



Hundreds of Women To Meet Army Here; Many Will Join March

Hikers Leave Burlington Shortly After 9 o'Clock; Fine Weather Makes Marching Easy

Keep Up Marchers' Spirits

...going a mile or so ahead of the procession, with a walk that is the real poetry of motion. "I'm not tired in the least," she says in genuine New York accents. "We need to play golf, you know, and this doesn't tire me at all." "She always says that," remarked the Craft.

"She's always ahead," remarked Miss Freeman. In a tone that left no room for further question or comment. "Funny things happen by the way—"

A small man sidled up to where Mrs. Phoebe Hawn and a few others were walking. He carried a camera and a notebook, and was promptly taken by another of the overgrowing horde of newspaper men. He began to ask questions. Had he taken a picture of the yellow wagon? He had. Did he know that that wagon went 1325 miles last summer through Ohio? He did not, but 1325 quickly went down in his note book. Yes, and it had come 283 miles through Long Island in the summer. That fact went down with the others. It would do 317 more miles before it came to Washington, he was further informed. All information that he was into the note book.

Then followed the question, Who was he? "I am a collector," he said; "sometimes I collect beetles, sometimes other things. I'm collecting suffrage statistics. Thank you, ma'am." And the little gentleman took his departure, leaving some disconcerted and amused women.

Camden Gave Welcome

"There will not be a shred of vanity left in any of us when we arrive in Washington," said General Jones, as they passed a particularly personal group of people standing at the bridge. "We know all our shortcomings, our defects and facial blemishes. We know that we can't carry powder, because the yellow cart is too small, and that our noses are red from the wind. But we are quite used to it." And she smiled a small boy into silence, who was just getting ready to make a real witty remark.

Everybody in Camden was out to welcome them. "They are walking right through the pages of history," remarked a man as he listened to their after cheer echo back and forth on either side of the street, and watched the little Cooper street, and watched the little band of women, whom some have called "fools" and others "heroines" file into Mrs. L.'s hospitable hall.

"Hike" a Success

"It's not the advertising we're getting," said Rosalie Jones, as they crossed the ferry to this city. "It's not the fact that we are showing a woman's endurance by taking a journey a man would balk at. It doesn't matter whether this trip actually accomplishes anything or not. It has awakened many a woman and man back there in that state to realize that suffrage was not something you read about, but something that goes walking past your own door. Why, we've blazed a yellow trail of enlightenment through that state as bright as sunlight itself."

"We are the first army to travel to our national capital and ask for the law we want, but we won't be the last. We're doing this to show we are in earnest, and that we really feel the cause we are supporting."

The rest was lost. The ferry-boat, unmindful of the eloquence of suffrage orators, was busy interrupted by getting into the dock.

"Goodness, girls, I'm hungry," said the general, as she climbed down from the boat.

By a Staff Correspondent.

A general, colonel, corporal and five soldiers of the on-to-Washington suffrage army are plodding along the Camden pike half way from Burlington, N. J., footsore, bent and weary. They are the survivors of the gallant little army of seventeen hiking pilgrims. They will come into Philadelphia late this afternoon, accidents and earthquakes barred, with their voter-women standards proudly flaunted in the breeze.

"Philadelphia or bust" is the tune to which they are staggering along to their determined march to Camden, and from the manner in which aches and pains, blistered feet, chapped lips, creaking muscles and general disregard to the hardships of the road are made light of, it will be Philadelphia this afternoon. The bust thing is something which will be determined between here and Washington.

This little band of suffragist hikers will receive a royal welcome when they reach Philadelphia. The thousands of women who are fighting for equal franchise are with them in spirit, and hundreds of them will be in

on the Camden side and escort the "martyrs" to headquarters at the Walton Hotel which have been prepared for them.

Army Out Early

General Rosalie Jones and the "army" were astir bright and early this morning in Burlington, N. J., where they had passed the night in a long, blissful sleep. It is true that three or four of the footsore and weary pilgrims had to be hauled forcibly from their beds before they could be awakened, and then there was a tremendous yawning and stretching. The cool, crisp air of the early morning, and the exercise, however, had sharpened appetites and all of the eight made away with a hearty breakfast.

The chief of police of Burlington and the town constables were also awakened early. They had much to do. A great crowd had gathered around the headquarters of the suffragists and hundreds were eager to shake the hands of the women who were so ardently wearing themselves out in the hike to Washington. Being Sunday, there was a lack of the usual busi-

ness pay with which village loafers along the line of march have afflicted the marchers and the populace. In fact, all seemed a trifle sorry for the very weariness of the little army.

General Jones in Lead

General Jones led off the procession at 9:20 o'clock, after a brief speech, in which she again announced her determination to reach Philadelphia this afternoon. After the general came Colonel Ada Craft, Corporal Martha Glatschken, Mrs. John Bolt, Mrs. George Weind, Miss Phoebe Hawn, Miss Minerva Crowell and Miss Elizabeth Aldrich. The yellow gospel-wagon preceded the cavalcade, and from it literature announcing the purposes of the cause was distributed.

Many of the residents of Burlington accompanied the hikers for a few miles, gradually dropping out of the line of march. The weather was so much better than it had been for the past few days that many of the discomforts were avoided, although there were a number of mudholes which had to be crossed, drawing sighs of weariness from the general and his followers. The route was along the Camden pike, and this made travel

more

Letter to Philadelphians

The following message from General Jones to the Philadelphia Suffrage Association caused scores to plan joining the march from this city.

"Ye Philadelphia suffragists: "We pilgrims humbly beg that ye, Philadelphia sisters, who we hear are planning to meet us, join the suffrage army tomorrow afternoon any time after 2 o'clock on the road from Burlington to Camden, and show us into the city of Brotherly Love."

Following this plea preparations were immediately made to comply and there was a great stir as local suffragists began to overhaul heavy shoes, short marching skirts and their stock of determination. Many of them will meet the hikers a few miles outside of Camden and walk in with them, while hundreds of others will meet them at the Market street ferry. That is where the first big demonstration is expected.