

SUBSTITUTE HOME NOW ON PROGRAM FOR MEN OF A.E.F.

Would Provide Places in Army Centers to Meet American Girls

FIRST IN TOWN NEAR LINE

Dances, Card Games, Tea Would Be Enjoyed, Not to Mention Heart-to-Heart Talks

A cozy, inviting, home-like house where lonesome doughboys will find friendly and charming American girls waiting to talk to them and make sandwiches for them and sing to them and dance with them around the phonograph...

This house and all that may follow it is based on the realization that in an army of young men from three to six thousand miles from home, there are times when there is nothing in the world a soldier needs and wants quite so much as just the chance to sit and talk with the kind of girl he used to call on in his own home town...

Card Games and Dances There would be rooms to read in, rooms to write in. Probably there would be tea and ice cream parties. Certainly there would be card games and dances. Above all, there would be just such heart-to-heart talks as they would have in America could tell if it wasn't hard ears.

There is no present intention of barring anybody from these hospitable houses. There is no reason why a man, just because he has been commissioned, should therefore be coldly received. These hostesses will be blind to bars, and officers wishing to come to the party must spiritually hang their Sam Browne belts on the fence outside.

If the first house is a success and the plan unfolds throughout the A.E.F., there is no reason why the staff of each house should not be supplemented in any given afternoon by American girls who happen to be working in that vicinity.

In many a center there are charming nurses, telephone girls, Y.M.C.A. aids, Y.W.C.A. workers, the staff of clubs, such as the veterans of the Smith College Unit—a small army of devoted American women in France, many of whom have the gifts and the goodwill to play occasional hostesses in such a house. In addition to those who might be summoned from the States to take the place, the houses would therefore do a big work if they did nothing else than provide places where the American soldiers and the American women in France might meet and talk together without any one's throwing a fit.

NEW LEAVE AREAS CLOSE TO FRONT FOR SHORT STAYS

Apartment House and Hotel Are Leased in City Near Line

Leave areas, like movable kitchens, are now moving right up into the near vicinity of the front.

Already in one large center in the Z. of A. the Y.M.C.A. has leased a large hotel where it is providing accommodations for officers and men on the brief 24 or 48 hour leaves which are now being granted from time to time.

Eventually this particular hotel will be used as an officers' club, but in addition to it the Y.M.C.A. has leased and is fitting up a large apartment house to be used as a dormitory and canteen for enlisted men. This will shortly be in operation, to make pleasant the week-end or mid-week peevish permissions of the Yanks stationed on that particular part of the front.

Chance for Clean Clothes Other arrangements are also under way to make the towns of the back-front area more comfortable for men on short leave. At all towns which men of combat divisions may be allowed to visit in between raids and things, an effort will be made to provide adequate bathing, laundering and clothes-drying and cleaning facilities. Entertainment of the real and up-to-date American sort will also be provided, so that doughboys and others will not have to rely on the two-year-old Chaplin films of which the provincial cities of France are so enamored.

The leave center at St. Malo on the Brittany coast, had on its roster 500 men on Monday with arrivals coming in at the rate of 120 a day.

THE PRESIDENT'S LABOR DAY SPEECH

So many different versions of the President's Labor Day speech have been published on this side, at least one of them grossly inaccurate, that the following version, corrected and containing all the only such minor errors as are bound to creep in in transmission, is here published for the A.E.F. It is a clear exposition of America's reasons for being at war with Germany.

My Fellow-citizens: Labor Day, 1918, is not like any Labor Day that we have known. Labor Day was always deeply significant with us. Now, it is supremely significant.

Keenly as we were aware a year ago of the enterprise of life and death upon which the nation had embarked, we did not perceive its meaning as clearly as we do now.

We knew that we were all partners and must stand and strike together, but we did not realize, as we do now, that we are all-enlisted men, members of a single army, of many parts and many tasks, but commanded by a single objective, our faces set toward a single objective.

We now know that every tool in every essential industry is a weapon, and a weapon wielded for the same purpose that an army rifle is wielded: a weapon which, if we were to lay it down, no rifle could be any use.

And a weapon for what? What is the war for? Why are we enlisted? Why should we be ashamed if we were not enlisted?

