

"All Quiet on the Western Front"

CHAPTER XXV
It is early morning, clear and gray. The gurgling continues. I stop my ears, but soon take my fingers away again, because then I cannot hear the other sound. The figure opposite me moves. I shrink together and involuntarily look at it. Then my eyes remain glued to it. A man with a small pointed beard lies there, his head is fallen to one side, one arm is half-bent, his head rests helplessly upon it. The other hand lies on his chest; it is bloody.

He is dead, I say to myself, he must be dead, he doesn't feel anything more; it is only the body that is gurgling there. Then the head tries to raise itself, for a moment the gurgling becomes louder, his forehead sinks back upon his arm and he is dead again, dead, he is dying, but he is not dead, I drag myself toward him, hesitate, support myself on my hands, creep a bit farther, wait, again a terrible journey of three yards, a long, terrible journey. At last I am beside him.

Then he opens his eyes. He must have heard me and gazes at me with a look of utter terror. The body is still, but the eyes move. There is such an extraordinary expression of fright that for a moment I think they have power enough to carry the body off with them. Hundreds of miles away with one bound. The body is still, perfectly still, without sound, the gurgling has ceased, but the eyes cry out, yell all the life is gathered together in them for one tremendous effort to flee, gathered together there in a dreadful terror of death, to me.

My legs give way and I drop on my elbows. "No, no," I whisper. The eyes follow me. I am powerless to move so long as they are there.

Then his hand slips slowly from his breast, only a little bit, it sinks just a few inches, but the movement breaks the power of the eyes. I bend forward, shake my head and whisper: "No, no, no." I raise one hand, I must show him that I want to help him, I stroke his forehead.

The eyes shrink back as the hand comes, then they lose their start, the eyelids droop lower, the tension is past, I open his mouth, and place his hand more comfortably upright.

His mouth stands half open, it tries to form words. The lips are dry. My water bottle is not there. I have not brought it with me. But there is water in the mud, down at the bottom of the crater. I gather down, take out my handkerchief, spread it out, push it under and scoop up the yellow water that strains through into the hollow of my hand.

He gulps it down. I fetch some more. Then I unbutton his tunic in order to bandage him if it is possible. In any case I must do it, so that if the fellows over there capture me they will see that I wanted to help him and so will not shoot me. He tries to resist, but his hand is too feeble. The shirt is stuck and will not come away, it is buttoned at the back. So there is nothing for it but to cut it off.

I look for the knife and find it again. But when I begin to cut the shirt the eyes open once more and

the cry is in them again and the dead expression, so that I must close my eyes, press them shut and whisper: "I want to help you, Comrade, camerader, camerader," eagerly repeating the word, to make him understand.

There are three stabs. My field dressings cover them, the blood runs out under it. I press it tighter; there; he groans.

That is all I can do. Now we must wait, wait.

These hours—the gurgling starts again—but how slowly a man dies! For this I know—he cannot be saved, indeed, I have tried to tell myself that, but at noon this pretence breaks down and melts before his groans. If only I had not lost my revolver crawling about, I would shoot him. Stab him I cannot.

By noon I am groping on the outer limits of reason. Hunger devours me, I could almost weep for something to eat. I cannot struggle against it. Again and again I fetch water for the dying man and drink some myself.

This is the first man I have killed with my hands, whom I can see close at hand, whose death is my doing. Kat and Kroop and Muller have experienced it already, when they have hit someone; it cries out, yell all the life is gathered together in them for one tremendous effort to flee, gathered together there in a dreadful terror of death, to me.

But every gasp lays my heart bare. This dying man has time with him, he has an invisible dagger with which he stabs me: Time and my thoughts.

I would give much if he would but stay alive. It is hard to lie here and to have to see and hear him.

In the afternoon, about three, he is dead.

I breathe freely again. But only for a short time. Soon the silence is more unbearable than the groans. I wish the gurgling were there again, gasping, hoarse, now whistling softly and again hoarse and loud.

It is mad, what I do. But I must do something. I prop the dead man up so that he lies comfortably although he feels nothing any more. I close his eyes. They are brown, his hair is black and a bit curly at the sides. The mouth is full and soft beneath his moustache, the nose is slightly arched, the skin brownish; it is now not so pale as it was before, when he was still alive. For a moment the face seems almost healthy;—then it collapses suddenly into the strange face of the dead that I have so often seen, strange faces, all alike.

