

SUFFRAGETTE ARMY BALKED BY DELAWARE

Couldn't Cross It Through the
Ice Like Washington, So
Took Another Road.

GET THE KEY OF BURLINGTON

Mayor Sends It to Them by Boy
Scouts—Cadets at Bordentown
Welcome Them with Band.

Special to The New York Times.

BURLINGTON, N. J., Feb. 15.—The suffragette army, led by Gen. Rosalie Jones, on the long hike to Washington, heard a robin sing to-day. The pilgrims trooped down the river road from Trenton to this place under bright skies. There was laurel to be seen along the stream edges, and the fields had the green shade that heralds the coming of Spring.

Gen. Jones had intended to follow the lead of Gen. George Washington and lead her army across the Delaware into Pennsylvania, but there was too much ice in the river, no ferryboats were running, and she could not commandeer skiffs that seemed safe enough for the trip. So that route was abandoned.

The road was an excellent one to Bordentown, but after passing that place it ran through heavy clay and mud that made walking slower and more difficult, but the earth was grateful to tired feet. So warm did it become that some of the hikers removed their long brown pilgrim cloaks and swung along the road unhampered. Because of the mud the General called three five-minute halts in the afternoon for rests, when the hikers cuddled down by the roadside and discussed the bright day and the pure air and the joy of living.

Burlington was reached while it was yet light. Long before the pilgrims got there an automobile came out to notify them that the Reception Committee was awaiting their coming upon another road. The autoists were told of the change in route, and went speeding back down the road to notify the Reception Committee. Burlington had never seen such an exciting day since the last circus came to town.

Boy Scouts Bear Mayor's Message.

The first to welcome the hikers was a delegation of small boys, some of whose remarks were far from flattering. As the suffragette army swung into the main street it was met by a delegation of the First Troop Burlington Boy Scouts, headed by Patrol Leader Robert Taylor, bearing a message from Mayor Ellsworth E. Mount. Gen. Jones called a halt, and Scout Taylor in a brief speech delivered to the Commander the key of the city, which, he said, "would unlock every door as well as the hearts of the people." Then he handed to Gen. Jones this letter from Mayor Mount:

To Gen. Rosalie Jones, Commandant:
As Chief Executive of the City of Burlington, N. J., it gives me great pleasure to assure you and your comrades on this historic march that a hearty welcome awaits you in the most historic town in New Jersey. It will be an honor to write in the annals of the city the fact that you have made a visit to us on this occasion.

We extend herewith in symbol the key of the City of Burlington and trust that from your stay within its borders you may retain the pleasantest of memories and may win hundred of new "votes for women." I am, Madam, your obedient servant,
ELLSWORTH E. MOUNT, Mayor.

As the marchers came into town they passed the store of Mayor Mount. He was waiting to say in person the kind things he had said in his letter. The army halted here for ten minutes, and Gen. Jones replied to his welcome by assuring him of the appreciation of the army and wishing him well in its name.

There was such a crowd gathered about the hotel that the pilgrims would have had hard work getting in except for the assistance of the Boy Scouts. There were calls for a speech, and so Gen. Jones mounted the baggage automobile and from that vantage point told Burlington something of the hike and the cause. There was much cheering at the end. Until after dark a crowd hung about the hotel to get a glimpse of the hikers.

Parson Joins the Army as Bugler.

The Army of the Hudson moved out of Trenton promptly at 9 A. M. Repeated blasts of the bugle announced its departure. Miss Florence Allen and Miss Ber-

tha Miller of the Philadelphia Law School joined the hikers to-day. They will march two days and join again later. The Rev. Walter Kinsley of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Newark, who marched out of the city as bugler to the command, also joined to-day. He brought his bugle with him. The pilgrims keep no semblance of order in their march, and there are times when there is half a mile between the leader and rear guard. At Crosswick Creek Gen. Jones led the way off the road, and her command crossed upon the ice. She said it was not quite the same as crossing the Delaware upon the ice, but that she considered the movement of women to obtain their belated rights of as much importance to this country as Gen. Washington's celebrated crossing of the Delaware. At that there was cheering, and one enthusiastic male suffragette said he hoped "that Gen. Washington and Gen. Jones would go down into history together."

Cadet Band Escorts Army.

As the hikers approached the Bordentown Military Institute the sound of music came over the hill to them, and soon after the Cadet Band came into view. Gen. Jones called a halt and waited for her scattered forces to get together. The delegation from the school was led by Lieut. Harry Smith, Lieut. Charles Risdon, and four privates. The commanding officer welcomed the hikers and, with their music playing, led the way to the institute.

On the steps were waiting the Rev. T. H. Landon, founder of the school, who is 83 years old, and his son, Lieut. Col. T. D. Landon. They made the women welcome and escorted all into the institute building. The big brass cannon on the parade grounds glistened in the sunlight, and two sturdy youths, with fixed bayonets, marched back and forth on guard duty. Luncheon was served in the great mess hall. When it came time for the meal the guests were assembled in the big hall and separated into table squads. One cadet was assigned to escort the detail to his table and to act as host. All did their duty well.

After luncheon the students and the hikers gathered in the assembly room, and there was speechmaking. Lieut. Col. Landon confessed that he had entirely changed his opinion of women who will hike across country since he had seen and spoken to them. He presided and introduced the speakers.

Gen. Jones Speaks—About Her Toe.

Gen. Jones spoke briefly. She had to hurry away, she explained, to attend to one of her toes. She was followed by Col. Craft, Miss Elizabeth Freeman, and Little Corporal Martha Klatchken. The institute boys and the Bordentown sympathizers of the cause cheered the speakers to the echo. Col. Craft voted it one of the best meetings of the hike.

