SIIFFRAGE ARMY OUT ON PARADE

Perhaps 10,000 Women and Men Sympathizers March for the Cause.

Cheers for the Women and Some

STREETS PACKED FOR THEM

Good-Natured Jesting at the Men. AGED LEADERS APPLAUDED

They Rode in Flower-Bedecked Car-

rlages-Women on Horseback and

"Joan of Arc" Win Plaudits.

Part IX. of this morning's Times consists of four pages of pictures of yesterday's suffrage parade.

Ten thousand strong, the army of those who believe in the cause of woman's suf-

frage marched up Fifth Avenue at sundown yesterday in a parade the like of which New York never knew before. Dusty and weary, the marchers went to their homes last night satisfied that their year of hard work in preparing for the demonstration had borne good fruit. It was an immense crowd that came out to stand upon the sidewalks to cheer or jeer. It was a crowd far larger than that

which greeted the homecoming of Theodore Roosevelt and the homecoming of Cardinal Farley. It was a crowd that took every inch of the sidewalk from Washington Square to Carnegie Hall, that filled all the steps and crowded all the windows along the line of march. It was a crowd that stood through the two 1 .ars of the parade without a thought of we ress. Women, young and old, rich and poor, were all banded into a great sisternood by the cause they hold dear. Conned for the most part in simple white, the lir march was gay with bright bright sashes and bright pennants. a perfect weather blessed the undertaking. Women who toiled in the earliest and most unpromising days of the cause, years and years before such a demonstration as yesterday's would have been possible, were not forgotten in the hour of

dead, but their names, written large on huge banners, were carried reverently by another generation of suffragists. There were close to a thousand men in yesterday's parade. Jeered from the sidewalks but unabashed in their cenvictions, they marched four abreast with such men in their ranks as Oswald Garrlson Villard, Hamilton Holt, Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, James H. Laidlaw, Prof. J. E. Spingarn, Dr. Algernon Crapsey, and Richard Le Gallienne. And a cluster of college sympathizers brought up

celebration. Julia Ward Howe, Elizabeth Cady Stancon, and Susan B. Anthony are

the rear.

inadequate auditorium when the parade was capped off by an enthusiastic meeting there, and that the message niight fall on still more of the freshly stirred ground, flying squadrons of speakers were organized to speed over the city in automobiles and hold over-flow street corner meetings till late into the night. The Start of the Parade. Promptly at 5 o'clock, as the late aftershadows were beginning to slant across the green of Washington Square, the order to start the parade came. Sharp

whistles from the traffic policemen mere followed by a muffled cheer from the spectators packed thick upon the sidewalk and banked high up the steps of all the

through the groups of suffragettes assem-

bled in the cross streets. Then a company of women on horseback trotted smartly

houses.

A ripple of anticipation passed

Carnegie Hall seemed a very small and

around the east side of Washington Arch, and the great suffrage parade had begun. At 7:20 o'clock, with the streets ablaze with the flare of shaking torches, the scarlet-banded Socialist division, chanting the Marseillaise with such fervor that its strains were caught up by the densely packed crowd of spectators, marched by Carnegie Hall and disbanded. The great parade was over. For it was a great parade. There is probably no one in this city to-day who knows just how many persons swung into line on Fifth Avenue yesterday in the cause of woman suffrage, but one estimate, arrived at by counting sections of the parade, put the number at 10,000. · A military man, accustomed to esti-mating the number of persons in a body of marchers, was sitting in the window of a Fifth Avenue Club yesterday afternoon, and his count of the suffrage parade makes the number of those marching a little less than 8,000, which is considerably lower than other estimates. The number of women in line he put at 6,094, the number of women on horseback at 54, the number of men at 838, and the number of bands at 26. Estimating the bands at 40 men each gives a total of 7,926 persons in the parade.

It took the entire line one hour and fifty-five minutes to pass. There were times when fifty files of four women each would walk by in the space of sixty seconds. There were long pauses when nobody came at all and the spectators would start to scatter to their homes, when the faint sound of music far down the street gave promise of more marchers to come. Then distant banners would be sighter and the parade would continue. continue. Sharp Contrasts Among the Marchers It was a parade of contrasts—contrasts There were women among women. every occupation and profession, and women of all ages, from those so advanced in years that they had to ride in carriages down to suffragettes so small that they were pushed along in perambulators. There were women whose faces bore traces of a life of hard work and many worries. There were young girls, lovely of face and fashionably gowned. There

contact with the business world.
There were women who smiled in a preoccupied way as though they had just put the roast into the oven, whipped off their hurried out aprons and to be They were plainly parade. worried leaving their household cares for so long, yet they were determined to show their

were motherly looking women, and others with the confident bearing obtained from

loyalty to the cause. There were women who marched those weary miles who had large bank accounts. There were siender girls, tired after long hours of factory There were nurses, teachers. work. writers, social workers, librarians, cooks. school girls, laundry workers. There were women who work with their heads and women who work with their hands and women who never work at all. And they all marched for suffrage. The The weather was perfect. May sunshine made it pleasant to be out of doors, and a cool breeze kept the march-

ers from being uncomfortable.
"It is truly a suffrage day,"

The New York Times

Published: May 5, 1912

Copyright © The New York Times

vowed

one portly enthusiast. "It is so soft and lovely," and there was a murmur of approval from all the suffragettes within hearing.

Police Lines Inadequate.

