

SUFFRAGE ARMY

START DELAYED

BY SHINY NOSE

Sixteen Pilgrims Leave New York For Long Hike To Washington.

OUTNUMBERED BY CORRESPONDENTS

First Stop Made At Elizabeth For Luncheon—Will Spend Night

At Metuchen, N. J.

By EMILIE A. DOETSCH.

Elizabeth, N. J., Feb. 12.—Enthusiastic over the success of the first stage of their hike, the members of the suffragists' army, who left New York this morning for the long walk to Washington, arrived here at midday and halted for luncheon.

The actual hiking was begun at Newark, to which point the army rode.

Because one hiker insisted on spending a little additional time before her mirror powdering her nose and arranging her hood becomingly, the army was delayed half an hour this morning.

"Never Again," She Says.

The army should have arrived in Newark at 9.10, but it was well toward 10 o'clock before the last straggler put in her appearance.

The tardy hiker was Miss Helen Hoyt Greeley, a well-known New York suffrage organizer, and she promised not to delay the procession again.

Arriving in Newark many of the hikers took an affectionate, if not tearful, farewell of the departing train.

In Newark there were short speeches by "General" Rosalie Jones and little "Doc" Dock in Military Park.

The order "forward march" was given at 10 o'clock, the army setting its face resolutely toward Elizabeth.

All Newark Turned Out.

It is doubtful whether any of the good people of Newark got their dinners today. For miles along the route the housekeepers stood at their doors and watched the hikers pass.

It being Lincoln's Birthday, the streets were lined with children, many of whom followed the marchers for quite a distance on their sleds.

The costumes of some of the hikers are terribly and wonderfully made, especially that of "Colonel" Ida Craft. The pockets of her Norfolk jacket bulge with bandages and ointment, her hat is a checkered Alpine and her skirt—a corduroy—is warranted to stand the severest weather. She also has a pair of auto goggles with heavy rims.

"Little Doc" Dock wears a United States map with the suffrage States plainly marked.

After a brisk march of an hour over the snowy road leading out of Newark, the army stopped at the residence of a Mrs. McDonald, and hot coffee and sandwiches were served by "Uncle Tom" Wilson in true army style.

There are two buglers—one is young George Wend of Albany, the other Rev. Walter K. Kinsey of the Newark Anti-Saloon League. He says he is a suffragist and his wife is one.

Ernest joined the hikers this morning, and avers that he will walk all the way to Baltimore and Washington. Ernest is Ernest J. Stevens of the Philadelphia Walking Club, and his addition to the ranks was hailed with much enthusiasm.

Clad in the picturesque brown monk's cowls and hoods and leaning on their alpenstocks, the little group of hikers remind one of the Pilgrim scene in "Thunhauser." There is a difference, however, for, while the Wagner pilgrims look sad and woe-begone, an air of jaunty confidence sits upon these modern crusaders, and soon spreads from them to the onlookers. But why worry? What if the roads are rough and stony; what if muscles ache and feet become blistered, are there not bandages and cold cream for all, not to speak of the professional services of "Surgeon General" Dock, who can do anything from curing a blister to giving a hot mustard bath?

In addition to the hikers and their enthusiastic escort, the latter numbering about 200, the station at New York was crowded with thousands of curious folk, who came merely to see the show. Some took the whole thing as a joke and smiled in amusement or good-naturedly chaffed the pilgrims. On other faces was pictured frank amazement and looks of incredulity that such things should be.

"On To Washington."

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"General" Jones was there fresh and bright and early, eyes aglow and cheeks rosy with animation and excitement. There was one long, clarion blast by the bugler. Then the little "General" stepped bravely from the ranks and, with all the dignity of a real generalissimo, gave "officers and privates" their marching orders. The "war correspondents" were not forgotten—the latter are quite plentiful, probably outnumbering the hikers.

Each pilgrim has a knapsack slung over her arm. They resemble the Boy Scout knapsacks and contain enough ammunition in the shape of suffrage arguments to convert every anti in the five States through which the army expects to pass. Souvenir hunters begged for these sacks, but in vain.

Speaking of hikers, one ought not

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to call them that. Not if one claims to be a friend of Mrs. James Lees Laidlaw. Mrs. Laidlaw talks delightfully about Baltimore and her recent visit to that city. She was chatting over a cup of tea with Miss Celia Gaffney at the headquarters of the Woman Suffrage party. Miss Gaffney is the daughter of Judge Gaffney of Manhattan. She also is a pilgrim, not a hiker, if you please, even though she is wearing boots that weigh three pounds each.

Tribute To Baltimore.

"If there is one thing," Mrs. Laidlaw observed as she hospitably made room for me at the tea table, "if there is one thing I like about Baltimore, it is your splendid men suffragists and the wonderful spirit of co-operation existing between them and the women suffragists. New York and Baltimore are alike in that. The Men's League banquet in Baltimore," the New York suffrage leader added, "was one of the finest and biggest functions of the kind I have ever attended."

Mrs. Laidlaw is not a member of the army. Walking is not her forte, she insists. She was, however, one of the band which escorted the pilgrims for a few miles out of the city.

Miss Sarah Crowell of Baltimore, formerly a member of the Just Government League of Maryland, but now affiliated with the Women's Political Union of New York, is not hiking, but will take part in the inaugural parade in Washington.