

"All Quiet on the Western Front"



CHAPTER II

It is strange to think that at home in the drawer of my writing table there lies the beginning of a play called "Sal" and a bundle of poems. Many an evening I have worked over them—we all did something of the kind—but that has become so unreal to me that I cannot comprehend it any more. Our early life is cut off from the moment we came here, and that without our lifting a hand. We often try to look back on it and to find an explanation, but never quite succeed. For us young men of twenty everything is extraordinarily vague, for Kropp, Muller, Leer and me, for all of us whom Kantorek calls the "Iron Youth." All the older men are linked up with their previous life. They have wives, children, occupations and interests, they have a background that is so strong that the war cannot obliterate it. We young men of twenty, however, have only our parents, and some, perhaps a girl—that is not much, for at our age the influence of parents is at its weakest and girls have not yet got a hold over us. Besides this there was little else—some enthusiasm, a few hobbies, and our school. Beyond this our life did not extend. And of this nothing remains.

Kantorek would say that we stood on the threshold of life. And so it would seem. We had as yet no roots. The war swept all away. For the others, the older men, it is but an interruption. They are able to think beyond it. We, however, have been gripped by it and do not know what the end may be. We know only that in some strange and melancholy way we have become a waste land. All the same, we are not

With full pack and rifle I have had to practice on a soft, wet newly ploughed field until I was one lump of mud and finally collapsed.

Often said. . . . Though Muller would be delighted to have Kemmerich's boots, he is really quite as sympathetic as another who could not bear to think of such a thing for grief. He merely sees things clearly. Were Kemmerich able to make use of the boots, then Muller would rather go barefoot over barbed wire than scheme how to get hold of them. But as it is the boots are quite inappropriate to Kemmerich's circumstances, whereas Muller can make good use of them. Kemmerich will die, it is immaterial who will get them. Why, then, should not Muller succeed to them? He has more right than a hospital orderly. When Kemmerich is dead it will be too late. Therefore Muller is already on the watch.

We have lost all sense of other considerations, because they are artificial. Only the facts are real and important for us. And good boots are scarce.

Once it was different. When we went to the district commandant to enlist, we were a class of twenty young men, many of whom had proudly shaved for the first time before going to the barracks. We had no definite plans for the future. Our thoughts of a career and occupation were as yet too unpractical a character to furnish any scheme of life. We were still crammed full of vague ideas which gave to life, and to the war also, an ideal and almost romantic character. We were trained in the army for ten weeks and in

this time more profoundly influenced than by ten years at school. We learned that a bright button is weightier than four volumes of Schopenhauer. At first astonish-

ed, then embittered, and finally indifferent, we recognized that what matters is not the mind, but the boot brush, not intelligence, but the truss, not freedom but drill. We became soldiers with eagerness and enthusiasm, but they have done everything to knock that out of us. After three weeks it was no longer incomprehensible to us that a braided postman should have more authority over us than had formerly our parents, our teachers and the whole gamut of culture from Plato to Goethe.

With our young awakened eyes we saw that the classical conception of the Fatherland held by our teachers, resolved itself here into a renunciation of personality such as one would not ask of the meanest servant—salutes, springing to attention, parade-marches, presenting arms, right wheel, left wheel, clicking the heels, insults and a thousand petting details. We had fancied our task would be different, only to find we were to be trained for heroism as though we were circus ponies. But we soon accustomed ourselves to it. We learned in fact that some part of these things was necessary, but the rest merely show. Soldiers have a fine nose for such distinction.

By threes and fours our class was scattered over the platoons amongst Frisian fishermen, peasants and labourers with whom we soon made friends. Kropp, Muller, Kemmerich and I went to No. 9 platoon under Corporal Himmelstoss.

He had the reputation of being the strictest disciplinarian in the camp, and was proud of it. He was a small, undersized fellow, with a foxy, waxed moustache, who had seen twelve years' service and was in civil life a postman. He had a special dislike for Kropp, Tjaden, Westus and me, because he sensed a quiet defiance.

I have remade his bed 14 times in one morning. Each time he had some fault to find and pulled it to pieces. I have kneaded a pair of prehistoric boots that were as hard as iron for 20 hours—with intervals of course—until they became as soft as butter and not even Himmelstoss could find

GOOD-NIGHT STORIES

By Max Trelle

The Shadow-Children Attempt a Long Climb to the Planet Mars

ONE day Mij, Flor, Hanid, Yam and Knarf—the five little shadow-children with the turned-about names—were in the garden when Knarf, pointing to the sky, said:

"What a bright star!"

