

PARADE JAM IS CITY'S GREATEST

Continued from First Page.

The paraders were hammered out of them long before the parade came into sight.

Three Hours in Passing. But, police or no police, it was good to have been alive long enough yesterday to see the one time National Guard of the State of New York march for three hours past Repeal lunch box, 25-60 street. Only at the grand review that flashed up Pennsylvania avenue in Washington in 1865 had a city of the country had a chance to see a grand approaching the glories of the parade of the Twenty-seventh Division yesterday.

And since 1865 various accomplishments of the American human intellect had made possible things that 1865 didn't dare dream of when watching the color review—boats flying 1,000 feet in air, sometimes so low that their keels barely missed scraping Maggie, the maid, and her friends off the rooftops of Fifth avenue houses, and capable girl cops who used their rifles to shoot down bottles, motor ambulances, jazz music, bottled waters and cigar sandwiches, a division of United States soldiers not wearing a uniform, British flags intertwined with the Stars and Stripes, tens of thousands of tan shoes, motorcycloes, horseless carriages, highest civic and church dignitaries on the reviewing stands who actually could not trace back to a single ancestor from Plymouth Rock to Black Bay or old Fifth avenue or Rittenhouse Square, and who fire 800 shots in the same length of time that it took the quickest killer at the Wilderness to bite the end off a paper cartridge.

Helmet Fronts Denied. Coburn and Van Rensselaers, O'Rourke and Schmidt and Swenson and MacTavish and Repetta, on their way with smiles on tanned faces which were so much alike—the Schmidts and O'Rourke and Repetta, on their way, the Van Rensselaers—that in the composite one saw them only as so many boyish Americans. They were almost too quick and span for veterans of a great war. Medals dangled from their heaving chests. Some of them wore helmets that had been badly dented, and the dents always were in front.

To see the glories Manhattan had got up at daybreak, the outlying boroughs before the cloudless sky had had its first flash of dawn. In the crowds, too, were old and almost young fathers and mothers, sisters and cousins and aunts, particularly wives, who had started from the corners of the State many days ago so that they might be on the greatest street when the greatest parade went by. Three million has been mentioned here as the number of the spectators; that was the estimate of Grover Whalen, police official, newspaper men and other experts on crowds.

Before 8 o'clock in the morning the crowds jammed subway, surface and elevated trains, particularly the train coming from Brooklyn, so thoroughly that fathers of families—yesterday morning accompanied by the entire families—found that the running time from the home borough to the midriff of Manhattan was at least an hour longer than the usual morning run from the breakfast table to the same spot in the chief borough.

Taxis Unobtainable. Taxicabs were unobtainable even at the hour when most taxi consumers were in the habit of dawdling over their three minute eggs. Automobile owners who had decided the night before to leave their cars in the garages and "hail a taxi" after an early breakfast found out, after searching in vain among vacant taxicab stands in the neighborhood, that the only thing to be done was to race to the nearby garage, pile the family into the tonneau and drive helter-skelter toward Fifth avenue.

And then one started—to take a specific instance—from the neighborhood of Seventy-second street and Broadway, and drove eastward, was shot from the road, tried to drive through one of the Central Park transverse roads, was shunted northward again by the traffic cops, got to the northern boundary of Central Park, which is 110th street, tried to cross Fifth avenue there, was sent further northward, and finally was permitted, some place far up in Harlem, to shoot across Fifth avenue to Madison or Lenox avenues and then head south toward the general neighborhood of the main leading to the park, and thence westward to one's particular stand.

In other words automobile owners living in Eightieth street a block or two west of the park, and those who lived in Central Park had to drive for almost an hour to reach a seat in a reviewing stand at Eightieth street, and those who lived in Central Park had to drive for almost an hour to reach a seat in a reviewing stand at Eightieth street. But nobody kicked about the time required to reach the chosen spot, where so many wunders were to be seen.

