

CUPID DRUMMED OUT OF CAMP BY 'GENERAL JONES'

Solemn Edict Puts Ban On
Engagements And Elope-
ments On March.

AT END OF HIKE? THAT'S DIFFERENT

Suffragists Spend Day In Wilming-
ton Resting And Making
Speeches And Converts.

By EMILIE A. DOETSCH

Wilmington, Del., Feb. 19.—From soap boxes, from garbage pails, from fence corners, from the court-house and City Hall steps, in opera and schoolhouses — everywhere it's "Voices for Women," and "On to Washington."

Miss Elizabeth Freeman is chiefly responsible. She is the suffragette who until Wilmington was reached was inseparable from "Lausanne." Today "Lausanne" peacefully munches oats in a Wilmington stable, while Miss Freeman rushes madly from street corner to street corner and wears out the tires of the Mayor of Wilmington's brand-new automobile. Miss Freeman is the first woman ever to have made an open-air speech in Wilmington, and it took place at 8 o'clock last night in front of the Hotel Dupont. It is impossible to estimate how many she has made since that time.

Permission To Speak.

Today was to have been a rest day. At least that is what "General" Jones said last night.

"Tomorrow, pilgrims" — these are her exact words—"you can do as you please." Then, smiling guilelessly upon her followers, "and you can make suffrage speeches wherever and whenever you like," she added.

Even the boy bugler has joined the fray. Not content with mere bugling and helping his mother over the rough and stony spots on the hike, his voice, his gestures and his complexion have become bywords in every section of Wilmington.

His name is Wend—Milton Wend. And his mother is Mrs. George Wend. They are both vegetarians, and, if they succeed in wending their way successfully to Washington—of which there is not the slightest doubt—they will succeed in winning a victory over the flesh and—er—a—anti-suffrage.

"Corporal" Klatschken has lived on nothing but enthusiasm today. At noon, when she had started on her nineteenth address, some one handed her a ham sandwich. But she put it aside. "Duty comes first," she was heard to observe, then resumed her argument.

Considering what a jolt the "Corporal" received yesterday morning when a suitcase accidentally fell upon her and threatened to flatten her out completely, she is bearing up nicely. The suitcase, she reported this morning, has recovered completely.

Miss Aldrich For Peace.

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In a glowing address made in the vicinity of the courthouse this morning Miss Elizabeth Aldrich, the pretty feminine suffragette, who hails from California, informed the bystanders that "We are not militant, and we only want to help people—men, women and children. We do not believe in war. We only stand for progress, and we're walking to Washington not hurting anybody, but with kind hearts for everyone of you."

It was Miss Aldrich also who brought down the house at the Wilmington Courthouse yesterday afternoon when she declared with tears in her eyes that "General" Jones has been called a paper general. "But believe me, friends"—clenching her fists—"she's not a straw general. She's the best little general that ever lived, and I swear my allegiance to 'General' Jones."

After that Mayor Howell rapped for order seven times, and all the bailiffs—or whatever they are called—in the City Hall had to be called to his assistance to quell the confusion.

As for the Mayor—well, he's just the sweetest thing that ever lived. He was not a suffragist yesterday afternoon.

"I am not willing to say I am in hearty accord with the movement," he began, his weather eye fixed on the antics, "but I like to see people succeed who work so hard for success."

Miss Elizabeth Freeman declares he cannot possibly hold out until nightfall.

"General" Jones in an interview today said she would not bother with the antics when the army reaches Baltimore.

Not To Worry Over "Antis."

"They are very estimable people, the Baltimore antics," the "General" said, "but different from us. Constitutionally different, I mean.

"You know," she resumed after a thoughtful little pause, "the antics are much braver than we are. They are working for a lost cause and that makes it a lot more difficult."

In regard to the message to President Wilson she said that that would be delivered as soon as the army arrived in Washington.

She was reminded that Wilson would not be inaugurated until sev-

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DRUMS CUPIED OUT OF SUFFRAGE CAMP

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eral days thereafter and that diplomacy and courtesy toward President Taft might prompt him to refuse all previous delegations.

"No matter," the "General" replied, inconsequentially. "If he refuses before the inauguration we shall see him the first thing afterward."

It looks as if she meant it, too.

The "General" has also issued a solemn edict—signed with her full name and address—that there shall be no engagements, elopements or marriages until the army reaches Washington. All who disobey this mandate are threatened with court-martial.

It is not known what the much-feted Mrs. Boldt thinks of this, but Miss Phoebe Hawn promises that she will positively not become engaged any more. It is presumed that she means not until she reaches Washington.

The suffragists reached Wilmington at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon, thus proving that women can keep an appointment not only in time but even ahead of time. The reception was one of the warmest of the trip. Besides the Mayor, the entire Department of Streets and Sewers was out to greet them, and the fire engine of Brandywine engine house blew its whistle for a solid half hour while the army passed. Some of the pilgrims admitted a slight earache last night, but it is not the custom of the army to complain.

In addition to the Mayor, the suffragists were welcomed by Mrs. Winfield B. Quickley, president of the Wilmington Woman Suffrage League, and by Mrs. Martha S. Cranston of the State League. On the way to Wilmington they were entertained at the manor of Mrs. George Lodge. Assisting her were E. S. Potter and several other citizens of Arden. Arden is a place of about 300 citizens, all suffragists except one, Mr. Potter says.

Mrs. Lodge assured "Gen." Rosalie that she was not a suffragist. Nevertheless she could not think of letting an army of women, walking 16 miles, pass her door without offering them some refreshment. In addition to coffee and sandwiches an open fire cheered the hikers and gave them renewed courage to press on to Wilmington.

Almost Got Locked Up.

Mrs. John Blair came dangerously near being jailed in Wilmington yesterday afternoon. In trying to pass out of the City Hall she walked by mistake into the basement and became tangled up in some of the cells. A turnkey finally rescued her from self-inflicted martyrdom.

The newest accession to the army is a tailless kitten. He was given to Mrs. Olive Schultz, the official scout, by a Mrs. Whiteford of the Chester pike. "A tailless cat," observed Mrs. Schultz, "is better than a voteless woman," and she promptly made him the army mascot.

Here is the list of the faithful—those who have walked every inch so far: "Gen." Rosalie Jones, "Col." Ida Craft, "Corporal" Martha Klatschken, "Sergeant" Elizabeth Aldrich, "Capt." Constance Laupp, "Col." Minerva Crowell and "Privates" (Mrs.) John E. Boldt, Elizabeth Aldrich, Miss Phoebe Dawn, Dr. Ernest Stevens, Mrs. George Wend, Milton Wend, Norman Sper (Boy Scout), Col. E. S. Lemmon and your humble servant.