

"All Quiet on the Western Front"

CHAPTER XXI
It is the last evening at home. Everyone is silent. I go to bed early. I seize the pillow, press it against myself and bury my head in it. Who knows if I will ever lie in a feather bed again?

Late in the night my mother comes into my room. She thinks I am asleep, and I pretend to be so. To talk, to stay awake with one another—it is too hard.

She sits long into the night, although she is in pain and often writhes. At last I can bear it no longer, and pretend I have just wakened up.

"Go to sleep, Mother, you will catch cold here."

"I can sleep enough later," she says.

I sit up. "I don't go straight back to the front, Mother. I have to do four weeks at the training camp. I may come over from there one Sunday, perhaps."

She is silent. Then she asks gently, "Are you very much afraid?"

"No, Mother."

"I would like to tell you to be on your guard against the women out in France. They are no good!"

"Ah! Mother! Mother! You still think I am a child—why can I not put my head in your lap and weep? Why have I always to be strong and self-controlled? I would like to weep and be comforted, too; indeed, I am little more than a child; in the wardrobe still hang my short, boy's trousers—it is such a little time ago, why is it over?"

"Where are there aren't any women, Mother," I say as calmly as I can.

"And be very careful at the front, Paul."

"Ah, Mother, Mother! Why do I not take you in my arms and die with you? What poor wretches we are!"

"Yes, Mother, I will."

"I will pray for you every day, Paul."

"Ah! Mother, Mother! Let us rise up and go out, back through the years, where the burden of all this misery lies in us no more, back to you and me alone, Mother!"

"Perhaps you can get a job that is not so dangerous."

"Yes, Mother, perhaps I can get into the cook-house than can easily be done."

"You do it then and if the others say anything—"

"That won't worry me, Mother."

She sighs. Her face is a white gleam in the darkness.

"Now you must go to sleep, Mother."

She does not reply. I get up and wrap my cover round her shoulders.

She supports herself on my arm. She is in pain. And so I take her to her room. I stay with her a little while.

"And you must get well again, Mother, before I come back."

"Yes, yes, my child."

"You ought not to send your things to me, Mother. We have plenty to eat out there. You can make much better use of them here."

How destitute she lies there in her bed, she that loves me more than all the world. As I am about to leave, she says hastily: "I have two pairs of underpants for you. They are all wool. They will keep you warm. You must not forget to put them in your pack."

"Ah! Mother! I know what these underpants have cost you in waiting, and walking, and beginning! Ah! Mother! Mother! how can it be that I must part from you? Who else is there that has any claim on me but you? Here I sit and there you are lying, and we have so much to say, that we could never say it."

"Good-night, Mother."

"Good-night, my child."

The room is dark. I hear my

mother's breathing and the ticking of the clock. Outside the window the wind blows and the chestnut trees rustle.

On the landing I stumble over my pack which lies there already made up, because I have to leave early in the morning.

"I bite into my pillow. I grasp the iron rods of my bed with my fists. I ought never to have come here. But there I was indifferent and often hopeless;—I will never be able to be so again. I was a soldier, and now I am nothing but an agony for myself, for my mother, for everything that is so comfortable and without end."

I ought never to have come on leave.

I already know the camp on the Moors. It was here that Himmelstoss gave Tjaden his education. But now I know hardly anyone here; as ever, all is altered. There are only a few people that I have occasionally met before.

I go through the routine mechanically. In the evenings I generally go to the Soldiers' Home, where the newspapers are laid out but which I do not read; still, there is a piano there that I am glad enough to play on. Two girls are in attendance, one of them is young.

The camp is surrounded with high barbed-wire fences. If we come back late from the Soldiers' Home we have to show passes. But those who are on good terms with the guard can get through, of course.

Between the junipers and the birch trees on the moor we practice company drill each day. It is bearable if one expects nothing better. We advance at a run, fling ourselves down and our panting breath moves the stalks of the grasses and the flowers of the heather to and fro. Looked at so closely one sees the fine sand is composed of millions of the tiniest pebbles as clear as if they had been made in a laboratory. It is strangely inviting to dig one's hands into it.

