

# GENERAL LETS HIKERS ACCEPT LIFT ON ROAD

Riding On Tongue Of Hay  
Wagon Not Breach Of  
Discipline.

## WILSON RUNS AWAY FROM SUFFRAGISTS

Hurries Out Of Town, But Other  
People In Trenton  
Act Better.

By EMILIE A. DOETSCH

Bordentown, N. J., Feb. 15.—Accompanied by two buglers, the suffrage army reached Bordentown at noon today.

The army was met here by the Bordentown Military Band and went in triumph to the Military Academy. There the hungry pilgrims dined sumptuously on chocolate and crackers. The march to Burlington began at 1 o'clock.

### Two Recruits Join.

Mrs. Florence Allen and Miss Bertha Miller of Cleveland, Ohio, are two new recruits. Miss Augusta Righter received an honorable discharge from the army this morning.

The most anxious member of the army this morning is W. W. Cator, a Princeton freshman. Yesterday he walked from Princeton to Lawrenceville with Miss Phoebe Hawn. As a result he was reported engaged to the fair suffragist. Young Cator is so afraid his father will believe the report that he walked all the way to Bordentown this morning to deny it.

Who is a pilgrim and who is not is a question that may yet divide the army into bitterly opposing factions. Because Miss Phoebe Hawn, the youngest and certainly one of the prettiest suffragettes, yesterday rode a bicycle for a few blocks within the confines of Princeton, the radical faction would have put her out of the army.

Summary Court Rules.

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Another squabble arose when one of the suffragists declared she had a perfect right to ride on the pole of a passing hay wagon. This, she protested, was not walking, but "bumping along," and fully as strenuous as the other way of getting to Baltimore and Washington.

A hasty military tribunal was organized, "General" Jones presiding. Looking stern and judicial, she coughed behind her hand, then announced the verdict. It was to the effect that all are pilgrims who accompany the army in any way.

### Eight Left Now.

Of the 16 suffragettes who started on a hike there are now eight—the "General," "Col." Ida Craft, "Corporal" Martha Klatschken, Miss Augusta Richter, Miss Elizabeth Aldridge, Mrs. George Wend, Milton Wend and Miss Phoebe Hawn.

Though Governor Wilson hastily left town just as the army entered, the pilgrims were rather sorry this morning to leave Trenton after all. They were dined royally last night by the Civic and Suffrage Club of Trenton, Mrs. Thomas Tittensor, its president, wishing them a hearty godspeed. Then they were taken to Broad Street Theater and allowed to make five-minute speeches between the acts.

### Couldn't Emulate Washington.

The army failed today in its plan to emulate George Washington by crossing the ice-packed Delaware river. There were no ferries running and no bridge at hand, as had been thought.

Unable to commandeer any boats or construct pontoons, the army abandoned the idea of crossing over to Bristol, Pa., and set out shortly after 9 o'clock for Burlington, N. J.

After the rebuff they received from the future President and the none-too-cordial welcome leaving out of consideration the reception by the Princeton College boys at Princeton—the Trenton dinner was particularly enjoyable. Indeed, if the truth were told, the army has not been noticed so much by folks along the way as might have been expected for so unique an undertaking. There was plenty of enthusiasm in New York and Newark when the pilgrimage started and the army was entertained both at Elizabeth and New Brunswick, but in-between places have been rather slow in showing interest, so that Maryland will have a splendid opportunity to prove its far-famed hospitality.

### Antis Getting Busy.

The antis are getting very busy as the army goes forward. Their stunt is to send out luxurious cushioned and ease-inviting limousines when the pilgrims, tired and weary, are approaching a city.

"Corporal" Martha Klatschken was almost taken in. Tottering and stumbling, she was advancing an inch at a time and the hotel three miles away, when a shining limousine droye up and the door flew open and a beautiful lady implored the wanderer to come in.

"You poor, tired dear," breathed the temptress. "Do come in and let me take you to Princeton."

The "corporal" afterward confessed she was blistered more would have yielded to yield.