

"All Quiet on the Western Front"

CHAPTER XXII

There's a great deal of polishing being done. We are inspected at every turn. Everything that is torn is exchanged for new. I score a spottless new tunic out of it and Kat, of course, an entire uniform. A rumor is going around that there may be peace, but the other story is more likely—that we are bound for Russia. Still, what do we need new things for in Russia? At last it leaks out—the Kaiser is coming to review us. Hence all the inspections.

For eight whole days we would suppose we were in a base-camp, there is so much drill and fuss. Everyone is peevish and touchy, we do not take kindly to all this polishing, much less to parades. Such things excoriate a soldier more than the front-line.

At last the moment arrives. We stand up stiff and the Kaiser appears. We are curious to see what he looks like. He stalks along the line, and I am really rather disappointed: judging from his pictures I imagined him to be bigger and more powerfully built, and above all to have a thundering voice.

He distributes iron crosses and speaks to this man and to that. Then we march off.

Afterwards we discuss it. Tjaden says with astonishment: "So that is the All-Highest! And everyone, bar nobody, has to stand up stiff in front of him! He meditates: 'Hindenburg too, he has to stand up stiff to him, eh?'"

"Sure," says Kat. "Tjaden hasn't finished yet. He thinks for a while and then asks: 'And would a king have to stand up stiff to an emperor?'"

None of us is quite sure about it, but we don't suppose so. They are both so exalted that standing strictly to attention is probably not insisted on.

"What rot you do hatch up," says Kat. "The main point is that you have to stand stiff yourself."

But Tjaden is quite fascinated. His otherwise prosy fancy is blowing bubbles.

"But what I would like to know," says Albert, "is whether there would not have been a war if the Kaiser had said No."

"I'm sure of this much," I interject. "He was against it from the first."

"Well, if not him alone, then perhaps it twenty or thirty people in the world had said No."

"That's possible," I agree, "but they damned well said Yes."

"It's queer, when one thinks about it," goes the Kropp, "we are here to protect our fatherland. And the French are over there to protect their fatherland. Now, who's in the right?"

"Perhaps both," says I, without believing it.

"Yes, well now," pursues Albert, "I see that he means to drive me into a corner, but our papers say that we are the only ones that are right, and let's hope so—but the French professors and parsons and newspapers say that the right is on their side, what about that?"

"That I don't know," I say, "but whichever way it is there's war all the same and every month more countries coming in."

Tjaden is still quite excited and again joins the conversation, wondering just how a war gets started.

"Mostly by one country badly offending another," answers Albert with a slight air of superiority.

"Then Tjaden pretends to be obtuse. 'A country? I don't follow. A mountain in Germany cannot offend a mountain in France. Or a river, or a wood, or a field of wheat.'"

"Are you really as stupid as that, or are you just pulling my leg?" asks the Kropp. "I don't mean that at all. One people offends the other—"

"Then I haven't any business here at all," replied Tjaden. "I don't feel myself offended."

"Well, let me tell you," says Albert sourly, "it doesn't apply to train like you."

"I'm not so sure about that," contradicts Kat. "He has not had a war up till now. And every full grown emperor requires at least one war otherwise he wouldn't become famous. You look in your school books."

"And generals too," adds Diering, "they become famous through war."

"Even more famous than emperors," adds Kat.

"There are other people back behind there who profit by the war, that's certain," growls Diering.

"I think it is more a kind of fever," says Albert, "No one in particular wants it, and then all at once there it is. We didn't want the war, the others say the same thing—and yet half the world is in it just the same."

"But there are more lies told by the other side than by us," says I; "just think of those pamphlets the prisoners have on them, where it says that we eat Belgian children. The fellows who write that ought to go and hang themselves. They are the real culprits."

Muller gets up. "Anyway, it is better that the war is here instead of in Germany. Just you take a look at the shell holes."

"Truly," assents Tjaden, "but no war at all would be better still."

He is quite proud of himself because he has for once scored over us volunteers. And his opinion is quite typical here, one needs it time and again, there is nothing with which one can properly counter it, because that is the limit of their comprehension of the factors involved. The national feeling of the soldier resolves itself into this—here he is. But this is the end of it; everything else from joining up onwards are criticisms from a practical point of view.

Albert lies down on the grass and growls angrily. "The best thing is not to talk about the rotten business."

"It would make any difference that's true," agrees Kat.

As for the windfall, we have to return almost all the new things and take back our old rags again. The good ones were merely for the inspection.

Instead of going to Russia, we go up the line again. On the way we pass through a devastated wood with the tree trunks shattered and the ground ploughed up.

