

# ON-TO-WASHINGTON ARMY IN HALT ON WAY AND ITS INTREPID COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.



The SUFFRAGETTES IN BROAD ST. NEWARK.

## FEET AND FROST MAR. OPENING DAY OF SUFFRAGE HIKE

Members of Little Army Bound  
for Washington Stumble Often  
on Frozen Jersey Roads  
After Dark.

CHILLED WHEN THEY HALT  
FOR NIGHT AT METUCHEN.

That's 18 Miles from Starting  
Point—Horses Scared, but  
Men Applaud Paraders.

(Special from a World Staff Correspondent.)  
METUCHEN, N. J., Feb. 12.—Footsore  
and petulant, half frozen and ready to  
scrap at the drop of the hat, Gen. Rosalie  
Jones's army of hikers to Washington  
straggled into this village late to-  
night after an eighteen-mile walk that  
had tried the tender feet of some re-  
cruits almost to the point of giving  
out.



GENERAL  
ROSALIE  
JONES

They had started from the Hudson  
Terminal on Fulton street, Manhattan,  
at 9 o'clock in the morning, with merry  
laughter and blaring of bugles; they  
picked their way into this village over  
rough, frozen roads in intense dark-  
ness. It was a day of wild enthusiasm  
and laughable incidents, but it ended  
almost in defeat because of icy roads  
and darkness that caused the marchers  
to stumble often into gutters and thick-  
ets.

Just before the start a difference of  
opinion arose between Gen. Rosalie and  
Col. Ida Craft of Brooklyn. Miss Jones  
decided to take the McAdoo tube train  
to Newark and start the real walking  
from there.

"But that will make ten or fourteen  
miles we don't actually walk," protested  
Col. Craft.

"We'll walk more than enough to make  
it up before we get to Washington, my  
dear," said Gen. Rosalie, with a sweet  
smile.

### How She Walked It.

"Well, I walk all the way to Newark,"  
announced Col. Ida just as the train  
started with the party.

"How?" demanded Gen. Rosalie.

"Watch me!" retorted intrepid Col.  
Ida, starting to walk through the train.  
She had walked its length three times  
before it shot out upon the Jersey mead-  
ows. Then it suddenly occurred to her  
that because of the speed of the train  
she must cover twenty feet with every  
step. That didn't seem hardly fair, and  
she sat down to figure it out. Before she  
could solve the puzzle the train was in  
Newark.

"Anyway, twenty is a very unladylike  
stride, even for a suffragist," she said.

At the Newark terminal a curious  
crowd stretched across the street into  
Military Park. One hundred Newark  
suffragists and seventy-five from the  
Oranges and Elizabeth were there. Col.  
Craft stood up in the bitter wind to  
make a speech from an automobile.  
While she spoke her ears slowly turned  
white.

Little Dr. Dock, Surgeon-General, no-  
ticed that and got up beside her and  
whispered: "Colonel, your ears are freez-  
ing. Let me speak."

But Col. Craft insisted on finishing her  
speech. When she did return to earth  
"Doc" Dock rubbed her ears red again  
and then got up to speak.

### Show Vote Seekers Can Cook.

As the long line of yellow banners  
and cheering women moved down the  
street, fully two hundred strong, all  
Newark seemed to be on the streets.

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