But most beautiful are the woods with their line of birch trees. Their color changes with every minute. Now the stems gleam purest white, and between them, airy and silken, hangs the pastel-green of the leaves; the next moment all changes to an opalescent blue, as the shivering breezes pass down from the heights and touch the green lightly away; and again in one place it deepens almost to black as cloud passes over the sun. And this shadow moves like a ghost through the dim trunks and passes far out over the moor to the sky—then the birches stand out again like gay banners on white poles, with their red and gold patches of autumn-tinted leaves.

I often become so lost in the play of soft light and transparent shadow that I almost fail to hear the commands. It is when one is alone that one begins to observe nature and to love her. And here I have not much companionship, and do not even desire it. We are too little acquainted with one another to do more than joke a bit and play poker or nap in the evenings.

Alongside our camp is the big Russian prison camp. It is separated from us by a wire fence, but in spite of this the prisoners come across to us. They seem nervous and fearful, though most of them are big fellows with beards they look like meek scolded, St. Bernard dogs.

They slink about our camp and peck over the garbage tins. One can imagine what they find there. With us food is pretty scarce and none too good at that—turnips cut into six pieces and boiled in water, and unwashed carrot tops—mouldy potatoes are tit-bits, and the chief luxury is a thin rice soup in which float little bits of beef-sinew, but these are cut up so small that they take a lot of

finding. Everything gets eaten, notwithstanding, and if ever anyone is so well off as not to want all his share, there are a dozen others standing by ready to relieve him of it. Only the dregs that the ladie cannot reach are tipped out and thrown in the garbage bins. Along with that sometimes go a few turnip peelings, mouldy bread crusts and all kinds of muck.

This thin, miserable dirty garbage is the objective of the prisoners. They pick it out of the stinking tins greedily and go off with it under their blouses.

It is strange to see these enemies of ours so close up. They have faces that make one think—honest peasant faces, broad foreheads, broad noses, broad mouth, broad hands, and thick hair.

They ought to be put to threshing, reaping and apple picking. They look just as kindly as our own peasants in Friesland.

It is distressing to watch their movements, to see them begging for something to eat. They are all rather feeble, for they only get enough nourishment to keep them from starving. Ourselves we have not had sufficient to eat for long enough. They have dysentery. Their backs, their necks are bent, their knees sag, their heads droop as they stretch out their hands and beg in the few words of German that they know—beg with those soft, deep, musical voices, that are like warm stoves and cosy rooms at home.

Some men there are who give them a kick, so that they fall over;—but those are not many. The majority do nothing to them, just ignore them. Occasionally when they are too grovelling, it makes a man mad and then he kicks them. If only they would not look at one so—What great misery can be in two such small spots, no bigger than a man's thumb—in their eyes!

They come over to the camp in the evenings and trade. They exchange whatever they possess for bread. Often they have fair success, because they have very fine boots and ours are bad. The leather of their knee boots is wonder-

fully soft, like suede. The peasants among us who get tit-bits sent from home can afford to trade. The price of a pair of boots is about two or three loaves of army bread, or a loaf of bread and a small, tough ham sausage.

But most of the Russians have long since parted with whatever things they had. Now they wear only the most pitiful clothing and try to exchange little carvings and objects that they have made out of shell fragments and copper driving bands. Of course, they don't get much for such things, though they may have taken immense pains with them—they go for a slice or two of bread. Our peasants are hard, and cunning when they bargain. They hold the pieces of bread or sausage right under the most of the Russian light he grows pale with greed and his eyes bulge and then he will give anything for it. The peasants wrap up their booty with utmost care, and then get out their big pocket knives, and slowly and deliberately cut off a slice of bread for themselves from their supply and with every mouthful take a piece of the good, tough sausage and so reward themselves with a good feed. It is distressing to watch them take their afternoon meal thus; one would like to crack them over their thick pates. They rarely give anything away. How little we understand one another!

