

HERE IS SENSE

How Women May Win the Ballot.

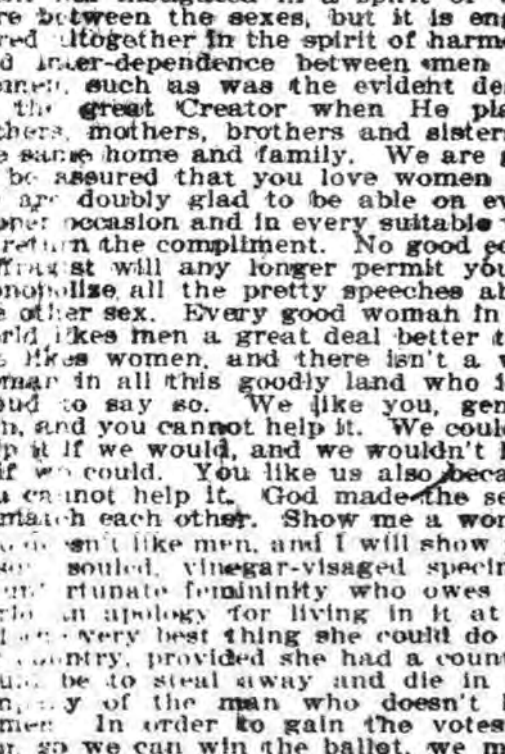
TREAT THE MEN FAIRLY

Do Not Meddle with Issues of Sumptuary Theories.

An Eloquent, Logical and Entertaining Address by Abigail Scott Duniway of Oregon.

By all regular attendants at the sessions of the National American Woman Suffrage convention it is conceded that one of the most interesting, eloquent, logical and convincing addresses was that delivered by Abigail Scott Duniway of Portland, Ore., who is known as "The Susan B. Anthony of the Pacific slope." Her subject was "How to Win the Ballot" and she solved the conundrum in this way:

Coming as I do from the far Pacific, where the sun at night sinks down into the sea, to greet a convocation of co-workers from the far Atlantic, where the sun at morn rises out of the sea, and standing here upon the central swell of the middle West, where the sun at high noon kisses the heaving bosom of the mighty inland seas that answers back to East and West the echoing song of liberty, I realize anew the importance of my duty to speak to the entire continent such tempered words as shall help to fur-



ABIGAIL SCOTT DUNIWAY.

ther unite our common interests in the great work that convenes us.

The first fact to be considered, when working to win the ballot, is that there is but one way by which we may hope to obtain it, and that is by and through the affirmative votes of men. We may theorize, organize, appeal, argue, coax, cajole and threaten men till doomsday; we may secure their pettings, praises, flattery and every appearance of acquiescence in our demands; we may believe with all our hearts in the sincerity of their promises to vote as we dictate, but all of this will avail us nothing unless they deposit their affirmative votes in the ballot box.

Every man who stops to argue the case as an opponent tells us that he "loves women" and while wondering much that he should consider such a declaration necessary, I have always admired the bold spirit that prompts its utterance. But gentlemen, and I am proud indeed to see such a fine audience of you here tonight there is another side to this expression of loyalty. Not only is our movement not instigated in a spirit of warfare between the sexes, but it is engendered altogether in the spirit of harmony, and inter-dependence between men and women; such as was the evident design of the great Creator when He placed in the same home and family. We are glad to be assured that you love women and are doubly glad to be able on every proper occasion and in every suitable way to return the compliment. No good equal suffragist will any longer permit you to monopolize all the pretty speeches about the other sex. Every good woman in the world likes men a great deal better than she likes women, and there isn't a wise woman in all this goodly land who isn't proud to say so. We like you, gentlemen, and you cannot help it. We couldn't help it if we would, and we wouldn't help it if we could. You like us also because you cannot help it. God made the sexes to match each other. Show me a woman who doesn't like men, and I will show you a soured, vinegar-visaged specimen of a woman in aology for living in it at all and a very best thing she could do for her country, provided she had a country, would be to steal away and die in the company of the man who doesn't like women. In order to gain the votes of men so we can win the ballot, we must show them that we are inspired by the same patriotic motives that induce them to go to war. A home without a man is but half a home. A government without women in it is only half a government. Man without woman is like one-half of a pair of dislocated shears. Woman without man is like the other half of the same disabled implement. "Man and female created He them with His higher law, and to His gave He dominion over every living thing upon the earth—except each other."

