

# The Joy of the Beautiful Pine

The Story of a Municipal Christmas Tree  
By THORNTON W. BURGESS

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ONCE upon a time, long, long ago, the great-great-grandfather of Happy Jack Squirrel, whose name was Happy Jack, too, was scampering along the Lone Little Path that comes down the hill through the Green Forest. He was happy, very happy, was Happy Jack, which was quite as it should be, for there was everything to make him happy. His sides were fat with the good things he had to eat. He had a beautiful new coat to keep him warm when rough Brother North Wind and Jack Frost should come driving the snow clouds to make white the Green Meadows and change the Green Forest until the little people who live there only in the summer would never, never know it had they happened to have come back. But rough Brother North Wind and Jack Frost had not come yet, and Old Mother Nature was busy preparing the Green Forest for them and urging all the little people to hurry and make ready for them. So Happy Jack scampered down the Lone Little Path and pulled over red leaves and yellow leaves and brown

self, and Happy Jack had saved her some trouble, for, though he didn't know it, he had planted it for her. It all came about just as Old Mother Nature had thought it would. Happy Jack never once thought of that particular little brown seed, for he had hidden plenty to eat all the long winter in the Green Forest. So the little brown seed lay just where he had hidden it, until gentle Sister South Wind came in the spring and with her soft fingers opened all the little brown blankets of the leaf buds on the trees which Jack Frost with his hard fingers had been unable to open. Then Old Mother Nature remembered the little brown seed, and she wakened a little fairy who was sleeping in the heart of it, and the name of the little fairy was the Fairy of Life. So out from the warm earth sprang a tender green shoot, which really was a teeny, weeny Pine-tree. Jolly, round, bright Mr. Sun, looking down from the blue, blue sky, saw it and smiled, and his smile made the teeny, weeny Pine-tree very happy, for it warmed the ground and comforted the little roots growing there. Old Mother West Wind, hurrying past on her way to blow the white-sailed ships across the Great Ocean,

and was beloved of all the little people of the Green Forest and the Green Meadows, and gave them shelter and was happy.

Once every year, long after the nuts had been gathered and all the world seemed drear and bare, came merry children, and older folk, and with laugh and song and happy shout would cut young Pine trees and young Hemlock trees and carry them away. At first the Beautiful Pine had pitied the young trees, but when it saw that it was the possession of these trees that made the children so happy, it began to envy them, and when Jack Frost told it of peeping in at many windows and seeing these little trees made beautiful with many lights, and hung with beautiful things to fill the hearts of little children with joy, it sighed more than ever.

"For," murmured the Beautiful Pine to the kindly stars, "I would gladly give myself to put joy in the heart of just one little child; but, alas! I am too big. I am too big. No little child wants me because I am too big."

So Christmas after Christmas the Beautiful Pine would watch the little trees carried away and would murmur sadly, "I can give Christmas joy to not one little child because I am too big, too big." And the wandering Night Wind would carry that sad murmur through all the Green Forest, "I am too big, too big."

Then, one day, when the snow lay white on the Green Meadows and in the Green Forest, and the Beautiful Pine had watched the little trees for Christmas carried away with laugh and shout, as it had for so many Christmases, came men and horses, and keen axes sent shivers clear to its beautiful top, until its proud length lay stretched on the snow. And somehow the beautiful Pine cared not, for it so wanted to give joy to just one little child, and it was too big, too big.

It was carried into a great city, and there, in the very heart of the great city, the Beautiful Pine was raised until it stood as proudly as it had stood just beyond the edge of the Green Forest, and it was hung with many colored lights until it was quite, quite the most beautiful that ever was. And there came not one, but a thousand little children, and they danced around the Beautiful Pine, and laughter was in their eyes, for joy was in their hearts. And they sang and their voices were joyous. And they shouted and their voices were merry. And they cried:

"It is the most beautiful tree in all the world, for it is our Christmas tree—the Christmas tree of all the children!"

