

"All Quiet on the Western Front"

CHAPTER XX
Still I do not give up hope. I do not, indeed, go to my room any more, but comfort myself with the thought that a few days are not enough to judge by. Afterward—later on—there is plenty of time for that.

So I go over to Mittelstaedt in the barracks, and we sit in his room; there is an atmosphere about it that I do not like, but with which I am quite familiar.

Mittelstaedt has some news ready for me that electrifies me on the spot. He tells me Kantorek has been called up on a territorial.

"Just think of it," he says, and takes out a couple of good cigars. "I come back here from the hospital and bump right into him. He stretches out his paw to me and bleats: 'Hello, Mittelstaedt, how are you?' I look at him and say: 'Territorial Kantorek, business is business and schnapps is schnapps—you ought to know that well enough yourself. Stand to attention when you speak to a superior officer. You should have seen his face! A cross between a dud and a pickled cucumber. He tried once again to chum up. So I snubbed him a bit harder. Then he brought up his biggest guns and asked confidentially: 'Would you like me to use my influence so that you can take an emergency exam?' He was trying to remind me of those things, you know. Then I got mad and I reminded him of something instead. 'Territorial Kantorek, two years ago you preached us into enlisting; and among us there was one, Joseph Behm, who didn't want to enlist. He was killed three months before he would have been called up in the ordinary way. If it had not been for me, he would have lasted just that much longer. And now? Dismias. You will hear from me later. It was easy to get put in charge of his company. First thing I did was to take him to the stores and fit him out with a suitable equipment. You will see in a minute."

We go out to the parade ground. The company has fallen in. Mittelstaedt stands there at ease and inspects.

Then I see Kantorek and am scarcely able to stifle my laughter. He is wearing a faded blue tunic. On the back and in the sleeves there are big dark patches. The swastika must have belonged to a friend. The black, worn breeches are just as much too short; they reach barely halfway down his calf. The boots, tough old clodhoppers, with turned up toes and laces at the side, are much too big for him. But as a compensation the cap is too small, a terribly dirty, muddied pill-box. The whole rig-out is just pitiful.

Mittelstaedt stops in front of him: "Territorial Kantorek, do you call those buttons polished? You seem as if you can never learn. Inadequate, Kantorek, quite inadequate—it makes me bubble with glee. In school Kantorek used to chasten Mittelstaedt with exactly the same expression—'Inadequate, Mittelstaedt, quite inadequate.'"

Mittelstaedt continues to upbraid him: "Look at Boettcher now, there's a model for you to learn from."

Boettcher is there too, Boettcher, our school porter. And he is a model. Kantorek shoots a glance at me as if he would like to eat me. But I grin at him innocently,

as though I do not recognize him any more.

Nothing could look more ludicrous than his forage-cap and his uniform. And this is the object before whom we used to stand in awe, as we sat up there, enthroned at his desk, spearing at us with his pencil for our mistakes in those irregular French verbs with which afterwards we made so little headway in France. That is barely two years ago—and now here stands Territorial Kantorek, the spell quite broken, with bent knees, arms like nookhooks, unpollished buttons, and that ludicrous rig-out—an impossible soldier. I cannot reconcile this with the menacing figure at the schoolmaster's desk. I wonder what I, the old soldier, would do with this skin full of war-eared dard to say to me again: 'Boomer, give the imperfect of 'aller.'"

Then Mittelstaedt makes them practice skirmishing, and as a favor appoints Kantorek a squad leader.

Now in skirmishing the squad leader has always to keep 20 paces in front of his squad; if the order comes "On the march, about turn," the line of skirmishers simply turns about, but the squad leader, who now finds himself suddenly 20 paces in rear of the line, has to rush up at the double and take his position again 20 paces in front of the squad. That makes altogether 40 paces doublemarch. But no sooner has he arrived than the order "On the march, about turn," comes again and he once more has to race at top speed another 40 paces to the other side. In this way the squad has made merely the turn-about and a couple of paces while the squad-leader dashes backwards and forwards. That is one of Himmelstaedt's well-worn recipes.

