

BAND WIPED OUT LEADING CHARGE

French Composer Tells of Musicians Playing Till All But One Fall.

WROTE MARCH IN TRENCHES

Camille Decreus, French Composer, Describes Death of Collignon—Tells of Life in Trenches With French Soldiers.

New York.—Having served as a volunteer in the army until incapacitation through rheumatism brought about his honorable discharge, Camille Decreus, a well-known French composer and pianist, who two years ago made a tour of this country with Ysaye, the violinist, has just arrived here, and is a guest of ex-Senator William A. Clark at the latter's country place near Greenwich, Conn.

M. Decreus was a member of the same regiment with Collignon, former prefect, general secretary to the president of the republic, and councillor of the state, who at the age of fifty-eight enlisted, insisted upon remaining a private, and whose memory is now perpetuated at every roll call of the gallant Forty-sixth Regiment of infantry, as is that of La Tour d'Auvergne, first grenadier of the republic.

M. Decreus knew Collignon, and after the latter's death, in the intervals of duty, he composed the funeral march which was a feature of the memorial service held at Fontainebleau recently, and which M. Decreus had arranged.

"I was at Juvisy with my friend Tourret when the war broke out, and we had been guests of Senator Clark at his chateau at Ivry, at Pettitbourg, near by," said M. Decreus. "I had never been in the army. When my class was first called to the colors I was rejected because of failure to pass the physical examination. But when our country was threatened, my friend Tourret and I, unlike many French artists and musicians who flocked to this country, and who have, I fear, created an impression in America that a Frenchman following such a profession places it above patriotism and military service, felt we owed something to France, and volunteered. They rejected Tourret, but they took me.

Describes Life in Trenches.

"In two days we were at Soissons, and immediately we were sent to the trenches. That was in August. Now at that point I must confess that life in the trenches was not very exciting. Since September both sides have held about the same positions, with the exception of the incident in January, when the river rose, carried off a bridge and left part of our force on its farther side. The Germans immediately attacked and forced the French back over to the main body.

"It should be explained that one reason for the apparent inactivity at Soissons was the fact that in their march on Paris German engineers had taken the precaution to prepare trenches in the quarries, situated on a high plateau. Granite trenches are something whose taking would require the sacrifice of a tremendous number of men. The French generals, following Joffre's policy of saving his soldiers and wearing out the enemy by nibbling, think that in time they will be able to surround the plateau.

"Most of the while in the trenches in those days it was a case of making the time pass. We played cards to the accompaniment of shells screaming overhead or tearing up the earth in the trench. Whenever the explosion would bury some of our soldiers we would dig them out again and resume our occupations, the effort being always to keep in good humor. We became hardened to the visits of the shells and used to crack jokes and make wagers about where they would land. In fact, at one point we were so near the German trenches that we used to crack jokes with the Germans. A feeling of human solidarity grew up.

"One day I got lost in a 'boyau,' or communicating trench, and came near not being here. I had been sent back to the third line to bring food, and the first thing I knew I found myself in the open country. Immediately shells began to burst about me. Now, when I was first drilled, I was instructed that the important thing about screening oneself was to be able to take advantage of any accidental shelter afforded by a rock. It seems incredible, but a stone six times as big as one's fist will absolutely hide your body if you lie behind it, and at 300 meters an observer cannot detect you. I threw myself flat and began to cast about for a stone that large. It was remarkable how few rocks were on the surface at that point. Finally I discovered one and dragged myself behind it.

Safe Behind a Stone.

"I cannot tell you how long I lay there, but when I discovered I was still alive I began to drag myself away by the elbows, and finally found myself in a trench again. My comrades did not recognize me. Exhaustion and rheumatism, the latter acquired through lying there wallowing my way back in the mud, invalidated me back to the depot for a fortnight's rest.

