason is visiting Mrs. Warren Colvert in San Antonio this week and attending the pre-Christmas festivities in that city.  
The Ideal Christmas Gift—Your photograph. And a dozen takes care of twelve gifts. THE WHEELUS COMPANY. (Advertisement 47-1tc).  
Mrs. A. C. Schreiner Jr. went to San Antonio Thursday of last week for a visit with Mrs. Harry Harrison. She was accompanied by her little daughter, Nellie Ganter.

Ain't those baskets beautiful in Pampell's Window. (Advertisement).  
Richard Holdsworth is spending this week in San Antonio, attending Federal Court.  
Try Federal Extra Service Tires. Richards Garage & Filling Station. (Advertisement 50-1tc).  
Rev. and Mrs. J. B. Holt went to San Antonio Monday afternoon and returned Tuesday evening.  
A picture worth keeping is worth framing. THE WHEELUS COMPANY. (Advertisement 47-1tc).  
Mrs. Minnie L. Copeland of Austin was the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. W. Carey, for several days last week.  
Spend your money at Nance's Army Store, where your \$ \$ \$ will have more cents. (Advertisement 50-1tc).  
The Women's Auxiliary of the Presbyterian Church meets this Thursday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the church.  
Mrs. R. A. Franklin has a number of water-color paintings for sale at the Rock Drug Store. (Advertisement 52-2tp).  
W. E. Simpson, County Engineer and general inspector of the Highway, and T. R. Spence spent this past week in Kerrville.  
Your obligation to your family and friends is best met by a photograph of yourself. THE WHEELUS COMPANY. (Advertisement 47-1tc).  
That cold snap that had been predicted for a week or more finally arrived Monday night, and Tuesday people about here were wearing thicker clothing.  
Mrs. Enoch Hatch and son, Harold, of the Divide community spent the week with Mr. and Mrs. George Anderson while Mr. Hatch attended Federal Court in San Antonio.  
Lots of apples, nuts, candy and cranberries for Christmas—and Irish potatoes for \$1—at a very low price. BURNETT'S CASH STORE, Kerrville, Texas. (Advertisement 52-1tc).  
Dr. A. P. Utterback, who has been attending physician at the American Legion Memorial Sanatorium for the past eighteen months, has gone to San Angelo to make his home. With his wife and son, Preston, he left in his car Tuesday.  
Mrs. Ally Beitel returned from San Antonio last Sunday, where she had been for the last two weeks visiting her mother, Mrs. Sutton. Mr. Beitel and the two daughters, Gertrude and Geraldine went down Saturday to bring her home.

**If Hens Don't Lay**  
feed "Martin's Egg Producer" and get "More Eggs or Your Money Back." Cure and prevent disease with "Martin's Roup Remedy." Guaranteed by Rawson's Drug Store. 43-13t

## MERRY CHRISTMAS—HAPPY NEW YEAR

To Friends and Customers Is the Sincere Wish of

### R. M. WILLIAMS

The Following Good Things to Eat and the Prices Are Submitted to Aid You in Selecting the Ingredients for a Fine Christmas Dinner:

Cherries, Candied, pkg.	24¢	Grape Juice, pint	37¢
Cherries, 4 oz. bottle	14¢	El Food Mayonnaise, 8 oz.	27¢
Eggs, Fancy White, lb.	22¢	French Mayonnaise, 8 oz.	24¢
Comedary Sliced Peel, lb.	59¢	French Mustard	13¢
Comedary Dates, pkg.	23¢	Catchup, large bottle	23¢
Prunes, King's Dehydrated	23¢	Queen Olives, 1/2 pint	27¢
Sun Maid Seedless Raisins, pkg.	15¢	Pink Sugar, 1-lb. pkg.	11¢
Sun Maid Seedless Raisins, pkg.	15¢	Brown Sugar, 1-lb. pkg.	11¢
Thompson's Seedless Raisins, lb.	16¢	No. 2 1/2 Peaches, Gold Bar	37¢
Large Prunes, lb.	15¢	No. 2 1/2 Peaches, Silver Bar	31¢

268, Kerrville, Texas

If it's quality you want, come to PAMPELL'S. (Advertisement 52-1tc).

Mrs. Alice Schofner spent several days in San Antonio this week on business.

Have latest model sanitary Hoffman Press—try it. J. R. Forester, Tailor. (Advertisement 52-2tc).

The County Commissioners, at an adjourned session the first of the week, voted for a change of County Agent, to take effect February 1st.

All work guaranteed first class; years of experience. J. R. Forester, Tailor. (Advertisement 52-2tc).

Miss Clara McCormick, division representative of the Red Cross, was in Kerrville this week in the interest of this great work in this community.

Plain Home-Made Chocolate Drops, Special Holiday Price 30c per pound. PAMPELL'S. (Advertisement 52-1t).

Mrs. B. W. Claunch spent this past week at the St. Charles Hotel while her husband was in Junction on business connected with the Highway improvement.

The Federal Tire Co. adjustment policy is RIGHT. Richards Garage & Filling Station. (Advertisement 50-1tc).

Mr. and Mrs. William Skinner and Wm. Skinner Jr. of Daisetta, will arrive December 22nd, to spend the Christmas Holidays with their aunt, Mrs. Sarah Scofield.

Get your packages to the post office early so that they may be sent out on time and also relieve the clerks of a congestion of mail the last few days before Christmas.