Then was the heart of the Beautiful Pine, planted long, long years ago by the great-great-grandfather of Happy Jack Squirrel, filled with a great joy—the joy of giving, for it had given its greatest gift, the gift of itself, for the joy of many. And the spirit of Christmas, which is love for all mankind, descended upon it as sweet-toned bells chimed, "On earth peace, good will toward men," and the glad voices of a thousand little children cried, "Merry merry Christmas!"

### A Sweet Revenge.

"I sent my present to Nellie Slyboots when she was at her club, and I knew all the girls and fellows would gather around to see her open it."  
"Why, I thought you didn't like Nellie."  
"I can't bear her. The present was a nice long hair switch."

### Hopes Women Will Adopt This Habit As Well As Men

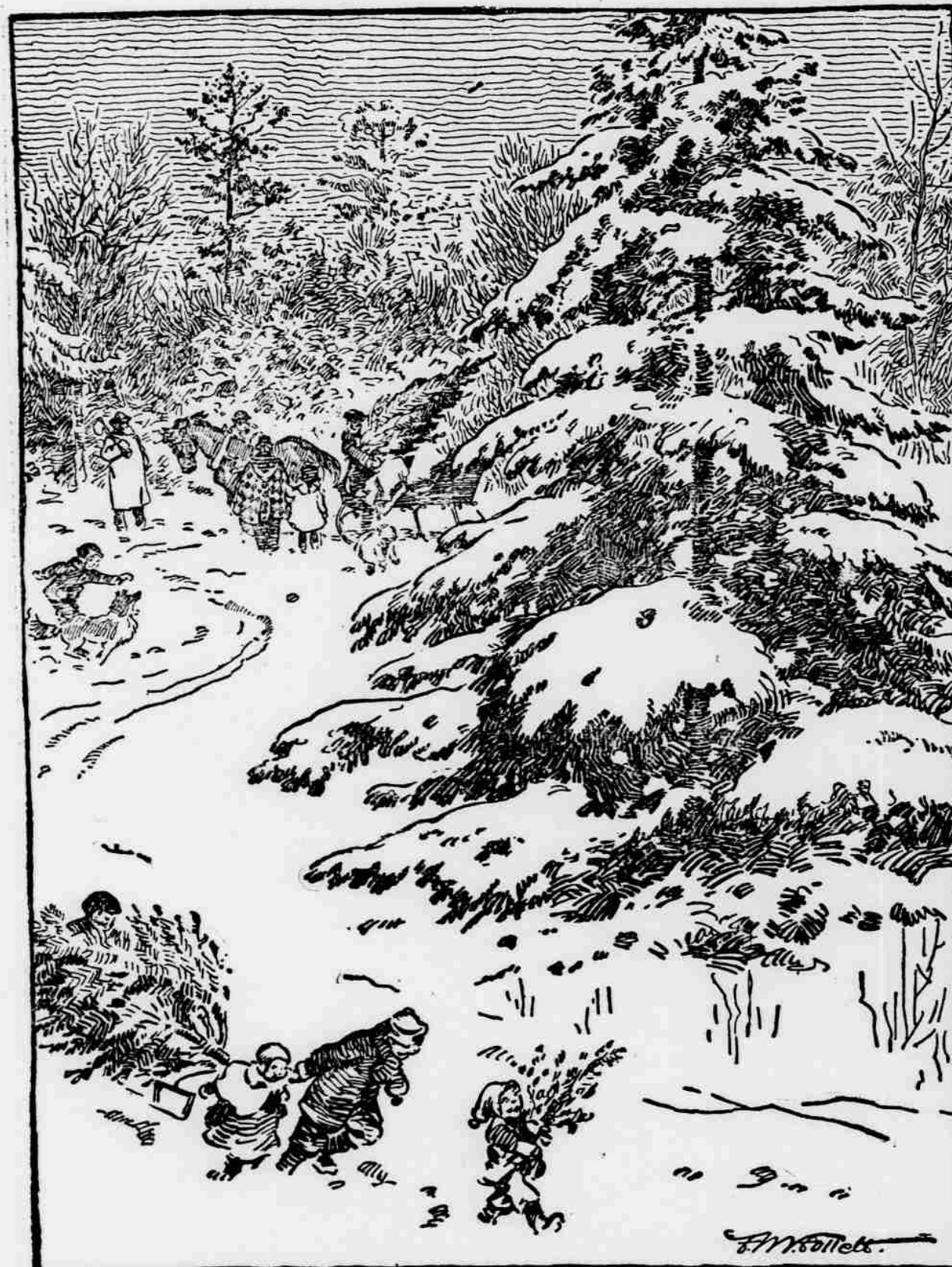
Glass of hot water each morning helps us look and feel clean, sweet, fresh.