Kantorek can hardly expect anything else from Mittelstaedt, for he once messed up the latter's chance of promotion, and Mittelstaedt would be a big fool not to make the best of such an opportunity as this, before he goes back to the front again. A man might well die easier after the army has given him just one such stroke of luck.

In the meantime Kantorek is dashing up and down like a wild boar. After a while Mittelstaedt stops the skirmish and begins the very important exercise of creeping.

On hands and knees, carrying his gun in regulation fashion, Kantorek shoves his absurd figure over the sand immediately in front of us. He is breathing hard, and his paining is music.

Mittelstaedt encourages Kantorek the Territorial with quotations from Kantorek the schoolmaster. "Territorial Kantorek, we have the good fortune to live in a great age, we must all humble ourselves and for once put aside bitterness."

Kantorek sweats and spits out a dirty piece of wood that has lodged in his teeth.

Mittelstaedt stoops down and says reproachfully: "And, in the trifles never lose sight of the great adventure, Territorial Kantorek!"

It amazes me than Kantorek does not explode with a bang, especially when, during physical exercise, many of them faint.

Mittelstaedt copies him in perfection, seizing him by the seat of his trousers as he is climbing along the horizontal bar, so that he can just raise his chin above the beam, and then starts to give

him good advice. That is exactly what Kantorek used to do to him at school.

The extra fatigues are next detailed off. "Kantorek and Boettcher, bread fatigue! Take the hand-cart with you."

In a couple of minutes the two are off together pushing the barrow. Kantorek in a fury walks with his head down. But the porter is delighted to have scored light duty.

The bakehouse is away at the other end of the town, and the two must go there and back through the whole length of it. "They've done that a couple of times already," grins Mittelstaedt. "There are still a few people waiting to see them."

"Excellent," I say, "but hasn't he reported you yet?"

"He did try. Our C. O. laughed like the deuce when he heard the story. He hasn't any time for schoolmasters. Besides, I'm sweet with his daughter."

"He'll mess up the examination for you."

"I don't care," says Mittelstaedt calmly. "Besides, his complaint came to nothing because I could show that he had hardly anything but light duty."

"Could you polish him up a bit?" I ask.

"He's too stupid. I couldn't be bothered," answers Mittelstaedt contemptuously.

What is left?—A pause that only makes everything after it so much worse. Already the sense of parting begins to intrude itself. My mother watches me silently;—I know she counts the days;—every morning she is sad. It is one day less. She has put away my pack, she does not want to be reminded by it.

The hours pass quickly if a man broods. I pull myself together, and go with my sister to the butcher's to get a pound of bones. That is great luxury and people line up early in the morning and wait a crowd of Pastry-villagers were lifting a huge freshly-baked apple dumpling onto a cart to take to the King for his evening dessert. Under the pretense

back yourself, if it isn't true?"

"May I never come back if he wasn't killed instantaneously."

I would swear to anything. But she seems to believe me. She moans and weeps steadily. I have to tell her it happened so I invent a story and I almost believe it myself.

As I leave she kisses me and gives me a picture of him. In his recruit's uniform he leans on a round rustic table with legs made of birch branches. Behind him a wood is painted on a curtain, and on the table stands a mug of beer. (To be Continued)

GOOD-NIGHT STORIES

By Max Trell

Knaarf's Ride in the Apple-Dumpling-Landis Him Right in His Master's Plate

"M-m-m" said Master Knaarf, smacking his lips. "m-m-m-m."

"What was Master Knaarf doing? He was eating an apple-dumpling. Where was Master Knaarf? He was inside the Chinese Plate on the dinner-table. How did he get there? You will have to ask him yourself, for he won't tell me. Fior, Handi, Yam and Knaarf, the five little shadow-children with the turned-about names, were strolling around inside the Chinese Plate when they met their friend Ting-a-Ling, who took them to the town which lies just beyond the hill. Real persons like you and I can't see this town because the hill that is painted on the Chinese Plate covers it. But the shadow-children, being perfect flat, could easily slide around it. As for Ting-a-Ling he lived inside the plate and could go wherever he pleased.

