

"All Quiet on the Western Front"



"What's got them?" says Muller. "Their clocks must be fast."
 "There'll be a bombardment. I tell you. I can feel it in my bones." Kat shrugs his shoulders. Three shells land beside us. The burst of flame shoots across the fog, the fragments howl and drone. We shiver and are glad to think that we shall be back in the huts early in the morning.
 Our faces are neither paler nor more flushed than usual; they are not more tense nor more flabby—and yet they are changed. We feel that in our blood a contact has been made. That is no figure of speech; it is fact. "It is the front, the consciousness of the front, that makes this contact. The moment that the first shells whistle over and the air is rent with the explosions, there is suddenly in our veins, in our hands, in our eyes, a tense watching, a profound growth, a strange sharpening of the senses. The body with one bound is in full readiness.
 It often seems to me as though it were the vibrating, shuddering air that with a noiseless leap springs upon us; or as though the front itself emitted an electric current which awakened unknown nerve centers. Every time it is the same. We start out for the front plain soldiers, either cheerful or gloomy; then come the first gun-emplacements and every word of our speech has a new ring.
 When Kat stands in front of the hut and says: "There'll be a bombardment" that is merely his own opinion; but if he says it here, then the sentence has the sharpness of a bayonet in the moonlight; it cuts clean through the thought, it thrusts nearer and speaks to this unknown thing that is awakened in us, a dark meaning there'll be a bombardment." Perhaps it is our inner and most secret life that shivers and falls on guard.
 To me the front is a mysterious whirlpool. Though I am in still water far away from its center, I feel the whirl of the vortex sucking me slowly, irresistibly, inescapably into itself.
 From the earth, from the air, sustaining forces pour into us—mostly from the earth. To no man does the earth mean so much as to the soldier. When he pres-

es himself down upon her long and powerfully, when he buries his face and limbs deep in her from the fear of death by shell fire, then she is his only friend, his brother, his mother; she affixes his terror and his cries in her silence and her security; she shelters him and gives him a new lease of ten seconds of life, receives him and often forever.
 Earth! Earth! Earth!
 Earth, with thy folds, and hollows and holes, into which a man may fling himself and crouch down! In the spasm of terror under the hail of annihilation, in the following death of explosions, O Earth, thou greatest us the great resting surge of new-born life. Our being, almost utterly carried away by the fury of the storm, breaks back through our hands from thee, and we, thy redeemed ones, bury ourselves in thee, and through the long minutes in a mute agony of hope, bite into thee with our lips!
 At the sound of the first drum-

grammer. Then he hastily corrected himself. "I mean they're not attending to their singing lesson."
 "They seem to be," Hanid said.
 "Yes, they seem to be, but I can't get more than a peep out of them. Peeping isn't singing, you know. Anybody can peep," he said, putting so much emphasis on the word peep that he fairly screeched it.
 The poor little birds were terribly frightened. They tried to fly out of the cage, but of course they could not get through the bars. So they flattered wildly, scattering the seed shells and the grains of sand that covered the bottom.
 "Now see here," Mr. Canary began, after they had settled down on the long perch again, "you can all learn to sing in five minutes

rows? Why do you PEEP?"
 The little canaries could only shuffle about in the most pitiful discomfort. They would have hidden themselves under the seed-bough had there only been room enough. Angrier and angrier grew Mr. Canary.
 "Why," he cried, "his voice throbbing with rage, "even the shadow-children can sing!"
 The shadow-children shook their heads—all except Knarf, who smiled proudly.
 "Certainly we can sing," he said. "We don't just peep like you do."
 "Of course not," Mr. Canary remarked. "You sing very well, don't you?"
 "Oh yes, very well."
 "That's because you're always attended to your singing lessons," Knarf nodded although he had never taken a singing lesson in his life. The canary beamed at him.
 "You're a very, very clever little shadow-boy, ever so much more clever than my children. I want you to show them how well you sing, just to make them ashamed of themselves."
 Knarf smiled. "What shall I sing them?"
 "Anything," said Mr. Canary. Hanid and the others tried to stop Knarf. "Why, you can't sing a note!" they whispered.
 "Now, children, listen carefully and you'll hear how well you can sing if you only attend," said Mr. Canary. The children all listened and to their astonishment, this is what they heard:
 "Squa-aw-wk, gr-r-r!"
 For Knarf, you see, couldn't sing at all—no, not at all!



