

"All Quiet on the Western Front"



good cheer through the whole wing even when she only can be seen in the distance. And there are others like her. We would go through fire for her. A man cannot readily complain, here he is treated by the puns exactly like a civilian. On the other hand, just to think of a garrison hospital gives a man the creeps.

Franz Wachter does not regain his strength. One day he is taken away and does not come back. Josef Hamacher knows all about it. "We shan't see him again. They have put him in the dead room."

"What do you mean, dead room?" asks Kropp.

"Well, dying room."

"What is it, then?"

"A little room at the corner of the building. Whoever is about to kick the bucket is put there. There are two beds in it. It is generally called the dying room."

"But what do they do that for?"

"They don't have so much work to do afterwards. It is more convenient, too, because it lies right beside the lift to the mortuary. Perhaps also they do it for the sake of the others, so that no one on the ward dies in sympathy. And they can look after him better, too, if he is by himself."

"But what about him?"

Josef shrugged his shoulders. "Usually he doesn't take much notice any more."

"Does anybody know about it then?"

"Anyone who has been here long enough knows, of course."

On the afternoon Franz Wachter's bed has a fresh occupant. A couple of days later they take the new man away, too. Josef makes a significant gesture. We see many come and go.

Often relatives set by the beds and weep or talk softly and awkwardly. One old woman will not go away, but she cannot stay there the whole night through. Another morning she comes very early, but not early enough; for as she goes up to the bed, someone else is in it already. She has to go in the mortuary. The apples she has brought with her she gives to us.

And then little Peter begins to look worse. His temperature chart goes bad, and one day the flat

Grapes—Perfect Between-Meals Food—How to Select Them!

GRAPES are of two varieties to most of us—the white or the bluish purple. As a matter of fact, there are over 100 varieties grown in the United States, and in Europe, where grapes mean wine and not fruit, there are even more.

In our own markets we are receiving a greater variety than in previous years when they were more difficult to ship. There is the Thompson seedless grape—a pale green that is almost white and very sweet. Too sweet for some are the Malaga, which are larger than the seedless variety. For flavor, the Tokays and the Concord grapes are probably the most popular. The slight acidity and a certain faintly pungent fragrance that characterizes these varieties distinguish them as particularly desirable for jellies, juice or as a delicacy for the table.

Although grapes are always sold in bunches, the way to get a tempting array is to buy by the bunch. Select a bunch that is pleasing and pay by weight, rather than ask for a couple of pounds and let the marketman collect odds and ends of bunches that will make up the

The Home-Kitchen

By ALICE LYNN BARRY

quantity desired. A perfect bunch of grapes is beautiful and decorative, and if bought this way there are fewer falling grapes than when several little bunches are obtained. Grapes should be washed quickly after purchase, drained on a bit of clean cheesecloth or a soft napkin, and then placed in the icebox, where they will be kept chilled, but not moistened. Grapes have a high food value and are one of the foods recommended for eating between meals. Indeed, a glass of pure grape juice, unmixer with additional sugar or carbonated water, is as refreshing as well as nourishing food—so much so that it should not be taken as a drink with other food.

However, a few of the white grapes added to fruit cup at the beginning of a meal or with a salad improve the flavor of the dish. Large grapes just used, as they are more palatable when peeled and the seeds removed. They must be chilled until just before serving. When used for salad pile a small mound of peeled and seeded grapes on lettuce leaves or endive and serve with a French dressing in which lemon juice has been mixed with the oil instead of vinegar.

Grapes can be preserved in a variety of ways so that one can enjoy

still walk, but if once the old boy gets you under the knife you'll be crippled. What he wants is little dogs to experiment with, so the war is a glorious time for him as it is for all the surgeons. You take a look down below at the staff; there are a dozen fellows hobbling around that he has operated on. A lot of them have been here all the time since 'fourteen and 'fifteen.

"Not a single one of them can walk better than he could before, almost all of them worse, and most only with plaster legs. Every six months he catches them again and breaks their bones afresh, and every time is going to be the successful one. You take my word, he won't dare do it if you say no."

"Ach, man," says one of the two unfortunates, "better your feet than your brain-box. There's no telling what you'll get if you go back out there again. They can do with me just as they please, so long as I get back home. Better to have a club foot than be dead." The other, a young fellow like ourselves, won't have it done. One

morning the old man has the two hauled up and lectures and scolded at them so long, that in the end they consent. What else could they do?—They are mere privates, and he is a big bug. They are brought back chloroformed and plastered.

It is going badly with Albert. They have taken him and amputated his leg. The whole leg has been taken off from the thigh. Now he hardly speaks any more. Once he says he will shoot himself the first time he can get hold of his revolver again.

A new convoy arrives. Our room gets two blind men, one of them is a very youthful musician. The sisters never have a knife with them when they feed him; he has already snatched one from a sister. But in spite of this caution there is an incident. In the evening, while he is being fed, the sister is called away and leaves the place with the fork on his table. He gropes for the fork, seizes it and drives it with all his force against his heart, then he snatches up a shoe and strikes with it against the handle as hard as he

can. We call for help and three men are necessary to take the fork away from him. The blunt prongs had already penetrated deep. He abuses us all night so that no one can sleep. In the morning he has lock-jaw.

Again beds become empty. Day after day goes by with pain and fear, groans and death-gurges. Even the death room is no use any more, it is too small; fellows die during the night in our room. They go even faster than the sisters can cope with them.