Fifth Avenue's Early Rising. The inmates of the swaggar homes in Fifth avenue never before got up so early before breakfast. And, to judge from the looks, waitresses and servants in general draped along the eaves of swaggar homes, breakfast evidently had been served at a particularly early hour and the dishes washed and dried. Also never had a Fifth avenue business house or office building, further down town, seen the underlings report so early. They did not work on the day—but they certainly were on the job early.

Three miles or more of Madison avenue—the route of the parade—was five miles of Fifth avenue—contained a closely packed mass of human arguments from 7 o'clock in the morning until the parade began to play hours later. Fathers particularly, aided by mothers, who held the thermos bottles of coffee and the sandwiches and the children who rather argued, tried to convince a large part of the 10,000 regular and special policemen on the job that there were reasons of state why a particular father, mother, child and lunch should be permitted, in fact escorted, from Madison avenue westward to the selectible spectacles of Fifth avenue.

"Yain't got a ticket so yuh can't pass!" Thus the cops, who had the arguments kicked, as always, before the argument was begun. And Petain's "They shall not pass" was not a whit more effective at Verdun than the paraphrase of the great sentence of the war as delivered the length of Madison avenue yesterday morning by the genus cop.

Rush of Strollers. A time did come, however, when the advance guard of the parade now being

within hearing, the police in Madison avenue decided was the moment to let the unseated crowd rush toward Fifth avenue. And the standees came onward with a rush which—no one learns upon looking through the back files of newspaper—was equalled only when Noah ran out the gangplank and let the overcrowded and underfed animals rush toward dry ground and green food.

It was tantalizing to have to stand for hours just far enough away from Fifth avenue not to be able to see the parade but close enough to hear the splutter of police motorcycles and to get a glimpse of the glinting automobiles all holding notables, which raced onward immediately behind the motorcycle section. One stopped to think, even in the middle of an argument with Officer Hoopes, that the occupants of the limousines, town cars and touring cars were the most notable notables the State and it could produce.

They were all of that. Scarcely had the last lunch box and owner settled himself—especially himself—in the stands in the neighborhood of the Metropolitan Museum of Art when the State began to do its darndest. Whipping pennants, clouds of oil smoke, the roar of the black engine, run down the sidewalk out into view stopped the whole dog-eared State Legislature.

They had been brought from Albany in civilization by Special Deputy police Commissioner Rodman Wanamaker, who bought and paid for a special train of fifteen cars in which the lawmakers of the State were run down the Hudson during the night. And Mr. Wanamaker fed the State Senate and lower house at the Waldorf, and then supplied them with the police escort and cars, which brought them with a rear from the Waldorf north to the canopied stand on the west side of Fifth avenue opposite Eighty-second street.

Watching the Evacuation. Everybody got up on his hind legs and watched them being evacuated—Lieut. Gov. Walker, Speaker Thaddeus Sweet, Minority Leader James A. Foley (who had been dangerously ill for three weeks and was making his first visit from the sick room to hooray for the Twenty-seventh), Abram I. Elkus, who is credited with being closer to Gov. Al Smith than any one else in creation, and everybody else who is anybody in Albany's legislative halls. In fact one couldn't help thinking that Albany around the noon hour yesterday must have looked as empty as the leading private office in the White House at Washington.

Within a short time everybody who is willing to be the next Governor of New York—except Gov. Al, who had not yet arrived—was on hand. United States Senators Calder and Wadsworth, for instance, either of whom, so it is said by authoritative authorities, could be induced to hit the hay in the People's House at Albany for at least two years; Secretary of State Francis M. Hugo, who reached the vicinity of the reviewing stand at a shockingly late hour; Speaker Sweet, Comptroller Eugene Travis, and at least six others who are willing to take a chance at being Governor.

As their high hats came out of the automobiles there was a tahrarrabing and an omphing down the avenue that made the jam of spectators forget even the arrival of the gubernatorial candidates Union, Local No. 1. And up the avenue, faultless as the sunlit day itself, tramped all West Point.

West Point Band Appears. Ahead of them were their middle aged bandmen, resplendent in dark blue and white lined capes, the flaps of the capes thrown back so that the white lining might make the day more dazzling. What was the West Point band playing? Right!—guzzled it the first time.

