

"All Quiet on the Western Front"



At the sound of the first dropping of the shells we rush back in one part of being, a thousands years. By the animal instinct that is awakened in us we are led and protected. It is not conscious; it is far quicker, much more sure, less fallible, than consciousness. One cannot explain it. A man is walking along without thought or heed; suddenly he throws himself down on the ground and a storm of fragments flies harmlessly over him; yet he cannot remember either to have heard the shell coming or to have thought of flinging himself down. But had he not abandoned himself to the impulse he would now be a heap of mangled flesh. It is this other this second sight in us, that has thrown us to the ground and saved us, without our knowing how. If it were not so, there would not be one man alive from Flanders to the Vosges.

We march up, moody or good-tempered soldiers—we reach the zone where the front begins and become one of the instant human animals.

An indigent wood receives us. We pass by the soup-kitchens. Under cover of the wood we climb out. The lorries turn back. They are to collect us again in the morning, before dawn.

Mist and smoke of guns lie breast-high over the fields. The

One of the men goes down on his knee, a shot—one horse drops—another.

moon is shining. Along the road troops file. Their helmets gleam softly in the moonlight. The heads and the rifles stand out above the white mist, nodding heads, rocking carriers of guns.

Further, on the mist ends. Here the heads, besmeared figures, coats, trousers, and boots appear out of the mist as from a milky pool. They become a column. The column marches on, straight ahead, the figures resolve themselves into a block, individuals are no longer recognizable, the dark wedges press on wards, fantastically topped by the heads and weapons floating off on the milky pool. A column—not men at all. Guns and munitions wagons are moving along a cross-road. The backs of the horses shine in the moonlight, their movements are beautiful, they reach their heads, and their eyes gleam. The guns and the wagons float before the dim background of the moonlit landscape, the riders in their steel helmets resemble knights of a forgotten time; it is strangely beautiful and arresting.

We push on to the pioneer dump. Some of us load our shoulder with pointed and twisted iron stakes; others thrust smooth iron

rods through rolls of wire and go off with them. The burdens are awkward and heavy.

The ground becomes more broken. From ahead come warnings: "Look out, deep shell holes on the left!"—"Mind, trenches!"—Our eyes peer out, our feet and our sticks feel in 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.

There are some shell-smashed lorries in the road. Another order: "Cigarettes and pipes out." We are getting near the line.

In the meantime it has become pitch dark. We skirt a small wood and then have the front line immediately before us.

An uncertain, red glow spreads along the sky line from one end to the other. It is in perpetual movement punctuated with the burst of flame from the muzzles of the batteries. Balls of light rise up and high above it, silver and red spheres which explode and rain down in showers of red, white and green stars. French rockets go up, which unfold a silk parachute to the air and drift slowly down. They light up everything as bright as day, their light shines on us and we see our shadows sharply outlined on the ground. They hover for the space of a minute before they burn out. Immediately fresh ones shoot up to the sky, and again green, red and blue stars.

"Bombardment," says Kat.

The thunder of the guns swells to a single heavy roar and then breaks up again into separate explosions. The dry bursts of the machine-guns rattle. Above us the air teems with visible swift movement, with howls, pipings and hisses. They are the smaller shells; and amongst them, booming through the night like an organ, go the great coal-bosses and the heavies. They have a hoarse, distant bellow like a rutting stag and make their way high above the howl and whistle of the smaller shells. It reminds me of flocks of wild geese when I hear them. Last autumn the wild geese flew day after day across the path of the shells.

The searchlights began to sweep the dark sky. They slide along like gigantic tapering rulers. One of them pauses, and quivers a little. Immediately a black insect is caught between them and tries to escape—the airman. He hesitates, is blinded and falls.

lie down and sleep. I try also, but it has turned too chilly. Near to the sea one is constantly waked by the cold.

Once I fall fast asleep. Then waking suddenly with a start, I do not know where I am. I see the stars, I see the rockets, and for a moment have the impression that I have fallen asleep at a garden fete. I don't know whether it is morning or evening. I lie in the pale cradle of the twilight and listen for soft words which will come, soft and near—am I crying? I put my hand to my eyes, it is so fantastic; am I a child? Smooth skin—it lasts only a second, then I recognize the silhouette of Katerzinsky. The old veteran, he sits quietly and smokes his pipe—a covered pipe of course. When he sees I am awake, he says: "That gave you a fright, it was only a nosecap, it landed in the bushes over there."

I sit up, I feel myself strangely alone. It's good Kat is there. He gazes thoughtfully at the front and says:

"Mighty fine fireworks if they weren't so dangerous."

