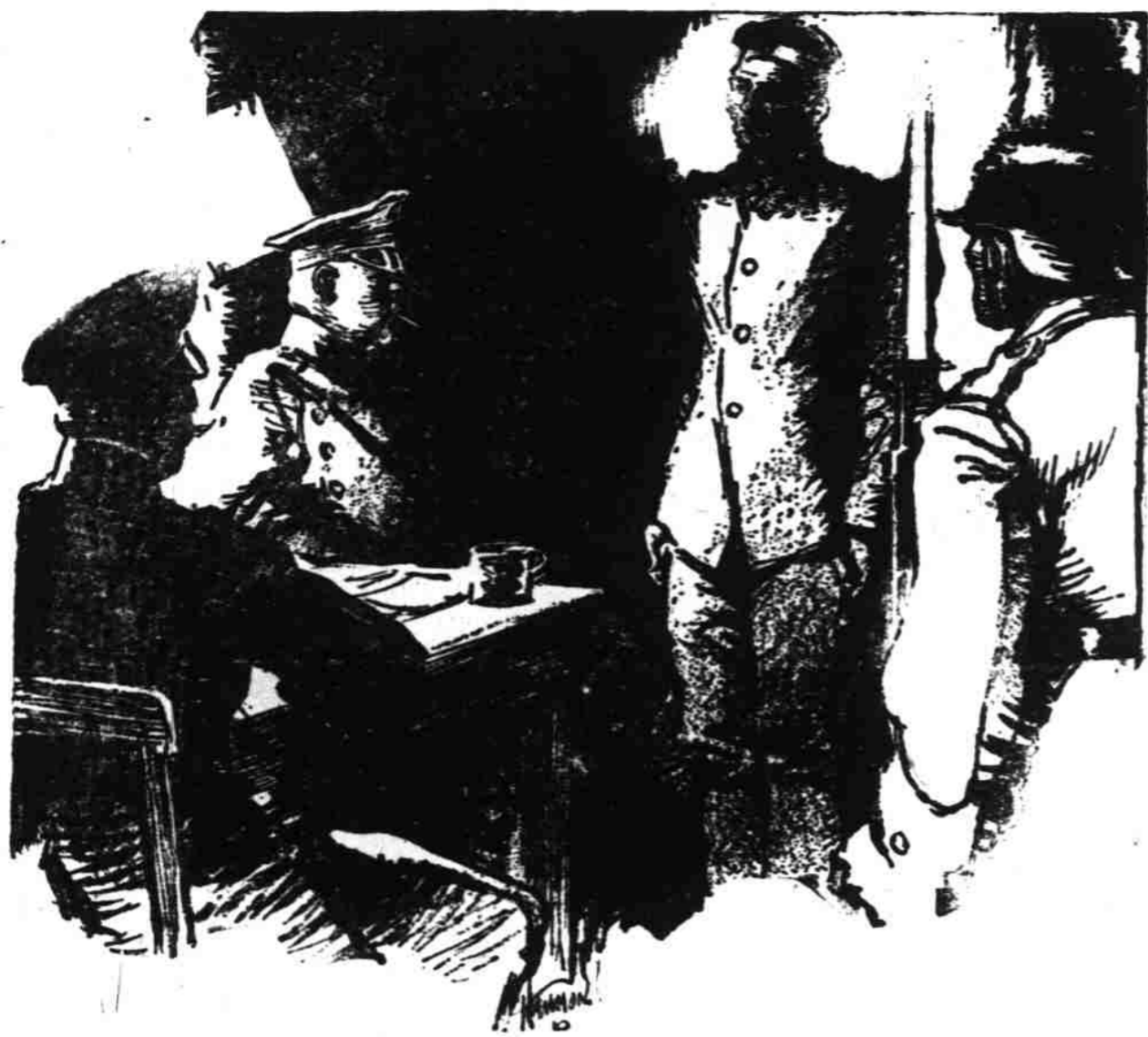


"All Quiet on the Western Front"



but everywhere, for everyone who is of our age; to some more, and to others less. It is the common fate of our generation.

Albert expresses it: "The war has ruined us for everything."

He is right. We are not youth any longer. We don't want to take the world by storm. We are fleeing. We fly from ourselves. From our life. We were 18 and had begun to love life, and the world; and we had to shoot it to pieces. The first bomb, the first explosion, burst in our hearts. We are cut off from activity, from striving, from progress. We believe in such things no longer, we believe in the war.

The orderly room shows signs of life. Himmelstoss seems to have stirred them up. At the head of the column trots the fat sergeant-major. It is queer that almost all pay sergeant-majors are fat.

Himmelstoss follows him, thirsting for vengeance. His boots gleam in the sun.

"Where's Tjaden?" the sergeant puffs.

