

Greeting and Reminiscence.

In responding to the masterly greeting which honors us on this important occasion, what I say must be largely in the nature of a mortuary symposium. It is most appropriate that this meeting of our State Federation should convene in this world-renowned young city of Hood River, the home of our late beloved co-worker, Mrs. E. L. Smith, of whom it can truly be said:

"None knew her but to love her,
None named her but to praise."

It was my good fortune to begin the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Smith, and their charming daughters in Olympia, in the Autumn of 1871, when I visited the Washington Territorial Legislature in the company of our distinguished leader of all progressive woman's movements ^{with note} Susan B. Anthony. Mrs. Smith identified herself at that time with the Equal Suffrage movement as a co-worker with Mrs. Abby H. H. Stuart and myself, beginning an intimacy that never ceased, though I, as the eldest of the trio, am today the only earthly survivor.

Of Mrs. Stuart, mother of Woman's Clubs in the Pacific Northwest, whose all too early decease cut short her hope of seeing the enfranchisement of women in Oregon and Washington (though she did live to see it in Idaho), I am proud to say that the Woman's Club movement we now celebrate was her inspiration, that it began with her and was successfully guided by her until called to the skies.

I met with Mrs. Stuart at the home of Mrs. Clara E. Sylvester in Olympia at the close of an exciting political upheaval over Territorial local option, with which neither of these ladies were in accord. Mrs. Stuart argued that as the combined forces of all business men were allied more or less directly with the liquor traffic, a prejudice had been created against Woman Suffrage through woman's part in the struggle which could no longer be combatted openly. She suggested a new movement, beginning in Olympia, to be called a Woman's Club, where everything else of public interest could be discussed except "religion, ^{politics} prohibition and temperance.", Mrs. Sylvester, if I remember rightly, did not at once embrace the principle, ^{now that she ever af-} saw at once, the logic

of Mrs. Stuart's reasoning and agreed with it implicitly. But I said that I was publishing The New Northwest, and openly advocating Equal Rights for women; and having burned my bridges behind me, had cut off retreat. "So much the better for us all", said Mrs. Stuart, "Keep to your firing line, and when the time is ripe for starting the Club movement in Oregon I will come over and help". For prudential reasons, ^{as a outstage leader,} I stayed away from the preliminary meeting with Mrs. Stuart, in Portland, held at the home of the late Mrs. W. W. Spalding; but I risked attending the first open meeting, ^{held} at the Hotel Portland, where I had the honor to demand the permanent formation of the Woman's Club movement on the basis originated by Mrs. Stuart, and was the first woman in Oregon to suggest the creation of the State Federation of Woman's Clubs. That I often disobeyed Mrs. Stuart's suggestions by throwing telling shots for Equal Suffrage into the Club meetings, and was as often getting publicly reprimanded therefor, all older club members of Portland know. I lost track of Mrs. E. L. Smith for a time, and when I next heard of her and her charming family, they had become established in this wonderful Hood River Valley, and were primal movers in placing the world's most marvelous apple industry on the maps of Oregon and the rest of the planet. What better can be said of our beloved risen friend than: "She builded better than she knew."

The next great loss to the Woman's Club movement for the current year was met in the untimely decease of Mrs. Myrtle Pease Hatfield, of the Forest Grove Woman's Club, a bride of a few months, who at once became noted as a leader of public and social activities in the classic town of her adoption, where she was ^{suddenly} stricken to death by a mysterious tragedy which threw Forest Grove into consternation and the progressive women of the entire State into grief. Mrs. Hatfield had been corresponding secretary of the State Equal Suffrage Association for the six years preceding her marriage; and as traveling agent for the Boys' and Girls' Aid Society, she has visited almost every part of the State, in which in her quiet, tactful and intelligent way, she had sown the seeds of Votes for Women everywhere.

The tax-payers Suffrage Amendment, which had been launched as an experiment in 1910, under the advice of experienced political leaders, had proved, as predicted, the best political education for women ever ^{attempted} launched since the disastrous result of the election of 1906, which under

under the domination of the National Woman Suffrage ~~invasion~~, had left us swamped in the quicksands of what seemed a hopeless defeat. ~~But~~ The smoke of the battle of 1910 had hardly cleared away before Miss Pease met me at my home, where she and I together prepared the full text of the clause in the State Constitution, to enfranchise women, which is now a part of the fundamental law. Our action was ratified by our Executive Committee at its next regular meeting, and as our treasury was practically empty, I borrowed \$500.00 at bank, on my personal note, which our committee used to meet the expenses of the initiative petition to launch the next campaign.

To you, my beloved sisters of the State Federation of Woman's Clubs, allow me to say, in justice to our risen friend and co-worker, whose lips are sealed in mortal death, that next to the name of Abby H. H. Stuart will stand in history the name and deeds of Myrtle Pease Hatfield, to whose quiet, tactful work among the voters throughout the State, we are more deeply indebted today for our enfranchisement than to any other agency in all our ranks. "She rests from her labors, but her works do follow her."

I regret that I cannot at this moment give you the date of Mrs. W. W. Spalding's transition. I am, as you see, a rheumatic cripple and cannot serve the Federation with such mortuary statistics as are not just at my hand. Suffice it to say of Mrs. Spalding that though gone from our sight she is living within the hearts of those who loved her in life, and in her passing away she is not forgotten.