One lands behind us. Two recruits jump up terrified. A couple of minutes later another comes over, nearer this time. Kat knocks it off his pipe. "It makes a glow."

Then it begins in earnest. We crawl away as well as we can in our haste. The next lands fair among us. Two fellows cry out. Green rockets shoot up on the sky-line. Barrage. The mud flies high, fragments whiz past. The crack of the guns is heard long after the roar of the explosions.

(To be continued)

GOOD-NIGHT STORIES

By Max Tress

Knarf Gets His Wish—A Swim In The Dead Sea.

One day the shadow-children with the turned-about names—Mij, Flor, Hanid, Yam and Knarf woke up to find themselves in Jerusalem.

They were't dreaming. Oh no, they were there well enough. You see, they were on a trip with their little masters and mistresses, the real children. Shadows always go with real persons. If you look hard enough you'll see that your own shadow always goes with you.



They Were in Jerusalem.

Well, they were in Jerusalem. They found it a most interesting old city. Why? For many reasons. Hanid, for instance, liked the high walls that circle it. These walls were many centuries old and so wide that you could easily walk on top of them without the slightest risk of falling off. Yam was struck by the beautiful Mosque of Omar, which is a Moslem church. Mij admired the souks or little shops, where Arab merchants sat with their legs doubled under them and sold their wares. As for Flor, he could think of nothing more exciting in all the world than King Solomon's caves, which were so big, so deep and so dark that even shadows, who are never so much at home as in the dark, were afraid of getting lost.

But Knarf—hm-m, he was a curious little shadow-boy. Unlike the others, he refused to become enthusiastic about Jerusalem, but kept saying over and over again: "I want to go to the Dead Sea. I want to go to the Dead Sea."

"The Dead Sea?" Hanid said at last. "What do you expect to find in the Dead Sea?"

"I don't expect to find anything," he replied.

The rest gazed at him in amazement. "Then what do you want to go there for?"

At this Knarf made what appeared to be an exceedingly strange answer.

"I want to go for a swim in the Dead Sea."

Now, the other shadow-children couldn't see this at all. Why should anyone want to go for a swim—of all places—in the Dead Sea? Could anything be sillier, especially when none of them had the least notion where the Dead Sea might be?

"Why don't you go swimming in a bath-tub instead?" Yam suggested. Knarf shook his head resolutely. "I want to go for a swim in the Dead Sea and no other place."

"But why?" demanded Mij and Flor. "Tell us why."

"I have my reasons," Knarf wouldn't say whether they were good reasons or bad reasons, or indifferent reasons. He merely kept repeating: "I want to go for a swim in the Dead Sea!"

"Indeed you won't go—nor will we go with you," Hanid said, for she didn't want Master Knarf to be so secretive.

"No," agreed Yam, and Mij and Flor.

But at this moment a most extraordinary thing happened, which shows that sometimes creative persons have their own way. In walked the real-children's father, and in a cheerful voice, announced to the real-children who were sitting near their shadows: "Come, my dears, hurry and put your hats on. We are going on an expedition."

"O-oh, where?" they wanted to know.

"The the Dead Sea, where we'll go for a swim."

"You really couldn't blame Knarf for smiling."

WORD HUNT

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In the English language there are EIGHT WORDS (each having just FIVE LETTERS) that begin with the letters AV.

One of them is:

A	V	I	T	
3	A	V	I	
4	A	V	I	
5	A	V	I	
6	A	V	I	
7	A	V	I	
8	A	V	I	

YOU supply the others.

A tool for being clever.
Anything, any part; a sought.
Forfeit; press; forbode.
Courtly. Pertaining to a court.
Pertaining to the ear.
Pertaining to gold.
Gold.

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

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

Rain Does no Damage at Zena

ZENA, September 21.—The light rains in this vicinity Friday and Saturday laid the dust but not enough rain fell to benefit the fall plowing.

Several farmers here have started dry plowing with tractors, but it is extremely dusty work. The rain did no damage to the prune crop and the pickers were not obliged to quit working.

POLLY AND HER PALS

"He Who Hesitates—"

CHAPTER VII
At regular intervals we ram in the iron stakes. Two men hold a coil and the others spool off the barbed wire. It is a awful stuff with close-set, long spikes. I am not used to unrolling it and tear my hand.

After a few hours it is done. But there is still some time before the lorry comes. Most of us

rods through rolls of wire and go off with them. The burdens are awkward and heavy.

The ground becomes more broken. From ahead come warnings: "Look out, deep shell holes on the left!"—"Mind, trenches!"—Our eyes peer out, our feet and our sticks feel in 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.

