

"All Quiet on the Western Front"

CHAPTER XIII
The night is unbearable. We cannot sleep, but stare ahead of us and doze. Tjaden regrets that we wasted the gnawed pieces of bread on the rats. We would gladly have them again to eat now. We are short of water, too, but not seriously yet.

Towards morning, while it is still dark, there is some excitement. Through the entrance rushes in a swarm of fleeing rats that try to storm the walls. Torches light up the confusion. Everyone yells and curses and slaughters. The madness and despair of many hours unloads itself in this outburst. Faces are distorted, arms strike out, the beasts scream; we just stop in time to avoid attacking one another.

The onslaught has exhausted us. We lie down to wait again. It is a marvel that our post has had no casualties so far. It is one of the few deep dug-outs.

A corporal creeps in; he has a loaf of bread with him. Three people have had the luck to get through during the night and bring some provisions. They say the bombardment extends undiminished as far as the artillery lines. It is a mystery where the enemy gets all his shells.

We are on our feet. By midday what I expected happened. The recruits has a fit. It has been watching him for a long time, grinding his teeth and opening and shutting his fists. These hunted, protruding eyes, we know them well. During the last few hours he has had merely the appearance of calm. He had collapsed like a rotten tree.

Now he stands up, stealthily creeps across the floor, hesitates a moment and then glides towards the door. I intercept him and say: "Where are you going?" "I'll be back in a minute," says he, and tries to push me.

"Wait a bit, the shelling will stop soon." He listens and for a moment his eyes become clear. Then again he has the glowing eyes of a mad dog, he is silent, he shows me aside.

"One minute, lad," I say. Kat notices. Just as the recruit shakes me off Kat jumps in and we hold him.

Then he begins to rave: "Leave me alone, let me go out, I will go out!" He won't listen to anything and hits out, his mouth is wet and pours out words, half choked, meaningless words. It is a case of claustrophobia, he feels as though he is suffocating here, and wants to get out at any price. If we let him go he would run about everywhere regardless of cover. He is not the first.

Though he raves and his eyes roll, it can't be helped and we have to give him a hiding to bring him to his senses. We do it quickly and mercilessly, and at last he sits down quietly. The others have turned pale; let's hope it deters them. This bombardment is too much for the poor devils that have been sent straight from a recruiting depot into a barrage that is enough to turn an old soldier's hair gray.

After this affair the sticky close atmosphere works more than ever on our nerves. We sit as if in our graves waiting only to be closed in.

Suddenly it howls and flashes terrifically, the dugout cracks in all its joints under a direct hit, fortunately only a light one that the concrete blocks are able to withstand. It rings metallically,

the walls reel, rifles, helmets, earth, mud and dust fly everywhere. Sulphur fumes pour in.

If we were in one of those light dug-outs that they have been building lately instead of this deep one, not one of us would now be alive.

But the effect is bad enough even so. The recruit starts to rave again and two other fellows follow suit. One jumps up and rushes out. We have trouble with the other two. I start after the one who escapes and wonders whether to shoot him in the leg—then it shrieks again. I fling myself down and when I stand up the wall of the trench is plastered with smoking sprinters, lumps of flesh and bits of uniform. I scramble back.

The first recruit seems actually to have gone insane. He butts his head against the wall like a goat. We must try tonight to take him to the rear. Meanwhile we bind him, but in such a way that in case of attack he can be released at once.

Kat suggests a game of skat; it is easier when a man has something to do. But it is no use, we listen for every explosion that comes close, miscount the tricks, and fall to follow suit. We have to give it up. We sit as though in a waiting room that is being laboriously worked from without on all sides.

Night again. We are deadened by the strain—a deadly tension that scrapes along one's spine like a gapped knife. Our legs refuse to move, our hands tremble, our bodies are a thin skin stretched painfully over repressed madness, over an almost irresistible, bursting roar. We have neither flesh nor muscles any longer, we dare not look at one another for fear of some incalculable thing. So we shut our teeth—it will end—it will end—perhaps we will come through.

Suddenly the nearer explosions cease. The shelling continues but it has lifted and falls behind us, our trench is free. We seize the land grenades, pitch them out in front of the dug-out and jump after them. The bombardment has stopped and a heavy barrage now falls behind us. The attack has come.

No one would believe that in this howling waste there could still be men; but steel helmets now appear on all sides of the trench, and 50 yards from us a machine-gun is already in position and barking.