(To be continued)

GOOD-NIGHT STORIES
By Max Trel

Oh, Was This Wolf Fierce? My!

"My, what a fierce wolf you are!" little Yam exclaimed. Mij, Flor, Hanid, and Knarf—the other little shadow-children with the turned-about names—nodded in agreement. "You're the fiercest wolf we've ever seen," they said.

"You can find a very nice lamb around the corner," Hanid said. "Around the corner—!"

"In the butcher shop," said she. "Hm-m, is it the very best lamb? I don't like anything but the very best lamb!"

"It's the very best lamb that you can get in the butcher shop. It's tender as butter and sweet as sugar. We had some for dinner last night."

"I eat things up alive," he told

the shadows. "My teeth are so sharp that they can bite through anything." The shadows gazed at him half in admiration, half in awe. They even trembled themselves a little and wished they weren't standing so close.

"Can you bite through a door-mat?" Knarf asked.

"Pouf!" the wolf snorted. "I can bite through a door-mat and through everyone standing on it. That's how much I can bite."

"What's more," he continued in a louder voice "I can bite through anyone whether he's standing on a doormat or not." As he spoke



he fixed his eye on Mij, who was a plump little shadow-boy. "Don't you think so?" he roared.

"Oh, y-yes s-sir," Mij hastened to reply.

The wolf glanced around hungrily. "I wish I had something to eat," he said, "something fat and juicy like a nice little—"

"Like a n-nice little l-lamb, you mean?" Mij chattered.

"Yes, yes, that's it exactly! A nice little lamb! Where can I find one?"

"You can find a very nice lamb around the corner," Hanid said. "Around the corner—!"

"In the butcher shop," said she. "Hm-m, is it the very best lamb? I don't like anything but the very best lamb!"

"It's the very best lamb that you can get in the butcher shop. It's tender as butter and sweet as sugar. We had some for dinner last night."

"You did! Why wasn't I invited? Everyone knows how much I like lamb, especially for dinner!"

"Maybe," Knarf said, "the people don't like to have wolves at the table. I always hear the real-children's mother telling them: 'Now, take your time and don't eat like a pack of wolves.'"

Upon hearing this, the wolf grew terribly angry. "Insult me like that!" he howled. "I'll eat them up! I will! I'll teach them back!"

"O-oh, please," Hanid begged, "you must forgive them. They didn't know they were insulting you."

"I'll not forgive them! I'll eat them up!" Just then they heard the sound of voices. It was the real-children drawing near. "I'll eat them NOW!" he roared. And with that he sprang high into the air.

At that moment the real-children stopped to pick something up from the dining-room table.

"Oh, it's a wolf," they exclaimed. And each one of them ate a little piece of him, for it was only a soda-cracker wolf, you see.

DRY GROUP BACKS SHEPPARD'S BILL

WASHINGTON, Oct. 9.—(AP)—The board of temperance and social services of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, appealed to congress tonight to enact into the law the Sheppard bill to brand the man who buys liquor as a criminal.

Bishop James Cannon, Jr., chairman, and Eugene L. Crawford, secretary, signed the petition supporting the bill, introduced by Senator Sheppard, democrat, Texas, author of the eighteenth amendment. The board had previously suggested such a move.

The latest development in this new prohibition issued followed an attack on the proposal in the senate by another democrat—Hawes, of Missouri—who said "It would put another army of millions of men and women in the lawless class."

FORMAL DINNER IS GIVEN MACDONALD

WASHINGTON, Oct. 9.—(AP)—In a pageantry of splendor, more than 600 of the capital's elite last night joined Sir Esme Howard, the British ambassador, and his wife, Lady Isabella, in honoring the British prime minister.

The brilliant reception at the embassy, following a dinner for the distinguished visitor, Ramsay MacDonald, and his daughter, Ishbel, brought together without question of social precedence Mrs. Dolly Curtis Gann and Mrs. Alice

Roosevelt Longworth, whose status at official functions had prompted gossip in social circles for several months.