"What Shall I Sing Them?"

if you only do exactly as I do. Just watch me carefully." He opened his mouth a little and instantly began to sing. It was the sweetest song imaginable, full of chirrups and warbles and long trills. It looked so easy that the shadow-children gazed at each other in surprise.
 "It looks as easy as pie," Mij said.
 "It's much easier than pie," Mr. Canary said. Then he turned to the young birds: "Now then, sing!"
 They opened their mouths. Instead of singing, they just peeped. Where were the chirrups, the warbles and the trills? Mr. Canary glared at them.
 "Is that singing?" he cried. "Is that the way you attend to my lessons? Are you canaries or spar-

GOOD-NIGHT STORIES

By Max Trel

Knarf Gives the Young Canaries A Real Singing Lesson
 —Oh, Yes!
 The sounds of considerable excitement were coming from the canary cage and Mij, Flor, Hanid, Yam and Knarf—the five little shadow-children with the turned about names—hurried into the parlor to see what was the matter.
 It turned out to be Mr. Canary inquiring at the top of his voice at the four young canaries, who were standing in a line on a perch in front of him. They all looked badly frightened and every now and then cast anxious glances in the direction of the little door, which however, remained tightly shut. Their names, you remember, were Do-re, Mi-fa, Sol-la and Ti-do.
 "Come, come," their father was telling them. "You're not attending at all." And he ruffled his feathers just to show how angry he was.
 "What aren't they attending to?" Knarf wanted to know.
 "They're not attending to nothing," he replied, forgetting all his

WORD HUNT

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 In the English language there are THIRTEEN WORDS (each having just SIX LETTERS) that begin with the letters SHR.

One of them is:
SHRANK—Wrinkled, bended or curled; contracted into a less extent or compass. Also retired, as from danger; recoiled, as in fear.

YOU supply the others.	To break into shivers; said of glass not properly tempered.
2/S H/R	Keen; sharp; cunning; clever in practical affairs.
3/S H/R	A sharp, shrill outcry; scream.
4/S H/R	Abolition.
5/S H/R	Sharp and piercing, as a sound.
6/S H/R	A slender, lobster-like crustacean. Also, a puny or insignificant person.
7/S H/R	A place of peculiar sanctity. Also, a receptacle for sacred relics.
8/S H/R	To draw together; contract; diminish; shrivel. To withdraw; recoil; flinch; quail.
9/S H/R	To confess and absolve.
10/S H/R	A garment for the dead. Also, to envelop; veil; conceal; hide.
11/S H/R	Heard or received the confession of. Confessed and received absolution.
12/S H/R	Drawn together; constricted; shriveled. Recoiled or withdrawn.
13/S H/R	

NOTE
 Proper nouns, obsolete and archaic words, extremely unusual technical and scientific words that would offend good taste, and those phrases of nouns and singular verbs, that are formed by the addition of a s or es are purposely excluded from Word Hunt.

The solution for today's Word Hunt will be found on the Classified page

CHAPTER VI

We have to go up on wiring fatigue. The motor lorries roll up after dark. We climb in. It is a warm evening and the twilight seems like a canopy under whose shelter we felt drawn together. Even the stinky Tjaden gives me a cigaret and then a light.
 We stand jammed in together, shoulder to shoulder, there is no room to sit. But we do not expect that. Muller is in a good mood for once; he is wearing his new boots.
 The engines drone, the lorries bump and rattle. The roads are worn and full of holes. We dare not show a light so we lurch along and are often almost pitched out. That does not worry us, however. It can happen if it likes; a broken arm is better than a hole in the gut, and many a man would be thankful enough for such a chance of finding his way home again.
 Beside us stream the munition columns in long files. They are making the pace, they overtake us going forward. We joke them and they answer back.
 A wall becomes visible, it belongs to a house which lies on the side of the road. I suddenly prick up my ears. Am I deceived? Again I hear distinctly the cackle of geese. A glance at Katesnky—a glance from him to me; we understand one another.
 "Kat, I hear some aspirants for the trying pan over there."
 He nods. "It will be attended to when we come back. I have their number."
 Of course Kat has their number. He knows all about every leg