Thirty years ago, when I began my humble efforts for securing the enfranchisement of women, away out upon the uncharted shores of the Pacific, men everywhere imagined, at first, that the movement was intended to deprive them of a monopoly of their liberties. They even thought to have known this idea was absurd even then, as they have the power never to allow themselves to be ruled by women. But they thought supremacy over them was what women were after, and they met the theory with hoarse guffaws of good-natured laughter. I had previously had much experience with the petulant man, not only with my good husband, but with a large family of sons. It is needless for me to tell you, after this confession, that I am not young, and you can see for yourselves that I am no longer handsome.

The fact that men for the most part deserted themselves in those early days of the suffrage movement with exhibitions of ridicule, I accepted as a good omen. If my opinion is logical and just, you have considered the outer citadel of his resentment when he throws back his head and opens his mouth to laugh. Show me a solemn, measured voter, with a face as long as the Greenland, and I will show you a man who has a soul so little that it would have made room to dance inside of a hollow wooden ticked.

Having ticked your opponent with a little nonsense, that at first was necessary to arrest his attention, your next step must be to impress upon men that we are not intending to interfere in any way whatsoever with their rights; and all we desire is to be allowed to decide for ourselves as to what our rights shall be. They will then very naturally ask, what effect our enfranchisement will have upon their politics? Visions of riotous scenes in political conventions will come to fill them with apprehension, as the possibility occurs that women, if enfranchised, will only double the vote and increase the uproar. They will recall our political banquets, at which men have gathered over cups and pipes until they rolled under the table, or were carried off to bed with shutters. Very naturally men everywhere object to seeing reputable means and especially their own wives,

THE EFFECT.

But our mighty men of the Pacific Northwest are troubled very little by these vagaries. They realize as they sleep in the bosom of their latest political banquet, that at every public function in which their wives participate there is a notable absence of any sort of dissipation. They remember that in former times, when the good women had joined them in the public camps, mountain towns and on the beach or farm, such scenes as often transpired at these great gatherings, were as common as the public display of

in the border territories that changed all this, and eliminated the bad women from social life. Just as the ballot will eventually eliminate the bad women from political life, where she now too often reigns supreme, having everything her own way. By the very charm of women's presence, they brought these changes about on the Pacific coast in social life, and men began to wonder how they had endured the old conditions before the women joined them; and now, quite naturally, they are learning to apply the rule to politics. And so our men of the Pacific coast are not alarmed, as many men are in older states, lest women, if allowed to become equal with themselves before the law, will forget their natural duties, and natural womanliness. If, however, any man does grow timid, and exhibits symptoms of alarm, as they sometimes do, even in Oregon, lest the balloted woman will forsake the kitchen sink, at which she has always been protected, without wages, or abandon the cooking stove, the rolling pin, the wash tub and the ironing board at which she has always been shielded—without salary—we remind him that housekeeping and home-making are like everything else, undergoing a complete process of evolution. We show him that there is no more reason why every bushel of wheat should be ground in a different mill, why the laundry is destined hereafter to keep pace with the threshing machine; the creamery with the spinning jenny and power loom, the fruit cannery with the great flour mill, the dish washer with the steam driven mangle and the bakery with the ready-made clothing store.

NO SERVANT GIRLS.

When women have been voters long enough to have acquired recognition of their equal property rights with men, the servant girl problem will settle itself. When that time comes, there will be no more work left to do in the home than the wife and mother can perform with comfort to herself and household; and the servant girls of today will then find systematic employment in the great factories, where food and clothing are manufactured by rule. This evolution has already begun with the woman typewriter. You see her everywhere; pretty, tidy, rosy, intent upon her work, and sure to get her pay. Then can the mother for the sake of herself, her husband and children, preserve her health, her beauty, and her mental vigor. Then can she be an adviser in the home, the state, the church and the school, remaining so to a ripe old age. But women can never have the opportunity of the power to achieve these results, except in isolated cases, till they are voters and law makers; and never even then, till they have had time to secure by legislation the equal property rights that they have earned with men from the beginning.

All evolution proceeds slowly. Women under normal conditions, are evolutionists, and not revolutionists, as is shown by their conduct as voters in Wyoming, Colorado, Utah and Idaho. Your ideal, hysterical reformer, whose aim in life is to put men in leading strings like little children, doesn't hail from any state where women vote.