"It isn't a star," said Hanid, who was a very clever little shadow-girl. "It's a planet."

"The others looked at her in surprise.

"What's the difference?" they demanded.

"A star is like a lamp. It gives its own light. But a planet is quite dark and gets its light only when a star shines on it. It is like a room that remains dark until you turn the light on. Our sun is a star, and our earth is a planet."

"A planet!" exclaimed the others. They were extremely quick to learn, you see.

"Well," remarked Mij, who was still somewhat doubtful, "that may all be so about the sun and the earth, but how can you tell about all the stars and planets that are way, way up in the sky?"

"Yes," said Knarf, "how can you tell which is which?"

Hanid smiled. "It's very simple. A star always twinkles and a planet never does. It always shines with a bright, steady light, like the moon."

"Oh, is the moon a planet, too?" Yam wanted to know.

"Yes, indeed. It gets all its light from the sun."

They turned their attention on the first planet again.

"What's its name?" Yam inquired.

"Mars," said Hanid. "There are seven planets which circle around our sun like the earth does. They are Mars, Mercury, Venus, Saturn, Jupiter, Uranus and our Earth."

"And what about the moon?" Knarf broke in.

"The moon belongs to the earth. Instead of circling around the sun, as the others do, it circles around the earth. Of course, as

the earth circles around the sun, the moon has to do it, too. But it isn't the same thing."

"And are all the planets near each other?" asked Flor.

"Oh, yes," Knarf replied, just to show how wise he was. "They're not more than five fingers apart. You can see that with your own eyes." And he pointed to the little bright points in the sky. To tell the truth, they really did seem to be very close together.

"They may seem to be close," Hanid agreed, "but they're millions of miles apart. It would take years and years to walk from one to the other."

"Let's do it," Knarf cried excitedly.

"Do what?"

"Walk from one planet to another."

"But we haven't the time. We must be back before dawn."

Shadows, you understand, may



"What a Bright Star!"

go where they please when their little masters and mistresses are asleep. But the moment it is light and they wake up they must be ready to accompany them.

"We can easily be back at dawn and still go to all the planets," Knarf said. "All we have to do is to take one jump and we'll land on Mars."

The others shook their heads.

"How can we possibly jump it when we're so small as peas and it's so far, far away?"

"Hm-h! I have a scheme. We simply make ourselves big—like this!" And Master Knarf suddenly grew so long that the top of his head disappeared over the tree

Home-Making Helps

By ELEANOR ROSS

When Thinking of Scallops Try These Tested Recipes

Scallops are not as expensive as they sound. The price per pound may seem high, but comparisons should be made not with the whole of any other shellfish, but with its edible portion. Scallops are in the same class as shell—not a bit of waste. No shell, no insides, no bone. Everything that you buy is edible.

Of course, there is a good deal of waste to a scallop before the delicate white flesh is offered in the market. One never sees the complete scallop in the shell. All that we buy is the adductor muscle, which is that part which the knife uses to close its shell. The rest of the scallop is discarded before it comes to market.

Scallops at best are white and firm looking, and not necessarily large. In fact, the small ones have a finer flavor. But it is in the preparation of scallops that their best points are either developed or destroyed. How often we are served a dish of scallops in a restaurant and are amazed that while some are tender others are rubbery and hopelessly tough. It's all in the cooking. And when preparing scallops it is necessary not merely to be careful, but to be accurate according to a watched clock.

Fried Scallops

1 pound scallops

1 egg

1/4 teaspoon salt

1-8 teaspoon pepper

1/4 cup fine breadcrumbs

Drop the scallops into rapidly boiling water. Leave them there exactly one minute—not any longer. Then strain and dry on a soft towel. Mix beaten egg with salt just before sending to the scallops into the mixture; then roll each one in the dry breadcrumbs. Drop a few at a time in a pan of deep hot fat or oil and cook for a minute until only light brown. Remove with a strainer, place on a serving plate lined with soft paper to drain and keep very hot until ready to serve.

A simple method and one preferred by many who do not like their food too heavily crumbed is:

Scallop Sauce

1 lb. scallops

1/4 cup fine breadcrumbs

1/2 tablespoon salt

2 tablespoons butter.

