

"All Quiet on the Western Front"



THE STORY SO FAR: Paul Baumer and his soldier comrades all enlisted in the German army at 18. During their training, they were abused and persecuted by a former mail-carrier, now Corporal Himmelstoss. Hating him, they beat him up the last night. Later, at the front, he appears. One day he sends them to a "dirty land." He threatens court-martial. Light sentences are imposed when the lieutenant learns the whole story of the corporal's abuse in camp. The comrades fight on a stolen goose just before returning to the front lines. On the way they pass piles of new coffins. Their spirits are low.

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have shocking, evil, naked faces, and it is nauseating to see their long, nude tails. They seem to be mighty hungry. Almost every man has had his bread gnawed. Kropp wrapped his in his waterproof sheet and put it under his head, but he cannot sleep because they run over his face to get at it. Detering meant to outwit them; he fastened a thin wire to the roof and suspended his bread from it. During the night when he switched on his pocket torch he saw the wire swinging to and fro. On the bread was riding a fat rat.

At last we put a stop to it. We cannot afford to throw the bread away, because already we have practically nothing left to eat in the trench. Detering, Kropp and Kat hold their lamps ready. After a few minutes we hear the first shuffling and tugging. It grows, now it is the sound of many little feet. Then the torches switch on and every man strikes at the heap, which scatters with a rush. The result is good. We toss the bits of bread that the animals and again lie in wait.

Several times we repeat the process. At last the beasts get wise to it, or perhaps they have scented the blood. They return no more. Nevertheless, before morning the remainder of the bread on the floor has been carried off. In the adjoining sector they attacked two large cats and a dog, bit them to death and devoured them.

CHAPTER XII

The front is a cage in which we must await fearfully whatever may happen. We lie under the network of arching shells and live in a suspense of uncertainty. Over us chance hovers. If a shot comes, we can duck, that is all; we neither know nor can determine where it will fall.

It is this chance that makes us indifferent. A few months ago I was sitting in a dug-out playing skat after a while I stood up and went to visit some friends in another dug-out. On my return nothing more was to be seen of the first one, it had been blown to pieces by a direct hit. I went back to the second and arrived just in time to lend a hand digging it out. In the interval it had been buried.

It is just as much a matter of chance that I am still alive as that I might have been hit. In a bomb-proof dug-out I may be smashed to atoms and in the open may survive ten hours of bombardment unscathed. No soldier outlives a thousand chances. But every soldier believes in chance and trusts his luck.

We must look out for our bread. The rats have become more numerous lately because the trenches are no longer in good condition. Detering says it is a sure sign of a coming bombardment. The rats here are particularly repulsive, they are so fat—the kind we call corpse-rats. They

is killed at sight. In the next second some of our men were found whose noses were cut off and their eyes poked out with their own saw-bayonets. Their mouths and noses were stuffed with saw-dust so that they suffocated.

Some of the recruits have bayonets of this kind; we take them away and give them the ordinary kind.

But the bayonet has practically lost its importance. It is usually the fashion to charge with bombs and spades only. The sharpened bayonet is a more handy and many-sided weapon; not only can it be used for jabbing a man under the chin, but it is much better for striking with because of its greater weight; and if one hits between the neck and shoulder it easily cleaves as far down as the chest. The bayonet frequently jams on the thrust and then a man has to kick hard on the other fellow's belly to pull it out again; and in the interval he may easily get one himself. And what's more, the blade often gets broken off.

At night the recruits are ordered to put tanks over and use low-flying planes for the attack. But that interests us less than what we hear of the new flame-throwers.

We wake up in the middle of the night. The earth booms. Heavy fire is falling on us. We crouch into corners. We distinguish shells of every caliber.

Each man lays hold of his things and looks again every minute to reassure himself that they are still there. The dug-out heaves the night roars and flashes. We look at each other in the momentary flashes of light, and with pale faces and pressed lips shake our heads.

Every man is aware of the heavy shells tearing down the parapet, rooting up the embankment and demolishing the upper layers of concrete. When a shell lands in the trench we note how the hollow, furious blast is like a blow from the paw of a raging beast of prey. Already by morning a few of the recruits are green and vomiting. They are too inexperienced.