The wire-entanglements are torn to pieces. Yet they offer some obstacle. We see the straggle of machine-gunners, their rifles crack. The charge works its way across. Haie and Kropp begin with the hand-grenades. They throw as fast as they can, others follow them, the handies with the strings already pulled. Haie throws 75 yards, Kropp 60, it has been measured, the distance is important. The enemy as they run cannot do much before they are within 40 yards.

We recognize the distorted faces, the smooth helmets; they are French. They have already suffered heavily; when they reach the remnants of the barbed wire entanglements, a whole line has gone down before our machine gunners; then we have a lot of stoppages and they come nearer.

I see one of them, his face upturned, fall into a wire cradle. His body collapses as though he were praying. Then his body drops clean away and only his hands

with the stumps of his arms, shot off, now hang in the wire.

The moment we are about to retreat three faces rise up from the ground in front of us. Under one of the helmets a dark pointed beard and two eyes that are fastened on me. I raise my hand but I cannot throw into those strange eyes; for one mad moment the whole slaughter whirls like a circus around me, and these two eyes that are alone motionless; then the head rises up, a hand, a movement, and my hand-grenade flies through the air and into him.

We make for the rear, pull wire cradles into the trench and leave bombs behind us with the string pulled, which ensures us a fiery retreat. The machine-guns are already firing from the next position.

We have become wild beasts. We do not fight, we defend ourselves against annihilation. It is against men that we fling our bombs. What do we know of men in this moment when death with hands and helmets is hunting us down? Now, for the first time in three days we can see his face. Now, for the first time in three days we can oppose him; we feel a mad anger. No longer do we lie helpless, waiting on the scaffold, we can destroy and kill, to save ourselves, to save ourselves and be revenged.

We crouch behind every corner; behind every barrier of barbed wire, and hurl bombs of explosives at the feet of the advancing enemy before we run. The blast of the hand-grenades impinges powerfully on our arms and legs; crouching like cats we run on, overwhelmed by this wave that bears us along, that fills us with ferocity, turning us into those who murder, into God only knows what devils; this wave that multiplies our strength with fear and madness and greed of life, seeking and fighting for nothing but our deliverance. If your own father came over with them you would not hesitate to fling a bomb into him.

The forward trenches have been abandoned. Are they still trenches? They are blown to pieces, annihilated—there are only broken bits of trenches, holes linked by tracks, nests of craters, that is all. But the enemy's casualties. In crease. They did not count on so much resistance.

GOOD-NIGHT STORIES

By Max Trell

Knarf Helps His Master "Finish" a Composition

How was Knarf to know that things were going to happen so suddenly? He had tried his best to be helpful. Goodness knows he deserved a better reward than he got.

This is how it all came about. Knarf, Mij, Flor, Hanid and Yam—the five little shadow-children—were sitting on the edge of the library table watching Frank, Knarf's master, write a composition. Now, Master Frank, my dears, was not very fond of compositions. In fact, if the truth must be told, he thoroughly hated them. It was not in the least surprising, therefore, that when he was about half through he should exclaim quite joyfully: "I have no more ink."

Whereupon this lazy boy chuckled contentedly. "If I have no more ink I can't finish my composition today," he said, peering once more into the empty ink-well. Then he fetched a deep sigh and pretended to be very sad. "If only I had ink!" he sighed. "The shadow-children, who heard all this very well, looked at each other in dismay. 'What can we do?'" they said. "Where shall we find ink?" Then they shook their heads.

All at once Knarf broke in. "I know where. Just come with me and I'll show you." They can't imagine, as he led them across the library table, over the rug and up to the top of the bookcase, just where he expected to find ink. At length he stopped in front of an open book and said: "We'll find ink in there."

It was the natural history book and was open to a picture showing

a little creature with long arms like an octopus. It was under water. Beneath the picture were the words: "This is a squid." They gazed at it closely. No ink did they see, however.

"Why," Hanid said, turning to Knarf, "there's no ink here—only a little animal!"

"Oh, yes there is," the shadow-boy replied. And he pointed to a sentence on the other page. The sentence read as follows: "The squid contains a black fluid which is used for ink."

"There, you see," Knarf said triumphantly. "Now all we have to do is to borrow some." And with these words he gave a little spring and, strange to say, landed



"May I borrow a little ink?"

inside the picture. He waved to the others to follow him, which they instantly did. They found themselves at the bottom of the ocean, right next to the squid, which was lying on a flat stone.

