

"All Quiet on the Western Front"



CHAPTER III.

I sit by Kemmerich's bed. He is sinking steadily. Around us is a great commotion. A hospital train has arrived and the wounded fit to be moved are being selected. The doctor passes by Kemmerich's bed without once looking at him.

"Next time, Franz," I say. He raises himself on the pillow with his elbow. "They have amputated my leg."

He knows it too, then. I nod and answer: "You must be thankful you've come off with that."

He is silent.

I resume: "It might have been both legs, Franz. Wegler has lost his right arm. That's much worse. Besides you will be going home. He looks at me. "Do you think so?"

"Of course."

"Do you think so?" he repeats. "Sure. Once you've got over the operation."

He beckons me to bend down. I stoop over him and he whispers "I don't think so."

"Don't talk rubbish, Franz. In a couple of days you'll see for yourself. What is it anyway—an amputated leg? Here they patch you up for worse things than that."

He lifts one hand. "Look here, though, these fingers."

"That's the result of the operation. Just eat decently and you'll soon be well again. Do they look

different.

I have copied his essays. At school he used to wear a brown coat with a belt and shiny sleeves.

For a while he lies still. Then, he says: "You can take my lace-up boots with you for Miller."

after you properly?"

He points to a dish that is still half full. I get excited. "Franz, you must eat. Eating is the main thing. That looks good, too."

He turns away. After a pause he says slowly: "I wanted to become a head-forester once."

"So you may still," I assure him. "There are splendid artificial limbs now, you'd hardly know they are fixed on to the muscles. You can move the fingers and work and even write with an artificial hand. And besides, they will always be making new improvements."

For a while he lies still. Then he says: "You can take my lace-up boots with you for Muller."

I nod and wonder what to say to encourage him. His lips have fallen away, his mouth has become larger, his teeth stick out and look as though they were made of chalk. The flesh melts, the forehead bulges more prominently, the cheek-bones protrude. The skeleton is working itself through. The eyes are already sunken in. In a couple of hours it will be over.

He is not the first one I have seen thus; but we grew up together and that always makes it a bit

He was the only one of us, too, who could do the giant's turn on the parallel bars. His hair flew in his face like silk when he did it. Kantorek was proud of him for it. But he couldn't endure cigars. His skin was very white; he had something of the girl about him.

I glance at my boots. They are big and clumsy, the breeches are tucked into them, and standing up, one looks well-built and powerful in these great drain-pipes. But when we go bathing and strip suddenly we have slender legs again and slight shoulders. We are no longer soldiers but little more than boys; no one would believe that we could carry packs. It is a strange moment when we stand naked; then we become civilians, and almost feel ourselves to be so!

When bathing Franz Kemmerich looked as slight and frail as a child. There he lies now—but why? The whole world ought to pass by this bed and say: "That is Franz Kemmerich, 19 1/2 years old, he doesn't want to die. Let him not die!"

My thoughts become confused. This atmosphere of carbolic acid and gangrene clogs the lungs, it is a thick gruel, it suffocates.

It grows dark. Kemmerich's face changes color, it lifts from the pillow and is so poor that it beams. The mouth moves slightly. I draw near to him. He whispers: "If you find my watch, send it home—"

I do not reply, it is no use any more. No one can console him, I am wretched with helplessness. This forehead with its hollow temples, this mouth that is now merely a slit, this sharp nose! And the fat, weeping woman at home to whom I must write. If only the letter were sent off already!

Hospital orderlies go to and fro with bottles and pails. One of them comes up, casts a glance at Kemmerich and goes away again. You can see he is waiting, apparently he wants the bed.

I bend over Franz and talk to him as though that could save him: "Perhaps you will go to the convalescent home at Klosterburg among the villas, Franz. Then you can look out from the window across the fields to the two trees on the horizon. It is the loveliest time of the year now, when the corn ripens; at evening the fields

in the sunlight look like mother-of-pearl. And the lane of poplars by the Klosterback, where we used to catch sticklebacks! You can build an aquarium again and keep fish in it, and you can go out without asking anyone, you can even play the piano if you want to."

