

WOMAN'S WORK.

What the Gentle Sex Did for the Upbuilding of Oregon.

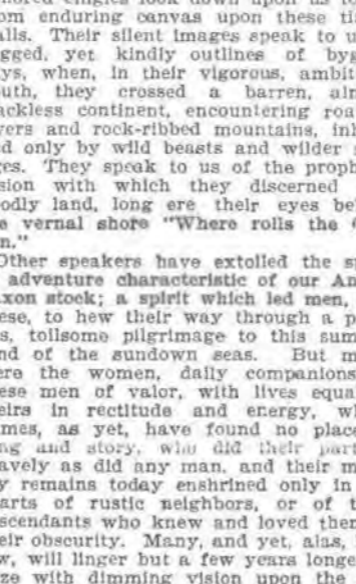
Mrs. A. S. Dunlway reviewed briefly the work done in Oregon by women. Her address follows:

The scientific world is slowly but surely returning to the original order of human affairs in its attempt to re-establish the natural relations between the sexes, in which man and woman are the supplements, the counterparts, but never the opponents of each other. When God saw, in the beginning, "that it was not good for man to be alone," and created woman as his companion, counsellor and co-worker, the influence of our sex in molding the affairs of state and of nation began; and, no matter how much or how often perverted or hindered, the darkest age has never wholly destroyed it.

The great author of human destiny understood this fundamental law when he placed fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters in the same home and family, and permitted each sex to associate with the other on a plane of governmental, social and domestic equality.

Often, in these later years, when I have been addressing audiences in the cities of the Middle West, and in the East and South, I have been asked why it was that the Pacific Northwest was so far in advance of the older settled portions of the United States in its recognition of the divine principle of equality of rights between the sexes, which originated in the human home. To this query I am always proud to reply that the territorial domain of Oregon was the first great section of our federal union in which woman's equal right to occupy and possess real estate, in fee simple, and on her own individual account, had ever been recognized or practiced.

All great uprisings of the race, looking to the establishment of a larger liberty for all the people, have first been generated in new countries, where plastic conditions adapt themselves to larger growths. It has ever been man's province to go before, to find the path in the wilderness and blaze the way for those who are to follow him. It is man's mission to tunnel the mountains, rivet the bridges, build the highways, erect the habitations, nav-



Mrs. A. S. Dunlway.

atge the seas and subdue and cultivate the soil. It has ever been the province of woman to take joint possession with him of the crude homes that he has builded, and add to the rude beginnings of his border life those feminine endeavors through which, as the community increases in numbers, a higher civilization asserts itself, and as it grows in years and riches, the wilderness is made to blossom as the rose.

The interests of the sexes can never be identically the same; but they are always mutual, always interdependent, and every effort to separate them results, primarily, in discontent and ultimately in failure.

When the true history of woman's agency in upbuilding the state of Oregon shall have been written, the world will marvel at the sublimity of the inspiration of the man, or men, who gave to the seal of the state its enduring motto, "alls volat propolis, or "She flies with her own wings."

Privations of Early Settlers.

You have heard on this brilliant and important occasion a great many spirited, time-honored and true rehearsals of the valiant deeds of Oregon's pioneer and public-spirited men. No one reveres or honors more sincerely than I the noble courage, the sturdy manhood, the spirit of enterprise displayed by the men whose names are inseparable from the history of this state's upbuilding. It required men of brave hearts and firm footsteps to lead the way in the vast enterprises that have culminated, after all the weary years that we are here to commemorate, in this realization of our 40 years of statehood. Their deeds of daring, danger and endurance have long been chronicled in song and story. Many of their honored effigies look down upon us today from enduring canvas upon these tinted walls. Their silent images speak to us in rugged, yet kindly outlines of bygone days, when, in their vigorous, ambitious youth, they crossed a barren, almost trackless continent, encountering roaring rivers and rock-ribbed mountains, inhabited only by wild beasts and wilder savages. They speak to us of the prophetic vision with which they discerned this goodly land, long ere their eyes beheld the vernal shore "Where rolls the Oregon."

