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Circles—
where food
problems are
intelligently
settled—*

**Redpath
SUGAR**

meets with well-deserved approval. Women prefer it because they have always been able to depend absolutely on its purity and uniform quality. It never disappoints.

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26

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Big Ben

A Westclox Alarm



7 a.m.—

For the Rising Generation

BIG BEN at his best—at seven a. m. —opening little folks' eyes—there's a race to hush him—a pillow battle—merry laughter—and mother to tidy the kiddies for school.

Big Ben's little men bubble health and cheer, and they feel as big as Daddy with a clock all their own.

You'll like Big Ben face to face. He's seven inches tall, spunky, neighborly—downright good.

Big Ben is six times factory tested. At your dealer's, \$2.50 in the United States, \$3.50 in Canada. Sent prepaid on receipt of price if your dealer doesn't stock him.

Westclox folk build more than three million alarms a year—and build them well. All wheels are assembled by a special process—patented, of course. Result—accuracy, less friction, long life.

La Salle, Ill., U. S. A.

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Makers of Westclox

Other Westclox: Baby Ben, Pocket Ben, America, Bingo, Sleep-Meter, Lookout and Ironclad

rows of dull, heavy faces lined with worry and fright as the non-commissioned officers rated them for their stupidity made the commander sick of his regiment and heart sorry for himself. He was filled with exasperation and the most horrible forebodings, and as the regiment moved onwards, he tried to look as little as possible at the files of shambling men.

The roads grew steadily worse, then they ceased to be roads at all; and the regiment, by this time a mere unit in the Austrian army which fought the battle of passes with Brussilov, had to march as best it could over a pathless wilderness filled with woods, bogs, broken and rocky ground, and overshadowed by the spurs of the western foothills of the Carpathians.

Johannes knew he was now at war, but as he floundered along, sometimes jarring his foot on a half-buried rock, sometimes stepping into a hidden hole and incontinently jerking all the breath out of his body, he did not consider that he could find anything in war to make him more miserable than he was. The winter snow-storms blowing from the mountains half buried the advancing army, icy rifle barrels froze the hands, frozen collars and belts chafed the skin, feet stiffened and hardened in the clumsy boots, the body tissues shrank and dwindled in the baggy shoddy uniform. With exasperated looks the soldiers of the 175th regiment—"poor military material"—asked each other in furious whispers why these atrocities should be inflicted upon them.

And then, at a great distance, sounded

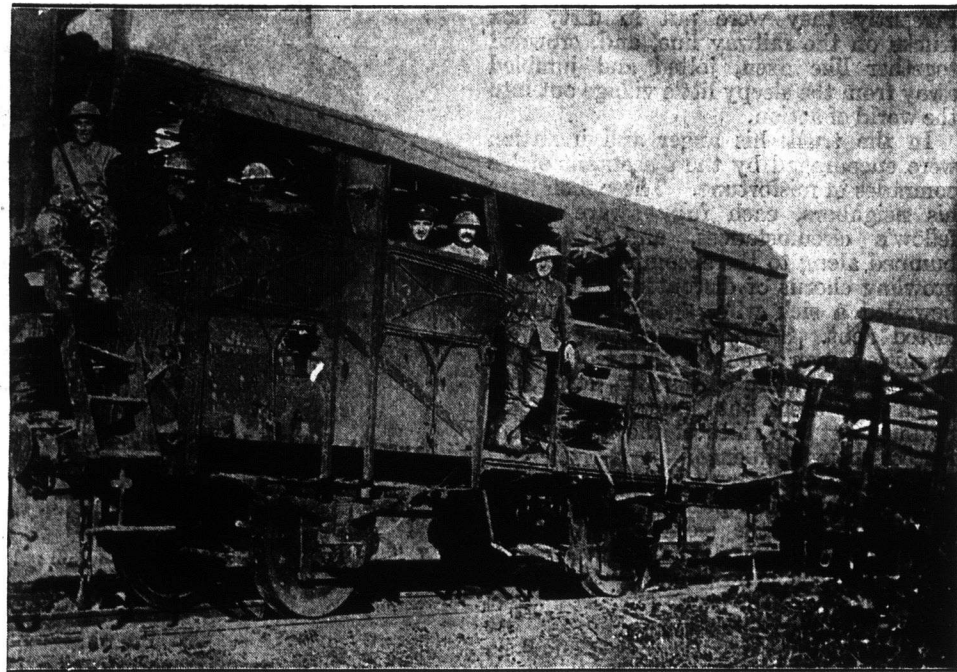
ing Austrian lines were being swept by Russian shrapnel. The white snow of the mountain was spreading in gigantic scarlet blotches. Shattered and mangled Austrians littered the line of advance. The falling of shells, and the shrieks of the wounded shattered the air like the furious ravings of madmen.

