

PROPOSALS AND ORCHIDS CHEER WOMEN HIKERS

Exit From Philadelphia Is
Pleasanter Than Their
Entrance Yesterday.

PENN STUDENTS REAL SUFFRAGISTS

Applaud The Speeches Wildly, But
Hanker Most For Glimpse Of
Pretty Phoebe Hawn.

By EMILIE A. DOETSCH

Darby, Pa., Feb. 17.—On to Chester in a snowstorm the suffrage hikers are plodding today.

Words fail to describe the march of the suffrage army out of Philadelphia this morning. Accompanied by all the mounted police in the city and a goodly throng of citizens, the army formed at the Hotel Walton at 9 o'clock. Then to the strains of "Dixie," played by the Evening Times Newsboys' Band "Gen." Rosalie Jones smilingly led the way down Broad street, while Father Penn looked serenely down from the City Hall tower and held his hand in benediction over the first women's army that has ever invaded his peaceful territory.

Touching Farewells.

Turning to the left, the troop entered aristocratic Walnut street, passing the most handsome residences and aristocratic clubs in the city. Throngs lined the windows and curbs and shouts of "Goodbye, Honey," and "Don't Forget Me, Girlie," rent the peaceful and snowy morning air.

From the windows of the rectory of fashionable Trinity Church a light-haired woman frantically waved a banner. She was rewarded by a rousing cheer from the pilgrims and a salute from the "General," who, though tired from yesterday's march, had a smile and bow for everybody along the way.

Two Proposals A Block.

By the most conservative estimate, the "General" received 20 proposals in 12 blocks. Mrs. John G. Boldt was the recipient of so many orchids and violets that a special wagon had to be provided to carry them. Her favorite bouquet, and the one she bore on the march this morning, was a corsage affair of orchids and lilies-of-the-valley, and came in a box beautifully tied with ribbon. Accompanying it was a card of Albert Kellam Bennett, the Mayor of Merchantsville, N. J.

Fortified by troops of college boys, the University of Pennsylvania was stormed by the army at 10 o'clock. The streets along the way were so jammed by crowds of college boys that the police had to form in two ranks to let the pilgrims through.

Addressed Students.

The "General," "Colonel" Craft and other members of the staff were hustled into the law building of the University and assisted to the platform. Then pandemonium broke loose.

When the yelling had ceased "General" Jones made a short speech. She said Rutgers College had received the army with open arms, but that she opened her heart to the University of Pennsylvania. Dr. E. S. Stevens, the man-pilgrim, told the students that no man should keep house alone, and advised them all to marry and become good suffragists.

There were wild cheers for Miss Phoebe Hawn when the doctor sat down.

"We want to see the prettiest

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WOMEN'S ARMY

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suffragette of the army," the students demanded, but Miss Hawn refused to show herself. Pale and trembling the little blond suffragist kept quiet as a mouse behind a big banner which a kind friend had spread out to shield her. Mrs. Boldt came in for a little extra cheering when the army left the building. Outside there was a halt of 10 minutes, while Corporal Klatschken put on her goloshes.

Then "Dixie" again and the snowy road to Chester.

Had Exciting Day.

The dinner at the Walton in Philadelphia last night, at which Miss Margaret Kuhl Kelly and Mrs. Lawrence Lewis, both sisters of Dr. Howard A. Kelly of Baltimore, were among the hostesses, and the long day's march that preceded it are matters of history. But the members of the army who reached the City of Brotherly Love alive will never forget it, nor the many incidents that made yesterday the most eventful and exciting of the march.

There were many rebuffs along the way. The hotelkeeper at Bridgeboro refused to feed the army. Mine host's excuse was that, as it was Sunday many of his waiters had gone to church. But the suffragists strongly suspect he is an anti.

"If I had a vote what would I do with him?" quoth Corporal Martha Klatschker. "I'd put him in an old ladies' home with the other fossils—where he belongs."

But if the innkeeper of Bridgeboro thought he would delay the progress of votes for women he had reckoned without the "General." Calling to aid the trusty boy scouts and Dr. E. S. Stevens, the polite and amiable man-hiker, she held a council of war. As a result a surprise awaited the shivering and hungry army just beyond Bridgeboro. On the shores of a picturesque body of water called "Hay's Millpond" a glowing wood fire had been built, and there the army laid down its arms for the space of a complete hour and munched suffrage eggs and suffrage sandwiches, while Col. Ida Craft discoursed eloquently on suffrage and how silly it was of men not to let the women have it.

Crowd Flocked After Them.

Her remarks were not intended for the army, of course, but for the hordes of men, women and children who had come out on the cars, by motor and on foot to see the sights.

There was plenty to see. To placate the ministers of the neighborhood, some of whom were up in arms because no one came to hear their carefully prepared sermons, Colonel Craft held a prayer-meeting on the porch of a country store. She took her text from the first chapter of Genesis, and if anyone present was in doubt as to the exact place and sphere of woman in the created world when the Colonel was through, it is not her fault.

Then the Colonel gave out the hymn "Forward, Sister Women," sung to the tune of "Onward, Christian Soldiers." She beat the time herself and led the singers in an unforgettable soprano.

Near Miliatnoy.

Near Militancy.

It was near this place also that militancy almost broke out. This is a suffragette, not a suffragist, army, according to Miss Elizabeth Freeman, who drives in the little yellow wagon drawn by "Lausanne." But until today nothing that an impartial observer could call really militant has occurred. Perhaps it was the long march, perhaps fatigue from the day before, perhaps a particularly near blister. Anyhow, when one of the Boy Scouts refused to be inveigled into consuming a ham sandwich Mrs. May Belle Morgan, who had offered it to him, took him boldly by the collar. "If you don't take this sandwich," she threatened, "I'll beat you." The Scout has been with the army for several days. He ate the sandwich.

Found Manless Farm.

Even a suffrage army may have an entirely new sensation. Yesterday when it approached Riverton it discovered a "manless farm." The owners—Miss Anna M. Hunter and Miss Sally E. Hunter—came out on suffragettes into their manless house to drink hot coffee. It was the first time, they said, that a manless army had passed that way and appeared surprised and horrified when informed that the army harbored not one, but three or four mere men.

Camden Hostile.

Anti-suffrage sentiment appeared to be strong in Camden. The crowd, which grew to immense proportions as the army approached the city often rudely jostled the tired women and taunts and jeers were not infrequent. One can't help wishing—suffragist or an anti—that the anti's would occasionally say something new and original. Why, for instance, be forever harping on dishrags and washtubs when perfectly good dishwashing and patent laundry tubs may be had at any department store?