FOR SALE—Ford 1-ton truck at a bargain. Small cash payment, balance monthly. Overland Auto Sales Co., C. A. Hill & Son, Proprietors. (Advertisement 51-2tc).

Dr. H. R. Wall and family have arrived from San Antonio to make Kerrville their home. They are extended a cordial welcome by our people. Dr. Wall is a dentist and occupies the offices formerly used by Dr. McJinsey, in the Walther Building, over the Rock Drug Store.

Santa Claus suggests photographs of the children. Bring the little tots early and get a large picture free with each dozen. THE WHEELUS COMPANY. (Advertisement 47-1tc).

The First State Bank has had a thick linoleum laid in the lobby of the bank, which adds to the appearance and pleasure of surroundings. The office for Vice President Burton and Cashier Williamson was also enlarged and they can now work more comfortably.

PRESENTS—I cannot give everyone a present, but I can sell you a bargain from now until Christmas, and I will if you want goods. Try me. BURNETT'S CASH STORE, Kerrville. (Advertisement 52-1tc).

Last Sunday's Express announced among the coming social events, two that are of interest to Kerrville people, because the honoree is a Kerrville girl. We are glad when any honor is done her. "Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Rigby will entertain with a dancing party Tuesday evening in their home on Alamo Heights, complimenting their niece, Miss Mae Louise Schreiner." "Invitations have been received for the dance to be given at the Country Club, Friday evening, December 22nd, by Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Partee, complimenting Miss Mae Louise Schreiner."

## The Play House Theatre

Friday, December 15th:  
FEATURE—FRANK MAYO, the popular Universal Western Star, in a great picture of action from start to finish. A real treat for our movie fans who like "Action!"  
COMEDY—A two-reel "Century."  
"IN THE DAYS OF BUFFALO BILL"—one of the very best chapters to date.  
Saturday, December 16th—A Complete Change of Program:  
FEATURE—SHIRLEY MASON in "YOUTH MUST HAVE LOVE." The Fox Star whom everyone loves in one of her greatest comedy-dramas. Decide right now not to miss this picture in which SHIRLEY MASON appears at her very best—and that is saying a lot.  
"DANDY DAN"—A SUNSHINE COMEDY.  
FOX NEWS.  
Monday December 18th:  
FEATURE—"THE HUNCH" with GARETH HUGHES. A clean crisp clever comedy in which a young man plays "Put and Take" with millions—and in which a million laughs are cleaned up in Wall Street.  
COMEDY—"OUT OF PLACE." AL ST. JOHN.  
MOVIE CHATS. Something of Everything.  
Tuesday, December 19th:  
SPECIAL FEATURE—"THE SONG OF LIFE." A Drama of Dishes and Discontent! Every woman knows both; and the parts they play in human lives have been molded in a masterpiece by the great producer, JOHN M. STAHL. A wonderful cast and a SPECIAL production in every sense of the word.  
COMEDY and MOVIE CHATS.  
Wednesday and Thursday, December 20th and 21st:  
SUPER SPECIAL—"THEODORA." SARDOU'S Immortal Drama. The history of the world has been written in love stories—and THIS is the greatest one. Sapho charmed even the Gods themselves with her love songs; Cleopatra won Caesar with her charms, yet a more wonderful love than theirs was Theodora's who gave a kingdom—and in vain—for the man she loved. Forty hungry lions she loosed on helpless thousands of her subjects to save the man she loved.  
PATHE COMEDY.  
PATHE NEWS.

MATINEES SATURDAY, MONDAY AND WEDNESDAY AT 4 P. M.  
SPECIAL PRICES—EVENINGS 7:45 P. M. RADIO CONCERTS.  
COMFORTABLY HEATED ON THE COLDEST EVENINGS.

## THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Cordially Invites You to the Following Services, Sunday, Dec. 3rd

- Sunday School at 9:45 A. M.
- Junior Christian Endeavor at 4 P. M.
- Senior Christian Endeavor at 6:45 P. M.
- Men's Bible Class meets at 10 A. M. at the Play House.
- Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. by Pastor W. P. Dickey.

It fits the taste like no other Candy—PAMPELL'S! (Advertisement 52-1tc).

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fisher have as their guests Mr. and Mrs. Gorman of Galveston.

See Mrs. Franklin's water-color display at the Rock Drug Store. (Advertisement 52-2tp).

The cold wave arrived, but not so bad, and Wednesday evening it appears as though it will turn into a slow rain here. That would suit us.

A Christmas Tree undecorated is short the season's spirit. Pampell's has the ornaments. (Advertisement 52-1tc).

A. J. McKenzie of the McKenzie Construction Company, San Antonio, was in Kerrville this past week, attending to one of their many contracts around and near Kerrville. He was accompanied by Thos. McKroskey of Knoxville, Tenn.

A Christmas Tree not dressed up might be embarrassing. Get the ornamental dressing at Pampell's. (Advertisement 52-1tc).

Friends of Miss Leah McNealy, who was for several terms a member of the faculty of Tivy High School, will be interested in learning of her marriage December 5th to Clarence Herreford of Del Rio at St. Mark's Episcopal Church in San Antonio. Mrs. Herreford is a Kerr County girl, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. O. McNealy of Ingram, and The Sun joins her many friends in best wishes.

**THE WALTHER**

ROOMS Clean and Comfortable Good Service  
RECREATION HALL Box Ball and Dominoes Free Public Library

GEO. W. WALTHER, Proprietor  
Kerrville, Texas

## Compared to Her Cleopatra Was a Baby!

Forty lions turned loose into a crowded arena among thousands of people—to satisfy the whim of a love-mad woman. The most startling and terrific climax ever shown on a screen.

