ADDRESS OF MRS. ABIGAIL SCOTT DUNIWAY,

At Progressive Luncheon, Portland Hotel, Portland, Or.

Wednesday, February 25, 1914.

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MRS. ABIGAIL SCOTT DUNIWAY:-

Madam Chairman, members of the Progressive Party, Gentlemen and Ladies:

In accepting your kindly and hospitable invitation to be present on this occasion, I had no intimation that I was to be considered the principal speaker of the occasion, nor had I known until this morning that the subject chosen for me to speak upon was the one against which the most formidable opposition could possibly be brought to bear.

Going back through the years that are gone, I recall my early childhood and the time when my Father and my Mother raised their family upon the strength of individual character. They said to us, and our children have echoed the sentiment all along the line, that the very strongest prohibition that could come to anyone came from himself, from within, not from the outside. They taught us that the very first official act of which the Adamic period has any record was that God placed temptation in the way of the people and commanded them to resist it at their peril, and I have never yet been able to see any stronger or better argument in favor of the broadest liberty ~~of~~ for all the people

and of the individual himself than in that wonderful rule laid down for humanity in the very beginning of its history.

Coming along through the different periods of my own humble life, recalling the days when as a humble, struggling wife and mother on a pioneer farm in a cabin home, I churned the butter for market, which paid the taxes, I tended the poultry, I milked the cows, I raised the babies, I chased the coyotes away from the sheep, I followed all sorts of menial occupations of any kind that belongs to the pioneer woman in any of the frontier walks of life, little dreaming that it would ever come to my lot to stand before the public in high and lowly places, to meet blame, to meet praise, to meet both together often, and always trying to steer my bark of liberty straight through all the narrows of opposition.

Finally, coming into this Equal Rights movement, of which you all have heard much, and which at least, in my great Pacific States Bailiwick has become the ~~lot~~ lot of this quiet progressive land, I came into ~~the~~ my first public temperance work, being made Secretary and Acting Chairman of a constitution gotten up by the State Temperance Alliance, and sending a delegation from the despised and hated Equal Suffrage Association to attend ~~the Temperance Alliance~~ its annual meetings. We were met with all sorts of opposition. We were prohibited from entering the Alliance as delegates after we had gotten it up. We were called "setting hens", "belligerent females" ~~and~~ "disturbers, and breakers up of the

home, ~~and~~ It was like pandemonium was broken loose for two successive years when the Temperance Alliance met. All this time ~~the~~ equal suffrage women ~~talk was not upon getting~~ spoke against opposed the idea of getting prohibition into politics. ~~The idea of the prohibition of woman~~ The prohibition of alcohol suffrage was the upper most thought in the minds and thoughts of the men who ~~were~~ attempted to engineer~~ing~~ that Alliance. Finally, however, there came a split, a division, and the disappointed minority, who could no longer prohibit the women from entering the Alliance, seceded and set up a little prohibition Union for themselves. ~~This is a matter of history which many of you younger people probably have not heard about.~~

Then came an open demand for political prohibition, and of the liquor traffic people, when I began ~~at once~~ as a militant and aggressive ~~to oppose it, and began~~ at once to get into a fight. ~~Before~~ I had had unopposed ~~nobody~~ but the church to fight us, at first, ~~because~~ the church made ~~was~~ the first organized effort to prohibit the enfranchisement of women, but, after the church began to learn that it might use woman suffrage as a "short cut to prohibition," it began to stand in a fully wasted way for the enfranchisement of women, thus hardly eliminating ~~one class of prohibition, and in~~ the attempting to eliminate one prohibition by another, ~~the~~ ~~the idea, I began to see~~ another element ~~come up to oppose us~~ compelling me to question the church, and and that was called the liquor traffic, which ~~Now, the liquor traffic~~ is not confined, and never has been, to men who are engaged in the business, simply, but, appeals to all the supporters and proponents of the ~~liquor traffic~~ business; who are ~~form~~ its customers and consumers ~~and~~ who carry out its demands. ~~But~~ The work for equal suffrage went on for years before the prohibition ~~idea about~~ agitation against the liquor traf-

fic had gotten into politics. The enfranchisement of women had carried in the Territory of Washington in 1883. The prohibition movement came up in another shape immediately thereafter, in attempts to prohibit the liquor traffic. Then came one of the very worst fights of my long and earnest life.

