

HAIRPINS FALL ALONG PATH OF HEROES OF 1776

Suffrage Army Following
Washington's Route To
Princeton.

MAN NAMED PERCY THE ONLY DESERTER

One Steed In Expedition Pro-
nounced "Capable But Apa-
thetic" Animal.

By EMILIE A. DOETSCH

New Brunswick, N. J., Feb. 13.—
Being an impartial observer, I sup-
pose I shall have to report it. It oc-
curred at 9 o'clock this morning.

Baggagemaster Wyke was piling
suitcases and other luggage into the
baggage-cart and "General" Jones
had just finished the rollcall. With-
out the slightest word of warning or
even so much as a by-your-leave, one
of the hikers swept down the front
steps of the inn and planted two
perfectly good kisses on the youthful
and blushing cheeks of Bugler Wend.

She was his mother, and is chap-
eroning the youth for the entire trip.

On Washington's Trail.

The army this morning passed over
a section of the historic ground
marched over by Washington when
he and the troops of 1776 spent the
winter at Princeton. But instead of
bloody footprints, hairpins and rub-
ber heels are strewn over the line of
march. Late stragglers have no diffi-
culty in finding the way, and there
were a good many late comers this
morning.

It is now believed that the pro-
prietor of the inn at which the army
encamped last night is an anti. This
morning his rates seemed a little
higher than the hikers had been led
to expect. He met his equal, how-
ever, in Gen. Rosalie Jones, who with
feet planted firmly and looking him
straight in the eye, asserted: "Mil-
lions for suffrage, but not one cent
for tribute." The innkeeper suc-
cumbed.

Percy Deserts Army.

There was only one hiker missing
when the army reached New Bruns-
wick at 11 o'clock today. He was
Percy Passmore. The last seen of
either Percy or his banner was last
night, when he was in the act of din-
ing on a chicken sandwich and a
glass of milk. It is said he spent the
night at the station and took an early
train back to New York.

Percy is from Long Island City. He
carried a large white flag with a blue
square in one corner, with a star for
every State in the Union. This flag
puzzled everyone till he explained
that he had originated it and hoped
the suffragettes would adopt it. The
flag and staff are very heavy. Late
yesterday afternoon the young man
complained of being extremely tired
and doubted his ability to make the
whole trip, so his desertion today was
not unexpected.

Use Eggs For Warmers.

The hikers are finding it pretty cold.
A benevolent old woman came out of
a farmhouse on the line of march
with a basket holding three dozen
hard-boiled eggs.

"It's dreadful cold, girls," she said;
"an' you'll be near friz before night,
and hungry, too. When I was a girl
we always took hot hard-boiled eggs
in our hands on a cold day to keep
warm. Take one in each hand. They
hold the heat. When they get cold,
eat 'em."

W. H. Williamson, a blacksmith,
stood smiling in the door of his shop
as the army swept by.

"I wish I could do something for

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PATH OF HEROES

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you, ladies," he said. "I'll shoe your horse, miss."

Miss Elizabeth Freeman, who rides in the little yellow commissary wagon, smiled. "Lousanne has just been shod," she said, looking proudly over the mare that "General" Jones and her advance agent, "Ed" Van Wyck, spent two days in selecting.

Lausanne Apathetic.

The mare, by the way, is one of the wonders of the whole troop to the country folk. The "General," it is said, paid as much as \$60 for her, and all the suffragists maintain Lausanne is a perfectly good mare, even if she doesn't look like a bag of oats. But a farmer standing outside the blacksmith's shop offered Miss Freeman \$6 for her today. Miss Freeman rode on just as if she hadn't heard the offer.

The unambitious disposition of Lausanne so alarmed General Jones this morning that she called in the services of a local veterinary. The surgeon pronounced the animal "capable but apathetic."

Proselyting En Route.

Rastus Charman waited at the cross roads for the suffrage army to pass. He lives in a little yellow house half-way between Metuchen and New Brunswick. Rastus does not want his wife to vote.

"No, mam, I doan' want her to boss me no more; she sasses too much now," he complained.

Quite near to Metuchen the village smithy stands. The smith, a mighty man is he, by the name of Anderson. He said he was suffering too much now to think of suffrage, but William Hogan, his assistant, spoke up manfully. He had never read about suffrage, but would do so now, and begged for a few tracts.

"I ain't the kind to condemn things I do not know nothing about," William observed sagely.

Though her hair is as white as snow and she is 82 years old, Mrs. George Tait of Metuchen walked for a mile with the hikers this morning. The army was entertained at New Brunswick by the local suffragists. They expect to bivouac tonight at the Princeton Inn, and Baltimore 162 miles away!

Sixteen Still In Ranks.

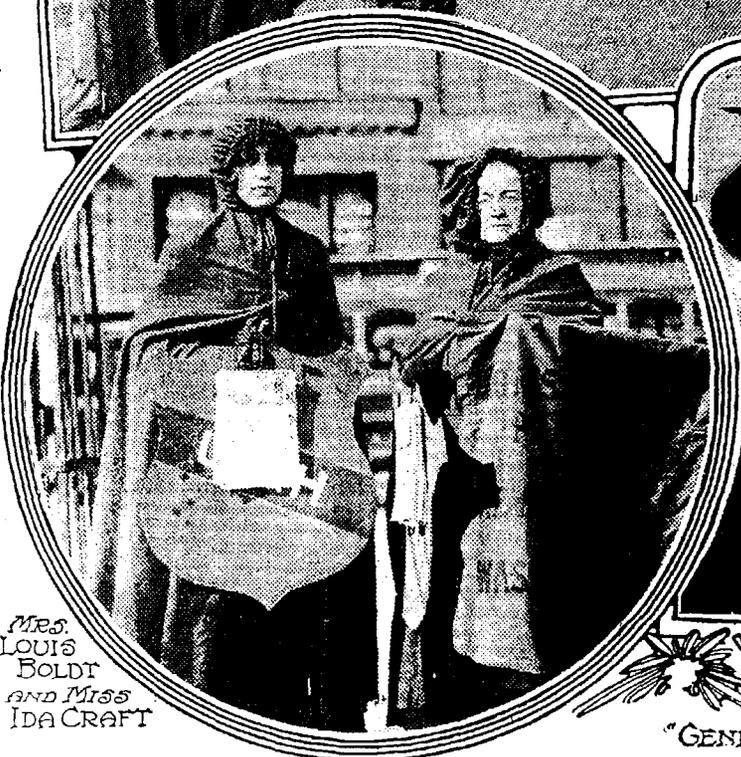
The suffragette army faced a 20-mile tramp against an icy wind to Princeton, where it today began the second lap of its journey to Washington.

Sixteen pilgrims composing the regular army responded when Gen. Resalie G. Jones, commander of the expedition, sounded "forward march" shortly after 9 o'clock this morning. A score of local suffragettes joined the ranks with the intention of marching as far as New Brunswick.

Reports were received just before the start that students from Rutgers College planned to meet the army outside New Brunswick and escort the members into town. The same welcome is promised by Princeton students, who have been invited to hear an address tonight by Miss Elizabeth Freeman, "official orator" of the pilgrimage.

START OF THE "HIKE"

PHOTO. PAUL THOMPSON



Mrs. LOUIS BOLDT and Miss IDA CRAFT



"GENERAL" ROSALIE JONES

The group showing the start of the hike is composed of some of the "valiant 16" and newspaper correspondents. The latter include Miss Emilie Doetsch, who represents The News. She is wearing a robe and hood resembling a cowl.