AN ACTUAL CAST OF 25,000 PEOPLE!

The highest point of emotion ever reached in a picture! The most enthralling of all immortal romances. If you don't see THEODORA, you might as well stop going to Motion Pictures!

**THE PLAY HOUSE**  
WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY, 7:45 P. M.  
MATINEE WEDNESDAY, 4 P. M.

## A RADIO SET

will solve your problem of "What shall I give for Christmas."

We have made a careful study of Radio, and can supply you with tested sets at prices from \$65.00 up.

We specialize in General Electric and Western Electric Equipment and guarantee complete satisfaction with every set we sell.

Come in and "Listen In."  
**Radio Department**  
**LEE MASON**

**MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU!**

The Yuletide Season is the time of year which should mean much to the Christian people in that it is the anniversary of the birth of Christ—the event which is of supreme importance to the human race. To us today it means the exemplification of the spirit of Christ in the coming together of families and friends, the giving of gifts and performance of unselfish deeds, which spirit brings the greater happiness to all.

At this season it is opportune that we should thank our customers for their patronage and for their good will during the past year. Our customers are our friends and we indeed appreciate their trade. We consider the confidence of the public our greatest asset and we wish at all times to conduct our business in a manner to merit the confidence and the approval of our patrons. "He profits most who serves best"—the merchant who would be successful must give his customers the best goods obtainable at the lowest possible price and must give the most efficient and conscientious service.

We wish a Merry Christmas to you all and sincerely hope that the season will bring to one and all a fullness of happiness and love such as the Christmas Season should bring.

**C. C. BUTT CASH-AND-CARRY**

"The Satisfactory Store"—Phone 72

**The Mosty Nurseries**

WE HAVE THE MOST COMPLETE LINE GROWN IN TEXAS

Landscaping A Specialty  
Let us beautify your home grounds with home-grown trees, and now is the time to plant. We grow California Evergreens.

**Mosty Nurseries**

KERRVILLE, PHONE 101-W CENTER POINT, PHONE 37

M. F. WESTON ROY KEMP

**WESTON & KEMP**

Garage and Repair Work  
Expert Mechanics in Charge

GASOLINE AND OILS SERVICE CARS  
Tires, Tubes and Automobile Accessories  
Agents for Durant and Dodge Cars

PHONE NO. 115 KERRVILLE, TEXAS

**THE CITY MEAT MARKET**

HENKE BROS., Proprietors

Sells Everything a Butcher Ought to Sell. Try Our Home-Made Lard.

Fish in Season. Phone No. 7.

Sid Peterson C. W. Moore

**Peterson-Moore Lbr. Co.**

The Folks to See When You Want

**BUILDING MATERIALS**

Prices Right. Quality Right. Service Right.

We Want Your Trade

Next Door to Mason's Garage

**Buick Sunset Limited Passenger and Freight Line**

KERRVILLE AND SAN ANTONIO  
J. G. AYALA, Proprietor

Having bought the Union Bus Line at San Antonio, I will in future run five cars each way between Kerrville and San Antonio:

DAILY SCHEDULE

SOUTH BOUND					
Station	1st Car	2nd Car	3rd Car	4th Car	5th Car
Lv. Kerrville	6:00 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	1:00 p.m.	3:00 p.m.	5:00 p.m.
Ar. Center Point	6:30 a.m.	8:30 a.m.	1:30 p.m.	3:30 p.m.	5:30 p.m.
Ar. Comfort	7:00 a.m.	9:00 a.m.	2:00 p.m.	4:00 p.m.	6:00 p.m.
Ar. Boerne	7:45 a.m.	9:45 a.m.	2:45 p.m.	4:45 p.m.	6:45 p.m.
Ar. San Antonio	8:30 a.m.	11:00 a.m.	3:00 p.m.	6:00 p.m.	8:00 p.m.

NORTH BOUND					
Station	1st Car	2nd Car	3rd Car	4th Car	5th Car
Lv. San Antonio	7:30 a.m.	9:30 a.m.	1:30 p.m.	3:00 p.m.	6:00 p.m.
Ar. Boerne	8:45 a.m.	10:45 a.m.	2:45 p.m.	4:15 p.m.	7:15 p.m.
Ar. Comfort	9:30 a.m.	11:30 a.m.	3:30 p.m.	5:00 p.m.	8:00 p.m.
Ar. Center Point	10:00 a.m.	12:00 m.	4:00 p.m.	5:30 p.m.	8:30 p.m.
Ar. Kerrville	10:30 a.m.	12:30 p.m.	4:30 p.m.	6:00 p.m.	9:00 p.m.

Headquarters Kerrville, Ayala's Restaurant, Phone No. 43  
Headquarters San Antonio, Traveler's Hotel and Union Bus Station

**LOCAL AND PERSONAL**

Items of Interest Gathered Here and There

Fresh Kraut at CHAS. SCHREINER CO. (Advertisement 52-2tc).

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. P. Walker of Center Point were Kerrville visitors Monday.

KODAK FINISHING—The Professional Way. WHEELUS. (Advertisement 30-1tc).

W. H. Pember was in San Antonio the latter part of last week on a short visit.

Federal line is complete. Richards Garage & Filling Station. (Advertisement 50-1tc).

