

tery efficiency. Realizing this, certain of our officers with the assistance of certain non-coms began and perfected a series of entertainments which gave spice to the seemingly dead life.

Christmas morning saw the fruit of this commendable labor. In the forests about St. Blin, where we were stationed, were vast numbers of wild boars, and unusually large numbers of deer. So, we prepared a wild boar hunt for Christmas. Some 50 or 60 of us, under the leadership of one of our officers, struck out across the plains for a big wilderness. No body of scouts ever acted the role of real boys any better than we did on that morning. Boyish jokes were spun and played on the way. Braggadocio was engaged in even by the man who had us in charge. Why not? It was absolutely proper for all of us to forget the cares and worries that made life so hard to endure and "just be glad."

As soon as the party reached the woods we divided into squads and entered the wilderness with the intentions of trapping our game. The plans we used there cannot be used here. The French forests are very systematically arranged. To that nation wood is a treasure. It is very evident when you remember that we had to pay from \$25 to \$30 a cord for fuel. Their forests are divided into sections by what are known as fire contracts. Every hundred meters or so there is a cleared patch of 6 or 8 feet which runs for a considerable distance. In case of fire in one section it cannot cross into the neighboring section. This places fire loss in the forests of France at a minimum.

In this hunt it was our plan to scour a section at a time. This we did for several hours without success. We waded deeper and deeper into the wilds only to find that the game had just passed on a few minutes before. At one time we caught sight of a drove of boars, but the pesky rascals made their escape with lightning rapidity. One beautiful doe was seen, but was too innocent a prey, even for an American soldier.

About the middle of the afternoon we felt a craving for some slum and beans. The escapade had actually revived us and made us yearn for the fresh pots of the kitchen. Homeward we wended our way with all the glory that would even crown

the brow of those who had been more successful. We were not so interested in actually catching the game. We were out for sport, and had really had it.

Christmas dinner was ready when we returned. With more care than usual in our preparations we made ready for the first and only Christmas dinner on a foreign soil. We were hungry and happy. The K. P.'s were unusually generous on that day. Our kits were filled to overflowing with excellent roast beef, fruits, rice, gravy, sweets and such like. Even though it was never customary to give thanks for an army mess I couldn't help but offer mine silently for all the good things that had come my way on that day. I had received my Christmas package from home, had spent a pleasant day, and was then in the act of eating a real tempting meal. It is the spirit of Christmas that always counts anyway, no matter where you are.

The special feature of the day was the community Christmas tree. For four long years, full of bitterness, the children of St. Blin had not enjoyed the Christmas season. They had not received the idea of a Christmas tree, the same to be given and loaded down with good things by the boys of the regiment. A handsome sum was quickly raised and the dream became a fact. In the afternoon the exercises were given. The children were made glad once more by their Yankee buddies, and in turn the Yanks were made to feel happy and to rejoice in having done something "even unto the least of these."

It can truthfully be said that the American is by nature a whole-souled gentleman. There exists in his heart a tender spot which yields always to the call of service. To the children of France he became a buddy, and shall always be remembered by them as a jolly good fellow.

Christmas night came on hurriedly. The boys crowded into their huts and spent the twilight hours in chats of pleasantness. Considering the time and place the day had been a success. He had reason to feel as well as thankful.

Thus, we came "to the end of a perfect day."

Space.

John: What is a space writer?

Bill: A man who writes a book on astronomy.—Boy's Life.

OUR SCOUTS AT WORK DAILY

Good Turns Reported by Scouts.

1. "A lady's hat blew from her head and I picked it up for her."

2. "An old rusty stovepipe was laying in the street and I moved it away to a place where I thought it would harm nothing."

3. "I was at church just before service and the preacher needed some cool water, so I brought him a pitcher of ice water."

4. "As I passed a hat rack in a mill the other day I saw a man's hat laying on the floor. I picked it up and put it on the hanger."

5. "A banana peeling was laying on the sidewalk and I picked it up and threw it in a garbage can."

6. "I showed a man where a certain street was."

7. "I was walking down the street not many days ago when I saw a man coming on a bicycle and he had a box on the handle bars which was filled with groceries. He lost his balance right on the car track with the car coming very near. I hurried out into the street and helped him pick up the things."

8. "I passed along the street one day and saw on the other side, out in front of a nice house, a man sitting in a rocking chair. The man was very ragged while a nice lady was standing by his side. I went across and asked the lady what was the matter with the man and she said he was sick. The sun was shining very bright so it made things very hot. I asked a man who was passing by to help me, and we carried the sick man to the shady lawn."

9. "A lady dropped some boxes and I picked them up for her."

10. "I went to the drug store for a lady."

"Do a good turn daily," and do it quietly without boasting, is a requirement of the Boy Scouts.

MIND OVER MATTER

A professor while roaming through the fields found himself confronted by a bull. Desiring to pass and also not to offend the beast, the professor said, "My friend, you are my superior in strength, but I am your superior in mind and so being equally gifted let us arbitrate the matter."

"Oh, no," replied the bull, "let's toss up for it."

The professor lost.—Boy's Life.