No doubt his wife still thinks of him; she does not know what has happened. He looks as if he would often have written to her; she will be getting mail from him—tomorrow, in a week's time—perhaps even a stray letter a month hence. She will read it, and in it he will be speaking to her.

My state is getting worse. I can no longer control my thoughts. What would his wife look like? Like the little brunette on the other side of the canal. Does she belong to me now? Perhaps by this act she becomes mine. I wish Kantorek were sitting here beside me. If my mother could see me—If my mother could see me—The dead man

hesitate to open it. In it is the book with his name. So long as I do not know his name perhaps I may still forget him, time will obliterate it, this picture. But his name, it is a nail that will be hammered into me and never come out again. It has the power to recall this for ever, it will always come back and stand before me.

Irresolutely I take the wallet in my hand. It slips out of my hand and falls open. Some pictures and letters drop out. I gather them up and want to put them back again, but the strain I am under, the uncertainty, the hunger, the danger, these hours with the dead man have confused me, I want to hasten the relief to intensely and to end the torture, as one strikes an unendurably painful hand against the trunk of a tree regardless of everything.

There are portraits of a woman and a little girl, small amateur photographs taken against an ivy-clad wall. Along with them are letters. I take them out and try to read them. Most of it I do not understand, it is so hard to decipher and I know scarcely any French. But each word I translate pierces me like a shot in the chestlike a stab in the chest.

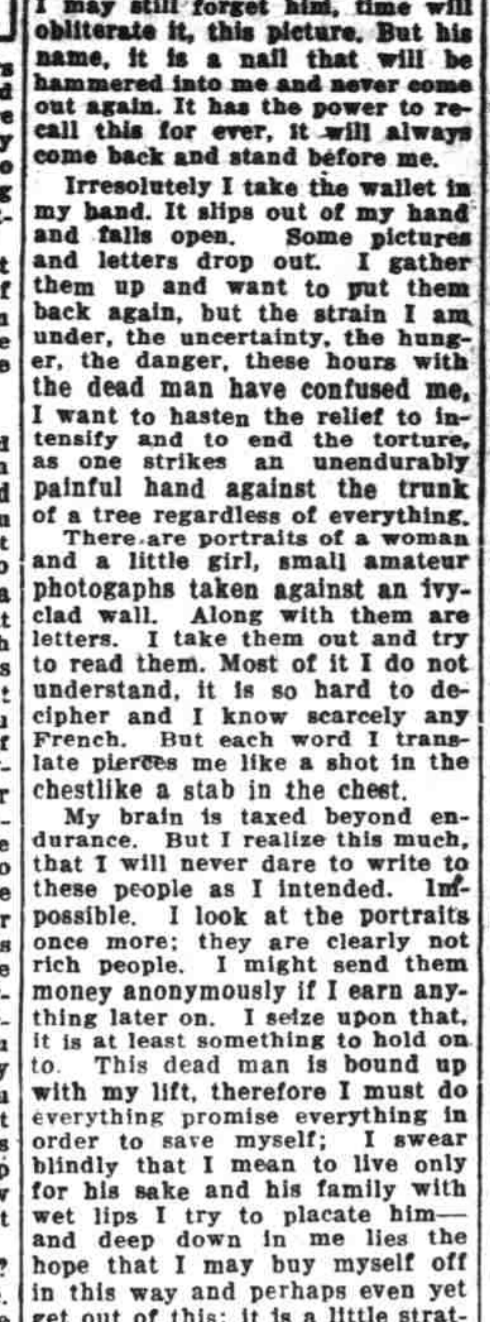
My brain is taxed beyond endurance. But I realize this much, that I will never dare to write to these people as I intended. Impossible. I look at the portraits once more; they are clearly not rich people. I might send them money anonymously if I earn anything later on. I seize upon that, it is at least something to hold on to. This dead man is bound up with my life, therefore I must do everything possible to save myself; I swear blindly that I mean to live only for his sake and his family with wet lips I try to placate him and deep down in me lies the hope that I may buy myself off in this way and perhaps even yet get out of this; it is a little struggle; if only I am allowed to escape then I will see to it. So I open the book and read slowly: Gerard Duval, compositor.

