

'Is Dame Nature a suffragist? At any rate, she was kind yesterday. In golden sunlight and keen air the great parade went its triumphal way, to the satisfaction of participants and spectators. With no disrespect to the men in it, the female marchers and riders, as always, showed the hopeless feminine superiority in grace, decorative effect, art of representation. American men seem to be rather shamefaced, at least self-conscious, in political processions. It is by numbers, and not by distinction of appearance, that such great parades of men as those of the campaigns of 1884 and 1896, for example, impress the crowd. And, in non-political demonstrations, why does a Governor's horse insist on proceeding or halting at right angles to the sidewalk and his embarrassed rider's will? How few public men can bestride a steed with the fine, handsome, easy air of the late Governor WOLCOTT of Massachusetts.

Whereas yesterday every girl or woman on horseback looked a Di Vernon, and every girl or woman footed it as feately as Camilla. A comely, dignified show, in which distinguished middle, and noble old, age were not wanting. The men, apparently outnumbered six or eight to one, marched sturdily and bravely. But the crowd had eyes only for the fairer part of that bright company. Were ever so many banners fluttering? Has there been before—and some multi-colored splendid suffragist parades, day and night, have been seen in this town—such a blaze and brilliance of hue, turning Fifth Avenue into a sort of theatre of enchantments? Green, white, blue, yellow, purple, and what not. It is not for man to put his foot in colors, still less to utter awkwardly the masculine bewildered but honest delight at the kaleidoscope on foot, on horse, in automobiles, the simplicities, varieties, and panoramic succession of frocks, the fine living history of woman suffrage in the world, the figured States, Victory, Justice, and Equality made charming actualities, Freedom "delicately marching" as she did in Athens, the quarter of a thousand girls carrying that enormous Votes for Women flag, the bewitching squadron of female cavalry, the happy, smiling children, the yellow and other cars, aflame with suffrage blazonry. Yellow, by the way, is Morning's badge, "the saffron-colored" Morning, isn't it? And so of Hope.

The spectacle was enjoyed by a great multitude. Nobody who had the good fortune to see it is likely to forget it. It was a well-ordered series of pictures, of seemly movement, more poem than procession. In dwelling on the aesthetic side of it, we don't forget the evident earnestness, the grave sincerity, which seemed to animate, to be the soul of this spectacle with a purpose. The parade was an immense success. The projectors of and the sharers in it are heartily to be congratulated and thanked.

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