No one knows, of course. Himmelstoss glowers at us wrathfully. "You know very well, you won't say, that's the fact of the matter. Out with it."

Fatty looks round enquiringly, but Tjaden is not to be seen. He tries another way.

"Tjaden will report at the orderly room in 10 minutes."

Then he steams off with Himmelstoss in his wake.

"I have a feeling that next time we go up wiring I'll be letting a bundle of wire fall on Himmelstoss' leg," says Kropp.

"We'll have quite a lot of jokes with him," laughs Muller.

That is our sole ambition: To knock the conceit out of a post-man.

I go into the hut and put Tjaden wise. He disappears.

Then we change our posy and lie down again to play cards. We know how to do that; to play cards, to swear and to fight. Not much for twenty years—and yet too much for twenty years.

Half an hour later Himmelstoss is back again. Nobody pays any attention to him. He asks for Tjaden. We shrug our shoulders. "Then you'd better find him."

he persists. "Haven't you been to look for him?"

Kropp lies back in the grass and says: "Have you ever been out here before?"

"That's none of your business," retorts Himmelstoss. "I expect an answer."

"Very good," says Kropp, getting up. "See up there where those little white clouds are. Those are anti-aircraft. We were over there yesterday. Five dead and eight wounded. It was a lot of fun. Next time, when you go up with us, before they die the fellows will come up to you, click their heels, and ask stiffly: 'Please may I go? Please may I hop it?' We've been waiting here a long time for someone like you."

He sits down again and Himmelstoss disappears like a comet.

"Three days C. B.," Kat conjectures.

"Next time I'll let fly," I say to Albert.

But that is the end. The case comes up for trial in the evening. In the orderly room sits our

ren peered as closely at the picture as they could, they could find neither a Chamel nor a lizard. Thereupon they did something that only shadows can do. They sprang right inside the picture and instantly found themselves in the garden, among trees and bushes and bright fragrant flowers.

"I don't think there is any chameleon here!" Mij started to say, when all at once a sharp voice exclaimed: "Oh, there isn't, isn't there!" It was so close to them that they started. Little Yam almost fell out of the picture.

"If you'd only use your eyes," the same voice continued, "you might find me."

stone! Before they could say a word it slipped off the stone and stood in the dark shadow of a ledge. And then they saw its color change to black.

"Why," exclaimed Flor, "you can change to any color you please!"

"I'm very clever," the chameleon admitted. It stepped out into the light again. Now its color was a sort of greenish grayish brown.

"How is it you're able to change about like that?" Yam wanted to know.

"No one ever told me," it said, "but as I'm very clever I figured it out all by myself. When I was young I must have eaten a rainbow. And that's why I am able

to change color. It's very convenient. Whenever I want to make myself invisible, I just change into the color of the thing I'm on—

"I wish I could change color quickly,"

"Why?" the others asked.

"Then I could play hide-and-seek and no one would be able to find me!"

"Pooh," the chameleon said, quite disgusted. "What a notion! To change color to be able to catch flies—that's sensible. But to go to all that trouble just to be able to play a silly game—why, it's enough to turn a body pink!"

And strange to relate, that's precisely what it turned.

WORD HUNT

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In the English language there are FIFTEEN WORDS (each having just four letters) that begin with the letters W O

One of them is

1	W	O	A	D
2	W	O		
3	W	O		
4	W	O		
5	W	O		
6	W	O		
7	W	O		
8	W	O		
9	W	O		
10	W	O		
11	W	O		
12	W	O		
13	W	O		
14	W	O		
15	W	O		

A blue dyestuff or coloring matter, resembling indigo (YOU supply the others.)
Waked.
A plain, or low hill; a region without woods.
A wild and savage dog-like animal.
Habit; accustomed; use; usage.
A dense growth of trees; forest; grove. Also, the chief substance of which a tree is composed. Timber; lumber. The threads that cross the warp in a fabric. Also, texture; cloth.
The curly hair from sheep and some other animals.
A vocal sound or combination of sounds, used as a symbol to signify a thought. Also, a brief remark; talk. Impaired by use; effaced; rubbed off. Also, carried on the person.
Manual labor; occupation; an undertaking; task. That which is produced by labor. To investigate, or solve.
A small, legless, crawling animal. Also, a despicable person. Also, a spiral or wormlike thing.
Carried on a person. Also, made useless, or impaired, by use.
Untermixed infusion of malt. Also, a cabbage-like plant.
Entwined; interlaced. Made into cloth.

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 s or es are purposely excluded from word hunts.

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

CHAPTER X

Muller hasn't finished yet. He tackles Kropp again.

"Albert, if you were really at home now, what would you do?"

Kropp is contented now and more accommodating:

"How many of us were there in the class exactly?"

We counted up: out of 20, seven are dead, four wounded, one in a mad-house. That makes 12 privates.