With the dead man's pencil I write the address in an envelope then swiftly thrust everything back into his tunic.

I have killed the printer, Gerard Duval. I must be a printer, I think confusedly, be a printer, printer—

Read the Classified Ads.

Young Flyer



Newman Wadlow, twenty-two, of Wichita, Kansas, youngest entrant in the 1929 Ford Reliability Air Tour, is well up with the leaders of the squadron of forty planes making a tour of 81 cities in the United States and Canada.

Make Oysters a Habit—Not a Luxury!

ACCORDING to our leading diet experts, oysters should be a habit, not a luxury. Too long we've regarded them merely as appetizers, the sort of delicacy that's in the lobster or caviar class, despite the fact that it is by no means expensive. But in recent years the vitamin-hunters have found that the oyster contains a liberal amount of Vitamin C, also that it is especially rich in iodine. For both of which reasons all those who eat too much cooked food, or those subject to thyroid disorders are urged to consume oysters, plenty of them, and preferably raw.

One way to have oysters on the menu two or three times a week without making it monotonous. After all, the oyster season doesn't last throughout the year, and while oysters are in their best state they should be used generously. If the dinner is to have a main dish of most oysters can be offered in a small quantity as an entree. In fact, most people prefer oysters in cocktail form, raw, well chilled, and stimulating to the appetite. Or it can be the main dish of

lunch or the evening meal. Oysters are very easily digested, hence suitable for anyone, old and young. Oysters require fat and starch, as they are deficient in these two elements. But a dish of oyster soup containing milk, butter, crackers—not to mention a liberal helping of oysters—makes a wholesome and nourishing luncheon all by itself. Incidentally, oysters should never be cooked in milk. Milk should be brought to a boil. Meanwhile the oysters should be placed in boiling water and boiled for only half a minute—actually 30 seconds by the clock. Then add oysters to the milk and serve, but do not cook together.

Cocktail Sauce for Oysters, Raw.
1 tablespoon catsup
1 tablespoon horseradish
1 tablespoon lemon juice
½ teaspoon salt

Mix together and chill. This can be varied by adding 1 teaspoon of Worcestershire sauce, or a dash of Tabasco, or 1 teaspoon of onion juice, or 1 tablespoon of mushroom catsup. However, the simpler the cocktail sauce, the more likely is the

The Home-Kitchen

Remove oysters from shells (preferably large oysters) and wipe dry. Spread with mayonnaise, then dip in butter until brown, turning to cook both sides equally. The butter or fat used should be very hot, but not smoking, and the oysters fried quickly. Overcooking spoils them.

Pigs in Blanket.
12 large oysters, removed from shell.
12 thin slices of bacon.
Dash of paprika.

Wipe the oysters dry, sprinkle with paprika and paprika. Roll a thin slice of bacon around each oyster and fasten together with a toothpick. Place in the oven and bake until bacon is brown.

Drain and dry large oysters. Spread with soft butter, then cover with fine cracker crumbs. Place under a broiler and brown quickly on both sides. Serve on toast.

LABORITES WIN IN AUSTRALIA VOTING

MELBOURNE, Australia, Oct. 14.—(AP)—The fifth Labor government since the commonwealth of Australia was formed in 1901 was established by the general elections Saturday. James Henry Scullin, who assumed leadership of the Labor party only 18 months ago, will be the new prime minister.

The national-country party coalition government under Prime Minister Stanley Bruce was swept from power after tottering for 11 months, defeated on its proposal to abolish the federal arbitration court and relinquish jurisdiction over most Australian labor disputes to the state courts.

The standing of the parties so far as could be definitely judged today, will be as follows:
Labor 50—Nationalists 16—

County party 9. In the 1926 election Labor won 32 seats, Nationalists 30 and the country party 13. "We are defeated, but we can take it like gentlemen," said Premier Bruce today. He had been in office since 1923, but the Labor party had been gradually recovering its old-time domination. It has been in the forefront of Australian politics since 1901.

The Labor party was generally considered to have been helped on to its sweeping victory of yesterday by the success of the Labor party in Great Britain last May and a later energetic action in foreign affairs.

started last Monday when milk producers decided to withhold their product from the Kansas City distributors unless an increase of approximately 6 cents a gallon was made in the present rate.