Police Commissioner Waldo foresaw that the interest in the movement, the perfect weather, and the fact that it was a half holiday would bring out crowds to witness the parade, but it is doubtiui if he foresaw how vast those crowds would be. The three hundred traffic men and the two hundred patrolmen assigned to keep in order the line of march were inadequate for the purpose. Repeatedly the crush from the sidewalks broke through the cordon, and the press was so thick at Union Square that instead of four abreast the marchers had to rearrange themselves in twos, so narrow was the lane left for them. On several occasions sections of the line of march were broken up by spectators, who swarmed across the avenue unchecked by the police. At the end of the parade the crush around Carnegie Hall, where the members disbanded, completely over-whelmed the police. To make a passage for the detachments of marchers to get by the hall patrolmen had to charge the

crowd repeatedly. It was difficult to sound the sentiments of the spectators. For the most part the onlookers seemed to be there to see a spectacle, to cheer or to laugh as they would at a circus parade and without any thought as to the political significance of the event for which the women had toiled so hard and to which they dedicated such earnest effort. There was hardly, a moment of the two hours and a half of the march that you could not see handkerchiefs waving, that you could not hear hand-clapping and faint cheers. There was hardly a moment when you could not hear gibes and cat-calls and hisses. If anything there was rather more rowdyism than last year. Last year the parade was a comparatively unheralded thing, but this year there were few persons in the city who did not know that the women were going to march. The disturbers came from every quarter of the city. They were for the most part the young men with their hats on the sides of their heads-of the same class that make nuisances of themselves at Coney Island in the Summer. Some of them had made it a point to be

on hand early when the sections were forming. They stood on the curbs and laughed audibly throughout the proceedings. And then, of course, there was the inevitable small boy. He could be heard uttering shrill cries of derision all along the line. Women spectotors did most of the cheering-women on the pavements, women on the steps, and women hanging like so many Barbara Frietchies from the windows of Fifth Avenue, leaning far out on the window sills, and waving their handkerchiefs and scarfs. But there was no great volume of sound

at any point of the march; no great organized banks of cheering. It was a quiet crowd that watched, although a far larger crowd than the one last year. There must have been 4,000 spectators at the Public Library. One woman voiced a protest at the comparative silence of the crowds. She was standing on the pavement in front of one of the Fifth Avenue clubs, and observed with resentment that the men quietly watching from the windows gave no signs of encouragement.
"The idea!" she remarked sharply. "Why don't they lean out and cheer? If they were out here marching and we

us to cheer our heads off.' "Madame," said a venerable man standing next to her, as he doffed his high hat; "Madame, they cannot be expected to cheer. They are very, very busy thinking. Your parade is making the men thinking. the men think.

were in there watching they would expect

There were long periods as the parade passed by when the crowd on the sidewalks watched passively and without demonstration, but it had its high lights of interest. There was at every point a gust of genuine applause for the lilacbedecked carriage that bore that veteran of the cause, the Rev. Antoinette Brown Blackwell, a sufrage worker of 1848. There was a wave of appreciation for the little motor car that carried amid a profusion of yellow blossoms the two sweetfaced little daughters of Mrs. Maude Flowerton, and there were repeated hearty salutes for the Rev. Br. Anna Shaw, who walked alone in a robe of black, as sturdy a marcher as the youngest there.

The Men's Division.

But the real excitement, the real moment in the parade, for which many of the spectators had waited since noon. was the delegation of men. If there were women of every sort, there were men of every sort, and their number, grown tremendously from the scanty and much-derided eighty of last year, was close to a thousand. Some said that there were more than two thousand, but these estimates were much too large. There were men with gray hair, who lifted their silk hats with an old-school courtliness in response to the chorus from the sidewalk which bewildered them, and which they did not exactly understand. There were young men fashionably dressed, and some men of prominence in the city who swung into the parade yesterday. Here are some of the men who marched:

Prof. John Dewey of Columbia, Dr. Algernon Crapsey of Rochester, Max Eastman, William Bracken of Boston and three generations of his family, Hamilton Holt of The Independent, H. R. Seager, Prof. James H. Robinson, Thomas W. Hotchkiss, Walston H. Brown, G. W. Francis of Syracuse, Whitter Bynner, Rabbi S. H. Wise, William M. Ivins, James L. Laid-Jaw. Frederick Nathan, President Charles H. Strong of the City Club, Swinburne Hale, who married Beatrice Forbes-Robertson; James Duane Livingston, Robert K. Walton, Vladimir G. Simkovitch. Vittorio Racca, delegate from Italy: Montague Glass, Prof. Maclay, Frederick Dellenbaugh, Prof. Joel E. Spingarn, Louis Rountree, Robert H. Elder, Duncan B. Harrison, Richard Le Gallienne, and Oswald Garrigon Villard.

Bringing up the rear of the men's part of the parade, behind the Men's League for Women Suffrage, came college students from Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Williams, Columbia, and New York University. Princeton sent a delegation of twenty or thirty undergraduates, and the Harvard men marched in black gowns and mortar boards. There were ten students from Cambridge. They were led by Gardner Hale, a freshman, who comes from a family of suffragists, and whose brother Swinburne Hale, carried the standard for the Men's League. Lionel De Jersey Harvard, a descendant of the founder of the university, and Samuel Eliot, a grandson of the former President of the university, were in line.

