SUFFRAGE MARTYR'S LIFE DEVOTED TO POOR AND OPPRESSED

Inez Milholland Boissevain From Childhood Worked for the Downtrodden of Either Sex, Age or Color

By ELEANOR BOOTH SIMMONS.

ONCE upon a time, in the heart of a golden summer a quarter of a century ago, two little sisters played on the sands of Bryam Shore in Port Chester, N. Y. Visitors to the place, admiring the healthy, happy, beautiful youngsters, would ask them their names. And it was always the elder of the two who answered for both.

"Inezabida," she would lisp.

At this early age that was all that Inez Milholland's tongue, later to be famous for its eloquence, could make of her name and that of her sister Vida. And as "Inezabida" they came to be known all through the summer colony. "There comes Inezabida," the family next door would say when the little girls, barefooted, in their plain play frocks and shaggy tam o' shanters, would come running—Inez always ahead, Vida always trotting after—from the big, rambling house where John E. Milholland of New York and his family spent the warm months then.

"And we were always glad to see them," the big sister of the group of youngsters next door told me only the other day. "They were such nice little girls, with never a cross word between them or to other children. The chief things I remember about Inez in those days are her beautiful eyes—everybody noticed those eyes—and what a natural leader she was, and yet so lovable!

"It was quite an innovation in those days for children to go barefoot, but the little Milhollands always did at the beach. For their mother's great thought then was to make them strong and healthy women. Bare feet and the simplest of dresses, that was the rule, and after that childhood and the radiant health they showed I cannot make myself realize that Inez Milholland Boissevain is dead at but little more than 30."

The next glimpse we have of the future Jeanne d'Arc shows her incorrigible democracy cropping out betimes. It is a brave child that defies the public opinion of its small world, the world of its playmates, but Inez did so without hesitation. The Milhollands lived then at Thirty-third street and Madison avenue, in a region where many old New York families had their homes, and Madison Square was the playground of the small scions of Knickerbocker aristocracy.

At that time the park was not the favorite resort of hoboes, but little East Siders did sometimes stray that way, and they came in just right to satisfy Inez Milholland's growing passion for humanity. She was about ten then. She gathered the ragged little Jews and Italians and Lithuanians and Irish and Bohemians around her as naturally and simply and inevitably as later she was to espouse the cause of the garment strikers, or of men and women in want of jobs, or of downtrodden negroes, or of anybody less fortunate in life than herself. The small scions of Knickerbocker aristocracy turned up their small noses.

"If you bring all those dirty little tenement children into our games, Inez, we just won't play with you, so there," they told her.

"All right for you," Miss Inez would reply. "You don't have to play with me if you don't want to."

Probably at that time no one thought of any destiny for Inez but a brilliant social career. It was the career destined for the girls in her set, and in spite of the outcroppings of a dauntless virile spirit and the thoughtful cast her beauty was taking she was expected to fill it that way too. Miss Helen Varick Boswell, head of the National Republican Women's Association, whose friendship with the Milhollands dates from the time Inez was ten, describes her as singularly beautiful.

"But her features were much more strongly marked than the features of most girls of ten," Miss Boswell told me lately. "She was with her father that day I first saw her, and I remember how strikingly she resembled him, and how proud, too, he was of her."

If Inez Milholland turned out a fighter she got it straight from her father. Those who remember John E. Milholland leading the Republican revolt against the Platt machine smiled when they saw his daughter setting out last autumn to incite the Western women to vote against Wilson because he hadn't pushed the Susan B. Anthony amendment through Congress—smiled, and thought that history repeats itself.

Those who remembered Mr. Milholland's work in behalf of the negroes didn't wonder at Inez's passion for the oppressed. Gallant and fearless, buoyant, generous, keen of intellect, made of the fibre that cannot give up, "Nan," as she called her, was "her father's son," even after a boy, young John E., appeared on the scene.

Inez and Vida were to have the best of educations. They were to go to school abroad, where the family spent a part of each year, and then they were to finish in America, at Vassar. This programme was carried out, at the cost of some torture of spirit on the part of various instructors, who found in the brilliant Inez a problem such as they had never encountered before.