At first it seemed hardly more than a war of defense against the military aggression of Germany. Belgium had been violated and France invaded and Germany was allied again as in 1870 and 1896 to work out her ambitions in Europe, and it was necessary to meet her force with force.

But it is clear now that it is much more than a war to alter the balance of power in Europe. Germany, it is now plain, was striking at what free men everywhere desire and must have—the right to determine their own fortunes, to insist upon justice, and to oblige their governments to act for them and not for the private and selfish interests of the governing class.

It is a war to make nations and peoples of the world secure against every such power as the German autocracy represents. It is a war of emancipation. Not until it is won can men live free from constant fear or breathe freely while they go about their daily tasks and know that governments are their servants, not their masters.

This is, therefore, the war of all wars which labor should support, and support with all its concentrated power. The worker cannot be safe, men's rights cannot be secure, no man's rights can be confidently and successfully asserted against the rule and mastery of arbitrary groups and special interests so long as governments like that which, after long preparation, threw America into Germany into this war, are permitted to control the destinies and daily fortunes of men and nations, plotting while honest men work, laying fires on which innocent men, women and children are to be the fuel.

You know the nature of this war. It is a war which industry must sustain. The army of laborers at home is as important, as essential as the army of fighting men in the far fields of the actual battle. And the laborer is not only needed as much as the soldier in this war, the soldier is his champion and representative. To fail to win would be to imperil everything that the laborer has striven for and held dear since freedom first had its dawn and his struggle for justice began.

The soldiers at the front know this. It is their justice to think as it. They are crusaders. They are fighting for no selfish advantages for their own nations. They would despise anyone who fought for the selfish advantage of any nation.

They are giving their lives that homes everywhere, as well as the homes they love in America, may be kept sacred and safe and men everywhere be free, as they insist upon being free. They are fighting for the ideals of their own land, great ideals, immortal ideals, ideals which shall light the way for all men to a place where justice is done and men live with lifted heads and emancipated spirits. That is the reason they fight with solemn joy and are invincible.

Let us make this, therefore, a day of fresh comprehension, not only of what we are about and of renewed and clearer resolution, but a day of consecration also, in which we devote ourselves without pause or limit to the great task of setting our own country and the whole world free to render justice to all, and of making it impossible for small groups of political rulers anywhere to disturb our peace or the peace of the world or in any way to make tools and puppets of those upon whose consent and upon whose powers their own authority and their own very existence depend.

We may count upon each other. The nation is of a single mind. It is taking counsel with no special class. It is serving no private or single interest. Its own mind has been cleared and fortified by these days which burn the dress away.

The light of new convictions has penetrated to every class amongst us. We realize, as we never realized before, that we are comrades dependent on one another, irresistible when united, powerless when divided. And so we join hands to lead the world to a new and better day.

WOODROW WILSON.

HERE'S THE HOYLE ON CENSORSHIP AS PLAYED IN A.E.F.

G.H.Q. Tells How German Hardware May or May Not Be Sent Home

RULES FOR LETTERS ALSO

Old Regulations Restated, New Ones Added in General Order Just Published

All the latest dope on what you may and what you may not get past the censor is brought up to date for all concerned, which means everybody, in a new General Order, No. 146, hot from the G.H.Q. presses. Some of the more interesting restrictions and releases are here re-hashed.

Inasmuch as every doughboy fresh from the front has a pocket full of hardware is laden with enough German hardware to open a store, the question of souvenirs has become a burning one. All enemy property acquired under any circumstances whatever should be turned over at once to an Intelligence officer.

"Have a heart," says the outraged doughboy, who has just chased a fat German colonel for two kilometers for no other reason than because the girl across the street back home had casually expressed her desire for a Hussar's helmet. But, the order goes on to mollify him, the helmet is not of value, but the Intelligence Section, it will be returned to the sender. Such trophies may be of vast importance to the General Staff as giving identification not otherwise verified and information about new enemy equipment of value to our own supply and technical services.

Requires Written Approval As for sending these souvenirs home, it is absolutely verboten to mail your father a German machine gun, even if you captured it yourself at the point of a bayonet. Indeed, trophies in general are forbidden, except for medals, caps, badges, numerals and buttons, and those only on approval by a field officer, such written approval to be contained in the package.