Conspicuous among the men who marched, were ten who represented the New Hamshire Men's League for Equal Suffrage. Witter Bynner walked at the head of these New Hampshire men, who wore saffron bands and streamers. "I am with this crowd," he explained, "because I realize that I have two pa-

rents. Some men seem to think that they have only one. While the men were received with many jeers, the spectators cheered heart-Ilv for the schoolgirls who marched. The group from the Wadleigh High School, The scores of short-frocked girls from the Washington Irving High School, with their crimson neck scarfs, and the little band of curly headed third-reader girls from one of the New Jersey schools, who carried a long banner that bore the in-'scription, "Politicians," pleased the on-

Women Mostly Dressed in White.

Most of the women, particularly the younger women, were dressed all in white, except for the outflashing of yellow and purple and green and red that was in the ribbons they wore, the banners they carried, and the flags they waved. And many of the women wore the suffrage hat, trimmed to suit their own taste. Hundreds and hundreds of these were ordered, but the supply was not large enough. There were women, too, in great numbers who came in their regular street dress or gowned as they were when they quit work, to march for the cause. Few elaborate costumes were attempt-

ed, although the Swedish women made a little band of gay color, in their peasant dress, with jackets of black and carlet skirts, while the caps of snow white linen caught the afternoon sunlight. The most conspicuous feature of the parade was Mrs. Marie Stewart, who. dressed as Joan of Arc, wore a suit of shining mail and rode astride a large milk white horse. The groups of marchers carried banners bearing in large letters suffrage sentiments. Here are some of the in-

scriptions: We prepare children for the world. We ask to prepare the world for our children.

More ballots, less bullets. Women vote in China, but are classed with · criminals and paupers in New York. The feeders of the world want votes to lower the cost of food. A. Congressman says: "What has a Congressman to do with women and children?"

There are 570,000 illiterate children in this country. Forward out of error, Leave behind the night;

Forward through the darkness, Forward into light.

Of the twenty States having the fewest illiterate children women vote in eighteen. The only means that men have devised for getting what they want is the ballot. Women earn their living as pilots, brakemen, and shipcarpenters.

A people learns to vote by voting. here were several groups of very small.

girls, who carried such legends as "We wish ma could vote," or "We want our mothers to vote," and the inscription most frequently repeated next to the classic "Votes for Women" was the simple "All this is the natural consequence of teaching girls to read."

youngsters, some of boys and some of

Preparing for the Start.

Long before 4 o'clock Washington Square and the blocks of Fifth Avenue to the north were clogged with preparations, for each side street was the designated spot for the assembling of some part of the parade. Automobiles came up in rapid succession, bearing banners and flags of every color and description, and it was the patient women standing with an upheld placard with such inscriptions as "A1" or "B2" that brought eventual order out of what looked at first like chaos. The marshals with their cordons of green and yellow moved efficiently from spot to spot, there was a constant flow of orders, and amid a flutter of excitement the marchers were lined up, each in her proper side street, waiting for the parade to start.

Washington Square saw the chief preparations, for little knots of women assembled there early in the afternoon. There was much excitement when grooms from a riding academy swept down and around the arch, each man leading five of the horses that were to bear the horsewomen.

These assembled just behind the arch, and with Miss Ann Tinker ill, the task of leading them fell upon Mrs. Charles T. Knoblauch, who can ride as well as her husband, and he was one of Col. Roosevelt's Roughriders. There was no uniformity among the horsewomen. Some wore the old-style habits and derbies of black and sat side saddle. Some wore riding breeches of check cloth and rode astride. Some were in linen habits.

The favorite hat among the horsewomen was made of black straw, with the cockade of the Women's Political Union. There were some gray-haired women among these mounted paraders, and there was one fourteen-year-old horsewoman, Miss Phyllis Muller, who handled her crop smartly and rode with ease. There was one of the enfranchised Chinese women on horseback-Miss Mabel Lee. Dividing the honors with Mrs. Knoblauch in point of attention from the sidewalk was Miss Inez Milholland, who rode in a suit of linen crash upon a splendid bay. Her horse was fractious and reared about with such enthusiasm in the excitement of starting that the fifty-one other horsewomen had a big lead when Miss Milholland trotted out into Fifth Avenue, Following the horses came the Old Guard Band, playing lustily, and then Miss Brannan, the standard-bearer. The Executive Board of the Women's Political Union followed her, with Mrs. Harriet Stanton Blatch in the centre, and they were followed by the white-gowned ushers for the Carnegie Hall meeting. Then, from down near the fountain in Washington Square, came the little cluster of women who were to speak at the overflow meetings, each carrying by a handle the green-painted box that was to serve as the platform for street corner meetings. With them were their assistants, each with a bagful of suffrage literature. Then, a mass of gleaming white in the sunshine, came the senatorial group of the W. P. U., with Miss Alberta Hill as

Children Cheer Their Teachers. The teachers, followed by pretty school girls innumerable, joined the parade from Washington Square. They bore the name of Anna Willard on high. Their banners commented caustically on the illiteracy of children under the rule of man. They also proclaimed the name of Ella Flagg Young. And from the sidewalks there was a running chorus of amusement and delight as the school children caught sight of their teachers in the line of march.

their marshal. The general sympathizers,

recruits many of them in the last mo-

ments of preparation, dropped in behind

at this point.