It is very easy to fight an enemy. I rather enjoy the attempt of our enemy to knocking a chip off my shoulder, showing that I like a fight; but I want it to be a good-natured fight, an open, honest fight always. However, I did not fight it when the prohibition movement began to work openly, and as it believed honestly, for the prohibition of the liquor traffic, and began to be aided secretly by men engaged in the liquor traffic, and their aiders and supporters. While we were in the midst of our move for the enfranchisement of the women of Washington Territory, before the Legislative Assembly of 1883, the President of the National Liquor League, in Chicago, telegraphed to the President of the Senate in Olympia, and ordered that prohibition be accepted by the people of Washington while they were a territory. I could not attend that meeting, though urged to do so by my clientele in Oregon, Washington and Idaho, because the trailing wing of the death angel was hovering over my home. My only daughter was in the last throes of a fatal illness, and I could not leave her side; but I wrote to friends in Olympia, to stop that movement, before A woman whose son was in the telegraph office of a Washington Territory city, had come to me and told me that her son had

heard ~~this~~ an order from the Liquor League President residing in Chicago, ~~to~~ commanding the legislature give the women, while ~~it~~ Washington was a territory, all the rope they wanted. But I could not act, and the husbands of the women who wanted me to come to Olympia were not willing that their wives should act, unless I would be there to take in my own breast all the barbed arrows of the opposition. So the enfranchisement of women, when the next Legislature met, ~~came by default~~ voted by default, and the territory being on the eve of statehood, men and women not believing in this iron bound movement that had come calling itself prohibition, shut down the iron gates of a state constitution ~~down~~ in the faces of the women, leaving them disenfranchised on the outside. I am ~~giving you~~ relating history that will be verified long, long after everyone of us has passed to the unseen shores.

Then came up by this time a band of political agitators, men and women ~~who~~ who undertook to make money by ~~a new~~ the prohibition movement, some of them ~~being~~ were honest, ~~many~~ but most of them ~~being~~ were demagogical, ~~and got into the work~~ they, and when I tried to hold in abeyance not only ~~one kind of prohibition~~, the prohibition of the enfranchisement of women, but the prohibition of what men called the liquor traffic, ~~then~~ there came the cry from women in whose interest I had toiled and slaved, and borne ~~the~~ opposition that comes to every genuine movement; ~~trampling me~~ and ~~or trying~~ to trample me in the dust. They said I was "sold to whiskey", forgetting that whiskey was delighted all the time to see this conflict coming up between prohibition of one kind and prohibition of

the other kind, crushing women's enfranchisement between the upper and nether millstones of the two great movements. Now it is a well known law of nature that whenever two opposing forces come into conflict, the result is inertia. Prohibition ~~as understood~~, means the doctrine of force. Equal ~~Woman~~ suffrage, ~~as understood~~ means the doctrine of freedom, and when the two came into collision inertia resulted ~~that~~ was the result. Now, what was to be done? The enfranchisement of women had gone abroad through the circulation of my newspaper, The which was carried on for sixteen years, ~~the~~ "New Northwest." I went overywhere, up and down, and to and fro, in this great bailiwick of Oregon, Washington and Idaho, spreading the light of liberty. I ~~have~~ had seen women, in my humble occupation as a drudge on a farm, devoted to all sorts of occupations, toil, hardship and suffering. I had thought, until I got into business, that I was about the only women that looked upon these questions as I did, and I felt I had no right to complain, for my husband was not a drinking man, he was not ~~an~~ unkind, he was a good husband as husbands went, and a good father.