At several places there are tremendous craters. "Great guns, something's hit that," I say to Kat.

"Trench mortars," he replies, and then points up at one of the trees.

In the branches dead men are hanging. A naked soldier is squatting in the fork of a tree; he still has his helmet on otherwise he is entirely unclad. There is only half of him sitting there, the top half. The legs are missing.

"What can that mean?" I ask.

"He's been blown out of his clothes," matters Tjaden.

"It's funny," says Kat. "We have seen that a couple of times now. If a mortar gets you it blows you almost clean out of your clothes. It's the concussion that does it."

I search around. And so it is. Here hang bits of uniform, and somewhere else is plastered a bloody mess that was once a human limb. Over there lies a body with nothing but a piece of under-pant on one leg and the collar of the tunic around its neck. Otherwise it is naked and the clothes are hanging up in the tree. Both arms are missing as though they had been pulled out. I discover one of them 20 yards off in a scrub.

The dead man lies on his face. There, where the arm would be, the earth is black with blood. Underfoot the leaves are scratched up as though the man had been kicking.

"That's no joke, Kat," says I. "No more is a shell splinter in the belly," he replies, shrugging his shoulders.

"But don't get tender-hearted," says Tjaden. "All this can only have happened a little while ago, the blood is still fresh. As everybody we see there is dead we do not waste any more time, but report the affair at the next stretcher-bearers post."

After all it is not our business to take these stretcher-bearers' jobs away from them.

(To be continued.)

GOOD-NIGHT STORIES

By Max Tresh

For Once Knarf Was Right but He Didn't Know It

Mij, Flor, Hanid, Yam and Knarf—the five little shadow-children with the turned-about names—found themselves in Vienna. How did they come to find themselves there? You will have to ask that of their masters and mistresses, the real-children, who make a trip around the world. The shadows simply followed them about wherever they went, just as your shadow follows you about wherever you go.

Well, the children weren't in Vienna very long before they set out with their father to see the city, for it was new to them. The shadows were only too glad of the opportunity to go along, even though no one invited them. Who ever invites shadows? Who ever notices them, even? Still they do not mind. They're not very sensitive, you see.

After walking down a broad avenue, with trees on both sides, they stopped in front of a huge building. From the center of the building rose a tall clock-tower.

"This is the Rathaus," father explained to the real-children. The shadows looked at each other questioningly.

"What does that mean?" Yam wanted to know.

Mij, Flor and Hanid shook their heads. But Knarf tried to look very wise.

"Hm-m," he said, "don't you know what Rathaus means? All you have to do is break it in half. Rat means rat, and haus means house. It's a house for rats."

After this explanation he smiled. He was quite fond of his own cleverness.

Just then, however, father said to the real-children: "I don't suppose you know what Rathaus means. All you have to do to it to break it in half."

"See!" Knarf whispered. "Just as I told you!"

"Haus," father continued, "means house—"

"See!" the shadow-boy exclaimed.

"While Kat doesn't mean rat, as some silly people might think, but advice. It's a house in which advice is given, or, as we should say, the city-hall. This is the city-hall of Vienna."

Knarf turned away in disgust. "Humph, rat means rat. Anyone knows that!"

They walked a little farther. At length they reached another large building.

"I wonder what this is?" Yam asked again.

This time Master Knarf was wiser than before. He waited until

coasters and a ferris wheel that is the highest in the world. Everywhere they found people eating frankfurters.

"Oh, look," Knarf cried excitedly, "they're eating weenies!"

Hanid frowned. "What a dreadful name. They can't be called that!" And the others nodded to show they agreed with Hanid.

Knarf was taken aback. He had been wrong so many times that he thought he ought not to insist.

"I guess, I've made a mistake," he admitted, when all at once fa-

ther turned to the real-children and said: "You've all heard frankfurters called weenies? Well, I'll tell you why they are called that funny name. They come from Vienna which in German is spelled Wien. We pronounced it Ween. And so we call the frankfurters which come from there Weenies."

Mij, Flor, Hanid and Yam glanced at Knarf and laughed.

"And you were right and didn't know it," they mocked. And as Knarf didn't know what to answer he remained perfectly silent.

GOOD HEALTH MEANS A HAPPY DISPOSITION

Don't Go Around with a Long Face, Urges Medical Authority, for Loss of Good Nature Is Usually Due to Some Cause Easily Corrected.

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

WHEN the nervous system is clogged by reason of eating too much food, or the wrong kind of food, conditions are created within the body that interfere with the nervous system. In consequence the victim becomes irritable, nervous and bad tempered.