Mrs. L. Sandel is home, after an extended visit with relatives and friends in Houston.

Try my odorless dry cleaning—it's better. J. R. Forester, Tailor. (Advertisement 52-2tc).

Mrs. L. A. Schreiner returned home last Saturday from San Antonio for a visit of a few days.

Look over the list of givable Christmas Gifts in Pampell's Display Ad. (Advertisement 52-1tc).

C. T. Dewees and Brown Webster of Dallas spent the week-end with Mrs. Ola B. Gammon.

Christmas Apples, Oranges, Nuts and Candies at CHAS. SCHREINER Co. (Advertisement 52-2tc).

Mrs. Perry Duncan and sister, Miss Louise Elliott, of Waco, are with Mrs. Ola B. Gammon for an extended visit.

Pictures on the wall makes a house a home. Have them framed at THE WHEELUS COMPANY. (Advertisement 47-1tc).

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Rotan and Mr. and Mrs. John Sleeper of Waco visited Mrs. Rotan's brother, Dr. John V. McCall, Monday.

Federal Tires will give the service you have a right to expect. Richards Garage & Filling Station. (Advertisement 50-1tc).

H. Gordon is building a brick residence on South Water Street. Another one is also to be built nearer town on the same street.

Ladies work a specialty. J. R. Forester, Tailor. Shop at old Mansfield residence, Sidney Baker Street. (Advertisement 52-2tc).

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Delaney, Miss Margaret and Joe Delaney went to San Antonio last Friday for a few days in the Alamo City.

A beautiful and lasting Christmas gift is a hand-painted picture. See Mrs. Franklin's display at the Rock Drug Store. (Advertisement 52-2tp).

Dr. and Mrs. W. P. Dickey are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Allen on their ranch near Junction, where Dr. Dickey will have great pleasure in hunting.

TEN HOLIDAY SPECIALS—Pampell's Home-Made Pure Cream Chocolates, Assorted Nut and Fruit Centers, 60 cents per pound. (Advertisement 52-1tc).

Mrs. K. H. Dewees and daughter, Miss Graves, accompanied by Capt. O. S. Dewees and wife, spent a few days last week with Mrs. R. H. Remschel and Mrs. Ola B. Gammon.

The Presbyterian Westminster Encampment will have several cottages added soon and a concrete bridge will be built across the creek between the Encampment and Schreiner Institute.

Call and see the new style Fisk Tires at bargain prices. Special discount this month on Red Tops, all sizes. Overland Auto Sales Co., C. A. Hill & Son, Props. (Advertisement 51-2tc).

Mrs. George Morris is very much missed at the St. Charles Hotel. Last Sunday she left for Mineral Wells, where she will join Mr. Morris, who will be there for several weeks undergoing treatments.

The Sun office has some pretty samples of Christmas cards and those desiring any with printing on them will please give their order early so that we may supply the cards on time. (Advertisement 46-1tc).

Judge R. H. Burney returned the latter part of last week from Leakey, where he had been holding court. One of the most important cases there was transferred to Kerr County on a change of venue. It is a live stock theft case.

The pecan cracker that was invented by Rex Redwine and had built by a local company has arrived and been installed upstairs in Pampell's. There is quite an interest being manifested in this machine and a desire to see it in operation.

J. R. Forester has opened a tailor-cleaning and pressing shop in the old Mansfield residence near the Weston & Kemp Garage. Mr. Forester has lately located here and is a most excellent man. He and his family are cordially welcomed.

NO TRASH—but useful presents—\$7.50 electric irons, reduced to \$4.50; \$12.00 42-piece dinner set, reduced to \$8.00; men's and ladies' sweaters, 10 per cent off; new army all-wool suits at \$5.00. BURNETT'S CASH STORE, Kerrville, Texas. (Advertisement 1tc)

**IN QUEST OF SANTA ON SKIS**  
By Eleanor E. King

Copyright, 1922, Western Newspaper Union.

HERE were three things that Ralph thoroughly enjoyed—the West, skiing and adventure. He and three other fellows about his age, ranging from nine to twelve had been skiing all morning. The whole surrounding country was mountainous and the boys had no trouble finding places to ski.

"Well, fellows," said Ralph, poised for action at the top of the hill, "I'm off. Here begins my great quest for Santa Claus" and he made a low bow, scraping the snow with his cap. "So long," and he was gone.

"Good luck," called the fellows. He seemed to go on and on at a remarkable speed after he reached the bottom. The boys stood and watched him skim over the snow out of sight.

Ralph went on for two or three miles this way. Then he came to a wooded strip. His ruddy cheeks glowed with delight, as he thought of the adventures he might have here.

The farther into the forest he got, the darker it grew, until finally Ralph couldn't see his hand before his face. There was only one thing he knew of to do—feel his way out. That was a slow process, but Ralph thought any way out of this dark hole would suit him.

In his search for a way out, he found a place where the snow seemed to go almost straight up. It occurred to him that this might be the side of a mountain, and if he could get up high enough he would come to daylight.

He slid down several times, got badly scratched on branches, but that didn't bother him in the least. He was determined to get out of the forest. The mountain proved to be quite high and after an hour or so of climbing Ralph sat down to rest in the snow. As he rested, he took a good look at what was before him. What was that up on the top? Why, it looked like a hut, sure enough—a place where he could rest, get something to eat and get warm.

Ralph didn't rest long, he wanted to get to the hut. It was a queer little place, he found upon reaching it. It looked as though a puff of wind would be enough to blow it over.