The 175th regiment stopped in its tracks as though it had walked against a granite cliff.

Johannes lost control of his feet, they would not move. A violent internal shudder left him trembling like a rotten leaf on a bough. He became suddenly warm. Sweat beads stood out on his face—amongst his hair. The whole regiment stood swaying like a falling wall.

The commander screamed at them to go forward. "Forward, advance, cattle, fools, brutes, beasts—" his voice cracked and left him. The blighted regiment did not even hear. Johannes stood staring like a cow at the gabbling, purple-visaged officer who was jumping up and down in his stirrups and waving his sword at the Russians. Johannes thought he was mad. He knew that no one but an insane man would place himself in this situation. To order anyone to advance was only an exaggerated form of insanity.

Suddenly the officer clawed out his revolver from its holster and with terrible gestures began to shoot the men nearest him. The junior officers were thrusting their swords into the legs and shoulders of the rear ranks. And then the Russian gunners found the range and began to shell the fourth line.



A shot riddled car in which a score of brave British Tommies rode valiantly through the enemy fire. The car shows the effect of the terrific fire and is badly damaged. It appears that if some young Hercules should take hold and shake it that it would fall apart. In order to fulfil an order the soldiers had to make a hurried journey to a certain point that the censors have deleted. After accomplishing their mission they all wore broad smiles, as shown in the photo. It's nothing for them to ride in between the bullets.

the voices of the guns. A continuous, business-like booming such as warm and well-fed gunners might direct against their enemy.

As day after day the sound rolled to their ears, the mob of the 175th regiment became convinced that while they toiled in the blizzard and through the morasses, the Russians were in comfort and shelter, ready and able to destroy them at a blow. They did not know that the Russians, too, were foundering with exhaustion, that the gunners, with numbed hands, served their pieces in the icy passes, lashed by the terrible mountain winds.

Johannes had no idea of detail in all this toilsome struggle forward. It was simply one ceaseless never-ending misery, and when, finally, his regiment deployed into its position in the Austrian line and prepared to take part in a definite encounter with the Russians he did not observe that anything notable had happened.

The first stages in the combat for the central passes took place on the high snow-sheeted spurs of the Carpathians. Johannes' regiment was in the fourth line of the Austrian advance, and when the 175th emerged into the zone of fire the battle had been joined by the regiments in the van of the attack and what was going forward on the bare snow-clad field lay in plain view. Man's primal instincts were off the leash. The Russian and Austrian front lines were at work on each other with the bayonet, and the support-

Twenty paces from Johannes the snow leapt into the air in a ragged spitting cloud and a choking smoke poured into his nostrils. Like a noiseless figure in a horrible nightmare he saw his commander, still waving his sword, bound from his saddle, his arms extended, his body arched in a great hollow, and fall nerveless, soundless, like a half-filled sack of meal in the deep snow, while the horse went down as though hit by a thunderbolt.

A shell split overhead. The face of Johannes' neighbor cracked open like a fractured pumpkin. A scream pierced his ear drum like a needle point and a soldier went rolling over and over in the snow, his legs shorn away—only the trunk, rolling ridiculously, encumbered by the long skirts of the service overcoat. An officer rushed out before the regiment screaming "Forward, march, march," his face contorted out of human semblance, his eyes bulging in their sockets. As Johannes stared at him the officer's head and face were obliterated—lost their shape and form—became an abominable scarlet mush.

The rifle dropped from Johannes' hands. An immense energy possessed him, driving him headlong, without direction or purpose. Groaning, tearing at his equipment, he rushed blundering against his nearest comrade. The whole regiment was losing its formations. The men broke and surged like groups of bewildered ants, and engulfing and sweeping