

"A rotten trade!"

"Don't *you* worry!"

Their officer has given the order: "Put on your knapsacks."

They jump up and, with a large movement, swing on to their shoulders this knapsack, which is a veritable monument of war—shovel, mess-tin, blanket, boots, canteen, and what beside? They take their rifles and once again the endless blue ribbon winds along through the mud.

And they say:

"One more march . . . Perhaps, next time . . . After that, nothing doing . . ."

If necessary they will say the same thing for months. Each morning when they wake, each evening as they go to bed—if they do go to bed—they will repeat: "A rotten trade!" They will say it again, five minutes before dying like heroes. This regiment, which is returning to billets, crosses another, which is going up to the firing-line. Exchange of compliments.

"Lazy devils! You're going to rest yourselves, eh? And what for?"

"Just wait a bit, my lad, till a bomb stops your mouth."

"Are you afraid of the Boches that you're off home?"

"And you? Is it with that guinea-pig's face that you expect to go to Berlin?"

"*Manon, voici le soleil*," sings a tremendous voice.

And off they go, bent under their knapsacks, their soles clinging to the ground. As far as one can