Ninth Street East was the assembling point for the occupational groups of the W. P. U. The doctors bore a banner in honor of Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi. Most of the groups carried some symbol of their profession. The nurses, 200 strong and as fresh and trim at the end of the parade as at the outset, bore a banner with the picture of a night lamp, and they honored the names of Florence Nightingale and Clara Barton. The banners born by the women writers told of the woman who wrote "Little Women," and the woman who wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The actresses, with Miss Fola La Follette, daughter of Senator La Follette, as their standard bearer, carried on banners the names of Mrs. Siddons, Mme. Modjeska, Charlotte Cushman, and Fannie Kemble. The dressmakers' banner bore a sewing machine. The milliners had a hat, the printers had a tree of knowledge, the teachers had a temple of learning, and the cooks a kettle.

Mrs. Belmont Leads Her Society. Although Mrs. Clarence Mackay did not march at the head of the Equal Franchise Society, Mrs. Belmont walked ahead of the Political Equality Association. Dressed in white, she joined her cohorts at Forty-first Street, waiting there to lead into the line of march the uptown shop girls who could not get away from their work till after the parade had started.

At many points in the line there were hearty cheers for the banner carried by the Men's Equal Suffrage League of New Jersey, which bore this legend: Lafoliette Progressive Republican League of

New Jersey. Lafollette the only Presidential candidate standing unequivocally for woman

suffrage. "Woman suffrage has passed the stage of argument. You could not stop it if you would, and in a few years you will be ashamed that you ever opposed it."

ROBERT M. LAFOLLETTE There were other carriages in the parade besides the open victoria in which Mrs. Blackwell rode. Mrs. Sol Smith sat in one and in another was Mrs. Mary Gamage, the veteran suffragette from California. She led the ranks of those from the States where women are already enfranchised. The banners carried were in many cases no light burdens. Some of the women bore them unaided, and stuck

to their task to the end. When the advance guard of women riders reached Seventh Avenue and Fiftyseventh Street, some fifty grooms ran among the horses and attached leading reins to their bridles. Some of the women gave up their mounts reluctantly, and as they did not like to enter. Carnegie Hall in their riding habits, there was nothing for them to do but to turn home. Thousands were unable to get into Carnegie Hall, an dthese formed overflow meetings outside. Miss Dorothy Frooks, leader of the "Younger Suffragists of New Jersey," was the leading speaker at the outside meetings. She stretched a banner on which appeared the word 'politicians" over an improvised stand at Seventh Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street, and held her audience until a band of Socialists, men and wo-Frooks's meeting.

Those who did not get into Carnegie Hall and who did not care to hear the speaking at the overflow meetings sought out places where they could get something to eat. The restaurants in Columbus Circle did a thriving business, and through the windows one could see suffrage hats and "Votes for Women" ban-

The meeting inside the hall was not over until nearly 9 o'clock. Dr. Anna Shaw was among the last to leave. She, followed by a number of her banner carriers. then went to the Great Northern Hotel for dinner. Each of the various organizations had dinner at a different hotel. large parties going to the Plaza and Martha Washington. At these dinners each guest made a speech.

A WOMAN MARCHER'S VIEW.

Tired but Glad, and Many Could Really Cry for Joy.

Every woman who was in the big votesfor-women parade dropped her weary body into a chair, regarded her tired feet with respect, and, in the hoarse voice of a worn marcher, with deep satisfaction, murmured to herself:

"Well, it was entirely worth while." It was a great parade. It will take some expert to tell just how many marchers there were, but they went on endlessly. Even for the woman who didn't see anything of the parade until she had reached Carnegie Hall and dropped out of it there were so many long lines to be seen that only her enthusiasm kept her up to the end.

And such an end it was. The crowds who merely saw the procession in Fifth Avenue didn't really know much about it. When the head of the procession turned up Fifty-seventh Street the dense masses of people that had filled every available spot in Fifth Avenue trailed away. Then, Carnegle Hall reached, the

lines broke ranks and piece by piece the procession was turned into an audience. It was then you were glad that you were a woman, glad you had marched in that great parade, glad you had a yellow and white, yellow and black, green, purple, or white, or all three colors together in a nice little pennant, or an enthusing flag of your country to wave and wave, while you shouted at the top of your lungs, swelling the sound, as the small boys do, by patting your lips with your hands. And if any one has any idea that suf-

frage is going to disrupt the home, or that it means a hatred of mankind, using the word in its masculine sense, he should have seen the women who had been in the first part of the parade receive the lines of men who came in at about the centre

Conquering heroes! It was like soldiers from the war. Such proud and happy and grateful women. How they shouted! How they waved the banners while the men, their faces wreathed in smiles, waved their hats and banners, or whatever they had, in response. It takes a brave man to march in a woman suffrage procession, and the women know and appreciate it. A war ap-

peals to everything that is biggest and bravest and best in a man's nature. It is physical courage fighting for a principle. Walking in a woman suffrage parade is moral courage, fighting for a principle. The man who goes to war is a hero to all the world no matter how insignificant he is in the ranks. But the man who marches in a woman suffrage parade gives any hoodlum on the streets a chance to shout "apron strings" to him, and it is not pleasant. The men who marched in last year's parade were "guyed" unmercifully, and yet they came into the procession a second time and in numbers many times doubled.

They Really Could Have Cried. They were a fine-looking lot of menrepresentative men from different colleges-such nice looking boys-men from

There is strength in numbers.

different States, and there were many women who were so pleased to see them marching for them that they could have cried then and there, even if they were "suffragettes."