Drop the scallops into rapidly boiling water and remove exactly one minute afterward. Drain on a soft towel. Roll very lightly in the bread crumbs and cook in the hot butter for a minute or two, until the scallops are a light brown. Add salt just before sending to the table.

It is very easy to overcook the scallops—a minute more cooking than is absolutely necessary and the scallops become tough. It is better to keep testing with a fork from time to time for tenderness, even if the scallops have been cooking only for one minute rather than run the risk of toughening the dish by that extra few seconds of cooking.

Scallops may also be baked, if preferred. After dropping in boiling water for one minute and drying, roll each scallop in a thin piece of bacon, fasten with a tooth pick and place under the boiler in the oven. Bake in the oven until the bacon is crisp, which should be in a minute or two. This is "scallops en brochette" (which means merely cooked on a skewer).

POLLY AND HER PALS



"The Cat's on a Bat"



"Sufficient Proof"



By CLIFF STERRETT

TILLIE, THE TOILER



"Clothes Make-The Man"

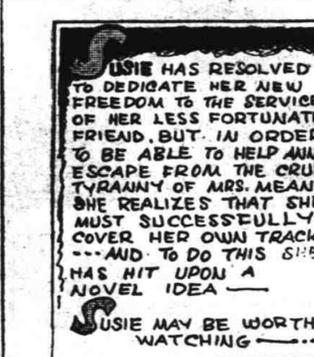


"Forget It, Mac"



By RUSS WESTOVER

LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY



"Will Casper Fall For This?"



"Opera House - Next Week"



By BEN BATSFORD

TOOTS AND CASPER



"Answers to Health Queries"

D. C. S. Q.—Would the use of milk cause hardening of the arteries?

A.—No. This should be corrected by proper diet and the use of mineral oil.

E. F. G. Q.—What causes short silver lines to float before the eyes?

A.—This may be due to biliousness. First correct your diet, avoiding an excess of sweets, starches, coffee and tea. Eat plenty of fresh fruits and vegetables.

Mrs. P. N. Q.—My daughter is quite near-sighted and she wears glasses off and on. Should she wear them steadily?

A.—Yes.

"\$2,500.00"



By JIMMY MURPHY

USE OF ELECTRICITY IN MODERN SURGERY

Dr. Copeland Writes About the "Electrothermic Method" Which Promises the Easy Removal of Growths—Malignant or Otherwise.

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

MY FRIEND, Mr. Paul Hoeger of New York, is always publishing most useful and interesting medical books. He recently sent me one entitled, "Surgery of Neoplastic Diseases by Electrothermic Methods."

My, but those are big words! The very able author, Dr. George A. Wyeth, another friend of mine, must have burned midnight oil to find the title!

This is a valuable book, dealing with those growths of the skin and other tissues which are puzzling to victims and doctors alike. Just what to do with a growth, whether it be malignant or otherwise, is not easy to determine.

There is the question of scar tissue: Will there be marked impairment in appearance? Is it a painful or dangerous procedure? Will it lead to permanent relief?

These are some of the questions that arise in connection with new growths. Who is to answer them?

Everybody dreads the knife. The "electrothermic" method, depending on the use of a needle, does away with the need of a knife. A special form of electric current is passed through the needle, creating just enough heat in the tissues it penetrates to dry out all the moisture until the treated tissue is destroyed. It just dries up and drops off, leaving a clean, healthy wound which speedily heals.

Some warts and moles, as well as certain forms of birthmarks, can be removed in this manner. A local anesthetic renders it a painless procedure.

Skin cancer and certain troubles with the tongue and inside the mouth are treated by this method. Other parts of the body, where inspection is possible, give themselves to the form of treatment in suitable season.

My purpose in speaking of these matters is to reassure the timid. Every doctor knows that many a case of malignant disease has become hopeless just any prospect of removal, just because morbid fear of an operation has kept the victim from consulting a doctor. When it is known that there are painless, needless ways of getting rid of simple and even serious troubles, it may encourage the timid to have the needed attention.

It is a dreadful mistake to put off. So inevitable. If there is a trouble which is sure to get worse as time passes attend to it now. It is probably a simple thing at this stage. Certainly it will be worse as time passes.

The electrothermic system is one of the modern uses of electricity. The



DR. COPELAND