

Address before a company of Soldiers  
at the McManis Valley Chautauque  
Assembly - July 1908.

As all pure air must contain proper proportions of the two elements  
of oxygen and nitrogen, so all associations of the human family, in  
was as well as in peace, must contain proper proportions of masculinity and  
femininity or they will endanger their own best welfare by engendering  
poisonous conditions that necessarily work mental, and moral and physi-  
cal harm to the entire race.

When we read the pages of history, reeking as they do with the de-  
tails of carnage and devastation, we are so deeply impressed with the  
horror of it all that we have no need to be reminded that man is a  
fighting animal. Yet when seen at his best, as you always see him when  
the women he most respects and reveres are present, we are glad to note  
not only the total subjection of the antagonistic spirit in  
him that engenders war but the active presence of that protecting  
chivalry and innate patriotism which so arouse our admiration in times  
of peace that, much as we shrink from the idea of carnage so long as  
it does not seem inevitable, we do not hesitate, when protest is no lon-  
ger possible, to adjust our best endeavors, so far as they will let us  
to the amelioration of their condition when war begins.

I am not here as a theorist, to denounce war, or declare it, under all

circumstances unnecessary, or unavoidable. The races of men have yet many centuries of experience before their swords shall be beaten into plowshares and spears into pruning hooks and nations shall learn war no more. And, since man is a fighting animal; and since all that is (or was) originally savage and brutal in his nature must be eliminated through the gradual processes of evolution ere we can reach that higher civilization of which the philanthropist is dreaming; and, since men and women together constitute the human family, and are as necessary to each other as oxygen and hydrogen are to water, or oxygen and nitrogen to air, if they are to be kept pure,

and self-purifying, they must not be subjected to unnatural separation and indeed cannot be without deleterious results, it logically follows that the mother-instinct, which enacts so necessary a part in the procreation of the races that without it there could be no soldiers, the co-leadership of sagacious, motherly women cannot be denied with impunity when preparations are in progress for mobilizing or deporting great bodies of men in times of war.

We all know that when the proper circulation of air is prevented by any sort of mechanical contrivance, so confining it that it has no natural opportunity to purify itself, it will self-engender noxious gases and poisonous vapors which cause death when inhaled. But how many of us stop to think that the unnatural confinement of men away from the free and natural association with good women, to enjoy which is their inalienable right, causes the deplorable results we so often encounter in the physical wreck of the soldier boy, who left his mother's side in the proud consciousness of an unstained manhood, only to encounter the vitiated atmosphere of the scarlet woman, who is as sure to loiter in the wake of armies as impure air and water are sure to self-engender poisonous gases if unnaturally conditioned.

It has not been very long since the very flower of our young manhood was mobilized for a considerable time at one of the rallying points not so far from Oregon but members of our Emergency Corps, were



able to visit them in camp. I heard one of these noble, self-sacrificing women say, afterwards that an epidemic of what the army surgeon called measles had broken out in the camp, and many of the dear boys, who were surprised to find themselves down with the infection when they supposed themselves immune-having had measles at home, had no measles at all; but the vulture-like women who tarried in the outskirts of the camp understood! Don't blame the soldier boys, dear prudish men and women! Don't even the scarlet woman, who like the fire-damp is the natural result of poisonous environments; but do seek a remedy in the healthful and moral co-association of the sexes, everywhere.

I had the pleasure of listening not long ago, to ~~an~~ an instructive course of lectures, given in Portland, under the auspices of our Woman's Club, by the eminent naturalist, Mr. Seton Thompson. The lectures were illustrated by numerous snap-shot presentations, on canvas, of the lives and habits of our near relations, the so-called lower animals, which furnished much food for thought among the auditors. He proved over and over again, by the unerring snap-shot of the camera, that the natural and only well-ordered life of animals is officered by the sagacious mature mother of flock or herd; whose wisdom and foresight in providing for the common protection is never questioned. By what ~~subtlety~~ subtlety of reasoning they make their selections of leadership we ~~do~~ do not understand their language may not know; but the camera has settled the fact that they are chosen; and those leaders are always ~~are~~ always of the mother, instead of the father sex.

