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ONLY A WOMAN AFTER ALL!

How a Peculiarly Feminine Change of Mind Led Inez Milholland, the Charming Suffragist Lawyer, to Marry One of the "Drones" She Used to Say She Despised

MATRIMONY was formerly the only refuge for the woman who had no other way to make a living.

"The only happy marriage is the one where both husband and wife do things, for the benefit of themselves, the family or society. A female parasite is bad enough, but a masculine parasite is the lowest form of human life."

"The drone, the man who is content to 'be' rather than to 'do,' who has never worked for a livelihood, is the most despicable creature on this earth."

"Marriage is the one field of labor open to all women alike. It may be our birthright, but I never will take that birthright unless the man in the case is one of the world's workers, not shirkers."

"Laziness should be a legal cause for divorce, but a woman who knowingly marries a man who would rather 'be' than 'do,' has no right to complain if her marriage is unhappy. A woman should never marry a man to support him nor to reform him."

THE above quotations are from speeches made by Miss Inez Milholland in the days when she was more of a suffragist than a woman—in the days before she met and married Eugen Boissevain, a member of a well-known Dutch family, a man who has never done a stroke of work in his life, a drone of the most pronounced type, and who prides himself on being a "loafer."

The theory that a man should work is all very right in America, but in Holland, where I have always lived, one can very well be what in America you call a "loafer." Thus spoke Mr. Boissevain the day his marriage was announced.

Six years ago Miss Milholland, then a student at Vassar College, began her career as a suffragist and public speaker. She was cold and dispassionate as a speaker. She was logical, too—one who, though beautiful in a marked degree and magnetic in temperament, inspired her hearers with the thought that she would never marry. Men of brilliancy who met and talked with her shook their heads after and said: "What a pity that so beautiful a girl should be so abnormal! She is all intellect; there is no heart there."

After graduating from Vassar this young beauty decided to become a lawyer. Harvard refused to make her a Portia and Oxford and Cambridge likewise refused to "unsex" her. It has been reported that the President of one of these universities told the would-be Portia that her place was in her home, taking care of babies.

Instead of following this purely masculine advice, Miss Milholland studied law at New York University, made suffrage speeches on the advantages of being a splutter and a voter, did picket duty during two interesting strikes, and made it most evident that she was "cold," "dispassionate," "unfeminine." Perhaps there were times when she thought of matrimony, but there were no times when she talked of it except when disparaging those who were foolish enough to "fall in love" or who were "feminine enough to marry some man for a living." Whenever a suffragist married Miss Milholland shrugged her lovely shoulders and murmured, "The eternal feminine again."

And yet she has had many masculine admirers. Men have served her faithfully and wholeheartedly. Men of prominence in this country and England have accomplished tasks of magnitude, hoping to win that "cold" heart, to overpower her logic and her



Looked in the Days When She Led "Votes for Women" Parades and Called Men Who Didn't Work the "Most Despicable Creatures."



A School-Girl Photograph of Inez Milholland—and (Above) a Picture of Her as She

intellect. They have all failed, and with each failure the world has said: "There is nothing of the woman in Inez but her beauty; she is only an intellect, and will never marry."

But the woman was there all the time. Under the suffrage enthusiasm, under the lawyer, under the cold sociologist—the woman lurked all the time; but none of these men had found the touchstone.

Among the various men who laid their hearts and the fruits of their labor at her feet, six stand out in bold relief—in Lindon Bates, son of a millionaire, a rising young politician and author; Lieutenant Tornay, graduate of West Point; Sidney Smith, once a man of fashion and sports, but now a hard worker in Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont's suffrage camp (at least he was up to the day Miss Inez announced her marriage); John Fox, author and playwright; Lord Curzon, ex-Viceroy of India, and Sheldon Crosby, at present secretary to the American Legation at Siam.

Six valiant men of brain and brawn refused by this charming young militant suffragist, whose slogan might have been "Votes for Women and Work for Men," but who to-day, proving herself a woman after all, has

married a man who knows not the meaning of work! And, more than this, a native of a country which, although governed by a woman, is most strongly opposed to suffrage.

It is not necessary to ask an explanation from Miss Milholland for the inconsistency of her words and her deeds. Is she not a woman? Has she not done just what any other woman would have done? Married the man who found the touchstone, and cares not a rap whether he is a shirker or a worker!