Other speakers have extolled the spirit of adventure characteristic of our Anglo-Saxon stock; a spirit which led men, like these, to hew their way through a perilous, toilsome pilgrimage to this summer land of the sundown seas. But many were the women, daily companions of these men of valor, with lives equal to theirs in rectitude and energy, whose names, as yet, have found no place in song and story, who did their part as bravely as did any man, and their memory remains today enshrined only in the hearts of rustic neighbors, or of their descendants who knew and loved them in their obscurity. Many, and yet, alas, how few, will linger but a few years longer to gaze with dimming vision upon the serried ranks of our annual parades of men who will march together with faltering steps at our regular reunions, until at last there shall be left no more survivors of our early pioneers.

What further shall we say of the women of Oregon, the wives, mothers and sweet-hearts of those once mighty men who are soon to vanish from human sight? Have they not nobly and bravely borne their part as did the men; were they not as faithful as they in building up this vigorous young commonwealth of the Pacific Northwest, which, today, includes the added states of Washington, Montana and Idaho, that together with this mother of states originally comprised the whole of Oregon?

That British Columbia obtained a valuable part of our Pacific Northwest territory while your humble speaker was yet a child, is a part of our history of which I cannot stop to speak. All of you older Oregonians can still remember that spirited campaign cry of your youth, whose refrain was, "Fifty-four-forty, or fight." The younger Oregonians can read it in school histories.

I have before paid tribute to the bravery and endurance of man in subduing the primeval wilderness. It is now my grateful privilege to recognize woman's part, often more difficult and dangerous because accompanied by the added perils of maternity, and always as important as man's in building up a state from its crude beginnings into such fruition as we now behold.

We cannot forget the heroism of the women of the Whitman party, who were both victims and survivors of that historic and horrible massacre. We delight to honor the valor of those intrepid mothers of the mighty men of today and yesterday, who crossed the untracked continent in ox wagons or on horseback, some of whom have lived to see their native sons and daughters take proper place as living monuments in commemoration of those days that tried their souls. We cannot forget the faithful bravery of the lone woman in a rough log cabin in the beautiful hills of Southern Oregon, who, when her husband lay dead at her feet, from the treacherous aim of a cruel savage, kept the howling despoilers of her home at bay with her trusty rifle till the daylight came and brought her succor from the neighboring hills.

But my time is limited, and I cannot linger over facts already familiar to you all. Let it rather be my province to speak of those mothers in Oregon whose patient endurance, poverty, hardship and toil brought them naught of public and little of private recompense, but whose children rise up and call them blessed, and whose husbands are known in the gates when they sit among the rulers of the land.

The Donation Land Law.

I have spoken of the inspiration that gave to us and to posterity the motto of the state seal of Oregon. But there was another inspiration, first voiced by Dr. Linn, of venerable memory, from whom one of our fairest and richest counties derived its name, and was afterward put into practical shape in congress by Delegate Samuel R. Thurston. It was an inspiration that placed Oregon as the star of first magnitude in our great galaxy of states, causing her to lead forever in recognizing woman's inalienable right, as an individual, to the possession and ownership of the soil, irrespective of gift, devise or inheritance, and nuptial settlement, or any sort of handicap or special privilege whatsoever. I allude to the donation land law. A dozen years ago, before my frequent journeyings had taken me from Oregon (as they have done in later years), I became acquainted with hundreds of Oregonians over the state, some of whom are doubtless present at this hour, many of whom assured me with pride, and all with gratitude, that, but for this beneficent provision for the protection of home, not only their wives and children, but themselves also, would have no homes at all in which to abide.

Woman is the world's homemaker; and she ought always to be its homemaker, or, at least, the privileged and honored keeper of a sufficient area of mother earth upon which to build, and, if necessary, maintain a home. The woman who would neglect her home and family for the allurements of social frivolity, or the emoluments and honors of public life, is not the woman whose name will occupy a place among the annals of the Oregon pioneers. If Napoleon had said to Madame de Stael that the greatest woman was she who had reared the best, wisest and most patriotic children, his famous answer to her famous query would have been divested of all its coarseness. Men of renown in all the ages have been the sons of public-spirited, patriotic, home-loving women. "All that I am I owe to my mother," said our illustrious Washington; and our martyred Lincoln, in speaking of the deeds of heroism that characterized the women who bore the soldiers, who bore the arms in our civil war, said: "I go for giving the elective franchise to all who bear the burdens of government, by no means excluding women."