Threats of death to O. C. Murphy, city commissioner of inspection and sanitation were made late this afternoon. Two calls were received by the commissioner stating that his motor car would be blown up if he attempted to leave the city. Murphy in his official capacity has ok'd supplies of milk which have been "bootlegged" into the city.

MILK STRIKE GETS VIOLENT, REPORT

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Oct. 14.—(AP)—Sabotage and threats of death have made their way into the Kansas City milk strike which

Flying squadrons of masked men early today stopped all milk trucks bringing milk into the city and dumped the fluid on the roads. More than 50 men took part in the raids and more than 1,200 gallons of milk were dumped.

An added complication of the milk strike is the controversy between the health department and the consumers' league. The latter, an organization of women, contend present supply of milk is not properly kept by city grocers.

By CLIFF STERRETT

BRIBING CHILD TO EAT FOOD "GOOD FOR HIM"

It's a Bad Practice, Says Dr. Copeland, Citing Experiments Which Show that Children, If Properly Supervised, Will Partake of Essential Foods.

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

RECENTLY an interesting report was made by Dr. Marguerite Gauger, of Teachers College Institute of Child Welfare Research, concerning the feeding of children. This report deals with experiments made with a group of children ranging in age from eighteen months to a little more than three years. Knowing the difficulty many parents have in feeding their children, these experts worked along this line, hoping to solve the problem.

The average child may be said to be emotional and temperamental. What they will eat today they will refuse tomorrow. It was found that eating was made easier by following a daily routine without conversation about the food, or coaxing in any case. After a while they were able to take food as a matter of course, thus proving that much of the dislike for certain foods can be overcome in early life.

Nothing is more difficult than to induce a child to eat things he does not want. Sometimes children will take a food because they are promised a reward. This is not good practice. It sets a bad example and the bribing must be increased and often repeated.

In the tests by Miss Gauger, harmless substances were fed to the children and so given as not to interfere with their regular diet. Some were pleasant to take and others were given in small quantities during one period and showed a decided liking for it at first, but after a month they were indifferent to it.

At another time a vinegar and salt solution was given daily. At first they naturally showed real dislike, but after a period of four months they took this strange concoction and drank without any apparent distaste for it.

I cite these two instances to show that children will eat almost any food if they are properly supervised. Eating spinach, carrots, broccoli, peaches or peas becomes as much a habit as wearing clothes.

I fear that too many parents regard the training of their young children from the cradle. Do not constantly urge the children to eat during the meal. Appear disinterested while feeding the child, rather than assuming the usual coaxing and wheedling attitude toward him.

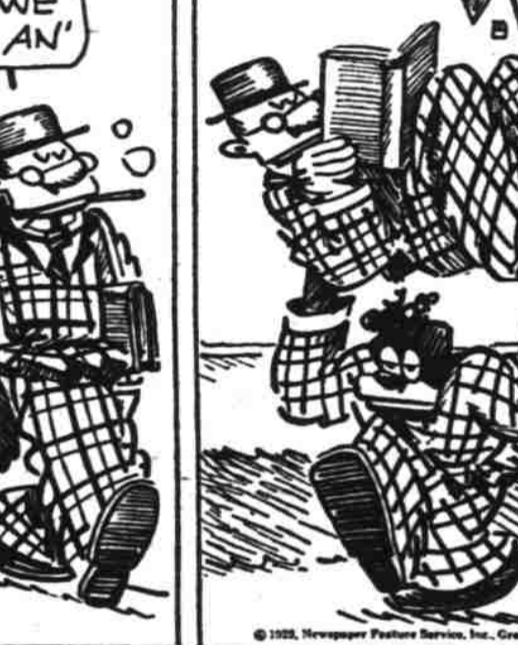
He will come to understand that he should eat the things placed before him as regularly as he takes his daily bath or dresses in the morning. There will be times enough in his life when coaxing or offering of a reward may be necessary. Forcing a child to eat is harmful rather than beneficial. Be firm, but do not concentrate all your attention on the matter of food.

Maintain a pleasant and cheerful atmosphere at mealtimes. This will help the child to create for himself

DR. COPELAND

POLLY AND HER PALS

"Somebody's Gonna Get Roped In."



TILLIE, THE TOILER

"Attractive 'Bait.'"



LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY

"Damaging Evidence."



TOOTS AND CASPER

"And That's Final."

