them and to move in them: we

but the man himself it is not.

communion, the feeling of com-

radeship with the things and

events of our existence, which cuts

us off and made the world of our

parents a thing incomprehensible

to us-for then we surrendered

stream of eternity. Perhaps it was

saw nowhere an end. We had that

thrill of expectation in the blood

which united us with the course

the scenes of our youth like trav-

facts; like tradesmen we under-

ers, necessities. We are no longer

stand distinctions, and like butch-

perficial-I believe we are lost.

(To be continued)

GOOD-NIGHT

STORIES

By Max Trell =

The Shadow-Children Embark on

a Mediterranean Cruise

children with the turned-about

live there?

Today we would pass through

"All Quiet the Western Front"

CHAPTER XIV

es hotly, the sweat stings in our position. No sooner do we know in them; and even if they are not eyes, we wipe it off on our sleeves this than we dive into the nearest really cale, the become so. They we reach a trench that is in a dugout, and with the utmost haze are soundless apparitions that features, it is his face, and the enough to be an ocean. You canmanned and ready for the counter-attack, it receives us. Our guns open up in full blast and cut off the enemy attack.

The lines behind us stop. They can advance no farther. The attack is crushed by our artillery. We watch. The fire lifts a hundred yards and we break forward. Beside me a lance corporal has his head torn off. He runs a few steps more while the blood spouts from his neck like a fountain.

It does not come quite to handto-hand fighting; they are driven back. We arrive once again at our shattered trench and pass on beyoud it.

Oh, this turning back again. We reach the shelter of the reserves and yearn to creep in and disappear; - but instead we must turn round and plunge again into the horror. If we were not automata at that moment we could continue lying there, exhausted, and without will. But we are swept forward again, powerless, madly savage and raging; we will kill, for they are still our mortal enemies; their rifles and bombs are aimed against us, and if we don't destroy them, they will de-

der the sun's rays; the earth is we are so greedy for it. the background of this restless, gloomy world of automatons, our gasping is the scratching of a quill | them around. our lips are dry, our heads are debauched with stupor-thus we stagger forward, and into our cry and clutch at our legs as we Then long streaks stretch from spring away over them.

We have lost all feeling for one another. We can hardly control stare into the darkness, My ourselves when our hunted glance strength is exhausted as always attainable, and we know it. lights on the form of some other after an attack, and so it is hard man. We are insensible, dead men, for me to be alone with my who through some dreadful ma- thoughts. They are not properly gic, are still able to run and to thoughts; they are memories

A young Frenchman lags be- ward and strangely move me. hind, he is overtaken, he puts up few other prisoners to carry off them and feel the warmth. the wounded.

Suddenly in the reach the enemy line.

seconds has sufficed to give us five stomach wounds. With the it touches me before it dissolves pulp the face of one of the unwounded machine-gunners. We bayonet the others before they have time to get out their bombs. Then thirstily we drink the water they have for cooling the gun.

snapping, planks are thrown across the entanglements, we jump through the state of poplars by a stream. They are visible from a great distance, and Everywhere wire-cutters are jump through the narrow en- although they grew on one bank trances into the trenches. Hale only, we call them the poplar avestrikes his spade into the neck of nue. Even as children we had a a gigantic Frenchman and throws great love for them, they drew us the first hand grenade; we duck vaguely thither, we played truant behind breastwork for a few seconds, then the whole section of tened to their rustling. We sat betrench before us is empty. The neath them on the bank of the next throw whizzes obliquely over stream and let our feet hang the corner and clears a passage; over in the bright, swift waters. as we run into the dug-outs, the The pure fragrance of the water earth shudders, it crashes; dully and the melody of the wind in the and stifled, we stumble over slip- poplars held our fancies. We loved pery bodies; I fall into an open them dearly; and the image of bell on which lies a clean, new of- those days still makes my heart

The fight ceases. We lose touch It is strange that all the mem-with the enemy. We cannot stay ories that come have these two

improving the welfare of the public.

Welfare Organizations

The average person who does not suffer from

any particular illness, or who is not in need of

any social help, has little knowledge of what is

being accomplished in some cities. They never

come in contact with the fine work that the wel-

fare organization groups are doing.