There are other limitations on what you may send home in parcels. You may not send any kind of food, but you may send any clothing, except gloves, handkerchiefs, laces and such trifles designated as gifts for the folks. And these can be sent only to the United States and Canada. You may not send Government property and you may not send explosives. Whatever you do send you must send it in a hand grenade you must send it in a hand grenade you must send it in a hand grenade.

Then there's the question of photographs. All members of the A.E.F. are forbidden to take photographs unless photography is a part of their official duties. If you have a camera, you may take pictures wherever you wish, but you must not take pictures of any particular sector with mustard gas shells.

After shells of low explosive power have burst like the popping of champagne corks, and finely-divided poison dust has been sprayed into the air or splashed over ground and wood, doughboys, whose faces and heads are protected by gas masks, begin to feel the first burnings of the mustard poison on their legs or other unprotected parts of their bodies.

Between the bursting of the gas shells and the time when gas burns become painful, there is a period in which every minute counts. The big problem is to start treatment to check the action of the poison which begins more severe the longer it acts against the skin. Hot bathing is first in treatment.

Speed in getting those hot baths to the gassed soldier is the function of the new de-gassing stations put into operation by the Chemical Warfare Service.

While Shells Still Fall While the gas shells are still falling, the motor trucks of the de-gassing station come to a halt behind some sheltering wood and the dozen men of its crew begin throwing together the joined ends of their bathing frame under which 24 soldiers can stand with hot water showering over their bodies. The work of putting up this frame and throwing up the tent around the whole is a matter of a few minutes. By the time the frame and tent are up a pipe bus by its connects, to the water are sent and the baths are ready at the turn of a valve.

The tank truck carries the portable frame also, and a second truck carries the tent and a large supply of clean clothing to be supplied gassed men. These will be passed around right after the washing ceremony.

The soldiers take off their clothes standing up, lest they sit down on a gas-splashed surface where another gassed man had been previously. Hands and shoes are dipped in lime, to destroy any lurking gas. Even the helmets are dipped in lime water. Attendants wear oil-skin one-piece suits with a headpiece the whole impermeable to gas.

Under Showers in Squads Soldiers whose burns are obvious are attended to first and evacuated immediately to hospitals. The others are sent under the showers in squads. Before the water is turned on, they spray themselves with liquid soap. When the showers are turned on, fifteen seconds is allowed for wetting the body. Three fourths of a minute is allowed ordinarily for scrubbing the body, after which the showers are again turned on for 30 seconds.

After the bath, the eyes, noses and throats of the men are sprayed with a solution, and the men dress. Forty-eight men were bathed in two and one-half minutes by this system in one test made recently, and it is believed this ratio can be maintained in practice if the need arises.

The stations also will afford baths and changes of clothing for front line troops not having other facilities. This will facilitate freeing the doughboys from vermin, always present in the absence of bathing facilities.

THAT LETTER FROM HOME



—which is still fresh at the forty-first reading

HOT BATHS READY FOR GAS PATIENTS IN SHORT ORDER

Cars Carrying 2,500 Gallons of Water and Heater Sent to Scene

24 SOLDIERS AT A TIME

Portable Sprinkler in Test Washes 48 Men in Two and One Half Minutes

Hot baths are being sent into the shell-fire zone on motor trucks to help doughboys who have been burned by mustard gas.

Big cars carrying 2,500-gallon water tanks and equipped with instantaneous water heaters are being driven right up to the front of the front line.

The cars wherever called, when the Germans start a bombardment of any particular sector with mustard gas shells.

After shells of low explosive power have burst like the popping of champagne corks, and finely-divided poison dust has been sprayed into the air or splashed over ground and wood, doughboys, whose faces and heads are protected by gas masks, begin to feel the first burnings of the mustard poison on their legs or other unprotected parts of their bodies.

Between the bursting of the gas shells and the time when gas burns become painful, there is a period in which every minute counts. The big problem is to start treatment to check the action of the poison which begins more severe the longer it acts against the skin. Hot bathing is first in treatment.

Speed in getting those hot baths to the gassed soldier is the function of the new de-gassing stations put into operation by the Chemical Warfare Service.

