

# "All Quiet on the Western Front"



### CHAPTER XI

When we break up Kat says to me: "What do you say to some roast goose?"

"Not bad," I agree. We climb up on a munition wagon. The ride costs us two cigarettes. Kat has marked the spot exactly. The shed belongs to regimental headquarters. I agree to get the goose and receive my instructions. The outhouse is behind the wall and the door shuts with just a peg.

Kat holds me up. I rest my foot in his hands and climb over the wall. Kat keeps watch below. I wait a few moments to accustom my eyes to the darkness. Then I recognize the shed. Softly I steal across and lift the peg, pull it out and open the door. I distinguish two white patches. Two geese; that's bad; if I grab one the other will cackle. Well, both of them—if I'm quick, it can be done.

I make the jump. I catch hold of one and the next instant the second like a throat, I bash their heads against the wall to stop them. But I haven't quite enough weight. The beasts cackle and strike out with their feet and wings. I fight desperately, but Lord, what a kick a goose has! They struggle and I stagger about. In the dark these white patches are terrifying. My arms have grown wings and I'm almost afraid of going up into the sky, as though I held a couple of captive balloons.

Then the row begins; one of them gets his breath and goes off like an alarm clock. Before I can do anything, something comes in from outside: I feel a blow, lie outstretched on the floor, and hear awful growls. A dog, I steal a glance to the side, he makes a map of my throat, I lie still and tuck my chin into my collar. It's a bulldog. After an eternity he withdraws his head and sits down beside me. But if I make the least movement he

"When at last I have the revolver, my hand starts to tremble."

grows. I consider. The only thing to do is to get hold of my small revolver, and that too, before anyone arrives. Inch by inch I move my hand toward it.

I have the feeling that it lasts an hour. The slightest movement and then an awful growl; I lie still, and try again. When at last I have my revolver my hand starts to tremble. I press my hand against the ground and then say over to myself: "Jerk the revolver up; fire before he has a chance to grab, and then jump up."

Slowly I take a deep breath and become calmer. Then I hold my breath, whip up the revolver, it cracks, the dog leaps howling to one side, I make for the door of the shed and fall head over heels over one of the damned geese.

At full speed I seize it again, and with a swing toss it over the wall and clamber up. No sooner am I on top than the dog is upon me. I am as lively as ever and springs at me. Quickly I let myself drop. Ten paces away stands Kat with the goose under his arm. As soon as he sees me he runs. At last I can take a breather. The goose is dead. Kat says to that in a moment. We intend to roast it, without telling anybody. I fetch a stove and wood from the hut and we crawl into a small deserted lean-to which we use for such purposes. The single window and space is heavily curtained. There is a sort of hearth, an iron plate set on some bricks. We kindle a fire.

Kat plucks and cleans the goose. We put the feathers carefully to one side. We intend to make two cushions out of them with the inscription: "Sleep soft under shell-fire." The sound of the gun-fire from the front penetrates into our refuge. The glow of the fire lights up our faces.

shadows dance on the wall. Sometimes a heavy crash and the hut shivers. Airplane bombs. Once we hear a stifled cry. A hut must have been hit.

Airplanes drone; the tick-tack of machine-guns breaks out. But no light that could be observed shows from us.

We sit opposite one another, Kat and I, two soldiers in shabby coats, cooking a goose in the middle of the night. We don't talk much, but I believe we have a

more complete communion with one another than ever lovers have. We are two men. Two minute sparks of life; outside is the night and the circle of death. We sit on the edge of it crouching in danger, the grease drips from our hands, in our hearts we are close to one another, and the hour is like the room; flecked over with the lights and shadows of our feelings cast by a quiet fire. What does he know of me or I of him? Formerly we should not have had a single thought common—now we sit with a goose between us and feel in unison, and are so intimate that we do not even speak.

It takes a long time to roast a goose even when it is young and fat. So we take turns. One bastes it while the other lies down and sleeps. A grand smell gradually fills the hut.

The noises without increase in volume, pass into my dream and yet linger in my memory. In a half sleep I watch Kat dip and raise the ladle. I love him, his shoulders, his angular, stooping figure—and at the same time I see behind him woods and stars, and a clear voice utters words that bring me peace, to me, a soldier in big boots, belt, and knapsack, taking the road that lies before him under the high heaven, quickly forgetting and seldom sorrowful, for ever pressing on under the wide night sky.