Ralph knocked at the door very gently for fear of knocking the house down. The door opened, but Ralph started back with surprise, for the object before him had a bull's head and horns, and a man's body, cloven hoofs and a long tail.

"Well, my boy," said the creature, "what are you here for? Did you come to help me? I usually have some boys come about Christmas time." Ralph gave a shudder. So this was his beloved Santa Claus, who looked and talked like this. Why hadn't someone told him?

"Who are you?" stammered Ralph getting up his courage. "Are you Santa Claus?"

The creature burst out laughing. It sounded like thunder. He held his sides and rocked with laughter.

Ralph didn't know what to do now—was he going to laugh himself to death? Well, he rather hoped he would.

Then the creature finally composed himself to say, "No! but I follow up Santa with my helpers. We break up the toys for the children that they get for Christmas. You stay here tonight, with me and then go along with us. It's great sport breaking up toys."

"No, I can't stay," said Ralph, backing away. "I am in quest of Santa Claus."

The beast doubled up with laughter again. Ralph thought this an opportune time to make his getaway, so he put on his skis and started down the mountain. Dangerous? Anything was better than staying with that beast.

Ralph seemed to be coming to a wall. He jumped, landed squarely and skinned along the snow for a mile or more. Looking up (he hadn't had time to do this before), he beheld in front of him a great castle, covered with turrets and towers.

"Now, what have I gotten into?" said Ralph, aloud. He knocked at the door and was admitted by two queer-looking fairies.

"Who are you and who is it you're in quest of?"

The fairies began to laugh. "Now, you're laughing, too."

"Why, this is Santa Claus' castle you're in," answered the fairies.

Ralph let out a yell of delight, throwing his cap into the air. "Well, what's all this noise?" demanded a large, rather rotund, jolly-faced man who entered the hall.

"You're the one I came all the way to see. I wonder if you would be too busy to take me through your workshops?"

"No, of course I'm not. Come right along.

"You see, I have my castle divided into two parts. One side, where they make toys for girls, and the other side entirely devoted to boys. I suppose that's where you want to go?"

"Sure!" came the reply.

"I'm in this room"—he opened the door—"I am perfecting an airplane that a boy about your age can run and manage easily."

Ralph was all eyes. He couldn't say enough.

"Get in and try it."

"Now, in the next room," he continued, "I am perfecting a motor that will take you up the hill after your coast down."

After they had made a tour of all the rooms, Ralph said he ought to be going.

"Well, I want you to see something else out in the garage that helps me to

get around better. You see, I have my car all fixed up," said Santa. "I put chains on my back wheels, and then taking off the front tires, I rivet these runners onto the rims."

"Those wheels fit in the curves of the runners, don't they?"

"Yes, I made them to fit that way."

"Jump in, Ralph, and I'll show you how my runners work. Incidentally, I'll take you through my tunnel, so you won't have to pass that horrid creature's house that you were telling me about."

"That was fine!" exclaimed Ralph, when Santa stopped, his eyes shining. "I'm so glad I had this adventure. I'll get home fine, from here. So long, Santa!"

December Twenty-Fifth. Observation of December 25 as the date of the birth of Christ was adopted under Pope Liberius in 353 or 354, but the early church observed the festival with little uniformity.

Can I spend Christmas evening with you? I'd rather spend your spending before Christmas.

Elizabeth and I visit with you, return your love.

Minnie S. made a return from week.

Hyde and I made a return from Friday of last week.

Ford of Tuesday to the Liv of Robt. R. in Ragland of this week.

Miss Sue Robb and other relatives had a party last week.

The dance last week was a success and the number of the dancing committee.

Com. Jim Peterson and his wife were here last week for a pleasant visit.

Miss Leah M. O. McNealy was married in Kerrville last week.

The friends here wish to offer their congratulations.

The Presbyterians of the dining room Tuesday usually enjoy a musical program.

After the church service several pleasures under the instruction of the Glee Club, Gold, Bowle, Saenger and I fine music.

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**Did You Ever Think of This?**

We CHIROPRACTORS work with the subtle substance of the soul; we release the prisoned impulses, the tiny rivulets of force that flow over the nerves to the cells and stir them into life again; we deal with the magic power that transforms common food into living, loving, thinking clay, and robes the earth in beauty and hue, and scents the flowers with the fragrance of the air; and yet you ask, can CHIROPRACTIC cure appendicitis and flu? Have you more faith in a knife or a spoonful of medicine than in the power that animates the living world?

**DUNN & DUNN, Chiropractors**

MAIN STREET, KERRVILLE, TEXAS

Office Hours: 9 to 12 A. M., 3 to 6 P. M. Phones: Office, 324; Res., 347

We Live in GOD'S WORLD and NEED HIM in Times Like These.

Christianity Makes People Healthy, Happy and Prosperous.

**Go to Church Sunday at the First Methodist Church**

Sunday School at 9:45 A. M.

Junior Epworth League at 3 P. M.

Senior Epworth League at 6:45 P. M.

Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.

Strangers and Visitors Cordially Invited.

**F. A. WHITE, Pastor**

**SCOFIELD SCHOOL FOR GIRLS**

High and Healthful location. Beautiful scenery. Outdoor gymnasium. Hot water heating. Music, Modern Languages, Domestic Science. Apply to MISS SARAH C. SCOFIELD, Principal, Kerrville, Texas.