"Then they gave me a job as distributor of munitions, food, clothing

and other things meant for the men in the front line. These things were unloaded at a certain distance back. In that capacity I went to the Argonne, and was at the battle of Vauquois, at the end of February. I had come to know Collignon very well. I know that Collignon was repeatedly offered a commission, but he wanted to carry the colors of the regiment. He was a splendid figure, with his white beard, and the rosette of the Legion of Honor on his breast. He could not wear the military shoes and most of the time he went barefooted. Later he wore sandals. It was at Vauquois that he was killed. Our men had sought shelter in the cellars of ruined houses in the village. In a heavy rain of bullets from machine guns, Collignon rushed out from such a shelter to rescue a comrade who had fallen wounded. A shell burst near him and killed him.

"He was buried at the front, and it was not until after my 'reformation,' or honorable discharge, that the memorial service took place at Fontainebleau. I had composed my 'March Funebre' between trips from the depot to the front trenches.

"It was at Vauquois that happened an incident that I suppose stands alone in this war, the charge of a regimental band at the head of troops. Nowadays the bands are usually kept at the rear. But a critical moment came. Our men had three times attacked the Germans, and three had been repulsed. The colonel felt that a time for supreme effort had arrived. He summoned the leader of the band.

"Put your men at the head of the regiment, strike up the 'Marseillaise,' and lead them to victory," he commanded.

"The bandmaster saluted. He called his musicians and told them what was expected. Then the forty of them took their positions. Our line was reformed. The bandmaster waved his baton.

"Allons, enfants de la Patrie!" rang out, and the men took up the song. France was calling upon them to do or die. The band started out on the double-quick, as if on rapid parade. The Germans must have rubbed their eyes. No musician carried a weapon. But they were carrying the 'Marseillaise' against the foe. Then came the continuous rattle of the machine guns. The band marched on, their ranks thinning at every step. The leader went down. The cornetists followed him. The drummers and their instruments collapsed in the same volley. In less than five minutes every man of the forty was lying upon the ground, killed or wounded, that is, with one exception. That was a trombone player.

Instrument Shot Away.

"His whole instrument was shot away except the mouthpiece and the slide, to which his fingers were fastened. He did not know it. He still blew, and worked the slide. It was only a ghostly 'Marseillaise' he was playing, but the spirits of his dead comrades played with him, and with that fragment of a trombone he led the way to victory. The trench was taken. Half of the band had died on the field of honor.

"You have perhaps read statements that the Germans were lashed to cannon. Of that I have no proof, but with my own eyes I have seen German soldiers bound to machine guns with chains. We took several of these prisoners at the battle of Vauquois, and we found several dead lashed to their guns. Their officers had lashed them there, with instructions to keep turning the crank.

"Not a Red Cross flag came near our front but what the Germans fired at it. This cannot be disproved. We found the German prisoners we took in absolute ignorance of where they were. They had been told invariably that they were within a few miles of Paris.

"I finally had a breakdown, due to rheumatism, and the doctors sent me back to Fontainebleau, where, after a thorough examination, I was honorably discharged on May 4."

M. Decreus wears a diamond horse-shoe scarfpin presented to him by his regiment. Indicative of the spirit of comradeship prevailing between officers and men is a note he carried from his colonel. M. Decreus sent the commander a card of congratulation when the latter was made an officer of the Legion of Honor, and the colonel wrote an appreciative reply with his own hand. He also had a letter from General Sasset-Schneider, commander of the first and second subdivisions of the Fifth corps, commending him as a "good patriot who had discharged his duties to his country until his strength had given way," to all representatives of France abroad.

FINDS A PETRIFIED FOOT

Believed to Be From Body of White Man Killed by Indians Years Ago.

Wichita, Kan.—William Loteman, who is traveling in a covered wagon, has part of what he asserts is the petrified body of a man. It was found one year ago on the banks of the Verdigris river, in Wagoner county, Okla., he states. John Hall, a farmer residing near the river, discovered the object where the waves had washed the earth away from it, and he took it home, throwing it into his barn.

"I camped there shortly afterward and I asked him for the foot, which was broken off," said Loteman. "He told me to take all of the body there was there. The head and shoulders are missing, but the body from the waist down is in my possession. It is believed that it is the body of a white man who was killed by the Indians years ago."

