RED ON HIS WAY TO FRANCE AND GLORY

Major Bozeman Bulger's Unofficial Aid Off to Prepare for Him.

GOES VIA SPARTANBURG

He Has Money in His Pocket and Is Willing to Forget His Real Age.

Special Despatch to THE SUN.

CAMP UPTON, L. I., Nov. 7.—Red Chester, very much unattached and quite unofficial member of the staff of Major Bozeman Bulger, Second Battalion 306th Infantry, National Army of Freedom, left to-day for the front. In the left hand pocket of the summer pants the Major had given him reposed $22.50 in actual money and beneath the left pocket of his summer weight military blouse that the Major had likewise bequeathed to him lay a seventeen-year-old heart that beat out a joyous song of adventure.

Red was on his way. And Red was happy. For two months he had been a volunteer of the fighting forces of Uncle Sam—a volunteer soldier always very much unattached and quite unofficial. And now Red was started south for France via Camp Wadsworth to offer to the Twenty-seventh Division one uniformed, equipped and trained soldier, all ready for a fight or frolic.

There was no service ribbon across Red's rather manly young chest, but he went forth with a reputation as a first class fighting man and a willing worker. Willing workers are rare in any and all armies, and so it is that when one comes out from behind his disguise he is made thrice welcome. And of all the willing workers in all the armies of ancient, mediæval or modern history Red was the willingest and the welcomest. In all his two months of very unattached service Red played not a single hand in the grand old army game of passing the buck.

Truthful to the Last Degree.

If Red took out Major Bulger's motor car and broke one of the rear springs while leaping from street to street, did Red follow the usual custom and calmly announce that it was the Major's official orderly or his striker or the corporal of the guard or even a Captain who did it? Decidedly and emphatically Red did not.

"The ole boat'll have to go in dry docks for a little overhauling, Major," he would confidentially advise. "She broke one of her springs aft this morning. She's an awful old car, Major. Ain't you got any other kind uva boat?"

Or possibly Chef Draher over at Company H of the 306th, where Red chose to mess and to sleep, would miss a particularly nice half of an apple pie out of his private stock that he had hidden away for personal consumption. Red, having the run of the kitchen and the mess hall, would quite naturally be collared and accused. Did Red say that Wart Jacobs, that day doing extra kitchen police, or Timothy Doowinkle of the potato peeling squad, took and used in an unlawful manner the pie? Decidedly and emphatically Red did not.

"Sure, I ate your bum pie, chef, and I oughta have a medal for doing it," he proudly would confess. "You don't mean you're all het up about a little thing like that? 'Member when I went up to the post office, chef? 'Member when I got that express package for ya, chef? 'Member when I helped ya with the fires last week, chef? And now just for one little piece of cold pie you're goin' to have me thrown outa the army and everything."

And of course Chef Draher would try to camouflage his complete forgiveness under a highly seasoned pro-American, ex-Bavarian accent—all of which was more pie for Red. In the end of the argument Red would retire with a fancy tongue sandwich from the chef, a cigarette from the second cook and a match from the kitchen police.

Simply a Willing Worker.

In spots Red's history is vague. Outside of a broad sweep toward Brooklyn he never had located his official residence. Of trades, occupations, professions or tricks Red had none. He was only a willing worker. And as has been remarked W. W.'s are welcome birds around army circles.

Out of a perfectly clear sky on the day of the grand opening of Camp Upton Red dropped. The first that Major Bulger knew of him he was doing a menial task around the Second Battalion's headquarters and when questioned as to what local exemption board he came from or to what outfit he had been assigned he grinned very becomingly, took off his hat, displayed a wonderful sorrel top and confessed that he was not from anywhere in particular and so far was unassigned and unattached.

That night a private in Capt. Eldred's Company H took him to the barracks to mess and permitted him to do a bit of looting for his cot and blanket. And the next morning when Major Bulger went to his working quarters Red was on the job with his trick grin.

"Lemme join, will ya, Major?" he kept asking. "I'm big enough and I ain't got any dependents. I'll make a regular kind of a soldier."

But this being a very upstage army with a long waiting list and a box full of black balls, Red did not have a chance. However, his plea for a uniform while falling on unfavorable ground did reap a khaki outfit from Major Bulger—a bit worn and with all the braid taken off the sleeve—but a uniform just the same, and Red's days were full of joy.

"Let's have Red try the volunteers," one officer suggested to another. And in the end Lieut. Edward McGervey took Red to the Rainbow Division at Mineola, led him to Col. Hine of the gallant 165th and left him there with full recommendations.

"It never'll be the same around the old place again," mused Major Bulger to his Adjutant.