How could they be prepared for her? There never was but one Inez Milholland. If she hadn't been so determined and so clever at getting what she wanted, and if what she wanted hadn't been so entirely for others, or some cause, never for herself, and if she hadn't been such an upsetter of traditions, and yet so beautiful and gifted that she was bound after her time to become a kind of tradition herself—well, well, she was certainly a puzzle and a thorn in the flesh of the staid English and German school mistresses and masters, as during her college career she was to President Taylor of Vassar.

Soon after the sisters entered the school in London selected by their parents we have a sad report of Inez. She always was tardy. The mistress at last went to Mrs. Milholland, who said she couldn't understand why the child couldn't be on time. They lived just around the corner—it was a day school—and Inez ought to get there in five minutes.

She questioned Vida, who as always in their lives was Inez's inseparable companion. Vida hesitated, but at last confessed she thought it must be the cat.

"The cat?" repeated Mrs. Milholland.

"It's just an alley cat," Vida explained, "and Inez finds it playing round the corner and she sits down in the gutter and plays with it and so she's late for school."

A cat may look at a king, but Inez Milholland, who spent many moments cultivating a homeless cat, refused to spare one for royalty when it came time for her to be presented at court. It was when she was 19, after some years of schooling in Germany, where she harassed teachers who had confessed to Mrs. Milholland that "Inez was a genius, but too much for them." She had come away from the German school, left a week ahead of time, in fact, made her way from Berlin to the port and across the Channel, and burst in on her astonished mother, who was just arranging to send an escort for her, with the nonchalant explanation that she just couldn't stand that school any longer.

So she was in London, and her mother's heart was set on having her presented at court. There is a picture of her at that age. She left few pictures behind her save snapshots taken when she was leading a suffrage parade or something like that, for she was always too busy to pose, just as she was too busy when her illness came creeping on to give up and be doctored till it was too late. But this picture remains, a delicately tinted likeness of a lovely, blooming girl who would be sure to make a sensation at court. Miss Milholland, however, turned up her nose.

"Kings! Queens!" she observed in scornful tones. "I wouldn't be seen with them."

Unpresented, therefore, she came back to America and entered Vassar. The newspapers from time to time during her college course bear witness to the way she smashed idols in that institution of learning. She had smashed any number of English gods, besides the court presentation custom, before she came over. She insisted at 15 on riding astride in Rotten Row, and rank as Vida as Inez did, and the respectable British matrons shuddered at the sight, although in the course of a few years their own daughters cast aside their riding skirts likewise.

Inez also plunged into suffrage. Christabel Pankhurst had her first parlor meeting in Mrs. Milholland's house, and Mrs. Milholland's closest friends, who chanced to be the family of the Judge before whom Mrs. Pankhurst was tried, ceased to visit her in consequence.

Her mother tells how Inez at 18 came into the drawing room one bank holiday, radiant in a white tailored suit, and announced that she was going off to Maidstone and down the river speaking to the crowds on suffrage. There was an old Countess there, one of the Irish O'Briens, the family into which Marconi married, and she demanded of Mrs. Milholland why she allowed that girl to do such things.

"What can I do? What would you do?" asked the mother.

"Do!" snorted the Countess. "I have raised five girls, and I would tell Inez that she could choose between Maidstone and me."

But Mrs. Milholland, though in some measure like a hen that has hatched a venturesome duckling, would take no such stand. What she really wanted, she has admitted, was to have Inez go upon the stage, since she declined the social life. Beerbohm Tree, meeting the girl one day in the Savoy Hotel, asked her if she had ever acted, heard that she had "just done college theatricals," and the next day sent a contract for her signature. It wasn't signed, and she went back to Vassar.

Girls of the class of '09, her year, will tell you how lovely she was as *Hermione*, how dashing and romantic as *Romeo*, in the outdoor plays on the campus, but so startling were her suffrage stunts that they overshadow her acting. There is no doubt that she led President Taylor a sad life. There was, for instance, the time when she wanted to have a votes for women parade on the campus.