While Shells Still Fall While the gas shells are still falling, the motor trucks of the de-gassing station come to a halt behind some sheltering wood and the dozen men of its crew begin throwing together the joined ends of their bathing frame under which 24 soldiers can stand with hot water showering over their bodies. The work of putting up this frame and throwing up the tent around the whole is a matter of a few minutes. By the time the frame and tent are up a pipe bus by its connects, to the water are sent and the baths are ready at the turn of a valve.

The tank truck carries the portable frame also, and a second truck carries the tent and a large supply of clean clothing to be supplied gassed men. These will be passed around right after the washing ceremony.

The soldiers take off their clothes standing up, lest they sit down on a gas-splashed surface where another gassed man had been previously. Hands and shoes are dipped in lime, to destroy any lurking gas. Even the helmets are dipped in lime water. Attendants wear oil-skin one-piece suits with a headpiece the whole impermeable to gas.

Under Showers in Squads Soldiers whose burns are obvious are attended to first and evacuated immediately to hospitals. The others are sent under the showers in squads. Before the water is turned on, they spray themselves with liquid soap. When the showers are turned on, fifteen seconds is allowed for wetting the body. Three fourths of a minute is allowed ordinarily for scrubbing the body, after which the showers are again turned on for 30 seconds.

After the bath, the eyes, noses and throats of the men are sprayed with a solution, and the men dress. Forty-eight men were bathed in two and one-half minutes by this system in one test made recently, and it is believed this ratio can be maintained in practice if the need arises.

The stations also will afford baths and changes of clothing for front line troops not having other facilities. This will facilitate freeing the doughboys from vermin, always present in the absence of bathing facilities.

COLOR CHANGES IN RULES FOR OFFICERS' CAPS

New Pippings Announced for Overseas Headgear in General Order

SAME CLOTH AS UNIFORM

Tank Service Gray, Chemical Blue and Yellow, Cavalry Yellow and Scarlet—Many Others

G.H.Q. has come out with an announcement calculated to make American officers recognizable even when they have their rain coats on.

No longer will they be allowed to run around under headpieces that look as if they had been designed for the man who consumed the moving picture players in the war drama during our neutral days, and made the actor soldiers' uniforms on the Burbank system, so nobody's feelings would be hurt.

Here is the latest rule for officers' headgear as set forth in G.O. 149. For officers while serving with the A.E.F., the overseas cap will be the same model as that worn by soldiers, but the material will be similar to that of the officers' uniform, and will have piping showing at the edge of the flap as follows:

General Officers, gold. General Staff, including officers attached to the General Staff or performing General Staff duties, gold and black in equal proportion. Adjutant General's Department, dark blue.

Dark Blue, White Threads Inspector General's Department, dark blue with white threads. Judge Advocate General's Department, dark blue with white threads. Quartermaster Corps, buff. Ordnance Department, black with scarlet threads. Signal Corps, orange with white threads. Medical Department, maroon. Air Service, buff with black threads. Corps of Engineers, scarlet with white threads. Tank Service, gray. Chemical Warfare Service, cobalt blue with yellow threads. Corps of Interpreters, green with white threads.

Corps, including officers with headquarters of Infantry divisions and train headquarters of Cavalry divisions, yellow. Artillery, including officers with ammunition trains and artillery parks, scarlet. Infantry, including officers with train headquarters of Infantry divisions, light blue. Machine Gun organizations, Infantry, light blue with scarlet threads. Cavalry, yellow with scarlet threads. Chaplains, black. Field Clerks, black with silver threads. Line officers detailed in a staff corps or department will wear cap with piping specified for corps or department in which detailed.

These caps will be sold by the Quartermaster Corps to officers.

NEW RECRUITS UP SOON

(BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES) AMERICA, Sept. 12.—The War Department hopes to induct the first recruits under the new man power law into service by October 15.

Columbia University will be converted into a military training college on October 1, in accordance with the general plan to use 400 colleges for training members of students' army training camp corps during the war.

Men who are put in Class 1A of the draft may, instead of waiting assignment to cantonments, enter college. They will be members of the United States Army, will wear the uniform and be under strict military control, receiving the regular Army pay of \$30 a month.

Students failing to qualify as officers after completion of course will be sent to cantonments.