Ahead of them, conspicuous in khaki and his horizon blue followers was Col. Jennie Burke, commandant of the cadets at the Point. Snappy is the word. Little patent leather peaks over their eyes, motorcyclo making bands, their gray chests, the skirts of their long blue gray overcoats swishing manly, heels hitting

asphalt with the perfection of the beat of a Tiffany watch. And they came to a halt on the east sidewalk and stood there graven. Even the tumult of cheers could not jar them an eighth of an inch from the perfect perpendicular. As perfect as the line on a blue print the West Point boys aligned themselves just back of the waistlines of the Old Guard, who were dazing in their white jackets, blue trousers and bear skin shakos, with Major E. H. Snyder in command of the Old Guards. Back of these, at the beginning of Eighty-second street, was the Indian Bay sailor band, which played steadily from that time—shortly after 9:30 A. M.—until mid-afternoon without collapsing.

Just to give the casual reader a notion of the wonders of the police arrangements around the reviewing stand, it merely need be said that the mountainous traffic cop, Babe McDonald, greatest weight thrower in the world, was just ahead of the reviewing stand, and that Police Reserve Captain Brainard, the handsomest thing there is, was merely another of many. Valvet cuffed Police Inspectors stepped upon one another, but did it without gumming the schedule.

10,000 Policemen on Duty. There were 6,000 regular policemen and 4,000 reserves along the line of march, and at first glance one got the impression that most of this total were stationed at the reviewing stand.

Unfortunately a few thousand of the paraders soon to come along did not know where the reviewing stand was. One had been built on the west side of the avenue, which was covered with a eye striped canopy that caught the eye of commanding officers marching or dashing a horseback northward. Just to the north of this stand, on the east side of the avenue, an unpretentious stand, uncovered, had been built at the last moment when the Mayor's Committee learned that according to army regulations an eyes right command must be given when reviewing stands are passed.

Wherefore the parade, especially the wounded in automobiles, paid a lot of respect to the canopied stand on the west side of the avenue and marched northward then without paying the slightest attention to the celebrities standing expectantly on the official stand a few steps to the northward across the way. And the stand which thousands of the marchers overlooked contained as its centerpiece Mayor Hylan, with Gov. Smith on his right and William Randolph Hearst, chairman of the Mayor's committee of Welcome, on the Mayor's left.

Mayor a Bit Peeved. Mayor Hylan seemed a bit peeved as he reviewed the contingent passed by the really and truly reviewing stand and never paid the darndest attention to it. Some one named Jake finally was sent four blocks down the avenue to call out to each Colonel, Captain and Lieutenant in line to direct the marchers' eyes to the right after passing the comparatively unimportant canopied stand, which contained only State legislators.

It was a few minutes after 10 o'clock in the morning when the legislators arrived. Then there was more spluttering of motorcycles and whipping of pennants and the real thrills were begun. At 10:20 o'clock, for instance, a car swept up the avenue in which were seated Gov. Smith and Mayor Hylan. Both, because of welcoming cheers, were hatless; and with the sunlight glinting on their gleaming locks of black and red the Governor and the Mayor's suite equipment added greatly to the splendors of the general color scheme.

None of the Smith family was missing, although the Governor's family, like the Mayor's, came upon the scene in unostentatious "private" cars. The Governor took two of his seven, Arthur and Walter, on the stand with him, seated the two small Smiths at his right. Across the street were the Governor's mother, his wife and the rest of the seven little Smiths. Seated next to Mrs. Smith across the way was Mrs. Hearst.

Assistant Secretary of the Navy Franklin D. Roosevelt had a perfectly good seat on the left side of Mayor Hylan until 10:30 o'clock. Exactly on the half hour Mr. Hearst and Louie Mann, the comedian, arrived. Mr. Mann had to content himself with a back seat on the reviewing stand, and Mr. Hearst modestly tried to bury himself in the stand across the way where Mrs. Hearst and the Smith family were seated.

