



Strength

Life's greatest assets are Health and Strength and without these existence becomes intolerable.

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The sergeant did so, though observing that he had already searched him twice. When he rose he held a small cylindrical-shaped object in his hand and suddenly, as he turned toward us, a blinding white glare shot forth from one end.

"A signalling device. Put it out," advised Podds, hurriedly. "Land alive, man, it must be a hundred candle power. Did you see the long swath it cut across the countryside?"

"So that's why he was so fond of leaning out the window! He was signalling his friends to blow us up. I feel quite important," I said, trying to be humorous. "Just imagine a whole big shell wasted on us three, as though we were an army corps!"

"We're a bright bunch," agreed Podds. "To think of us letting a square-head like him doublecross us like that!"

"That lady—Joan of Hare—" began the sergeant, "'Ow do you myke 'er hout?"

"She has fallen, I suppose," said Podds. "Yet somewhere amid the ruins she lies absolutely intact. I'll take my oath upon it!"

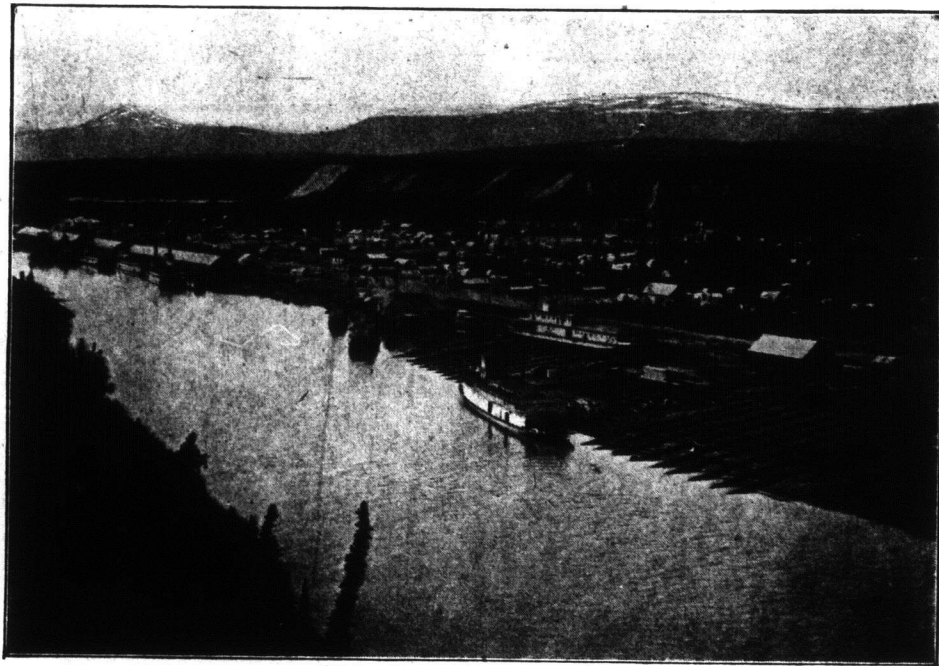
We spent Christmas at the base hospital and received some mail. In the early dusk of evening I returned by devious routes to the front line where duty, of course, called me, as my wound was but trifling. Part of my way led me past the ruins of the school and to satisfy my curiosity I stopped to see if Joan really had escaped. It seemed impossible that she could have, and I called myself a jackass for wasting precious time poking about on such a fool's errand.

Ypres

Much desperate fighting has gone on round the Belgian city of Ypres, because it is the only town of importance that the Germans have not taken from the soldiers of King Albert and their allies. It has appeared so often in the news from the battle field of Flanders that something about it will be read with interest.

Although the old buildings of Ypres, including the Cathedral of St. Martin, the famous Cloth Hall, and numerous old houses, survived the ravages of time until the German shells began to knock them to pieces in 1915, the town itself has suffered more than most Belgian towns in the past. In the thirteenth century Ypres was perhaps the most opulent town in the whole country, and its inhabitants numbered 200,000. But famine, the plague, and the hand of invaders and iconoclasts played so much havoc with it that after the persecution by the Duke of Alva not more than five thousand people were left in it, and acres of ground that had been covered with houses had become a wilderness.

Ypres, which the inhabitants pronounce very nearly "ee-per," with the accent on the first syllable, never really recovered from the cruelties of Alva, and although many of its former inhabitants afterward returned, the population to-day is not more than 17,000. The Cloth Hall, which fills about half of one side of the Grande Place, is about 450 feet long, and it will easily be understood that to a visitor standing at the far end of the Grande Place the people at the other end



White Horse, Yukon Territory.

I found her. She was half buried in dust and rubbish, but she was, as Podds had prophesied, quite whole. Tenderly I dusted her off and wrapped her up in my tunic and carrying the bundle beneath my grecoat I succeeded in bringing the lady into the trenches where she has been greatly admired. I might say that her arms are not extended in any way. They lie close to her sides and her chin only is lifted, as though she were seeing visions. Some statues of her depict her holding a standard, others show her riding a magnificent horse. Mine seems to be a portrayal of her as she was when listening to the marvellous "voices" back in old Domremy when she first became imbued with the desire to save France.

I don't know how it was that if she had been "on the job" those thirty children of the school were killed, and I don't know whether or not it is owing to her benign influence that we have had so much good luck recently. Perhaps it is another case of "those who have eyes to see." The boys pooh-hoo the idea but I notice they won't hear of my taking her back to base. She is our Christmas box par excellence, our "great big boo'ful doll."

A negro had been caught in a water-melon patch. The owner of the patch had loaded his shotgun with beans, and Rastus was given the impression that he was wanted elsewhere. He started down the road at a rate that defied all speed limits. A friend stopped him and asked, "Whar yo'all gwine, Rastus?" Rastus answered, "I ain't gwine nowhere. I's comin' away from some place."

look almost like pygmies. The building of the Cloth Hall began in the year 1200, but the hall was not completed until about a hundred years later, when it became the centre of a vast trade in cloth. In the middle of the last century it was carefully restored. Before its destruction it was chiefly used as a market, but the upper galleries contained some remarkable frescoes with subjects drawn from the history of the town.

Although Ypres contains a large number of interesting old houses, it is not an ideal place for artists, for most of the houses are surrounded by ugly modern buildings. The explanation is that in 1823 the municipal authorities decided to give subsidies to all owners who would pull down their old houses and replace them with new ones. At the same time the owners of wooden houses were prohibited from repairing them, and the order was still in force ten years ago. As a matter of fact, a large number of the houses at Ypres in the fifteenth century were built of wood; but, thanks to the municipal order, they have all perished except one.

In the early part of the nineteenth century Ypres was strongly fortified, but in 1886 many of the ramparts were destroyed to make room for new houses, which were, however, never built. Some of the ramparts still remain, and make very pleasant promenades.

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