"Three of them are lieutenants," says Muller. "Do you think they would let Kantorek sit on them?"

We guess not; we wouldn't let ourselves be sat on for that matter.

"What do you mean by the three-fold theme in 'William Tell'?" says Kropp, reminiscently, and roars with laughter.

"What was the purpose of the Poetic League of Göttingen?" asks Muller, suddenly and earnestly.

"How many children had Charles the Bald?" I interrupted gently.

"You'll never make anything of your life, Baumer," croaks Muller.

"When was the battle of Zano?" Kropp wants to know.

"You lack the studious mind, Kropp, sit down, three minus—"

"What offices did Lycurgus consider the most important for the state?" asks Muller, pretending to take off his pince-nez.

"Does it go: 'We Germans fear God and none else in the whole world,' or 'We, the Germans, fear God and—'" I submit.

"How many inhabitants has Melbourne?" asks Muller.

"How do you expect to succeed in life if you don't know that?" I ask Albert, hotly.

Which he caps with: "What is meant by cohesion?"

We remember mighty little of all that rubbish. Anyway, it has never been the slightest use to us. At school nobody ever taught us how to light a cigaret in a storm of rain, nor how a bayonet could be made with wet wood—nor that it is best to stick a bayonet in the belly because there it doesn't get jammed, as it does in the ribs.

Muller says thoughtfully:

I have to appear as a witness and explain the reason of Tjaden's insubordination.

"What's the use. We'll have to go back and sit on the forms again."

I consider that out of the question. "We might take a special exam."

"That needs preparation. If you do get through, what then? A student's life isn't any better. If you have no money, you have to work like the devil."

"It's a bit better. But it's not all the same, everything they teach you."

Kropp supports me: "How can a man take all that stuff seriously when he's once been out here?"

"Still you must have an occupation of some sort," insists Muller, as though he were Kantorek himself.

Albert cleans his nails with a knife. He is surprised at this delicacy. But it is merely pensiveness. He puts the knife away and continues: "That just it. Kat and Delterger and Hale will go back to their jobs because they had them already. Himmelstoss too. But we never had any. How will we ever get used to one after this here?"—he makes a gesture toward the front.

"We'll want a private income, and then we'll be able to live by ourselves in a wood," I say, but at once feel ashamed of this absurd idea.

"But what will really happen when we go back?" wonders Muller, and even he is troubled.

Kropp gives a shrug. "I don't know. Let's get back first, then we'll find out."

We are utterly at a loss. "What could we do?" I ask.

"I don't want to do anything," Kropp replies wearily. "You'll be dead one day, so what does it matter? I don't think we'll ever go back."

"When I think about it, Albert," I say after a while, rolling over on my back, "when I hear the word 'peace time,' it goes to my head; and if it really came, I think I would do some unimaginable thing—something, you know, that it's worth having lain here in the muck for. But I can't even imagine anything. All I do know is that this business about professions and studies and salaries

and so on—it makes me sick, it is and always was disgusting. I don't see anything at all, Albert."

All at once everything seems to me confused and hopeless.

Kropp feels it too. "It will go pretty hard with us all. But nobody at home seems to worry much about it. Two years of shells and bombs—a man won't peel that off as easy as a sock."

We agree that it's the same for everyone; not only for us here,

GOOD-NIGHT STORIES

By Max Trel

The Chameleon Changes Color for the shadow-children.

"I can't seem to find anything," Knarf said.

"Nor can we," said Mij, Flor, Hanid and Yam, the other little shadow-children with the turned-out names. Do you know where they were? They were inside one of the pictures in the Natural History book.

This is what happened. They found the Natural History book lying open on the library table. In it was a picture of a tropical garden and under it was the curious word Chameleon. Knarf was sure that a chameleon was the same as a Chamel which in turn was the same as a camel, except that it was spelled differently. He was sure also that the Chamel's first name was Leon. Hanid, on the other hand, was certain that a Chameleon was a kind of lizard.

However, though Knarf and Hanid and the other shadow-children



"Where are you?" Knarf said. "Right in front of your nose!"

So Knarf stared in front of his nose, which, as it turned out, wasn't very far from the end of a little green stem. And all at once he saw the owner of the voice. It was a lizard, with pointed head and long tapering tail and four legs. He understood immediately why he hadn't noticed it before. It was colored exactly the same green as the stem.

"What an odd color!" the shadows cried.

"Him-m-m." It said, crawling down off the stem and stopping on a grayish stone. "Green is an odd color for a chameleon to be, but I'm not green, you see!"

They rubbed their eyes in astonishment. It was no longer green but grayish, exactly like the

POLLY AND HER PALS



"To Fare Well Is To Say Buy Buy"



"Mac, The Enigma"



"Earning Annie's Liberty"



By BEN BATSFORD



BRAIN IS THE RULER OF THE HUMAN BODY

Nervous System Determines How the Organs Will Function, But Care of the Body Is Essential to An Active Brain, Says Authority.

