

"All Quiet on the Western Front"

CHAPTER XXVIII

Our stretchers stand on the platform. We wait for the train. It rains and the station has no roof. Our covers are thin. We have waited already two hours.

The sergeant-major looks after us like a mother. Although I feel pretty bad I do not let our scheme out of my mind. Occasionally I let him see the packet and give him one cigar in advance. In exchange the sergeant-major covers us over with a waterproof sheet.

"Albert, old man, I suddenly be-think myself, our four-poster and the cat—"

"And the club chairs," he adds. "Yes, the club chairs, and the plush. In the evening we used to sit in them like lords, and intended later on to let them out by the hour. One cigar per hour. It might have turned into a regular business, a real good living."

"And our bags of grub, too, Albert."

We grow melancholy. We might have made some use of the things. If only the train left one day later Kat would be sure to find us and bring us the stuff.

What damned hard luck! In our bellies there is gravel, meat hospital stuff, and in our bags roast pork. But we are so weak that we creep up on any more excitement about it.

The stretchers are sopping wet by the time the train arrives in the morning. The sergeant-major sees it that we are put in the same car. There is a crowd of Red Cross nurses. Kropp is stowed in below. I am lifted up and put into the bed above him.

"Good God!" I exclaim suddenly.

"What is it?" asks the sister.

I cast a glance at the bed. It is covered with clean snow-white linen, that even has the marks of the iron still on it. And my shirt has gone six weeks without being washed and is terribly muddy.

"Can't you get in by yourself?" asks the sister gently.

"Why yes," I say in a sweat, "but take off the bed cover first."

"What for?"

I feel like a pig. Must I get in there?—It will get— I hesitate.

"A little bit dirty," she suggests helpfully. "That doesn't matter, we will wash it again afterwards."

"No, no, not that—" I say excitedly. I am not equal to such overwhelming refinement.

"When you have been lying out there in the trenches, surely you can wash a sheet," she goes on and I risk, spotless and neat, like anything here; a man a man a not realize that it isn't for officers only, and feels himself strange and in some way even alarmed.

All the same the woman is a tormentor, she is going to force me to say it. "It is only—" I try again, surely she must know what I mean.

"What is it then?"

"Because of the lice," I bawl out at last.

She laughs. "Well, they must have a good day for once, too."

Now I don't care any more. I scramble into bed and pull up the cover. The sergeant-major. He goes off with the cigars.

An hour later we notice that we are moving.

At night I cannot sleep. Kropp is restless, too. The train rides easily over the rails. I cannot realize it all yet; a bed, a train, home.

The train travels slowly. Sometimes it halts and the dead are unloaded. It halts often.

Albert is feverish. I feel miserable and have a good deal of pain, but the worst of it is that apparently there are still lice under the plaster bandage. They itch terribly, and I cannot scratch myself.

We sleep through the days. The country glides quietly past the window. The third night we reach Herbstal. I hear from the sister that Albert is to be put off at the next station because of his fever. "How far does the train go," I ask.

"To Cologne."

"Albert," I say, "we stick together; you see."

On the sister's next round I hold my breath and press it up into my head. My face swells and turns red. She stops. Are you in pain?" "Yes," I groan "all of a sudden."

She gives me a thermometer and goes on. I would not have been under Kat's tuition if I did not know what to do now. These army thermometers are not made for old soldiers. All one has to do is to drive the quicksilver up and then it stays there without falling again.

I stick the thermometer under my arm at a slant, and flip it steadily with my forefinger. Then I give it a shake. I send it up to 100.02 degrees. But that is not enough. I hold the bulb cautiously near to it brings it up to 101.6 degrees.

As the sister comes back, I blow myself out, breathe in short gasps goggle at her with vacant eyes, toss about restlessly, and mutter in a whisper: "I can't bear it any longer."

She notes me down on a slip of paper. I know perfectly well my plaster bandage will not be reopened if it can be avoided.

Albert and I are put off together.

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We are in the same room in a Catholic hospital. That is a piece of luck, the Catholic infirmaries are noted for their good treatment and good food. The hospital has been filled up from our train, there are a great many bad cases amongst them. We do not get examined today because there are too few surgeons. The flat trolleys with the rubber wheels pass continually along the corridor, and always with someone stretched at full length like that,—the only time it is good is when one is asleep.

The night is very disturbed. No one can sleep. Toward morning we doze a little. I wake up just as it grows light. The door stands open and I hear voices from the corridor. The others wake up too. One fellow who has been there a couple days already, explains it to us: "Up here in the corridor every morning the sisters say prayers. They call it morning devotion. And so that you can get your share, they leave the door open."

No doubt it is well meant, but it gives us aches in our heads and bones.

"Such an absurdity!" I say, "just when a man dropped off to sleep."

"All the light cases are up here, that's why they do it here," he replies.

Albert groans. I get furious and call out: "Be quiet out there!"

