

MEN AND THINGS

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 Godd" (Here rests in God). We leave the inscriptions, the faded flowers, the laudations of our enemies untouched. May they do the same over the graves of our boys!

Yet for every grave that is marked, a score and more have no sign. In one valley known to me, close on 200,000 French and Germans are said to lie dead beneath the soil in lines and swathes and packed trenches. There are few crosses there as yet.

Some day, when fighting is over, we will go back and erect, outside Ypres, on the great ridges of Messines and Vimy, on the undulating lands of the Somme, and in the mud bogs of Belgium, splendid memorials to our lads to mark our