

EDITORIAL PAGE

THE ADVANCE

Herbert Peale
EDITOR

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A CHRISTMAS GREETING

We hope that the kiddies among our readers will enjoy the Santa Claus story on the front page of The Advance today.

And in this connection, we wish to express to you, our readers, one and all, old and young, the hope that your Christmas may be all that Christmas should be and that your New Year maybe all that you may aspire to make it.

For ourselves, we shall continue to eat and sleep—more or less as circumstances allow—with the ambition to give you the best newspaper service that we possibly can. It is no trifling effort to assemble and balance this service to fit the needs of many readers, of many kinds. But we ask neither charity for our shortcomings nor praise for our possible perfections; just a reading then a verdict of the merits of our case, and we are content if there are any of the latter to say:

"Ours be the cakes and the ale; and thine the honor and glory."

DEPEND ON BOYS AND GIRLS

We do not know of any man in town to whom we could wish more sincerely that reward for the years labor might come at this season than Secretary Ford of the Y. M. C. A.

Striving to lay a foundation for the youth of the land, battling against opposition often, and with too many showers of cold water descending upon his plans and labors to inspire or encourage, Secretary Ford has stood by his guns and has played the man. Everybody else has known how he ought to have done it, of course. Putting themselves in his place, however, is another thing, and we doubt that any of those who knew how it ought to have been done would have done as well.

When today the young people who have known Mr. Ford best perhaps said "We want to let you know something of the help that you have been to us", The Advance rejoiced. We are sure that the gift and the demonstration of appreciation came unexpectedly to Mr Ford as they did to the rest of us. And yet, we shouldn't have been surprised at all, for we know that we can "depend on the boys and girls".

"It was a strange omission" says Editor Archibald Johnson in this week's issue of Charity and Children "In last week's issue that we did not mention the fine work of Hon. E. F. Aydtlett as chairman of the committee on entertainment at the Baptist State Convention. Mr. Aydtlett not only sent the visitors to splendid homes, but entertained a large body in his own delightful home. He is a capable man anywhere you put him."

ARE YOU A SPUG?

Editor Hight C. Moore of the Biblical Recorder says:

About this season for years you have been hearing of the Society for the Prevention of Useless Giving.

The hint was needed. But it is negative; and there ought somewhere to be a good strong positive over against it.

We, therefore, dare to propose another and even better "Spug"—a Society for the Promotion of Useful Giving.

And this is needed also; needed more than the first, and needed not only at Christmas, but every day of the year and all through the years. Are you a member?

Is your church such a society? Where are 'Spugs' and 'Spugs,' you see!

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

There is so much of the 'eternal selfish' in the grownup's idea of Christmas, frequently that the origin of Christmas and the meaning of the word itself is lost sight of.

We heard a man say yesterday "This is the most prosperous Christmas season in years, and less than usual instead of more seems to be planned for the needy."

And a few hours later another visitor in The Advance office said: "It ought to be called Santa Clausmas and not Christmas, for in reality Christ is put last this season."

We do not need to emulate Old Scrooge in our views of the holiday season, but, truly, we are always happier for giving, and even the little folks rejoice in sending gifts to someone whom they feel needs them more than themselves.

A few years ago the movement for a White Gift Christmas was introduced into some of the Sunday Schools of America and since that time the idea has gained favor among Sunday school leaders. The keynote of the service used is "White Gifts for the King" and these gifts are divided into three classes, gifts of self, service and substance, making the Christmas service evangelical and missionary in spirit. Those Sunday schools which have once tried "The White Gift Christmas" report that they could never go back to the old idea. In some cases more conversions are reported than during a lengthy revival meeting; in others, funds are raised for the building of a new church, but most important of all a new meaning is found in the Christmas observance, the children of the Sunday school are taught that it is more blessed to give than to receive, and the foundation is laid for a bigger better community.

A "White Gift Christmas" throughout a city would mean a happy Christmas for the givers and good cheer to those afflicted or in need, and would remind the forgetful world that religion is a real force in the lives of good citizens.

A Convention visitor, designated on his letter head as a real estate dealer and farmer, but belonging also to the class of men described by Dr. Mulling as "Model Laymen", sends us the following happy greeting this week.

"Received a copy of your paper and enjoyed its contents, especially your account of the Convention which was very full and very precise. I also enjoyed my few days stay in your city and found your people hospitable and kind, especially my host at the Southern Hotel, to whom I wish to be remembered.

NOTICE

Sale of Valuable Property

By virtue of a mortgage deed executed to me by A. P. Bowe and wife Sarah P. Bowe, for certain purposes therein mentioned which said mortgage deed bears date Dec. 30th, 1913 and is registered in the office of the Register of deeds of Pasquotank County in Deed Book no 38, Page 313 I shall on Saturday January 20th, 1917 offer for sale at the Court House door in said County, at Public Auction for cash, the property conveyed to me in said mortgage deed, to-wit: Bounded on the north by Spelman street, East by lot owned and occupied by Mrs. Newton Spence; South by Ehringhaus street and west by lot belonging to Minnie B. Cartwright. Hour of sale 12 o'clock M.

This the 18th day of December 1916
J. C. BROOKS,

Mortgagee.

dec 19 26 Jan 2 9 16

The Joy of the Beautiful Pine

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

(Copyright by Thornton W. Burgess)

ONCE upon a time, long, long ago, the great-great-ever-so-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



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 eat, and he was under a tree, and his heart was happy, for his stomach was full, and you know a full stomach 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 saw it, and 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 was a feast in his stomach for the least teeny, teeny 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. Then Old Mother Nature remembered the little brown seed, and she awakened 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-ever-so-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."

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Nov. 23 1916