

A FEW OF FORD'S FELLOW VOYAGERS AND THE PEACE SHIP'S SQUIRREL MASCOT.



FORD ARK SAILS, BLESSED BY BRYAN

Continued from page 1

Lechner, who ushered Mr. Ford into the councils of the International Peace Society on the occasion of the now famous pacifist's visit to the San Francisco Exposition and who is consequently in high standing with the genius of the Jitney, saved the tangled situation by abolishing the bureau.

That left Mr. Ford free to do as he pleased. He started by abolishing all the restrictions which had been arranged by the cautious press agents. His orders were that all who wished to visit and inspect the ship should be permitted to do so. Just about the time the early birds of the crowd of stay-behinds got this pleasant news Chief Hayes of the Hoboken police decided to send for the reserves. He needed them, it developed.

The Oscar II probably never accommodated such a throng as that which poured in a ceaseless uphill flow along her gangways. Within a half hour after the bars were lifted she was as densely packed with humanity as a rush-hour subway train.

Sightseers Storm Ship. Chief Hayes attempted to solve the problem of keeping the crowd in motion by organizing a dozen of his men into a special marine traffic squad. But the result, nevertheless, was confusion so complete that the routine of the last day in port was blocked. No police prying the gangways with sightseers that baggage could not be taken aboard. As express wagons in an endless stream clattered on to the pier and deposited their loads great piles of trunks and valises sprang up.

Ford's arrival early in the afternoon brought another problem—how to get his aboard ship. A squad of policemen, selected for brawn and agility, managed to open a space in the crowd and cram the host of the occasion into one of the time he reached the deck and the "traffic" men, taking him in hand, fought the way to his cabin.

It was not until a half hour later that the ship was ready to start. With the cheering he climbed on to the Oscar II. Most pacifist of all the pacifists, he was pleased to note the white stuffed dove which was suspended over the ceremony. Ford rather pushed and dragged—to the Ford stateroom, where the door opened for him and closed quickly behind him.

The two had not been closeted long when a boy, carrying a cage covering with cloth so that a glimpse might be had of what was inside, appeared at the dock. Mascot Squirrel a Late Gift. "Gangway!" he yelled. "Package for Mr. Ford! Gangway!"

With the assistance of the police, the boy and his burden got to the foot of the gangway. There the magic cry again opened a path. On board several of Mr. Ford's under secretaries tried unsuccessfully to get the boy to deliver his package through them. He appeared to be a bit slow-witted.

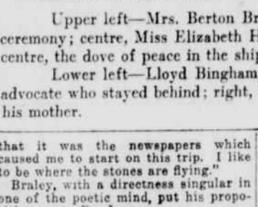
"None," he repeated, stubbornly. "Can't give it up. I was told not to let anybody have it but Mr. Ford or Mr. Bryan."

The boy's stubbornness won out. Finally some one ventured to knock at the door of the cabin in which the two eminent pacifists were talking. The door was opened and the cage for the sub-secretary who took it convinced himself it was indeed what it looked like—was passed in.

A few seconds later it was passed out again, with the cloth covering ripped off. Inside, munching contentedly at a nut, was a squirrel. The significance of the gift seemed lost upon Mr. Ford and Mr. Bryan. The former directed that the squirrel be fed and listed on the log as official mascot of the expedition.

Upper left—Mrs. Berton Braley, married as the ship sailed, and the Rev. Dr. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, of Chicago, who performed the ceremony; centre, Miss Elizabeth Hall, of Barnard College, and the squirrel mascot; right, State Senator Helen Ring Robinson, of Colorado; and the dove of peace in the ship's music room.

Lower left—Lloyd Bingham, husband of Amelia Bingham, who acted as clown and ringmaster of the departure; centre, the peace advocate who stayed behind; right, the youngest member of the peace argonauts, seven-months-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Niles Weithaff, and his mother.



It was the newspapers which caused me to start on this trip. I like to be where the stones are flying. Braley, with a directness singular in one of the poetic mind, put his proposition up to Dr. Jones. "I shall be glad to accommodate you," said the pastor, who proceeded forthwith to the main cabin saloon, where the bride and several dozen of her friends were waiting.

Whereupon Mr. Braley kissed the bride. So did everybody else in the vicinity, mostly, but Mr. Bryan, who seemed at a loss just how to handle the situation.

And then some one made a terrible discovery. The woman Mr. Braley had embraced so warmly and kissed so generously was not his wife, after all. They had forgotten that the Oscar II's dock was in Hoboken, that Hoboken is in New Jersey and that New Jersey was quite another state than New York, where the license had been issued.