A little soldier and a clear voice, and if anyone were to caress him he would hardly understand, this soldier with the big boots and shut heart, who marches because he is wearing big boots, and has forgotten all else but marching. Beyond the sky-line is a country with flowers, lying so still that he would like to weep. There are signs there that he has not forgotten, because he never possessed them—perplexing, yet lost to him. Are not his twenty summers there?

"Is my face wet, and where am I?" Kat stands before me, his gigantic, stooping shadow falls upon me like home. He speaks gently, he smiles and goes back to the fire. Then he says: "It's done."

"Yes, Kat." I stir myself. In the middle of the room shines the brown goose. We take out our collapsible forks

and our pocket-knife and each cuts off a leg. With it we have army bread and eat with gusto. "How does it taste, Kat?" "Good! And yours?" "Good, Kat."

We are brothers and press on one another the choicest pieces. Afterwards, I smoke a cigarette and Kat a cigar. There is still a lot left.

"How would it be, Kat, if we took a bit to Kropp and Tjaden?" "Sure," says he.

We carve off a portion and wrap it up carefully in newspaper. The rest we thought of taking over to the hut, Kat laughs and simply says: "Tjaden."

I agree, we will have to take it all.

So we go off to the toul-house to wake them. But first we pack away the feathers.

Kropp and Tjaden take us for magicians. Then they get busy with their teeth. Tjaden holds a wing in his mouth with both hands like a mouth-organ, and gnaws. He drinks the gravy from the pot and smacks his lips: "May I never forget you?" We go to our hut. Again there is the lofty shy with the stars and the oncoming dawn, and I pass on beneath it, a soldier with big boots and a full belly, a little soldier in the early morning—but by my side, stooping and angular, goes Kat, my comrade.

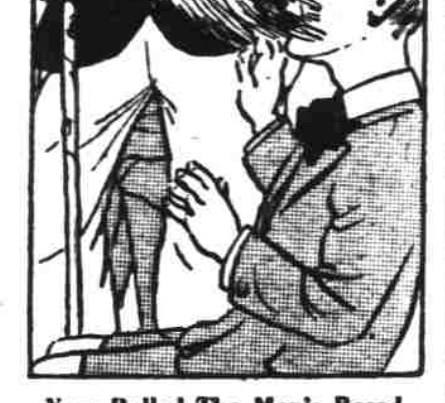
The outlines of the huts are upon us in the dawn like a dark, deep sleep.

There are rumors of an offensive. We go up to the front two days earlier than usual. On the way we pass a shelled school-house. Stacked up against its longer side is a high double wall of yellow, unpollished brand-new coffins. They still smell of fir, and pine, and the forest. There

them. Do you know by whom? You shall see in this story of Mij Flor, Handl, Yam and Knarf, the five little shadow-children with the turned about names.

Of all the real children, the only one whose manners were bad was Frank, Knarf's master. This little boy never seemed to be able to do what he ought to do. The fact was, he never tried. He was content to let others be polite and kind and considerate. As for himself, he liked being rude and selfish ever so much better.

It came to pass one day that the real-children started out on a visit to their grandmother, who lived at the other end of their



Yam Pulled The Man's Beard.

town. As it was too far for them to walk, they boarded a trolley-car.

There was only one seat in the car. You would have thought that the boys would have allowed the two girls to squeeze into it. So they would, indeed, had not the rude Frank pushed them aside and sat himself down instead.

"It's my seat," he remarked, "I saw it first."

The shadow-children, who were accompanying their masters and mistresses, although no one noticed them, gazed at each other in distress—all except Knarf, who grinned.

"What a discourteous master you have," said Handl to Knarf. "He's the most ungentlemanly boy I've ever seen," added Flor. "He has no manners at all," said Yam.

"He's just ill-bred," concluded Mij. But Knarf merely kept on grinning, for he thought his master was quite clever in getting the seat for himself. You see, he was as bad as his master.

While they were talking, in walked an old man. He was a very old man with long white whiskers. He came trudging in on a heavy cane, his back bent with age. He peered around for a seat. But as there were no seats, he took hold of a strap and held on as best he could right over the impolite Frank, who pretended not to notice him at all. Back and forth swayed the old man. Meanwhile Frank, who should have offered the old man his seat, gazed at the floor, and at the ceiling, and at the motorman, and at the conductor and at the old man's beard, which also swayed from side to side. Finally he shut his eyes and pretended to be asleep.