Our eyes peer out our feet and our sticks feel front of us before they take the weight of the body. Suddenly the line halts. I bump my face against the roll of wire carried by the man in front and curse.
 of geese within a radius of 15 miles.
 The lorries arrive at the artillery lines. The gun-emplacements are camouflaged with bushes against aerial observation and look like a kind of military feast of the Tabernacles. These branches might seem gay and cheerful were not cannon emowered there.
 The air becomes acrid with the smoke of the guns and the fog. The fumes of powder taste bitter on the tongue. The roar of the guns makes our lorry stagger, the reverberation rolls raging away to the rear, everything quakes. Our faces change imperceptibly. We are not, indeed, in the front-line, but only in the reserves, yet in every face can be read: "This is the front, now we are within its embrace."
 It is not fear. Men who have been up as often as we have become thick skinned. Only the young recruits are agitated. Kat explains to them: "That was a 12-inch. You hear the explosion first and afterwards comes the sound of the gun."
 But the hollow sound of the firing does not reach us. It is swallowed up in the general murmur of the front. Kat listens: "There'll be a bombardment tonight."
 We all listen. The front is

restless. "The Tommies are firing already," says Kropp.
 The shelling can be heard distinctly. It is the English batteries to the right of our section. They are beginning an hour too soon. According to us they start punctually at 10 o'clock.

POLLY AND HER PALS



TILLIE, THE TOILER



CAUSES OF EPILEPSY STILL DEFY SCIENCE

Dr. Copeland, Giving Some Thoughts on This Strange Malady, Calls Attention to the Growing Belief that a Body Infection May Be Responsible.

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.
 United States Senator from New York.
 Former Commissioner of Health, New York City.

IN the letters coming to my desk are many relating to the various diseases of the mind and nervous system. Many people ask me about epilepsy and what can be done for its relief.

When I was a boy in the lower grades I had a schoolmate named Willie. He used to have "fits." The poor little chap would let out a yell, fall on the floor in a convulsion, froth at the mouth and bite his tongue.
 Even in that remote day I expected to be a doctor. The teacher knew this so she always assigned me to the duty of taking care of Willie. He was my first patient!
 I don't know who told me to do it but the first step of my treatment always was to keep the teeth separated—as to prevent biting of the tongue. I kept a wooden clothes pin for this purpose and my first effort was to get it between his teeth. Aside from washing his face and preventing his harming himself in his convulsive efforts, I recall doing nothing else. In fact that's about all a real doctor could do.

Epilepsy is one of the mysterious diseases. Its causes are obscure. It is quite probable that an infection of some sort may be the root of the trouble. It is wise for the epileptic to be given a thorough physical examination. Every effort must be made to discover and remove every possible source of infection. The progress made in the cure of functional insanity by getting rid of body poisons should be kept in mind in dealing with the epileptic. The medical profession is coming more and more to recognize the serious effect upon the system which follows the absorption of infections found in the teeth, tonsils, sinuses, generative organs and particularly the intestines. It is expected that these poisons constantly absorbed by the blood must have serious effects upon the nervous system. Any poison, whether it comes from within or without the body. If taken in repeated doses it is sure to create unpleasant symptoms. It may well be that epileptic may be cured upon such a disturbance.

- Answers to Health Queries**
- Mrs. F. W. G. Q.—What causes an offensive discharge from nose and throat?
 A.—This is probably due to nasal catarrh. For further particulars send self-addressed stamped envelope and repeat your question.
- Mrs. C. V. Q.—Can chills be cured?
 A.—Yes. For particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.
- Mrs. J. J. Q.—What can be done for enlarged pores?
 A.—What causes brown spots on the neck?
 A.—Enlarged pores may be made
- Mrs. W. A. Q.—What do you advise for mucous colitis?
 A.—This disease is very obstinate and does not readily yield to treatment. Indication in diet often bring on an acute attack. Constipation should be corrected. The medical treatment must be directed by the family physician after a personal examination.
- H. G. Q.—How can I reduce weight?
 A.—Weight reduction is merely a matter of self-control and regulated diet. Exercise is of course essential. For details send a self-addressed stamped envelope and repeat your question.
- A.—Weight reduction is merely a matter of self-control and regulated diet. Exercise is of course essential. For details send a self-addressed stamped envelope and repeat your question.

LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY



Mrs. Meany's Grasp



TOOTS AND CASPER



By BEN BATSFORD



By JIMMY MURPHY



"Sparrieh" Example



By JIMMY MURPHY



By JIMMY MURPHY



By JIMMY MURPHY