Then there were the octogenarians in the carriages, dear old ladies, nice grandmotherly people of the ideal type of grandmother, and there were more cheers and wavings for them, and they turned their dear old faces from side to side, trying to smile at everybody-nice, comfortable, homely, motherly women, and they were "suffragettes," too.

There were more shouts and cheers from the marchers for the Quakers, but then there were cheers for them everywhere along the line. Two of the women in the Friend's garb, soft grays and browns with the Friend's bonnet, which looks so simple, but which takes an expert Friend milliner to make and which. costs, in spite of its simplicity—well, many times the price of a parade hat—appealed to the women marchers as types of womanliness. There was nothing disagreeable for the

women marchers at any time during the

parade. The head of the procession started promptly from Washington Square at 5 o'clock and at 6 o'clock sharp the head of the procession had reached Carnegie Hall. It began and ended on time. The procession last year was many times smaller than this and the crowd in the streets this year was at least five times greater than that which came out to see the women last Spring. It is seldom that New York sees such masses of people. There is probably no one in New York who does not now know the meaning of the word "suffragette." The suffrage parade has seen on every one's lips for days past, and consequently the hoodlum element was much larger than last vear, and this accounted for the would-be humorous remarks that were heard as the women passed on. Some of the hoodlums who did not come out threw ticker tape down on the parade at one point in the line of march, but a street sweeper was at hand and a few small boys, and it was gathered in immediately.

There was more or less applause, and mingled in the kaleidoscopic colorings of the crowd were here and there the yellow banners. There would have been more of these if there had been more to sell. There were a number of suffragists all along the line of march with their newspaper bags selling the different suffrage periodicals, but they gave out immedi-

"Do you know where the supply automobile is?" asked one of the news sellers of a woman marcher. "I could have sold fifty times more than I had, but I couldn't get them."

It was a big question in many places yesterday as to where the police were. At one time the crowds pushed into the street so that they fairly touched the line of marchers, and once the women marching five abreast had to step in behind each other to get out of the way of the crowd which filled the street. There was only one policeman in sight, and he came pushing through the crowd from the inside, and a girl on the outside of the line screamed, fearing that she would be knocked over.

Some of the shop windows were decorated with suffrage colors. In most of the windows there were too many people to show decorations of any kind. The marchers were unable to see anything of the procession. Even in crossing streets where other divisions were to fall in the crowd was so dense in the side streets that only the tops of the banners could be seen waving over their heads.

Mrs. Belmont's Division.

Mrs. Belmont's division made a good showing of banner tops at Twenty-seventh Street, but at Forty-first Street, where her headquarters are and where the women who could not get off until after 6 o'clock were to fall in, was Mrs. Belmont herself standing in front of the crowd waiting for her position in line. She was wearing the suit which she had laughingly said was three years old, a white coat and skirt, and with this a small simple hat of white, with a scarf of black. She had the appearance of a brave soldier facing fire, looking straight ahead. It was in this way that she marched up Fifty-seventh Street to receive with others the cheers of the marchers. She marched alone at the ahead of her division—one of the divisions actually made up of working women, and there

were many of ther. There was not the uniformity in the women's clothes yesterday that was desired. The 'variety was interesting. There was no monotony in color effect. There were very many women in white, but they were not always together. The nurses and doctors were white and looked

well in it. Didn't Stick to Parade Hat.

Even the marvelous 30-cent parade hat was not out in the numbers that had been expected. There were some thousands of them, but often they, too, were scattered. Where a number of them were worn together, even in their original simplicity, with the little lavender band around them, they were very pretty. One lot of women had he parade hat trimmed with a soft shade of blue, and that, too, was pretty and effective. All the women who were simply dressed looked well. There were some who were overdressed. and there were others, a few, somewhat underdressed in the way of wearing too few and two scant skirts, and they did not look better than they do in any week-day parade on the sidewalk in Fifth Avenue. There were not many women marchers who fell out by the way. Those who dreaded the long walk were advised to leave the line when they felt tired. Some of the older women did, urged by the younger ones. Women were all begged to start because it would be so easy to stop at any time, but, as a matter of fact. they didn't.

"I feel as if my mind and body were working in rhythm," said one marcher. "They have both got to going, and I don't think I could stop them if I should try. Would you believe you had been walking for an hour?" she asked at the end of the march. "I feel as though I had been walking a

week," said a flushed-face companion at her side. There was a very general feeling of satisfaction among the women at the conclusion of the parade. The rank and file of them slipped off to have a quiet dinner. The Women's Political Union women, the organizers of the parade, and other leaders went to the Great Northern Hotel not far from Carnegie Hall to dine together informally. "It will not be a formal affair," said one of them, and there will be no outsiders, because we only want to say among ourselves how pleased we are with

MEN IN LINE BRAVED JEERS.

ourselfes."

But the Loyal Thousand Marched On, Unflinching.

As if to give courage to the less courageous of the mere men marchers in yesterday's parade, the band which led the Men's League for Woman Suffrage broke into a lusty marching tune as the men swung from Thirteenth Street into

Fifth Avenue into the line of march. With the opening bar of the music the blue banner of the league could be seen bobbing up and down, a flutter in the wind, as the first of the marchers stepped out. Down the line the word pased, and it came in the unmilitary form of "Get; ready," and again, "Here we go." And go they did, turning into the avenue to the accompaniment of jeers and remarks which were both rude and very personal. "Tramp, tramp, tramp, the girls are marching," came the increasing song of spectators at Thirteenth Street and Fifth Avenue, and the marchers with eyes front kept repeating "left, left, left," so that line after line could get into step with the music.