LOST ENGINEERS NURSE DOUGHOY UNDER HUN'S NOSE

Trio Spends Five Days and Nights Near Enemy M.G. Post

GRENADES USED AT LAST

Escape from Starvation by Crossing Vesle with Bullets Seeking Americans in Vain

How two American Engineers, cut off and lost from a night patrol, spent five days within the German lines nursing a wounded comrade, and finally, after they had been 48 hours without food or water, rushed a Boche machine gun emplacement and killed the crew, ran a gauntlet of fire from a dozen other machine guns, swam in the English sea to their own lines with their patient and valuable information, is one of the stories produced by the restless fighting during the period when the Germans, pausing in their retreat, made a stand on the Vesle.

Privates Frank C. Schultz and Edward Morrissey and the Engineer who managed the episode, a Private Frank De Blase, an Infantryman, is the wounded man they saved.

The three were members of a party which, with noses for fighting and information, crossed the Vesle one night and penetrated into a battered Hill town with its northern bank. The patrol investigated the town, chased the Boche garrison, took a couple of prisoners and returned.

The Patient Arrives

But Schultz and Morrissey, partly because they had tarried to bandage the Boche's wounds, and partly because they lost the bunch and, what was worse, the direction. They wandered cautiously around for an hour until, running almost into the arms of a German patrol, they sought hasty refuge in a hole dug in an embankment at the side of the street.

The hole was a small one, hardly large enough to be dignified with the name of dugout, and its limited dimensions were taxed still more half an hour later when De Blase, blinded, temporarily at least, by a bullet wound in the forehead, came sprawling down the street and was taken in.

Down that morning disclosed the plight of the trio. They were near the southern edge of the town, separated from the river and their own lines by a quarter of a mile of flat open ground. Looking across the river, they could see the hillside where they knew American sentinels and artillery observers were stationed and, looking to the north, they could see another hillside where they knew German sentinels and observers were on the alert.

There was in No Man's Land—that part of No Man's Land claimed at night time by the Germans and held by isolated machine gun crews who, with the passing of darkness, discreetly withdrew to the high ground behind.

Too Risky to Try

If they made a dash for the American lines, they had the strip of open ground to cross and then the river, with a score of Boche machine guns firing from the rear. It was too risky, they decided. A run for it at night through the blanking fire of the machine guns near the river was just as unfeasible as a dash for the American lines.

The two Engineers went into executive conference and decided to stick it out indefinitely, waiting for the German withdrawal from the Vesle, which they knew was momentarily expected. It began to look as if they were going to get a case of the blues.

They took their first aid packets and bound up the wounds of De Blase and held an inventory of their store of provisions. They had, they found, six cans of salmon, two cans of beans and two canteens of water. In behalf of the beans it was under such conditions that one loaf of bread, the lightest they had, was divided by the moon, a company of Engineers was ordered to put a bridge across the river. They gained the bank of the river without mishap and, working in gas masks, threw their bridge across.

It was found to be ten feet short. For the remainder of the night the company cut down trees and trimmed them to make struts and braces for an additional span to cover the deficiency, and before daylight they had completed their work.

Smoking Out Snipers

It was under such conditions, too, that a captain and three men swam the river and burned a big warehouse near the bank which the Germans in their Boche machine gunners and snipers, and it was under such conditions that, a few nights later, when a footbridge upon which a company of Infantry was crossing the river gave way, a Lieutenant and Sergeants F. J. Roskosko and Jules Gingers tore off their gas masks and plunged into the water to rescue a dozen soldiers who had fallen into the river, saving the men in the water, but being gassed themselves.

After the actual retreat had started, however, the river ceased to be a barrier, although the Germans, in their parting burrages and long range shots, were feeling constantly for the bridges thrown across in double time.

When one shell fell so close to one bridge that two men on the river bank were buried in mud and Private Phlegm, a member of the Infantry, forebly ejected him from patches he sought to hold, and renewing contact on the canal paralleling the Aisne which the enemy chose for his new line, they sought out and removed the fangs of

Just Before Daylight

They decided upon a break just before daylight, when there was enough light to guide them to the river and enough darkness to make the Germans' aim uncertain. Anyhow, they figured, they wouldn't get killed without result, for they certainly could put the nearest machine gun crew out of commission.