Mary A. Livermore, at the head of the sanitary commission during our great internecine war; Clara Barton, president of the International Red Cross Society, and Oregon's own Mrs. Creighton, president of the National White Cross Association, have each proved the capacity of the American woman for rescuing the race from the awful consequences of war; while every soldier proves by the very fact of his existence, that some mother has borne a son at her peril, perhaps to be shot in battle.

RAPS EDITOR BOK.

The very best housekeepers and home makers in America are among the equal suffrage platform workers, the editor of the Ladies' Home Journal to the contrary notwithstanding. They may know better than to ruin their eyes over Mr. Bok's latest raps in "Battenberg" or shatter their nerves over his mental crations in crazy stanzas, but they can and do raise men and women, like the sons and daughters of Lucretia Mott, Mary A. Livermore, Emily B. Ketchum, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Lily Devereux Blake, Abigail Scott Duniway, Lucy Stone Blackwell, Elizabeth Boynton Harbert, Harriet Beecher Stowe and Julia Ward Howe.

Remember, always, that your most important point, if you hope to win the ballot at all, is to convince the average voter that in seeking your liberties, you are equally anxious that he shall preserve his own. You may drive, or lead a horse to water, but you cannot make him drink. Nor can you lead any man to vote for your enfranchisement till you have first convinced him that by so doing he is not placing you in a position where you may, if you choose, trample upon any of his rights, whether they be fancied or real, healthful or harmful. Every woman knows she can not rule her own husband. The man who would be ruled by his wife wouldn't be worth corralling in the chimney corner, after she had driven him home. What is true of men in the aggregate, is equally true of men in the individual. I cannot too strongly impress upon you, good sisters, the fact that we will never get the ballot till the crack of doom if we persist in demanding it as a whip with which to scourge the real or apparent vices of the present voting classes. If we can make men willing to be reformed they will then reform themselves.

Whenever women demands the ballot, not simply because it is her right to possess it, but because by its use she expects to reconstruct the genus man by law, on a basis of her own choosing, she only succeeds in driving nails into the closed coffin lid of her own and other women's liberties. Men know intuitively that the right to representation in the legislature is a right as inestimable to us as to them; that it is formidable to tyrants only. But they do not believe themselves to be tyrants, and will resent the implication that they are such, to the bitter end. They also know that women in giving existence to the soldiers, suffer their full share of the penalties and perils of existence, equating all the horrors of war. So when they say "women must fight if they vote," it is easy in the awful glare of the tragedies of the present year, to convince them in the words of Joaquin Miller, Oregon's greatest poet, that "The bravest battles that ever are fought, are fought by the mother's of men."

When men claim to represent us, it is not difficult if we are always careful not to make them angry, to prove to them that they don't. Men never say, if any woman is accused of crime, "may it please the court and the jury, I represent this woman, punish me."

No man save Jesus of Nazareth, or divinely commissioned elder brother, has ever yet appeared before the bar of God or man, and offered himself as propitiation for the sins, debts or taxes of women.

WOMEN AS JURORS.

Many good men object to women doing jury duty. They often frighten timid women by saying, "how would you like to be locked up in the jury room with seven men? I can't understand why so many men imagine that if women should once be allowed their right to vote, they should never thereafter do anything else but vote, vote, vote. Nor can I comprehend another fancy equally absurd, that just as soon as women are voters, they will all be compelled to sit all the time on juries; and every one of those unfortunate jurors will always have as many little children as poor John Rogers of historical memory; and no matter what the state of her health, and the needs of her neglected husband, and "nine small children," etc., she will still be on the jury; and that jury will still be composed of one woman and eleven men. Such assumptions are too absurd for refutation, and, but for the fact that they sometimes bring out negative votes, we would not notice them. Men and women always have been, and always will be, excluded from jury duty—for cause.

Again we can never win the ballot by demanding it in the interest of any particular race, union, party, sect or creed. In our efforts Northward the majority of the voters stand ready to grant us the ballot whenever we demand it on the broad basis of individual and collective liberty for ourselves; and we'll never get it otherwise.

Our friends east of the Rocky mountains were amazed and electrified in the autumn of 1883 by the announcement that the legislature of Washington territory had extended the ballot to women.

Four years later, after a few self-imported agitators had made a strong attempt to use the women's ballots for the enforcement of sumptuary legislation, to which the men objected (even while pretending to approve it till they got the women voters into a trap) women everywhere were dumb-founded by the action of the politicians of the territory, who retaliated by shutting down the iron gates of a state constitution in the women's faces, leaving them as ex-voters on the outside of the temple of liberty with their hands tied.