But what of the valiant sextette who labored to satisfy her by proving themselves workers and falling in love with her?

Lindon Bates, at the time he met the fair but fickle Inez, was a member of the New York State Assembly. He was also a son of a millionaire. He had done things from his youth up. He met Miss Milholland during his first term in the Assembly. It seemed a mutual attraction. He was doing things politically and in other ways, too, and she was interested in doing things, too. They met frequently "at last Inez has found the man to satisfy her," said her friends.

It seemed so. She made it a point to corral Mr. Bates's friends, putting

them through the third degree to find out points in his favor. At dinner parties she would say suddenly: "You know Mr. Bates? Is he not splendid? He is a great worker, is he not?" And so on ad nauseum. At last she really bored people by asking them these questions, not only about Bates, but of the others as well.

At the close of his first term Mr. Bates took a long and laborious trip through Russia, going even to the Chinese coast. On his return he wrote "The Russian Road to China," and presented Inez with the first copy off the presses. It was as if he said in words, "Here is tangible proof that I am a worker, not a shirker."

But no wedding bells rang for him. Miss Milholland was still more of a suffragist than woman, more interested in missions than in man.

Sheldon Crosby, member of an old New York family, a man of wealth and social standing, went into the diplomatic service because she told him that never could she marry a gilded butterfly. He is still in the "service" and likely to remain there.

Lord Curzon did not need to be taught habits of industry. His wonderful career was the fruit he presented to the handsome young lawyer.



DOVER STUDIOS, LONDON.

Another Photograph of Miss Milholland, Taken Just Before Her Surprising Marriage to a Man Who Has Never Done a Day's Work and Is Proud of It.

But he also went sadly away.

Then up sprang Lieutenant Tornay. Fresh from West Point—with many other points in his favor, too—he would have gone to the stake for her—but she only sent him to jail. It was during the strike two years ago that he served on picket duty with Miss Milholland and ended in jail. "Surely now Inez will marry him," said "everybody," but again "everybody" was wrong. Lieutenant Tornay disappeared from view, and Inez the Fair became a working member of the law firm of Osborne & Co.

"That young woman believes her very nature; she will never marry," went up a chorus of masculine voices. It has seemed so. Law became as much of a passion with Miss Milholland as suffrage and work. She helped defend Choy, a Chinese on trial for murder, and she assisted in the famous Bishop divorce case.

But how about the sixth lover—John Fox, Junior? Of his labors there could be no question. As he pressed his suit there loomed back of him books, books, and still more books, interspersed with journeys into the mountains of the South and West. "All these I give to you. They are the children of my brain, the fruits of my hands."

"I am a lawyer and a suffragist, not a marrying woman," was her reply.

When the Bishop divorce case, with its unsavory details, was the topic of the hour, Miss Milholland's spinsterhood was assumed as settled. Her career was her life, and for the first time her father and mother felt that their oldest daughter would never marry; would never found a family.

On June 12 Miss Inez was dining at the Holland House with the Marconis. At the next table sat a handsome young Hollander. He knew the Marconis. He was presented to Miss Milholland. The deed was done. She was only a woman after all, and what if she did chance her mind in the

twinkling of an eye? Any woman would have done the same. What craved she if he worked or loafed? She fell in love with him—that was all, is all. Changing one's mind is a woman's birthright as much as matrimony. It was not a worker that Miss Milholland looked for all the years, but a lover—a man who would possess the touchstone. Only, being a woman, she did not realize what she did want, until she got it—the heart of Eugen Boissevain, Dutchman, "loafer" and lover.

Modesty the Best Policy.

It was the early part of the New Year, and little Dorothy, with her mother, was paying a long delayed visit to Uncle Silas.

Now, Uncle Silas was wealthy—very wealthy—and little Dorothy was vastly interested in the heathen black. So one morning she appeared in front of the said uncle, and asked: "Uncle dear, will you please give me something for my missionary box?"

The incident took place immediately following a particularly satisfying lunch, and Uncle Silas playfully threw on the dining room table a dime, a half dollar and a five dollar bill.

"There, dear, you can have which you like of the three."

Then he watched to see what little Dorothy would do.

That young person approached the table and studied the situation for fully three seconds. Then she suddenly burst out: "Mummy's always told me not to be greedy so I'll take the dime. But will you please wrap it up in that crinkly bit of paper, uncle, so as I shouldn't lose it?"

And uncle did.

Ambiguous.

