

"All Quiet on the Western Front"

CHAPTER XXVII.

About 2 o'clock we start the meal. It lasts till 8. We drink coffee from the supply dump—and smoke officers' cigars and cigarettes—also from the supply dump. Punctually at half past seven we begin the evening meal. About 10 o'clock we throw the bones of the sucking pigs outside the door. Then there is cognac and rum—also from the blessed supply dump—once again long, fat cigars with bellyhans. Tjaden suggests that it lacks only one thing: Girls.

Late in the evening we hear mowing. A little gray cat sits in the entrance. We notice it in and give it something to eat. And that wakes up our own appetites once more. Still chewing, we lie down to sleep.

Burning houses stand out like torches against the night. Shells lumber across and crash down. Munition columns trail along the street. On one side the supply dump has been ripped open. In spite of all the flying fragments the drivers of the munition columns pour in like a swarm of bees and pounce on the bread. We let them have their own way. If we said anything it would only mean a good hiding for us. So we go differently about it. We explain that we are the guard and so know our way about, we get hold of the tinners and exchange it for things we are short of. What does it matter anyhow—in a while it will all be blown to pieces. For ourselves we take some chocolate from the depot and eat it in slabs.

Almost a fortnight passes thus in eating, drinking, and roasting about. No one disturbs us. The town gradually vanishes under the shells and we lead a charmed life. So long as any part of the supply dump still stands we don't worry; we desire nothing better than to stay here till the end of the war.

Tjaden has become so fastidious that he only half smokes his cigars. With his nose in the air he explains to us that he was brought up that way. And Kat is most cheerful. In the morning his first call is: "Emil, bring in the cavare and coffee." We put on extraordinary airs, every man treats the other as his valet, bounces him and gives him orders. "There is something itching under my foot: Kropp, ml man, citch that louse at once," says Leer, poking out his leg at him like a ballet girl, and Albert draws him up the stairs by the foot. "Tjaden, get that—stand at east, Tjaden; and what is more, don't say 'What,' say 'Yes, Sir,'—now: 'Tjaden!' Tjaden reports in the well-known phrase from Goethe's 'Götz von Berlichingen,' with which he is always very free.

After eight more days we receive orders to go back. The palmy days are over. Two big motor lorries take us away. They are stacked high with planks. Nevertheless, Albert and I erect on top our four-poster bed complete with blue canopy, mattress, and two lace coverlets. And behind it at the head is stowed a bag full of choice edibles. We often dip into it, and the tough ham sausages, the tins of liver sausages, the conserves, the boxes of cigarettes rejoice our hearts. Each man has a bag to himself.

Kropp and Lhave rescued two big red chairs as well. They stand inside the bed, and we sprawl back in them as in a theater box. Above us swells the silken cover like a baldquin. Each man has a long cigar in his mouth. And thus from aloft we survey the scene.

Between us stands a parrot-cage that we found for the cat. She is coming with us, and lies in the cage before her saucer of meat, and purrs.

Slowly the lorries roll down the road. We sing. Behind us the shells are sending up fountains from the now utterly abandoned town.

A few days later we are sent

out to evacuate a village. On the way we meet the fleeing inhabitants trundling their goods and chattels along with them in wheelbarrows, perambulators, and on their backs. Their figures are bent their faces full of grief, despair, haste and resignation. The children hold on to their mother's hands, and often an older girl leads the little ones who stumble onward and are forever looking back. A few carry miserable-looking dolls. All are silent as they pass us by.

We are marching in column: the French do not fire on a town in which there are still inhabitants. But a few minutes later the air screams, the earth heaves, cries ring out; a shell has landed among the rear squad. We scatter and fling ourselves down on the ground, but at that moment I feel the instinctive alertness leave me which hitherto has always made me do unconsciously the right thing under fire; the thought leaps up with a terrible, throbbing fear: "We are lost!" and the next moment a blow sweeps like a whip over my left leg. I hear Albert cry out; he is beside me.