Mrs. Longworth returned to the city last night and after saying that she would attend no social affairs, decided later to go to the reception. She and Speaker Longworth declined, however, an invitation to the dinner. Vice President Curtis and Mrs. Gann were not invited to this. It was explained at the embassy that diplomatic custom decreed that no officials should be asked over-ranking the secretary of state.

BANK BEING FORMED
BADEN-BADEN, Germany, Oct. 9.—(AP)—The conference for establishing a bank for international settlements after a slow start now is progressing rapidly.

WORD HUNT

In the English language there are FOURTEEN WORDS (each having just SIX letters) that begin with the letters V E N

1	V	E	N	I	D	E
2	V	E	N	I		
3	V	E	N	I		
4	V	E	N	I		
5	V	E	N	I		
6	V	E	N	I		
7	V	E	N	I		
8	V	E	N	I		
9	V	E	N	I		
10	V	E	N	I		
11	V	E	N	I		
12	V	E	N	I		
13	V	E	N	I		
14	V	E	N	I		

Transferred to another for a pecuniary equivalent. (YOU supply the others.)
The person to whom a thing is sold.
A seller; a vendor.
A seller (chiefly in legal use).
A public sale by auction.
A thin layer, as of choice wood, upon a smoother surface. Also, more outside show.
The art, act or practice of hunting. The sports of the chase.
That may be pardoned; excusable.
In botany, having numerous or conspicuous veins.
Pertaining to the veins.
Let out, as through an aperture. Also, poured forth; uttered; published.
One that vents. Also, the abdomen.
A valve in various wind instruments, etc.
A small vein. One of the small branches of the veins of the wings in insects.

Proper nouns, obsolete and archaic words, extremely unusual technical and scientific words that would offend good taste, and those plurals of nouns, and verbs, that are formed by the addition of s or es are purposely excluded from Word Hunts.
The solution for today's Word Hunt will be found on the Classified page

POLLY AND HER PALS



"The Principal Collects Interest"

TILLIE, THE TOILER



"That Mysterious Dinner"

LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY



"She 'Aims' To Escape"

TOOTS AND CASPER



"Casper Also Gets A 'Shock'"

Answers to Health Queries

AN ANXIOUS MOTHER. Q.—What will make the eyelashes grow?
A.—Apply one per cent yellow oxide of mercury ointment to the eyelids at night before retiring.
C. E. Q.—What should a woman weigh who is forty years old and five feet seven inches tall?
A.—Apply one per cent yellow oxide of mercury ointment to the eyelids at night before retiring.

LOW BLOOD PRESSURE MAY BE DUE TO DIET

Regularity in Eating, Outdoor Life and Deep Breathing Exercises Will Benefit Sufferers of Low Pulse, Says Dr. Copeland.

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

WE hear much of the suffering resulting from high blood pressure. We are used to the flushed face and the high color of these patients. They are restricted in their diets and advised to avoid all the things which may be referred to as "blood making foods."

But what of the persons with low blood pressure? They are the ones who need nourishing food, appropriate exercise and proper rest.

Most cases of low blood pressure follow some constitutional disorder. It may be an involvement of the heart or the kidneys, or the low pressure may result from some long continued nervous disorder. These cases the physician has under his constant and watchful care.

Very often there is not sufficient pressure to meet the purposes of the circulation. This results in lack of energy, headache, loss of vitality, mental depression and general debility. The symptoms are met in persons with low blood pressure not caused by any special illness, such as diphtheria, scarlet fever, typhoid or other infectious diseases.

A stimulating tonic as prescribed by your doctor will do much to benefit you. Outdoor life, deep breathing exercises, and proper diet will combine to effect a cure.

Use regularity in your eating, taking your meals on time. Make it a rule to have nourishing, well-balanced meals. Milk, eggs, well-cooked meats and a variety of fruits and vegetables will do much in restoring you to vigor. Try eating less at a time but more frequently. This is helpful to one of low vitality.