I lean down over his face which lies in the shadow. He still breathes, lightly. His face is wet, he is crying. What a mess I have made of it with my foolish talk!

"But Franz"—I put my arm around his shoulders and put my face against his. "Will you sleep now?"

He does not answer. The tears run down his cheeks, I would like to wipe them away but my handkerchief is too dirty.

An hour passes. I sit tensely and watch his every movement in case he may perhaps say something. What if he were to open his mouth and cry out! But he only weeps, his head turned aside. He does not speak of his mother and his brothers and sisters. He says nothing at all; all that lies behind him, he is entirely alone now with his little life of nineteen years, and cries because it leaves him. This is the most disturbing and hardest parting I have ever seen, although it was pretty bad too with Tjaden who called for his mother—a big bear of a fellow who, with wild eyes full of terror, held off the doctor from his bed with a dagger until he collapsed.

Suddenly Kemmerich groans and begins to gurgle.

I jump up, stumble outside and

the others standing one on top of the other on his shoulders. The shadows, you see, were up to an extraordinary adventure. They were trying to reach the planet Mars which looked down at them out of the sky.

First of all, they had made themselves exceedingly long, as shadows can easily do. Then they sprang on each others' shoulders with Yam on top and Knarf down at the bottom.

"If only you could get the littlest bit higher!" Yam said again, stretching out her fingers for the planet, "I would be able to reach it."

The shadow-boy looked around. It seemed hopeless. He started to sit down on a traction and think about it.

Of course, that would only have made matters worse had not the leaves been sharp and spiky with the result that no sooner did Knarf touch them than up into the air he sprang.

"I've got it, I've got it!" Yam cried joyfully from the other end. An instant later they were all on Mars.

"What an odd place!" Mij exclaimed. "It's full of rivers!"

"They're just like a big spider web," Flor added. They really did resemble a web, the way they crossed and recrossed each other every few yards.

Handi shook her head. "They aren't rivers," she said. "They're canals."

Seeing that the others didn't understand her, she explained. "Rivers are natural but canals are

Home-Making Helps

By ELEANOR ROSS

PAPER KITCHENEERING

"Clean it with paper" is a man's idea of workless housekeeping. No dish-washing if you use paper dishes, no pot-scrubbing if you adopt paper cookery, and less laundering if you use paper table service. Romanians about Utopia, like Wells and Bellamy, have even prophesied paper clothes for the future. Which seems remote, if not impossible.

Meanwhile many of the predictions about the uses of paper have come true. Objection to paper for table use is being broken down by the development of paper tablecloths and napkins that simulate linen so cleverly as to completely deceive the eye, if not the touch. Paper bag cookery is now more practical than when first invented some years ago.

And more recently there has been put on the market a new kind of utility paper which is put up in rolls of a hundred feet long,

built. That's the difference."

They were all silent for a moment until Knarf uttered an exclamation. "If they were built," he said excitedly, "then someone must have built them. Let's look around and see if we can't find anyone living here!"

"Hm-m." Handi remarked doubtfully, "someone built them all right but no one has ever seen anyone living on Mars. Astronomers have looked through big telescopes without finding a trace of a Martian."

"A what?" the others asked.

"A Martian. An inhabitant of Mars is called that."

"Maybe," Knarf continued, "the Martians are all swimming in their canals. I'm going to look for them." He made off in huge strides, for he was as big as a giant.

"You'd better not go far," Handi warned him. "If you do find a Martian, he may not be any too friendly with you!"

Knarf paid no attention to her. Soon he vanished. The others sat down on the top of a hill. Aside from the curious canals, Mars didn't seem much different from the earth.

"Let's visit the other planets," Yam said.