"Good morning," Knarf said to the squid, "may I borrow a little ink?"

"Hm-m!" the squid replied. "I'm just about to write a long letter. How much do you want?"

"Just a few drops," Knarf said. "My master's composition is half-finished."

"All right," the squid said. "I can spare that much. Here they are." And as it said this it came the black drops through a little faucet in front of its head. At this moment Hanid suddenly cried in alarm: "Goodness gracious, we've forgotten to bring something to catch it in. We'll all be

black as ink. We must jump!"

The warning came just in time for Mij, Flor, Hanid and Yam. With a spring they jumped out of the picture. But poor Knarf was too late. In an instant the black drops spread all about him like a cloud of soot and he turned pitch black. So startled was he that he jumped with all his might and landed—of all places!—right on his master's pen-point just as he was telling his mother: "See, ma, I can't finish my composition today because I have no more ink." Then he gave his pen a great shake, just to show her there wasn't a single drop left, and off fell the miserable ink-soaked shadow directly into the composition, leaving a huge raggedy-edged blot!

"O-oh!" wailed the boy. "Now I'll have to do the whole thing over again!"

SYDNEY (AP)—Sir Truby King, knighted recently in recognition of his work in reducing infant mortality, advocates an hour a day in the sunlight, clad in a linen hat and a loin cloth, as part of Australia's school curriculum. He claims it would eliminate tuberculosis.

Bits For Breakfast

(Continued from Page 4.)

in the Chehalis district, Yamhill county, produces two and a half tons a year. There is ready sale in the fresh state at high prices for all the figs that are grown so far. The concern presided over by Mr. Amend has, besides the mother orchard and test gardens at Portland, test gardens also at Roseburg. After his 18 years of patient work, there is a good deal of light ahead for Mr. Amend. He has now enough orders in good prospect for the coming planting season, January to April, to make up what would amount to 75 new acres of fig orchard, and thinks he may reach 100 acres. That looks like rewards ahead for all the years of work and worry. The hobby looks like a new industry for Oregon.

The fig tree takes no lay-off in the Willamette valley. It bears a crop every year. The tree requires no spraying. There are no known diseases. Only it must be of the right variety or strain. It must be self pollinating. Mr. Amend has

found a tree from Italy, and each from Syria, Persia and France that will do this. These are the four he now grows and sells and recommends; quantities. You can make anything out of figs that you can make out of any other fruit; and then some preserves, marmalades, syrups, jellies, pickles, and an indefinite number of confections. It is the tree's own medicinal properties combines more body building elements than any other fruit; it is great food for invalids.

This is not an advertisement; it is aimed to be a plain statement of facts, in the interest of a "public experiment" that seems to be destined to give the Willamette valley a new and a very profitable industry. That would be compensation of the highest kind for Mr. Amend, even though he did reap great material rewards, for he is the Burbank of the fig industry here, filled with the martyr fire of the Burbanks in such fields of endeavor everywhere.

Old Oregon's Yesterdays

September 30, 1904

First game of the football season for Willamette University will be played tomorrow afternoon and will really be but a practice for the Chemawa Indians. Willamette has never before had outlook for such a promising season, with every member of last year's team, with exception of Lower, back, in addition to 16 other experienced players, six of whom are members of last year's Puget Sound team, which was rated by Walter Camp as the second team on the coast.

Steamboat plying between Portland and Salem on the Willamette can now make the run without "sparring" themselves over the bars. A government dredge which has been operating upon the upper Willamette the past month is now working on the last shoal, giving a depth of at least three and a half feet in spite of low water.

WORD HUNT

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In the English language there are EIGHT WORDS (each having just six letters) that begin with the letters B E M. One of them is:

1	B E M	To bewilder, stupefy. (YOU supply the others.)
2	B E M	To make mean, lower.
3	B E M	To befoul with mud or dirt.
4	B E M	To bewilder, to dim.
5	B E M	To bewail, lament, grieve.
6	B E M	To mock, or mock at.
7	B E M	To muddle, daze or stupefy.
8	B E M	To make moonstruck.

PROSE
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

POLLY AND HER PALS

"No Trespassing"

WE'RE BURNING UP TO KNOW WHAT ASH IS GOING TO DO WITH HIS \$40,000!

"I NEEDN'T WORRY ABOUT THAT DERN SPENDTHRIFT, POLLY! HE NEVER HAD A DIME OR HE'D HAVE IT YET!"