"Parade?" said the president. "Certainly not. I forbid it."

A few days afterward word was passed among the students that if they would come to such and such a dormitory corridor they might see something worth while. They came, crowds of them.

Now the rooms occupied by Miss Milholland and other students had windows opening on the corridor, and in each window that day a living picture was posed. One tableau showed a nobly formed Western woman casting her ballot; another showed a factory woman in rags, with text explaining why she needed the vote. There was a Susan B. Anthony tableau, an Elizabeth Cady Stanton tableau, another showing the evils of child labor. It was quite as effective as a parade, and President Taylor was obeyed, in the letter.

There was the time Miss Milholland at the instigation of Mrs. Harriot Stanton Blatch led her classmates to a graveyard to celebrate the anniversary of the first suffrage convention, President Taylor having refused to let her hold a meeting on the campus. So much notoriety did the graveyard meeting get that the president must have regretted that he didn't let it be held unobtrusively under the Vassar trees.

It's absolutely astonishing the number of things this one girl crowded into four years at college. She was captain of her class hockey team, which won the college championship, and she set a new record for the putting of the eight pound shot. She studied sociology practically by getting herself appointed probation officer in Poughkeepsie. And then she was graduated with honors and came to New York, where the Milhollands by this time were living at 247 Fifth avenue.

Of course the suffragists welcomed Miss Milholland with joy. She was so good looking, and good looks have great value in suffrage. She was so wholehearted, unaffectedly, joyously ready to do anything, no matter how spectacular, to serve the cause that she was hailed as their greatest acquisition in a long time. To the public her connection with suffrage was a series of dramatic appearances, but never was there so unselfconscious a central figure.

Inez Milholland Boissevain.

When her horse in the big suffrage parade of 1912, or maybe 1913, became unmanageable and she had to retreat to a side street, where she subdued him and returned to the line it wasn't her fault that just there there was a gap in the parade so that on her white steed she rode alone and got as much applause as if she were the whole parade. It wasn't by any intention of hers that when during the Taft parade soon after she left Vassar Mrs. Blatch put her in a window on Fifth avenue she had rented and decorated with votes for women banners and the men below yelled "Speech!" and Mrs. Blatch said, "Give them a speech, Inez"—it wasn't by any intention of hers that the parade was nearly broken up and the police had to interfere.

She couldn't help it that she was made so that men liked to see her and listen to her, but she made good use of the opportunity for the cause. The speech from the window was her first New York appearance in behalf of suffrage, by the way, as it almost marked her first encounter with the police.

It wasn't her fault that one night when she went by invitation to a political meet, looking lovely in a rose opera cloak—she had been to a dinner—the fourteen men on the platform deserted the little woman who was speaking about settlement work or something and went down in a body to meet this new speaker and escort her to the seat of honor and beg her to speak as long as she liked. No one could have been more grieved than Miss Milholland about the little woman if her eclipse hadn't been hidden by the surge of men.

It was, by the way, unusual for Miss Milholland to dress up. Her mother tried vainly to get her to pay the attention to clothes that other girls with well to do parents do.

"Dear me, Inez, if you will go out to speak at that meeting do put on something to make yourself look nice," she would say, and Inez would retort:

"Mother, I don't want them to look at me; I want them to hear what I say."

A woman's clothes should above all be efficient, was the creed she expressed to me once in an interview. Her main interest in garments was trying to weed out from the household closets attire for the various human derelicts she always had on her list. It was a common thing for the family to come home and find a couple of forlorn men or a rusty woman or two waiting in the kitchen while a search was made by Inez herself burrowing in some closet, trying to select some suit that her father wouldn't miss or a dress for the woman.

"Now, don't interrupt; I've got such a good chance to get jobs for those people if only I can fit them out in decent clothes," she would plead.

For suffrage was only one of her many interests. The unenfranchisement of her sex was but one of the many injustices against which Inez Milholland's spirit flamed before it burned itself out.

