



it. The French unit, the franc, which was worth about nineteen cents before the war is worth only about ten cents now. Even the English unit, the pound sterling, which before the war was the money standard of the world, and was worth \$4.86, is now worth only \$3.82. All these countries, then, must borrow money to do business; and they must do business to keep from falling further behind. The outlook for them is very black indeed.

The United States, on the other hand, while owing a huge war debt which will make heavy taxes necessary for years to come, is in good condition financially. The American dollar is the standard of the world. We have work to do, materials from which to manufacture articles, money with which to pay wages, and the other countries are in such shape that they must buy from us. We are pretty sure to be busy. We are not apt to have to eat grass to live. We are indeed lucky in comparison.

Of course, prices will be high, because there is a scarcity of things in the world,

and other countries must have them and are willing to pay high prices to get them. But if we keep our feet on the ground, keep working, spend carefully, save if possible, and don't stop the wheels of industry by tying things up in strikes, we will pull thru safely. How much brighter this looks than conditions in Europe, where there isn't work even for those who want it. Doesn't it look as tho we should drink (a "dope" or lemon soda!) to America's prospects for 1920?
—P. E. P.

I Am Your Friend

I am your friend. Come to me when emergency calls, tho you have a thousand friends, for I am certain. I am resource. I encourage efforts, fortify ambitions, protect possessions.

I develop safe judgments by disclosing the value of conservative thought, the rewards of conservative action. I teach thrift, and thereby enrich. Thru habits of thrift, I cultivate other careful habits, and discourage careless ones.

Thus do I mold character, and among your fellow-beings improve your estimate and standing.

And I am not alone your now-friend. I look far ahead. I secure you from the humiliation of dependency. In the sunset of your years, when your energies have earned their period of repose, I continue to be your friend—your assuring friend.

When you have put aside your labors, modified your social activities, lessened your obligations; when you have come to hold the affairs of life with changed interests, you may still rely upon me.

When your mind has secured its opportunity to unrestrictedly indulge retrospect, profound thought, and sublime reflection, I shall stand ready to surround you in comfort with the atmosphere of peace, the happiness of ease, and the things you will at such a time most desire to be surrounded with.

I prepare and provide the way—your all-time friend.

I am your cash reserve, held in bank or War Savings Stamps.

—Buy W. S. S. —

Christmas at the School

Invitations reading "Badin School at Home, December 21, 3.00 p. m.," were received by each patron of the Badin School, on December 18, 1919. At the appointed time, about a hundred guests called, and were invited to the Kindergarten Room, where a very attractive play, "Bobby Brewster's Rooster," was given by the pupils of Miss Louise Whitley and Miss Susan Green. Wilford Jones as Bobby Brewster, and Louise Beagle as Granny Brewster, deserve special praise for the way in which they played their parts. After the play, sandwiches and coffee were served by the Ninth Grade girls, under the direction of Miss Robertson. The patrons were then asked to visit the class rooms, where an exhibit of the class work of each grade was shown. The rooms were lovely in their holiday dress, and those who visited them were loud in their praise of the work exhibited.

On Tuesday afternoon, Christmas trees and appropriate exercises were held in each room, and judging from the sounds of merriment that came from the rooms both teachers and pupils enjoyed the afternoon thoroly. Santa Claus himself visited Miss Bell's room, and gave to each astonished little one a real blackboard as a Christmas gift from Miss Bell.