JUST THE SAME, YOU OUGHT TO ADVISE HIM, PA. REMEMBER HE'S ABSOLUTELY INEXPERIENCED!

OH, AWRRIGHT!



TILLIE, THE TOILER

"Perfection Plus"

"HOWDY, MRS. JONES. I HAVE SOMETHING IMPORTANT TO SAY TO TILLIE"

"WELL, COME IN AND SIT DOWN - I'LL TELL TILLIE YOU'RE HERE"

"IF YOU TAKE MY ADVICE YOU'LL HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH THAT WHIPPLE PERSON"

"IT WON'T HURT TO SEE WHAT HE HAS TO SAY"

"I HAD A CONFERENCE WITH THE BOSS YESTERDAY - I AM NOT AT LIBERTY TO DIVULGE THE MATTERS THAT WE DISCUSSED. BUT IF YOU COME BACK TO WORK I CAN PROMISE YOU THAT I WILL HAVE SOME PLEASANT NEWS IN A FEW DAYS"

"HOPE IT WILL BE A RAISE"

"I CAN READ HIM LIKE A BOOK. ONE OF THOSE KIND THAT IS NEVER WRONG - ALWAYS SURE OF HIMSELF - YOU CAN'T FAZE HIM - KNOWS EVERYTHING - HIS CLOTHES ARE JUST SO TOO PERFECT TO BE HUMAN. I CAN'T STAND HIM"



LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY

"The New 'Protege'"

"AT LAST THE TRICK HAS BEEN TURNED! ANNIE ROONEY IS AWAY FROM THE ORPHANAGE"

"MRS. MEANY HAS HANDED HER INTO THE TENDER KEEPING OF SADIE SNATCHER, A NOTORIOUS SHOPLIFTER - AND ANNIE, THANKFUL FOR ANY CHANGE, EVEN A CHANGE FOR THE WORSE, IS GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH HER NEW HOSTESS -"

"NOW LISTEN, ANNIE. WHEN MRS. MEANY LOANED YOU TO ME SHE GAVE YOU THE CHANCE OF YOUR LIFE! IF YOU MAKE GOOD - AS YOU'RE TOLD, SUCCESSFULLY AND WITHOUT QUESTION, YOU WILL LIVE IN THE LAP OF LUXURY! - BUT, REMEMBER THIS -"

"IF YOU FAIL - BACK YOU GO TO MRS. MEANY'S ORPHANAGE - DO YOU UNDERSTAND THAT?"

"Y-YES'M!! AN' I'LL DO ANYTHING IN THE WORLD TO KEEP FROM GOING BACK TO HER!!"

"VERY WELL - I'LL GIVE YOU A TRY-OUT BEFORE LONG - AND, NOW THAT WE UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER, I'LL SHOW YOU TO YOUR ROOM -"

"YES'M!!"



TOOTS AND CASPER

"All Set For A New Start"

"SHAKE, OLD BOY. I'M PROUD OF YOU FOR KNOCKING THE CHAMPION OUT! LET'S GET TOGETHER! YOU DO THE FIGHTING AND I'LL BE YOUR MANAGER. WE'LL SPLIT THE PROFITS 75-25. I GET THE 75% OF COURSE."

"THAT WAS MY FIRST FIGHT, AND IT WILL BE MY LAST, COLONEL. HOPEFULLY, WHY DON'T YOU PUT ON THE GLOVES AND MANAGE YOURSELF?"

"GOSH, TOOTS! I GUESS I'LL NEVER GET OVER MY LOSS IN THE 'STOCK MARKET' IF I HAD ONLY LET WELL ENOUGH ALONE I WOULDN'T FEEL SO BAD NOW!"

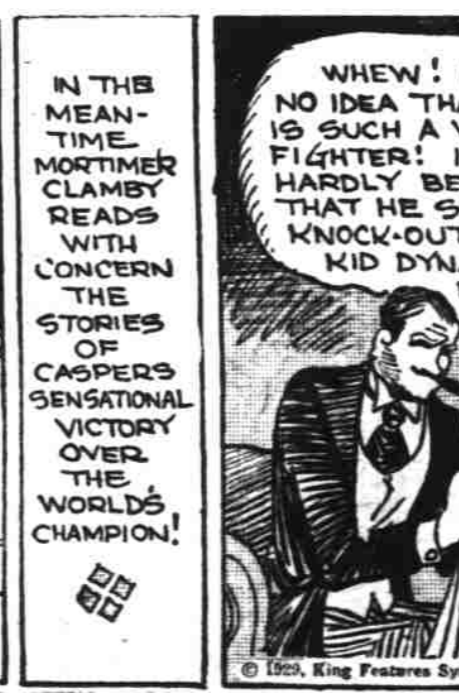
"FORGET IT, CASPER! STOP BROODING! YOU LOST \$48,000, BUT CAN'T BE HELPED! WE'LL START ALL OVER AGAIN."