"We ought to go to Saturn," said Handi, pointing to a nearby planet, "and see its rings, or to Jupiter and see its nine moons, or to Mercury—"

At that moment there was a shout and to their dismay they saw Knarf dashing toward them. Behind him came a huge creature, with tremendous ears, saucer-plate eyes and legs like telegraph poles.

"It's a Martian!" he shouted. "Jump for your lives!"

At that instant the creature caught poor Knarf and flung him off Mars. Down, down he went, tumbling like a bottle. The others didn't wait. They jumped after him. A moment later they landed in the garden—all except Knarf, who fell into the pond.

They were disappointed. "You spoiled our trip to the other planets," they said, helping Knarf out. But Knarf was too wet to care.

KNOW THE SIGNS OF INFANT'S PROGRESS

"Bouncer" Isn't Always the Healthiest, Authority Tells Mothers, Urging Study of Other Ways in Which to Determine that All is Going Well.

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

THERE are many tests of baby's progress. Perhaps the surest one is the steady increase in weight.

Yet, after all, this is not an unerring sign of perfect health. The wrong sort of feeding may put on fat and make the baby a "bouncer." But health isn't all in the looks and weight. Such an infant may not be progressing in muscle and bone building. Its brain and nervous system may lack essential elements.

There is no single thing that may be accepted as proof conclusive of perfect health. Steady increase in height and weight are included in the group of good signs.

How the child sleeps is another way to determine that all is well. A young baby is asleep most of the twenty-four hours. With the exception of the feeding periods, a little time to stretch and kick, and a few minutes for crying it is asleep.

Wakefulness, restlessness and peevishness are not favorable symptoms. They indicate that something is wrong. If they continue, pretty soon loss of appetite will be noted. Then the normal gain in weight will stop.

Clearness and sweetness of the skin are other evidences of normal health. They will not be present if the waste materials of the body are not carried away as they should be.

Fermentation with diarrhoea, constipation and highly colored and scalding urine should not be present. If they are it won't be long before the skin will lose its freshness and sweetness. Sourness, dryness and breaking out will be observed.

The great majority of all a baby's troubles come from wrong feeding. The mother just must master the science and art of infant feeding. Everything depends on having the mixture correct in its ingredients and made in such a way as to escape the dangers of contamination.

It is natural for a baby to be hungry and take its food eagerly. Every young animal acts as if it were hollow clear to the bottom of its feet. It is always ready to eat if it is healthy.

Somewhat or other we forget that babies get thirsty, too. Many times the restlessness and crying of an infant will disappear if it is given water. Thirst need not be regarded as a sign of illness. It is a proper appetite in a healthy baby.

Answers to Health Queries

Thomas W. Q.—What is the quickest and best relief for epilepsy?

2.—What can be done to overcome pimples?

A.—Epilepsy is generally caused by an undue drainage of nerve energy. If the place of leakage can be found there are prospects of cure. For further information send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

3.—Correct your diet, by cutting down on sugar, starches and coffee. Eat simple food. Avoid constipation. For other information send a self-

A. B. C. Q.—Would gases cause a feeling of fullness in the stomach, accompanied by tremors in the stomach and chest? Is it possible for constipation to be the source of the trouble?

A.—Yes, faulty diet and improper elimination would be very apt to cause the symptoms you describe. Correct your diet and keep the intestinal tract clean.

GOOD-NIGHT STORIES

By Max Trel

The Shadow-Children's Visit to The Planet Mars Proves Exciting

"Just a little higher," cried Yam, "just a little higher and I'll reach it!"

