

Suffragists Held Their First City Convention And Adopt Platform, but Name No Candidates

Incidentally They Raise \$5,500
Toward Fund to Forward
the Cause.

BROOKLYN KEEPS AWAY.

But Rumored Bolt Isn't Men-
tioned—Mrs. Mackay Again
Active in Work.

Make a cornucopia out of this news-
paper, put the small end in your ear and
turn the big end of the horn toward the
lower end of Central Park to-day, and
you can hear the committee ladies up in
Carnegie Hall telling each other about
that suffragette convention they had
last night. No more dazzling display of
fine sentiments and dazzling gowns has
ever been seen in New York outside the
opera season.

Of course nobody was nominated or
endorsed. It was merely "a demonstra-
tion of the cause!—the first to have a
real organization by assembly and elec-
tion districts." And the men tell us
organization is everything, sisters."

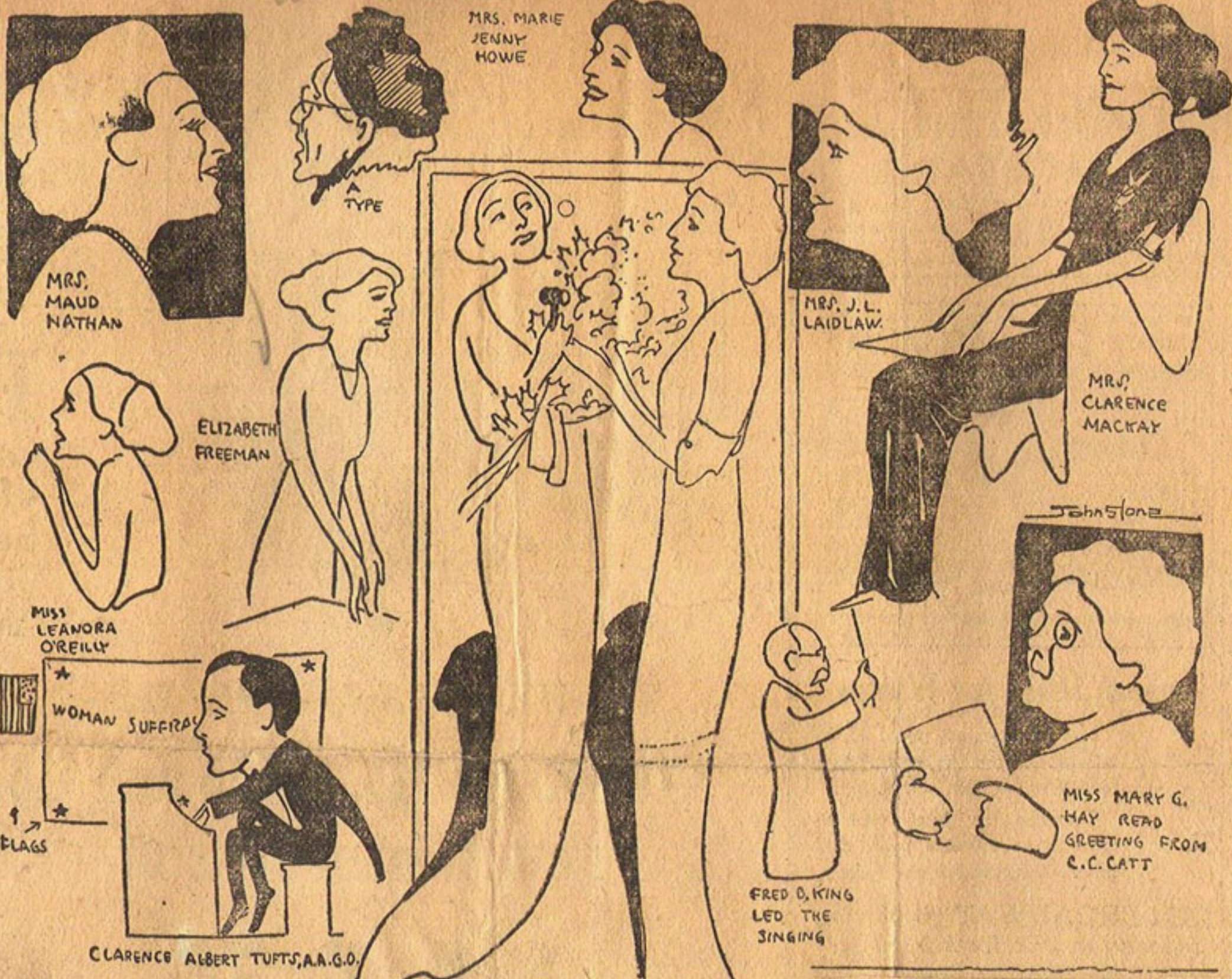
But believe an humble police court
reporter who had been to many a po-
litical battleground between New York
and San Francisco, the dope is all
wrong about that organization stuff be-
ing the whole thing. Just one look at
Mrs. Clarence Mackay's black velvet
gown set off by the cerise lined over-
cloak, which made a regal throne of her
Carnegie Hall camp chair and at the
falls of real lace from her elbows. An-
other at the severe gray silver laced
hobbled skirt of Mrs. William Warner
Penfield, permanent chairman, and yet
another at the classic purple robe, set
off with black and silver, of the Juno-
esque figure of Mrs. Helen Griffith and
also one more at the absolutely paralyz-
ing beauty of the white lace and silver
trimmed overdress of Mrs. James L.
Laidlaw, to say nothing of a half squint
at Mrs. Frederic C. Howe's black net
tunic over an orange gown and a black
net overskirt—no, no, no, there are com-
plications in suffragette conventions
that no mere man wots of. Also that
he doesn't want to wot a single wot
about, either, until he had a bank ac-
count like that of Clarence Mackay.

