

SUFFRAGETTE 'HIKERS' TODAY ONE BIG ACHE

Yesterday They Doctored
Blisters; Now It Is
Worse.

ONE IS LIMPING; IT'S LAUSANNE, THE MARE

But Brave Women Will "Do Or
Die," So They Hit The Cor-
duroy Road To Trenton.

Trenton, N. J., Feb. 14 — Alas, poor suffragists! Alas, poor hikers! Last night, one big blister; this morning, one overwhelming, overpowering muscle and spirit paralyzing ache.

Incidentally, if they don't get suffrage this trip—but I promised not to lapse into either poetry or argument—and I won't. The marchers reached here about noon and glad of the prospect of a half day's rest.

Call It Martyrdom.

A hike may be a hike. Or it may be a pilgrimage. According to whether you're a high-brow pilgrim or a low-brow hiker. But it's martyrdom just the same.

Also, a hike waits for no one. It is very much like time and tide in that respect. Your face may be chapped to the roughness of parchment, your feet may refuse to go into your shoes, your heart may grow cold at the thought of 20 miles of endless road. But when 9 A. M. arrives and Bugler Wend gaily bugles the reveille and "General" Jones says, "Forward, March!"—off you go! Yours not to reason why; yours but to do and hike. And may Tennyson forgive the liberty.

Horse Is Only Limper.

The only limper in the army so far is "Lausanne." There may be others who would limp if they dared, but Spartan-like courage forbids. "Lausanne" weighs heavily on the thoughts of "General" Jones and her trusty aide camp and confidential adviser, "Colonel" Craft. In short, "Lausanne" is the army mare, leased for the occasion from a livery stable in Newark, of which she is the sole and only ornament. So the stable is closed while "Lausanne" is abroad on the hike. Whether it will ever open again, or whether "Lausanne" will return to the arms of her owner is at present a matter of conjecture. Some of the hikers fear she will not, but "General" Jones continues optimistic.

Has Sob In His Voice.

Even Ernest S. Stevens, the man-hiker from Philadelphia, now has a sob in his voice. Mr. Stevens is a bachelor. He makes no secret of it, either. When he rashly tore his pilgrim coat on a barbed-wire fence he mentioned the fact, adding plaintively that he had never learned to sew.

A little later a suffragist's glove fell right in the path of the man-hiker. It proved to be that of the "General" and was gallantly returned to her by the finder. What the army is wondering at now—putting two and two together, you know—is has "General" Jones "handed the mitten" to the most eligible bachelor in the army.

The suspicion is strengthened when one remembers that "Colonel" Craft has put the ban on romance. On the Albany hike, she says, one pretty suffragette actually had the temerity to become engaged. Not that the "Colonel" disapproves of love, but, in her opinion, there is a time for lov-

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(Continued From Page 1.)

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Inquire About Baltimore.

Every now and then some one in-
quires about Baltimore and Maryland,
or makes a mean remark about the
roads there. "Colonel" E. S. Lemmon
of New York, who is one of the hikers,
inquired particularly about Maryland,
but was too polite to mention the
roads. He proudly claims Harford
county as his birthplace, and referred
affectionately to the old Eutaw Street
Baptist Church, of which his father
was a former pastor.

The "Colonel" pronounces his name
Lem-mon, with the accent on the
"mon." He scorns to be identified with
plain lemons.

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A Vigorous Search.

"Oh, yes," the "General" admitted.
"I've got it with me. No, I can't tell
you where it is. But it's in a safe
place, all right?" she laughed.

Whereupon ensued a vigorous
search of the little yellow wagon, the
huggage cart and the scout automo-
bile, but in vain.

As to the contents of the document
the "General" is equally noncommittal.
The only information that could be
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"And why not to dear old Taft?" a
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"The suffragists must look forward,
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"But, Taft may become Chief Jus-
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him, he might decide against us if we
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the objector continued to object.

Not To Be Outwitted.

The little "General" was not to be
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decide for us," she declared sturdily:
"If he didn't believe our cause was
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"Corporal" Katschken--they call her
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It's not much of a skirt, it is true,
and the day may not be far distant
when it will vanish altogether.

The little "corporal" wants more
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"It's perfectly ridiculous to go on a
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Got Horse Blankets.

Ed. Van Wyck, the advance agent of the hikers, is gradually recovering from his attack of peevishness he suffered yesterday, and the true story of why he was peevish is just leaking out.

At Metuchen Van Wyck saw that every woman had a bed in the crowded hotel, and then he accepted a sofa in the corridor outside "General" Rosalie's door. Late at night the hotel proprietor took pity on him and threw over him a couple of horse blankets and one of the official banners of the army.