His idea of raising a family was to ~~give~~ feed them liberty. "Give the children," he would say, "all the good, wholesome food, at regular meal times, that they can assimilate. Give them fruits, milk, butter, cream, meats, all the different luxuries, including plenty of sweets, and they will grow up with wholesome stomachs and no apetitite for the excesses that debase a man." That was the temperance movement of our

home, and it was one in which I entered with all my soul.

At last after these troubled meetings in the Temperance Alliance, of which I have only time to allude, Judge B. F. Caples, whom many of you doubtless yet remember, made an arrangement with me in which he was chosen President, and I Vice-president, for several years, of what we called the Open Temperance meeting. It was not a prohibition meeting. It was a temperance meeting, and Judge Caples had a book, which, somewhere is in existence today, I dont know where, and his family doubtless know, in which he stated, that we had secured four thousand women's signatures. That was long ago, when Portland was young; and finally, after the work had gone on, and had brought a great many favorable mentions from all parts of the land, Caples came to me one day and said, and his face was as black as a thunder cloud, "Mrs. Duniway, there has a new movement come up in this country; they call it Prohibition, and it is a fad, and it is not going to hurt the liquor traffic, it is not going to hurt anything but temperance, and I am in favor of quitting this open temperance movement while our credit is good, because fanaticism will not hesitate to lie, and may grow lachymose over the bar of drunkenness, and it will all be like the mountain that was in labor to produce a mouse." After a little thought, and talking it over with my husband, we concluded to disband the open temperance meeting and follow the advice of men who said, "Let this prohibition

movement, run its course like measles or any other contageous epidemic, that the people want to shun and can't;" and so our temperance campaign was sidetracked for the prohibition movement, and the reform of the drunkard was lost sight of under the new dispensation. Men and women began to work from the wrong end of the reform. They tried to lay the blame of drunkenness, not upon the man, not upon the one who indulged in it, but upon the liquor that was in itself an intransitive agent, and could not disturb anybody that would let it alone.

Then came up the lachrymose, emotional idea, "Here are the drunkard's wife and the drunkard's family; God knows they need our sympathy," ~~but~~ the claim I had for the cure of all this was not an iron-clad rule that would disturb peace ~~and~~ honesty and fidelity, and law-breaking ~~and~~ duplicity and lies in every direction, but a movement to declare married women, as much as single women, no longer to be servants without wages in the home. I claimed that the marriage relation was a business, or ought to be; that the raising of a family was a business, or ought to be, and the woman who was depleted in pocket, merely living in poverty and deprivation of every kind, was not ~~entitled~~ to demand of her husband as strict a line of moral rectitude as he, no matter how fallen he was, would demand of her. But my movement was not considered popular. Men, many of them with ~~red~~ noses, were finding occupation in pulpits, from which I was closed, and they demanded an iron-

clad law of force, instead of the ingrowing and outspreading doctrine of freedom that would spread among all the people. But the work for the enfranchisement of women went on, and almost involuntarily, the majority of men began at last to look upon it with favor, and on the 5th day of November, 1912, they voted "yes" for us by a handsome majority.

Then again, as in Washington Territory, came this other prohibition movement, centering itself upon Oregon as a storm center; and men who had discovered their volubility to be equal to the Falls of Niagra grew intoxicated with one idea, and that idea was that they must close up the liquor traffic and Carol ~~most~~ of the great movement and leave the rest of the world to take care of itself. I used to say sometimes, when talking on this question many years ago, that if you were afflicted, or your child or friend, with an abscess in the side,- and I compared drunkenness to the abscess,- and you would call a physician and he would prescribe a prohibition plaster big enough to cover all the outer edges even of that forming and formed abscess, and he, after prescribing and applying that plaster, pronounced the patient cured, a ten year old child who had had the teaching of the common school could tell you that that prohibition plaster would only cause the evils that formed the abscess to burrow deeper and deeper and deeper into hidden places in the body of the afflicted person, and rot that patient toits death. Of course I could not then meet the kindly opposition that, thank God, today is

growing up among the people. I no longer hear the cry that I am sold to whiskey. Even the most infamous liar that ever promulgated that sort of a story has gotten ashamed of it and if they repeat it at all, they say it secretly, or think they do, and it passes unnoticed.