That she was battling in the service of suffrage when she died was the chance of fate. It might have been the cause of world peace, or of underpaid labor, or of some prisoner unjustly accused—she was never known to fail when human need or her ideals called. She was but a year out of Vassar when she went down to do picket duty with the factory girls in the great strike of garment workers and was arrested and handed to jail, to the horror of her mother.

Maybe it was that she might be better able to defend the oppressed that she decided to be a lawyer, maybe it was her strong conviction that every woman ought to have a profession or trade, but anyhow she became a lawyer. Every one knows how she tried to break down the traditions of Harvard and induce them to admit a woman to the law school there, and, failing, took her degree in the University of New York law school. But the typical thing is the way she used her knowledge of the law. One of her first cases was the defense of a poor Chinaman accused of participation in a Mott street murder.

I like, too, the story of the first interview she gave after her law examinations. A girl student in the School of Journalism had been told to get an interview with her. "But I can't put you in the paper," added the girl; "for I am only a pupil in the School of Journalism."

"I am very much interested in the School of Journalism," came the response over the wire, in that hearty, melodious human voice of hers. "Come along."

"She came in," said the girl afterward, "with her hands in the lapel of her silk shirt, like a nice boy, and she said, 'Well, I'm feeling pretty chesty—just passed my law exams!'"

Such little pictures of her flash upon the inward eye of the unnumbered people who knew her or had seen her. Reporters on the Stielow case remember her as she jumped into a taxi to rush to Sing Sing with the reprieve which she had been partly instrumental in securing for the condemned man. Her eyes almost dropping shut for want of sleep, she flashed and beamed with joy.

"Isn't it splendid, isn't it splendid?" she cried as the car started. "To think that we've got it!"

She was charming with children, and it was an unconcealed grief to her that in the four years her married life lasted till death took her no babies came. But everybody's children just flocked to her.

I remember her in the parade at a suffrage ball—was it in one of the armories or at the Grand Central Palace? Anyhow a few small children, loosed separated from their parents, got jammed in a corner among the older spectators. Mrs. Boissevain saw them.

"Come along with me!" she cried, bending and gathering them into the parade. "Come, little brother! Come, little sister!" And they came laughing, drawn by the magnet of her splendid vitality and warm heartedness.

As she was with children so she was with animals. There were always a number of St. Bernards at Meadowmount, Mr. Milholland's place in the Adirondacks, and the very last time Mrs. Boissevain went there before she was taken there in her coffin—it was some time last summer—she thought she'd bring one of the young dogs down to Harmon-on-the-Hudson, where she and her husband were living. It was an obstreperous puppy and didn't want to come. Soon after the train started Mrs. Boissevain was missed and a search discovered her in the baggage car valiantly clasping that huge pup in her arms, being scratched by him for his pains, but quite determined to stand guard lest some of the men should whip it. Nor would she leave the baggage car till they reached their destination.

Her marriage was as great a surprise as most of her other achievements. That she, who had rejected various rich and attractive Americans, should wed a Hollander was no doubt a disappointment to many, but it seems that she admired of a good chance that American men should become suffragists, Socialists and a few other things, and none of them could come up to the specifications of her ideal, though not averse to amusing herself with them like any normal girl.

Eugen Boissevain, that lean, dark, quiet young Dutchman with the charming smile and the quaint English, which she loved to mock, was quite as radical as she, and they were very happy. Only one thing marred her marriage—in wedding a foreigner she lost her citizenship in America, and this proved a constant handicap to her when she started to practise law.

"I've been helping a man who was in prison to regain his lost citizenship," she wrote one day. "But there is no way for me to regain mine if my husband doesn't choose to become an American. That is one injustice under which women suffer and one which the enfranchisement of women by Federal amendment will remove it."

And so she worked heart and soul and body with the Woman's party for the amendment, put her life in pawn, and lost it. In the last months that had broken in upon her married life. They did have, she and Mr. Boissevain, a short period in a little apartment on Thirty-first street, and I remember how I called her up after they had moved in and asked her how she could squeeze housekeeping duties into her full life. And how her voice came laughing over the wire:

"Housekeeping? I do my housekeeping in ten minutes a day!"