HER CANNY LOVER

Instead of Open Rivalry He Used Indirect Methods That Appealed to Her.

By HARMONY WELLES.

When Mrs. Browning read the advertisement in the board and apartments wanted column she turned to her daughter Isabel.

"How would you like to board these six young men who are looking for just such a place as this?" She passed the paper to the daughter, who had flushed excitedly at the thought of six young men in the house during an entire summer.

Isabel read the advertisement aloud as if her mother had not already perused its contents.

"Wanted, by six city men, room and board for summer months. Must be near sea bathing. Plain cooking and home comforts. Fifty dollars a week for the half dozen."

The girl laughed amusedly. "One would think they were new-hid eggs rather than twentieth-century young men. I think it would be a great lark to have them," she said finally, "and perhaps I could give up my shop work for the summer and just stay home to help you. We could manage nicely on \$50 a week, with the vegetables from our garden and our own fresh eggs."

"Let's sit right down then and answer them or someone else may get them as boarders," Mrs. Browning said in her usual energetic manner.

She had never taken boarders to help keep out their rather limited income, but recently she had noted with motherly apprehension that her daughter's cheeks had been gradually losing color and that her step was weary as she made her way home from the day's business. Mrs. Browning felt convinced that she could make enough money at least for one summer by taking in the six young men as boarders, and it would assuredly be a diversion for the too quiet Isabel. So three rooms, with great double beds, were aired and reshaped up, the unused tennis court was rolled and all the possibilities for summer pleasure were made attractive. A new hammock was hung from the pear tree and quick-growing vines were planted around the summer house.

"They can't resist us," Mrs. Browning told herself, and in her heart she cherished the hope that Isabel would be in somewhere in the background as an added attraction when the young men came down to inspect the premises. Isabel was not at home, however, when the young men came, but Mrs. Browning saw to it that, Isabel or no Isabel, she was going to have her six summer boarders.

The men were completely delighted with their new abiding place. Everything seemed so comfortable and homelike, they declared. When, the first night at dinner, Isabel came into the dining room looking like nothing so much as a newly blossomed pink rose, the six men exchanged swift glances.

"Joy!" "Peach!" "Rose in the bud!" "Some girl!" Those were only some of the quickly inspired comments that were exchanged in prudent asides and expressive facial accompaniments.

The girl herself found it rather difficult to seem perfectly calm in the trying situation of finding herself suddenly the center of admiration of six pairs of masculine eyes. Her heart quickened beneath her pink gown, and her cheeks were delightfully responsive to her emotions.

From the moment her daughter entered the dining room and was presented in turn to the six men Isabel's mother fell to wondering just how the experiment was likely to turn out. Would it, she speculated, in any way interfere with the girl's evident preference for the companionship of Donald Stewart, a fine looking young Scotchman who had been paying her considerable attention? For some time Mrs. Browning had half suspected Isabel's pale cheeks and lusterless eyes were connected with a growing attachment for Stewart, who had not yet advanced beyond the noncommittal stage of friendly interest.

The first week-end that Donald spent out at the Browning cottage after the arrival of the male boarders was a trifle trying, since he passed most of the time glowering darkly at Isabel's efforts to be cheerful or in talking with her mother. Isabel had tried vainly to make him one of the joy-seeking crowd that went for a swim in the afternoon and for a long ramble through the woods toward evening. Donald held himself stubbornly aloof, and with greatly modified happiness, Isabel plunged desperately into the fun of the moment.

The summer progressed steadily, with delightful days and wonderful nights. The six boarders vied with each other in taking Isabel to yacht races, dances and matinees in the city. To all appearance each man of them was falling a willing victim to her charms.