"Never mind, dear," said the disappointed poet, "just as soon as we get back to the harbor where the water belongs to New York we'll have it all done over again."

Out on deck, while the wedding that didn't wed was in progress, an unofficial master of ceremonies had just taken charge of the entertainment end of the expedition. He was Lloyd Bingham, husband of Amelia Bingham, who acted as clown and ringmaster of the departure.

Mr. Bingham, seeing that there didn't seem to be any system, undertook to straighten things out. He found a place on the upper deck which could be seen and from which one could be heard by most of the crowd. On the deck, after Mr. Bingham had occupied the centre of the stage for a quarter hour.

FORD INHERITED HATRED OF WAR; BORN, 1863, TO SOUND OF FIFE AND DRUM

Henry Ford's hatred of war was his before his birth. This is the explanation of his love of peace as given in a sketch of his life in "The Romance of the Automobile Industry," by James R. Doolittle. Mr. Ford was born on his father's farm, a few miles from Detroit, July 30, 1863. His mother by this time had learned that all her male relatives had either been killed or maimed by Confederate bullets. Just before her son Henry was born she grew to loathe war.

In his book Mr. Doolittle, who is a friend of the automobile manufacturer, says: "A great storm of criticism and protest has been raised concerning the attitude of Henry Ford toward the war."

"Opinions may differ according to the partisanship of those who hold them, but the stern position assumed by Mr. Ford is perfectly clear and logical from his point of view. Hatred of war came to him prenaturally, for he was born to the sound of fife and drum.

"His mother listened to the tramp of armed hosts and heard the dismal music of funeral bands, the wailing bugle call of taps over the graves of fallen warriors, and saw an endless line of maimed men come back from the battlefield. She gave to her son an inherited aversion to war which is as deeply ingrained in his being as it is possible for anything to be. There is nothing in this attitude to show that he fears war—he simply loathes it."

lected a pair of the promenaders and pulled them to the rail. "Ladies and gentlemen!" yelled Bingham. "Your attention, please. I wish to introduce to you Judge Ben Lindsey of Denver, and Mrs. Lindsey. I like Mrs. Lindsey best myself, but let's have three cheers for the judge. All ready! Hooray!"

"Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!" responded the crowd, which had been growing restless as it waited vainly for something to happen.

Mr. Bingham, whose voice has magnificent carrying power, continued to banter the crowd, introduce celebrities and demand cheers at intervals for this and that. When he ran out of celebrities he found other things to talk about, one of which entailed the revelation of his identity.

"Who are you?" yelled some one on the dock, after Mr. Bingham had occupied the centre of the stage for a quarter hour.

"I'm Mr. Amelia Bingham!" he yelled back. "How does that suit you?" "Mercy!" ejaculated a woman in the crowd, so loudly that she was heard by many of those on the steamship. "That man would be all right as a passenger, but he'd be a bore as a husband!"

When Ford came on deck Bingham drew him to the rail, demanded three

PEACE ADVOCATES FLOCK TO FORD SHIP

Ferry Passengers See All Varieties on Way to Hoboken.

Ferry passengers between New York and Hoboken saw at least fifty-seven varieties of peace advocates yesterday. Those who were not so fortunate as to travel as the guests of Henry Ford went to the Hoboken pier to see the others and air their pet theories.

One elderly man related at length to two young women in a ferryboat cabin—and to every one else in earshot—arguments which proved that universal peace could be secured only by a universal penny postal system. He entreated them to make a sky blue flag, with a postman in the centre and stars representing the nations of the world about the edges, as a fitting emblem for the most of the Oscar II.

Two little boys opposite grinned deviously. One even put his thumb to his nose and wagged his fingers in classic if disrespectful fashion. A laborer of decidedly Teutonic aspect seemed about to enter into the discussion in what promised to be no peaceful way when the boat reached the Jersey pier.

"Will they ever get through this Fording?" said a smartly dressed woman and got them. Ford smiled, bowed and tipped his hat. He remained at the rail for more than a half hour while the last of the baggage was brought aboard, amusing himself by throwing roses to his wife and Edision, who stood below him at the edge of the pier.

Ford seemed more like a schoolboy out for a lark than the leader of an expedition dedicated to the cause of world peace. The fact that his fellow officials of the Ford Motor Company have energetically opposed the peace ship plan, that Washington has refused to take cognizance of it and that the project had been attacked on every hand as insane did not seem to bother him.

Seven men and two women who had accepted invitations to join the expedition arrived after the gangway had been drawn in and were left behind. One of them was Frederick Bruce Davis, a Yale student, who had come all the way from San Francisco and made a special side trip from New York to Washington to get his passport.