**KERRVILLE BAKERY**  
C. H. WOLFMUELLER, Prop.

QUALITY BREAD—BUY HOME MADE BREAD  
We Sell You Three Loaves for 25 Cents

Fresh Cakes, Pies and Rolls

PHONE NO. 180 - - KERRVILLE, TEXAS

**THE TEXAS COMPANY**  
CHAS. HEINEN, Local Agent  
KERRVILLE, TEXAS

AM ITEMS

of Harper was a business visitor of this week. Stapp and son of Segovia last week transacting business at Sherman's Mill was a visitor here Friday of last week.

of Port Arthur is visiting here. Dr. J. L. Fowler and wife were in Kerrville last week. Mrs. E. H. Prescott and Mrs. Stapp were pleasant callers here last week.

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and the double duet with chorus by the members deserves special mention. E. H. Prescott led a lively discussion of "City Improvement" in which a number of the members expressed themselves very enthusiastically.

H. L. Crate, who has just completed a six weeks trip through New Mexico and Arizona, visiting twenty towns and speaking to commercial clubs and about fifty high schools in the interest of the Guadalupe Boys' Camp and the Schreiner Institute, gave a very impressive showing of what we may do in Kerrville by comparing the natural resources in climate, scenery, water, etc. of Kerrville with those of Roswell, Deming and other towns.

Mr. Prescott said that if Los Angeles could take equal parts of sand, climate and boosting and make a city of 750,000 he could not see why Kerrville could not mix some well planned improvement and judicious boosting and make a delightful, prosperous city here.

The next feature of the program was a very earnest discussion of "The Qualifications of a Citizen of the Kingdom of God Among Men."

Miller Harwood made a very practical and convincing talk, showing that God has a workable and effective program for the lives of men, the working out of which has given us the best in the civilization which we have, and that He offers to all the benefits of this program and also invites every man to become a citizen in this Kingdom and a real partner in extending its benefits to the whole race.

Other members took part in the discussion. The meeting was concluded with a generous lunch and a social good time.

On account of Christmas engagements it was decided to omit the next regular meeting, therefore the next meeting will be on the second Tuesday in January.

Death of Miss Mary Markham. The receipt of a message here last Sunday, telling of the death of Miss Mary Markham at Huntsville that day, brought grief and sadness into the hearts of her many friends here.

Miss Markham spent about four years here in an effort to regain her health, and because of her exceptionally sweet and winning personality endeared herself to many.

She returned to her home in Huntsville something over a year ago, when it was found that she could not hope to recover. Her patient suffering and her deep and abiding Christian faith were an example and comfort to her friends and all those with whom she came in contact.

CENTER POINT COMMENTS

J. E. Thomas made a business visit to Bandera Saturday. J. L. Keith returned from Breckenridge last Wednesday, after an absence of several weeks. Mrs. J. B. Rees has as her guest this week her cousin, Mrs. R. B. McLoughlin of Kingsville.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Moore of Junction were here last Thursday visiting Mr. Moore's mother, Mrs. Sim Moore. Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Milam of San Antonio are visiting their daughter-in-law, Mrs. May Milam at the Cliff House.

G. M. Doyle of Kerrville was here several days last week, tuning and repairing pianos and other musical instruments. Mr. and Mrs. Horace French, Mrs. Harry Pitman and Mrs. Allard, all of Boerne, were guests of Mrs. M. A. Shumard for a few days last week.

Mrs. M. C. Lane left here Tuesday for San Antonio where she goes to spend the winter. While there she will be the guest of her son, Asa Lane, and her daughter, Mrs. Claude Presley.

Mrs. T. B. Hamlyn came up from San Antonio last Sunday on an extended visit to her son, John Hamlyn. It is rumored that she has bargained for some choice property here with a view of residing here permanently.

Kelly S. White, a brother of Frank E. White, from Crosbyton, arrived here Sunday. He is an experienced printer and will have charge of the Center Point News, which will be published regularly from now on.

W. D. Ragland and L. W. Berry, with their families, from Brandon, Miss., arrived here last week and are occupying the J. N. Hodges residence. They intend spending the winter here, and possibly may locate here permanently.

Commissioner A. J. Gibbens is doing some needed repair work on the roads in this precinct. Mr. Gibbens is one of the best road men we have ever had, and if he had had funds our roads would have been first class by the time he goes out of office.

G. E. Henson came up from Floresville Sunday for a visit with his family, who reside here. Mr. Henson has a splendid farm near Floresville, but prefers to have his family live here where the climate is healthful and where his children can attend our splendid school.

and every good thing there is to eat was offered to her guests by this most gracious hostess. Those making up the party were Mesdames J. S. Wheelers, Frank Hart, Wanda Wyley and the hostess, Misses Ellen Mason, Elsie Johnston and Lucille Williamson, while the men of the party were Glenn Brooks, Cecil Robinson, Lee Lockwood, Wade Hampton of Waco, Jas. Smith and John Martin of Austin, Billy Winston and Edward Marsden of Brooks Field and Billy McMurray of Cuero.

HOUSE PARTY AT WALTER SCHREINER'S RANCH. This past week-end a party left San Antonio to be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Schreiner at their ranch home in the mountains above Kerrville. The party motored up last Saturday afternoon, stopping at the lovely home of Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Schreiner, where they enjoyed themselves until Sunday afternoon, when they reached their destination, visiting there until Wednesday before returning to the Alamo City. Of course, hunting was the principal amusement, and no doubt there were many wild gobblers and big bucks killed.