The name of the town was Pastryville. All the houses were built of pie-crust, the inhabitants were dressed in slices of layer-cake, and the streets were called Vanilla-Tart, Plum-Pudding, and the like. Knaarf, who was naturally greedy, could only gaze with delight at the goodies all about him. At length they came to where a crowd of Pastry-villagers were lifting a huge freshly-baked apple dumpling onto a cart to take to the King for his evening dessert. Under the pretense



"Is It Hard Work?"

down off the cart and running beside the Chinaman. "Is it hard work?"

"It's terribly hard work. It's hard enough for a horse."

"Hm-m," the shadow-boy said. "Why don't you get a horse then? There's a horse in that meadow. He's not doing anything. Why don't you get him?"

"That's a fine idea! Will you mind the dumpling while I get him?"

"Certainly," said the cunning Knaarf. "But first draw the cart up to the top of the hill. I can mind it better there."

So up to the top of the hill the unsuspecting Sing-Song drew the cart and left it in Knaarf's care while he went after the horse. No

sooner did he turn his back than the shadow-boy gave the cart a push and, leaping onto the dumpling, went flying down the hill.

"Come back, come back!" shouted the terrified Sing-Song.

Faster and faster went the cart. Knaarf expected it to come to rest in a far-off hayfield where he would eat the dumpling at his leisure. Unfortunately the cart struck a stone and away went the dumpling—Knaarf and all! sailing through the air like a balloon. All at once it sailed clear out of the Chinese Plate and landed—do you know where? It landed right in the middle of Knaarf's master's plate, where Knaarf's master's mother had just that moment put it! For the apple-dumpling, you see, had been in the Chinese Plate all the while, waiting for someone to eat it.

It was lucky for Knaarf that he sprang off the dumpling in all haste otherwise he would surely have been devoured.

Annual Bazaar Plan Complete; Leaders Named

SILVERTON, Oct. 7.—(Special)—The Altar society of St. Paul's church has completed plans and appointed committees for its annual bazaar which will be held this year on October 27. A dinner will be served from 12 until 2:30 that day.

Committee chairmen in charge of the work include Mrs. J. H. McCollough, dining room; Mrs. Ben Zoller, dinner; Mrs. J. Schneider, coffee; Mrs. L. R. Schaback; Mrs. George Uphoff, fancy work; Mrs. J. Luckey, fish pond; Mrs. E. A. Domogalla, post office.

Mrs. Domogalla and Mrs. Luckey will hold a shower at the home of the former next Wednesday evening for fish pond and post office articles.

WORD HUNT

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In the English language there are ELEVEN WORDS (each having just FIVE letters) that begin with the letters S H E

One of them is:

1	S	H	E	A	F
2	S	H	E	I	E
3	S	H	E	E	
4	S	H	E	I	
5	S	H	E	I	E
6	S	H	E	I	
7	S	H	E	I	
8	S	H	E	I	
9	S	H	E	I	
10	S	H	E	I	
11	S	H	E	I	

A quantity of the stalks and ears of grain bound together. (YOU supply the others.)
To clip close; to cut off.
A glistening brightness.
A small animal prized for its flesh and wool.
To sware; to turn aside. Also, very fine and thin.
A thin and broad piece, as paper, cloth.
An Arab chief.
A board or slab set horizontally into or against a wall.
A ledge; reef; shoal.
The hard covering of an egg or nut or animal. A hard outside covering. Also, a light racing boat.
The underworld; abode of the dead. Hades.
The part of a plow which projects downward below the beam, to hold the share.

NOTE: 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

KEEP RESISTANCE TO ALL DISEASE AT PAR

Line of the Commonest Causes of Illness Is Lowered
Vitality, Frequently the Result of Neglected Hygiene, Says Authority: Live Right!

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

HALF the ills of the human family follow abuse or neglect of the digestive organs. Dyspepsia and constipation are the most frequent effects of such misuse.

Just because the bowels move rather freely once a day, is no sure sign of the absence of constipation. This movement may be a delayed one, the material expelled being waste which should have passed away two days before.

