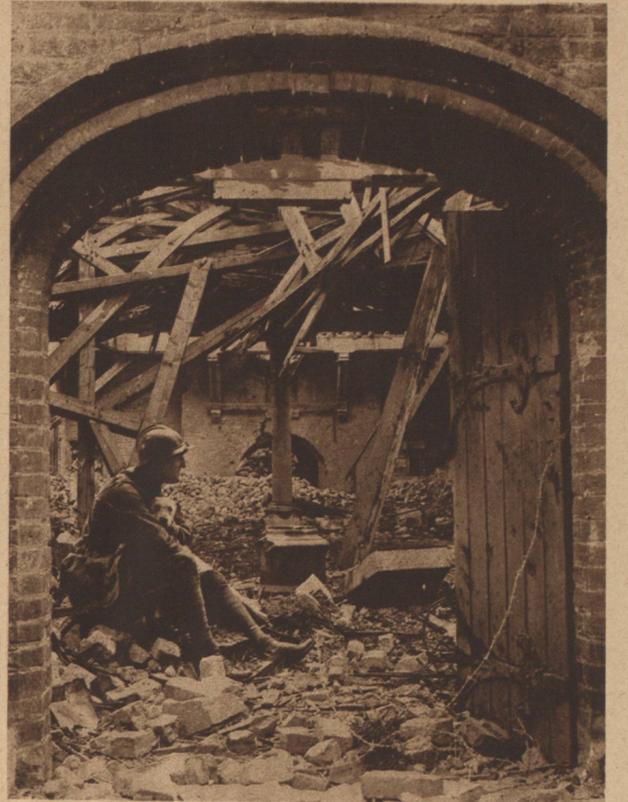
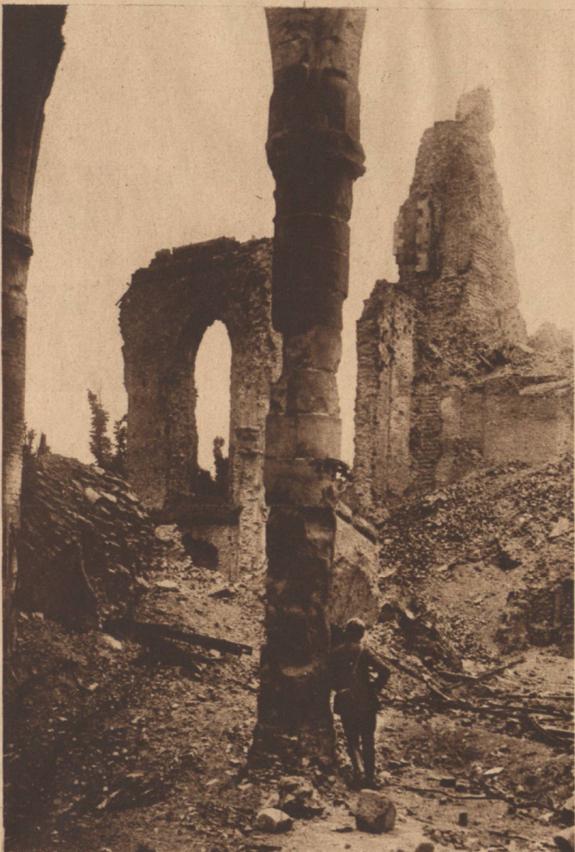


Germans bombarding the gas house. Several shells have already struck it and another is exploding almost on the building.



On the right a Belgian soldier reclines among the ruins wrought by the tearing of a "scrap of paper."



Above—this picture, that might have been taken in our Dakota Bad Lands, shows all that remains of the stately tower on the church in Nieuport.

A few shattered arches on the left soar above the dust that once enclosed a place of worship.



On the right—English soldiers are escorted through the shell-wrecked streets of Nieuport by Belgian brothers-in-arms. Undaunted by the destruction of their homes and the overrunning of their country, King Albert's troops live up to the reputation given the early Belgians by Julius Cæsar.



Except for the difference in architecture, this street in Nieuport might be an unearthed *via* in Pompeii. Not even Vesuvius did its work more thoroughly than the all-efficient Hun.

How Nieuport looks from the street. "Frightfulness," of course, includes the breaking down of the enemy's spiritual faith. Their religious symbol being gone, how can the Belgians longer think that God is on their side? Teuton reasoning is so logical!



# When Kultur came to Nieuport

*Belgian official photographs just received in America by Pictorial Press.*