A minute later a sister appears. In her black and white dress she looks like a beautiful tea-cosy. "Shut the wood, will you, sister?" says someone.

"We are saying prayers, that is why the door is open," she responds.

"But we want to go on sleeping—"

"Prayer is better than sleep," she stands there and smiles innocently. "And it is seven o'clock already."

Albert groans again. "Shut the door," I snort.

She is quite disconcerted. Apparently she cannot understand. "But we are saying prayers for you too!"

"Shut the door, anyway."

She disappears, leaving the door open. The intoning of the Litany proceeds.

I feel savage, and say: "I'm going to count up to three. If it doesn't stop before then I'll let something fly."

"Me, too," says another.

I count up to five. Then I take hold of a bottle, aim, and heave it through the door into the corridor. It smashes into a thousand pieces. The praying stops. A swarm of sisters approach and reproach us in concert.

"Shut the door!" we yell.

They withdraw. The little one who came first is the last to go. "Heathen," she chirps, but shuts the door all the same. We have won.

At noon the hospital inspector arrives and abuses us. He threatens us with clink and all the rest of it. But a hospital inspector is just the same as a commissariat inspector or anyone else who wears a long dagger and shoulder straps, but it is really a clerk, and is never considered even by a recruit as a real officer. So we let him talk. What can they do to us, anyway—

"Who threw the bottle?" he asks.

Before I can think whether I should report myself, someone says, "I did."

A man with a bristling beard sits up. Everyone is excited; why should he report himself?

"You?"

"Yes. I was annoyed because we were waked up unnecessarily and lost my senses so that I did not know what I was doing."

He talks like a book.

"What is your name?"

"Reinforcement Reservist Josef Hamacher."

The inspector departs. We are all curious. "But why did you say you did it? It wasn't you at all!"

He grins. "That doesn't matter. I have a shooting license."

Then, of course, we all understand. Whoever has a shooting license can do just whatever he pleases.

"Yes," he explains, "I got a crack in the head and they presented me with a certificate to say that I was periodically not responsible for my actions. Ever since then I've had a grand time. No one dares to annoy me. And nobody does anything to me."

"I reported myself because the shot amused me. If they open the door again tomorrow we will pitch another."

We are overjoyed. With Josef Hamacher in our midst we can now risk anything.

Then came the soundless, flat trolleys to take us away.

The bandages are stuck fast. We bellow like steers.

(To be continued.)

MODERN CHINESE START HOSPITAL

By W. A. WELLS
(A. P. Feature Service Writer)
SAN FRANCISCO (AP)—In an uphill battle, America's only Chinese hospital has won its way into the confidence and respect of Chinatown.

From the start—four years ago—it was good enough to get an "A" rating from the American Hospital association but there were a lot of questions that remained to be answered to the satisfaction of the orientals.

In that transplanted colony of some 14,000 souls there was faith in the prowess of the herbalist in drawing poisons from wounds and treating gangrene.

The disciple of the old country school of medicine wanted to know why one-legged people were numerous in other sections of the city but as scarce along Grant avenue as bald headed Indians.

Where they might have answered, American physicians said, that there are few Chinese engaged in hazardous occupations and that the herbalist is given to preserving a limb in withered form although it were better severed, or even that often times the patient dies in preference to parting with any part of his anatomy.

The management of the hospital plugged along treating the ailing and trying to improve the sanitary and eugenic conditions of the colony.

Perhaps the greatest opportunity to win converts came when the mother of twins died and the hospital assumed the responsibility of rearing them.

These one-year-old hospital mascots, Douglas and Edwin, have become the pride of Chinatown. They sleep and awake by the clock, consume calories by the count and exercise and play in the most approved manner.

Physicians have pronounced them 100 per cent perfect, physically and mentally and Chinatown has taken them to its heart. Their vigorous health has helped establish the value of scientific

Home-Making Helps

By ELEANOR ROSS.

The Many Advantages of the Kitchen-Dining-Room.

"Two things I'll never do," said the newly-wedded young person, sagely discussing her housekeeping plans. "I'll never wear gingham aprons, and we're never going to have any meal whatsoever in the kitchen."

She was very positive about it. "Eating in the kitchen, was a symbol. It indicated a decline in the elegancies—a sort of domestic slump, like getting slatternly after the first five years of married life."

"We're always going to have a properly set table, and a dining room and nice linen and a few flowers," she continued, dreamily gazing into space. She was safe enough about the linen—having just emerged from an overwhimsing shower of linens and laces presented by a large circle of affectionate friends. And by the time she has completed her apartment hunt, she will probably modify her views about the lowly habit of eating in the kitchen.

For nowadays the best people do it. In the very expensive apartments where space is carefully measured out, if there's a kitchen at all, it is quite sure to have an adjacent "breakfast nook"—which is merely a built-in table flanked by high-backed benches on both sides. But this equipment is in the kitchen and the only partition may be the settle backs.