The rush was off according to plan. With approaching dawn barely disclosing the river and the outlines of the hill beyond, the three emerged from their hole. Schultz supported De Blase, while Morrissey pulled the pins on two grenades.

Continued on Page 2

AMERICANS TRAIL RETREATING HUNS ON TOWARD AISNE

Artillery Blasts Foe's Guns in Full View from Hilltop

WILY MAN TRAPS EVADED

Tricks Fattered by Enemy's Ingenuity Make Yanks Wary, but That's About All

American soldiers began to tread in the wake of the retreating Hun again last week when the battered armies of the Crown Prince, threatened on their right by the capture of Juvigny and the Somme by General Mangot's French Army, assisted by Americans, withdrew from their front along the Vesle and backtracked a few more kilometers homeward to the valley of the Aisne.

Over a goodly portion of this front the retreat was a mere tactical withdrawal and a scuttle back to the new line, with an attempt to exact a price for the ground with scattered snipers and machine gun nests and sporadic bursts of artillery.

Whereupon the Yanks turned big guns loose and laid the Aisne woods for tarrying Germans for a couple of days, cleaning up those machine gunners who chose to obey their "stick to the last" instructions, capturing a few who shouted kammerad, and taking pot shots at others who scammed off to cover when the Americans got near them.

"A regular rabbit drive," declared one exuberant doughboy. And the drive continued until the Germans were all behind the canal paralleling the Aisne which they had chosen for their new line, where, after a series of patrol encounters and minor infantry engagements, the fighting settled down again to a state of semi-quietness.

Harder Going Towards East

On the other end of the front of retreat, towards Rheims, the going was harder because the German drive had back so far and retained high ground from which they sought to command the lower ground with machine gun and artillery fire. But after American Infantry had charged and had taken some of the Boche positions and some three score prisoners, including a couple of observer officers, and American artillery had gotten into action, even the Crown Prince couldn't claim much success for his pay-and-take-it plan.

It was during this fighting that one battery of American Artillery brought down a German company of snipers around the point of a hill and out of cover into an open space not more than a quarter of a mile from the front line and firing with open sights at German artillery positions on the side of the hill which meant the advance of the Yanks into the Aisne valley.

The battery arrived spectacularly as the Boche artillery was pouring a barrage into the valley, and swept the Boche positions with an enflading fire. The barrage ceased abruptly, half a dozen of the German guns were publicly blown up and the rest of them beat a hasty retreat over the hilltop.

Wire and Mines in River

It was not during the retreat, but preceding it, however, that the Yanks did some of their most notable work. The Germans chose to stand on the Vesle, including a company of snipers, surprise which this stream, modest though it is, offered them and the retarding effect it would have upon pursuit.

First, they put wire in the riverbed to prevent wading, and supplemented this by mines. Then they kept the river under artillery fire and drenched it with gas. Any work of the Americans along the river was almost certain to be done in gas and likely to be complicated by high explosive and shrapnel.

It was under such conditions that one loaf of bread, the lightest they had, was divided by the moon, a company of Engineers was ordered to put a bridge across the river. They gained the bank of the river without mishap and, working in gas masks, threw their bridge across.

It was found to be ten feet short. For the remainder of the night the company cut down trees and trimmed them to make struts and braces for an additional span to cover the deficiency, and before daylight they had completed their work.

It was under such conditions, too, that a captain and three men swam the river and burned a big warehouse near the bank which the Germans in their Boche machine gunners and snipers, and it was under such conditions that, a few nights later, when a footbridge upon which a company of Infantry was crossing the river gave way, a Lieutenant and Sergeants F. J. Roskosko and Jules Gingers tore off their gas masks and plunged into the water to rescue a dozen soldiers who had fallen into the river, saving the men in the water, but being gassed themselves.

After the actual retreat had started, however, the river ceased to be a barrier, although the Germans, in their parting burrages and long range shots, were feeling constantly for the bridges thrown across in double time.

When one shell fell so close to one bridge that two men on the river bank were buried in mud and Private Phlegm, a member of the Infantry, forebly ejected him from patches he sought to hold, and renewing contact on the canal paralleling the Aisne which the enemy chose for his new line, they sought out and removed the fangs of

Continued on Page 2