Now, to add to the mystery and romance of the situation, some one of Isabel's admirers—a steady, anonymous manner of wooing that, for her, was as charming as it was bewildering. Every morning she found at her door, hidden in a bunch of roses, a note bearing a declaration of love in such frankly expressed terms that she could not doubt the sincerity of the unknown sender. There was never a

hint as to who came thus by stealth to her door and left the token of love. The girl spent many a long hour in trying to find out the identity of her secret wooer, but without coming a step nearer the solution of the puzzle. Unconsciously she was falling a victim to her stealthy lover's tactics. Try as she might, she could not exercise the spell.

Mrs. Browning seemed to be as puzzled as she was herself, although Isabel at times had indulged in the suspicion that her mother was in some way an accomplice in the mysterious affair. For a brief and glorious moment, also, Isabel suspected Donald Stewart, but her next meeting with him in town disabused her mind of the idea. The Scotchman had seemed even more gloomily reserved than usual, and Isabel returned home after luncheon and a matinee with him in a more or less depressed state of mind.

She determined to see no more of Stewart. Mrs. Browning had been quite right in her surmise. Had Isabel possessed less common sense than was her fortunate endowment she would have made herself unutterably wretched for love of Donald Stewart.

As it was, however, her anonymous love affair served to lighten her depression and also to prevent her from forming a deep attachment for any of her six ardent admirers.

One morning Isabel discovered in the heart of her bouquet of deep red roses a box containing an exquisite solitaire ring. She almost flew to her mother's room, her cheeks crimson and her eyes starry.

"Mother," she cried breathlessly, holding the jewel aloft, "my stealthy lover asks me to wear this ring and thus proclaim my engagement to him! What shall I do?"

She laughed a trifle hysterically, for her heart was prompting her to slip the ring on her finger and to wear it boldly for the whole world to see.

"I think I should wear his ring, dearie," the mother suggested softly, kissing her daughter's flushed cheeks. "It may be the only way to make him reveal himself in the flesh—now that he seems to have won you in the spirit."

"He writes that he will—he will—hold me in his arms—today." She slipped the ring on her finger and covered her burning face with her hands.

Mrs. Browning smiled serenely. There was a conscious look in her faded eyes. "Be patient, dearie," she counseled fondly. "I think I can foresee great happiness in store for you."

All day long Isabel was in a fever of excitement and expectation. She could not keep Donald Stewart out of her thoughts for a single moment, although she had resigned herself completely to meeting her mysterious lover and was impatient for his coming. She did not wear the solitaire publicly until evening, when she had donned her dainty pink gown for the dance at the club. She had not felt heroic enough in her secret betrothal to parade it before six pairs of inquisitive masculine eyes until then.

Within half an hour after she entered the hall six pairs of keenly observant masculine eyes—not to mention half a hundred belonging to the gentler sex—had discovered the gleaming jewel. Six agitated summer boarders had compared notes, and the dean of the sextet, debonnaire Jimmy Rogers, had been appointed a committee of one to look into the matter.

He was making his way across the crowded room to claim Isabel for a waltz already called when another man appeared suddenly and took possession of her without so much as saying, "Madam, by your leave."

The music began, Isabel's hair was brushing Donald Stewart's cheek and she could feel his unruly heart pounding hard against her.

"I have redeemed my promise," he whispered, exultantly. "I am holding you in my arms."

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With the Big Crowd.

There is something in a mob of men which does not belong to them, taken separately—a violence, a willfulness, which persuade them to do what they never would have done had they not been conglomerated into an insensate mass.

The French Revolution will provide the curious with as many examples of the crimes committed by the crowd as they could wish.

When the blameless and kindly M. de Launay, governor of the Bastille, was decapitated, the deed was done by a mere sightseer, who, breathing the spirit of the Crowd, committed a foul and purposeless murder, of which, by himself, he would have been wholly incapable.

But the Crowd, tyrannical as it is, has one limitation—it wants to be led. It asks for someone who can impose upon it. It does not want great but well-advertised men.

In the Sick Room.

No one who has ever worn a plaster of any sort can ever forget the tantalizing, nerve-racking moment of the plaster's removal.

Every pore of the skin which the plaster covers seems to cling tenaciously to the plaster's under surface, and thousands of usually quiescent nerves make their location painfully known.