He was warm as toast when about 3 o'clock in the morning "General" Rosalie, who slept with "Col." Ida Craft, woke up and discovered she was cold.

"I'll just look out and see if I can find any more bedclothes," said "Colonel" Craft.

Going to the door in her nightgown, the good "Colonel" saw what she thought was a pile of bedclothes on an unused sofa in the hall. Reaching out, she dragged in the clothes and covered the little "General" snugly.

His Cold Awakening.

Van Wyck is a sound sleeper and didn't wake at once. When he did he crept down to the office in his pajamas and asked for clothes for his sofa. The hotel man found some.

When "General" Jones awoke she found herself comfortable under two horse blankets and a banner reading, "Fanatics, criminals and insane cannot vote. Neither can I. I will awake!"

Not until Van Wyck reached Princeton could he laugh at the joke.

The one big secret of the hike is that the next one will be to Panama. It is to take place in 1915, the year of the exposition, and will include a detour of every suffrage State on the map. This is expected to result in a merry little scramble on the part of non-suffrage States to get votes for women so that they will be able to boast proudly that the suffrage army passed through their midst.

She's A Stage Girl.

Miss Elizabeth Aldrich, the girl who climbed a fence yesterday to convert a scarecrow, is a San Diego girl, and has actually voted. She has been on the stage and made her theatrical debut, an event she remembers with keen pleasure, in Frederick, Md.

Miss Phoebe Hawn, the youngest suffragette in the army, was kidnapped by the college boys of Lawrenceville. As the army approached that place this morning she was taken to the college campus, where she was loudly cheered for about 10 minutes.



MISS MINERVA CROMY HAWN - TWO OFFER

Gen." Rosalie Jones and Bugle in front. Leading all is Flag Bearer. A crowd of boys and autoists are in the background. Photographs are seen Miss Minerva Cromy Hawn and Miss Phoebe Hawn of New York.

threatened to disrupt it. It came about through a hungry hiker inquiring what there would be for dinner.

"Not roast beef, I hope," grimly observed one of the party.

"Good heavens, no!" exclaimed another; "it's been nothing but roast beef and rough roads since we left New York."

"If we have it again, I'll desert," a man-hiker threatened.

"General," we'll desert," the others joined in chorus.

Things were looking pretty bad, when "Colonel" Lemmon came to the rescue. He was born in Harford county, Maryland.

"You'll be all right," said he, "when you cross the Mason and Dixon line; they have Maryland chicken there and oysters. "Lieutenant" Keller smiled and said:

"General" Rosalie will take care of us. Three cheers for "Lieutenant" Keller and Baltimore. Forward march!" And so, by her tact and diplomacy, the "General" added another victory to the score.

SUFFRAGE TALLYHO CARRIES VALENTINES

With a blare of trumpets and waving of "Votes for Women" flags a tallyho drawn by four white horses and filled with suffragists left the Just Government League headquarters, at 817 North Charles street, this morning at 11 o'clock for a journey through the city.

Each occupant of the tallyho was provided with a postman's pack filled with valentines, a valentine appealing for votes for women and announcing the meeting to be held at the Academy of Music Sunday afternoon.

With Mrs. Donald Hooker and Mrs. C. N. Gabriel occupying the front seat and Miss Carola King perched on the top seat with a silver cornet, the drivers cracked their whips and the tallyho moved down Charles street on the way to deliver their first valentine at the Mayor's office.

This honor fell to Mrs. Hooker, taking one of the missives she approached the big door leading to the Mayor's office and gave the valentine to Secretary Lee who stated the Mayor was not in the city at present, but on his return he would place the missive in his hands.

Being satisfied that the trust placed in the secretary would be carried out with more blare of trumpets and waving of flags the tallyho proceeded up Fayette street to the Court House plaza, where the valentines were distributed in wholesale lots and Mrs. Hooker made a speech explaining more fully to the large crowd the suffrage cause.

After the speeches and more valentines had been given out, with more blare of trumpets and waving of flags, the tallyho returned to the headquarters.

Roosevelt Rough Rider Ready To Invade Mexico

Washington, Feb. 14.—At least one member of the famous Rough Riders, Colonel Roosevelt's old regiment in the Spanish-American War, is ready to volunteer for service in Mexico as evidenced by a telegram received today by Senator Pomerene from M. E. Wells of Massillon, Ohio, who served as a non-commissioned officer in the organization. Mr. Wells telegraphed:

"If volunteers are needed, am ready on 24 hours' notice."

Senator Pomerene replied that the