So at variance with those true-to-life portrayals of the camera with age-encrusted theories and practices of men that it was no wonder the picture of a mother ~~elk~~ doe in a vast herd of elk, leading her thousands of followers of both sexes and all ages to places of safety, among the snow-clad fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains, while the antlered bucks tarried in the rear to fight each-other to a finish,

brought storms of laughter and applause from a sex trained for ages in an opposite theory. Nor that your humble speaker, who had but recently exhausted purse and nerve and brain in an almost, but not yet successful endeavor to induce men to make a beginning in Oregon to restore the long-entrained mother - instinct to it's pristine place in the arena of life and liberty, it brought tears that could with difficulty be held inaudible. And I think the best-deserved compliments I have ever received in my life--they certainly were the most gratifying--the voluntary tributes of wise and thoughtful men, who after hearing the lectures and witnessing the illustrations, met me in the vestibule of the theater, and afterwards in the street or at my home and told me that they had instinctively thought of me and my life-long teachings as the pictures were thrown upon the canvas, and they had received a clearer comprehension of what ought to be the accepted relations between the sexes in the human family than they had previously realized.

Dear friend \$will you pardon this little display of egotism? Men, Soldiers, Brethren! You who have had experience with big herds of horses, bands of cattle and flocks of sheep; have you ever noticed the wisdom and sagacity of an old belled mare? Have you ever observed the certainty with which an old belled cow will guide her band to a place of safety in the face of a blinding storm? And, conversely, did you never see a flock of sheep follow a belled wether over a precipice --leading them pell-mell to destruction? And, did you not wonder, at such a time, why the owner of the sheep had not placed the bell upon the neck of a motherly old ewe? I know you will say the animals follow the bell, and do not think of the leader; but I ask you in all seriousness, did anybody ever bell the mother-leaders of the untamed herds of the wilderness, where nothing but a camera can catch them?

The poet who attributed the rythm of the wild goose's "honk, honk", as he leads the V-shaped flock through the regions of the air, made better verse than reason, as the camera now teaches with



unerring shot, or as the hunter proves when he dissects the leader whose life he has taken with his gun. The leader is now said to be, in such cases -- nothing but a goose! William Tell's apple and George Washington's hatchet are not the only fables in history.

Once, on a great parade day, in the city of Washington, about a dozen years ago, it is said that our famous war eagle, Old Abe, whom many of you will remember as having once been on exhibition in Oregon, while riding proudly at the head of the procession, distinguished himself and discomfited his regiment by laying an egg! There was a great effort made to keep the incident a secret; but women, who had no interest in hushin' it up, got hold of the story and wisely thought it too good to keep; so they delight in repeating it at women's conventions, and all sensible, fair-dealin' men have learned to appreciate and enjoy the joke. Whether it will teach them a needed lesson is another question; but I have my hopes.

I hope no man will imagine for a moment that I underrate the sex to which the Grand Army belongs. You who are at all familiar with my 30 years' work with pen and tongue need not be again assured of my loyalty to men. All good women like men a great deal better than they can or will like women. There is nothing more unlovable in life than a man-hater -- unless it be a woman-hater. Why such monstrosities are born, or why, if so unfortunate as to be born, they do not loathe themselves to death, I cannot tell; but I do believe they are not numerous in any community; and I know you may search for them in vain among the gray haired mothers of our soldiers.

A proudly confess great admiration for the soldier. The man who endangers his life by going to war stirs the mother-heart as no other being can. Never a man has lived who has not by the very fact of his existence, imperilled the life and handicapped the earlier years of his mother. The love of country cannot equal the love of any man's mother. And when he, by enlisting in his country's service, ~~XXXXXX~~

goes forth into an untried world, to endure the hardships and perils which it has been her chief concern to shield him from babyhood when he loses life or limb in the face of shot and shell, or falls a victim to the deadly grasp of a treacherous foe; when the gallant officer imperils his life in battle, or fever or other deadly contagion strikes her dear one low, the loving sympathy of every mother's heart is stirred to its profoundest depths.