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

THERE are problems relating to breathing, to the circulation of the blood, and many other functions of the human body. We speak of each function as if it were something separate and apart from all the rest. Of course it is, in a sense, but there could be no function of any sort without the nervous system.

If you drive an automobile, you know how helpless you are if there is no "spark." If the battery fails or the electric wires get crossed, the machine stops. It can't be coaxed to run.

Did you ever stand in the wheelhouse of a great steamship? If you did, you noticed that the captain pulled this lever or that, he touched this button or that, and in response to his signals, the giant ship slowed down, reversed and perhaps turned round on her course. Every department and activity of the vessel is under the control of the captain. He is the supervising genius.

All these examples of central control, are reminders of the control the brain has over the body and its functions. The wires that connect the wheel house with the engine room and other parts of the ship, are like the nerves that run from the brain and spinal cord to every part and every organ of the body.

The brain, spinal cord and many nerves make up the "nervous system." The operation of this system determines what shall be done by muscles, bones, digestion, heart, lungs and all the other organs.

But the brain is more than the "wheelhouse." It is the captain, too. It does the thinking, as well as the giving of the orders. It determines what every part of the body shall do and then orders it to act. It regulates all the movements of the muscles. It determines the speed of every function. It presides over the destinies of the individual.

There is an old saying that "action is equal to reaction." Every act we perform reacts in some way. There is a mutual dependency of our various parts. Every part is concerned with and affected by all the other parts. Even though the brain presides over all the rest of the organs, it, too, is dependent on their successful operation. Unless the food is properly digested and assimilated, unless the blood carries away the poisons and takes in the oxygen, the brain is not nourished and stimulated to do its straight part.



DR. COPELAND

Answers to Health Queries

Q. C. G. Q.—What causes the throat to get dry and sore after reading aloud?

A.—This is due to continuously using the vocal chords, which you are not accustomed to doing over any length of time.

E. F. B. Q.—Can a person increase the height by exercises?

A.—This may help.

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TILLIE, THE TOILER



"Mac, The Enigma"



"Earning Annie's Liberty"



By BEN BATSFORD



By RUSS WESTOVER



LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY



"The Knock-Out"



By BEN BATSFORD



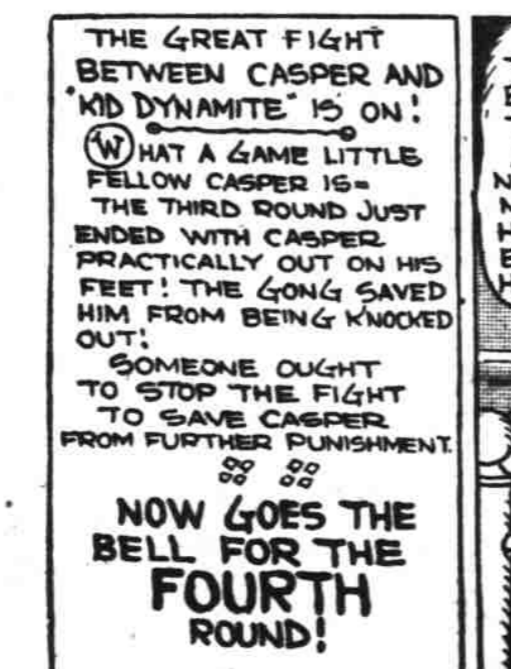
By JIMMY MURPHY



By JIMMY MURPHY



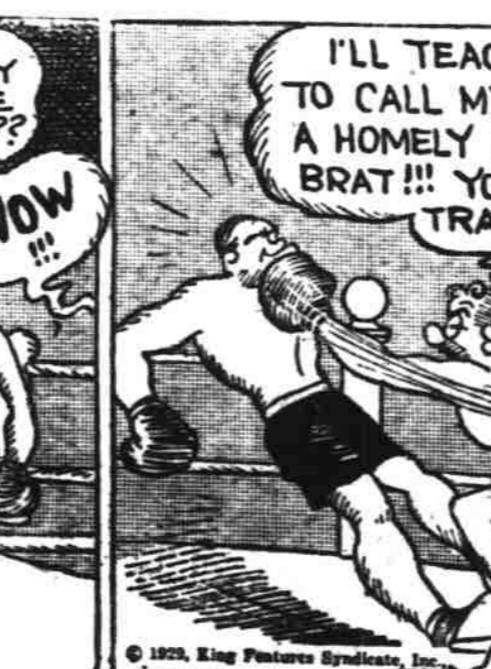
TOOTS AND CASPER



"The Knock-Out"



By JIMMY MURPHY



By JIMMY MURPHY



By JIMMY MURPHY