Hearst Seated Beside Mayor. Mayor Hylan called a cop. Whispers. The bluecoat hurried across the still vacant asphalt to Mr. Hearst, and a moment later Mr. Hearst added the only black fedora to the pavement of three quart tiles and army headgear on the reviewing stand. Mr. Roosevelt had to give up his excellent seat at Mayor Hylan's right and move down among mere generals and admirals of Great Britain, all resplendent in red and khaki and gold faced officers of Italy and gold faced fighers from France. Mr. Hearst sat then at Mayor Hylan's left.

Three cheers for Governor Smith's arrival were given, and the reviewing stand in the stand across the way, and the cheers were given heartily. Then the leather-junged gentleman asked cheers for Mayor Hylan. They were given, but not so heartily. Among those who gazed at the cheering crowd were Admiral Grant of the British Army, Admiral Fisher, Health Commissioner Royal Copeland, Sheriff David Knott, Major-Gen. David C. Shanks, Inspector Mary A. Lilly, Acting Secretary of War Benedict Crowell, Col. J. A. Blair, Jr., aid to the Acting Secretary of War; Major-Gen. Harry A. Fithian, Justice of the Peace Putnam and Kelly, and so many other celebrities that to list them would be to put "Who's Who" and "Who's Who in America" all aside of two sides of one block of Fifth avenue.

Far down Fifth avenue by the time they had all been seated great things had happened. The gun salutes, draped in black and covered with ribbons and funeral flowers, had been started from Washington square northward by eight doughboys following immediately after the division service flag, which glowed with 1,372 gold stars.

Twenty bands had begun to bray along the route, adding their harmonies to the eight military bands parading. Taps were being sounded and dead marches played as the head of the procession came into view. Gen. O'Rourke's half broken Mustang, Red Check, had begun to act up—squatting on all fours and threatening to roll over but mattered in time as completely as the General and his lads on another occasion had mastered Herr Hindenburg.

At the Victory Arch Sergeant Reider of the 19th Machine Gun Battalion was ceremoniously cutting a silken "cord" of rope thickness to let the head of the procession proceed under the arch and led by a soldier on foot. Two blocks to the north of the cord the crowds were breaking in on the avenue and were being swept back again.

In front of the Library the civil war and Spanish war vets were tuning up their vocal chords. At St. Patrick's Cathedral Archbishop Hayes was awaiting the oncoming spectacle, with many Catholic dignitaries and Knights of Columbus officers surrounding him. At Fifty-ninth street the shell shocked soldiers were waiting, with Red Cross nurses and doctors eyeing them carefully—feeding them and giving them nourishment, adjusting their gray army blankets so that the breezes might not chill them. And between and above and below were the millions, crowding forward and being shoved back, shouting, losing children, shrieking as neighbors' children were tramped upon at Forty-second street; fainting, crying and having altogether the loveliest roughhouse time the city ever has seen.

They cheered everything—the straggle receding in the sunlight overhead and doubling back, the cheerab-

"lunch wagon" of the Police Department, which headed northward with thousands of boxes of lunches—concocted by Louis Sherry and paid for by Rodman Wanamaker—for the watchmen and paraders, and when the parade came into view they cheered with a riotous volume of sound that made one think of the Baldwin Locomotive Works at its noisiest.

Near Silence Ensues. But, oddly enough, after the first cheers that greeted the goshaw! alim waisted, clean cut, devilishly handsome Gen. O'Ryan and the head of the soldier part of the parade there was silence, or close to silence, that persisted throughout the hours during which the soldiers marched by.

Maybe the millions had cheered themselves hoarse too early. Maybe the steady stream of khaki clad soldiers lacked that variety which brings forth recurrent cheers. Maybe the crowd, out of bed too early, was lastly resting with the hope that the other fellow would do the observing. Certainly the lack of uproar during the mid hours of the parade was not due to a lack of intense interest in the paraders.

