

A painting depicting a desolate, war-torn landscape. In the foreground, a field is filled with numerous simple wooden crosses, suggesting a mass grave. Several figures in dark, heavy clothing and hats are scattered across the field, some standing and some kneeling. The background shows a wide, flat expanse of land with a few small structures and a distant horizon under a pale, overcast sky. The overall mood is somber and reflective.

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**THE BACKWASH OF WAR**

**ELLEN N. LA MOTTE**

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BACKWASH  
OF WAR**

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**The Backwash of War by Ellen N. La Motte.**

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vociferation called upon the officer to witness that it was not his fault. The crowd, who had not witnessed the accident, crowded round the policeman, giving testimony to what they had not seen. The sobbing boy was led into a chemist's. Still the people did not disperse. They pressed round the cab, and began shouting to the disinterested officer. The officer who cared not where the old horse had stepped. The officer who continued to loll back against the shabby cushions, to look upward at the sky, to remain indifferent to the taximeter, which skipped briskly from eighty-five centimes to ninety-five centimes, and continued ticking on. Women crowded round the cab, regarding its occupant. Was this one who commanded their sons at the Front, who had therefore seen so much, been through so much, that the sight of a little boy stamped on meant nothing to him? Had he seen so much suffering *en gros* that it meant nothing to him *en detail*? Or was this his attitude to all suffering? Was this the Nation's attitude to the suffering of their sons? Or was this officer one who had never been to the Front, an *embusqué*, one of the protected ones, who occupied soft seats in the rear, safe places from which to draw their pay? The crowd increased every minute. They speculated volubly. They surrounded the cab, voicing their speculations. They finally became so unbearable that the officer's boredom vanished. His annoyance became such, his impatience at the delay became such that he slid down from the shabby cushions, and without paying his fare, disappeared in the direction of the *Ministère de la Guerre*.

**I'm Julie, the woman who runs [Global Grey](#) - the website where this ebook was published. These are my own formatted editions, and I hope you enjoyed reading this particular one.**

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