But today we have such a stirring up of the forces of agitation all over this country that you cannot pick up a daily paper without reading of the arrest and incarceration and trial of men who have been caught bootlegging, blind-pigging, all that sort of thing to hide away that abscess of drunkness, that exists in the side of the nation but is not curing it and is not reaching the source of the evil.

Now, friends, what are we today? I am old and stricken in years; my next birthday will make me eighty years of age. I have raised a large family of sober sons, who have passed the drugstore and the grocery every day of their lives on their way to school and to office and to the larger work of businessmen that has brought them out into the country, in educational institutions, in commercial activities, in legal action and in literature. These men have not needed prohibition, because I have said to them, "Boys, if you go wrong, your mother will be blamed, and I would accept the blame and say, 'I am sorry that I could not do a better work than to raise drunkards, but if that has been my job I will take the blame and say, I have failed in my duty.'" Why, that was

always admonition enough and will be for any boy who has been taught to respect the mother who bore him at her peril, who toiled for him in sickness and in health, and who would go gladly if need be to the very gates of death to rescue him from the evil consequences of evildoing. Now, dear friends, I know that this is not a popularly accepted theme today, the newspapers do not discuss it as I think they ought and as I know they must before it s hall be properly settled. When God undertakes to raise a mast for a mighty ship that is to bear upon its bosom the heaving waters of a great ocean, and meet and buffet the mighty winds of the heavens, he does not plant that mast to grow inside a glass case, but on a weather beach where the winds of heaven can blow upon it, where the winds not only are to be resisted, but the hail, snow, rain, and the cold and the heat, the dews of heaven are left to nourish it, and when at last it grows tall and strong and grand, it is ready for the woodman's ax to place it as a mast, to carry the sails of the ocean steamers not only to distant ports, and not to but the all the isles of the sea.

"Oh" somebody says, "doesn't God prohibit everything that is evil ? Aren't the Ten Commandments full of prohibition?" Yes, the Ten Commandments say, "Thou shalt not steal," but the Ten commandments do not hide away in the bowels of the earth everything that man can steal. On the contrary, the Ten Commandments place in your way and mine temptation and say to

us, "Resist it or take the consequences." Then they say, "Thou shalt not kill." Yes, but you shall not take everybody and shut them in the penitentiary to prevent it because now and then one person wants to be or has to be killed. What you want to do is to place all the safeguards of protection you can around every individual, however high or low, rich or poor, teaching them that the best conquereth himself is greater than he that taketh a city. We can never have temperance in its truest sense until we have raised men and women who are willing to abide by the rule of self-protection.

One day a few years ago I was going over to the City of Washington in obedience to a message from the Governor, Gov. Benson, who empowered me to act as his representative in the National Conference of United States Governors. It was a notable meeting in the City of Washington, but on the way I met with a delay. There came a terrible snowstorm, one of those blinding, blanket affairs such as they are now enduring over the East and middle West, from which we are happily free, and our train was stalled near some little station and remained so for several hours. The night was coming down. I asked the porter to make up my berth early, so that I could put on the electric light near me, that I might read in my berth. He left the upper berth down over the lower end of the bedding and was in the act of preparing to make up my berth