"Why doesn't your master get up?" cried Handl indignantly. "Maybe he doesn't feel like it," Knarf retorted.

"He ought to get up anyway," declared the others.

"Get up! Get up!" they cried, tugging at his legs, for they were quite small, you understand. It was useless to struggle. The old boy didn't so much as notice them. He never paid any particular attention to shadows, not even his own.

Then Handl said: "It's a waste of time trying to make him get up. I have a much better scheme. Let's baz-z!" And she whispered something that Knarf couldn't catch.

"H-m-m," he said. "You won't make him give up his seat no matter what you do."

All of a sudden Yam, who was no larger than a clothes-pin, sprang upon the old man's beard and with a tug pulled it across Frank's nose.

"U-ugh!" exclaimed that bad boy, jumping to his feet, for he couldn't imagine what had happened. The old man smiled gratefully.

"Thank you, my lad," he murmured. "You're very kind." And with a sigh of relief, he sat down, leaving the disconcerted Frank to wonder how he had come to give up his seat.

## WORD HUNT

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In the English language there are EIGHT WORDS (each having just five letters) that begin with the letters A T

1	A	T	I	L	T
2	A	T			
3	A	T			
4	A	T			
5	A	T			
6	A	T			
7	A	T			
8	A	T			

One of them is: In the position, or with the action, of one making a thrust. (YOU supply the others.) A collection of maps in a book. An atom; a pygmy. To expiate. To make amends. Want of tone or power. A perfume from flowers, especially from rose petals. Space below the roof. In mining. Rubbish or refuse; discarded broken rock.

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

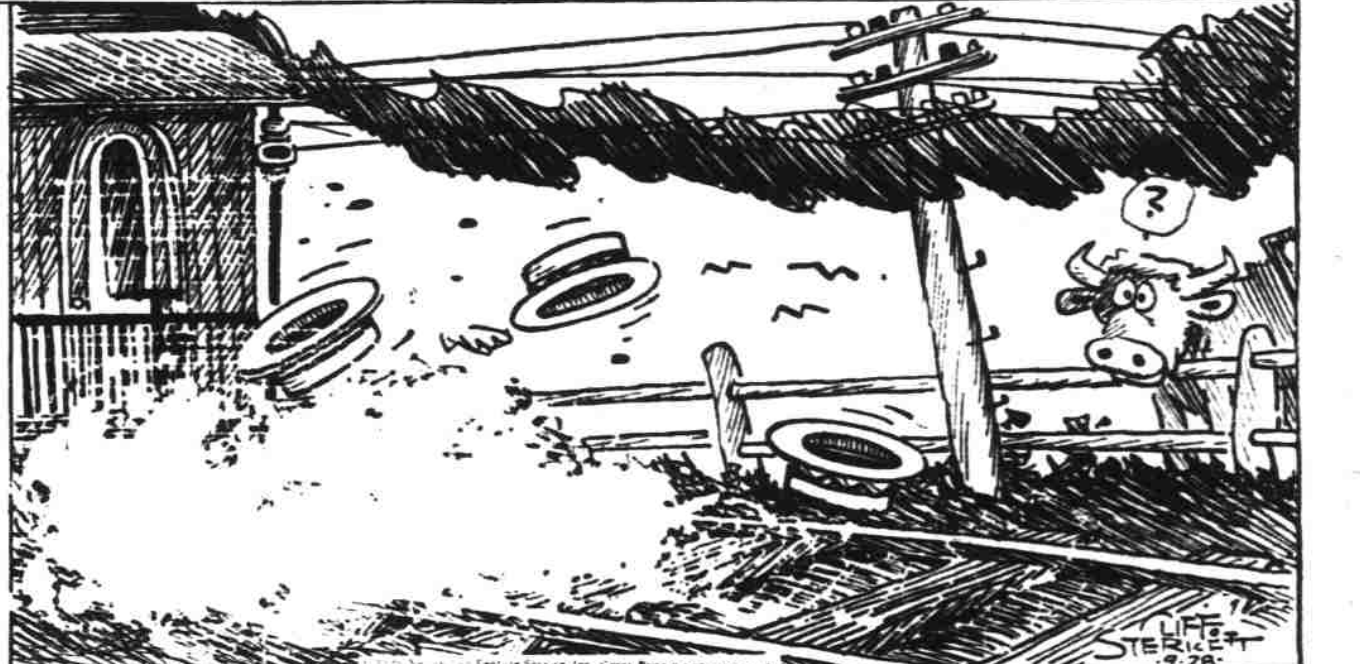
By CLIFF STERRETT

## GOOD-NIGHT STORIES

By Max Trell Knarf and His Master Get a Lesson in Good Manners. Some children are born with good manners, some learn them. But others have them thrust upon