Among those who attended were Miss Mae Louise Schreiner, the honoree; Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Riggsby, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Schreiner, and Misses Courtenay Ferguson, Louise Flowers and Laura Machichol of Toledo, Ohio, guest of Mrs. and Miss Schreiner, while the gentlemen of the party were Julius Barclay, William Berman, William T. Thornton, James Duke, Walter Bergstrom and Ray Gross.

Justice Turner's Court. The following cases have been disposed of in Justice of the Peace Turner's Court during the past week: Roy Pendley, charged with disturbing the peace, fined \$16.70; Otto Pankratz, charged same, fined \$13.30; Glen Walker, charged same, fined \$16.70; Alvin Wehmeyer, charged the same; fined \$12.70; M. E. Throckmorton of Oklahoma, charged with hunting without non-resident license, fined \$37.60; J. B. Britton, charged with same, fined \$37.60; Alfred Duncan, charged with disturbing the peace, fined \$23.20.

A Sad Accident. Fredericksburg Standard, Dec. 9th: Last week Ben A. Luckenbach, while driving a truck, espied a hawk sitting in a tree beside the road. He stopped his truck and prepared to shoot the destructive bird. While stepping out of his hands and fell to the ground. It was discharged and the entire load of shot delivered into the unfortunate man's arm, which was torn up so badly that it became necessary to amputate immediately. He was taken to Temple, Texas, where the operation was performed. Since then the gentleman has been in a very critical condition, owing to the great loss of blood. It is indeed a sad accident. He has a wife and two small children, and is a Gillespie County boy, being a son of Ferd Luckenbach of this city.

DIVIDE BREEZES

Mr. and Mrs. I. J. Conn were Kerrville visitors Tuesday. Mrs. F. Klein and son, Felix, were visitors in Kerrville Tuesday. Enoch Hatch is in San Antonio this week attending Federal Court. Mrs. Merritt and son, Gatlan, were in Kerrville last Saturday shopping. Mrs. E. Hatch is spending the week in Kerrville with her sister, Mrs. Geo. Anderson. Mrs. J. H. Vanham and Mrs. D. Hughs were Kerrville visitors Tuesday of last week.

Jack Hamilton and party spent several days the past week hunting in the Harverson pasture. Mrs. Chas. Leinweber and Brown Freeman returned Thursday of last week from a trip to San Antonio. The Divide people are getting the holiday spirit and are planning big on a dance Friday night of this week. Miss Helen Ritchie was a week-end visitor of Mrs. D. C. Hall and accompanied her to Kerrville Saturday. M. F. Weston of Kerrville and Jim Freeman of this community spent several days hunting on the South Fork Ranch.

We are glad to report that Ernest Leinweber, who underwent an operation the early part of last week, is improving nicely. Messrs. Coble and Sullivan, who have been hunting on the Freeman Ranch the past week, returned to their homes in the Panhandle Tuesday. Mrs. Hays Wharton is congratulating herself on the ownership of a new brother-in-law. Her sister, Miss Leah McNealey, was married in San Antonio, December 5th.

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Dr. W. W. Beaty and U. J. Gray. Optometrists and Refractionists. Office Over Schreiner Bank, Kerrville, Texas. Come in and have your eyes examined. EXAMINATION FREE. Correctly fitted glasses will avoid accidents and keep a better expression on your face. We give best attention possible to all patients. COME IN AND CONSULT US.

I Likes You, Santa. A photograph of a child and Santa Claus. Photo by F. FOURVILLE.

FOOTBALL Sunday, Dec. 17 Government Hill vs. All-Stars Base Ball Park 3 P. M.

Youse a Good Old Santa. Tamales Meal. R. J. CASTILLO. PHONE 102. The Christmas gift of a lifetime—a photograph. It is literally a garland of gifts, tying many Christmases together. THE WHEELUS COMPANY. (Advertisement 47-tc).

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ter. You see, I have m... up," said Santa. "I pu... back wheels, and then... front tires, I rivet these... the rims."... e them to fit that way... Ralph, and I'll show you... here work. Incidentally... through my tunnel, so... ve to pass that horrid... se that you were telling... fine!" exclaimed Ralph... topped, his eyes shining... had this adventure. I'll... a, from here. So long... ber Twenty-Fifth... of December 25 as the... th of Christ was adopt... e Liberius in 353 or 354... church observed the fea... uniformity... SOME SPENDER... Can I spend... Christmas ev... ing with you?... I'd rather... do your spending... before Christmas... of This?... stance of the soul;... of force that flow... fe again; we deal... food into living... duty and hue, and... and yet you ask... flu? Have you... than in the power... ractors... AS... ice, 324; Res., 347... times Like These... Prosperous... at the... st... stor... GIRLS... or gymnasium... nestic Science... rrville, Texas... ERY... p... E BREAD... nts... , TEXAS... ANY

## Christmas Time Is Drawing Near

We now have on display in our store a fine array of Gift Goods all ready for your selection. Gifts that are useful, economical and truly desirable.

In our Christmas Offering we have maintained our usual level of Reasonable Prices.

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## Quit Your Worrying About That Gift You Want for Christmas LOOK OVER THIS LIST!