The Charity Organization of New York and

the Welfare Council of New York City have cooperated together recently in issuing a directory of social agencies in the city. These have to do with better housing conditions, help for the

homeless, homes for the aged, legal aid and help for the immigrant, foreign-born and the traveler. In addition, there are protective and correctional

In New York City alone there are 1,100 social agencies. There are more than 300 organizations engaged in family welfare work. Eighty

in some form of child welfare they ?

educational activities and neighbor-

of the city, besides 112 infants'

health stations. Also there are 27 nursing services, 67 institutions for

convalescents, 146 services for mental hygiene and 36 health administration and educational organiza-

it is interesting to note that, with New York City "the social work

capitol of the world." there are 288 headquarters for national and inter-

the broad and humane interest of

The statistics of the work of these

welfare.

There are 263 hospitals and 1,410

of these are relief societies. There are 6 organi- DR COPELAND.

zations for promoting better housing condition; 23 to help the home-

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D. United States Senator from New York.

Former Commissioner of Health, New York City.

TY OW many are there who think of social work as charity pur

and simple? I fear many fail to realize the progress of the

times. We overlook too many things that have to do with

It is nearly noon. The sun blaz- cover of our artillery to our own pletely calm, that is predominant them and to be stirred by the carriage leaving Jaffa, which is baggage, and the dark-skinned somewhat better condition. It is seize on whatever provisions we speak to me, with looks and gesed beef and butter, before we clear out.

> and resting before anyone speaks. that in spite of our great hunger we do not think of the provisions. Then gradually we become something like men again.

The corned beef over there is famous along the whole front. Oc- front reached so far that we never ourselves to events and were lost casionally it has been the chief pass beyond it. Even in the re- in them, and the least little thing reason for a flying raid on our mote depots and rest-areas the was enough to carry us down the part, for our nourishment is gen- droning and the muffled noise of hunger.

We bagged five tins altogether. The fellows over there are well few days it has been unbearable. looked after; it seems a luxury turnip jam, and meat so scarce has scored a thin loaf of white can be cut off.

something decent to eat at last; for their return; for when they we still have a use for all our strength. Enough to eat is just as longed to them and they to us, The brown earth, the torn, blast- valuable as a good dug-out, it can even though we were already abed earth, with a greasy shine un- save our lives; that is the reason sent from them. They appeared Tjaden has captured two water-

The evening benediction begins. Night comes, out of the craters pierced and shattered souls bores rise the mists. It looks as though the torturing image of the brown the holes were full of ghestly earth with the greasy sun and the secrets. The white vapor creeps arise no more; we are dead and convulsed and dead soldiers, who painfully round before it ven- they stand remote on the horizon. lie there—it can't be helped—why | tures to steal away over the edge.

> rater to crater. which in my weakness turn home-

The parachute lights shoot uphis hands, in one he still holds his | wards-and I see a picture, a sumrevolver-does he mean to shoot mer evening, I am in the catheor to give himself up?-a blow dral closses and look at the tall from a spade cleaves through his rose trees that gloom in the midface. A second sees it and tries dle of the cloister garden where to run farther; a bayonet jabs the monks lie buried. Around the into his back. He leaps in the air, walls are the stone carvings of his arms thrown wide, his mouth the Stations of the Cross. No one wide open, yelling; he quivers. A is there. A great quietness rules third throws away his rifle, cow- in this blossoming quadrangle ers down with his hands before the sun lies warm on the heavy his eyes. He is left behind with a gray stones, I place my hand upon

At the right-hand corner the green cathedral spire ascends into the pale blue sky of the evening. We are so close on the heels of Between the glowing columns of our retreating enemies that we the cloister is the cool darkness reach it almost at the same time that only churches have, and I as they. In this way we suffer a stand there and wonder whether, few casualties. A machine gun when I am 20, I shall have experbarks, but is silenced with a bomb. Nevertheless, the couple of love.

butt of his rifle Kat smashes to in the light of the next star-shell. I lay hold of my rifle to see