Soldiers, brethren! we glory in your achievements, we honor your patriotism, we exult in your promotion! We lovingly and patiently nurse you when sick or disabled, and we follow you tearfully and longingly to the very gates of death. When you fall in battle we we bewail the final tragedy as only mothers can.

But, is this all war means to women? Think of the terrible suspense we endure while awaiting tidings of your fate! Think of the enforced inaction that enhances our anxiety! Of the suspense that chills the heart and chokes the utterance as women gather their children and grandchildren around them when the tidings come that too often clothe the mother's soul with the blackness of despair! Think, too, of the double duty that descends upon the bowed shoulders of the elderly matron, who, having struggled through all the earlier years of her devoted life to rear and educate her son--cheerfully exercising self-denial of every sort for his material benefit till her right hand loses its strength and her eye its luster--think of her,

awaiting the dreadful tidings that at last come, announcing the fate of the pride of her life, who was to have been the stay and solace of her old age! Think of all this and then, do you ask what war means to women? And, if it could be possible for us to assist you in alleviating any of the horrors of war, just as it has been our province to endow you with being, can you not see how vastly more useful we might be to you and humanity at large if, in our declining years--our cares for a young family having long been outgrown, we might be free to use our accumulated mother-wisdom in so assisting you in the management of the home side of the army life that our soldier boys, the flower of the Nation's manhood might be shielded from the poisoned track of the scarlet woman whose



oxygen of life has been consumed by the pent atmosphere that excludes pure women from the camp? Can you not see how vastly more useful we might be to you, to our sons and to the world if we had the power to utilize the feminine forces you lack in making provision for the comfort and well-being of great armies in the very beginning of a terrible campaign?

My esteemed friend, Mrs. Evelyn K. Belden, of Sioux City, Iowa, tells a tragic story of the conditions in which she found a famous camp in the sunny Southland during the opening months of our late war with Spain. Her son, a soldier, was stricken with fever, and she, by virtue of some sort of manipulation that men call a "pull" which husband enjoyed as a political manager was admitted to the camp to nurse the boy. Hundreds of other mothers sought access to the camp on the same errand, but were denied the dearest wish of their hearts in every case in absence of the pull. But, though admitted, she was not welcomed by the officers in command, who bluntly told her that "decent women had no business there!"

Nobody knows better than a wise mother that it is manifestly impossible to admit women and children to soldiers' encampments, as a rule. We all admit that woman's normal sphere is within the home. You show me a wise, patriotic woman and I will show you a woman

locked well to the ways of her household and eateth not the bread of idleness. There are thousands of just such house keepers and home makers in the land, whose hearts go out to the hungry, wounded, sick and suffering soldier, whom it would be <sup>as</sup> impossible as unnecessary to admit personal participation in army life, and many thousands more who must do double duty at home while husband and father are <sup>abs</sup> in camp, skirmish and field. Women are not seeking or demanding impossible or impracticable positions. But every mother knows that place where her boy goes ought to be a perfectly safe and "decent" place for any mother to visit. The way to purify confined air is to provide for proper ventilation. The way to destroy the death damp in the bottom of an infected well is to ~~turn~~ in enough of pure water

*To flush out the infection +*

306 course all men know that we don't seem to say that all the air surrounding the planet and all the water of the lakes and rivers will be at once diverted from their accustomed channels and henceforth do nothing else but the thing that emergency requires. It is only when the remedy of pure womanhood is suggested as a natural panacea for the "indigent" conditions of camps and armies that that most men get frightened and call a halt, lest women would have less sense than the water, or the air.