Happy, bright, alert—vigorous and vivacious—a good clear skin; a natural, rosy complexion and freedom from illness are assured only by clean, healthy blood. If only every woman and likewise every man could realize the wonders of the morning inside bath, what a gratifying change would take place.

Instead of the thousands of sickly, anaemic-looking men, women and girls with pasty or muddy complexions; instead of the multitudes of "nerve wrecks," "rundowns," "brain fags" and pessimists we should see a virile, optimistic throng of rosy-cheeked people everywhere.

An inside bath is had by drinking, each morning before breakfast, a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it to wash from the stomach, liver, kidneys and ten yards of bowels the previous day's indigestible waste, sour fermentations and poisons, thus cleansing, sweetening and freshening the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach.

Those subject to sick headache, biliousness, nasty breath, rheumatism, colds; and particularly those who have a pallid, sallow complexion and who are constipated very often, are urged to obtain a quarter pound of limestone phosphate at the drug store which will cost but a trifle but is sufficient to demonstrate the quick and remarkable change in both health and appearance awaiting those who practice internal sanitation. We must remember that inside cleanliness is more important than outside, because the skin does not absorb impurities to contaminate the blood, while the pores in the thirty feet of bowels



Once Every Year, Came Merry Children, and Older Folk, and With Laugh and Song Would Cut Young Pine Trees and Carry them Away.

leaves to see what he could find under them, and his heart was happy, for his stomach was full, and you know a full stomach, unless it be too full, almost always makes a happy heart.

Now, as he pulled over the red and yellow and brown leaves, his sharp eyes spied a little brown seed. It was a homely little seed which had fallen from a rough pine cone, and you and I would very likely not have seen it at all, or if we had we would have thought it of no account. But Happy Jack's eyes sparkled when he saw that homely little brown seed, for he knew that it was very good to eat.

Not that he was hungry. Oh, my, no! There wasn't room in his stomach for the least teeny, weeny bit more just then. But Happy Jack knew that there might come a time when his stomach would not be so full, and then that little brown seed would taste oh, so good!

Now, he had hidden a great many little brown seeds and fat nuts near the Lone Little Path, so when he picked up this particular little brown seed quickly he scampered over the dry leaves until presently he came to the edge of the Green Forest. He looked this way and he looked that way to see if anyone was watching him, and when he was sure that no one was, he ran out a little way from the edge of the Green Forest, dug a tiny hole in the soft, warm earth with his paws, dropped into it the little brown seed and covered it carefully.

"There," said he to himself, as he scampered back to the Green Forest to see what more he could find, "every-one knows I live in the Green Forest and no one will think to look out here for things I have hidden."

Old Mother Nature, who knew just what Happy Jack had done, smiled, for she also knew that it was more than likely that Happy Jack would forget all about that little brown seed, and if he did she had a plan to use it her-

self, and Happy Jack had saved her some trouble, for, though he didn't know it, he had planted it for her. It all came about just as Old Mother Nature had thought it would.

Happy Jack never once thought of that particular little brown seed, for he had hidden plenty to eat all the long winter in the Green Forest. So the little brown seed lay just where he had hidden it, until gentle Sister South Wind came in the spring and with her soft fingers opened all the little brown blankets of the leaf buds on the trees which Jack Frost with his hard fingers had been unable to open.

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