Between the meadows behind our town there stands a line of pause in its beating.

here long for we must retire under | qualities. They are always comcan see, especially the tins of corn- tures, silently, without any word -and it is to alarm of their silence that forces me to lay hold We get back pretty well. There of my sleeve and my rifle lest I has been no further attack by the should abandon myself to the enemy. We lie for an hour panting libertian and allurement in which my body would dilate and gently We are so completely played out pass away into the still forces that

lie behind these things. They are quiet in this way, because quietness is so unattainable for us now. At the front there is no quietness and the curse of the erally bad; we have a constant shelling is always in our ears. We inly the privilege of our youth but are never so far off that it is no as yet we recognized no limits and more to be heard. But these last

Their stillness is the reason to us with our hunger-pangs, our why these memories of former times do not awaken desires so that we simply grab at it. Haie much as sorrow-a strange, inapprehensible melanchely. Once we elers. We are burnt up by hard French bread, and stuck it in be- had such desires-but they return hind his belt like a spade. It is a not. They are past, they belong to bit bloody at one corner, but that another world that is gone from us. In the barracks they called It is a good thing we have forth a rebellious, wild craving were still bound to us, we bein the soldiers' songs which we sang as we marched between the bottles full of cognac. We pass glow of the dawn and the black silhouettes of the forests to drill on the moor, they were a powerful remembrance that was in us

and came from us. But here in the trenches they are completely lost to us. They they are an apparition, a mysterious reflection drawing us home. that we wear and love without It is chilly, I am on sentry and hope. They are strong and our desire is strong-but they are un-

youth were given back to us we were all carrying little satchels. will be sport."

would hardly know what to do. Mother and Father had large va-The tender, sweet influence that lises. And there was also a fully. It didn't seem just right to passed from them into us could trunk.

not arise again. We long to be in | As you could not for the world | they appeared to be doing. Fathguess where they were I shall er and mother and the five childlong to remember and to love have to tell you. They were in a ren got into the boat, bag and sight of them. But it would be like in far-off Palestine, on the coast men started rowing them out to gazing at the photograph of a of the Mediterranean sea. The sea. The men all stood up in dead comrade; those are his Mediterranean, my dears, is big the boat as they rowed, days we spent together take on a not, no matter how strong your asked Flor timidly. He didn't like mournful life in the memory; eyes may be, see to the other the way the boat was tossing.

The shadow-children, you und- id began, when suddenly she in-We could never again, as the same beings, take part in those erstand, were accompanying the terrupted herself. "We won't be real-children, who, in turn, were in this boat more than five minscenes. It was not any recogniaccompanying their mother and utes more!" She pointed straight tion of their beauty and their significance that attracted us but the father on a trip around the world. ahead. They followed her finger



troubled-we are indifferent. We long to be there; but could we Now they were on their way to Vienna, the capital of Austria. We are forlorn like children. "We won't get to Austria in a and experienced like old men, we hurry," said Knarf. are crude and sorrowful and Bucan't go very fast.'

Hanid turned to Knarf and Knarf and laughed. "Silly," he said, "We don't go by carriage at all. We go by boat."

Knarf tried to act as though he didn't hear her. Soon they came to the dock. "There," said Knarf, turning to Hanid, "where's the boat?"

For a moment Hanid was puzzled. Then Yam shouted: "There Mij, Flor, Hanid, Yam and it is." They looked. A large rowboat Knarf-the five little shadowpulled up to the dock. Five

names-were waiting for a car- dark-skinned men, wearing red riage. They were in a strange fezes, were rowing. city. The little real-children-"O-oh!" Mij said, "we're go-And even if these scenes of our their masters and mistresses- ing to Vienna in a rowboat. That

Hanid shook her head doubt- shadow-children followed along, although no one noticed them. They were used to not being noher. Still, that was just what ticed and didn't mind it in the least. In fact they even enjoyed it. It was like being invisible.

At length after the boatmen were paid and the baggage all stowed neatly away in the staterooms, the whole family came up on deck to watch the ship get un- Former pickpockets and safe "Will it take very long-?"