For two hours before the league began to move the men had been gathering in Thirteenth Street, east of the avenue. They came, as Mr. Beadle, Secretary of the league, explained, "in their working clothes, as did the Minute Men when they gathered at Lexington." A few of the more active workers knew each other, but a majority of the enthusiasts, unless they came in delegations, were unknown to each other, and they stood about or mingled with the crowd irresolute until the Marshals began to call out for them to fall in. By and by street fakers began to sell banners and cloth daisies and bits of yellow ribbon and other insignia by which a man could be known as a believer in the right of women to the vote. The men were formed in ranks of fours,

and they stood long and waited for the word to march. They did not escape the attention of the crowd, but there was nothing except inoffensive "joshing" to try one. From the vantage point of a fire escape a number of men and boys poked fun at them and ran out a sign-"Votes for Women and Bables." Just before the march started two young men appeared bearing an oilcloth, on which was printed "Half a Million Women Vote Now. This Is More Than the Usual Presidential Plurality. If These Women Vote Solidly They May Decide the Presidency." This had not been displayed long when it caught the eye of James L. Laidlaw, the Marshal of Division. He hurried up and there was a conference with the sign-bearers. As a result they fell out of line, and, going to the side of a building, took a knife and cut from the sign the word "Half." There were cheers

when they raised it aloft again. One Hadn't Marched Since 1884.

"Are you used to marching?" asked an elderly man anxiously. He 'explained | that the last time he marched in New York was in a parade in the first Cleveland campaign. "But I am going to march every step of the way to-day," he said, with considerable pride. There were other graybeards in the line, and they were all as determined as the speaker. "My wife and daughters are marching ahead," said another old man, "and next

year I will have a granddaughter old enough to march." While the line was waiting to start a truck driver drove down the street, and some of the men had to scatter. "Don't mind mel" he shouted, smiling broadly, and then, as he waved a hand toward the Avenue, he added: "The old woman is out there a-marching." He was cheered as he drove off.

When the parade reached Thirteenth Street there was danger of the waiting line being disrupted, for many of the men left their places to see the women go by. It was 5:30 when the Men's League turned out into the line of march. Probably every man was self-conscious, and with some when they began to march there seemed to be an indecision as just what to do with their hands. A thousand men had promised to march, and apparently every one kept his pledge. A burst of jeers greeted the appearance of the men marchers. Somewhere up ahead a band could be heard playing appropriately, "I want a girl just like the girl that married dear old dad." Stretching far behind the men's division could be seen the white-gowned women, their many banners fluttering in the wind. Ahead one could get a glimpse of the inspiring sight of banners and the gleam of the famous 37-cent hats.

"Oh, Flossy," called down some one from the window of a house near the corner and again, in a pause between more or less complimentary remarks, some one asked whether Mrs. Smith was present. One man had the bravery to wear a snowwhite felt hat and he was the target for many jeers from start to finish. Police Work Poor at Times.

The police work in some places was poor. As the men's division was approaching Fourteenth Street the crowd broke through the lines, and marchers and spectators were mixed up in a struggle to get along the street. The line lost all formation, and the police worked in vain to restore it.

At Fourteenth Stret a mail wagon broke into the ranks and for two blocks continued as a feature of the demonstration. The wagon attempted to get through the crowd so that mail could be collected from a mail box. The driver could not get through and stopped in the cleared way. The marchers had to scramble around it. For these two reasons there was a gap in the line which was not cleared up until after Twenty-third Street had been passed.

"The low-brow district" some of the marchers called that section between Thirteenth and Twenty-third Streets, and there the chaffing was unmerciful. The man in the white hat looked as if he wanted to desert, but he didn't. Even the policemen laughed. "He pecked" was a favorite expres-

sion, and physical characteristics were openly discussed. Beards were called "alfalfa." and men with beards were told they were cheating the barber. "Can't youse fellows get a wife?" asked a wag at Eighteenth Street. Then came the reply from across the street, "Why not try up ahead?" Sometimes there were hisses for the

men marchers, but these were few and far between. Four pretty girls tried to cross the street near Twenty-third Street when the march had paused. As the first one got through the line the men took up the march. "Look out, they will kidnap you!" one of the girls shouted to her

At Twenty-third Street the men had to halt some time. There was not a minute in that halt that the crowd were not having fun at their expense. Some of the young men looked very uncomfortable. It was a relief when the order came to take up the march again after a rest.

"Really, this is all very interesting," commented a college marcher. And many agreed and some seemed to find a measure of consolation in the saying of one man that, after all, New York was a very large city and one knew so few. The men were inspired by their enthusiasm for the cause, and before the march was over they needed the enthusiasm, for not a man replied to the taunts which were hurled from all sides. "Back to the wash tub," shouted a man near Twenty-sixth Street. Then came

the comforting sound of a burst of hand clapping. "Ain't they fine?" said a pretty girl waving a suffragette flag. Many hats were doffed, and the girl clapped her hands in delight

Sing the "Marseillaise."

