

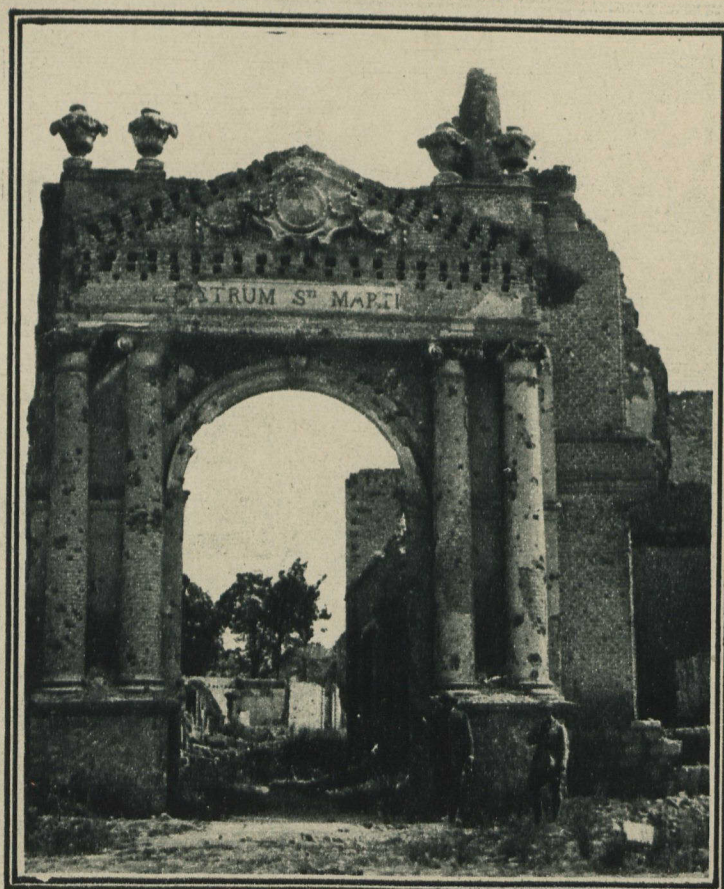


RUINS OF THE FAMOUS CLOTH HALL, YPRES

YPRES

As a city, Ypres has long been dead. Her homes are roofless and deserted, her churches are shattered, the monuments of her prosperity are broken in ruins. The spirit of Death haunts the battered walls and forsaken thoroughfares. The old life of the beautiful, glad city is a thing of the past; but another and finer life—that of another population—still beats in her fallen and outraged body. Though her roofs are gone and her chambers are empty, her cellars have long housed detachments of her defenders. British regiments—men from England, Scotland, Ireland, Canada, and Australia and from lesser lands beyond the seas—have now contributed underground garrisons for the shattered city for more than a year.

Now sentries challenge where the laughter of women was heard of old; and guards meet where, long ago, the trysts of lovers were kept. Soldiers pile their arms in broken courtyards where flowers and music have been, and sleep in dark places beneath floors that have thrilled to dancing feet; and at dawn these soldiers, who speak a tongue unknown to the Ypres of peace and gaiety, go out and give their lives for that broken city and that harrowed, but impregnable, salient.



SHELL-SCARRED ARCHWAY, YPRES