"Quick up, Albert!" I yell, for we are lying unsheltered in the open field. He staggers up and runs. I keep beside him. We have to get over a hedge; it is higher than we are. Kropp seizes a branch. I leave him by the leg, he cries out, I give him a swing and he flies over. With one leap I follow him and fall into a ditch that lies behind the hedge.

Our legs are smothered with duckweed and mud, but the coverlet is good. So we wade in up to our necks. Whenever a shell whistles we duck our heads under the water. After we have done this a dozen times, I am exhausted.

"Let's get away, or I'll fall in and drown," groans Albert. "Where has it got you?" I ask him. "In the knee, I think." "Can you run?" "I think—"

"Then out!" We make for the ditch beside the road, and stooping, run along it. The shelling follows us. The road leads toward the munition dump. If that goes up there won't be a man of us with his head left on his shoulders. So we change our plan and run diagonally across country.

Albert begins to drag. "You go, I'll come on after," he says, and throws himself down. I seize him by the arm and shake him. "Up, Albert, if once you lie down you'll never get any farther. Quick, I'll hold you up." At last we reach a small dug-out. Kropp pitches in and I bandage him up. The shot is just a little above his knee. Then I take a look at myself. My trousers are bloody and my arm, too. Albert binds up my wound with his field dressing. Already he is no longer able to move his leg, and we both wonder how we managed to get this far. Fear alone made it possible; we would have run even if our feet had been shot off;—we would have run on the stumps.

I can still crawl a little. I call out to a passing ambulance wagon which picks us up. It is full of wounded. There is an army medical lance-corporal with it who sticks an anti-tetanus needle into our chests.

At the dressing-station we arrange matters so that we lie side by side. They give us a thin soup which we spoon down greedily and scornfully, because we are accustomed to better times but are hungry all the same.

"Now for home," Albert. I say, "Let's hope so," he replies. "I only wish I knew what I've got." The pain increases. The bandages burn like fire. We drink and drink, one glass of water after another.

"How far above the knee am I hit?" asks Kropp. "At least four inches, Albert," I answer. Actually it is perhaps one.

"I've made up my mind," he says after a while, "if they take off my leg, I'll put an end to it. I won't go through life as a cripple."

So we lie there with our thoughts and wait. In the evening we are hauled on to the chopping-block. I am frightened and think quickly what I ought to do; for everyone knows that the surgeons in the dressing stations amputate on the slightest provocation. Under the great pressure of business that is much simpler than complicated patching, I think of Kimmlicher. Whatever happens I will not let them chop off my leg, even if I have to crack a couple of their skulls.

It is all right. The surgeon pokes around in the wound and a blackness comes before my eyes. Don't carry on so," he says gruffly, and hacks away. The instruments gleam in the bright light like malevolent animals. The pain is insufferable. Two orderlies hold my arms fast, but I break loose with one of them and try to crash into the surgeon's spectacles just as he notices and springs back. "Chloroform the scoundrel," he roars madly.

Then I become quiet. "Pardon me, Herr Doctor, I will keep still, but do not chloroform me." "Well now," he cackles and takes up his instrument again. He is a fair fellow, not more than 30 years, with scars and disgusting gold spectacles. Now I see that he is tormenting me, he is merely raking about in the wound and looking up surreptitiously at me over his glasses. My hands squeeze around the grips; I'll kick the bucket before he will get a squeak out of me.

He has flashed out a piece of shell and tossed it to me. Apparently he is pleased at my self-control, for he seems to be more considerate of me now and says: "Tomorrow you'll be off home." Then I am put in plaster. When I am back again with Kropp I tell him that apparently a hospital train comes in tomorrow morning.

"We must work the army medical sergeant-major so that we can

keep together, Albert." I manage to slip the sergeant-major two of my cigars with bellyhans, and then tip the word to him. He smells the cigars and says, "Have you got any more of those?" "Another good handful," I say, "and my comrade." I point to Kropp, "he has some as well. We might possibly be glad to hand them to you out of the window of the hospital train in the morning." He understands, of course, smells them once again and says, "Done." We cannot get a minute's sleep all night. Seven fellows die in our ward. One of them sings hymns in a high cracked tenor before he begins to gurgle. Another has crept out of his bed to the window. He lies in front of it as though he wants to look out for the last time.