There were no cheers when the head of the procession came into view. It was exactly 11:33 A. M. when the reviewing stand saw and heard it coming—the sounds of a dead march far down the avenue, then the blowing of "Taps," the sharp command of "present arms" to the West Pointers, the clatter of the hoofs of riderless horses, each horse saddled and led by a soldier on foot. It was the tribute to the dead. Bare-headed, every one stood. Only the

sound of the "taps" and the clattering hoofs could be heard, and the muffled notes of the dead march. That was when the people cried. They cried aloud and women fainted as the black calson went by. The eight doughboys carrying the great service flag of white silk and gold stars followed, the flag stretched on a frame to hold it rigid. No one moved a muscle as the service flag went by.

And then came the hundreds of slow moving automobiles, each jammed to the running board with its load of joyous wounded. Their cars were glowing with jonquils; conspicuous in the tonneaus were the streamers of ticker tape, dropped into the cars from office buildings down town. Jutting up from the seats were many crutches. Some had eye bandages lifted ever so slightly so that they could see a bit of the loveliness of the spring day.

"See-garrta, see-gar-atlas, candies and chewing gum," called a wounded lad to the Governor of the State, distilling the smiles and goodies that had been thrown into the tonneau. Laugh Snaps Tensies. There was a laugh then that snapped the tension that had been caused by the passing of the calson and service flag and which had not quit broken when the wounded came into view behind the visible signs of death. Thereafter the day was joyous.

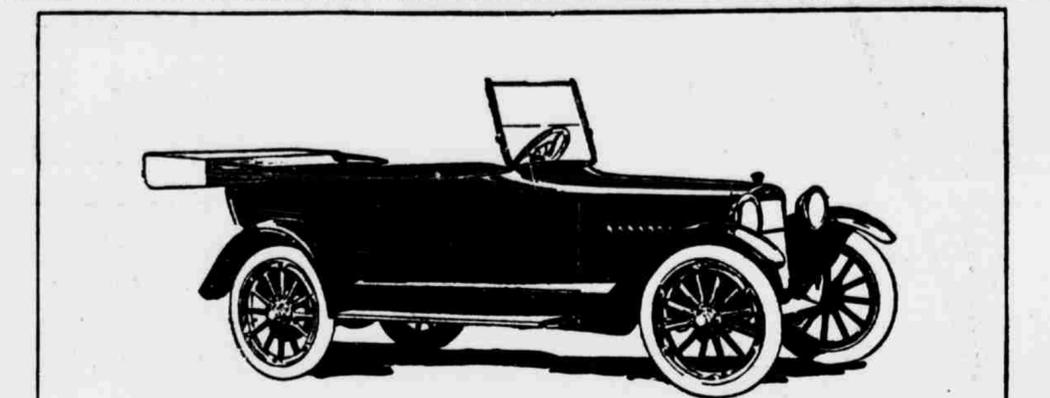
For more than half an hour the Red Cross motor girls drove double lines of automobiles by with only wounded boys as passengers. The armless and legless called out joyous words to the crowds back with them. Did they like the blond driving them? Buddy, with a dame like that beside you, what? And, many times and ironically, the cry went back and forth that war sure was hell.

Followed a half hour wait after the last of the wounded had passed, the wait being chiefly due to the fact that the crowds further down the avenue had flooded in upon the parading areas. And then came the only O'Ryan—now safely aboard a horse he had borrowed from Capt. Joe Eddy of his staff, after Red Check had acted up down near the Washington Arch.

And there was noise and more noise the peridiage and hoarays for hours afterward as the Headquarters Detachment, the infantry brigades, the machine gun battalions, engineers, signalmen, artillery, trench mortar batteries, sanitary trains, hospitals units, supply and ammunition train, a captured German truck, brigadier generals and colonels and majors unnumbered, Red Cross units of the division and glories innumerable paraded and faded from view.

Girl Held in Jewel Theft. Patricia Baseman, 13, was held in the juvenile court at Elizabeth, N. J., yesterday on complaint of Baron Ferdinand von der Noot de Moersel, son-in-law of Max M. Knoll, 425 Jefferson avenue, Elizabeth, who said he found the girl leaving his house Monday night with \$100 worth of jewelry missing from his wife's room. The property was found on the station house floor when the girl was arraigned, the police said.

