

Unconquered Dixmude



Airplane View of Dixmude.

DIXMUDE, seated high among the pastures, was like a peasant in holiday garb of pale green with the rivers Yser and Handzame tied to her girdle. She was like a girl standing motionless looking upon the smooth countryside, with the sea in the distance—the sea toward which ever blew a crisp breeze that made bend the willows of her winding paths, writes Douglas Ainslie in London Graphic.

To Dixmude, indeed, there is also applicable another figure—the martyr—and her history from the middle ages has had its full share of blood and iron ever since it was but a simple fortress built upon an eminence above the place where various rivulets unite to form the Yser. In the thirteenth century Guy de Dam pierre surrounded it with powerful ramparts, and through all the centuries that have followed, from the period of the civil wars that rendered desolate the low countries in the fourteenth century to the days when Rantzau and Turenne entered it as conquerors, the city has been one of the delights of the low countries. Dixmude did not attempt resistance to the troops of the French Revolution, and it is notable that whenever she has been allowed some respite she has quickly resumed her peaceful commercial life.

beek, were never trod by feet hurrying from one table d'hote to another. The calm burghers of Dixmude had crossed and recrossed them, in the hard frost of winter or in the golden evenings of autumn, when the sun came to die amid prodigious magic of light.

The charm of Dixmude made especial appeal to artists, and the Parisian Leon Cassel was one of its most fervent admirers. He left Paris every summer to plunge again into the inspiration which came to him from the old walls peopled with old memories, and it is largely thanks to him that Dixmude is still living for us, though many of his finest pictures have, alas, been destroyed by the fury of the Hun.

Monday, market day, was the most animated of the week. On that day Dixmude was alert at dawn, roused from its customary repose. The good women of Essen, of Women, of Caeskerke, the jovial dealers from Roulers and Poperinghe, drovers from Ypres and Furnes shouted their broad jokes at one another as they pressed on to the Woumenstraat. The butter market presented just before the war a spectacle as stirring and as picturesque as it had presented for centuries, and with little difference.

People Slow to Take Alarm.

Her population had the Flemish phlegm, and even when the mobilization began in 1914, it was looked upon as a simple precautionary measure. Was not the neutrality of Belgium guaranteed by treaties signed by the plenipotentiaries of all the great powers? Had not this neutrality been respected since 1870? What cause, therefore, was there for alarm? Such was the confidence in "scraps of paper" that when a certain individual took it upon himself to announce Germany's violation of the neutrality of the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, on the second of August, and to prophesy the worst, he was positively hissed and accused of propagating demoralizing news. Dixmude did not wish to believe in the treachery of the Germans.

But events hasten on. News comes of the destruction of Vise, of the resistance of Liege, and that England, respectful of international treaties, has declared herself for the allies. White troupes of trembling fugitives who had escaped from the sack of Louvain and the massacre of Tongres and Aerschot, came pouring into Dixmude, toward safety and the west, in a state of pathetic desolation.

Ruined Beauties of the City.

But the ups and downs of the siege, the false tranquillity, and the horrible awakening, must be sought elsewhere in print. It will, perhaps, be interesting to glance rather at a few of the outstanding beauties of Dixmude which have disappeared beneath the blows of the Teutonic hammer. The Church of St. Nicholas was, perhaps, the most remarkable of the monuments that had survived from ancient times. It was built upon the site of the primitive chapel of the tenth century, and its interior belied the comparative modesty of the exterior. It contained the famous rood-screen, one of the marvels of Belgium. The screen was remarkable, owing to the enormous number of leaves, flowers, fruits, and even of minute insects with which the ancient sculptor had been at infinite pains to adorn it. This prodigious labor, lasting over many years, was accomplished by a single artist, whose name alone has come down to us from the sixteenth century: Jean Bartet.