"Yes, just a little higher," said Mij, Flor, and Handi, the other shadow-children with the turned-about names. They were addressing Knarf, the shadow-boy, who was standing in the garden with—you'll scarcely believe it!—with

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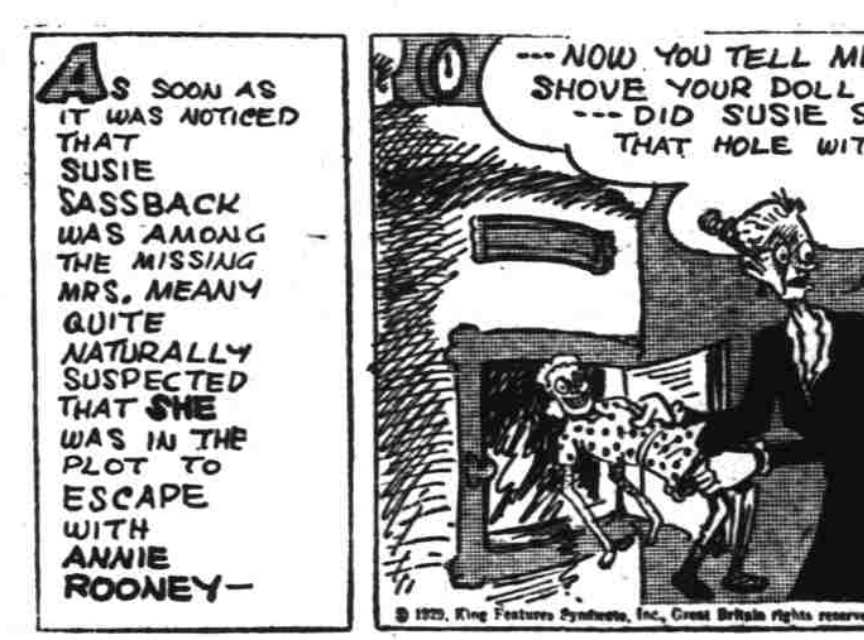
POLLY AND HER PALS



