



SALUTATORY.

I do not resume the duties of a journalistic life with the overwrought expectations of the novice. I'll well I know the uncertain character of the sea of public opinion. There are reefs and shoals, whirlpools and sunken rocks, fathomless pits and treacherous typhoons to be discovered and shunned by the journalistic ship which embarks on such a sea, bound for the port of "Liberty," whose way stations are "Equality," "Justice," "Business," "Literature," "Art," "Science," "Fashion," "Society," and "Home." But THE WEST SHORE is a staunch and well-rigged ship, and the flag at its masthead floats bravely out on the breezes of Progress, and dips proudly as it approaches its many competing crafts and proffers this journalistic salute.

Experience has taught me valued lessons in the discovery and avoidance of journalistic dangers. The same patient, impartial and painstaking teacher has taught a constantly increasing majority of women in all localities the same important lessons, and we are ready now to sail together, as editor and readers, the one at the helm and the multitude on deck, assured, as we touch at the many different waypoints of business, in which all are interested, that our greatest common interest centers in the peaceful haven of Liberty.

I make my editorial bow with respectful deference to many new readers, as our helm bears hard-a-starboard; and I greet my many old time friends with the cordial confidence of long acquaintance as we embark together on our voyage of endurance and hope.

The traditional "woman's rights woman" is dead. She of the "strident voice" and nondescript attire, of whom we used to hear so much, is either a creature of the past or has been an *ignis fatuus* from the beginning, existing only in the brain of the man's rights editor. In her place has come the "equal rights woman," whose voice is modulated and her manner sweet. If she is young her cheeks are dimpled and rosy; or, if long years of service in the home, or school, or anywhere else that duty or necessity commanded have made her old and wrinkled, her smile is still kindly, her voice charming and her deportment gracious. The equal rights woman does not want to try, nor would she if she could, usurp a single one of the rights of man. She is the mother, wife, sister, daughter, niece, sweetheart or cousin of whole battalions of men. She wouldn't live in the world without men if she could; and, from the way her hand and heart are sought in matrimony by men of sense and wisdom, it is safe to say she couldn't live without them if she would. The equal rights woman is not the queen of a realm, but the president of a republic, called home. If she is married, her husband and children are copartners in the establishment; and, if she isn't married, she confidently expects to be. She is often distinguished of late years as a preacher, professor, author, teacher, artist, electrician, merchant, farmer, manufacturer, actress, editor, compositor, stenographer, agent, broker or physician, just as she has ever been distinguished in the past as a housekeeper. But, with all the added responsibilities of these various vocations, but few of which are self-sought, her home has not suffered nor her husband become a castaway. "Her husband is known in the gates, when sitteth among the rulers of the land."

Such are the women who are demanding the recognition of their equal right with man to a voice in making the laws of the land in which they live and do business; the land in whose government they have no voice, but whose tax-gatherers never fail to find them; where their sons, whom they have risked their own lives to endow with existence, may be torn from their tender embrace to be made targets for the bullets of those ambitious lovers of conquest who are alone responsible for war.

The equal rights woman is often at home on the rostrum and always at home at the hearthstone. "Her children arise and call her blessed." There are few deaths in her household, for she has studied and obeyed the laws of sanitation, the chemistry of good cookery and the charms of perennial good nature. Her husband can't afford to be disagreeable or ungracious, for she can be so nearly independent of him if necessary—and he knows it—that he involuntarily appears at his best in her presence. Her children learn useful trades or go to college. They become farmers, editors, merchants,

preachers, lawyers, professors, bankers, manufacturers, artisans, doctors, statesmen and parents, but not drunkards, idlers, vagabonds, courtesans or tramps. The wise mother has noble sons and loving daughters, for whose welfare, even more than her own, she desires to do her part to secure for all women that equality before the law, without which both man and woman fall short of their highest destiny. The equal rights woman knows that a one-sexed government is like a one-sexed home. She doesn't like a home without men in it, and she knows that no man would like a government without women in it if all men knew what was best for themselves and their country. Many noble men have learned this truth already, to their everlasting credit, and all the rest will learn it also, if they grow in knowledge with advancing years.

Liberty is represented, always, in a symbolic way, as a woman, full grown. But, so long as woman is a subordinate in the government under which she lives, subject to "taxation without representation and government without consent," it is mere mockery of justice to employ her figure as a symbol of freedom. No matter whether her regal form is displayed on the dome of a nation's capitol where only men are rulers, or placed as a perpetual torch-bearer at the gateway of a nation's commerce, as "Liberty Enlightening the World," her presence carries with it at once a mockery of justice as now administered and a prophecy of the future as foreseen by every patriot. Man, as a reasoning animal, is always meaning to be just. And the fact that in spite of his practice in denying liberty to women, his theory is all right in regard to her future destiny is graphically portrayed in his prophetic moods whenever he gets patriotic enough to erect symbolic statues of the highest order.

Will the sage of the *Oregonian*, who happened to be born and reared an only son among a large family of daughters, all of whom are leading advocates of woman suffrage, be kind enough to tell us how he reached the conclusion, so often reiterated of late in his otherwise excellent and respectful journal, that "the best women do not want to vote?"

"A FORMIDABLE PLATITUDE."

Our esteemed contemporary, the *Oregonian*, which, when left to the guiding brain of its senior editor, is noted for its sagacity, nevertheless so often makes itself ridiculous through the aid of its subordinates, who gauge their often-arred volubility on the woman suffrage question by the rapidity of their knowledge on the subject, that we, being in an accommodating mood, give place this week to its recent fulminations under the above caption, merely adding that the ridiculous admixture of truth and falsehood it contains is compiled from an anonymous manifesto which is circulated freely by our friend, the enemy, at every point where the special efforts of woman suffragists are temporarily centered. The thing is a curiosity, and acts merely as a bait to catch willing gudgeons. The garbled quotation from Colonel Higginson, who is an honored officer in the Massachusetts Woman Suffrage association, and has no more intention of giving up the fight than any other patriot, is a fair sample of the methods employed to defeat the cause of justice by the average "remonstrant."

The *Oregonian* has more than once courteously reminded the advocates of full suffrage for women that their so-called cause was weaker before the people than it was ten or even fifteen years ago; that the chief stumbling block to the enactment of woman suffrage was the earnest opposition of a vast majority of the intelligent women of the land. The answer of the advocates of woman suffrage has been to assert that the cause of woman suffrage was never so strong as it is today, and that the opposition of the women to the gift of suffrage was of so little consequence that its citation was "nothing but a platitude."

Let us look at the facts which determine the present strength of the cause of woman suffrage. In 1889 Maine, by her legislature, refused municipal suffrage to women by a vote of more than two to one in both houses; New Hampshire, in constitutional convention, gave the woman suffragists "leave to withdraw;" Dakota defeated municipal suffrage for the third time; Ohio refused municipal suffrage, and a proposition for a constitutional amendment also failed of adoption; Nebraska voted to "postpone indefinitely" a municipal suffrage bill; Massachusetts defeated both a municipal suffrage bill and a home suffrage bill; Nevada rejected a woman suffrage constitutional amendment; Connecticut