when a little woman,- she was a pretty little body; she had gray fluffy hair and a very pretty powdered complexion and was dressed in an evening garb, evidently she had gone from the lecture room to the train, came to me and said "Excuse me, but are you going far"? "Yes," I said, "to the farther East." She said, "Then would you kindly ask the porter to make up my berth first, as I will have to get up early in the morning?" I said, "certainly," and I called the porter and I made way for the lady and her baggage in my berth and she sat by me. Pretty soon a waiter came from the dining car bearing a tray with two foaming steins of beer. He was going through to the apartment where the men were, and this startled her off like a deluge and she said, "It wont be two years until we have that abomination driven from our land, don't you think so?" "Well," I said, although I didnt want to get into an argument, "well, that depends upon whether men are willing to buy it and use it. The demand is the thing for us to consider." "Aint you a prohibitionist?" "Well," I said, "I can't see but one power that can prohibit human nature and that is God, and He doesn't act; and I don't see how we are going to bring it about unless the individual is willing to prohibit himself." "Do you mean to say that God is the author of alcohol?" she ~~said~~ asked, and she looked at me with a venom that reminded me of old times when they accused me of being sold to whiskey. "Why, yes," I said, "our scriptures teach us that nothing was made except

God made it." "I don't want anything to do with your sort of a God," she said, and she clutched my arm like it was in a vise and then got up and switched herself away to the end of the car until her berth was made up. Then without thanking me for my courtesy, removed her baggage from my berth with a jerk, and flounced into her own. The next morning when I awoke she was gone, and a couple of ladies across the aisle had known her and I asked them who she was, and they said, "Oh, she is one of those prohibition advocates that gives advice to God in the church." After a few more sentences the waiter came in from the dining car and said, "Last call for breakfast in the dining car," so I did not see those ladies again. ~~I never did see~~ that dear little reformer who was so contaminated by the idea that I said God was the author of alcohol ~~that she~~ has never crossed my orb again, but I doubt not she will be here in the next six or eight months to tell the people just exactly what God has compelled them to do. I simply don't believe in such methods, and yet I am glad to say that the world is getting better all the time.

Years ago we had no institutions to bring up neglected children. Only recently we have had it in the hearts of the Parents and Teachers Association to bring lunches at noon for hungry school children. We have not had until recently an opportunity for women to vote their silent sentiments upon any of these great questions at the polls regardless of the attacks that are made upon the old wheel horse and leader for liberty who se-

cured for ~~them~~ women the right to vote, ~~The~~ liberty is gaining ground, and world is getting better, ~~and~~ there is one movement I must speak of before I close that I do glory in above all others, and that is in keeping with what I have told the people for the last forty years, ~~that~~ the freedom of woman ~~was~~ is to be the cure for these evils ~~they~~ they suffer from intemperance. I did not expect that in less than two years thereafter ~~a~~ women would arise like that Mrs. Valentine, of Union, of whom you have been reading for a few days, ~~make~~ to cause the Governor to send a woman to ~~the~~ her rescue. That woman complained that her husband is a drunkard, that the men who sold the liquor did not heed her cry to protect him from himself, and the result has been that Miss Hobbs is getting into moving pictures and is going around the world pretty soon in the movies as an evangel of the good time coming when women will be able to protect themselves from drunken husbands. That is my cure for the evils of intemperance. And whatever you may say in praise or blame of our present Governor, I do exult in the fact that he has the courage of his convictions and that when he thinks it is necessary to barnstorm an evil, ~~if he sees it~~ he will send a woman to the rescue, and that woman is receiving all the encouragement that is needed from the responsible men who are engaged in the liquor business, as well as other men and women. Yes, ~~and~~ the world is growing better. It is not going to be many years until we have a rational temperance reform instead of the lachrymose, emotional raid that is now going on all over this