The old Beguinage, inhabited by women who were not nuns, and forming a lay order which they might leave at will, was a touching relic of the past. It used to stand in the middle of the town, surrounded with high walls, crouching there as though from modesty. A low door afforded an entrance to the grass plot around which were grouped the little houses. At the further end stood a chapel whose low roof and damp walls seemed exactly to suit, by reason of its very humidity, these good souls in the evening of their life, dwelling so peacefully there under the mild rule of their patron, Saint Begue.

Favorite Place of Artists.

Yes, Dixmude was the younger sister of her neighbor, Bruges, offering to tired eyes a like prospect of green and leafy surprises along its ancient quays. Unlike Bruges, Dixmude was never "discovered" by the fashionable crowd. The same old North and Roman bridges, the bridge of the Peage and of the Allee, which spanned the Kreckel-

Home Town Helps

APPEAL FOR STREET TREES

Los Angeles Newspaper Recognizes Their Value in Residential Streets of the Community.

Los Angeles is more in need of street trees than ever before, declares the Times of that city. We have lately annexed territory far more in need of shade trees than any other part of the city. There are miles of bare streets now, and as subdivision comes, which will be soon, there must be planted thousands of shade trees. This work should be done only under municipal control and the only debatable question is how.

In a city so large, having a magnificent park area, the park commission has all it may easily do in the proper development and maintenance of the parks. And it must not be supposed that the two lines are identical in their demands, in either theory or practice, or in necessary technical knowledge. These local problems, if controlled by the same commission, would cause a division of interest, whereas the opposite should obtain. If one body controls the two, which shall be the tall and which the dog? Today a majority of the commission may favor upbuilding our parks, and little realize or recognize the necessity or desirability for street trees. In two years changes in the personnel might put the shoe on the other foot.

BRING SONGSTERS TO GARDEN

Artificial Birds Attract Them and Give Realistic Appearance to Flower Beds.

Birds are sociable creatures. If one finds a pleasant spot and seems to stay around it, his presence will do more than anything else to attract others. For this reason the use of ar-



Artificial Birds Mounted on Sticks Are Ornamental in the Garden and Attract Other Birds to the Spot.

tificial birds in garden plots and as props on which to train growing vines has found favor.

The birds are pivoted on stakes of varying heights so that they may be used in beds of dwarf plants or tall ones. The effect is very pleasing to the eye.—Popular Science Monthly.

Syracuse Aids in Good Work.

Syracuse is a community that has lately joined the shade-tree fraternity, and, moreover, is working at it. Syracuse university has a school of forestry, recently established, including the first definite course on street silviculture. By means of its extension department it is adding in New York state in the shade-tree idea. The city has recently appointed a city forester, a graduate of that school—a good beginning. The park superintendent and the city forester have exclusive control of existing trees and power to set out new plantings. With proper appreciation of trees as a decorative factor and of the splendid possibilities of that city set on its seven hills, we may expect results if the municipal authorities will grant sufficient funds. At present they give about \$7,000 per year for the maintenance of their 45,000 trees, which means about 15 cents per tree per annum. Much of this is spent in taking down dead trees. (The park department of the city of Paris pays \$1.25 per tree per annum; the city of Newark, 50 cents.)

Feeling Better.

"Good morning!" was the salute of the doctor as he breezed into the patient's room. "Are you feeling better today?"

"Oh yes, doctor, much better," replied the smiling young man patient. "Our home team won yesterday!"

Women Chimney Sweeps.

In Paris women have proved entirely efficient as chimney sweeps. They are said to ply their new roof trade as fearlessly as if they were born to it.

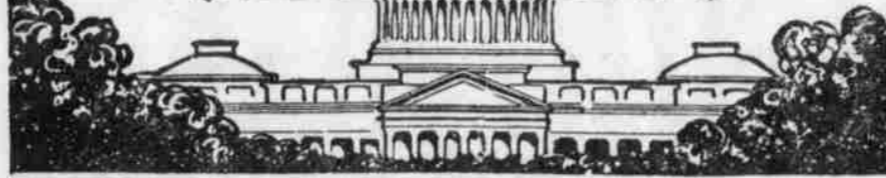
Poor Garden Building.

