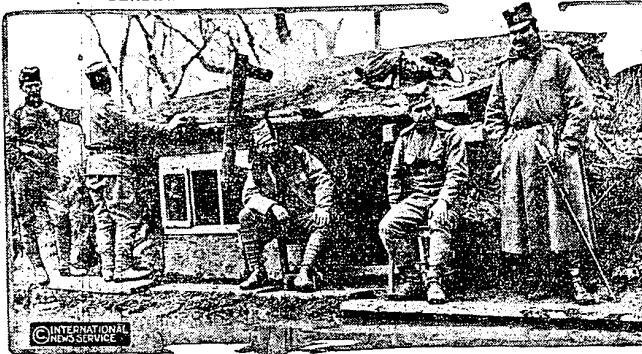


GUARDING THE SUMMER WHITE HOUSE



Especially since the attempt to assassinate J. P. Morgan, President Wilson is very carefully guarded in the summer White House at Windsor, Vt. Watchmen, and secret service men patrol the grounds constantly and ring up on automatic time clocks on trees. A miniature telephone system also has been installed.

SERBIAN OFFICERS' HUT IN THE TRENCHES



This hut for Serbian officers is behind a protecting embankment in the inundated area at Zaganlia island, within 50 yards of the Austrian trenches.

WOMEN OF DENMARK CELEBRATE



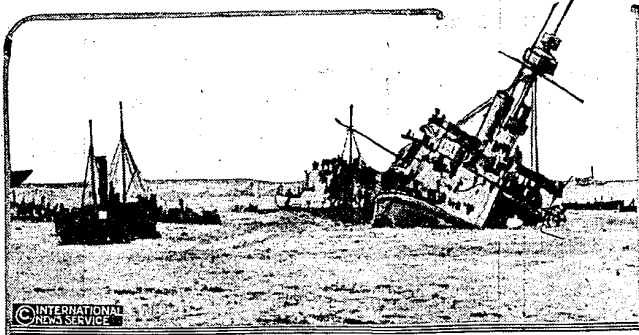
To celebrate the passing of the bill giving the women of Denmark the right to vote, the women of Copenhagen organized an elaborate parade, the head of which is here shown.

BRING MESSAGE TO MR. WILSON



Col. J. M. Aguilar (left) and Maj. Trencos Garcia, cousins of the late President Madero of Mexico, who came to this country with a letter from the Madero family to President Wilson with regard to conditions in Mexico.

SINKING OF BRITISH BATTLESHIP MAJESTIC



The sinking British battleship Majestic photographed in the Dardanelles three minutes after she was struck by a German torpedo. Her torpedo nets are out and the crew are scrambling down the sides. "As soon as she was torpedoed," wrote a French officer, "she heeled over in an alarming fashion until she had a list of about 45 degrees. Everything on deck fell or slid with a tremendous din. But there was not a single instant of panic. Four minutes after the explosion the Majestic turned completely over and went down."

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 Yeaye, 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 counselor of the state who was killed in the battle of the Marne. He was 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 du Valg, 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 Petitbourg, 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 looked to this country, and who have, I fear, crowded an impression in America that a Frenchman following such a professional place, 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 Solsona, 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 Solsona was the fact that in their march on Paris German engineers had taken the precaution to prepare gas. 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 hurt 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 'boy's', 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 enemy's 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 500 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 comrade 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 shirt 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 Funere' 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 thrice 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.

"Alions, 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 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 were lying in the same volley. Less than five minutes every man of the forty was collapsed on 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 ghastly '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 horseshoe 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.

CAUSED GREAT WORLD-WAR



This is the first photograph received in this country of Wogo Tankositch, the man who hatched the plot for the assassination of the crown prince of Austria and his wife, the de-mourment of which precipitated the present world war in Europe. Austria named Tankositch in her ultimatum to Serbia, and peremptorily demanded his extradition to face a trial on the charge of murder—it was this ultimatum that Serbia acceded to in all its clauses except the trial of Serbian officers in Austria, among whom Tankositch was the most prominent, a point of national sovereignty which Serbia asked to have settled at The Hague. Austria refused this proposal and declared war. Tankositch is now a major in the Serbian army.

FOUND AFTER FOUR YEARS

Missing Japanese Stowaway Is Discovered as Cook on an American Barkentine.

Fort Townsend—Genjro Suzuki, a Japanese stowaway, who arrived at Smith Cove on the Sado Maru four years ago and escaped from that vessel by jumping overboard and swimming ashore, was taken into custody a few days ago by United States Immigration Inspector H. A. Myers and will be deported.

After escaping Suzuki worked in logging camps and sugar mills last August he signed as cook in the American barkentine Koko Head at Port Angeles. Upon the arrival of the Koko Head here and while chugging the crew he was recognized by Inspector Myers.