COLOMBIA TO SEND ENVOYS. Delegation of Three Named to Go to Peace Conference. WASHINGTON, March 25.—Advice to the State Department today from Bogota said that Colombia had named a delegation of three to represent it at the Peace Conference. M. Urrutia is chairman, M. Restrepo is legal adviser and I. Reyes secretary. It is understood that Urrutia and Restrepo also will represent Colombia in the Venezuelan boundary arbitration to be held at Bern in May and that Dr. Julio Barson Nitto has been named a member of the arbitration commission.



Don't Let a Slightly Lower Price Tempt You to Take an Inferior Car

SAXON "SIX" Far Excels Cars Selling for \$100 or \$200 Less

Look about you. Where else will you find a car to match Saxon "Six" in value? We won't jeopardize its name for quality.

Note those cars that sell for \$100 or \$200 less than Saxon "Six." It is known the country over as the quality car of its field.

In no point save that of price are they in the same class with Saxon "Six." In a dozen different and highly important points it has the same features as costly cars.

As a worth-while automobile investment Saxon "Six" clearly stands alone in its field. Its motor, its ignition, its electric starting and lighting system, bearings, axles, carburetor, are all found on cars selling in the \$3,000, \$4,000 and \$5,000 classes.

Value and quality—not a \$100 or \$200 price-saving—are the things to consider when you buy a car. Time and again in public competition it has defeated high-priced cars in trials of speed, pulling power, hill climbing, and acceleration.

There's nothing new about the "slightly lower price" trick. Besides, think of the longer and better performance you get from Saxon "Six."

It's easy to cheapen a car here and there, lower the price \$200 or so, and then claim it's as good as Saxon "Six." Its sturdy construction saves you frequent repair bills.

We, ourselves, might lower the standards of Saxon "Six" manufacture and so reduce the price. That's why we say, "if Saxon 'Six' costs \$100, \$150, or \$200 more than some other car in its field, pay the price."

But we won't. Saxon "Six" has too high a standing in the eyes of buyers. You'll more than make it up in the far higher quality you get.



Come and Get a Copy of Our New Booklet, "Confidential Information on Motor Car Values." The Facts That It Gives Will Astound You. Saxon Motor Co. of New York 1761 Broadway Between 56th and 57th Sts. Telephone Circle 4163 Export Distributors, American Motors, Inc., 100 Broad St., N. Y. City

PAIGE The Most Beautiful Car in America You Need Six Cylinders There are no longer any serious discussions about the relative merits of Four and Six cylinder principles. The Four is the accepted type for the cheaper grade of cars and vast quantity production. The Six is the standard motor of quality manufacturing. From the standpoint of performance, Six and Four cylinder motors cannot be compared at all. It is unnecessary to prove the statement technically. Eliminating every other multi-cylinder advantage, the Six is 50% more flexible. The difference between a Four and a Six is the difference between vibration and non-vibration. And, make no mistake, flexibility is absolutely essential to real motoring comfort. Without it you must resort to constant changing of gears in traffic. Without it, it is impossible to throttle down to a snail's pace and instantly speed up again at will. Without it, there can be no such thing as smooth, even riding. But why not demonstrate the fact for yourself? Ask our dealer to take you out in any of the Paige models. Let him show you just what a fine Six-cylinder car can do on crowded streets, or on the open road. Then ride in the best Four that has ever been built—and make your own comparisons. The Linwood "Six-39" 5-Passenger—\$1555 f. o. b. Detroit The Essex "Six-55" 7-Passenger—\$2060 f. o. b. Detroit PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR CO., DETROIT, U. S. A. PAGE-DETROIT CO. OF N. Y. 1886 Broadway. Phone Columbus 6720. C. F. BRIGGS CO., 373 Central Ave., Newark, N. J. MAXSON RICHARDSON CORP., 1281 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn.

Gordon & Dilworth REAL ORANGE MARMALADE Sold by leading dealers If unobtainable at yours call Bryant 5244