But one day the door flies open, the flat trolley rolls in, and there on the stretcher, pale, thin, upright and triumphant, with his shaggy head of curls sits Peter. Sister Libertine with beaming locks pushes him over to his former bed. He is back from the dying room. We have long supposed him dead.

He looks round: "What do you say now?"

And even Josef has to admit that it is the first time he has ever known of such a thing.

(To be continued.)

CHAPTER XXIX.

There are eight men in our room. Peter, a curly black-haired fellow, has the worst injury—a severe lung wound. Franz Wachter, alongside him, has a shot in the arm which didn't look too bad at first. But the third night he calls out to us, telling us to ring, he thinks he has a hemorrhage.

I ring loudly. The night sister does not come. We have been making rather heavy demands on her during the night, because we have all been freshly bandaged, and so have a good deal of pain. One wants his leg placed so, another so, a third wants water, a fourth wants her to shake up his pillow; in the end the buxom old body grumbled bad-temperedly and slammed the doors. Now no doubt she thinks it is something of the same sort and so she is not coming.

We wait. Then Franz says: "Ring again."

I do so. Still she does not put in an appearance. In our wing there is only one night sister, perhaps she has something to do in one of the other rooms. "Franz are you quite sure you are bleeding?" I ask. "Otherwise we shall be getting cursed again."

"The bandage is wet. Can't anybody make a light?"

That cannot be done, either. The switch is by the door and sons of us can stand up. I hold

He cries out feebly, "won't go to the dying room!"

my thumb against the bell until it becomes numb. Perhaps the sister has fallen asleep. They certainly have a great deal to do and are overworked day after day. And added to that is the everlasting praying.

"Should we smash a bottle?" asks Josef Hamacher of the shooting license.

"She wouldn't hear that any more than the bell."

At last the door opens. The old lady appears, mumbly. When she perceives Franz's trouble she begins to bustle and says: "Why did not someone say I was wanted?"

"We did ring. And none of us here can walk."

He has been bleeding badly and she binds him up. In the morning we look at his face. It has become sharp and yellow whereas the evening before he looked almost healthy.

Sometimes there are Red Cross voluntary-aid sisters. They are pleasant, but often rather unskilled. They frequently give us pain when re-making our beds, and then are so frightened that they hurt us still more.

The nuns are more reliable. They know how they must take hold of us, but we would be more

POLLY AND HER PALS

pleased if they were somewhat more cheerful. A few of them have real spirit, they are superb. There is no one who would not do anything for Sister Libertine, this marvelous sister who spreads



"Coca's O. K. Means K. O."

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By CLIFF STERRETT



By RUSS WESTOVER



TILLIE, THE TOILER

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By BEN BATSFORD



DIGESTIVE TROUBLES A CAUSE OF INSOMNIA

Most Cases of Sleeplessness are Due to Unwise Eating and Improper Care of Body Functions, Says Dr. Copeland—Avoid Late Suppers.

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

IF YOU can't sleep there will be plenty to tell you "it's your conscience bothering you." That may be so in some cases, but I doubt that this is universally so.

Insomnia is a common complaint. There may be occasions when a troublesome conscience is responsible for it. In most cases, it may be traced to some mental, intestinal or digestive disorder.

To my mind there is no more distressing condition than inability to sleep or disturbed sleep. All the disagreeable and disappointing events of the day or week pass and re-pass in rapid review during the long night hours. The problems of tomorrow seem to grow bigger and bigger. Any day become unbearable. So with thoughts like these for companions during the sleepless hours, you become entirely unfitted for the work of the morning.

To enjoy good health one must have plenty of sleep and good, nourishing food served at regular intervals. To this must be added exercise, diversion and agreeable social contacts.

Few people after reaching middle age can eat late suppers without suffering some ill effects. Indigestion, heartburn, insomnia and constipation are all apt to result. I really believe that most cases of insomnia are due to digestive disturbances. If you will sit down and take account of your own experiences you will agree with me.

Ask yourself these questions: Did you eat your dinner at a late hour? Was the food excessively rich? Did you eat a second portion of that delicious dessert? Did you drink too strong tea or coffee just before retiring? Have you given your mind a rest and change of thought? Did you go to bed while still seething from some outburst of temper? What about the condition of the bowels?

These are a few of the things to think about. Some persons read wild detective or murder stories and wonder why they do not sleep. Insomnia is usually the result of improper care of the body functions. To be sure, there are many cases due to more serious causes. Long continued illnesses, mental and nervous breakdowns all have insomnia as a symptom. But today I am concerned with the simple.

Lack of exercise and the living of a sedentary life have the same result. Mental work done late into the night makes it difficult to calm the mind and body for sleep.

A glass of warm milk or cocoa, beef tea or malted milk often has a soothing effect. A tepid bath followed by a brisk rub is also good. Review your habits and correct those that need it. Not only will you sleep better, but you will live longer.

Answers to Health Queries

A FRIEND. Q.—How can I reduce? A.—What causes excessive perspiration?

1.—In order to reduce eat very sparingly of starches, sugars and fats.

2.—Nervousness is the cause of excessive perspiration.

E. S. Q.—What do you advise for perspiring hands?

A.—Bathe the hands in a weak solution of alum water.

U. L. R. Q.—What should a boy eighteen years old, five feet eleven inches tall, weigh?

LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY

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TOOTS AND CASPER

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"The Missing 'Heiress'."

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"The Colonel Will Pay."

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By JIMMY MURPHY



By BEN BATSFORD



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