

MAKING BEAUTY PLODDING ALONG IN BARE FEET

Miss Phoebe Hawn Doffs
Her Shoes And Others
May Follow Suit.

"ARMY" IS GIVEN TERRIBLE SHOCK

At End Of 200-Mile Tramp, And
Others Would Rob Them
Of The Glory

Muirkirk, Md., Feb. 27 (10.23 A. M.).—Miss Phoebe Hawn, the suffrage army beauty, has discarded her shoes and is walking in her bare feet.

Some of her fellow-hikers, who are carrying pounds upon pounds of mud on their shoes, are sympathetic and almost persuaded to follow her example.

Some of the others are shocked.

All the newspaper correspondents are greatly excited.

No outward signs show that the army is a votes-for-women one. They have more the appearance of a band of nomads than the brave Army of the Hudson, with banners flying, when leaving Baltimore.

Lausanne, alias Suffrage, and the donkey, Jerry, are way in the lead.

"Color Line" Up Again.

At Muirkirk the race problem hopped up again. Just outside of the village the army was met by a throng of negro men and women—about 100 in number. Several carried American flags, which they waved as they cheered the hikers.

"Votes for colored women" shouted one of the negroes.

"Votes for colored women" chorused the entire colored gathering.

"General" Jones smiled, and, walking to the side of the road where the blacks were lined up, she distributed "Votes for Women" buttons among them.

"Colonel" Craft regarded the whole proceeding with anything but satisfaction.

Rain-soaked and each with a chip on her shoulder, the members of the suffrage army are pursuing the muddy tenor of their way toward the nation's capital today.

The chips are of diverse descriptions, the principal one being the result of instructions received from Washington to the effect that "General" Jones and her followers would not be allowed to personally present the suffrage message to President-elect Wilson.

Army in Revolt

When the "army" started on the pilgrimage some two weeks ago it secured a message from the National Association directed to President-elect Wilson. Late last night "General" Jones received a telegram from Miss Mary Wate Dennett, secretary of the National Association, informing her that the message was not to be delivered to Wilson, but was to be surrendered on the arrival of the "army" in Washington to a committee of the National Association and by it presented to the Congressional suffrage committee.

Naturally, the "army" is indignant.

"Do you mean to say Miss Constance Leupp demanded of the 'General' that after we have walked 200 miles you are going to let them take the honor of presenting the message away from us?"

"You owe it to yourself 'General,' not to surrender," "Bugler" Wend declared with manly firmness.

"You owe it to all of us," averred "Colonel" Craft, "to deliver that message to Wilson in person."

After leaving Muirkirk this morn-

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BEAUTY IS HIKING IN HER BARE FEET

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ing a council of war was called, and the whole subject was thoroughly threshed out. Most of the suffragists were indignant at the prospect of having to surrender the message with which they had marched all the way from New York, and "Colonel" Craft led a bitter opposition to the plan.

"But the most dignified and soldierly thing to do," declared "General" Jones finally, "is to obey our superior officers. We will turn the message over to the committee."

Letter To Mayor Who Is Not

Then there is a chip for which Acting Mayor Hubert of Baltimore is blamed. He gave "General" Jones a letter of greeting to Mayor McCeney of Laurel. They found there was no Mayor McCeney, the gentleman of that name having been relegated to innocuous desuetude at the last election. There was considerable embarrassment, therefore, when "General" Jones confronted Mayor Waters with a letter addressed to his predecessor, and the army had some unkind thoughts concerning "Honest John" Hubert.

And still another chip! The proprietors of the Clover Leaf Inn would not let the tired "hikers" in for a night's lodging until he had personally inspected the bunch.

Still another bitter experience awaited them. The managers of two boarding places are said to have flatly refused to accept any of the suffragists. They were quite willing to accommodate the army of "war correspondents," numbering about 12, who accompanied the "hikers," but there was no room for any of the pilgrims.

Gives Them Fair Warning

Miss S. Cronmiller and Mrs. T. W. Byerly formed a committee, headed by Mrs. Waters, the Mayor's wife, which waited on the manager of the Clover Leaf Inn and begged him to accept the marchers as guests. Finally he agreed, but only on condition that he first see the "hikers," and that they be accompanied by "General" Jones.

"And if they eat up one bit," he added "out they go."

It is proudly pointed out today that nobody "got up" and nobody was thrown out.

The army left Laurel, Md., in a downpour of rain on the homestretch for the Capital City. Some difficulty was experienced in assembling the hikers to leave on schedule time.

Several of the pilgrims sought shelter in private homes, and either the hosts overslept or the alarm clocks failed to do their duty. As a result "Bugler" Wend had blown the fourth time this morning before the last pilgrim had filed in.

Only one of the Baltimore hikers remain—that is Albert Cesky, the Polytechnic lad.

The hikers are expected to reach Hyattsville tonight and, according to Mrs. Olive Schultz, the official scout, they are to be "royally entertained" in that town. Mrs. Schultz adds, however, that the marching suffragists will not devote the evening to social diversion but will retire early in order to appear in Washington tomorrow fresh and ready for the speaking program that has been planned.