

SUFFRAGE ARMY WORRIED OVER PRETTY PRIVATE

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Keep Mrs. Boldt In The
Ranks Of Marchers.

SHE RUNS ON AHEAD AND GETS ALL GLORY

Tired, Aching Marchers To Spend
Day At Wilmington—Stray Suit-
case Knocks Out "Corporal."

BY EMILIE A. DOETSCH

Traymont, Del., Feb. 18.—Delaware at last. Tired, hungry, blistered and aching in every muscle, but dauntless still, the suffrage army, led by "General" Rosalie Jones, touched Delaware soil at 11 o'clock this morning, elated in the knowledge that another lap of their toilsome journey was completed.

The start from Chester this morning was marred by an accident. "Little Corporal" Klatschken was struck by a heavy suit case which fell from the hand of Mrs. Luckie's chauffeur and was revived only after a liberal use of smelling salts. Undaunted, however, the plucky little biker was in line for rollcall at the Chester Y. M. C. A. when the start was made, and as a result of her accident she sold an additional number of post cards.

Hard Day's Traveling.

It has been a hard day's traveling—harder, perhaps, than any which the marchers have experienced since they started out so light-heartedly and carefree last Wednesday. Since 9 o'clock, when the last tall factory chimney in Chester vanished in the distance, it has been one constant succession of uphill and downhill, with enough stones and ruts to make the rocky road to Dublin appear like a ballroom in comparison.

"General" Jones in the vanguard leans heavily on her staff—the famous staff which supported her on the Albany hike. "Little Corporal" Klatschken, bringing up the rear, creeps doggedly on. Not so many yards in front of her walks "Colonel" Craft, her boots caked with mud, her strength almost exhausted.

Whole Day Of Rest.

But relief is in sight. The lights of Wilmington promise more than a night's rest. For the first time in the history of this famous march there is to be a halt—a whole day's halt. Then on to Northeast, to Havre de Grace, Abingdon and Baltimore!

Baltimore The Goal.

Baltimore is now the goal. "General" Jones announced this morning that she will call on Cardinal Gibbons in an effort to convert him to the suffrage cause. Miss Elizabeth, who will join her, said:

"These men in the church are too much taken up with their particular work. They do not realize how far women have progressed. If women are going to continue to support the church, the church will have to recognize the fact that they are going forward and that women are becoming real powers in the world."

The Pennsylvania Military College boys, who met the bikers outside of Chester last night, did not accompany them on the start this morning, but Chief of Police Vance went with them to the city line. He is now pledged to the cause and "General" Jones pinned a jonquil in his button-hole at their parting.

Pretty Phoebe Hawn denies any recent proposals, but she has left a trail of broken hearts along the roads behind her. One of her most recent converts is City Councilman Chester of Chester, formerly a stubborn "anti" and now one of Phoebe's clan.

Among those who accompanied the

(Continued On Page 7, Column 1.)

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hikers to Traymont today are: Mrs. Alberta Evans, Miss Mary F. Purnell, Mrs. Blair Buckie and Mrs. C. B. Worriow. William Hymes of Chester walked all the way to Wilmington with the aid of his crutches.

It was a straggling army that responded to Bugler Wendt's call at the Y. W. C. A. Building in Chester this morning. Not that yesterday's march of 14 miles was any severer than those that have preceded it; but, when the army reached Chester last night it found the hotels crowded to the guards. Footsore and ready to drop with weariness, many walked from inn to inn pleading for a night's lodging. A few succeeded in finding hotel accommodations, but the majority had to seek shelter in private homes, the doors of which opened hospitably to the wanderers when their pitiable plight became known.

Washington Kept Busy.

"General" Jones and "Colonel" Craft bivouaced at the Washington House, where Washington slept and wrote a letter at midnight before the battle of Brandywine. The army couldn't lose Washington if it wanted to. Every mile or so one is introduced to a house where he made his headquarters, until it has become the generally accepted opinion that the Father of His Country must have been a poor sleeper, in consequence of which, when he found one inn uncomfortable he simply picked up bag and baggage and moved to the next.

The White Horse Inn, just outside of Chester, also claims the honor of having sheltered him from wind and weather, and, as the army halted before this historic spot yesterday afternoon for a little surcease from sorrow, what more fitting than that L. F. Sanville, president of the Men's Suffrage League of the University of Pennsylvania, should review the stirring scenes of the Revolution and bid the suffragettes go and do likewise.

For enthusiasm, pressed down and overflowing, yesterday was the record day of the hike. Like wildfire the news that the army was under way traveled from Philadelphia to Darby, and long before the first note of the band was heard in that suburb a big pot of steaming hot coffee was awaiting the hungry marchers at the Public Reading Room. As Darby has no Mayor, the task of welcoming the pilgrims fell upon Postmaster Maginn, who proudly and eloquently told the pilgrims how honored Darby was to have them in its midst, and led the way to the refreshments served by the women of Darby, headed by Mrs. J. E. Spur of the Lansdowne Suffrage Club, Mrs. M. L. McConnell and Miss Verias McConnell, her daughter, joined the hikers here and will march to Washington.

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At Ridley Park the hikers walked right into a Fourth of July celebration. Several packs of firecrackers were exploded by the enthusiastic urchins of the neighborhood to the frantic waving of red, white and blue. "General" Jones thanked them, "but, remember, boys, this is peaceful warfare," she warned them with a smile. "Do you all believe in votes for women?"

"Sure thing" came back the reply, "and we'll vote for you, too," sturdily added the leader of the gang.

At Crinn Lynne, a little farther on, the hikers were met by a great-grandmother of 81, a daughter of 62, a granddaughter, and a great-granddaughter, the latter still in her teens. They had stood for hours waiting for the army to go by, and had come several miles to see the sight. "And it certainly was worth it, wasn't it, granny?" said the girl addressing her silver-haired great-grandparent.

The latter in the meantime had seized the "General's" hand.

"My dear," she said, "you are doing the right thing. We American women must win by persuasion and not by violence. I only wish," she added with the wistfulness of age, "that I might go with you." She refused to give her name.

As usual, Mrs. John E. Boldt and the boy scout, Norman Sper, reached town last night far in advance of the other hikers. Except for one single day when she took the wrong road, Mrs. Boldt holds the speed record for the hike. Twenty years old and as pretty as a picture, Mrs. Boldt has been the idol of college boys since her memorable adventure at Princeton. By raffling her cloak for \$25 and selling post-cards at anywhere from five cents to a dollar apiece, Mrs. Boldt in her march through the Eastern States has impoverished more college boys than one would like to count.

"General's" Friends Jealous.

Mrs. Boldt wears a red and white tasseled cap which is exceedingly becoming, and she is always as fresh at the end of a day's hike as at the beginning. She is the wife of a wealthy New York broker, and has achieved as much notoriety because of the hike, if not more, than the "General." The friends of the "General" resent this and are not backward in saying so.

Miss Elizabeth Freeman, the gipsy of the trip, caretaker of Lausanne and driver of the wagon, known variously as the "little yellow wagon," the "gospel wagon" and the "lemon wagon," achieved fame before she hiked. She is an English militant, and served a term in Holloway for her beliefs. Her speeches are characterized by crispness and dry wit. When she addressed the

bikers at Princeton and at Trenton.

The stop tonight will be made at the Hotel Du Pont in Wilmington. It is devoutly hoped that it has an elevator.