The next shining light to pass from our Portland Club center since the last meeting of the Federation, was Mrs. Julia H. Bauer, an original leader in the Equal Suffrage movement, whom I first met in Walla Walla, as early as 1872. Mrs. Bauer afterwards moved to Portland, and became an active club woman. She was a notable thinker and Shakespearean scholar, and was an early teacher of Volapuk, a mixture ^{for commercial use,} of many languages, which she afterwards discarded for Esperanto, a later invention, which she readily acquired and taught with success.

It now becomes by solemn duty to record the name and eulogize the memory of Mrs. Elizabeth Lord, Vice-President of the State Equal Suffrage Association, a late lamented member and leader of The Dalles Woman's Club, who recently left this visible stage of action and is now abiding in the land of souls. In my arduous work for woman's enfranchisement which

followed the terrible defeat into which we were thrown by the Anna Shaw
regime of 1905-6, Mrs. Lord and her good husband helped to finance the
empty treasury of the Equal Suffrage Association, and revive the sinking
spirits of our discouraged co-workers. When Anna Shaw, as president of
the National Woman Suffrage Association, confiscated our fund, and paid it
over to a little campaign committee of a local Woman's Club of Portland,
I lay for many months on a bed of almost fatal suffering, upon which her
malfeasance in office and its attendant disappointments had thrown me.
I was not physically able to make a protest at the time, neither did
I dare to do it, for the November election of 1912 was pending, and I
could not permit the anti-suffragists to whip us by exposing sedition
in our own ranks. Then, as time went on and I saw that Peter was being
robbed to pay Paul, and my health had improved a little, I appealed
personally to Mrs. Lord of The Dalles, Mrs. Hutton of Spokane and Mrs.
Jonathat Bourne, of Oregon, for help to meet my debt at bank, each of
whom sent \$100. ^{Wm. M. Davis, also contributed liberally and our State}
membership dues paid the balance, with accruing interest.

*Meanwhile, our Executive Committee, not knowing
those bequests were coming, held a meeting for
the same purpose, with Dr. Victor W. Eve, in the
acting president, in the chair, where
raised which came in most appropriate
meeting other expenses of the State Campaign.*

I am stating these facts in response to the personal request
of our risen ^{State member and} coadjutor, Mrs. Lord, who asked it of me at our last
personal interview, when I was confined to my bed, and it did not seem
possible that I should survive her, though she believed her own demise
was imminent. ^{on account of heart trouble} Mrs. Lord was a woman of many attainments and many virtues.
Her literary accomplishments were of a high order. Many of her histor-
ical writings will live long after the works of most of us are forgotten.
Her beautiful residence was a rendezvous for men and women of literary
attainment, who enjoyed the unbounded hospitality of her beautiful home.
She was a chief factor in building and sustaining the first Christian
Science Church at The Dalles, and a promoter and assistant in all things
pertaining to the up-building of her town.

Our next and last important and useful member of the Federation
the translation it is my melancholy duty to report for the year, was
Martha A. Dalton, a charter member of the Portland Woman's Club,

and for seven or eight consecutive years the chairman of the Federation Headquarters at the annual meetings of the Willamette Valley Chautauqua Association. Mrs. Dalton, in collaboration with Mrs. M. J. Foster, long since deceased, and myself, met at my home in Albany in 1871, shortly before my removal to Portland, ^{to establish the New Northwest} and formed the nucleus of the State Equal Suffrage Association, of which Mrs. Dalton was an official member up to the time of her passing away.

These reminiscences naturally lead us to ask each other "what about the future life"? Happily I know that every one of the departed Club women I have named was a firm believer in eternal ^{life} life. They were all aware, as I am, that:

" Heaven is nearer than mortals think,
When they look with trembling dread
At the misty future that stretches on
From the silent home of the dead.

'Tis no lone isle in a boundless main,
No brilliant but distant shore,
Where the loved ones who are called away,
Must go to return no more.

No! heaven is near us; the misty veil
Of mortality blinds the eye,
That we see not the glorious angel bands
On the shores of eternity.

I know when the silver cord is loosed;
When the veil is rent away,
Not long and dark shall the passage be,
To the realms of endless day."

I do not expect, or hope, to be with you in the body at another annual meeting, but I intend always to meet with you in spirit and in love. Nothing gives me greater satisfaction than to announce the fact that the Woman's Club movement has at last accomplished the primal object ^{the enfranchisement of women} for which it was created in the Pacific Northwest by Mrs. H. H. Stuart, the mother of clubs.

When, ^{the faithful and able} ^{presiding officer of} ^{affiliated clubs} ^{of the Federation} took the chair eight years ago, we had less than a dozen ^{clubs} to call upon for assistance. Today we have ^{several} Clubs, all working in harmony, along the lines of social, domestic, educational, philanthropic and civic improvements, giving tangible proof of her executive ability and your loyalty. Her formative work is finished. Whether she may or may not be chosen to again succeed herself, her arduous ^{labors} ^{as a pioneer} are

As voters, we are now in a position to accomplish many reforms for which, prior to November 5, 1912, we could only plead. New duties and responsibilities are upon us. Let us not forget to help the Club women of other states who are who are yet to attain the power to which we have risen; and above all, let us not forget the day of reckoning awaiting every one of us in the land of souls, toward which we are all hastening, as we

"Nightly pitch our moving tents,
A day's march nearer home."