country engendering law breaking, infidelity and duplicity, but not touching whiskey, which, if driven into hiding, will flourish as long as men demand it. ~~Just the other day the Christian Advocate gave a long account of the marvelous increase of the use of intoxicants that had grown upon the people in the last few years. Now, let us be sensible, let us be rational.~~ When a man becomes afflicted with the smallpox we send him to the pest house and put him in quarentine, but we don't put all the rest of us in quarentine. We stay on the outside and do all we can to cure, or at least to relieve, the suffering of the man who is afflicted. Just so, with the drunkard who hasn't sufficient stamina to control himself. Let us take charge of him and cure his disease, but let us not compel everybody else to go to the pest house because he must. Let us not compel every man in all the land to carry crutches because now and then one walks lame. That is not philosophy, that is not common sense, and if in these utterances I have said one word that has hurt the feelings of anybody who thinks I am in the wrong, I can only say I am sorry, but I speak the convications that have come to me through long experience. I have studied the work of the waves, of the sea, and the winds of the mountains and the plains. I have probed the secrets of nature from the day that the growing grain floats like glistening billows ~~beams~~ in the warm sunshine, to the time when it is garnered and put into the homes of the people. I have studied the philanthropies that are stirring the hearts of the sons of women, who

are breaking into new parties if the old ones don't go to suit them, and this brings me to mention this Progressive Party, of which although I am not a member because I have not yet left my alma mater, the Republican Association which was modeled in the life and death of the martyred Lincoln and his great co-worker; yet, when I look back to the year 1884, I see Theodore Roosevelt in the State Legislature of the great State of New York.

I had gone as a delegate from the Territory of Washington where we had enfranchised women, and had been attending the National Equal Suffrage Convention in Washington, when I was placed in charge of a delegation to go to Albany from the National Association. Theodore Roosevelt was a boy at that time; that is, he was the youngest member of the lower house and no one ~~was~~ young as he was in the upper house. He was placed in charge of our delegation, and to his credit be it spoken he rose to the occasion and ~~he~~ championed us royally and loyally. Then, ~~and~~ when he became Governor of New York, he gave an inaugural address demanding our enfranchisement, and while it is true that during part of the time that when Lyman Abbott gave him a dollar a word for his articles, he was obliged to side-track us a little bit, he proved true to his convictions when he had another opportunity, and today he is one of the evangels of equal suffrage; and I honor him for it. I feel like-- and you will pardon me for saying it here in the stronghold of his

friends, where I am ~~in~~ speaking with your courtesy,-- I feel like saying that I would be thankful for the Progressive Party if for nothing else than because of the stand it has taken so bravely for the enfranchisement of women. Other parties will claim like acquiescense on the same principle, and I can say that this great movement for liberty for all the people is in direct opposition to the prohibition, ~~for a few~~ self government, liberty, is the divine principle up and out of which must come all the great movements for the amelioration of human destiny, that is to make us all better, freer, purer, truer, more successful men and women than we were before.

~~And~~ Before I take my ~~leave~~ seat let me ask you one favor, dear friends, ~~and~~ a favor that extends to every one of you. I want you from this on, until the primaries close, to relax not one jot or tickle of your determination to get every man and woman you can to register. It is the first duty that we owe to the people of this great enfranchised state. California has just spoken, through her vote of registered women, and has decided that it is not wise to destroy the grape industry by voting prohibition, and they have voted it down. Oregon's duty is to decide that it is not wise to destroy the hop industry, which enables thousands of women to get money to pay taxes and ~~school~~ educate their children. It is not wise to cripple the transportation interests or the interests of those who are in all the different ramifications of business by upsetting conditions and making destruction of such conditions until the

people do not know, or cannot plan for their future efforts for fear of getting into some sort of an ambush that will upset their best laid plans. Let us be sensible, let us be temperate, let us be logical, let us be free and remember that our first duty is to see that everybody registers to be able to do their part in the great climaxes that are before us.

Robert Ingersol said he was grateful to the Greenback Party for making the Greenback Party unnecessary. I am grateful to all these great upheavels for making common sense necessary. It will come, it must come, Education, opportunity, knowledge, liberty,- above all things liberty, is what is to enable us to raise families of self-supporting, self-sustaining, self-protecting men and women. I thank you. (applause).