

back home overseas a failure, to have one's friends think of one as a man not fit to fight."

And then his voice rose a bit. "I shan't do it!" he cried. "I will get across the Channel somehow. There is a big fight coming on. I'll sneak out and join my battalion and go over the top with them. Maybe I'll get killed. That would be a fine finish! But to go back home a failure—I can't do it. Wouldn't it be lucky," he talked on, "if I got knocked out leading my platoon! I don't know much about religion, but I'm sure that no man could go into the other world better than when he is strung up to the best that is in him, as you must be when you are going forward under fire."

All along the line of the Western front one sees graves, sometimes solitary graves, sometimes little groups, sometimes vast cemeteries with neat lines of wooden crosses—crosses, incidentally, largely made by German prisoners in England. British graves, French graves, German graves, lie close together. Most of the crosses have names, sometimes many names, on them. Others have the simple inscription, "Sacred to the memory of an unknown British soldier," or "Here rest unknown French comrades."

Then we come to the German graves. "Hier ruht in Gott" (Here rests in God).