

# PUBLIC GREETING IS BALM TO "HIKERS" ON ENTRY TO CAPITAL

## Some Picturesque Features of the Hikers' Entry Into Washington Today

Warmth of Cheers Makes Up for Vexations Met in Weary March Through Hostile Small Towns and Over Rough Roads of Atlantic Coast—Gala Scene on Avenue.

### MISS GENEVIEVE CLARK PRAISES PLUCK AND SPIRIT OF THE PILGRIMS

By MISS GENEVIEVE CHAMP CLARK,  
Daughter of the Speaker of the National House of Representatives.

Amid the plaudits of the populace and what seemed to be the entire population of the District of Columbia, the pilgrim army under the command of Gen. Rosalie Jones, made a triumphant entry into the Capital.

It was much like a snowball which, rolling down hill, gathered volume, that great crowd which "hiked" in from the District line and formed a bodyguard for the pilgrims. Every description of person was there. Old men and women, supported by others, babies in carts, and even dogs, caught the enthusiasm and joined the throng. To say nothing of exuberant youth who came to hoot and remained to pray. I was surprised to learn that even Champ Clark

participated in the procession but in the form of a Missouri mule drawing a coal wagon suggesting an addition of fuel to the suffrage cause.

It rather startled me to hear in the sonorous tones of the colored driver, the words, "Get up here, Champ," and I stopped long enough to find out that the mule was my father's namesake and bore his whole name.

#### Met By Mounted Escort.

The army was met by a riding escort from the headquarters here, two of the heralds dressed in snow white leading them in. General Jones was at the head of the army, carrying her pilgrim staff and a large bouquet of roses presented by admirers and friends. She was in fine fettle, as were the entire force buoyed by the gracious reception given them.

The army was in dress uniform, wearing their brown capes and hoods with their knapsacks on their backs and their walking staves. Never in all my experience have I seen such a good natured crowd as turned out to welcome the weary pilgrims. It struck me forcibly as I came along that every human being that I saw was smiling.

It was not a smile of derision but rather of approbation and, whether they came to applaud or not, the majority of them were not there to hoot. One sympathizer in his enthusiasm, jerked off his hat and making an elaborate bow to me said: "God bless you, Madam, I wish you were a woman."

**General Triumphant.**  
By the time we had reached the Treasury the streets were well nigh impassable. When "General" Jones stood in a machine to greet the crowd she looked over a perfect sea of humanity. Her face was flushed with triumph of a purpose accomplished.

That suffrage has captivated the fancy of Washington society seems assured, for I recognized in the crowd the wives of Congressmen, Senators, and Cabinet members who turned their automobiles to join in the big procession.

Even the Democratic donkey was there in full glory. If he is not to appear in the inaugural procession he had his innings today, the women gave him due recognition. When the army reached the National Training School for Foy's, the youthful cadet band came out in full uniform to cheer they army on its way by playing "Everybody's Doing It," which seemed the truth as far as "hiking" was concerned at that moment.

**Cheered Capitol Dome.**  
When the dome of the Capitol loomed in sight from far off on the Bladensburg pike, the pilgrims expressed their delight by giving three cheers and even more.

"Three cheers for the beginning of the end," they shouted. It must have

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seemed to them after their weary tramp of weeks like a welcome harbor to a mariner.

From a hut by the roadside a bent little old lady tottered out as fast as she could, and, grabbing Rosalie Jones, kissed the general's hand while she wept tears of joy.

"I have waited long for this day to come," said the quivering old voice; "the day of womankind is at hand." "General" Jones patted her kindly on the hand and presented her with one of her personal badges which had shared the long "hike."

I was very much surprised and flattered, although somewhat amazed, when an old lady came up to me and said she could recognize me as "Colonel" Craft from my photographs. Powder puffs and mirrors were in great demand, showing all femininity had not been wiped away by a desire to vote, as so many antis claim. A friend with me possessed a powder puff, and I a two-inch mirror, and our popularity was assured.

It reminded me of a scene I once saw in a moving picture when Harriet Quimby, the intrepid aviatrix, was about to make her record flight over the English channel. The car was all ready to start, she shook hands with her friends and got into the machine. Suddenly she remembered something and, turning back to a friend, got her to loan her mirror and powder puff, while she powdered her face.