The most ridiculous results in garden building come from trying to convert (and pervert) the grounds into something out of harmony with surroundings.

As to Formal Gardens.

Even out in the country formal gardens abound, and if the lay of the land does not agree it is cut and filled and bolstered up to suit, with generally unsatisfactory results.

WASHINGTON CITY SIDELIGHTS



Here's Laundry Hint Gleaned From the Marines

WASHINGTON.—Information always comes in handy, especially when you hook it while fishing for something else. As the American and French flags were raised at the celebration of Bastille day every man on the Ellipse took off his hat except the marines on guard.

A patriotic young lady, who is going to heaven when she dies, provided she takes as good care of her soul as of her glassy pink finger nails, objected to the omission, but as no one paid the least attention to her, that was all there was to that—except:

A woman who happened to be standing next a uniformed youngster on camp leave inquired into the matter and learned that no marine may take off his hat when he is wearing his belt.

Being a sociable chap, glad of the chance to talk to so obviously a nice woman, he told of soldier life generally, until he came at last to the inside information that "Every marine is his own chink."

This explains for you why it is that some uniforms look so much niftier than others, from a laundry point of view.

Also, it may account for a wise government's changing army blue for a color that won't show dirt. You have to know the reason of a thing to have proper respect for its value.

A marine has to wash a uniform every day—and he has four, unless it may be more or less, for a listener gets the wires crossed now and then—and he uses a brush instead of a washboard, which saves wear and tear on the garments, to say nothing of his knuckles and immortal soul.

So now you know what to do when tubbing time comes to help you win the war, and also—which is really more important—the lady of the glassy pink nails will find from this important document just why the marines kept on their hats.



Woman Is Going to Insist on Tucks and Frills

"FASHION hasn't worn cotton since the war. Everything is silk." The clerk said it to a mere everyday customer who had dared to mention petticoats. With the information went a couple of shrugs that told each other that of course some women would continue to stick to cotton, with another shrug to finish the inference with the proper shading of scorn.

Official information is a handy thing to own, but it has its drawbacks. It put worry lines between the eyes of the customer as she left the shop, wondering what is going to happen with skirts on the blink. But she might have saved herself the wear and tear of her emotions, for the first person she saw when she got outside

was a broom-handle sister who insisted upon wearing her tucks and frills to the very beach of the River of Styx. And after that, at comforting intervals, came:

A tremendously stout woman who didn't give a hang for straight fronts, but wore her contour as unconcernedly as if she were the first edition de Milo, diked off in spotty black lawn.

A middle-aged woman with the sort of Roman chin that will insist upon what it wants until kingdom come, and one of the things the woman apparently wanted just then to the extent of possessing in all its glory was a white skirt showing lace inserts under blue flowered mull.

There were others, but these will serve, so the customer's worry lines went out of business, and as woman must express herself or die she paused before a plaster lady in a store window—a passe plaster lady, chipped a trifle and clothed in a shopworn suit marked down.

"Wax ladies may do as they blamed please, but you and I and the rest of us runs of the mill are going to stick to our coats, even after the war, when knickers come in fashion."

And anybody who supposes that plaster lady failed to smile response is simply not acquainted with plaster ladies.

Proof That Kind Act Is Not Always Appreciated

AN AUTOMOBILE stood in front of a theater. It was an imposing car of a brown leather, burnished brass and allied flags, and as its owner came out of the theater—movie—and was getting aboard, two girl children asked with the wheedling confidence—some call it impudence—that goes with innocence and shedding teeth:

"Say, mister, give us a ride. Jinny ain't never been in a nauty mobile."

The man paid no attention and whizzed away.

They were only tads of the street, but it would have been worth while, perhaps, to give two stepchildren of fortune a memory that might have lasted them a lifetime.

