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A TRIP TO CAMP LEWIS! THE STAR'S CORRESPONDENT TELLS WHAT LIFE'S LIKE AT ARMY'S NEW MUSHROOM CITY OF 40,000, AMERICAN LAKE

By Staff Correspondent
CAMP LEWIS, Tacoma, Oct. 19.—What is Camp Lewis like? It is a city—a great mushroom city that sprang from the dust at the call of a bugle.
There is nothing beautiful, nothing artistic about it—unless one can find beauty in barren, bald earth and aridity in rough, unpainted boards and grimy dust.
Do not in the mere shell of the place, in the bare bones of monotonous industry, can its secret be found. Neither is its message hidden in any one part of it, for no part is more interesting than the others, and no part more wonderful than the whole.

The message of Camp Lewis to America is told in a simple, glaring headline, and there is no reading matter beneath it.
"I am vast. I am complex. I stand for a nation at war!" There, in a line, is the motive of America's largest cantonment.

Camp Lewis is built in two great fan-shaped arms that reach across the low and rolling prairie for miles. As far as the eye can see there are buildings—two-story buildings, each like its neighbor, with a tarred paper roof and clapboarded sides, innocent of paint or decoration, and with odd multi-paned windows.
At one end of the right arm are the quartermaster corps storehouses, and the bake shops and garages. At the other end is the remount depot, which is a training camp for 5,000 horses and 1,500 mules. In between, in ranks of four abreast, are the barracks of the engineers and the artillery and of a few infantry companies.

The other arm has the base hospital and the Y. M. C. A. headquarters at its base, and terminates in two long fingers that are the trenches of the shooting range. Along its length are infantry companies and heavy artillery and machine gun battalions.
The two arms inclose a monster parade ground as flat as a billiard table, where 50,000 men may stand abreast with hands touching.

Over the parade ground all day long hangs a yellow, sullen haze of dust that swings and sways back and forth in motion of a wet wind that blows in from the sound.
It lifts for an instant at one point to show a hundred crouching figures with hands outstretched to clap a rifle stock, and when it falls on this scene its curtain rises at another point to disclose other hundreds rushing madly with demonic shouts in a simulated battle charge.
And when night comes the cloud follows the footsteps of thousands from the drill field to the graveled roads.

The highways become involved in a swirling dust storm and thru the thick atmosphere the brilliant lights of the barracks loom up like oases in a miniature Sahara. There are no lights on the roads save automobile lamps—and the headlights of the hurrying men. Mostly the nights are foggy and

the fog and the dust combine to form a soft liquid mud that chills the bones and grimes the skin.
He tells of his hopes, his ambitions and his fears and from early dusk until the bugle blows "lights out" there is deep, continuous roar of conversation punctuated by shrill laughs and deeper chuckles.
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He chatters like a magpie. The roads are his great meeting places. He talks of the day's work and of the morrow. He inquires solicitously of the condition of his comrades' arms and describes in picturesque profanity the soreness of his own

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You see a couple trip and fall. Just look around and you will see the male half of the pair is M. Depend on me in any through to say and do the thing that's wrong. Yet I'm such a grand success. At every sort of awkwardness, I'm not swelled up about my fame. And all the credit I disclaim. My dubious ways—you get my drift!—Are not acquired; they're just a gift!

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E. D. K.'s. COLYUM

And no Masks Yet Issued
About three hours before train time a large crowd gathered in the courthouse auditorium to make pleasant the last evening of the boys in their home town. The following gentlemen punctuated the program with short patriotic talks, Attorneys W. T. Brotherton and F. Patricio and Dr. J. R. Thompson. In this bombardment of hot air the boys got a foretaste, perhaps, of the poisonous gases that await them in the trenches. Santa Fe (N. M.) New Mexican.

A fifty-dollar bond will buy a six-inch shell. So purchase three or four and give the Bosches hell.

JUST GOLD HANDS

CAMP LEWIS, Wash., Oct. 17.—The army will lose a husky fighter in Dan Brown has his war. He claims exemption on the ground that his fingers get cold in winter unless he wears mittens and he says he's heard that don't provide mittens in the army. Dan says his feet are all right; it's only his hands that bother.

WHAT HAS BECOME OF—



THE GIRL WHO COULD NOT GET WHITE DRESSER AND KEEP IT WHITE

Playing the Game at Camp Lewis
"Halt! Who goes there?"
"An officer." (Officer starts about his business.)
"Halt!"
"Why don't you finish it?" said the officer.
"Don't tell me what to do," said the sentry. "I know what to do. I say 'Halt' three times and then I shoot."