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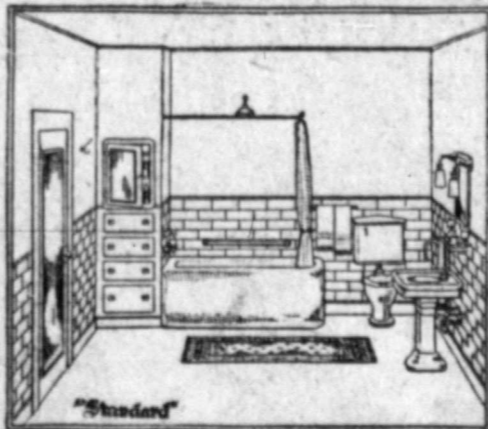
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The "last word" in convenience and improvement of home sanitation has not yet been written, but each year sees progress. A bath room 20 years old, or even 10 years old, is not up to the standard of today. The extent of recent improvements will delight you. Let us talk with you on modernizing your plumbing system.



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Yard Near Passenger Depot.

## The Wonderful Tree

By Christopher G. Hazard

(© 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)

IT STOOD in the corner of a rather needy room. It was festooned with strings of popcorn and cables of cranberries. Wisps of tissue paper and tinsel ornaments were out upon the branches, and small candles stood ready to illuminate the occasion. There were many invisible things upon the tree, too. The imaginations of the children had been as busy as their dreams. Family resources may be limited, but there are no bounds in the realms of Santa Claus and hope. In the magical Christmas time the clouds of poverty are all as gilded and beautiful as any sunset can furnish. Anything may happen then. Cinderella is as hopeful as her more favored sisters: not an urchin but has an expectant eye. So the Tanner Christmas tree was as beautiful as a picture and as full of presents as a picture could be.

But, however pictured by fancy and made of good wishes, the presents were all invisible. No one could see what was in the heads of the dreamers and the hearts of the anxious but needy providers. For weeks the mill had been closed, and now the family pocketbook was about empty. Father Tanner looked at the tree, could not see a gift on it, and shook his head. Mother Tanner was inclined to make the best of it.

Yes, the tree was one of the family. It had been the tree of last year's Christmas and the tree of the year before that. It was a tree that kept its evergreen habit and that did not seem to grow old. It was like a living tree, made to bring forth its fruit every year. It had been so good to them that they had named it Bounty. And now it stood there in the dark, all dressed up, but with nothing but blossoms, without any fruit. It could see the hurrying children running to their morning disappointment. It could



hear their cries of surprise and chagrin. Silly Sam, more needy of amusement than the others, would look in vain for his expected go-cart; Sue would miss the two dress patterns for her big doll, her new hat and high chair for her little doll; Bill Tanner would not get his skates; Dick would still need a sled. It was anything but a merry tree.

But it was a wonderful tree. It had a power of making itself felt all over a neighborhood. It could summon Santa Claus by a kind of wireless message that went through walls and everything. It reached as far as the folks who were having a Christmas eve party two blocks away and made them think of Mr. Folsom's mill boss and Mrs. Folsom's laundry woman. They had been wishing for some new fun for their party that day and now it came into their heads to go over and be Santa for the Tanners. So the tree drew a very silent but very busy company to the Tanners' back door.

As the children had left directions for Santa on the table it was easy to find out what the tree was expected to do, so, presently, it did it. There was more, too, than orders for the wanted things; the merry-makers had brought with them enough to satisfy any reasonable tree; there were picture books,



picture puzzles, games, a scissors grinder that could make the sparks fly, a train of cars that could go, a doll that could say "mama," and candy enough to go round. For Father and Mother Tanner there was a pocketbook with gold in it, and a note of good cheer that was better than the gold.

So the wonderful tree spent the rest of the night in trembling joy. It could not sleep for thinking of the friendly love that had provided such a happy morning to come. And when the first of the morning light brought all the Tanners downstairs the tree fairly shook with pleasure, amid the wonder and the glee of that Christmas day.

As for the servants of Santa Claus, they had never had such a merry Christmas before. Their hearts were so warm that they did not mind the frost. They sang over the pleasure of giving pleasure and relief. They said they knew that Santa Claus had to live up North so that he could cool off after his warm interest in the happiness of others. They addressed him in verses that must have made him jollier than ever, calling him:

THE MAGIC MAN  
There is a man who lives up north  
All clad in robes and furs,  
And every year he sallies forth  
As love his going spurs.

He mitigates the winter's cold  
That otherwise would freeze,  
And keeps himself from growing old  
By tending Christmas trees.

He children for his coming wait,  
So do the old folks, too;  
Unhappiness goes out the gate  
When Santa comes to you.

And their own presents never seemed  
So large and good before.

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J. A. JACKSON, Optometrist

## The Dixie Theater

SHOW STARTS AT 7:45 P. M.

FRIDAY, DEC. 15TH  
George Larkin in "Boomerang Justice."  
"Adventures of Tarzan," No. 9.

SATURDAY, 16TH  
Harry Carey in "Good Men and True."  
Mirth Comedy, "Bing."

MONDAY, 18TH  
Marion Davies in "Bride's Play."  
Comedy.

TUESDAY, 19TH  
Jack Holt and Bebe Daniels in "North of the Rio Grande."  
Chester Comedy, "Man vs. Woman."

WEDNESDAY, 20TH  
Pola Negri in "The Last Payment."  
Hallroom Boys Comedy.

THURSDAY, 21ST  
Claire Adams and Robert McKim in "Heart's Haven."  
Chester Comedy, "Southern Exposure."

In Accordance With Our Usual Custom, We Will Show Matinees on Saturdays During the Holiday Season, Commencing December 16th.

Yours for