But the next morning bright and early when the Major figuratively punched the army clock there was Red, a bit worn and weary, but the same Red.

"They was full up and I lacked two months," he bravely grinned. "I come back in a car—part way. And the walkin' wasn't bad the last ten miles."

So Red resumed his old duties of battalion willing worker, and things began to seem the same again. But the fall days crept up and the Long Island winds put some sting into themselves and there was no heavy issue overcoat for Red. The summer weight suit donated was not for such a clime and time. And finally Red did a three day trick in the base hospital with a stubborn cold.

So last night there was deep worry in the inner circles of Company H. Red was a growing responsibility. Then some one started a hat around the barracks, and when it came back there was $32.50 in it. It was Red's dowry.

"Me for Spartanburg," he announced after lengthy thanks. "I'm eighteen—purty near anyhow—and I'll meet you pals in France. Say, if I can get an O. D. overcoat maybe I'll come back. Tell the Major I'm going to be his orderly when you get across. I'll be waitin' for you over there."

And to-night Red is well on his smiling way to the South. And may the gods of war make him look like 18 and may they find an O. D. overcoat to fit!

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CO. B TAKES THEATRE CROWDS BY STORM

250 of 302d Engineers Guests of Raymond Hitchcock and Frances White.

Company B, 250 strong, pulled a good joke on New York last night. It marched from the Pennsylvania station to the Forty-fourth Street Theatre and back again after the show without a soul guessing that two months ago its men were raw rookies with as much of an idea of military drill as Mayor Mitchel has of where lots of his friends voted Tuesday.

Company B is not made up of boasters. If it were, some member might have tipped off the spectators that Company B is the only Company B of the 302d Engineers, that its husky crew is a part of the draft quota that straggled out of New York early in September, and that the only marching formation it knew eight weeks ago was how to stand in line when buying a subway ticket. Even if any of the members had sought to give the joke away it is doubtful if it would not have met with credulity, for every swinging move of the long line convinced every spectator that he was seeing a transfer of Regular Army men bound for a transport.

Company B came up from Camp Upton about 7:30 o'clock, to be the guests of Raymond Hitchcock and Frances White. But they didn't get the invitation because their Captain, Frederick Greene, is a particular friend of Mr. Hitchcock. Capt. Greene has merely a smiling acquaintance with Mr. Hitchcock and Frances White never heard of him before she sent the invitation. No, the reason that Company B came to town for a laughing bee was because Company B is the best company in the whole regiment, or any three nearby regiments.

When the special train rolled into the station hundreds of mothers and sisters and loved ones were waiting. They were the happiest waiters one could wish to see.

But it was then the order came barking down the line, "By the right, column of fours, march," that the spectator who knew the boys last summer time rubbed his eyes.

Without a hitch Company B swung into line and away they went—no, away it went—across Thirty-fourth street toward the theatre district. In front marched the miniature drum corps.

Straight across the square and then Fifth avenue loomed ahead. As the little drum corps passed under the glare of light from the portico of the Waldorf twelve or fifteen women, all gay and sparkling in evening gowns and jewels, were picking their way with their escorts toward taxicabs. But they forgot the taxicabs and chill winds on bare shoulders and lined up on the curbing to applaud the soldiers.

INSTRUCTORS REACH CAMP WADSWORTH

British Officers There to Explain Trench Methods.

Special Despatch to THE SUN.

CAMP WADSWORTH, SPARTANBURG, S. C., Nov. 7.—Major J. B. Sharp, Capt. H. H. Johnson and Capt. A. N. Braithwaite of the British army arrived here to-day to act as instructors to the officers and men in training here. They are accompanied by six enlisted men. Other British instructors will come later. All have seen active service in France.

The officers and men of the Twenty-seventh Division already have subscribed for more than $25,000,000 of insurance under the new soldiers' insurance law. An active campaign is being waged through the entire division and Lieut. Tupper of the 102d Engineers, who is in charge of the campaign, thinks the total will run to $100,000,000. One hundred and sixty-nine men in Company L, 107th Infantry, have subscribed for $10,000 each.

The Spartanburg chapter of the Red Cross has decided to give the soldiers in Camp Wadsworth Christmas trees. It is planned to have thirty trees in various parts of the camp and to have them brilliantly lighted and decorated.

Private Joseph Friday, Battery B, 106th Field Artillery, has been adjudged insane and will be sent to the Government Hospital for the Insane at Washington. His home is at Lackawanna.