Have you money? Spend it—shoot! Buy a bond and Tin the Teut!

Hubby's been somewhere in France for a year.
I ain't feelin' blue and I ain't shed a tear.
She've took my Jim and put kinkal on him.
Sufferin' cats, how the coin has rolled!

A professional humorist will work his head off to produce a mirth-provoking line, while Hierro Michaelis, with no effort at all, can evoke screams of laughter.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CENSORSHIP

Today President Wilson has a bill before him, awaiting his signature, that is in principle the most drastic piece of legislation ground out by Congress since the declaration of war. This is the Trading With the Enemy act—a misleading title so far as its purpose is concerned, which is to impose a censorship upon the press of the country, the native English as well as the foreign-language papers.

Originally it was aimed at the disloyal German press. One provision was that for every article printed by such papers a full translation should be filed with the local representative of the postoffice department, and a notice to the effect that such a translation had been so filed was required to be printed in English over the article in the paper.

The postoffice department under the Espionage act has power to bar from the mails any paper at its discretion—a sort of censorship in itself.

However, as the act came out of conference, to be hastily voted a law by overburdened and time-pressed senators and congressmen, it contained a new clause extending the jurisdiction of Postmaster General Burleson et al.—meaning Solicitor General Lamar and the rest of Mr. Burleson's legal advisers—to the entire press of the country.

The new clause makes it unlawful to publish in the first place, or to circulate in any way, by express, by carrier or news stand, to sell or to give away, ANY publication printed in EITHER a foreign language or in English, that the postmaster general may declare unavailable.

If this bill is signed, we have actually got a real censorship in the hands of Postmaster General Burleson and Solicitor Lamar—a censorship that means that any paper in the country whose tone these men don't happen to like can be forced into shutting up shop and sacrificing its business.

When a democratic government attempts to hide itself from the people, to do business behind closed doors—for that's what a censorship really means—it staves off the light of criticism; distrust and resentment are sure to be awakened. The people at home, for whom the lawmakers are supposed to be working, say: "We gave you your jobs. We have a right to see how you attend to them." And they mean it.

If the folk with a finger in the lawmaking pie want to win this war and win it quickly, they will see that the government gets closer to the people, not farther away from them. That was the president's original idea when at the beginning of the war he established the publicity bureau under George Creel. It was a PUBLICITY BUREAU, for the people, not a CENSORSHIP BUREAU, against the people.

These are mighty important things to think of, Mr. Wilson is a conscientious man, a level-headed and a far-seeing man. Wherefore it is safe to say he will consider them carefully along with that misnamed Trading With the Enemy act that awaits his signature—or veto.

NOW DISCLOSED THAT Germany tried to stir up war between Brazil, Argentine and Uruguay. "Everybody fight!" is sure the slogan of that bloody-minded Teuton autocracy.

BUY A bond for the baby!

Doctor Says Nuxated Iron Will Increase Strength of Delicate People 100% in Ten Days

In many instances—Persons have suffered untold agony for years doctoring for nervous weakness, stomach, liver or kidney disease or some other ailment when their real trouble was a lack of iron in the blood—this to tell.

New York, N. Y.—In a recent discourse Dr. E. Sauer, a Boston physician, who has studied widely, both in this country and in great European medical institutions, said: "If you were to make an actual blood test on all people who are ill, you would probably be greatly astonished at the exceedingly large number who lack iron, and who are ill for no other reason than the lack of iron. The moment iron is supplied all their multitudinous dangerous symptoms disappear. Without iron the blood at once loses the power to change food into living tissue, and therefore nothing you eat does you any good, you don't get the strength out of it. Your food merely passes through your system like corn through a mill with the rollers so wide apart that the mill can't grind. As a result of this continuous blood and nerve starvation, people become dyspeptic, kidney or liver trouble, and frequently develop all sorts of conditions. One is too thin; another is burdened with unhealthiness; some are so weak they can hardly walk; some think they have dyspepsia, kidney or liver trouble; some can't sleep at night, others are sleepy and tired all day; some are fussy and irritable; some, dainty and bloodless, but all lack physical power. It is worse than foolishness to take stimulating medicines or narcotics through your system, like corn through a mill with the rollers so wide apart that the mill can't grind. As a result of this continuous blood and nerve starvation, people become dyspeptic, kidney or liver trouble, and frequently develop all sorts of conditions. One is too thin; another is burdened with unhealthiness; some are so weak they can hardly walk; some think they have dyspepsia, kidney or liver trouble; some can't sleep at night, others are sleepy and tired all day; some are fussy and irritable; some, dainty and bloodless, but all lack physical power. 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