

the glare of fires, the cars filled with the cries of those who are being hunted like cattle along the roads, the shrieks of women from whose arms their children are being torn—such war makes men mad. Arguments? Objections? It is *the order*. It *must* be carried out. The safety of the Empire is at stake. Yes, here is enough to overthrow weak intellects, to lead men into the worst of excesses, the blackest of infamies.

Standing beside these ruined tombs we looked at one another. There were present the Ambassador of a neutral Power, two Italian journalists, a Staff captain, a lieutenant (the author of *Méditations dans la tranchée*), and the writer of these lines. Were we the victims of an hallucination? . . . Alas!

This evening a French soldier said to us:

"It is disgusting. . . . One cannot understand things like that. . . . Dead men are intended to sleep. . . . One does not awaken them. Besides, they cannot answer you."

And another:

"To injure the dead—it is to bring bad luck on your heads. They are done for, these people. And don't you think that such dirty work gives our fellows some courage?"

We stayed a long time in the cemetery of Champien. It was raining buckets, and the water splashed in the bottoms of those gaping vaults. Black clouds, fringed with yellow, raced giddily across the sky. Surrounded by ruins, felled trees, close beside this church with its charred walls, face to face with these violated graves, we seemed to be in the very heart of Hell. It cannot be possible to