PLATFORM, HURRAHS AND THEN A COLLECTION.

Now this convention did not nominate
any one. It did not endorse anybody's
candidacy. It just adopted a platform
which sounded like a bride waking up
for the first time that HE had stayed
out after 2 o'clock in the morning, and
it added a few cheers for Wyoming,
Idaho, Utah, Colorado, Washington and
California—the States whose politicians
have already realized the possibilities of
the Cause. And then it took up a col-
lection under the almost theological in-
sistence of Mrs. Pearce Bailey, whose
husband is one of the most eminent
nerve specialists we have.

Mrs. Laidlaw was temporary chair-
man. There were low murmurs about
the great auditorium that she was also
a steam roller, but just because a very
beautiful lady sits right up close to a
permanent chairman, who wears a
Quaker gray simply cut gown trimmed
with bright steel jet, is no reason for
saying anything like that. No, not even
though she whispers in the permanent
chairman's ear all evening.

"There are representatives here," said
Mrs. Laidlaw, "from every assembly
district and election district in this im-
perial city. At least tickets have been
issued for every one of them, and if
they are not here it is their own fault.
Friends, we must keep this torch burn-
ing until such a flame from the
city that men are so afraid that
women do not m off any
onger."



NO MENTION OF MRS. RUHLIN'S DISTRICT MADE.

Mrs. Laidlaw explained that the only
districts now properly organized for the
cause were the Twentieth Assembly Dis-
trict of Brooklyn and the Thirtieth As-
sembly District of Manhattan. No men-
tion was made of Leader Mrs. Gus
Ruhlin's district in Brooklyn. It was
not represented on the floor. Mrs. Ruh-
lin's husband once fought prize fights
and now keeps a saloon. There has been
discussion of the subject lately. There
were a whole lot of vacant seats in the
sections marked off by orange banners
denoting Brooklyn space.

Mrs. Robert Elder was not present,
and, in fact, there was a rumor of a
Brooklyn bolt.

Mrs. Mackay applauded Mrs. Laidlaw's
sentiments by wildly patting the back
of her white gloved right hand against
the hollow of her left.

Mrs. Mary Garrett Hay, dressed in
plain black with a silver trimmed over-
cloak and in white gloves, named Mrs.
E. Jean Nelson Penfield as permanent
chairman. The convention responded
with a distinctly proper "a-aye." Mrs.
Hay tossed the typewritten notes down
to the reporterettes with the informa-
tion that they could "give them to the
men if they wanted to" and the band
played on.

Mrs. Penfield, in a silver gray hobble
princess gown, very simply cut, took
charge of the convention, saying how
much she regretted the absence of our
devoted leader, Mrs. Carrie Chapman
Catt. Her appeal was to all lovers of
equal justice. (Shouts of H-yah! H-yah!)

ASKS NEGRO AID IN FIGHT FOR WOMEN'S VOTE.

Mrs. Mackay at this point applauded
by closing her inlaid tortoiseshell and
pearl comb and tapping it with a fierce
earnestness against her white-gloved
fingertips.

