

# "All Quiet on the Western Front"



...miles in those," I say and then begin to feel silly, for it is absurd to stand in front of a picture like this and think of nothing but marching.

"How old would she be?" Kropp asks.

"About 22 at the most," I hazard.

"Then she would be older than us! She is not more than 17, let me tell you!"

It gives us goose-flesh.

"That would be good, Albert. What do you think?"

He nods. "I have white trousers at home, too."

"White trousers," says I "but a girl like that—"

We look askance at one another. There's not much to boast of here—two ragged, stained and dirty uniforms. It is hopeless to compete.

So we proceed to tear the young man with the white trousers off the boarding taking care not to damage the girl. That is something towards it.

"We could go and get deloused, anyway," Kropp then suggests.

I am not very enthusiastic because it doesn't do one's clothes any good and a man is lousy again inside two hours. But when we have considered the picture once more, I declare myself willing, I even go farther.

"We might see if we could get a clean shirt as well—"

"Socks might be better," says Albert, not without reason.

"Yes, socks, too, perhaps. Let's go and explore a bit."

Then Leer and Tjaden stroll up; they look at the poster and immediately the conversation becomes smutty. Leer was the first of our class to run wild, and he gave stirring details of it. After his fashion he enjoys himself over the picture, and Tjaden supports him nobly.

It does not distress us exactly. Who isn't smutty is no soldier; it merely does not suit us at the moment, so we edge away and march off to the delousing station with the same feeling as if it were a swell gentlemen's outfitters.

I am called to the orderly room. The company commander gives me a leave-pass and a travel pass and wishes me a good

journey. I look to see how much leave I have got. Seventeen days—14 days leave and three days for traveling. It is not enough and I ask whether I cannot have five days for traveling. Bertick points to my pass. There I see that I am not to report to the front immediately. After my leave I have to report for a course of training to a camp on the moors.

The others congratulate me. Kat gives me good advice, and tells me I ought to try and get a base-job. "If you are smart, you'll hang onto it."

I would rather not have gone

## GOOD-NIGHT STORIES

By Max Trel

Mr. Punch Tells the Story of His "Monkey-Hat"

"Oh, good morning, Mr. Punch," greeted Knarf, the little shadow-boy. Mij, Flor, Hand and Yam—the other shadow-children, with the odd turned about names—nodded to Mr. Punch. "Good morning," they said brightly.

Mr. Punch was quite plainly pleased. He smiled genially. In fact, to be perfectly exact, he grinned from ear to ear. "Good morning, my dears," he exclaimed. "I hope you are all well this morning."

"What is that you're wearing on your head, Mr. Punch?" Mij asked.

"That is my hat, my child. Do you like it?"

It was a curiosity, that hat. It was bright red and ended in a tassel like a nice skater's hat. "I call it my monkey-hat—that's what I call it. And for a good reason—a very, very good reason, which I could tell you if—if—" Mr. Punch looked about stealthily. "You see," he explained, after he had satisfied himself that they weren't being overheard, "Judy doesn't fancy my telling stories. But if a story is true it ought to be told, oughtn't it?"

"Certainly," agreed the shadows.

"There now, I knew I was right. And this story that I am

going to tell you about my monkey-hat is true. It's true, true-and-true—"

"Don't you mean true, through and through?" Hand asked.

"Yes, through and through. I'm glad you corrected me. I like to tell my stories properly. Well, many years ago, when I was quite a young man, I went sailing as a sailor aboard a sailing vessel. Bye and bye we came to a little island



"It's My Monkey Hat."

bring them to the island. They belong to Chief Eatemp. Thereupon he handed me a pile of red hats, each of them like the one I'm wearing now. 'Aye aye, Cap'n,' I replied, as I boarded a rowboat and set out for shore. After landing I started walking toward the center of the island where Chief Eatemp lived. It was exceedingly hot, and, as I began to feel sleepy, I decided to take a brief nap in the shade of one of the ban yan trees before continuing. One of the red hats I put on my head, for I was accustomed to sleeping in a night-cap, and the others I set beside me on the ground.

