

SUFFRAGE ARMY TO ENTER CITY'S GATES BEFORE NIGHTFALL

Has Changed Plans Four Times, But Is Advancing Resolutely At Last Reports

CROWD OF SYMPATHIZERS AND CURIOUS FOLLOWING

Fourteen Originals And Recruits Set Out Strong From Belair; Put Down Discord In Ranks For Ideals

"Gen." Rosalie Gardner Jones, leading her suffrage army on its long hike from New York to Washington, halted for a moment this afternoon on one of the hills that break the monotony of historic Harford road 10 miles from the city and exclaimed:

"There's dear old Baltimore! Courage, sisters! Votes for women! Forward, march!"

And before the reluctant sun sinks behind the horizon tonight the little band of gallant hikers, with such an army of followers as has not been seen in these parts for many moons, will have filed wearily into the city.

At 3 o'clock the army was not a dozen miles from the city. Footsore and weary, the marchers were taking their time, and it was not possible to say whether they would reach town in three hours or four, but they were still moving.

CROWD FOLLOWING AT THEIR HEELS

With them was a crowd of enthusiastic sympathizers and many more of the curious who were enjoying the novelty of escorting the long-distance walkers on the last lap to Baltimore.

With them also was a long train of automobilists who had motored out to see the show.

To the self-constituted escort there were constant additions and there was every evidence that when the city is reached there will be such a swarm of attendants that the little Gideon-like band will be lost in the shuffle.

Changed Mind Often.

The determination to come right through to Baltimore was reached this afternoon after a conference at Mount Vista. "General" Jones took a vote of her followers yesterday afternoon and announced that tonight would be spent at Overlea on the Belair road.

Later the army voted again and this time to march into Baltimore before nightfall today.

This morning at breakfast the temper of the marchers was once more soured and it was agreed that Overlea should be the camping place this evening.

The discussion of the plan continued, however, and when Mount Vista was reached at 1 o'clock this afternoon the faithful lined up for another vote. This time it was decided to ignore Overlea altogether and come straight through to the city.

Therefore, unless another vote intervenes, it will be Baltimore by 5 or 6 or 7 o'clock.

At any rate, the army is so near the city now that it can be said to be within our gates, and the glad hand is in order.

Fourteen Originals Left.

The roster of the army was taken this afternoon preparatory to descending upon the city, and it was found that there were just 14 members who have footed it all the way from Newark, N. J., the actual start of the hike, to Baltimore. These favored, if footsore and limb-wearied, individuals are:

"Gen." Rosalie Gardner Jones of New York.

"Col." Ida Craft of Brooklyn.

"Corp." Martha Klatschkan of New York.

Dr. Ernest Stevens of Philadelphia.

"Col." E. S. Lemmon of Philadel-

phia, formerly of Harford county, Md.
Mrs. George Wend of Albany
Milton Wend, bugler, her son
Mrs. John E. Boldt of New York.
Miss Minerva Crowell of Brooklyn.
Miss Elizabeth Aldrich of New York.
Norman Speer, Boy Scout, of Brooklyn.

Miss Phoebe Hawn of Brooklyn.
Miss Constance Lutt of Washington.
Miss Emilie A. Doetsch of Baltimore.

Rift Of Discord Closed.

The army started from Belair this morning a little after 9 with a fine northwest breeze blowing over their right shoulders that brushed the heavy clouds from the skies, and the cobwebs from their brains. They looked chipper and fit to a woman. Even Miss Elizabeth Aldrich, who went to bed almost in tears was happy.

Miss Aldrich came near being deserted today. It came about this way: Suffragettes, despite the high idealism which has driven them to undertake the hardships of the journey, are after all very human and they have their failings. Miss Aldrich's failing is a longing for public speaking. Ever since joining the party she has hoped to stand upon the rostrum, and sway the great American populace with her ringing voice.

But Miss Freeman, an official orator, has so far pre-empted all the available rostrums. Miss Aldrich, formerly an actress, asked last night that she be allowed to introduce Miss Freeman in the meeting in the Masonic Temple. Miss Freeman objected and Miss Aldrich immediately developed a case of tonsillitis, or set-off, or something of the kind, and declared she couldn't go any farther.

General Makes Peace.

But "General" Rosalie Gardner Jones is not a general in name only. Like Julius Caesar, she knows how to deal with discontent, ambition and jealousy among her centurions. This morning while most of the others were enjoying their last 40 winks she was up and about. For half an hour she was closeted with Miss Aldrich. When the "General" finally emerged with a triumphant smile upon her face, they crowded about her with eager questions.

"It's all right," she announced. "Miss Aldrich has thoroughly recovered and will go on with us to Baltimore." Which shows the power of tact.

Miss Aldrich did not walk with the main body, but brought up the rear, under the personal escort of the Boy Scout.

Rival Poets Rather Cool.

WEATHER

For Baltimore till 3 P. M. Monday: Fair and colder tonight; Monday fair; brisk



Rival Poets Rather Cool.

Such little disagreements are the exception rather than the rule. For people who have been together as long as these same hikers, there is a remarkable cordiality among them.

There are rumors of professional jealousy between the two poets that will celebrate in sounding verse the events of the march. Dr. Stevens and Mr. Lemmon, the two laureates, have got to the stage in which all their relations appear very formal. But they are both poets of undoubted genius, and it seems likely that their differences will but spur them on to greater efforts. And so the literature of America will be enriched beyond a doubt by two great epics, equally inspired and equally praiseworthy.

Couldn't Arouse Belair.

Belair is a quiet town, and this morning the hikers started without much excitement. Chief of Police John Jackson, town bailiff and deputy sheriff as well, was on hand to see that there was no disorder, but his duties were mainly nominal. He represented the official life of this metropolis in a worthy and dignified

SUFFRAGE "HIKERS" REACH CITY TODAY

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manner, and had no occasion to show the harsher side of his power.

Among those who attended the hikers as they left was Mrs. Herman Stump of Belair, herself a suffragist of some note.