Then the hikers fell into line and again took to the road. The institute band escorted them for half a mile. Just outside of Bordentown the army encountered Mrs. Lucy Slimm and Marion, her 19-year old daughter. The latter clapped her hands and cheered the hikers.

"Votes for women!" she shouted. Then turning to her mother, she said: "Mother, I am going with the marchers."

"Come on," cordially invited Gen. Jones.

"She is going to do nothing of the kind," said her mother with much severity. Then Mrs. Slimm voiced her opinion of the cause by exclaiming: "Go home and mend your husbands' clothes."

"How the house is divided on this question," commented Gen. Jones sadly, as the marchers went on.

At the Baptist church further along the road the church folks were holding a cake and coffee feast. The coming of the army emptied the place. As the women stood alongside the road a motherly-looking woman went up to the General and handed her a recipe for an old-fashioned chocolate cake.

"Votes for women!" piped Col. Craft. The motherly-looking woman shook her head and, turning to Gen. Jones, said with evident sincerity:

"You ought to settle down and have a home of your own. You are too sweet a girl to be doing this."

The General explained briefly the cause and the principle for which she marched, but the unconvinced woman went off, still shaking her head.

Army Routed by a Poet.

Near a crossroads sign, "Two Miles to Bustletown," an old man leaned over a rail fence. His hair was long and gray, and curled over his collar. A long gray beard swept his cheeks. He had a piece of not too clean paper, and he was industriously writing.

"Votes for women!" the pilgrims shouted.

The old man went on writing. The General approached and offered him a pamphlet setting forth the merits of the cause. The old man looked up.

"You came too soon," he said slowly.

"How is that?" inquired the General.

"It is not ready yet," he said and then he explained that he was something of a poet, and he had been writing a poem

in honor of the coming of the hikers.

"Listen," he said:

Oh, the suffragettes are coming,
They are coming down the pike;
Ma's got her bonnet on,
She's ready for the hike;

They are heating up the countryside,
Starting buds upon the trees,
They are—

The old man stopped. "Hang it all, I was just trying to find a word to rhyme with trees," he said.

"They are coming down the breeze," the General suggested.

"No, that won't do at all," said the poet. He was repeating "Fleas, breeze, and sneeze" as the army took up the hike.

Five minutes later the poet came into view again, waving his poem.

"Halt!" commanded the General, and the hikers stopped.

"I have it," the man exclaimed. Listen: "They are spoiling all the cheese."

"Forward, march!" the General cried, and the poet was soon distanced.

Nine-Year-Old Girl Suffragette.

There was one valiant little suffragette who marched some miles with the army of the Hudson. She was Grace Herbert, 9 years old. She fell into line at Bordentown. She had been tramping along some distance when Gen. Jones noticed her. Grace said that she was in favor of votes for women. She had heard mother talk of the cause.

"I can't go all the way," she said with tears in her eyes, "but mother said I could go as far as the icehouse."

And when some distance further on the army passed a great frame structure where men were busy storing ice, little Grace gravely shook hands with the General and many of the hikers and went tramping back home alone.

There came near being a serious accident in the afternoon. A gallant male marcher climbed a fence to obtain a sprig of green for a woman hiker. In getting back to the road the woman was horrified to see a rather large piece of what had formed a part of her companion's apparel remaining upon the top rail of the fence. The embarrassed young man confessed he had met with an accident.

It was too late to summon Chief Scout Olive Schultz in the scout car, and the young man from his seat by the roadside announced he could not on without an emergency kit. Gen. Jones solved the problem, and started the interrupted march again. The unfortunate one was left behind with the General's roll of adhesive plaster.

The telegraph office at Burlington is presided over by Mrs. Delia Freed. She had been much interested in the coming of the suffragettes and was out to see them go by.

"Are you in favor of our cause?" one of the marchers asked.

"Oh, no, indeed," replied Mrs. Freed. "I am too domestic to go in for that sort of thing."

The Army of the Hudson will cross the Delaware and advance upon Philadelphia to-morrow. It will leave this place at 9 A. M., and a stop will be made at Bridgeborough for luncheon. At Camden the hikers will be met by Mrs. W. D. Curtin, President, and a delegation of the Camden Suffragette Club. Five miles out of Camden the members of the Limited Suffragette League, headed by Mrs. Mary Winsor and Miss Caroline Katzenstein, will meet the army. The Philadelphia women will come out in automobiles in the late afternoon.

To-morrow four Philadelphia hikers will join the army and march through to Washington. One of them is Miss Helen Bergman, a former Denver girl. At Camden the army will be entertained to late tea by Mrs. Alfred Laury of 330 Cooper Street.

The army covered eighteen miles to-day.

THIEVES WITH MOTOR TRUCK

Carry Off \$5,000 in Silks from a
Broadway Store.

The French gown and lingerie store of Michael Jebaly & Co. at 1,386 Broadway, occupying part of the ground floor of the Hotel Normandie, was entered some time between 10 o'clock Friday night and 6 o'clock yesterday morning by thieves who made away with about \$5,000 worth of silks and other dainty fabrics, a quantity which the proprietors thought could not have been handled except by a motor truck.

A window cleaner, who was sent around to the establishment of M. Jebaly at 6 o'clock, was surprised to find that the front door of the store had been removed from its hinges. Finding no one inside, he sought the nearest policeman, who was equally perplexed.

Without delay M. Jebaly was summoned from his home in Brooklyn. A search of the place revealed that the burglars had gained entrance through the front-door transom. All they had to do was to walk out of the front door into the "whie light" of Broadway and deposit their load on a truck and move away.

"See, how they put their dirty feet on my beautiful white gowns," remarked M. Jebaly, inspecting some stock that had been left behind.