And perhaps, again, have got the host arrested for kidnaping—you never can tell. It seems the right thing always to do a kindly action offhand, but consider the case of one friendly man who lives up Capitol hill way:

Being a stranger here for responsible war work, he naturally gets a bit lonely for oldtime friends and associations, but being also a wholesome and buoyantly healthful person, soul and body, takes all the pleasures that come his way and always does his best to pass them on. The other afternoon his car was at the curb, and, as it was inconvenient just then for the friend in the house to go riding, he humored the children next door who had been begging him for pennies, comes and the like, by taking two of them for a ride. When he returned after a short spin it was supposed that was all there was to it, but, dear me, no! The mother objected to a strange man's taking her children in his car.

So, you see, you never can tell.



Possibly Wartime Conditions Brought This About

HE WAS the happiest man in Washington. That's a pretty broad statement, but he said it himself, and he ought to know. "You see, it is this way," he was heard to say: "For many months I had been eating around, here and there and everywhere. And something always bothered me. Maybe you have experienced it. In winter and summer it is always the same, only the medium is changed.

"Talk United States? Sure! What I'm complaining about is that in wartime Washington—in winter, say—you can't ever get your second cup of coffee as hot as the first, or with as much cream in it. And in summer the second glass of ice tea is warm. Ask me not why this is true. There

is no valid reason why the second cup of coffee should not be as hot as the first, or why the second cup should be 'dark' instead of 'light.' Nor have I ever been able to find a real excuse for your second glass of ice tea coming to you lukewarm, with an invisible piece of ice in it.

"I threatened, besought and bewailed, and all were of no avail. I must go through life, I thought, accepting a lukewarm second cup of coffee and a tepid second glass of ice tea.

"But now all that is changed. My second cup of coffee is steaming and my second glass of ice tea looks like an iceberg afloat on an amber sea. Oh, boy!"



THE JOY OF MOTHERHOOD

Came to this Woman after Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to Restore Her Health

Ellensburg, Wash.—"After I was married I was not well for a long time and a good deal of the time was not able to go about. Our greatest desire was to have a child in our home and one day my husband came back from town with a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and wanted me to try it. It brought relief from my troubles. I improved in health so I could do my housework; we now have a little one, all of which I owe to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. O. S. JOHNSON, R. No. 3, Ellensburg, Wash.



There are women everywhere who long for children in their homes yet are denied this happiness on account of some functional disorder which in most cases would readily yield to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Such women should not give up hope until they have given this wonderful medicine a trial, and for special advice write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of 40 years experience is at your service.

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Clear Your Skin While You Sleep with Cuticura. All druggists; Soap 25c, Ointment 25c & 50c, Talcum 25c. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. E, Boston."

HADLEY WILLING TO FORGET

Subject of Dislocated Jaws Seldom Selected for Conversation by Head of Yale University.

Arthur Hadley, president of Yale university, is an honored authority on many subjects, but he declines to include among them dislocated jaws. Thereby hangs this tale.

The educator was sharing his stateroom on a Fall River boat with a pleasant gentleman who had otherwise slept on a cot in the open cabin, when, well along toward morning, he heard, coming from the upper berth, sounds of gagging and gurgling and moaning. Jumping up and switching on the light he saw his acquaintance was suffering greatly. His chin was on his breast, his mouth rigidly open, his eyes tight closed and perspiration on his forehead.

"Be calm, sir," cried Mr. Hadley. "I know just what to do."

Wrapping a towel around his thumbs to save them from the release, he clambered up beside the man, knelt by his shoulders, began to work the jaw into its place—and then spent the rest of the night trying to explain himself! For it was only a case of nightmare.

Canine Statistics.

"What interest has the dog in chasing that cat?" "I guess his interest is about one purr scent."



The Wear and Tear on that boy of yours during the active years of childhood and youth necessitates a real building food.

Grape-Nuts supplies the essentials for vigorous mind and body any "There"