As the first of the line of men passed Twenty-sixth Street some in the rear started the "Marsellaise." The marchers sang it uncertainly. Twice the voices died away, but the leaders persisted until half the men were singing it as they strode along. Down the line came a marshal. "No singing, please," he kept repeat-

ing, and so died the effort which would have cheered more than one of the marchers. There was a halt at Twenty-seventh Street, and one of the first outbursts of derision was directed at the man in the "Who's minding the babies?" came in a loud voice from the rear of the line of

spectators. "Tut, tut," came another voice, "this is no time for annoying these good women." A group of women, every one wearing the yellow of the suffrage cause, came to the rescue and their applause rose above the chorus of jeers.

A number of young men on an unfinished building hurled down their goodnatured comments on the marchers. One strident voice asked the Marshal whether his hat was on straight. As the march proceeded uptown there was more applause than jeers, and there

were many expressions of sympathy from those who lined the route or viewed the parade from windows. At Thirty-sixth Street one of the marchers caught sight of friends in a window. He waved a small flag and did a sort, of dancing step to attract attention. "Whoops, my dear!" shouted a girl. Instantly the cry was taken up, and one section of the men's division at least marched past to the chorus of such shouts. At Thirty-eighth Street came the comforting sound of applause and the men's

division crossed Forty-second Street to the accompaniment of "Ring around a rosy" sung vigorously from the side lines. A little further along a man was asking whether "the bearded lady" had arrived. This raised much laughter. "Men," shouted a man in a loud voice as the men passed Thirty-eighth Street, "who wished this curse upon you?" No

reply came and the march kept on.

Cheered on by Women. More and more frequent came cheers, but the real reward for the men came

when the league turned into Fifty-ninth Street. Here had gathered many of the women marchers who had completed their march. They lined both sides of the street, and cheered and applauded the men as they marched along. The remarks were entirely complimentary here, save at Sixth Avenue, where many of the unregenerate had gathered. But that was the last outburst of jeers, and the line marched under the elevated structure to the accompaniment of much good-natured

"What will your wife say?" came loudly, and the speaker pointed to one man in the line. He tried to look unconcerned and spoke loudly to his companion as he turned his head the other way. This sally brought an outburst of laughter.
"What a fine looking lot of men,"
to themselves and

"They are an honor to themselves and to the cause," "These men show the seriousness of our movement," "There are courage and intelligence for you." These were some of the complimentary things the men listened to from the suffragettes who lined the sidewalk as they approached Carnegie Hall. From the steps of a building opposite the hall a delegation of New Rochelle women gave them cheer after cheer. There the men disbanded. It had taken nearly two hours to reach that point.

THE LINE OF MARCH.

How the Suffrage Columns Moved Up Fifth Avenue,

The groupings of the various divisions of the suffrage army in preparation for the parade, in the order in which they fell in line, follow: WASHINGTON SQUARE CENTRE.

A. Women riders on horseback; B. flagbearer; C. Executive Board of Women's Political Union: D. ushers for Carnegie Hall; E. outdoor speakers. WASHINGTON EQUARE NORTH, EAST OF FIFTH AVENUE

A. Senatorial groups of the Women's Po-

litical Union; B. general sympathizers. WASHINGTON SQUARE NORTH, WEST OF FIFTH AVENUE. Women's Political Union occupational groups: A. public school teachers; B. private school

teachers; C. students, &c. NINTH STREET, EAST. A. doctors; B. lawyers; C. investigators; D. nurses; E. writers; F. artists; G. musicians; H. actresses; I. craftsmen; J. librariana; K. lecturers; L. social workers, &c.

NINTH STREET. WEST.

A. industrial workers; A1. millinery; A2. dress; A3. shirtwaist; B. laundry; C. domestic workers. TENTH STREET, EAST.

A. business women; B. tea rooms; C. secretaries; D. bookkeepers; E. stenographers; F. telephone operators; G. clerks in department stores, &c. TENTH STREET. WEST.

A. suffrage pioneers; B. civil servants; C. voters; C1. Norwegians; C2. Swedes; C3. Ameri-ELEVENTH STREET, EAST.

Non-suffrage States—A, Board of National Suffrage Association; B, Connecticut; C. Kansas; D, Maryland; E, Massachusetts; F, Nebraska: G, New Hampshire; H, New Jersey; I. Ohio; J. Pennsylvania; K. Tennessee, L. Vermont; M, Virginia; N, Washington, D. C.; O, Greeks, &c. ELEVENTH STREET, WEST.

A. New York State Association; B. Equal Franchise Society; C, Legislative League. THIRTEENTH STREET, EAST. A. Men's League for Woman Suffrage: B, Men sympathizers.

UNION SQUARE, 17TH STREET, EAST.