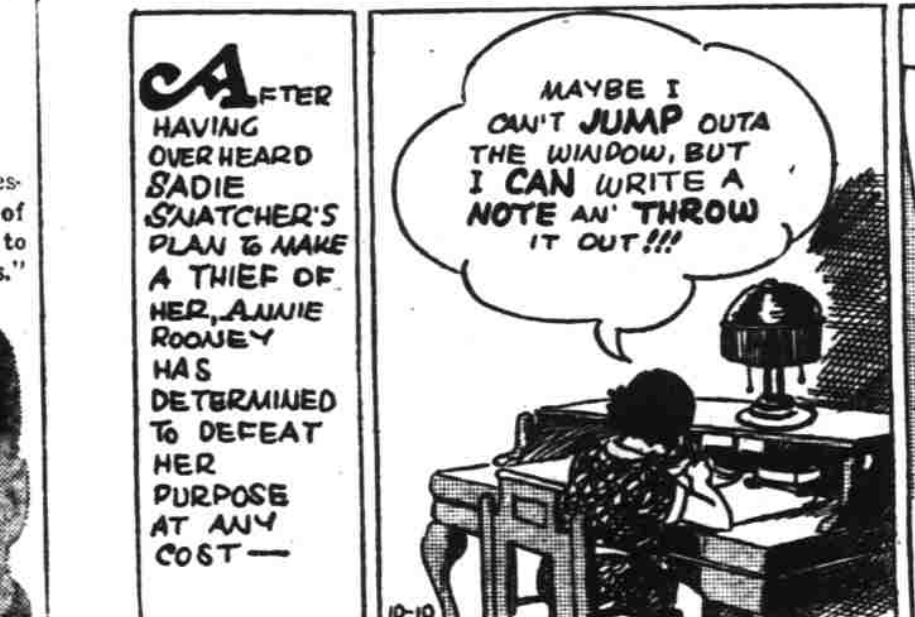
Attention should be given the functioning of the kidneys. Have the urine examined. Make sure the heart is in good condition. Occasional talks with your family doctor will be helpful.

Low blood pressure indicates lowered vitality and the best thing you can do is to make it your business for a while, to build up the body. As it grows stronger the vitality and ambition will increase.



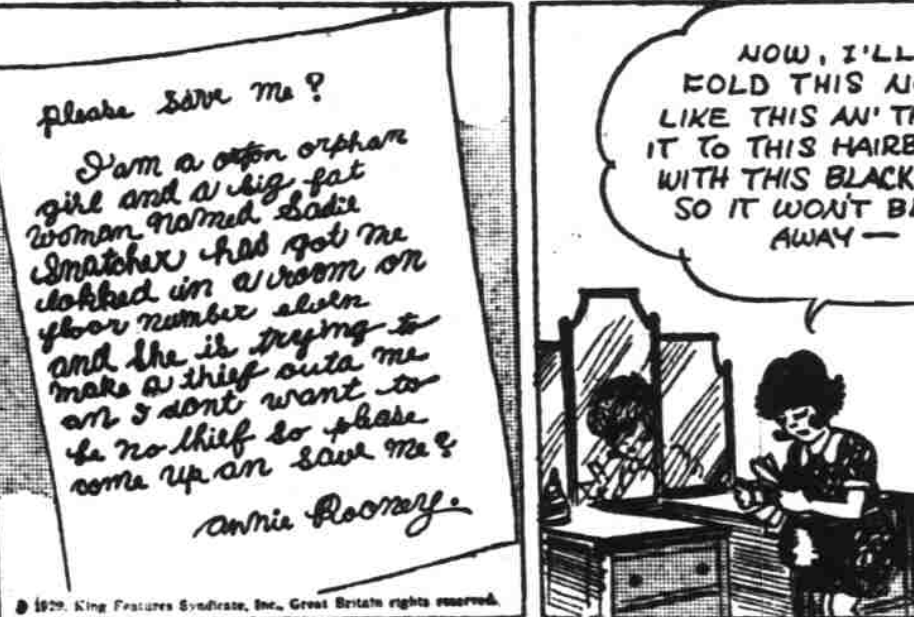
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