"Hardly had I closed my eyes when a score of monkeys, who had been watching me from the

branches of the tree, came down and stole the hats. I awoke to see them with the hats pulled over their heads exactly as I had mine. They had stolen every hat—except the one I was wearing. In my anger I pulled the hat off my head and buried it on the ground, crying up at the monkeys 'Since you have stolen all my other hats come down and take this one too!'

"Imagine my delight to find every one of the monkeys immediately imitating my example and hurling its hat down. They all fell at my feet. I gathered them up in an instant and handed them safe and sound to Chief Eatemp. When I related to him he was so pleased that he presented me with this hat which, in remembrance of the event, I call my monkey-hat."

The shadow-children were quite impressed with the story.

And is it really true? Yam asked.

"Indeed it is," Mr. Punch said. "It's a true story, true-and-true. 'You mean through and through,' Hand said.

"Oh, yes, through and through. I beg your pardon."

## WORD HUNT

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English language there are EIGHTEEN WORDS (each having just four letters) that begin with the letters S T

1	S	T	A	B
2	S	T		
3	S	T		
4	S	T		
5	S	T		
6	S	T		
7	S	T		
8	S	T		
9	S	T		
10	S	T		
11	S	T		
12	S	T		
13	S	T		
14	S	T		
15	S	T		
16	S	T		
17	S	T		
18	S	T		

To pierce with or as with a pointed weapon. (YOU supply the other.)

The adult male of the red deer. Also, any of various male animals. Also, a social gathering of men only.

A heavenly body, or a figure taken as representing such. Also, the chief personage of a theatrical play.

To stop; check. Also, a guy rope. To wait. To remain. To abide.

Main axis or trunk of a plant or tree. Also, to stop or dam up.

To advance or recede. Also, a rest for the foot in ascending or descending. Also, a degree higher or lower.

To stand; to allow to remain. (In printing.)

To boil slowly; also a dish so prepared.

To impart movement; to rouse; to incite.

At the entrance of a building; a portico, with a colonnade designed to afford a sheltered meeting place.

In the United States: A short stake or stub.

To close; to fill up; to render impassable; to suppress. To check or interrupt. To cause to cease.

To place compactly. Also, to contain; to furnish room for.

A stump. The short part of anything after the larger part has been broken off or used up or detached.

A collection of horses. Also, a stallion. Also, a small scintillation. Also, a detachable automobile device.

Unfermented, or partly fermented, grape juice. Also, wine revived by the admixture of must.

To render senseless by a blow, as on the head. To stupefy or overpower with sudden emotion.

(One of two forms.) A boil on the edge of the eyelid.

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 s or es are purposely excluded from Word Hunts.

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

### CHAPTER XVII.

The terror of the front sinks deep down when we turn our backs upon it; we make grim, coarse jests about it; that keeps us from going mad; as long as we take it that way we maintain our own resistance.

But we do not forget. It's all rot that they put in the war news about the good humor of the troops, now they are arranging dances almost before they are out of the front line. We don't act like that because we are in a good humor; we are in a good humor because otherwise we should go to pieces. If it were not so we could not hold out much longer; our humor becomes more bitter every month.

And this I know; all these things that now, while we are still in the war, sink down in us like a stone, after the war shall have wakened again, and then shall begin the disentanglement of life and death.

The days, the weeks, the years out here shall come back again, and our dead comrades shall stand up again and march with us, our heads shall be clear, we shall have a purpose, and so we shall march, our dead comrades beside us, the years at the front

### Then Leer and Tjaden stroll up and immediately the conversation becomes smutty.

behind us: — against whom, against whom?

Some time ago there was an army theatre in these parts. Colored posters of the performances are still sticking on a boarding.