Lowered vitality, which may be the effect of wrong eating, late hours, worry or continued excessive fatigue, sometimes results in deficient activity in the muscle walls of the intestine. The general muscular tone falls below par. Naturally the digestive and eliminative organs depending on muscular action, are less vigorous than they should be.

This state of affairs may account for the beginning of the constipation, but when the intestine fills up with the undigested materials, fermentation takes place. With fermentation and decay, further complications are to be expected. Poisonous toxins develop and these are eager to attack the system and undermine the health.

Almost always an acute infection is founded on a constipated condition. If you are in prime health, you are unlikely to "take" diseases. Your powers of resistance are high and you can snap your fingers at sickness.

In dealing with constipation, the effect, we must think first of the cause for its presence. By better living, better hygiene standards and better choice of foods, constipation need not be feared. But its correction takes time.

To get rid of the dangerous accumulation in the lower bowels, it may be necessary to take a cathartic or laxative. Needless to say, such treatment does not "cure" the constipation. All it does is to clear out that particular cargo of offensive material. But that is most desirable, particularly if you have a cold, sore throat, headache, or other evidence of acute infection.

Sprays and gargles and pills and powders may give temporary relief to the acute trouble, but their effects will be far more satisfactory if the bowels are emptied. There can be no doubt that a clogged intestine delays the healing of any disease.

Now, please do not get the idea that daily purging is good for you. If it isn't, nothing is more damaging than frequent resort to cathartics and purgatives. Correct your eating and living habits. Drink water, not tea. It is vastly more important than all the medicine in the world.

Answers to Health Queries

Q. M. Q.—What is the normal blood pressure?
A.—This depends upon the age of the patient and the conditions governing his general health. The normal blood pressure should be approx-

POLLY AND HER PALS



"Will The Boss Accept?"



"The Awful Truth"



"Casper Makes An 'Impression'"



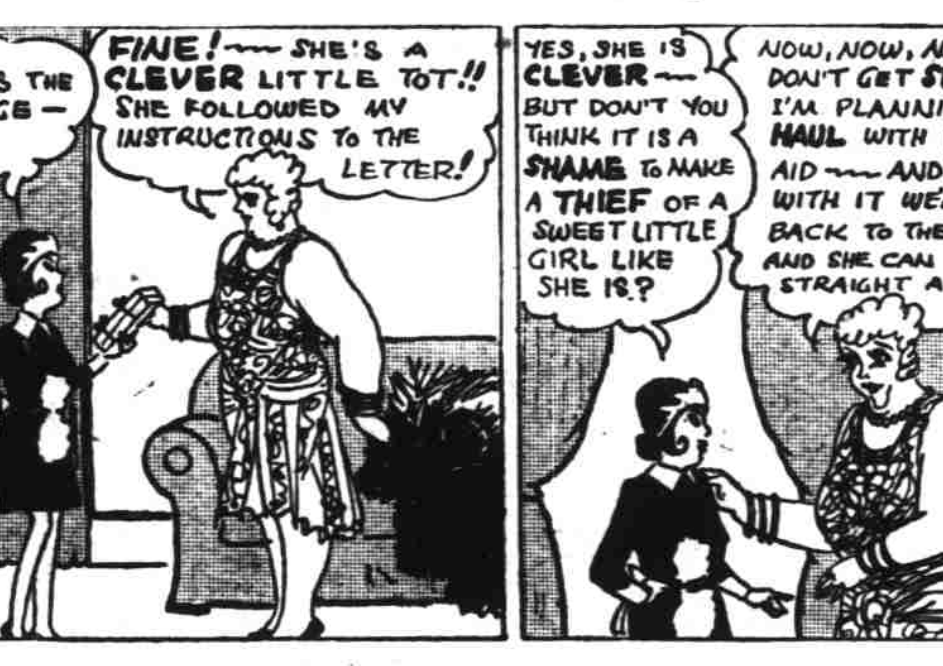
"A Gift Edge Investment"



"Will The Boss Accept?"