But the men in the water wasn't looking for lifesavers. He threw the rope off and continued to swim in the wake of the peace ship. Those aboard the tug felt differently about it, and they manoeuvred until the peace ship was in the reach of a boathook.

When it stay-at-home "delegate" was put back on the pier policemen called an ambulance. In the meantime reporters tried to find out who he was.

By an accident of birth my name is Zero," he said. "And don't think I was trying to reach that ship. I was swimming to reach public opinion. War must cease."

Later at St. Mary's Hospital "Zero" said he was Urdian J. Ledoux, of Biddeford, Me., a "student, psychologist and journalist." Despite his protests he was booked by the police on a charge of attempting suicide.

FORD IDEA RIGHT, SAYS LLEWELLYN

Yale Man Who Fought in German Trenches Says Nations Are Tired of War.

(By Telegram to The Tribune.) New Haven, Dec. 4.—How will the men in the trenches look at Henry Ford's peace effort, Karl Llewellyn, the Yale man who fought with the Germans eight months and returned to New Haven to receive his diploma last June with his classmates of 1915, was asked to-day. He answered:

"Ford's idea is basically and fundamentally right. The men in the trenches are tired of war and the people of the warring nations are tired of it."

"By that I do not mean that the soldier and the citizen are sick of it. They are not unwilling to carry the thing through, but if they see a chance for a peace that looks reasonable they would be heartily glad to have that peace."

"The objection I see to the expedition is that it seems premature for any outsider to try to bring about peace before the government of any one of the warring countries has made public the terms on which it will consider peace."

Mr. Llewellyn wonders whether proposals coming from an American are likely to be considered favorably, since Germany regards this country as unfriendly and the Allies regard us as weak-kneed. He believes all the warring nations will outline their peace terms within a few months.

"I do not believe Germany can be beaten. The war will either result in a German victory or in a deadlock. When Germany has taken Suez I think we shall be near peace, whether we have any peace expeditions from America or not."

Mr. Llewellyn entered the war as a German private, and was made a sergeant. He has just joined the faculty of the University School here.

VASSAR GIRL SAILS ON ARK Bishop's Daughter Feared She Might Miss Peace Jaunt.

No more enthusiastic peace pilgrim sailed on the Oscar II yesterday than Miss Katrina Brewster, of Vassar. She is the daughter of Bishop Benjamin Brewster, of Colorado, and a niece of Bishop Chauncey Brewster, of Connecticut.

"I can't believe I'm here! I can't believe I'm here!" said Miss Brewster excitedly as she examined her state-room, which she occupies with Miss Elinor Ryan, from the Ohio State University. "I received an invitation from Mr. Ford just Wednesday, and I was sure I couldn't get my passport or that something else would happen."

Miss Ryan said that Ohio State had turned out to see her off and was waiting anxiously to see whether she would be the result of the expedition.

MOTHER WON'T LET DR. PEASE GO

Besides, He Discovered That Peace Trip Invitation Was a Joke.

"ALWAYS TORMENT ME," HE COMPLAINS

Coffins, 'Phone Calls and Threats Used to Take Joy Out of Smoke Foe's Life.

Lady Nicotine will have the freedom of the seas. Dr. Charles G. Pease, sixty-one years old, didn't sail on the Oscar II. His mother, eighty-three, wouldn't let him.

At an hour when the ark of peace was already on the high seas, Dr. Pease wept last night as he told The Tribune reporter of the little old lady who was sure something dreadful might happen should he sail. He was tormented, too, by the knowledge that after all Henry Ford hadn't invited him. This practical joke, the latest in a series which has extended over many years, was considered by Dr. Pease the most cruel of them all.

"You see, my mother's feelings were hurt," sighed Dr. Pease. "I would have sailed, but the dearest of mothers said to me that she would prefer to have me stay at home."

"Charlie," she said to me, "I cannot bear the thought of your leaving with all those persons. Mind your mother, Charlie, and do not go to Europe."

"The dear old lady will sleep in peace to-night. If it was all a practical joke, though, the joke was not on me. Do you not agree with me, dear sir, that the joke was on those who had to pay for a telegram containing 151 words? But that joke was only one of many. How long, Oh, how long!—will these practical jokes keep on tormenting me?"

Dr. Pease told of some of the practical jokes, of which the latest is the dinner. Morning after morning Dr. Pease is awakened by the ringing of his telephone bell.

"And what, sir, do you think I am awakened for at 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning?" he asked. "I get out of bed, take up the receiver and in indignation have to hang it up again. Somebody has made it a practice to call me up before dawn to apply vile epithets to my character. And what do you think they had to say? 'How long, Oh, how long!—will these practical jokes keep on tormenting me?'"

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