

HAIR-PRIMPED HIKERS MARCH ON BALTIMORE

Spent Day In Wilmington
With Masseurs And
Beauty Doctors.

STEPPING TO MUSIC OF A MOUTH-ORGAN

Expect To Cross State Line To-
day And Bivouac In Elk-
ton Tonight.

By EMILIE A. DOETSCH

Newark, Del., Feb. 20.—Carrying in her pocket a message from Harrison W. Howell, chief executive of Wilmington, to James H. Preston, Mayor of Baltimore, "General" Rosalie Jones, in command of the Suffrage Inaugural Army, is urging on her forces toward Baltimore today.

The suffrage army reached Newport at 10.30 this morning. The bell of the Episcopal Church tolled a welcome to the village.

The army was met by a delegation of townpeople and small boys carrying signs inscribed "Jonesy, You're All Right," "Our Choice for President — 'General' Rosalie Jones," "Votes for Women; Kisses for the Boys."

The music for the army was furnished this morning by Samuel James Taylor of Wilmington, who played a mouthorgan the entire way from Wilmington to Newport.

The army will cross the Maryland line at 3 o'clock and will reach Elkton at 6.

Army Growing.

Three miles from Wilmington the army met reinforcements, headed by Mrs. Martha I. Cranston, president of the Delaware State Suffrage Association. The Newport delegation acted as an escort to the army until Newark, Del., was reached, where a short halt was made for luncheon. With the long, swinging stride which the army has now achieved, it is hoped to reach Maryland about 5 o'clock. The night will be spent at Elkton, Maryland.

There is an unshakable air of jauntness about the army today. Refreshed and reinvigorated by the day's rest in Wilmington; Baltimore and Washington seem just around the corner. "General" Jones looks fresh as a rose and smiled happily as her troops passed in review before her this morning. Her battered old army hat had been carefully brushed and cleaned, her pilgrim cloak had been mended, her lips had been cold-creamed and her nose powdered.

"The army really looks civilized again," she was heard to remark to the man suffragette, then she gave the order "Forward, march!"

Wilmington was an oasis to the hikers after many miles of desert roads. Wilmington not only has a kind-hearted Mayor and hospitable citizens. It is a place where one can be massaged and vibrated, where swollen feet can be reduced and blisters be made to disappear. The pilgrims entered Wilmington limping; they left it with steps as springy and elastic as a dancing master's.

Massaged And Manicured.

Almost all of them underwent massage yesterday, among them Mrs. Wend. In addition, she paid a visit to the hairdresser and manicurist, and then still had enough time for a little spin about Wilmington with Postmaster and Mrs. Howard Jester. She says she wants to look her prettiest

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HIKERS MARCH ON TOWARD BALTIMORE

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when she reaches Baltimore and isn't taking any chances.

Miss Minerva Crowell also confessed to having undergone massage. Miss Crowell is a Smith College girl and one of the pluckiest of all the pilgrims. In spite of a badly blistered heel, Miss Crowell persisted womanfully for a few days. The rest yesterday appears to have done her much good, and it looks now as if she will be able to walk to the bitter end without the least trouble.

Miss Elizabeth Freeman, "Corporal" Martha Klatschken, Mrs. May Belle Moyon and Mrs. Elizabeth Aldrich orated in the open air almost all day yesterday, then took a little time between speeches to invade a wholesale drug house. As a consequence, it is reported that Wilmington will have to call upon Baltimore to replenish its surgical supplies. The offer of a man to supply the army with a cure for rheumatism was haughtily refused by the "General," who declared that, although her army limped, none of them were rheumatic. Mrs. Alexander Baird spent yesterday buying stockings and adhesive plaster, and Mrs. W. T. Williams, up to the present writing, has bought \$11 worth of shoes. Mrs. Williams is the mother of two little girls, who are twins. They are six years old and each receives a postcard from her mother every day. Mrs. Williams calls them her "twin-suffragettes." She is a resident of Lebanon, Pa.

The greatest problem "General" Jones has ever encountered in her long and distinguished military career came up for solution today. The question was in regard to whom the title of official poet of the army rightfully belonged.

Dr. E. S. Stevens writes poetry by the yard and Col. E. S. Lemmon—curious that their initials are the same, but such it is—finds verse-making easier than walking. "Corporal" Klatschken seemed inclined to favor the Doctor. She is small and admires all men, but "Colonel" Craft was all for Colonel Lemmon. (I hope everybody knows how to pronounce his name by this time. It's Lem-mon, with the accent on the mon. And he was born in Harford county, Maryland.)

When the "General" heard of the

threatened dissension she took on the grave and serious look which she always reserves for such occasions. As a usual thing, it is followed by a smile which, happily, was also the case this time. The smile means the "General" has had an inspiration.

"Gentlemen and officers," she began, in that happy, diplomatic way of hers, "it grieves me to hear of your disagreement. But as you, Doctor, are already the historian of the hike" (he has been engaged by two magazines to write it up), do you not think that the poetry had best be left to "Colonel" Lemmon?"

Dr. Stevens looked disconcerted. He did not like to refuse, but, on the other hand, the title of poet laureate loomed goldenly before him. He gravely informed the "General" that he would take the matter under advisement.

Then he retreated into a little corner all to himself and boldly and flagrantly perpetrated this:

While it is a stitch in time
—that saves nine.
So nip a cold in the bud
—to be sure
Sickness and disease may
—become a crime.
For preventive treatment is
—more than cure.

Dear friend: It is not the
—dreaded coffin
Or the hearse that takes
—so many off in.
But it is the horrid cough
—you're cough'n
Which you caught, that takes
—us off more often.