Here is a method of adjusting a plaster so that the pulling-off process will not be so painful: Expand the chest or curve the back where the plaster is to go, and then press it on the expanded surface. In this way the skin will be stretched, and so removal of the plaster will not be painful.

SPURRED RESTA TO VICTORY



There is a story connected with Dario Resta's brilliant record-smashing victory in Chicago's first 500-mile international auto derby. Even happier than Dario himself, who was rewarded with the handsome sum of \$23,000 for his efforts, was Mrs. Resta, who was glad to see her husband come home the victor in the contest. Her joy was increased by the fact that her husband finished without any injury to himself. The speed king admits that his wife was really the goal that spurred him on to victory. Mr. and Mrs. Resta were married shortly after the last Vanderbilt cup races, in which Resta landed first honors.

IS THE OLDEST BLACKSMITH

Michigan Man Is Eighty-six Years of Age and Still Shoes Horses.

Homer, Mich.—The oldest blacksmith in Michigan—probably the oldest in the United States. That's what Jacob L. Lyon of Homer believes he is. He will be eighty-six years old next January. And if there are any competitors for the honor, Mr. Lyon hopes to remove all doubt by remaining at the anvil for many more years.

"You see, my father lived to be eighty-two, but he had two brothers who lived to be ninety-four and ninety-five years old," he declares. "So I have a few more good years in me yet."

Mr. Lyon hasn't missed a day at his shop in several years. His arm is as powerful and he is as active as the man, forty years his junior, who is his employee.

He lives with his wife, who is seventy-seven years old, in a pleasant little home only a few yards from the blacksmith shop.

IS OLDEST GERMAN BIBLE

Volume in Minnesota Historical Society Weighs More Than Fifty Pounds.

St. Paul.—The largest book in the Minnesota Historical society's library and one of the most interesting is an old German Bible bound in leather with heavy brass clasps and corners. It weighs more than fifty pounds. From a historical standpoint it is of much interest, as it contains portraits of the reigning Protestant princes of Germany during the early days of the Reformation.

There are full-page steel engravings and while there is general sameness in the lines of the faces, indicating that the artist was not particularly skillful in making portraits, the costuming no doubt is historically correct.

The book was published in 1728 from the translations into German of the Hebrew and Greek editions of the Old and New Testaments.

HEN ROLLS THE EGGS BACK

Wyandotte Chicken Makes Owner Stop Sawing Wood So She Can Set.

Winsted, Conn.—Michael L. Daneby was puzzled when he found six hen's eggs on a pile of sawdust at his wood sawing plant after the gasoline-driven power had been running a short time.

Through the sawdust-filled air came two more eggs as he debated. He shut off the power to learn if possible where the eggs came from. Presently one of his Wyandotte hens appeared. Finding one of the eggs she rolled it to a nest which she had made in "Y"-shaped box where the exhaust from the engine carries away the sawdust.

One by one the hen rolled the eggs nestward. She then resumed setting. The exhaust engine had swept the nest clean of eggs. Mr. Daneby has temporarily suspended operations at the mill so that the hen can finish her work.

Found Long Lost Brother.

Minneapolis, Minn.—James Forman of St. Paul has found the brother he has not seen in 20 years. He located him in Minneapolis municipal court facing a vagrancy charge. The brothers had a family reunion at James Forman's home in St. Paul.

More "Old Bones."

Chickasha, Okla.—While making excavations at Shanoan Springs, W. A. Hopkins of Chickasha unearthed several large bones which apparently are the remains of a mastodon.

VARIETY IN THE MENU

SUBJECT TO WHICH MORE ATTENTION SHOULD BE GIVEN.

Well for Cook to "Think Up" New Ways of Serving Food, With the Idea of Getting Away From Unappetizing Monotony.

Perhaps in no department of woman's work is it so easy to get into a groove as in catering. However good the food may be, it fails to be appreciated as it should, if it lacks variety, writes a contributor to the Queen (London). To avoid this, it is a wise plan to keep a menu book, also notes of new dishes to be tried, and also frequently to consult a cookery book to refresh the memory and stimulate one of the new ideas.