"IN THE MEAN-TIME, MORTIMER CLAMBY READS WITH CONCERN THE STORIES OF CASPER'S SENATIONAL VICTORY OVER THE WORLD'S CHAMPION!"

"WHEW! I HAD NO IDEA THAT CASPER IS SUCH A WONDERFUL FIGHTER! I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE THAT HE SCORED A KNOCK-OUT OVER THE LIFE OF ME!"

"NO WONDER YOU'RE NERVOUS, MORTIMER! IF CASPER EVER FINDS OUT THAT IT WAS YOU WHO CAUSED HIS LOSS IN THE STOCK MARKET HE'D PROBABLY TRASH THE LIFE OF YOU!"

"DON'T YOU WISH THAT IN SOME WAY CASPER WOULD LEARN ABOUT MORTIMER CLAMBY'S VILLAINY?"



ENLIST SUN'S RAYS IN COMBATTING RICKETS

This Disease, Says Dr. Copeland, Is One of the Penalties of Improper Feeding—Sunlight and Good Food Will Help Baby Back to Health.

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

CIVILIZATION demands much. She makes us pay high prices for what she gives.

Chiefly these penalties are the diseases caused by our modern mode of life and the kinds of food we eat. Rickets is such a disease. It is caused by improper diet.

As a rule rickets is found among children who are bottle fed. But occasionally a breast fed baby develops the disease.

Formerly, it was generally believed that bad air, lack of exercise and infection were the principal causes. It is true that children in such surroundings when suffering from rickets and exposed to sunshine and fresh air begin to show immediate improvement.

An interesting fact about this disease is its geographic occurrence. It is most prevalent in America and middle Europe. Children of Italy, Spain, Greece, Norway, Denmark and of the Eskimo regions rarely are affected.

In the southern countries it is because the intense heat keeps the children out-of-doors. In the northern regions the mothers nurse their babies for very long periods. These mothers, too, have a diet rich in animal fats. The child well nourished, Negro and Italian children in America are particularly prone to the disease. One reason given for this in these races prevents the ultra-violet rays from penetrating. Without these rays there is great danger of rickets.

The children with rickets have difficulty in walking. They are pigeon breasted, knock-kneed, have enlarged joints, bony protuberance of the skull and other deformities. The abdominal muscles are weak, giving a "pot bellied" appearance. The child eats and sleeps poorly, is nervous and irritable.

Exposure to the direct rays of the sun is desirable. Artificial lights have much the same effect. The hospitals and clinics now give these light treatments.

Orange, tomato and prune juice, spinach, cabbage, milk and eggs are rich in those elements supplying the bone-building tissues. Cod-liver oil is of great value and should be given regularly.

By proper feeding and exposure to sunlight the mother may be confident her baby is safe. We need not worry over an ailment so well understood.

Answers to Health Queries

C. C. K. Q.—What will remove brown scars left by pimples?
2.—What should a girl of twenty-one, five feet four inches tall, weigh?
3.—What should a three-year-old boy weigh?
A.—If the scars are not deep the X-ray may be of benefit in making



DR. COPELAND

them less noticeable. See a skin specialist for his opinion.

2.—You should weigh about 126 pounds.

3.—He should weigh about thirty-two pounds.

R. A. H. Q.—I am a girl of twelve five feet two inches tall. What should I weigh?
A.—You should weigh about 108 pounds.

L. L. R. Q.—What should a girl of seventeen, five feet three inches tall, weigh? What should a girl of fifteen, five feet three inches tall, weigh?
A.—They should weigh respectively 120 and 115 pounds.

"A SUBSCRIBER" Q.—How much should a girl aged fifteen, five feet five inches tall, weigh?
2.—What foods are fattening?
A.—She should weigh about 111 pounds.

2.—Milk, eggs, plenty of fresh fruits and vegetables. Eat of a well-balanced diet and drink plenty of water between meals. Sleep as many hours as possible. Avoid poor illumination. All these will help to build up the system and gain weight.