

The Highland Park Press

THERE'S LOTS OF PEOPLE in the world with mighty stores of cash, who spend a million a year and never think they're rash, whose money makes so vast a sum it staggers all belief, and shocks the eyes with figures great until there's no relief, but all this wondrous wealth of gold is nothing in the end when placed beside the value of a man who's just a friend. The man whose heart is large and warm, and beats with sympathy, who shows esteem for others and a deep-bred chivalry, who'll stand as firm as sea-swept rocks to help another man who'll sacrifice himself as only a true comrade can; a man like that has lustre that mere wealth can never lend, a man like that is king of men, because he's just a friend. When things go wrong and hopes are lost and all is black ahead, when sorrow stalks into our hearts and all life's zest is dead, when problems loom gigantic and our little worries swell, it's then we need the friend to whom our troubles we can tell, the chap who'll let us "Talk it out" who'll understand its trend, who wants to hear and wants to help — the man who's just a friend.—*Author Unknown*