B Mrs. Selden, like Florence Nightingale, Mary A. Livermore, and Clara Barton, who at the beginning of their career in armies failed to see, or understand the sneers of men in authority, exercised judicious blindness. She held herself wisely oblivious to the coarse allusions that smote her ears, never heeding them till her son was convalescent. Then she returned to civil life and took the lecture platform, and remains withal, a charming womanly woman, and is still the same devoted wife and mother and the same acknowledged leader in what the world calls "Society" as she was before the war. No one who hears her story of the mismanagement of that Southern camp can remain oblivious to the crying need of women as a home-maker, in times of war as she has ever been in times of peace. No one who has heard Mrs. Selden's vivid recital of the mis-management of that Southern camp can remain oblivious to the crying need of the councils and presence of women as a home maker in times of war as she has served her loved ones in times of peace. Now, friend: If you were other than the gallant defenders of the truth that you membership in this organization proclaims you, I should expect to hear these remarks construed into a report like this: "The eminent lady found fault with everything connected with the army and its work. She made the gallant soldier and his corps of noble commanders appear a lot of fools, or knaves who don't know enough, aside from what some women tell them, to protect themselves from the weather." I have been as badly misrepresented as this many a time by other men, but never by the Grand Army of the Republic, in camp or anywhere else.



For this reason I am not afraid to repeat to you some of the facts and conclusions of Mrs. Belden's cecitals, only wishing you might have opportunity to hear more. "What mother of men says she "would establish a camp for thousands of soldier boys, under a broiling Southern sky, six miles from water, where the only means of <sup>supperannuated</sup> haul had to be hauled in rickety ambulances, by spans of superannuated mules?"

We all know that this is a commercial age. And, when the markets get glutted because there comes a time when there are more workers than there is work, there comes a cry of over production. So men starve ~~us~~ when barns are bursting and the combination known as the Trust ~~make~~ terms with transportation companies to even things up at the expense of the already well squeezed consumer. It was for reasons like these that Southern camp got its anomalous location. And--there were others. Can we forget the "spoiled beef" of the Alger dynasty, or the equally flagrant scandals of Kansas, Cuba and the Philippines growing out of transactions that promptly got great coats of whitewash, while the noble philanthropists who "peached" got their labor for ~~the~~ their pains?

Mrs. Belden says, further: Would women orderlies loiter in the shade of barracks, cutting red tape over trifles, refusing to deal out ice and medicines to soldier boys dying of fever, because, forsooth, some officer higher in rank ~~was~~ away from his post, dancing attendance upon thoughtless girls--on leave or absence?" And the women of the Red Cross society are asking, from all points of the compass, "Would women officers, if co-associated with the army in the Philippines, think it necessary to ~~proceed~~ enact the part of the procurer in a vain attempt to "regulate" the social evil in the army in such a way that the lower propensities of soldiers might be fostered under official ~~pro~~ supervision at the expense of the health, purity and often the wretched lives of the unfortunate women of the lower world who, if the supposed-to-be one sexed conditions of the

something is missing

does not poison enough of women to supply the demand have recently been ordered as recruits from China and other foreign countries where girls are sold as slaves to the basest uses. Again, please notice that I am not making an outcry against men or armies, but against the unnatural environments ~~our~~ human institutions, wherein men fight, if they could, (and they will, some day), pattern after the sagacious methods of the brutes of the forest and plain, and the fowls of the air, who entrust all sanitary regulations of their well-ordered lives to paternal leaders, with whom the father-bell of herd and flock and band are always in accord, and who never fight or quarrel with the females of their race, and recognize no such thing as a "social evil".

But you will insist, though I do not dispute you, that "woman's sphere is within the home." For that matter, so is man's. The man who has no home is like the antlered stag, which, beaten at every turn by his more fortunate competitors, lingers for a few miserable years on the outskirts of the tribe wherein he was born, and then steals away and dies. Some day, every man will be required to be sufficiently industrious and frugal to have earned and deserved a home; and then women, being equal in authority with men, will see that they have homes. Just now, only a small minority of either sex have a home in which to hold a "sphere."