Slowly the gray light trickles into the post and pales the flashes of the shells. Morning is come. The explosion of mines mingles with the gunfire. That is the most demoralizing convulsion of all. The whole region where they go up becomes one grate.

The reliefs go out, the observers stagger in, covered with dirt, and trembling. One lies down in silence in the corner and eats, the rest eat.

Edamer cheese. Each man gets almost a quarter of a cheese. In one way that is all to the good, for Edamer is tasty—but in another way it is vile because the fat red balls have long been a sign of a bad time coming. Our forebodings increase as rum is served out. We drink it of course; but are not greatly comforted.

For days we loaf about and make war on the rats. Ammunition and hand-grenades become more plentiful. We even overhaul the bayonets—that is to say, the ones that have a saw on the blunt edge. If the fellows over there catch a man with one of these he

is hurried over. Perhaps we will be lucky.

All day the sky is hung with observation balloons. There is a rumor that the enemy are going to put tanks over and use low-flying planes for the attack. But that interests us less than what we hear of the new flame-throwers.

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GOOD-NIGHT STORIES

By Max Trel

Knarf's "Barking" Scheme Gets Poor Frits Into Trouble

Yipe, yipe, yipe!" went Frit, the puppy. It was a very small puppy and though it should have liked to bark with a deep woof-woof, the best it could do was yipe, yipe, yipe.

heads. "No, no," Hanid said, "that's not a bark. It's much too high."

"—and thin," added Mij. "It isn't gruff enough," said Flor.

"It wouldn't frighten a mouse," concluded Knarf. The poor puppy hung its head in shame. Its eyes grew watery and it sniffed. "What can I do?" it begged. "I want to bark like a great big dog—like the dog across the way."

POLLY AND HER PALS

"A Cautious Actor"



Now that yer worth \$10,000, ill shoot ye a little African golf!

Yer on, link-craps is my favorite weakness!

Wot th heck kinda coin is this?

My real money is all in safe-deposit, on account of robbers!

That's wot society dames do with their real pearls, while they wears imitations—

So I sez to myself, "who are you, Ashur Lirl Perkins, that you should scorn stage-money?"

Hey, Kitty Nix! Leggo that!

Cliff Sterrett

By CLIFF STERRETT

LONGEVITY A MATTER OF SENSE—NOT LUCK!

Of Course, Says Dr. Copeland, Heredity Does Count But Observing the Simple Rules of Nature Is, Perhaps, the Biggest Factor.

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

THERE are many ways of looking at long life and its significance. As a rule it may be attributed to excellent heredity, the enjoyment of good health and the avoidance of those habits which are known to shorten life.

The accomplishments of those who have lived more than the prescribed three-score-years-and-ten are interesting. Edison, at 82, is still active in all his enterprises, and still startles the world at intervals with something new and wonderful. My friend, Captain Dollar, at 86, takes an active part in the operation of his great steamship enterprise. My own father, at 92, is still most active. There are many other men whom I could name that are equally fit in spite of 90 years or more.

It is because they are lucky that these men and women live to a great old age? It is not. It is because they live the normal life. They expect the human machine to do its full duty, but they do not ask of it the impossible. If Captain Dollar has a steamship which makes 18 knots an hour, he does not try to force it to do 24 knots. So it should be with your health.

Good food eaten at regular intervals, sufficient number of hours of rest, the avoidance of habits and excesses of all kinds which undermine the health, exercise, relaxation and change of environment, are some of the determining factors in favor of long life.

You cannot abuse your body and mind or neglect them until you are 30 or 40 and then expect by observing the rules of good health, to restore your body to normal. Nature will not permit this.

There are, of course, many persons who have a predisposition to disease or some unfavorable hereditary condition. These less fortunate ones even do not need to die an early death. By proper observance of the things which affect them, they can do much to improve any defect and to overcome unfavorable obstacles.

Among the causes of ill health, none are more common than the focal infections. These may be in the teeth, tonsils, nasal sinuses or the intestines. Constant absorption of pus undermines the health and will break down the strongest body.

If you would live long in the world God has given you, you must observe the simple rules dictated by kindly Nature. To do so means length of days and peace of mind.

