

DIARY OF A FRENCH OFFICER

And the General came toward me as I stood there trembling a little, and pinned to my jacket the *Croix de Guerre*. Then he took my left hand and pressed it silently. I felt that everybody was looking at me. I was very much overcome. I must have looked foolish.

The doctor, a sort of demi-god whom we all adore, began to say something. It was about me, doubtless, but I had not the least idea what. I longed for the whole thing to be over. He came up to me and embraced me.

After that we went to the house of the directress and drank champagne. It all seemed endless, and my one wish was to be alone, quite alone, so as to give myself up to the immense, prodigious joy that was mine, the joy that came as a reward for doing my duty. How can I endure this waiting to get well? I must get back to the front. I will prove to my country that not in vain does she reward her children.

THE END