## POLLY AND HER PALS

"Fodder" Away From Graystone



## TILLIE, THE TOILER

"No So Stupid, After All"

By RUSS WESTOVER



## EMOTIONAL RAVINGS OFTEN EFFECT HEALTH

Medical Authority Warns That Protracted Periods of Violent Temper, Particularly in Middle Life, May Lead to Serious Trouble.

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

THIS is written on a railroad train between Newark and Washington. We made a late start from the farm and for the last ten minutes it was "nip and tuck" whether we could arrive in time to catch the train.



It seemed very necessary to make this particular connection because of duties in Washington. I confess to having had a feeling of tenseness and undue anxiety over the matter. Usually a very calm person in the face of emergency, I found my heart beats increased eight or ten above normal.

Is it a good thing to have periods of emotional stress? While we cannot avoid many such experiences in life, most of them are not worth while. In fact they are unwise and, under certain conditions, unsafe as well.

On the way down this morning, I read of the death of a man I used to know. He was at a ball game Saturday, got excited, sat in the sun, and perhaps had indigestion. The combination was too much for a weak heart. He died the next day.

Emotion appears to have a more powerful effect upon the system than does rather violent exercise. What it does to us is not quite clear. Among other things it stimulates certain of the "ductless glands" to throw into the blood stream substances which excite the heart to more rapid action.

This may cause the muscles of the heart vessels to contract. Rapid heart and constricted vessels result in increased blood pressure.

This is a matter of no particular consequence, provided the blood vessel walls are firm and elastic. But if these walls are hardened or weak from degenerative conditions, there may be a break. Then, certainly there is sure to be more or less trouble.

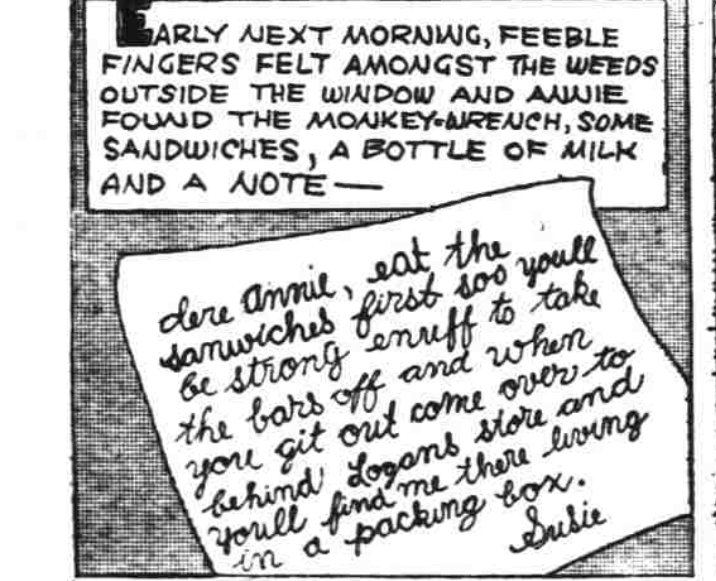
Emotion, anger particularly, is credited with creating in the body certain substances, sometimes called "toxins," which are poisonous in their action. Even though this theory may be somewhat visionary, any one of us can testify to the ill effects of anger. Have you not felt sick for hours after an outburst of anger?

It does not pay to give way to violent emotion. I wouldn't give much for a man or woman who is absolutely without emotion. Such persons are too cold to suit me. But after middle life violent expression of any emotion is physically dangerous. Nature has provided that as we grow older we become more restrained. We are more temperate in our emotional expressions. That is a wise provision. Good manners and good health depend—that we indulge in no unwise outbursts. Even though we

## LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY

"The Wheels Of Progress"

By BEN BATSFORD



## TOOTS AND CASPER

"The New 'Champ'"

By JIMMY MURPHY