They heard the first-mate shout orders to the sailors. Then an administration, Porf. August chie? immense machine on deck started of police at Berkeley, California, "It will take days and-" Hanturning noisily and up came the anchor at the end of a thick iron

Hanid turned to the others. "Now we're going to-

steamer lying at anchor. They had "---to VIENNA!" Knarf and not noticed it before because it Mij shouted in unison. The clever little shadow-girl bulwark that extended out into shook her head. "You two don't with be studied with a view of Sure enough, just as Hanid sighed. "I shall have to give you said, they rowed straight for the a lesson at once. Don't you know steamer and in five minutes they you can't get to Vienna by boat?" Mij looked shamefaced. But reached the side where a long! flight of stairs reached down from Knarf smiled. "Of course I know an effort to approach an under-

el of the water. The rowboat knew it too.' drew up close to this flight of | No one could get the better of stairs and one by one the real- Knarf.

children, then Mother and Father (Tomorrow: The Trip on the Mediterranean.)

of the world's greatest agencies know any geography at all," she training students in executive work in police departments. The idea of securing pickpock-

CHICAGO, Oct. 1. - (AP) -

crackers will lecture at the Univer-

sity of Chicago's school of police

and head of the school announce d

Prof. Vollmer, known for his

work of reorganizing police de-

partments in a number of large

American cities, today reached this

city to launch the new school in

which the law enforcing methods

today.

ets and safe crackers to lecture to the students, he explained, is the upper deck almost to the lev- it. I said it just to see if you standing of the problems of crimes and criminals.

Fall Prepares to Face Court Trial

WASHINGTON, Oct. 1. -(AP)-Physically tired but with eves bright and voice strong, Albert B. Fall, secretary of the interior in President Harding's cabinet and central figure in the naval oil leases, was back in Washington today to stand trial again after two years spent in the far west in search of health.

Murder, Suicide Occurs on Farm

SASKATOON, Sask., Oct. 1 .-(AP)-The bodies of Emil Plapsky and Mrs. Lena Faust were found on Mrs. Faust's farm four miles east of Wadena tonight. They had been shot to death. Mounted police believed that Plapsky, who had been working then turned the gun on himself.

Copyright, Alexander Lichtentag. Patent Pending In the English language there are SIX WORDS (each having just four letters; that begin with the letters J A

and saw for the first time a

had been partly hidden by a stone

went up the stairs. Finally the

the water.

One of them is A device for lifting or moving a heavy body. Any of various mechanical devices. (YOU supply the others.) woman. Also, a kind of stone, commonly green.

To tire or wear out. Also, a mean horse. Also, a bad To imprison. Also, a prison. An upright piece forming side of an opening, as a door-5 | A | To jest; play tricks. 6 J A A variety of coffee.

WORD HUNT

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

The solution for today's Word Hunt will be found on the for Mrs. Faust, killed her and Classified page

POLLY AND HER PALS

"Neewah's Not Asleep On The Job"

By CLIFF STERRETT









NOT ONLY COULD I HEAR

"Quick Action"

By RUSS WESTOVER









and National Health LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY

"The Silver Lining"

By BEN BATSFORD











TOOTS AND CASPER

"Such Is Fame"

By JIMMY MURPHY









4 - 255 3

less; 92 homes for the aged; 11 legal-aid services; 50 agencies to assist immigrants, foreign-born and travelers; 70 protective and correctional agencies for adults. In many of the 470 agencies engaged also carry on health work, family welfare or recreational, as well as

of the country enjoy these immeas clinics dealing with health problems urabel benefits. I assume they do. Answers to Health C :eries J. F. Q.-Is hop tea good for

zations. Let us do all we can to

It is to be hoped that other cities

encourage this fine spirit.

L. M. Q .- What can I do for en

larged ankles caused by bad sprains? A .- Wearing ankle supports might national welfare agencies in the city.

This great work represents an achievement which is significant of

public spirited citizens in the public of breath, especially after eating? 2. What causes food to sour in the stomach and cause belching? organizations show how much the improvement of the public health is due to their efforts. Without doubt there would be greater demands made upon the doctor and houself the properties.

L. M. Q.-What causes shortness