You know what happens when a furnace or stove gets clogged up with cinders and ashes. The fire just won't burn unless the stove is cleaned out. There must be fresh fuel and fresh air if the fire is to keep going.

If an inanimate thing like a stove or furnace is affected by being clogged up what do you think will happen if there is clogging of the human system? It cannot operate properly.

The habitual use of excessive quantities of tobacco may result in sleepless nights. Anything that disturbs the rest should be discovered in order that it may be removed and the nervous system restored by proper sleep.

You don't need to worry about your brain and nervous system even if you are sleepless. You needn't think you are in an asylum or a hospital. A little common sense applied to your eating and drinking will end your troubles.

More exercise, more water to drink, honest perspiration, and recreation of the right sort, will do much to promote your recovery from sleeplessness. You will be restored speedily to good nature and usefulness.

Of course, you can't be happy or good natured if you are unable to sleep. For the sake of your friends, if for no other reason, make an effort to shake off the symptoms and get back to a normal condition.

If others are as sensitive to their surroundings as I am, they always suffer when there is lack of good nature on the part of associates. One long face in great big room will take the joy out of life from all the rest of the persons who work in those surroundings.

I might have greater sympathy for the person who suffers in this way. I would have it if I were not so fully convinced that it is a condition founded on some physical state which can be gotten rid of by a little care.

POLLY AND HER PALS

"Quit Yo Ticklin', Esmeralda!"

By CLIFF STERRETT



TILLIE, THE TOLER

"A Chance To 'Clean Up'"

By RUSS WESTOVER



LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY

"A Fair Get-Away"

By BEN BATSFORD



TOOTS AND CASPER

"The Unregrettable Loss"

By JIMMY MURPHY



WORD HUNT

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In the English language there are EIGHTEEN WORDS (each having just SIX letters) that begin with the letters U N L.

| | |
|----------|---------|
| 1 U N L | A I C E |
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| 18 U N L | |

To loose by undoing a lacing. (YOU supply the others.)
To unload; discharge, as a load or burden.
(Nautical.) Not twisted—said of a rope or its strands.
To deprive of lands.
To loose, as that which is tied down.
In printing: To remove leads from between the lines of type.
If not; except; supposing that not.
Dissimilar; having no resemblance.
To remove time from, as hides.
To take the lining out of.
To undo; to unfasten.
To live in a manner contrary to.
To remove or discharge, as a load. To relieve from anything onerous.
To unfasten. To open; undo; to disclose.
To recall or retract, as a look.
To deprive of the rank or position of a lord.
Absence of love; hate.
To separate, as things cemented or luted.

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 Hunt.

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

Answers to Health Queries

MRS. R. S. Mc. Q.—What should a woman aged thirty-two, five feet six inches tall, weigh?

A.—What causes sick stomach after eating?

A.—What causes cold hands and feet?

A.—What causes the heart to beat fast when frightened?

A.—She should weigh about 128 pounds.

A.—May be due to acidity.

A.—This is often due to poor circulation. Build up the general health and your circulation will improve.

A.—This is due to nervousness.

Q.—What causes a discharge in the throat?

A.—This is probably due to nasal catarrh. For further particulars send self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

THANK YOU. Q.—What do you advise for falling hair?

A.—What will eradicate pimples?

A.—Improve the general health, since this has a decided bearing on the condition of both hair and scalp. Shampoo the hair about once every

ten days, using a good pure soap and warm water, rinsing thoroughly and use a stimulating tonic twice weekly.

2—Proper diet and general care should bring about results.

C. K. L. Q.—What causes small broken veins that seem to form in patches on the legs?

A.—Undue exertion, such as long standing, for instance. Keep off the feet as much as possible and wear an elastic bandage or stocking during the daytime.

2—Proper diet and regular exercise should bring about results along this line. For further particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

B. A. R. Q.—How can one increase the white blood corpuscles, since I have read that these blood corpuscles are the disease warriors?

A.—If the health is good the white blood corpuscles take care of themselves. Observe the general rules for good health and you will not need to worry along these lines.

2—Watch your diet and keep the system clear. You probably have HIVES. For further particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

T. C. D. Q.—What should a girl aged sixteen, four feet ten inches tall weigh?

A.—She should weigh about 108 pounds.

A. R. Q.—How can I gain weight?

A.—Proper clothing and deep breathing is the secret. You should eat nourishing foods and have plenty of sleep and rest.

JON M. Q.—What causes my nose to bleed every morning?

A.—Some growth in the nose, slow or high blood pressure.

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