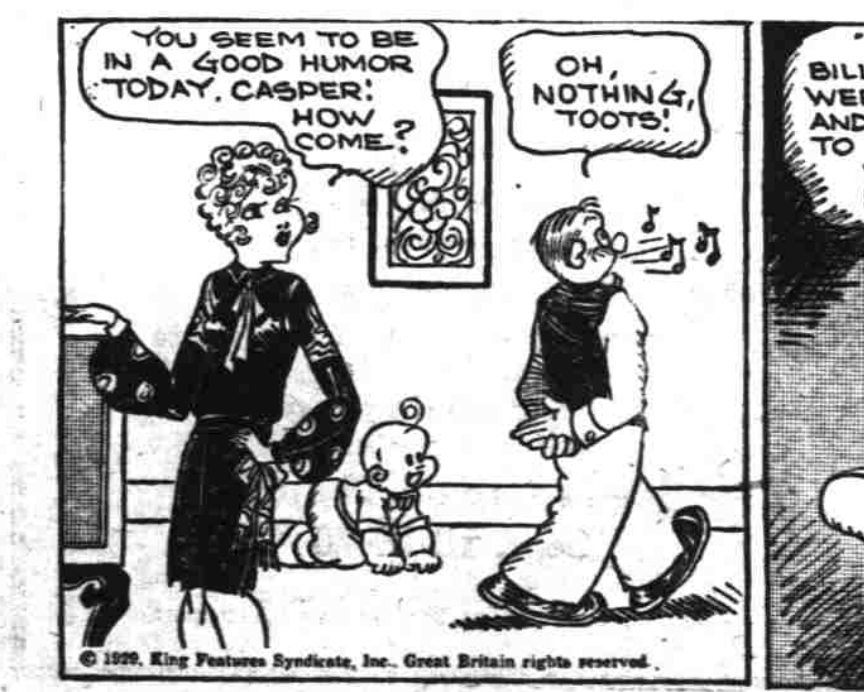
TILLIE, THE TOILER



LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY



TOOTS AND CASPER



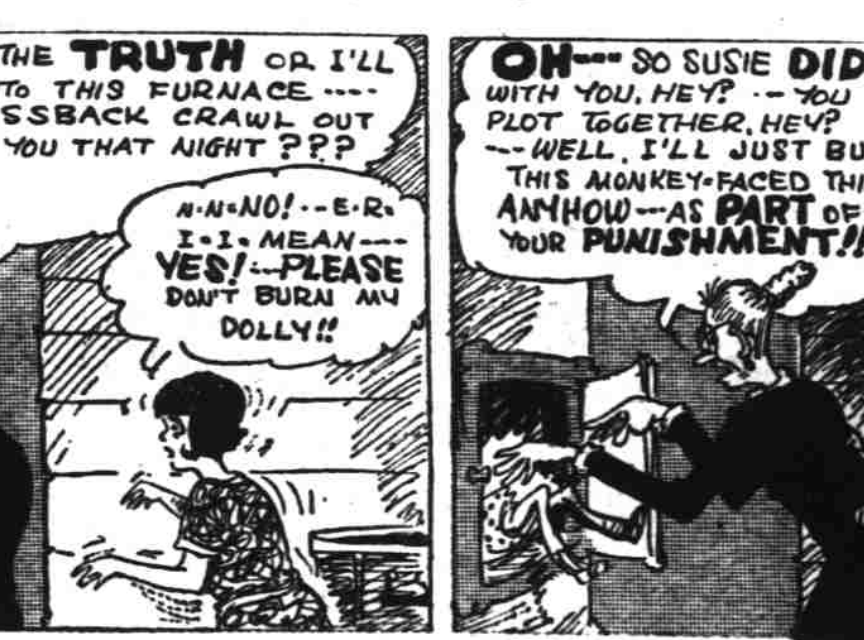
"The Perkinses Have No Kick Coming"



"She's a 'Mind Reader'"



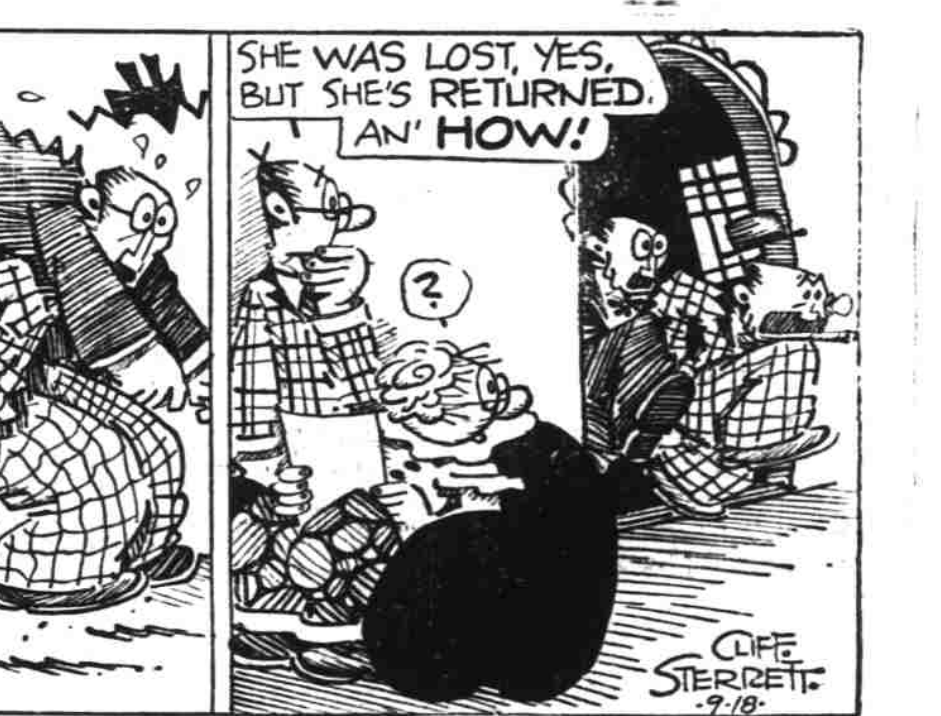
"The Cremation of Mary Ann"



"Rold Work"



By CLIFF STERRETT



By RUSS WESTOVER



By BEN BATSFORD



By JIMMY MURPHY