All men are not soldiers, and only a few men can hold offices, in the army or any where else. Equal rights and opportunities among each other have not destroyed the home instinct among ~~any~~ men, neither will such rights among women destroy the home instincts of women; but equal rights between the sexes will enable some men and some women to work together, officially, for the common weal; and the intuition of women and the slower-going sagacity of man will devise means to cultivate the higher nature of man, so that he will



as voluntarily restrain his lower nature in the army as elsewhere. I know some of you will say that my dream is Utopian. But the advance dream of every inventor, whether in the field of mechanics or morals has ever been pronounced Utopian. It is said that the first steamship that crossed the Atlantic ~~WVW~~ brought over a lot of scientifically gotten pamphlets to show that such a feat could never be accomplished. We are, by nature great stumbling blocks of explanation points. Men now living can tell us of the convulsed condition of affairs in Boston when some fool-hardy person first insisted upon allowing girls to attend the public schools, the objection being, first, that their morals would be corrupted by associating with boys, and, secondly that educated women would refuse to attend to their domestic duties and leave the men and children to die of neglect! The good deacons of Plainfield in New Jersey broke up a Sunday school in the Baptist church of that city when Dr. Clemence Lozier was teaching the little girls to read in her father's church, because they said, if they learned to read and write they would, when old enough to marry, "forge their husband's names and get their money out of the

bank! Instances might be multiplied indefinitely, but a word to the wise is sufficient.

"Now," you ask, "are changes such as you suggest to be brought about? Women have no knowledge of the art of war."

I answer "They need no such knowledge". Women, in natural conditions are not fighting animals. It is their business to bestow life--not to destroy it. It is their business to sustain the life they bestow--not to invent ways and means cut it off. First of all, I would have women free! Free to judge for herself as to what her own destiny or mission shall be. I would have her just as free to work out her destiny as man is, leaving results to the natural law that causes the survival of the fittest. For that reason I

something is missing

Think you that the mother leaders in the animal kingdom would ever be chosen to guide and protect the herds; if they had to be chosen be the separate vote of the buck, the bull, the horse or the gander? Depend upon it wise would be chosen to do the right kind of army work wherever it was not possible to prevent war, provided both men and women had a voice in the choosing. And they would not be more numerous either than officers in the army. I would have such elderly women as Cary A. Livermore and Clara Barton to establish a training school for Grand mothers who had passed a competitive examination, who, when graduated should be placed in charge of hospital supplies, sanitary regulations, army canteens, etc., with authority to distribute supplies, including luxuries under such rules as would lessen the wide gap between the fare of the soldier and the officer.

I am not here to pass a panegyric upon woman, as woman. Women are by nature no better and no worse than their fathers and sons. But I am here to declare, and I am sure I have over and over proved my contention, that the equal and free association between the sexes in the human family is as necessary as it is in the animal world; "What God hath joined together let not man put asunder", saith the higher law. I am not here to demand equality of opportunity for men and women for the sake of women alone, or of men alone, but for the sake of both the sexes. The voter of Oregon favored us with over 48% of the vote upon our proposed Constitutional Amendment in 1900. Had they gone just a little further, (as they surely will next time) my humble sermon today would have been devoted to considering ways and means to "Mother" all armies, of which our late Emergency Corps gave you merely an inkling when men in authority allowed them opportunity.

Men, Soldiers, Brethren! We appeal to you as veterans, tried and true! whose gallantry we do not question, whose loyalty to the

mothers that bore you we do not doubt. We ask you in all earnestness to rise above the narrow, possessive view of a great principle of liberty that men have encrusted over with false conditions they



attribute to the science of government which is now constituted is  
as compared to what it ought to be, as confined and poisoned air is  
to the free atmosphere of Heaven, or as the death damp in the bottom  
of an abused <sup>e</sup>will is to the free water that feeds our Oregon Me-  
tropolis from snowy heights of our old Mt. Hood.

Let woman, who has been your joy,  
Your good right hand and brave defender,

Through all your days as babe and boy,  
and never asked you to surrender,

Take her true place, your own *beside*  
When war alarms or woes betide.  
Till war, in wiser generations  
Shall yield to peaceful arbitrations.