AIRPORT'S SIDELINE IS GAS PRODUCTION

KANSAS CITY—(AP)—Fairfax airport here has developed a sideline industry—natural gas production—which brings it an income of more than \$1,000 a day. Discovery of gas on the airport property about a year ago was welcomed as a natural convenience for heating airport buildings but the production increased steadily and has reached commercial proportions. Eleven wells flow at the rate of 22,500,000 cubic feet a day and more wells to bring production to 40,000,000 feet a day are under way. Three million feet of gas a day is sold to the local gas distributing company for domestic use and approximately 1,000,000 feet a day is used at the airport. The remainder is shut off for future use. Most of the wells are along the banks of the Missouri river, which borders the airport on two sides. A test well is being drilled on the Kansas City municipal airport, across the river from Fairfax, in the hope that it, too, may derive an income aside from aviation.

FAMED WOMAN TO BE HONORED

Gram of Radium to be Given Madame Curie on Visit To United States

PARIS—(AP)—Madame Curie will celebrate her 52nd birthday in the White House as the guest of President Hoover and Mrs. Hoover, and received there the \$50,000 or a gram of radium as a birthday gift from her American admirers. The world's premier woman scientist, co-discoverer with her husband of radium, is no chatter-box. She refused to talk about plans for her forthcoming American visit except to say that she would be in the United States in the middle of October and will leave for home November 8. Her birthday falls November 7, and friends in the secret hint that Madame Curie is arranging her homecoming for as soon after her birthday party as possible. The same friends say that she received and accepted an invitation to visit President Hoover.

There is no secrecy about the other important events on her American program. October 20 she goes to Detroit with Owen D. Young, who will be her American host during a considerable part of her stay. The next day she is scheduled as a guest at the Ford celebration in honor of Thomas A. Edison's discovery of the incandescent lamp. Two days later she is to be welcomed to Schenectady by Mr. Young, and there visit the great scientific laboratories of the General Electric company. October 25 she will motor with Mr. Young to St. Lawrence university, Canton, N. Y., of which he is an alumnus. There she will receive an honorary Ph. D. degree. On the 26th she will dedicate the university's new chemistry laboratory, Hepburn hall, given by Mrs. A. Barton Hepburn. On one side of the entrance, carved in stone, is a likeness of Madame Curie. At this dedication she is expected to make her only American speech.

Color in Food and Dish May Be a Help or a Delusion

Home-Making Helps

A CHILDISH habit that makes us choose food that appeals to the eye. Just as youngsters get lured by bright-colored candies and even the lurid hot dogs in preference to nourishing but prosaic-looking vegetables and cereals, so most grown-ups are influenced a good deal by the color of foods. No doubt the parsimony would not be relegated to the contempt which now covers it if it were turquoise blue or bright red, rather than its wholly uninteresting putty color. It was Dr. Wiley who coined the phrase, "eating with the eyes," and, unthinkingly, we do a lot of it. We like our bread pure white—even if flour has to be bleached in defiance of nature to get it that way. Butter must be golden yellow, although prime, fresh, sweet butter is a vague creamy color, except in May and June when it is naturally more yellow. In order to cater to this desire for highly-colored foods the merchants, better, in color wherever permissible under the law. Or provide the coloring matter with the article as in the case of oleomargarine, so that we can paint our food any shade we like. These coloring materials may be entirely harmless, yet some of them (like carrot juice) may make the food spoil a little sooner than if left in its natural state. There's something to be said in favor of color in foods, as well as against it. Many foods should be taken as nature made them, and very often we may get better flavor for overcoming our prejudices against dull-colored foods. The brightest-colored apple isn't necessarily the most flavorful. Brown does certainly have a far superior flavor and texture compared to the white rice with its natural color removed. On the other hand, the use of color occasionally may improve the appearance of a dish, make it more appetizing and actually seem to taste better. A table containing foods of different color is more attractive than one where everything is in the same. The appearance of boiled chicken, mashed potatoes and boiled onions is dull, although there's nothing wrong with the combination dietarily. Green peas, string beans, though just as commonplace, fresh up the dish more attractively. Foods of bright color like beets, tomatoes, red cabbage or ham are more enjoyable to the palate, as well as to the eye, if served in connection with vegetables or salad of quiet color.

