

Christmas, Nineteen-Twenty

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in the luxury line. Then the bottom fell out of the woolen and leather markets, next came the drop in cotton. People stopped buying, artificial regulation of supply ran into a snag, and lack of demand for goods finally resulted in the closing of many mills, particularly in the textile industry. When they reopened, it was on a part-time schedule, with a decided reduction in wages. The country is making progress toward pre-war conditions in many respects. Wholesale prices have been cut from twenty to fifty per cent. in many lines; the cost of living has decreased approximately five per cent., and the outlook for further reduction is promising. To be sure, unemployment has increased very appreciably in the past few months—several of our basic industries have found it necessary to curtail production. Even the railroads have reduced the number of their employees.

But our economists and authorities in the industrial world are optimistic concerning the very near future—Spring is expected to bring a decided improvement in all fields of work and business. There is plenty of work to be done, and once the uncertainty in the business world is removed there will be a big boom in production, which is synonymous to saying that everything will soon be running smoothly. Worldwide conditions affect every country of any importance; consequently the United States is concerned, to a marked degree, with events in Europe and other commercial sections of the civilized world. Just now foreign exchange is in such an unfavorable state that we are not engaging in an extensive foreign trade. But readjustment will come with reconstruction, so the future holds much in store for us as individuals and as a nation.

Thus it is that Christmas of nineteen-twenty finds us. Five long years have elapsed since we have had a genuine Christmas; eight long years have passed since we felt absolutely free to participate in the festivities of this joyful holiday. Now we are at the dawning of a new epoch in the history of the world—the League of Nations is functioning, thus a beginning has been made in an endeavor to rid the world of any future possibility of such a carnage as the period 1914-1918 brought to us. We have not forgotten those who lie in Flanders Fields, nor have we failed to take up the torch which they passed on to us.

We are, deep down in our hearts, a great deal better for what the lessons of that dreadful period have taught us. Those of us who have experienced sorrow have ceased to grieve over our loss, for we now feel that something really big has been gained; the realization of what we have lost is still with us, and always will be, yet we look to the future with high hope and fond expectation.

And so it is the old Christmas spirit should be revived. No one of us can look upon the birthday of Christ and not be cognizant of what this feast day has meant to past generations of our own immediate family. Christmas Eve still brings to us memories of childhood, when we knelt at mother's knee and listened to that ever familiar "'Twas the Night before Christmas . . ." Even now we wonder how Santa Claus ever got down our winding chimney with his overflowing pack!

Christmas time should be a merry time—it is the one big feast day observed all over the world. Christmas comes but once a year; partake of its holiday cheer! But remember that you, too, must be bright and cheerful. Begin to get in mood for it now, then you will be surprised how much you enjoyed the Christmas of nineteen-twenty when you look back on this occasion in later years. Wish your friends, acquaintances, and the members of your own family, a merry, merry Christmas—spread a little sunshine wherever you go, it will be returned to you a hundredfold. May the Christmas of nineteen-twenty bring to you and yours all the blessings and pleasures of this most joyful season.

—W. L. Q.

Just Imagine!

Dermid not giving one the impression he had the young lady under arrest, when walking with her.

The Southbound train blowing less than six times when coming into Badin.

Taylor dancing in his hobnailed slippers on the wax floor of the ballroom.

"Daddy" White not checking bills and counting change at least thrice.

A Concrete road from Badin via Albemarle to Salisbury.

Cora Williams with a red-headed, freckle-faced husband.

Gladys Mason taking a prize in a side-show as the fat lady.

Parks with a chauffeur and a footman for his J. H. Sedan.

Shoemaker visiting Badin without his Maxwell buzz-wagon.

Kelly being in love with motor tests, curves, and widows.

The waters of the Yadkin being as clear as a spring.

Dick Richards apart from dogs, especially hounds.

Rhea keeping Mrs. Rhea company all day Sunday.

Harry Smith apart from Balls and Ball Games.

Captain Kidd cussing Democrats and talking low.

Dotson discovering a substitute for aluminum.

Street making soapbox speeches for socialism.

Gomo, "Slim" calling a taxi to go to the river.

Scott having a reunion with his grandchildren.

Austin putting an extra twenty in an envelope.

The Baptist Church finished and dedicated.

Roth "on the outs" with automobiles.

McN. DuBose "Painting the town red."

All houses in Badin sold and paid for.

McElhaney not looking for side lines.

Wake giving away T. P. C. houses.

The new high efficiency potrooms.

John Henrys at \$375.00 delivered.

Book 6 feet 3 ins. and 275 lbs.

All Aluminum made 99.99 fine.

Coffman down to 115 pounds.

Gasoline ten cents a gallon.

Coal at five dollars a ton.

C. Ritch'e spoiling the job.

Doc. Ol'ver selling peanuts.

Early without his "Elgin."

Sills apart from chickens.

Milk five cents a quart.

Thorpe driving a Ford.

Gooch punching pots.

A ball without girls.

Allen singing solos.

White Carbons.

Beers cussing.

Visits Parents

Miss Sallie Jenkins, who is attending King's Business College in Charlotte, spent a week with her parents recently. Miss Jenkins is planning to return to Badin for the Christmas holidays.