These incidents prove that the women that achieve in any line are essentially womanly women. In this age it has been made imperative that some women must get out and accomplish things. They have not failed to accomplish them and in many notable instances have remained the same splendid women they would have been had not they left the sheltered fireside.

**Impressed By Earnestness.**  
The chief thing which my two days' experience with the suffrage army has impressed upon me is the earnestness and sincerity of these women who have suffered so much for a cause in which they believed.

They have conclusively proven that they are women of purpose and of courage, and I predict for them success. The English suffragist martyr has nothing on her American sister when it comes to capacity for suffering in a good and righteous cause, or when it comes to downright nerve. Pluck, perseverance, and a convincing power



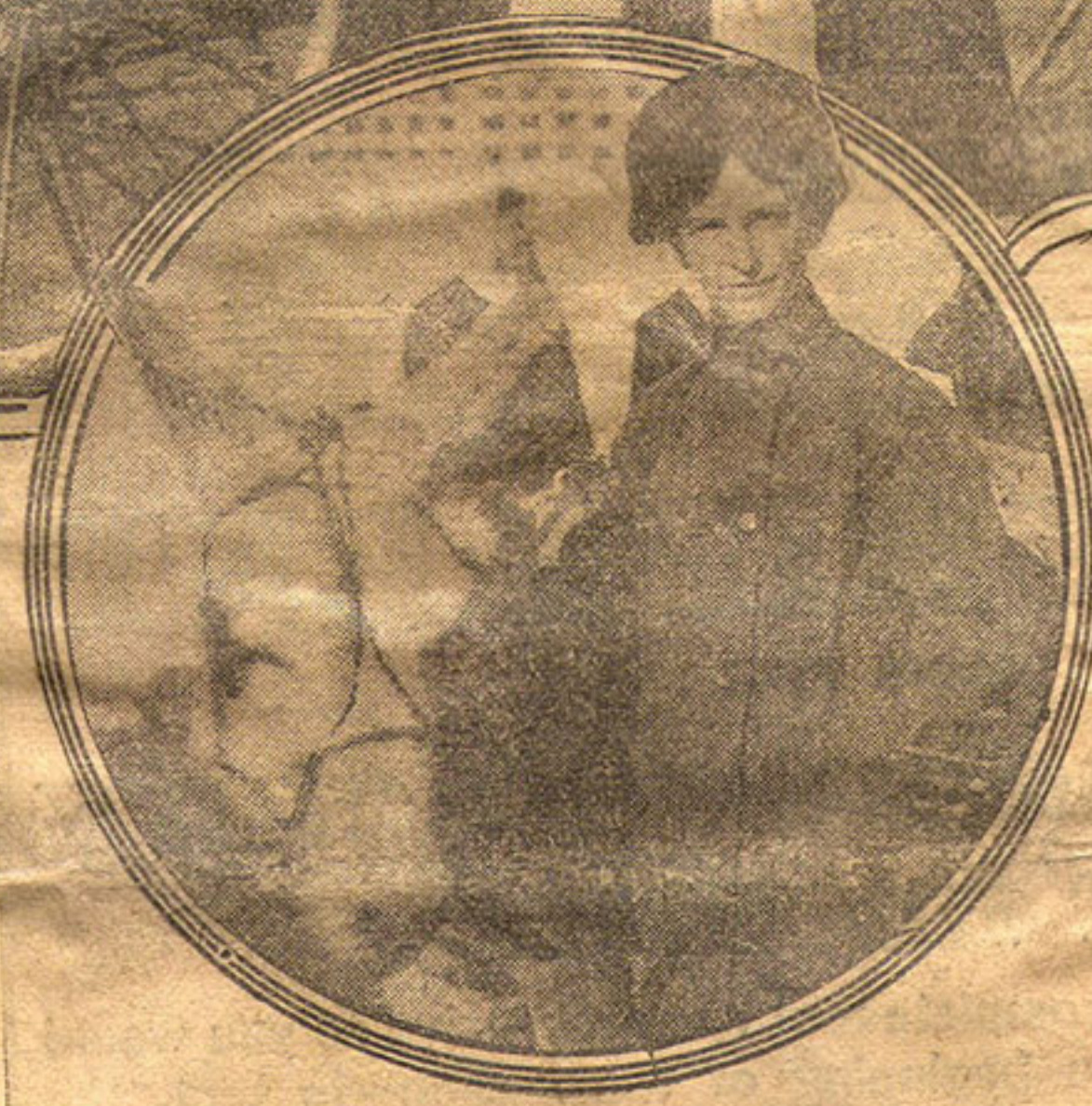
—Photos by G. N. Buc  
"COL." IDA CRAFT.

