

THE HIGH POINT SCOUT

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Our Motto "Be Prepared"

**HOW WILL YOU CELEBRATE
CHRISTMAS?**

In what manner will you celebrate the 1919 anniversary of the birth of Christ? In what manner do you think you should celebrate it? What manner would be the right one? Have you ever stopped to think of what you are celebrating when you celebrate Christmas?

It is the day on which our Lord was born, He who gave us our religion, He who gave us the perfect example to follow. We should be thankful unto Him.

Just as the wise men and the shepherds came from afar and gave costly presents to the new-born Saviour, Jesus, we can give presents to Him today. We can do this by giving presents to our fellowman. We can help the poor and needy. There will be some children who will not be visited by old St. Nick, we can help them.

I have heard some people talk of the quart (of whiskey) for Christmas. For a person to celebrate Christmas by getting drunk is to show his lack of character. Even the idea of a man celebrating his Lord's birth by getting drunk, cursing and getting in a ditch, is very, very low.

I long to see the day when men will put away this method entirely and put their money into something that will be uplifting.

Celebrate His birth in the way you think He would have you cele-

brate it. Raise up your heart to your fellow-man; and with it your purse.

IF WE DO AS WE FEEL

If every person should do as he sometimes feels would this world mean anything to us? There is not many people but what feel bad at times and if they do not have pain they have a streak of laziness in them every now and then. When this feeling creeps over them it is very easy to give up the task they are working at, and grow careless and indifferent. It sometimes seems that a person cannot get through life when he thinks of the hard studying ahead if he makes a man of himself. All great men have to study and go thru many hardships to reach their high standing.

We must look at things optimistic, we must look on the bright side and say, if he can accomplish that thing I can.

Boys stick to getting an education and do not let laziness and bad feelings overtake you. The things that we do not want to do yet do, strengthens us.

Christmas Things We're Telling.

Christmas bells are ringing,
Mother to her child is singing
Christmas songs in Christmas tones,
And merry things to come.

Christmas tales she's saying,
Christmas prayers she's praying,
Loving words you've never heard,
Christmas boys are sleighing.

And merry things to come.
Happy chaps are trading
Christmas words you've always heard
And merry things to come.

—By NADY CATES.

For a Short Period.

Teacher: Don't you know that punctuation means that you must pause?

Willie: Cause I do. An auto driver punctuated his tire in front of our house Sunday and he paused half an hour.—Boy's Life.

Briefs from Poets.

Let thy child's first lesson be obedience, and the second will be what thou wilt.—Franklin.

Literature is the thought of thinking souls.—Carlyle.

Heap on more wood!—the wind is chill; but let it whistle as it will we'll keep our Christmas still.—Scott.

Our great and honored president, Woodrow Wilson, first saw the light of the world in the still month of December, 1856.

We Scouts are Winter Fun-Makers.

This autumn and early winter has been very favorable for us scouts. Hardly two weeks have passed in which time we could not fill our haversacks with "grub", take our staffs, and hike it to the "springs" for an over-night stay. We boys have certainly taken advantages of this favorable fact. This is the kind of weather that makes a fellow, a "regular" fellow we mean, smile as the tip of his nose begins to sting and turn red like the first bright cherry of spring. This is the kind of weather that makes a laugh go better than hot pancakes and maple syrup around a bright gleaming camp fire when everyone is filled with the enthusiasm of nature. Take it from us, readers, we can't be pleased better. God provides every really enjoyable gift.

The Month of Joy is Come at Last.

Why is the air so still about me, and the sun so faintly shining; why is the holly tree a-bloomin', and the pine tree sadly creaking; why is the brook so slowly rippling, and the children cease their crying? Because the spell of December has caught the life of nature. Why have the birds, except the sparrow, flown away to southern trees; why has Santa, in his gladness, opened stores with Christmas scenes? There is but one reply to give you, 'tis December's time to tease. 'Tis December's time to glory, while the Christmas trees are growing. And the early cock is crowing. "Cook your cakes and buy your presents ere this joyous month is passed, prime your ardent hearts for action, the month of joy is come at last.—By Nady Cates.