

WITCH HAZEL TO BE SUFFRAGIST FLAG'S SYMBOL

With Blistered Feet, Eight
Loyal Hikers Are On Way
To Philadelphia Today.

JERSEYITES RESENT ATTACK ON WILSON

English Suffragette Gives Vent To
Violent Tirade Against
President-Elect.

By EMILIE A. BOETSCH

Beverly, N. J., Feb. 16.--All is not quiet along the Delaware today. With bugles blowing, banners fluttering and crowds cheering, the suffering suffrage army is moving toward Camden, and by nightfall it expects to cross the Delaware into Philadelphia.

The suffragists were not so anxious to cross the old Delaware any sooner anyhow. Some wanted to go to church at Burlington, where last night was spent. Others wanted to nurse their blisters or apply witch hazel to their ankles. But little "General" Rosalie Jones was firm. To the delegation that went to her at breakfast she said:

"A large band of suffragists is waiting to meet us at Camden, and we dare not disappoint them."

To Adopt Witch Hazel Flag.

An all-pervading odor of various brands of liniments fills the two principal hotels at Burlington, where the crusaders rested last night for their long march into Philadelphia today. Some of the pilgrims barely waited to get their dinners before they went to their rooms and had their badly-blistered feet swathed in bandages, reeking with vile-smelling, but soothing pain annihilators.

One of the limping feminine Westons remarked, with a wry face, that, now that the flag which Percy Passmore intended nailing to the staff of the Capitol at Washington had been discredited, and shipped back to New York, whence its mysterious bearer came, she was much in favor of a banner showing a witch-hazel bottle rampant on a field of black and blue.

Only eight of the original 17 marchers remain with the army. They stoutly assert that there will be no other desertions before Washington is reached.

Eight Plucky Ones.

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The eight who have not yet succumbed to the rigors of the march are General Jones, Colonel Ada Craft, Corporal Martha Klatschken, Mrs. John Boldt, Mrs. George Wend, Miss Phoebe Hawn, Miss Minerva Crowell and Miss Elizabeth Aldrich.

Mrs. Mary Baird, who fainted on the march from Metuchen to Princeton, has grittily refused to return to her home in New York, and is riding in the scout automobile with Mrs. Olive Schultz.

Miss Elizabeth Freeman, time-server for the cause in English and American prisons, much of the time is in the yellow "gospel wagon" that precedes the cavalcade, in order that her energies may be husbanded for the many speeches she is called upon to make.

The Mayor of Burlington was the first executive of a town officially to welcome the hikers. Not only did he send a welcoming letter, signed "E. Ellsworth Mountt" and accompanied by the key of the city, but he personally reviewed the troops as they limped past his veterinary shop, and an affecting scene took place on his doorstep when he and "General" Jones exchanged civilities, while the populace yelled itself hoarse.

"Of course, you are a suffragist," the "General" beamed with happy assurance.

The Mayor did not reply. He cleared his throat. Then he anxiously scrutinized the faces of the trusty buglers. He must have been satisfied with

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what he read there, for just as the silence was becoming ominous he announced impressively that he was "in favor of votes for women." The Mayor is a veterinarian. "Lausanne," the army mare, is rapidly approaching disintegration.

Consternation and panic seized the army when the baggage wagon was unloaded at Burlington. While the husky baggagemaster, Edward von Wyke, was carrying suit cases from the wagon to the curb the lock of one snapped. Out came nighties, goloshes, tooth powder, woolen stockings, pomade puffs and—other things.

Each suffragette apparently thought the suitcase was her own, and for awhile the scene resembled a Yale-Princeton scrimmage. The crowd laughed and cheered in heartless glee, and finally only one small suffragette was left with the frilly things all around her. But she was game.

"I don't care if you did see them," she declared, unblushingly. Then she grabbed as many as she could carry and rushed into the hotel.

Failed To Make Convert.

When a group of adults at the side of the road refused to listen to the suffrage arguments of "Gen." Jones she turned to a little girl of 10, who afterward said her name was Grace Herbert and who looked sympathetically on the ignored commander.

"Are you a suffragist, little girl?" she asked.

The child did not understand.

"I mean this," explained the "General". "What are you going to be when you grow up?"

The child's face brightened.

"Oh," she said, "I am going to be a washwoman like my mother. She makes lots and lots of money."

A virulent attack upon President-elect Wilson by Miss Freeman in her last evening speech aroused the only serious signs of antagonism that was manifested against the suffrage band. The Jerseyites did not take kindly to Miss Freeman's tirade and were not slow in showing their displeasure.

Because the President-elect, following his policy of silence in respect to some of the intended details of his Administration, has refused to commit himself definitely on the woman suffrage question, the speaker attempted to tell the crowd within earshot that he was without information on the subject, and at this point the resentment of the crowd became evident.

Miss Freeman figured in a daring hold-up this morning. As the suffrage nag, flying the suffrage colors, approached a curve in the road, it was met by another, which shied at the yellow suffrage flag. In a trice Miss Freeman seized the panic-stricken animal by the bridle and finally succeeded in quieting him. Before parting the two horses rubbed noses.

"But what did you say to him?" Miss Freeman was asked.

"Votes for women, of course," was the impatient reply.

During the tedious tramp the army stopped in front of the home of Mrs. Harry Ziley, a Quakeress.

"Are you a suffragette?" asked "General" Jones.

"Am I?" demanded Mrs. Ziley.

Way, dear child, don't you know every member of my sect is. It's one of the first tenets of our religion that men and women are equal and should be in everything."

"General" Jones, slightly abashed, said she was glad to hear it, and hurried on.

Roy Trolton of New York and Mrs. Edward Ries, the richest and prettiest woman in Trenton, joined the army today. Both insist they will march to the end.

At Philadelphia the army will be met by Miss Mary Winsor, president of the Limited Woman's Suffrage League; Miss Caroline Katzinstein and about 50 other suffragettes. They will be entertained at tea by Mrs. Alfred Lowry of Camden.

If the army reaches Philadelphia tonight, it will move toward Chester at 9 o'clock tomorrow morning.