Johnson for Higher Profits Tax.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 7.—United States Senator Hiram W. Johnson criticised the war revenue law as "unscientific, ambiguous and by no means just" in an address to-day before the San Francisco Advertising Clubs. He declared unswerving loyalty to the President, but asserted that the nation's war profits were inadequately taxed.

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SUFFS DENY THEY PLAN NEW PARTY

Continued from First Page.

they will lose their first vote. But they will be reminded.

The New York city Woman Suffrage party and the New York State Woman Suffrage party are not going to disband just because they've got the vote for the women of this Commonwealth. Women of other Commonwealths are still unenfranchised, and the New York suff organizations are going to stay right on the job till the Federal amendment is put through Congress and then till it is ratified by the New York Legislature. And while working for universal equal suffrage they will also do some political work in the way of getting out the women's vote.

November 21, at the Hotel Astor, the New York State Woman Suffrage party will have a convention and decide on future plans. Probably they will drop the old form of organization, that of nine campaign districts in the State, and will reorganize by Congressional districts.

The party of which Mrs. Norman DeR. Whitehouse is head now numbers 1,613,800, and it is not intended to allow this body to disband. It is too effective a weapon for good government—for while women are of all political faiths, just like men—they are, a large portion of them, keenly interested in making this State a cleaner, juster, better place for children to grow up in, for working-women to earn their living in, for men and women to make homes in. For these objects women will band together, State Leader Mrs. Whitehouse said yesterday, just as they have always banded together in clubs and leagues—only now they have the vote their banding will be really effective.

City Party to Be Kept Up.

Miss Hay says the New York City Woman Suffrage party will keep right along at the old stand, 3 East Thirty-eighth street, and will retain its effective organization by Assembly districts and election districts.

"We are a trained and perfectly organized body," said Miss Hay, "and instead of our work being ended now it has really just begun. Even if we didn't have the Federal amendment to get I would say that the most important part of our job is ahead of us. I think that women will line up in civic matters more than in State and national questions. In State and national politics sex won't count. But in civic things—schools, clean streets, the police and so on women will be inclined to get together because after all that is just housekeeping on a larger scale and is woman's special job.

"The New York city Woman Suffrage party has 500,000 members and 20,000 active workers. We are all of us keenly interested in industrial conditions, better and cheaper food, and so on, and by keeping up our Assembly district organization I believe as voters we can accomplish something along these lines."

"How about women holding office, Miss Hay?" a timid male voice asked. "Will you grab all the plums now?"

"Women don't want to hold office," said Big Boss Hay indifferently. "It doesn't appeal to us. We are not trained to hold office. But we do want to send good men to office, and we're going to measure up to that responsibility. Oh, of course, there will be women slackers in politics and women grafters. Women are no more perfect than men, though I do believe we are more interested in the clean housekeeping problems of municipal life."

Women's City Clubs Anti-Tiger.

Mrs. Laidlaw pointed out that in California, Illinois and other voting States there are women's Democratic clubs, women's Republican and Socialist clubs, and said that the same thing would probably happen here. "But this doesn't mean that they will be opposing the men's Democratic and Republican and Socialist clubs," she said. "It just means that women find it better to get together to talk things over and make plans in their own way. There are also political clubs in the West and will be here to which both men and women belong."

The Women's City Club, which has quarters at the Vanderbilt Hotel, is the one woman's organization which has definitely announced its policy since November 6. It is out against Tammany and doesn't care who knows that its job from now on is to snatch women voters from the Tiger's jaws.

Fear that granting women the franchise would increase Tammany's power has been one bugaboo of the anti-suffs. Those Tammany people have such big families, they say, and all their women will vote right with Murphy, same as the men. The suffragists think those women are interested in good government for the sake of their children, and that it is silly to think they will prove a menace, but anyhow the Women's City Club, according to Mrs. Helen Andrews, its executive secretary, will keep an eye on Tammany from now on and do its best to prevent the Tiger from ravaging the community.

The club will have a luncheon at the Hotel McAlpin Saturday and lay plans for a drive to get 10,000 members. It now has about 1,500. Ten thousand members, a new clubhouse and an aggressive political campaign for a clean city is the programme of the Women's City Club, of which Mrs. Ernest Poole is president.

Dr. Katharine Bement Davis, chairman of the Board of Paroles, is also keen to use her vote to keep Tammany in order, but she doesn't know just how. Probably if Dr. Davis were looking at the matter just from a personal standpoint she would say that she can do more good as chairman of the Board of Paroles than as a voter, but fate has decreed that she is to be a voter, and not for a very long time—after Tammany gets in if Tammany follows its former ways—chairman of the Board of Paroles.

Chicago to Tell 'Em How.

