

Just Another Hun Outrage

Destruction of Famous Gem of Architecture

Historic Coucy Chateau

No Military Excuse for Vandalism
—Famous Monument Now a Heap of Ruins

In the course of her warfare upon France and Belgium, Germany has committed crimes that can never be forgotten. Britain may forgive her for the Zeppelins, the United States for the torpedoes that sank the Lusitania, and her enemies may, in time, agree to forget the rapine and arson and murder that have stained her course. But those who love art, who reverence antiquity, will never, so long as the world lives, forget or forgive some of the incidents of her invasion and occupation of France. She has destroyed what can never be replaced. A baby is born every second; a Rhineland cathedral or a Cloth Hall at Ypres is born only occasionally in world history. It is idle to say that blood is more than brick and plaster and glass and dye. In war it is expected that blood will be shed. It is not expected that memorials of a human race shall be bestially destroyed, that links which join the dim past with the pulsing present, shall be broken. It is unthinkable, for instance, that an invading army should burn the Louvre or dynamite the Parthenon.

Making the "Unthinkable" Common
Rather, it used to be unthinkable. Germany has made commonplace of what three years ago seemed beyond the bounds of imagination. In her recent retreat along the Somme she has committed atrocities that have moved the world as not even her ravages in

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Belgium in the early days of the invasion moved it. She has fouled walls; she has cut down trees and uprooted vines, she has sought to make the earth sterile, to turn into a deserted brickyard one of the fairest parts of Europe. This has moved nature-lovers as they have not been moved even by the crimes

committed against women and children. To the antiquary, the love of ancient architecture, which not the combined energy and genius of the modern world could duplicate, her destruction of the Chateau Le Coucy crowns with immortal infamy her crimes not against a nation, but against a universe.

History Desecrated

On the morning of March 21, as the French troops advanced, their eyes fastened upon what had been a landmark since the thirteenth century, the tower of Coucy, in the hands of the Germans for more than two years, they saw the dungeon tower start suddenly into the air. Then came a cloud, and then the sound of a terrific explosion. It all meant that the Germans in retreating had left in a ruin of brick and mortar one of France's greatest memorials, a building that had no match in all the world. When the French troops reached the spot they saw simply a pile of debris. A monument treasured by architects as the Apollo Belvedere might be treasured by sculptors had been resolved "to the vile dust from whence it sprang." There was not the slightest military excuse for this destruction. French troops could not have taken advantage of the tower to harm the retreating Germans. The massive brick and stone were not worth a machine gun as far as modern war is concerned. It was killed just like a hundred thousand young apple trees were killed, because Germany hated them and hated France.

It Defied Mazarin
Though it was off the beaten track of tourists, the chateau was in some respects one of the most significant monuments in France. In the first decade of the Tenth Century a castle stood on this site; the ruins that were made dust by the Germans had stood since 1228. For hundreds of years they had withstood war and the weather. In the middle of the seventeenth century, Cardinal Mazarin ordered the destruction of the castle, which was then in his hands. His best engineers did their utmost. They burned every stick and panel of wood, tore down the roofs, blew up the outer wall and toppled the heads off the four flanking towers. But the keep defied his engineers with their saltpetre, and as the cardinal's wreckers left it so it stood until the retirement of the Germans to the Hindenburg line. Then high explosives turned to dust the art of the old French architect and left a ruin and desolation where had lately stood a time-defying challenge to posterity.

An Ancient Landmark
Few buildings in France were so deeply woven into the legend and history of the country as the old chateau. Its builder was Enguerrand III, who

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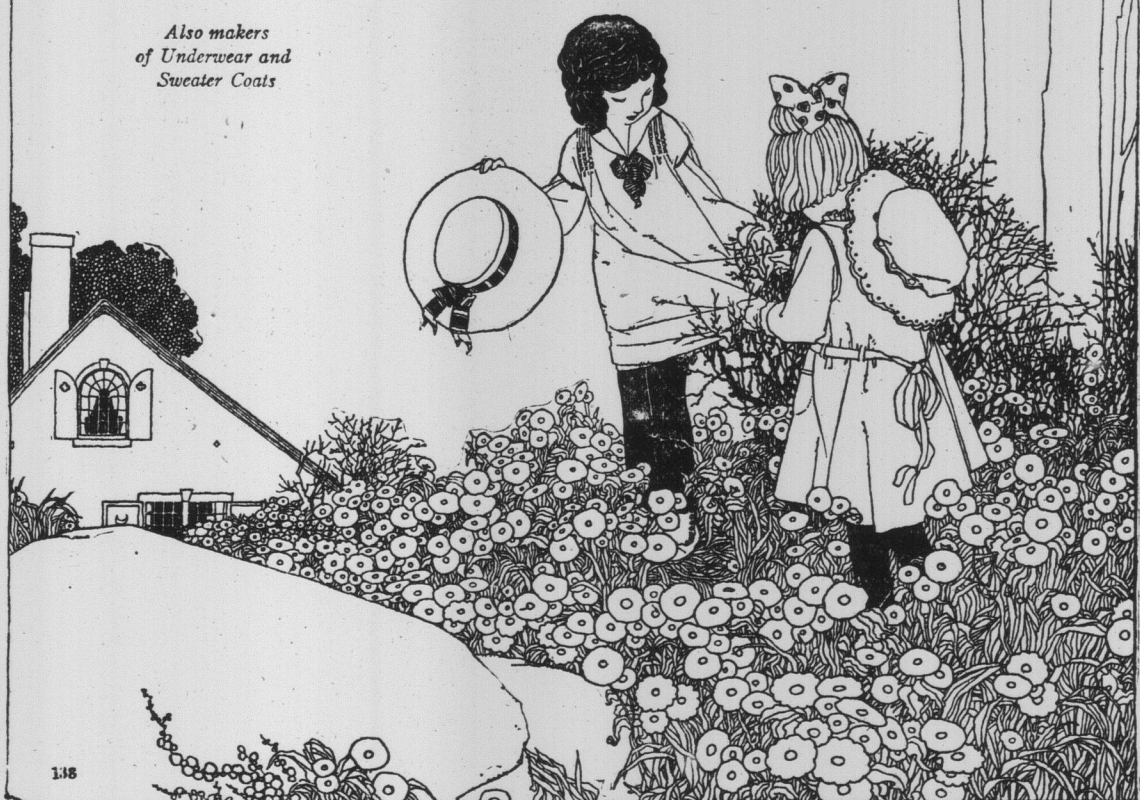
THE STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE

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proudly boasted, "King am I not, nor prince nor duke nor count am I. I am the Lord of Coucy." The king himself would have been proud to be able to claim so much. The Lord of Coucy died the king, for his home was the strongest fortress in France, perhaps the strongest castle in the world at the time it was built and for long after. Truth compels the confession that for ages the castle was merely a robber's stronghold; but later on it became an

artistic treasure. The guns that laid Liege low would have made short work of it; but they did not need to turn against it; in their retreat in August, 1914, the French sought to save this great pile from attack, and in their advance they fired no shell toward it. The destruction came only when all thought of turning it to military advantage had been forgotten. Its ruins are merely what Kultur offers as an encore to the "Hymn of He'c."

His Money's Worth
The customer picked up a knife from the counter and handed it to the butcher, with a friendly smile. "I don't really want it," he said, "but if you will cut it off I will take it along with the rest." "Cut what off?" demanded the butcher in blank surprise. "Your hand," was the gentle reply. "You weighed it with the sausages, and I like to get what I pay for."

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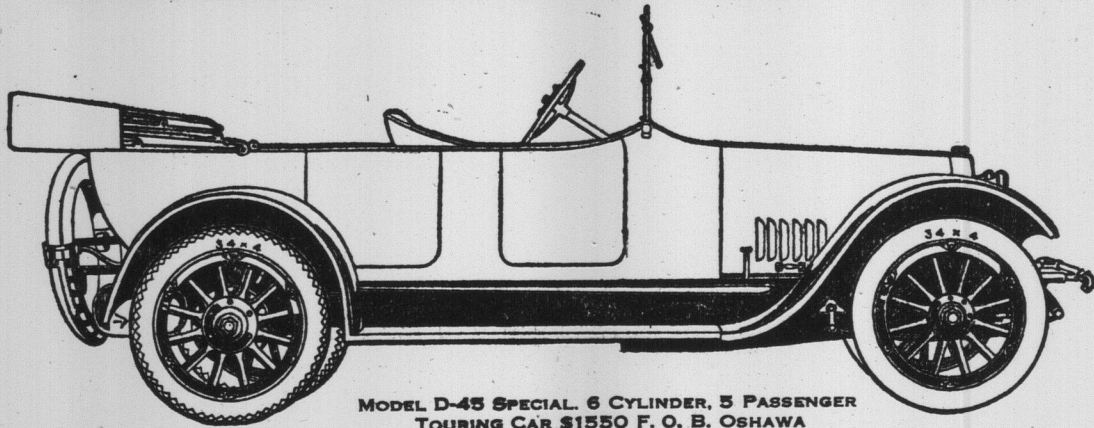
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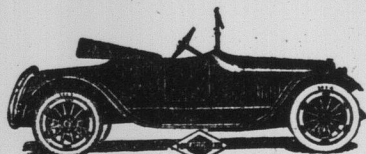
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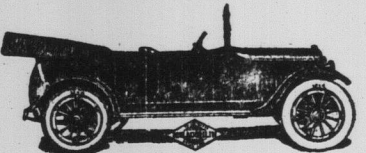


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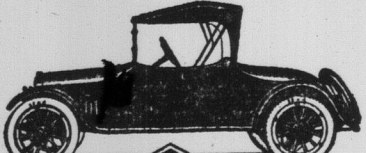
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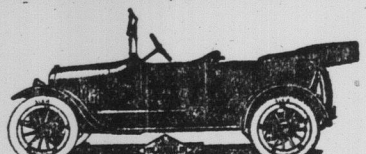
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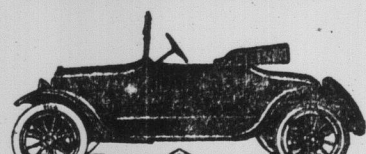
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