There are some shell-smashed lorries in the road. Another order: "Cigarettes and pipes out." We are getting near the line.

By CLIFF STERRETT



KNOW HOW TO APPLY FIRST-AID TREATMENT

Authority, Writing About Bone Fractures, Declares That Everyone, in These Days of Uncertainty, Should Know How to Assist Injured.

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

LIFE is full of uncertainties. A man starts out in the morning full of energy and ambition. He may come home on a shutter. Perhaps his accident is no more than a broken bone, but that is bad enough.

Our bones make up the framework of the body. To them are attached the muscles. Some of the bones serve to protect certain vital organs. The heart is well guarded by its surrounding walls of bone. So are the lungs—they occupy the same bony cavity with the heart. The brain is encased in a casket of bone.

In early life the bones are elastic. They are capable of bending without breaking. As we grow older our bones become rigid and brittle.

People differ a lot as to their bones. I know a man who had seventeen fractures within two or three years. He was in splints most of the time.

Any break of the bone is called a "fracture." But not all fractures are the same. Some of them are "simple." In this form there is no breaking of the skin, no wound.

DR. COPELAND.
associated with damage to the soft tissues. There is a wound and in all probability the splintered end of the bone is sticking through the flesh.

A "comminuted" fracture is one in which the bone is broken in several places. If such an injury is associated with damaged tissues and exposure of the bone it is known as a "compound comminuted" fracture.

Inconvenient and painful as they may be, simple fractures are not very important. But a compound fracture is always a serious thing because of the possibility of germ infection. If this takes place, there will be pus formation and the danger of blood poisoning.

If the skin is unbroken the underlying portions are pretty safe. Because of this it is very necessary to handle a person having a fracture with great care. Roughness may cause the splintered bone to drive through the muscles and skin, producing an open wound.

It is rare, indeed, for a bone to break so as to leave both ends smooth. More likely the ends will be splintered, ragged and jagged. The sharp points of bone are like daggers, ready to cut through the skin. You can see that what was a simple fracture to begin with may be converted into a compound fracture, with all its dangers.

Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts, Red Cross groups and many other associations have given a lot of attention to first aid care and transportation of the injured are taught. This is well because in anybody's experience there is almost certain to be contact with a fractured bone.

Answers to Health Queries

M. E. Q.—What do you suggest for hay fever? I have had my tonsils removed.

A.—First of all determine whether or not you have a nasal obstruction or catarrhal disturbance which may be causing the irritation. See a nose and throat specialist for further advice along these lines.

S. L. M. Q.—What causes a dizzy, tired feeling most of the time. My eyes feel as if I had strained them and I have intense headaches.

A.—Have your eyes thoroughly examined first of all. It is also possible that some of the trouble is due to biliousness. Watch your diet, avoiding too many fats and sweets and keep the bowels open.

M. A. C. Q.—I have been told

that peroxide will affect the braip if used on the hair for a bleach?

A.—I doubt this but the peroxide will cause the hair to become dry and brittle and cause it to fall out.

E. R. M. Q.—How much should a girl aged 13 1/2, 5 ft. 5 1/2 inches tall weigh?

A.—She should weigh about 120 pounds.

A. J. Q.—I sprained my ankle several years ago—it started swollen and I was unable to walk for some time. It was not set and the joint protruded. I recently sprained it again and it aches in damp weather and when I walk any distance—what would you advise? 2. What can be done to correct hypacidity? 3. Would a frontal sinus infection cause a discharge? Will this condition entirely clear up? I have ringing in the ears as well.

A.—Have the joint X-rayed. In the meantime keep it supported. Massage will help to strengthen the parts. 2. Correct the diet and keep the system clear. 3. Yes. As soon as the infection has been cleared up the discharge will disappear. The ringing in the ears is due to the general catarrhal condition and should disappear when you have had proper treatment. For further particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

SINCERELY,
A. J. Q.—What should a girl of 16, five feet seven inches tall, weigh? 2. How can the abdomen be reduced?

A.—She should weigh about 135 pounds. 2. Proper diet and exercise should bring about results. For further particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

"THANK YOU." Q.—What should a girl aged 21, 5 ft. 5 1/2 inches tall, weigh?

A.—She should weigh about 125 pounds.