And then she explained that she had a nice maid and ten minutes' talk gave her her directions and put things in trim, and then she was free to go to her office like any man.

It was last December that the call came to go to Europe on the Ford peace ship. She was doubtful about the enterprise and she rode to the pier with her family with tears rolling down her cheeks.

"Why do you go if you feel like that? Why go, anyway?" her father demanded, and she replied that though she felt little hope she didn't dare disregard the call. "I may be able to do something at The Hague through the newspapers Eugen's father owns," she said. But directly the ship reached port at Stockholm she left it, disgusted with the undemocratic management.

She left New York last September on her speaking tour through the West for the Woman's party with something of discouragement too, but it wasn't discouragement with any aspect of the work this time; it was the presage of the illness that even then was sapping her strength. For years she had drawn upon her splendid vitality relentlessly and when the trouble came in her throat she could never take time from the things she had to do to be doctored and put to rights.

It was an itinerary a strong man might have shrunk from. Chicago, Sheridan, Billings, Cheyenne, Boise, Seattle, Portland, Spokane—and so on round the Western circuit, jumping from place to place, speaking constantly, changing from train to train, from sleeping car to sleeping car.

"Don't go," her mother and father and husband had pleaded with her, and when she answered, "I can't be a quitter," her mother insisted that her sister Vida should go with her to take care of her, and Vida did. So the sisters who had always been so much to each other were together as Mrs. Boissevain, like a soldier, pressed on despite increasing weakness, and when in Los Angeles the soldier fell, father and mother and husband could be summoned and could be with her to the end.

And now she lies at the foot of the mountain, Mount Discovery formerly, renamed Mount Ines for her—lies with that splendid young life snuffed out; and some of those who loved her are asking:

"How long will men demand these sacrifices before they will give the gift of universal freedom and justice that such as Ines Milholland Boissevain asked?"

She was one of those who could not be happy while others suffered. "I can't—I can't go out to dances and have a good time, I can't eat, I can't sleep comfortably, while so many are hungry and cold," she would say to her mother; and it wasn't just words with Ines Milholland. She lived it.

RAG FAMINE MENACES WORLD'S SHIPPING

EVERY one knows that the scarcity of paper is handicapping the dissemination of news; but how many know that the same scarcity is actually a source of peril to navigation? Yet conditions have come to such a pass that Dr. E. Lester Jones, superintendent of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, has called attention to the gravity of the matter.

The world war has stimulated and brought about changes in the shipping trade. The navigator has to have charts, and, as things have developed, skippers are calling for more and more of these hydrographic guides.

They want charts of places widely separated and of approaches to ports that formerly were only infrequently visited. This is because there are fewer ocean freighters in general traffic and they must, therefore, go dodging about the seven seas in their well nigh ceaseless activities. A captain bound for an unfamiliar destination insists upon the most accurate charts he can get and he is not content unless they bear the stamp of governmental authority.

Heretofore the foreign navigator has depended mainly on European charts, but the supply of these is naturally very much limited to-day. The Coast and Geodetic Survey and the United States Hydrographic Office are the principal sources from which ships leaving American ports can now get charts. But the demand is far in excess of the supply, and this state of affairs is likely to become worse if more paper is not soon available for the printing of charts. How serious the situation is can be gathered from what Dr. Jones has said:

"In regard to the production and output of charts: I need not detail how rapidly information comes in requiring changes in the nearly 700 charts covering our 103,000 miles of coast line, but there are in this office to-day reported dangers in the way of submerged rocks and shoals found and other dangers to navigation, and changes in aids to navigation that make it absolutely necessary to reprint 135 of our charts with the least possible delay.

"The information concerned must be examined, verified, drafted, engraved or lithographed with the nicest regard to every detail before it finally filters through the office and goes on the printed chart, so that it is absolutely correct and reliable when the chart is sent to the merchant mariner or to our Navy Department for the use of naval vessels. Requests come to us daily for some of these 135 charts that are out of print, and ships are delayed in their sailings because they cannot be supplied with them.