A, Woman Suffrage Party; B, Coilege League: C. Wage Earners', League: D. Women's Trade Union League; E, Socialists. TWENTY-SEVENTH STREET, EAST. A, Political Equality Association; B, Women's Political Union, division from uptown

MARSHALS OF ABOVE GROUPS. Grand Marshal, Miss Josephine Beiderhase. Street Marshals, Miss Ethel Peyser, Mrs. Francis Higgerson Cabot, Miss A. C. Reuley, Miss Harriet Park, Miss Louise Beiderhase, Arthur L. Levy, Miss Eleanor Erving, Miss Frances Arnold, Miss Emily Butterworth, Mrs. Paula Jacobi. Marshals: Actresses, Mrs. Thomas Louden; Craftsmen, Mrs. Polllon; Librarians, Miss Beatrice Schumm; Social Workers, Miss Jeanne Cassard: Domestic Workers, Miss de Forest; Business Women, Mrs. M. E. Alexander; Tea Rooms, Miss Ida Frese; Secretaries, Miss Coffin; Bookkeepers, Miss Emma E. Elliott; Stenographers, Miss Hattie Lorber; Clerks in Department Stores, Miss Martia Leonard; Voters, Mrs. Florence Maule Cooley; Horsewomen, Miss Annie R Tinker; Senatorial Groups, Miss Alberta Hill; General Sympathizers, Mrs. Paul Thompson; Teachers, Miss Emily O'Keefe; Doctors, Dr. Maude Glasgow; Nurses, Miss Mary Thornton; Writers, Miss Sarah Splint: Artists, Mrs. Henry B. Fuller; Musicians, Miss A. Lenalie. NEW YORK STATE DIVISION, STARTING

AT WEST ELEVENTH STREET. Band, State banner, State officers, suffrage pioneers in carriages. First carriage-Miss Emily Howland, Sherwood; Mrs. C. DeB. Mills, Syracuse, and other friends. Second carria Mrs. Knight and friends. Future voters-Mrs. Flowerton's daughters in automobile. State members led by Mrs. Flowerton, descendants of Mrs. Emily P. Collins, who organized the

first suffrage club, with banner. NEW YORK COUNTY CLUBS. New York County Club-Mrs. Olive S. Gabriel, President: William Lloyd Garrison League-Mrs. Henry Villard, President; Equal Suffrage Club-Miss Mary G. Hay, President; Woman Suffrage Study Club-Mrs. Raymond Brown, President; Jeanne d'Arc League—Led by "Jeanne" on horseback; Wadleigh High

School Club-Miss Maud Haas, President. WESTCHESTER COUNTY CLUBS. Bronxville Club-Mrs. Ackerman, President; Hudson River League-Mrs. Villard President; Mount Vernon Club-Miss Clara Mann, President: New Rochelle League-Mrs. Leigh

French, President; Rye-Mrs. Bishop Putnam, President; White Plains-Mrs. C. J. Beakes, President; Yonkers-Mrs. Arthur Livermore. President. OTHER COUNTIES. Albany-Miss Elizabeth M. Smith. Cayuga: Auburn-Dr. Amelia W. Gilmore: Sherwood-Miss Isabel Howland. Dutchess: Poughkeepsie Club-Dr. Laura J. Wylie, Erle: Buffalo Club-Mrs. A. S. Capwell. Monroe: Rochester Club. Nassau: Rockville Centre Club-Mrs. Eisie R. Spellman, President; South Side Club-Miss Irene Davison, Onondaga: Syracuse-Miss Har-

riet Goodyear. Oneida: Utica Club-Miss Lucy C. Watson. Ontario-Mrs. H. T. Henry, President. Rockland: Pearl River Club-Miss Elizabeth Pope. Steuben: Bath Club-Miss Celia McNett. Suffolk: Huntington Club-Mrs. Edgar A. Sammis; Babylon Club-Miss Marguerite Baird. Ulster: Kingston Club-Mrs. Myron Kings County-Mrs. Robert H. Elder, President: People's League-Mrs. R. C. Talbot-Perkins; People's Political Equality League; Bushwick League; Elizabeth Cady Stanton League; Brooklyn Woman Suffrage League— Mrs. Mary H. Loines; Flatbush League-Mrs. Asborne; Kings Highway League; Twentieth Assembly District Club; Third Assembly District Club; Downtown Woman Suffrage League; Eleventh Assembly District League.

Morrison, Head Marshall; Mrs. Olive S. Gabriel, Mrs. Kerns, Mrs. Kipp Edwards, Mrs. Duncan E. Harrison, Mrs. Maud Flowerton, Miss Sara McPike, Miss Morlan, newsletter, and Miss Rosalie Jones, sales department. DARED HIM TO ARREST HER.

Marshals of these groups-Miss Clara B.

So Policeman Took Woman Watching Parade to the Station House. A woman who described herself as Mme. Marie L. Ranke, 62 years old, of 24 East Forty-eighth Street, was arrested late yesterday afternoon by Policeman Mc-Keon of the West Forty-seventh Street

Station, who was assigned to special duty

in Fifth Avenue while the suffragette parade was in progress. McKeon was stationed in Fifth Avenue in front of a building in course of construction, between Forty-eighth and Forty-ninth Streets, in front of which is a temporary bridge. McKeon says that he was told to allow no persons to linger there. Mme. Ranke came along and insisted upon standing there. The policeman says he used all the persuasive arguments in his power, but the woman refused to move and insisted upon standing

on the bridge. Finally he threatened her with arrest, he says, and then she dared him to take her to the station. McKeon took the woman to the East Firty-first Street Station, where Lieut. Heffernan entertained a charge of disorderly conduct against her. In giving her pedigree to the Lieutenant Mme. Ranke stated that she was a literary woman.

Mme. Ranke when arraigned last night before Magistrate Herrman in the Women's Night Court, was loud in denunciation of the police of New York City, whom she characterized as being "brutal to an extreme." "When women are allowed to vote,"

she declared. "I will cast my first vote for women policemen. They will be more considerate than men in making arrests." Magistrate Herrman adjourned the hearing until to-morrow night and paroled her on her own recognizance.

Copyright © The New York Times