M. A. C. Q.—I have been told

TILLIE, THE TOILER

OH HELLO, MR FRAGIL NO SIR MR WHIPPLE ISN'T HERE I DON'T KNOW WHEN HE'LL BE BACK- TO LUNCH? WHY SURELY, I'D LOVE TO GO THANKS. KLL BE RIGHT OVER

"A Quick Change of Mind"

I'M GOING TO LUNCH WITH MR. FRAGIL AND BELIEVE ME, MAC, I'M GONNA KEEP HIM SO BUSY ANSWERING QUESTIONS HE WON'T GET A CHANCE TO EAT

YOU'LL BE SO BUSY EATING YOU WON'T ASK HIM ANYTHING

By RUSS WESTOVER

WHAT DO YOU SAY TO A LITTLE DANCE, MISS JONES?

OH, I'D MUCH RATHER SIT HERE AND TALK, MR. FRAGIL

IT SURE IS A SURPRISE TO SEE YOU HERE TILLIE. CAN I HAVE THIS DANCE?

HELLO, EDDIE. WHY, SURE YOU CAN

LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY

RAP-RAP! NOW WHAT'S UP??

RAP-RAP! RAP-RAP! RAP-RAP!

"A Wise Sphinx"

GRACIOUS OFFICER!! ARE YOU TRYING TO KNOCK THE HOUSE DOWN?

AIG, BUT MAYBE I WILL BEFORE I AM THROUGH!! I FOUND THESE CLOTHES AND THIS NOTE ON THE RIVER BANK- D'YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT 'EM?

WHY--ER--YES--ER-- THAT IS--WELL--OF ALL THINGS!! THE UNGRATEFUL LITTLE BRAT!!

HMMM-- I SEE YOU KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT HER--NOW I'D LIKE TO ASK YOU A FEW QUESTIONS ABOUT HER--AND A FEW ABOUT YOURSELF!

By BEN BATSFORD

YES, BUT I CAN'T DISCUSS THE CASE UNTIL I'VE CONSULTED MY LAWYER!

A-H-M--GUILTY CONSCIENCE, HEY--WELL, YOU'D BETTER SEE HIM SOON!...WHEN A CHILD COMMITS SUICIDE THERE'S USUALLY A REASON AND I THINK YOU WILL NEED A GOOD LAWYER BAD!

TOOTS AND CASPER

I DON'T KNOW WHETHER TO SEND THIS GUY TO A HOSPITAL OR MORGUE!

GET THE NUMBER OF THAT TRUCK!

I'M SO DESPERATE FOR MONEY I'D TACKLE JOHN L. SULLIVAN, JIM JEFFRIES, AND JACK DEMSEY ALL IN THE SAME RING TO WIN \$2500.

BEING PRESSED FOR FUNDS "CASPER" IS GOING TO TRY TO WIN THE \$2500. HERE WE SEE HIM DOING ROAD WORK TO WHIP HIMSELF IN SHAPE FOR THE CONTEST!

PERFORMANCE SOME GLUTTON FOR PUNISHMENT STOMP UPON THE STAGE TO SWAP PUNCHES WITH THE CHAMPION- IN HIS PRESENT TOG OF THE COUNTRY THE "KID" HAS KNOCKED-OUT 187 OPPONENTS! NO ONE HAS LASTED FOUR ROUNDS!

"DYNAMITE," THE WORLD'S CHAMPION, WHO IS ON THE BILL AT THE OPERA HOUSE THIS WEEK.

AT EACH PERFORMANCE AN ANNOUNCEMENT IS MADE THAT \$2,500.00 WILL BE GIVEN TO ANY MAN UNDER 155 POUNDS WHO CAN LAST FOUR ROUNDS WITH HIM!

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"The Question Of The Hour"

CAN CASPER LAST FOUR ROUNDS WITH THE CHAMPION?

PUBLIC INTEREST IN THE COMING MATCH HAS ALMOST REACHED THE PROPORTIONS OF A "BATTLE OF THE CENTURY!" ALL SORTS OF WAGGERS ARE BEING MADE ON THE OUTCOME.

WALL STREET IS BETTING 2 TO 1 THAT CASPER WILL NOT LAST TWO ROUNDS-- A DISPATCH TO THE ST. LOUIS GLOBE-DEMOCRAT STATES THAT A QUINCY J. BROKER HAS PLACED A SUBSTANTIAL BET THAT CASPER WILL BE KNOCKED OUT IN THE FIRST ROUND!

THE PHILADELPHIA ROTARY CLUB TODAY PASSED A RESOLUTION WISHING CASPER GOOD LUCK.

THANKS!

By JIMMY MURPHY

WE CAN HARDLY WAIT UNTIL CASPER FACES THE CHAMPION ON THURSDAY.

HOW THE TIME DRAGS!

JIMMY MURPHY