army that ever went to battle for Lord. In after years when suffrage is established fact in every State of United States, and I hope every civilized country of the world, these scenes in the cause of votes for women will be a tradition in the annals of equal suffrage. The scene is more heroic than we of the present day imagine. Not in brave array they march with drums beating and colors flying, as men are wont to do when go forth to war, but struggling in the weakness of the physical world buoyed by the greatness of their cause they came, a picturesque, tear-compelling spectacle, one that made me ashamed of my comfortable seat in the big touring car, especially when I saw the army women of years and locks marching valiantly along with the younger women.

#### Are Womenly Women.

Men have for time immemorial the argument against any efficient of womankind that they never can get their personal appearance in line with their undertaking. This argument was riddled to pieces today when attractive women, accustomed to comfort and luxury in their own homes, marched along, not caring whether their hair was in proper shape or even their noses were red with the cold rain. Women are in earnest when can forget these things, and hikers are womanly women, sympathetic and tender, quick to tears and April in smiles.

When we came upon the pilgrim found them excitedly talking over an incident that occurred just outside Maryland Agricultural College. Students of that institution are themselves of the opportunity to do their bad manners by hooting and insulting and in many ways insulting earnest, weary pilgrims. I feel that the officials of that institution they could discover the students participated in this hooliganism, heap heavy punishment and reprimand upon them. It is a disgrace to a manhood that young men, training school for future usefulness should lower themselves beneath standard of street urchins who respectfully by to let the army pass. Well, we found the good general and she is the dearest, sweetest mander that ever led a fem army, or any other for that matter. She deserves much credit for her patriotism and diligence and intrepidity of spirit. Yesterday, in spite of many obstacles of cold, bad lodgings and sickness among her women, she was cheerful and ready with a merry



At Top—MISS ELIZABETH FREEMAN, in Charge of Commissary Wagon.  
At Bottom—MRS. MARGARET GERST and "JERRY" the Donkey.

stubborn-hearted. If ever women have suffered for the sake of their convictions I think it is this little band of pilgrims who today reached the Mecca of their hopes and with flying banners and happy hearts entered the National Capital. The outside world will in all probability never know what they have endured because they have suffered in silence.

Before I came upon those heroic women on the outskirts of Hyattsville yesterday, plunging along knee-deep in mud and in a heavy rain, I had regarded the hike as a sort of lark. Honest confession is good for the soul, and I felt ashamed of myself for the thought as soon as I looked into their earnest, lovely faces, aglow with enthusiasm and high resolve. After that I saw it was a very serious thing and could not but regard these women as martyrs.

It seems easy to talk suffrage in parlor meetings, and even on street corners if one has talent in that direction, but to get out in the mud and rain from New York to Washington in winter, through heavy rains, snow, and freezing weather, to say nothing of the jeers of college students

martyrs and a physical courage of a high type. Somehow, I am afraid I lack the quality of nerve that would enable me to hike that distance, even did my school duties and my parents permit. However, I am impressed by those who have been able to do it, and I hope no one will ever again say it is foolish. Many demonstrations of truth appear foolish until you know the underlying motives and the deep lessons that they teach.

No woman ever got out in the rain, the mud, and the snow, did without physical comforts and racked her body and nerves by a terrific strain of a month's hike for a foolish motive. These pilgrims have hiked because they felt that every foot of the land over which they have passed will be a mute witness of their belief in the cause under whose banner they have been marching.

We first overtook the little army midway between Hyattsville and Bladensburg. The curious lined the roadside intent on discovering the notables in the party. On all sides came the cry, "Where's the general," and I myself kept a weather eye out for the famous