Children are especially susceptible to inviting colors. In fact, they reject certain perfectly good dishes and not knowing exactly what's wrong, but being quite positive that they don't want it. One mother of a fussy child—a youngster who has to be coaxed and played with at mealtimes in order to get something into his system somehow—hit on colored dishes as a solution. For a small sum she bought several different colored bowls and plates and tumblers. Milk tasted different when served in a glass of strawberry hue. Rice pudding in a green bowl looked like a real dessert, not just cereals. Fish may acquire a more general popularity in the family if it is served with contrasting coloring. It may be the bright color of peas or beets or tomatoes that makes them an attractive accompaniment to the hallowed fish. Fish baked whole, with its brown crisp top, is the more appetizing if garnished with some fresh green cucumbers, parsley or small whole boiled carrots. Of one woman who took special pleasure in making the food combinations attractive, a color her young son said: "Nothing can possibly taste as good as a 'looka,' which, on the whole, is a rather pleasant criticism.

POLLY AND HER PALS



TILLIE, THE TOILER



LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY



TOOTS AND CASPER



"Casper's Lucky and Doesn't Know It"



Answers to Health Queries

S. T. Q.—What causes a tired sleepy feeling?
A.—Auto-intoxication is often responsible for this sort of feeling. It is due to improper elimination, causing a build-up of toxins in the system. For further information send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

C. V. S. Q.—Does chewing gum between meals cause gas in the intestines?
A.—No.

A. Reader. Q.—What is the correct weight for a girl aged twenty five feet one inch tall?
A.—She should weigh about 115 pounds.

CULTIVATE, IN YOUTH, THE HABIT OF SLEEP

How and How Much You Sleep is Most Important to Your Health, Says Dr. Copeland, Urging Full Quota of Rest.

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

OF old time said that "as the twig is bent the tree is inclined." What we begin to do in youth we are likely to continue in old age. We are blessed or damaged by the habits formed in early life.

If we could realize early enough what their indulgences will mean in later years, there would be a powerful incentive to cultivate good rather than bad habits. But flaming youth is chasing butterflies. Youth must have its fling, is the common belief. It is hard for young people to appreciate what our habits mean for good or bad. Ecclesiastes, the Preacher, knew. You recall his words: "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment." We are free agents and can do as we please. But we may be very sure the habits we form in consequence of our freedom will come back to cheer or haunt us. Many years ago the late Henry Clews told me he made Fourteenth Street the "dividing line" in his life. Leaving Wall Street at the end of a busy day, when he reached Fourteenth Street on the way home, he dismissed all thought of business. His evenings were devoted to his family and friends, free from the cares and perplexities of his office. After a good breakfast he started downtown, but refused to think of business until he reached Fourteenth Street. Mr. Clews lives to be past eighty. His habits were good habits, and had much to do with his long life. He was a great worker and a useful citizen, with leisure for good works because of the noble habit of dividing his time. Recreation, rest and sleep have much to do with our welfare. The way we sleep and how much we sleep—all these depend largely on habits formed in early life. One of the most important of all the health rules is this: Go to bed to sleep. Don't go to bed to read, to think, to go about, but go to bed for the one and only reason—to sleep. Drill yourself in this practice and it will not be long before you will find yourself sleeping soundly. No habit is more vital to your health and happiness.

By CLIFF STERRETT

By RUSS WESTOVER

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