Answers to Health Queries

C. M. Q.—Is it advisable to eat potatoes which have been pared and standing in water for three days?

A.—No.

TILLIE, THE TOILER

"Among The Missing"



Hello, Mac. Where's Tillie?

I haven't seen her today, boss. It seems so good to see you back.

Hello, Whipple. Where's Tillie?

Hello, boss. You're looking great. Your vacation did for you.

I said where's Tillie?

Oh, yes. I'll find her. You know Tillie, boss—she's hard to keep track of.

Hey, you—see if you can find Tillie. I've got a conference on with the boss.

Aw, find her yourself—what about that raise you promised her?

Cliff Sterrett

By RUSS WESTOVER

LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY

"Caught In The Act"



Oh, gee—there's someone at the door—I'd better hide this wrench—cause I've got one bar nearly off!

Ana! I thought I saw you hiding something under these bags as I peeked through the crack—where did you get this wrench?

I found it in the grass outside the window!

Oh, no!—and you were going to try to run away again—weren't you???

I don't spose I'd stay in this dark cellar if I could get out, do you?

Don't you dare give me any check! If it were not for the fact that I have at last found someone foolish enough to take you off my hands I'd smack you on the head with this wrench—go on wash your impudent face and your treacherous hands—I'm going to get rid of you today—thank goodness!!

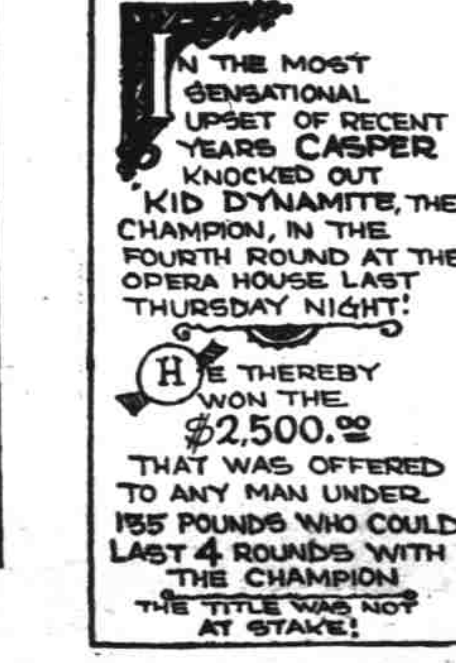
Yes!!

Cliff Sterrett

By BEN BATSFORD

TOOTS AND CASPER

"A Pair of 'Champs'"



In the most sensational upset of recent years Casper knocked out Kid Dynamite, the champion, in the fourth round at the opera house last Thursday night!

He thereby won the \$2,500.00 that was offered to any man under 135 pounds who could last 4 rounds with the champion!

The title was not at stake!

Don't you dare, ever fight again, Casper! That black eye looks horrid!

It's better today, Toots! The only thing is that some camera men are here to take my picture, and I don't look very presentable!

These shots are for the news reel!

Do you intend to go in for boxing professionally, Mister Casper?

Oh, no! The manly art of self-defense is merely a hobby with me, boys!

Let's stroll down the boulevard, spare-ribs, and let the natives gaze on two champions! You won the dog race, and I won the fight!

But that's neither here nor there! We won and that's what counts!

Jimmy Murphy

WORD HUNT

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In the English language there are NINE WORDS (each having 9 letters) that begin with the letters S W

Table with 9 rows and 4 columns containing words: 1 S W A B, 2 S W, 3 S W, 4 S W, 5 S W, 6 S W, 7 S W, 8 S W, 9 S W

A kind of mop for cleaning floors, decks, etc. Also, a lot of sponge, or the like. (YOU supply the others)

Booty; plunder. Also, a swaying, irregular motion.

Moved in, or floated on water.

A large web-footed, long-necked bird. Also, a sweet singer, or a post noted for grace and melody.

To exchange; barter.

To lean or incline to one side; bend; swing; oscillate.

Also, to influence or direct; to rule or govern.

To drink in long draughts; gulp.

To move or propel one's self in water. To glide smoothly and quietly. To abound; be plentifully supplied.

(In the United States) To swear; used as a minced oath.

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

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

By CLIFF STERRETT