"Yes, smoking is an expensive habit. When one gives his friends cigars all the year around, his loss is no little one."

"Do you mean in cigars or in candy?"

How to Give a Successful Garden Party--

By MRS. FRANK LEARNED, Author of "The Etiquette of New York To-day."

IN these days, when the love of gardening is being cultivated and encouraged everywhere, and greater pleasure can there be than to bid one's friends come to enjoy a garden, if one has so delightful a possession?

Although the term "garden party" may seem to mean always a formal function, given on a large scale, where invitations are sent out some time in advance, and where music, refreshments, and a quantity of guests in elaborate summer attire make it a gay and imposing scene, it may, on the other hand, be a very simple tea out of doors.

After all, the only absolute requirements for a garden party are a pretty lawn, a few trees, giving a grateful shade, some refreshing things to eat and drink, and fair sunny weather! But the weather cannot be ordered or arranged, and if it proves to be dull, cloudy or threatening, there is nothing to do but to make the best of it and have the tea indoors.

Garden parties are on different scales, and depend on what may be the proposed expenditures. At a large garden party music is an important adjunct. A band of music gives a certain gaiety to the occasion and an exhilaration to the spirits of guests.

The strains of music even an out-door gathering of this sort in a marked degree.

Invitations to a formal garden party may be engraved for the occasion. If the affair is to be elaborate, and issued two weeks in advance, but it is quite sufficient, as a general rule, to use the visiting card of the hostess, with date and hour written in the lower corner.

The words Garden Party may be added. The hours are from 4 to 7 o'clock. For an informal affair cards may be sent a week or even a few days in advance.

Guests arrive at the front door and may go in the house to leave wraps, if they wish. A servant is in attendance to direct guests to the part of the grounds where the hostess is receiving. The hostess re-

ceives on the lawn and wears a pretty afternoon dress and hat. After guests have greeted the hostess they are expected to wander through the grounds and gardens and return for refreshments when they wish. The host is expected to be present at a large affair of the sort. He does not stand to receive with the hostess, but moves about among guests. An open-air party usually appeals to a man, and he does not make excuses for his wife for unavoidable absence.

At an out-door entertainment of this sort refreshments may be served from a table under the trees or from a marquee. Some hostesses prefer to have them served within doors. To have the refreshment tables out of doors makes an agreeable variety and is advisable, provided the weather is propitious. Great care should be taken to preserve orderliness if refreshments are served out of doors. A table is arranged as for a tea. Two ladies may preside at the table and pour iced and hot tea. A plentiful supply of china, silver, glass and napkins should be provided. Servants should have baskets in which to remove promptly all soiled china and bring fresh supplies. Lemonade or punch bowls should be replenished without delay.

On a separate table may be claret-cup, or mineral waters. The old-fashioned "shandy-gaff," made of beer and ginger ale, is liked.

At a garden party substantial salads, little sandwiches, ices, cakes, grapes, melons, peaches, or other fruit in season, may be served, or only such things as tea, fruit punch and cake. Comparatively few preparations are necessary for a small and informal party, and from the refreshments suggested a hostess may select the simplest things.

On the lawn and veranda should be plenty of chairs and seats. Small tables and camp stools may be at convenient places on the lawn. Rugs are spread on the grass, that some persons who are afraid of the dampness may have their chairs placed upon them.

The tennis ground should be in order for the young people. In some places the graceful sport of archery is offered, or the old-fashioned croquet is in favor for older people.

At a large affair a hostess is careful to see that some refreshments

are provided for chafeurs or coachmen coming from a distance.

It is not advisable to use one's best china or glass at an out-door party. There is too great a risk of having it broken. It saves worry to hire these things for the occasion from a caterer, if possible, or, at least, to use what is not very precious.

At an informal tea out-of-doors young girls may pass the tea and cake and attend to the bringing of fresh china and glass and see that everything is kept fresh and neat.

The charm of a garden party, whether formal or informal, is in its picturesque setting, the enjoyment of sitting under shady trees, or sauntering about on the lawns.

It is not surprising that invitations to these delightful entertainments are welcomed with pleasure.

Anyone who has a country place, sufficiently removed or secluded from public gaze, may entertain in this fashion, whether it be a large place, or a simple, suburban residence, or, perhaps, a remote, old-fashioned farm.



Young girls pass the tea and cake.



Hostess wears an afternoon dress and hat.