

"MY BELOVED POILUS"

there were six children to be looked after — the eldest a boy of eleven — and no money. As long as his wife had been able to run the farm they had been able to get along, but she had given out. The French soldier only gets five cents a day, so he had nothing to send them. He cried like a baby when I told him I could help him. We sent off a money order for one hundred francs the next day, and I wish you could have seen the change in that man. That little sum of money put things straight six months ago and now everything is going well. But he will never forget, and both he and his wife have a very warm feeling in their hearts for the good people across the sea who came to their rescue in a time of need. When I begin to talk of my beloved French it is hard to stop.

January 1, 1917.

The men had a wonderful Christmas day. They were like a happy lot of