With wide eyes Kropp and I stand in front of it. We can hardly credit that such things still exist. A girl in a light summer dress, with a red patent-leather belt about her hips! She is standing with one hand on a railing and with the other she holds a straw hat. She wears white stockings and white shoes, fine buckle shoes with high heels. Behind her smiles a blue lake with white horses, at the side is a bright bay. She is a lovely girl with a delicate nose, red lips, and slender legs, wonderfully clean and well cared for; she certainly bathes twice a day and never has any dirt under her nails. At most perhaps a bit of sand from the beach.

Beside her stands a man in white trousers, a blue jacket and sailor's cap; but he interests us much less.

The girl on the poster is a wonder to us. We have quite forgot-

ten that there are such things; and even now we hardly believe our eyes. We have seen nothing like it for years, nothing like it for happiness, beauty and joy. That is peace time, that is as it should be; we feel excited.

"Just look at those thin shoes though, she couldn't march many

### POLLY AND HER PALS

Does Paw Crave Nourishment?



## BUILD A RESERVE OF STRENGTH—EXERCISE!

Dr. Copeland Gives a Good Health Tip in Advising that the Heart Muscles Be Prepared for the Inevitable Demands of Life's Uncertainties.

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

MANY persons ask about the heart. Perhaps one has been told to avoid violent exercise and emotion, for fear of their bad effects on this organ. Another may have been told to walk briskly and to stimulate an interest in things, so that the heart will beat more vigorously.

Just how should this vital organ be treated? How are we to reconcile these conflicting statements?

The heart is a mass of muscles. It must beat seventy times, or so, every minute. No matter how quiet you may be, the powerful heart muscles contract strongly every time there is a heart beat. When you are hurried or excited these contractions are fairly violent.

There is no doubt that for some persons safety demands moderation and caution against these experiences which excite the heart. But for most of us, by all odds the vast majority of us, it is important to train the heart so that it is accustomed to hard work. Reasonable work, of course.

There arise emergencies when tremendous strain is thrown upon the heart. These emergencies are met in health, and likewise they are met in disease.

You may run for the street car, or be told of some frightful accident to one near and dear to you. Without warning there may come a terrible and unprepared for demand upon your heart muscles.

Or you may have some profound illness, when prolonged overwork is thrown upon the heart. In a disease like pneumonia the high fever and rapid pulse may test the endurance of the strongest heart.

You never know what demands will be made on your heart muscles. You must be ready for whatever may come.

When you know that the heart is largely muscle you know that it must be treated like other muscles if it is to grow strong. There must be systematic exercise, during which the heart muscles are made to work harder than they usually do.

The trouble with most persons is that they never take any exercise beyond that demanded by their daily duties. It would be foolish to advise a farmer, a carpenter, a plumber or any other man engaged in active, hard, muscular work to "take exercise." He would laugh at you.

But a bookkeeper, a manufacturer, a stenographer, most clerks and the majority of business men and women do not get physical exercise, or at least brisk physical exercise. They must have it if the body generally, and the heart in particular, are to be kept in prime condition.

You should lay up a reserve of strength in your heart muscles by keeping them fit and strong by vigorous exercise during a part of the day. This is your duty to yourself.

Of course, if you have a weak heart and your doctor advises against such exercises you should follow his advice. But for most of us such vigorous work as I have described will add strength, and length of days, too.

### Answers to Health Queries

- L. D. Q.—What do you advise for thread worms?
- A.—Send self-addressed, stamped envelope for full particulars and repeat your question.
- M. L. W. Q.—What diet and exercise would you advise for six-year-old child 4 ft. 4 in. tall, weighing about 25 pounds? She has been

### TILLIE, THE TOILER

"Wasted Time"



### LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY

"Getting Ready For Rehearsal"



### TOOTS AND CASPER

"The Fight Casper Lost"



### CLIFF STERRETT

By CLIFF STERRETT



### RUSS WESTOVER

By RUSS WESTOVER



### BEN BATSFORD

By BEN BATSFORD



### JIMMY MURPHY

By JIMMY MURPHY

### RUSS WESTOVER

By RUSS WESTOVER



### BEN BATSFORD

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