Mrs. Penfield closed with she called
"a tragic and pathetic appeal for the
negro vote for VVotes for Women,"
saying that it was but a just return for
the work white women had done for
the enslaved black race, in the days of
the civil war.

Mrs. Helen Griffith pushed a bunch of
yellow chrysanthemums framed in fall
colored oak leaves into the Madam
Chairman's arms "on behalf of the City
Board to whom you have made your
authority as welcome as efficient."

Mrs. Mackay rose and read the plat-
form. Three flashlights went off. Not
a woman on the platform flinched. The
platform was short and acid. First ad

MRS. HELEN
GRIFFITH PRESENTED
MRS. E. JEAN
NELSON PENFIELD
FLOWERS AND
GAVEL

foremost it declared against a National
divorce law, because "such a law would
be made by men and would therefore
discriminate against women."

THEY "VIEW WITH ALARM" LIKE REAL CONVENTION.

"We view with alarm," continued the
chairman of the resolutions committee,
whose soft black hat was draped most
effectively across her shoulders, "the
reactionary educational movement which
would restrict the education of women
to their domestic life and exclude them
from general intellectual information."

A lady from the Twenty-third Assem-
bly District rose to ask a hearing.
The steam roller rumbled to the fore.
Mrs. Howe asked that speeches from
the floor be limited to five minutes. The
motion was adopted before the lady
from the Twenty-third knew what was
being voted for. Mrs. Howe spoke.

"Are women people?" she asked. "If
not, what are we? If this is a govern-
ment of, for and by the people, where
do we count? If we are people we are
half the government. Many men—not
all men—have not discovered that wom-
en are people."

Mr. Howe, who wore a plain black
statesman's uniform, he was formerly
a law partner of former Secretary
"Jimmy" Garfield, looked pleased,
mildly.

Mrs. Maud Nathan of the Consumer's
League made a few remarks on behalf
of the importance of votes for women
to the issue of pure food, fair hours
and fair pay.

SOME OTHER SPEAKERS FOR THE CAUSE.

Miss Leonora O'Reilly, shirtwaist
maker and labor agitator, in a simply
tailored buff skirt and a white shirt-
waist, called on the women in the galler-
ies to realize what their sisters down
below were trying to do for them. "Ev-
ery law," she said, "that is not made
for your people up there is made against
you." (Wild murmurs of "H-yah,
h-yah.")

Miss Elizabeth Freeman, in a pink
dainty empire gown and a Cleo de
Merode hair arrangement, moved the
adoption of the platform. There was a
decorous favorable response. Miss Hay
made an appeal to all good suf-
fragettes to telegraph Gov. Dix to
sign the teachers' equal pay bill. Mrs.
Mackay seconded her.

The Park sisters with cornets and a
quartet, in which was Sig. Umberto
Sorrentino, who wore conventional
trousers and dove-grey spats, taught

the audience "The Ballot Song of
American Women." Frederic B. King,
who wore a floating mustache and
composed the music, conducted the
singing. You can't play a cornet and
laugh at the same time. Otherwise the

Park sisters would have been happy.

Mrs. Pearce Bailey's subject was "Op-
portunities." It was a treat to hear her.
She orated \$1,500 out of "Anonymous
Contributor;" she got \$100 out of
George Foster Peabody. Mr. Nathan
(Mrs. Maud Nathan's husband) put in
\$100, and his wife, on the platform, put
the laugh right back on him by very
plainly adding another \$100. Mrs. H.
O. Havemeyer and a very pretty
woman in one of the boxes announced
that Mrs. William Randolph Hearst
desired to be entered for another \$100.
Mrs. Bailey put Mrs. Mackay down for
the same sum, and Mrs. Villard and
Lady Cowdrige and others were en-
tered for \$50 each. In all, \$5,500 was
pledged.

Messages of encouragement were de-
livered by Mrs. Stanley McCormack of
Massachusetts, who wore a black lace
toque over a yellow empire gown, and
Mrs. Forbes Robertson Hale, who wore
a silver gauze toque over yellow, and
said she took off her hat to California.

There were no obvious violations of
the rules. Mrs. Penfield, as referee,
gave general satisfaction. Mrs. Griff-
ith, who rang the gong at the end of
each five minutes' round of oratory,
pleased everybody by her impartiality
and the emphasis which she put on the
gong after the first refusal to subside.