The Women's City Club of Chicago, by the way, is quite a political power, and the president of that club, Mrs. James Quan, will attend the luncheon at the McAlpin Saturday and tell our women some of the things they ought to know. The president of the Boston Women's Club will also be there.

When one has been a voter only twenty-four hours, as Big Boss Mary Garrett Hay remarked yesterday, it is not easy to outline definitely one's political plans for the future. And the first twenty-four hours of the women's enfranchisement were highly exciting hours at all the suff headquarters. Piles of telegrams, messages of congratulations from all sorts of people, east, west, north and south, came all day yesterday without ceasing, both at the State headquarters, at 303 Fifth avenue, and the city headquarters, at 3 East Thirty-eighth street.

And flowers, heaps of them. Mrs. Whitehouse's office was a bower of yellow chrysanthemums, and so was Miss Hay's. Also each had a birthday party, and a cake with one candle—for the newborn voter.

Speaking of telegrams, Miss Hay and Mrs. Whitehouse each sent one of thanks to President Wilson. Here is Miss Hay's:

"The New York City Woman Suffrage party thanks you for assisting us to win a splendid victory for democracy in New York city. We feel that your able championship of our cause had great weight with the men of New York, and we are proud of a President who not only defends the principles of democracy, but fights for them at home."

This is the telegram from Mrs. Whitehouse:

"The executive board of the New York State Woman Suffrage party wish once more to thank the President of the United States for his generous and effective help in our fight for democracy and to express our belief that it is largely owing to his aid that the great Empire State has set this great example."

The telegrams of congratulation which poured into the suff headquarters did not include one from Miss Alice Hill Chittenden, State anti-suffrage leader, or from Mrs. James W. Wadsworth, Jr., national anti-leader, this proving that they are not such good sports as is Mayor Mitchel, who wired congratulations to Judge Hylan as soon as the returns were in.

George Foster Peabody, president of the Men's Suffrage League, sent Miss Hay a lovely basket of yellow suffrage flowers and a button with the words "I'm a Voter." All the suffs are wearing these buttons except Mrs. Laidlaw.

"I'll wear no button telling the world I'm a voter," she vowed. "Right now I drop all buttons. I've worn them long enough. I'll have other ways of proving that I'm a voter. The world will know it all right."

LIQUOR IMPORTS BARRED.

Virgin Island Products Excepted—Industrial Supply Assured.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 7.—All avenues for importation of distilled liquors for beverages purposes, except from the Virgin Islands, were closed to-day under instructions sent to customs collectors based on Attorney-General Gregory's interpretation of prohibition sections of the food control and war tax laws.

Liquor produced on or before October 3, when the revenue act was passed, may not be imported for any purpose but if produced after October 3 and intended for other purposes than consumption as a beverage, it may be admitted under customs regulations yet to be made.

Rum and other liquor made in the Virgin Islands after October 3, from materials produced there may be brought into this country for beverage or any other purposes.

The result of the order probably will be to admit for industrial uses quantities of liquor now held by customs officials, pending the Attorney-General's review of a ruling made several weeks ago by the Treasury Solicitor permitting importation of liquor produced before October 3. Orders based on that ruling, which virtually nullified the food acts prohibition against importation, have been withdrawn.

California Responds to Food Plea.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 7.—In response to the nation's plea for increased food production California raised 3,325,000 bushels of potatoes and 930,000 bushels of wheat this year in excess of the 1916 crop, the State Council of Defence announced to-day. The bean crop shows an increase over last year of 5,105,000 bushels.

BRITISH BEAUTY AIDS MINOTTO DEFFENCE

Lady Manners's Letters Explain Count's Cables.

CHICAGO, Nov. 7.—The hearing of the case of Count James Minotto, son-in-law of Louis F. Swift, the packer, before the immigration authorities ended to-day. The technical charge is that the Count might become a public charge, and as such should be deported, but the underlying purpose is to develop whether he was a cog in the German espionage system. This the defendant vigorously denies, and his multi-millionaire father-in-law is standing by him.

An aristocratic touch appeared in the closing hour. It was in the form of letters to the Count from the celebrated London beauty, Lady Diana Manners.

Testimony showed that Lady Manners sought information as to the whereabouts of one Major Johnson, an English officer reported "captured or missing." Through his high placed acquaintance among Germans he located the officer as a prisoner in a German prison camp and cabled the facts to Lady Diana.

The letters were introduced by the defence to account for certain cablegrams sent by the Count to England. The letters referred to the cablegrams as having concerned the fate of Major Johnson.

Harold F. Swift, a brother-in-law of the defendant, testified for him.

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