The men of Washington are not yet over their scars, nor will they be till women have made an organized effort to convince them that the eyes of the great majority are now open, and they'll never be strangled in such a way again.

AVOID ISSUES.

I pray you do not misinterpret me, friends. I wage no war upon any way or organization, or upon any party, political or religious faith. Catholics have just as good a right to their ballot as anyone else. Protestants, Republicans, Democrats, and Progressives have just as good a right to their reformatory schemes as Prohibitionists. Let if any one of these great armies of opposing opinions should advocate equal suffrage as its chief dependence for final success and the great National American Woman Suffrage Association, or the suffrage association of any state, should become the champion of its specialism, we should henceforth be unable to rally to our standard any appreciable vote, save that of the particular sect or party, with which the voters of opposing sects or parties, should believe us allied. We need all the votes we can get from all parties, to win.

If I, as a member of the Presbyterian church, for instance, should have gone before the legislature of Oregon, seeking the submission of our suffrage amendment as a measure for enforcing the Presbyterian creed, think you that the members of the Catholic church, or of the other Protestant churches, sitting in that assembly, would have electrified the suffragists of this nation by voting almost solidly for our amendment as an ally of the Westminster catechism?

A year ago, when our second semi-annual convention of the Oregon Congress of women was in session, it was boldly proclaimed by a zealous advocate of sumptuary legislation that Susan B. Anthony, the venerable and venerated president of the National American Woman Suffrage Association, had declared herself a worker for the ballot as the sworn advocate of this one idea. I wrote at once to our beloved president, who never fails us at a critical period, asking for the facts over her own signature and received for answer her unequivocal denial of the allegation that she was allied, in the equal suffrage work, with any side-issue under the sun. This declaration, which I caused to be published in the secular papers, set the minds of the voters at rest on that score, and enabled Dr. Annie F. Jeffrey and myself to go before the legislature free from all handicaps.

GAIL HAMILTON'S IDEA.

When the question of sumptuary legislation confronted us at the capitol we explained that equal suffragists everywhere believe with Gail Hamilton that the only way to reform a man is to begin with his grandmother. This frank announcement removed the last vestige of legislative hostility, and gave us the submission of our equal suffrage amendment practically without opposition. Potential grandmothers do not trouble our politicians overmuch. The present possible rewards of office crowd remote probabilities to the wall.

The year 1900 is the period fixed by law for the final vote upon our pending suffrage amendment, and we have no fear for our voters that our demand for the ballot is not engendered by any sort of emotional insanity.

The men of our Pacific Northwest are a noble lot of freemen. The spirit of enterprise which led them across the untracked continent, to form a new empire beside our sundown seas was a bold and free spirit, and the patient heroism of the women who originally shared their lot had in it the elements of grandeur.

There are lessons of liberty in the rock-ribbed mountains that pierce our blue horizon with their snow-crowned heads, and laugh to scorn the warring elements of the earth, the water and the air. There are lessons of freedom in the broad prairies that roll away into limitless distances. There are lessons of equality in the gigantic, evenly-crested forest trees that rear their heads to the vaulted zenith and touch the blue horizon with extended arms. There are lessons of truth and justice in the very air we breathe; and lessons of irresistible progress in the mighty waters that surge and sweep with superhuman power between the overhanging bluffs of our own Columbia, the "river of the West."

WILL HAVE A JUBILEE.

My state is the only one represented this year in this great convention in which an equal suffrage amendment is pending. The opportunity has come to us, as to the women of no other state, to claim the dawn of the Twentieth century, as our year of jubilee. To work in unison with each other, and with the women of the older states, that, crystallized with constitutions hoary with the incrustations of long vanished years, compel them to look to the free, young, elastic West for the liberties they cannot get at home, is the proud ambition that commands my presence here tonight. Help us with your wisdom, your sympathy, your co-operation, good friends, and when we shall have been successful at the ballot boxes of our state, thus adding a star of the first magnitude to the already bright constellation of four free states which now illumine our Northwestern heavens, we will entertain you with a national jubilee to celebrate our liberties, as the most fitting accompaniment to the dawn of the Twentieth century which patriots can devise. Then shall liberty, newly born, be christened with a new name, selected for her by an octogenarian Oregonian, now confined within the infirmities of age in a New York hospital, who sent our equal suffrage association, as a message of congratulation, when the telegraph proclaimed the news that our amendment had passed the legislature, the magical greeting, "The child is born and her name is Alleluia."