"The Awful Truth"



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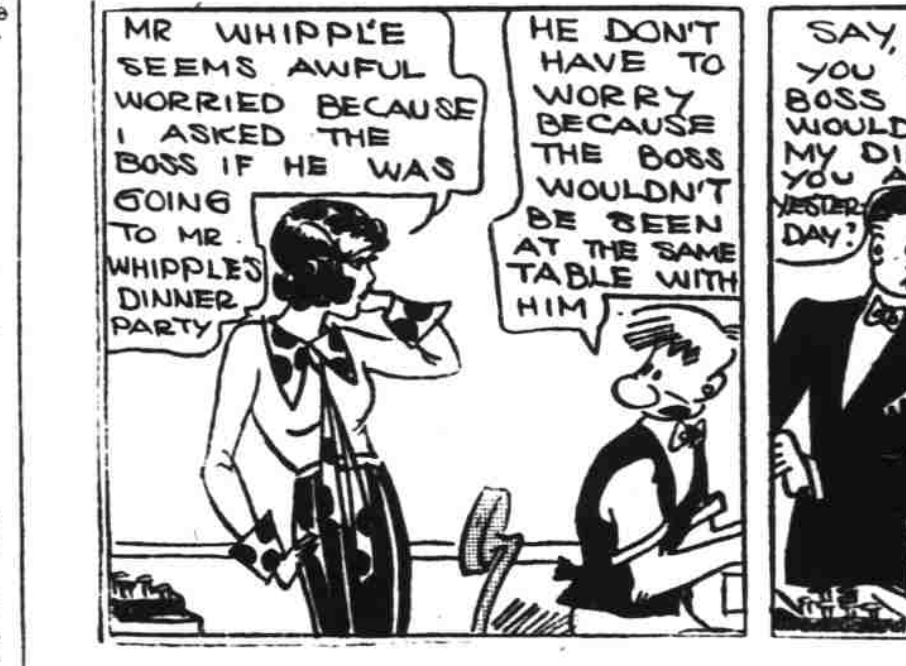
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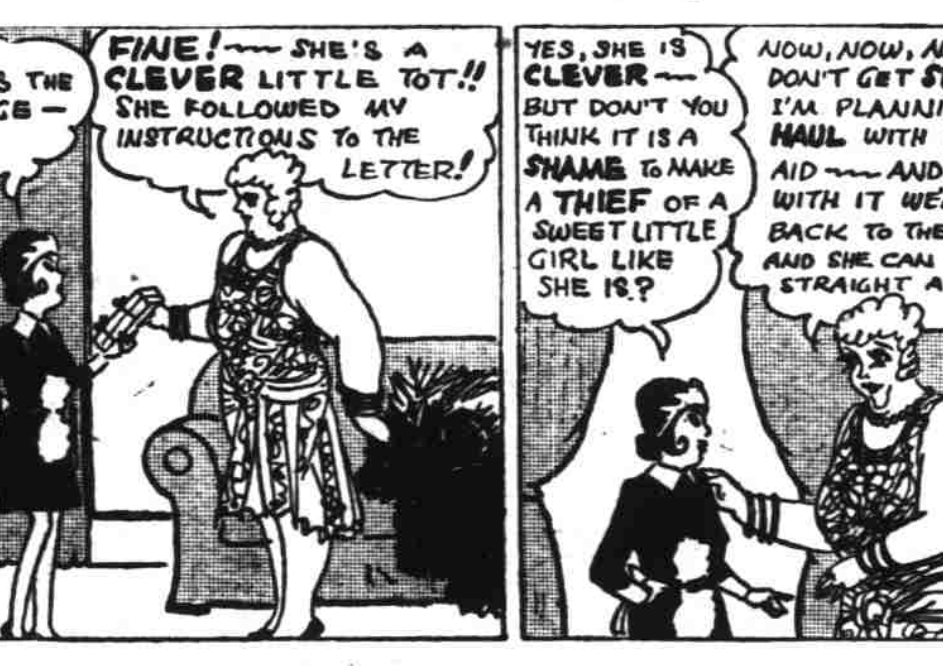
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