Lists are also most valuable, as it is well worth the trouble to arrange them for reference; a list of breakfast dishes, one of meats and joints, another of sweets, and one of cakes, would do much to avoid monotony.

Now breakfast dishes in these days of high-priced eggs and bacon do present a difficulty, add both forethought and extra time for preparation are needed here. Rissoles may be made out of mere scraps of meat and potatoes; half a pound of sausage meat will make quite a large dish. Remains of tongue, beef, or ham can be minced and flavored and mixed with crumbs and served on hot toast, or heated with thick gravy and served on a fried creton, or used to stuff tomatoes or eggs, or to fill a savory pancake. Ox kidney and New Zealand kidneys can be stewed, curried, or made into kidney toast; kedgeree can be made with either fish or eggs; haddock toast, or fishcakes, steaks of hake or cod fried, fillets of haddock dipped in batter and fried, grilled mackerel or herrings, are all good. The occasional bacon can be helped out with fried bread one morning, saute potatoes another, and a third used merely as a garnish to a dish of sheep's liver. Homemade potted meat, beef-and-bacon galatin, and rabbit pie or mold all help to make a change; and please add scones or hot rolls occasionally, and a dish of fresh fruit once or twice a week.

A beetroot simmered in strong, clear stock is nice, or carrots boiled in stock and put through a sieve, and the puree made the right consistency with nicely flavored stock. A purée of brussels sprouts or marrow are both good, and onion, celery, tomato, lentil, or haricot soups are all easily made; so is a smooth white soup, half milk and half water, with onions, potatoes, and leeks simmered in it, and rubber through the sieve.

Of fish, again if the more expensive kinds are tabooed, there is a fresh haddock, boiled, with parsley sauce, or stuffed and baked; cod fried in batter, with pickled walnuts; grilled whiting, stuffed or baked mackerel, or hake with horse-radish sauce.

Lemon Ice Cream.

One quart sweet cream, yokes of six eggs, white of one egg, three-fourths of a pound of sugar, juice of four lemons, juice of one orange, grated peel of three lemons.

Mix the lemon and orange juice together; add some of the sugar and boil in a double boiler. Strain to cool in a bowl and then add the peel. Let the mixture then stand an hour before freezing. In the meanwhile make a custard of the cream, eggs and sugar, cooking this carefully in a double boiler and seeing that it does not curdle; let the custard cool, then freeze it for awhile, and after this mix in the fruit juice and finish the freezing. Three or four whole eggs may be used instead of the six yolks.

Baked Halibut.

Three or four pounds of halibut. Dip the dark skin in boiling water and scrape clean. Rub well with salt and pepper. Put into pan and pour milk over it till half an inch deep. Bake about an hour, basting with the milk. When the fish is nearly done sprinkle buttered crumbs over the top. The milk keeps the fish moist, is a good substitute for pork and makes the fish brown better. Use just enough milk to baste and let it cook away toward the last. Serve with plain drawn butter, egg sauce or tomato sauce and garnish with slices of hard-boiled eggs.

Codfish Soup.

One-half turnip, one to two parsley roots (or leaves, if not roots), three onions. Slice all these and boil until done in two quarts of water, then add cupful shredded codfish and boil a little longer. Take one cupful milk, one egg, one tablespoonful flour. Beat this well together and add to the above. Let thicken and then season with little ginger and pepper. By cooking fresh fish until it can be removed from the bones you can make same as codfish soup, only add a little salt and butter size of an egg.

Orange Ice.

Four cupful water, two cupfuls sugar, two cupfuls orange juice, quarter cupful lemon juice, grated rind of two oranges. Make a sirup by boiling water and sugar 20 minutes, add fruit juice and grated rind; cool, strain and freeze.

To Prevent Blue From Fading.

To prevent any shade of blue from fading soak for two hours in a pail of water to which one ounce of sugar of lead has been added. Then be sure to dry well before washing and ironing.