"We have had, for instance, a request from a vessel about to leave New York for 223 of our charts, of which 64 could not be supplied because they were out of print. Neither could we tell when they could be furnished. Another ship owner wished 27 different charts and we could supply him with only 10 of them, while still another vessel wanted 27 and only 9 of them were available in our files. These are not rare instances but only examples among many.

"The difficulty is twofold, a scarcity of the needful skilled labor and a sorry lack of the only kind of paper that can be used for this exacting work. Only a certain grade and quality of paper can be used for chart making purposes and this kind of paper is not carried in stock by the paper mills.

"It therefore follows that when this bureau places an order for chart paper that paper is made on the receipt of the order and we receive 'green' paper. If charts are printed on 'green' paper the paper in seasoning distorts the chart so that the distances represented thereon are misleading to a mariner and the chart becomes a menace rather than a guide.

"To meet this condition it has been our custom to keep a supply of chart paper on hand, but owing to the increased demand for charts this stock has been from year to year encroached upon until it is practically exhausted. We are now facing an unprecedented demand for charts, with no reserve stock of seasoned paper to draw upon. With the cost of paper advanced some 50 per cent. owing to a rag famine resulting from foreign embargoes we have either got to meet these conditions or stop our work. During the past year the increased demand for charts by shipping and by our Navy Department has amounted to a total of 30,000 charts, while the entire distribution has reached a figure of nearly 163,000 charts, representing substantially half a million impressions on the printing presses."

Just what the printing of a chart means is not understood by the average layman. Exactness and precision are required at every step.

Each chart is put through the press from two to five times, and the general average is three runs. First comes the black plate; then the buoy plate, by which the buoys are colored; next follows the tint plate, which distinguishes the land areas from the water areas, and on certain charts blue and yellow tints are employed for purposes of added definition.

It is important in order to insure distinctness that the colors on the different plates should register or fit exactly in their assigned places. The quality of the work required may be gathered from the fact that the outlines of a buoy symbol are only one-twentieth of an inch in width, and within these contours the red color must fit to a nicety.

During the fiscal year ended with June last the Coast and Geodetic Survey bought 75,949 pounds of chart paper, and then paid 16 cents a pound for it. The price has mounted a great deal higher in the meantime. This governmental outlay is promptly repaid, because the charts are sold at a price that covers the cost of paper and printing.

How many have ever realized that the safety of the mariner and others on shipboard depended largely upon an abundance of rags! Such, however, is a fact.

There is also a strictly commercial aspect to this question of correct charts and enough of them. As Dr. Jones says: "Insurance companies will not insure vessels plying through uncharted waters except on the payment of exorbitant rates. Naturally passengers and the consumer of the freight must pay this extra cost."

MUSSELS WONDERFULLY GOOD.

AN old restaurant keeper on the shores of Hempstead Harbor, L. I., was amused by a party of visitors who discovered a bed of mussels. They were excited over the discovery, but were doubtful as to the value of the mussels from the chafing dish point of view. They filled their pockets and then approached the restaurant man with a multitude of questions.

"They are wonderfully good," he told them. "Steam them as you would soft clams, and if you prefer to discard the long stringlike muscle, which is a bit tough, do so.

"They are the most plentiful species of mollusk on the New York seaboard, but they are served in few New York restaurants. The United States Bureau of Fisheries has been trying for a year to introduce mussels to the public and has not succeeded very well.

"They are popular in Boston and can be had in cans pickled. Their flavor is somewhat stronger than that of either oysters or soft clams, but some people say they are the most tasty sea food to be found. Huge beds extend within easy access up and down the New York shores."

XMAS CAROLS AT NANTUCKET.

THE custom of singing Christmas carols in the streets still obtains at Nantucket. Every Christmas eve the school children march through the old cobbled streets of the town and sing their songs.

All the ancient houses are illuminated with candles in the windows and the children always stop and serenade their favorites. It is very pretty to hear them, and they never forget to sing for what they call the "shut ins"—the folks who are ill and unable to get out and join the festivities.

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