I would not have you think for a minute that wise women would lessen parental responsibility in caring for the home. Man ought to be, and generally is, or is supposed to be, the home-provider. But that he has often failed to keep his part of the mutual contract, try how he may, full many a husband can testify who is now living on his wife's half of the donation land claim, which, happily for all concerned, was recognized by law as hers in the beginning of their married life, and which she has ever since refused to sell or mortgage for any consideration whatever.

I pray you to indulge me while I say that I have never yet met a husband who has failed to make himself an agreeable and respected companion to the wife of his bosom, the mother of his children, if she possessed, in her own right, the home that sheltered them. Nor have I ever known any women of Oregon when so situated to be compelled to sue for a divorce on account of "cruel and inhuman treatment, making life burdensome."

Right here 's a pointer for the relief of our overcrowded divorce courts, Mr. Governor.

That the donation land claim had its abuses, we all admit. The tracts of land it donated were too large, and the temptations for girl children to marry prematurely to secure lands were too great to create always the happiest results. But the principle was all right as to equality of ownership, and ought, in modified form, to be revived and continued indefinitely, as it surely will as civilization progresses and enlightenment and liberty increase.

How largely the state of Oregon is indebted to the donation land act for the origin of the spirit of freedom, justice and patriotism that prompted patriotic women to send their sons and grandsons to face death in their heroic endeavor to "avenge the Maine"; how much the state owes, primarily, to that same patriotism for the promptitude of women in forming the Emergency Corps of the state, or becoming auxiliary to the Red Cross Society; for the benefit of our boys in blue, or how far that experience has gone to increase the zeal with which they now come knocking at the gates of state government for admission within its portals to seats of their own among the electors, where there shall be no more taxation without representation to vex the spirits of our lawmakers with its biennial protests, I am sure I cannot tell you. But I know, and so do you, Mr. Governor of Oregon, and these honorable gentlemen, that the spirit of liberty and patriotism, like that of necessity and ambition, is in the air. It cannot be longer restricted by the fiat of sex or suppressed by the fiat of votes. The women of Wyoming, Colorado, Utah and Idaho, today enjoy their full and free enfranchisement. The governors, the legislature, the judiciary and the men voters of all those states speak as a unit in praise of their women voters. And shall Oregon, the proud mother of three great states, in the youngest of which the women are voters already, shall she refuse, through her men voters, to ratify the honorable action of the legislative assembly which has given them the glorious opportunity to celebrate the dawn of the 20th century by making it a year of jubilee for the wives and mothers of the pioneers, to whose influence the upbuilding of the state is, by their own confession, so largely due? Forbid it, men and brethren. Forbid it, Almighty God!

And now, as I close, I beg leave to present for your edification the grandest poem that from the Oregon woman's standpoint has ever been written by Oregon's greatest poet, Joaquin Miller.

The Mothers of Men.

The bravest battle that ever was fought!
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not—
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon or battle shot,
With sword or nobler pen!
Nay, not with eloquent words or thought,
From mouths of wonderful men!

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart—
Of woman that would not yield,
But bravely, silently, bore her part—
Lo, there is that battlefield!

No marshaling troop, no bivouac song,
No banner to gleam and wave;
But oh! these battles they last so long—
From babyhood to the grave.

Yet, faithful still as a bridge of stars,
She fights in her walled-up town—
Fights on and on in the endless wars,
Then, silent, unseen, goes down.

Oh, ye with banners and battle shot,
And soldiers to shout and praise!
I tell you the kingliest victories fought
Were fought in these silent ways.

Oh, spotless woman in a world of shame;
With splendid and silent scorn,
Go back to God as white as you came—
The kingliest warrior horn!