It's an excellent arrangement for those who do little entertaining and thus do not actually require a separate, well-fitted dining-room, but who do eat at home sufficiently often to want comfortable serving arrangements. Especially in this a great convenience in the servant's household. If there's no maid to

DRY LAW ENFORCED BY FEW OFFICERS

WASHINGTON (AP)—Only 42 of the 1,500 policemen in the national capital have authority to enforce the prohibition law. The reason is that District of Columbia, unlike the various states which cloak their civil officers with the powers of a prohibition agent, has no prohibition code.

That condition has been brought to attention as the Capital Hill charges of lax enforcement of dry law in Washington stirred up a controversy that directly brought President Hoover into and echoed and re-echoed as it gathered momentum.

Maj. Henry G. Pratt, superintendent of police, observes that whenever an ordinary policeman arrests a prohibition offender his authority is attacked. It has become customary for the officer to turn his evidence over to one of the "liquor squads" which are made up of one man from each of the 38 police precincts. The officer takes the role of prosecuting witness.

Constantly buffeted by congressional storms over its conduct as a "model for the nation," the latest charges of lax prohibition enforcement in Washington were put into circulation by Senator Howell of Nebraska.

In the tag end of a speech on another subject he asserted that the prohibition was not being enforced in the capital and said it would be if the chief executive insisted upon it. He amended his statement, saying his was not attacking the administration.

The president declared the senator's statement seriously impugned the good faith and capacity of

MANAGANESE OPE IS FOUND IN S. DAKOTA

OACOMA, S. D. (AP)—Manganese ore, indispensable to the steel industry, has been found in such quantities along the Missouri river in South Dakota that engineers believe the deposits will make the steel mills independent of foreign mines.

The manganese bed near here is the largest in North America. It is believed sufficient to meet the needs of the nation's steel mills, which now use 850,000 tons yearly, about 95 per cent of which is imported from Russia, India, Africa and Brazil.

Mining operations are to be carried along from the surface, similar to the open-face pits of the northern Minnesota iron deposits.

One company has leased land believed to hold from 100,000,000 to 300,000,000 tons of manganese. Other companies held smaller acreage.

Horse Meat Not Hamburger Ruling

It is a violation of the pure food act to mix horse meat with hamburger, and sell the same as hamburger, according to a legal opinion prepared by Attorney General Van Winkle here Thursday. The opinion was requested by Dr. W. H. Lytle, state veterinarian. It was said that several violations were reported in Portland.

Half the butter produced in the United States comes from Nebraska, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota and South Dakota.

YOU—AND ACCEPTED STANDARDS OF HEALTH

If You Seem Otherwise Fairly Normal and Feel Well, Says Dr. Copeland, It Means Nothing that Your Health Rating Differs from Average.

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

There is no rule of thumb to determine for a certainty whether you are a healthy person. Science has not determined and fixed exact standards. After the examination of a large number of persons, certain averages have been established. These are pretty generally accepted as approximating the truth.

The great life insurance companies appointed a committee to examine a half million insurance policies and the circumstances relating to the life history of the policyholders. Ages at death, ages of those living, weights and heights, family histories—all the many facts relating to physical history and habits of this great army were inquired into and made the basis for a remarkable report. Out of this grew tables of standards.

One thing you must not forget if you do not measure up to these standards. If you are above or below height or weight, if your pulse rate does not conform, etc., you must not worry. If you seem otherwise fairly normal, it means little that you differ from the average.

The test of the pudding is in the eating. After all, the best test of your degree of health is your ability to do a day's work without undue fatigue, to eat three good meals a day and to get up rested after a decent sleep.

It is not tremendously important to know your height, weight, pulse rate and temperature. What is "normal" for you may be abnormal for me.

If your pulse is habitually slow or habitually fast, if your temperature is habitually low or habitually high—these facts mean little, provided you feel well and go cheerfully about your affairs, doing your work easily. The individual element tells the story better than any accepted "standards."

Of course, we have gone so far in our standardization that we are on pretty safe ground to accept the averages as correct. But if you happen to fall short of the average you need not feel alarm and begin to picture just when your approaching end will arrive.

I have known many men and women who did not conform to the accepted standards, but who lived far beyond their "allotted time." The secret was in their habits. They were not worried because you are "abnormal."

By simple living, by observing the rules of hygiene, even with a frail constitution, you can realize the normal expectations of life. A very slight and weak person may outlive associates with long life, besides those considered in fixing "standards."

Answers to Health Queries

MISS B. S. Q.—What effect has pure Norwegian cod liver oil on the

POLLY AND HER PALS



TILLIE, THE TOILER



LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY



TOOTS AND CASPER



COCA GIVES SHORTY THE FLOOR



UNIDENTIFIED



THE MYSTERY IS UNEXPECTEDLY EXPLAINED



THE MISTERY IS UNEXPECTEDLY EXPLAINED



DR. COPELAND



BY BEN BATSFORD



BY RUSS WESTOVER



BY JIMMY MURPHY

