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THE WEST SIDE.

MRS. DUNIWAY AT NORTH YAMHILL, FOREST GROVE AND HILLSBORO IN THE INTEREST OF THE WOMAN MOVEMENT.

PORTLAND, JANUARY 28, 1881.

DEAR READERS OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

There is no finer, richer or more beautiful agricultural section of country on the face of the green earth than the valleys of the Yamhill River and its two principal tributaries, distinguished by prefixing "North" or "South" to the name of the river. These short, pellucid streams of mountain water meander through the vales in rippling contentment, forming practical irrigating ditches that fructify the waiting earth and amply reward the labors of the husbandman with the fruits of his toil. Fine fields and mammoth orchards abound, and many white farm-houses dot the plains and hillsides.

Among the several towns to which the railroad era has given prominence in the county, none can compete with North Yamhill in the beauty of situation, or surpass it in enterprise, good cheer and progressive ideas. Quite a number of handsome residences, that would do honor to Portland, command slightly locations. An excellent school is in progress, under the management of Mr. King and Miss Powell, and a town hall, the property of Hon. Lee Laughlin, answers all the purposes of a free church. Your correspondent had the pleasure of giving two lectures in this hall, which were largely attended, and in which the citizens evinced the liveliest interest.

Senator McConnell, who resides in North Yamhill, and whom the ladies remember as a warm friend and able advocate of Woman Suffrage in the late Legislature, has recently sold his immense stock of merchandise here and established a store in The Dalles. He also owns a store in Moscow, Idaho, and carries on a mammoth business in both localities. Hon. Lee Laughlin also distinguished himself in the House of Representatives by introducing the Woman Suffrage bill and making an able and convincing address in defense of its constitutionality. It was mainly through his pertinent, painstaking and clear-seeing tactics that the final triumphant vote was reached in the House. Besides these prominent champions of the cause, there are many others here, equally deserving of special mention. Among these are Mr. and Mrs. Runnels, Miss Duncan, Mr. and Mrs. A. Laughlin, Mrs. H. C. Brown, Mrs. H. M. Fryer, Mrs. Higgins, Mr. and Mrs. Stott, the numerous Morris family, and Uncle Aaron Payne. This last-named gentleman is nearly ninety years old, but hopes to see the women vote before he dies. Mrs. Stott, the popular ticket agent at the railway station, reports her health much improved since she began to interest herself in business affairs, which is another proof that the prevalent ill health among intellectual women is the result of keeping them out of their sphere.

Our visit at North Yamhill being over, we took the train for Forest Grove, and, after an hour's ride through the lovely undulations of the plain, halted at the station adjacent the village of schools, and were carried in a hack through the fast-congealing mud to the dear parental home, where we had not been since the never-to-be-forgotten day when the Death Angel claimed our honored father, whose vacant chair sits by the wide chimney jamb, as though momentarily expecting the arrival of one who comes not—whose venerable form will never occupy its ample accommodations more. Heaven seemed very near to us as we dropped into the hallowed seat and musingly watched the ruddy flames in the open fireplace as they played at hide-and-seek among the crackling logs, and sent their attendant lights and shadows over the low-ceiled room, dying out at last as the evening died, and leaving only the glow of the coals of old age, to be covered at bedtime with the ashes of the death-sleep. Like the flames, our father vanished in the evening of his day, and, like the buried coals on the hearthstone, he will blaze forth anew in the morning of a new existence, and we shall see him by and by.

Forest Grove retains its well-earned prestige as the Oxford of Oregon, but the general public notices nothing else in which it is superior to other towns equally well located and equally beautiful, save the conspicuous absence of saloons and the consequent quiet and good order attendant upon the streets. Our good friends Dr. Bowly and Mr. I. Myers still hold forth in a well-filled drug store; Mr. Hinman sustains the reputation of his finely stocked store and prosperous bank; S. Hughes, Esq., dispenses justice and hardware with his usual good sense, and Captain Merriman is preparing to start a conservatory of music as a much-needed auxiliary to the University. Mrs. Sloan still keeps her famous travelers' rest, Mrs. Buford prospers in her millinery business as of yore, and two-thirds of the other women keep private boarding-houses.

Father Chandler, a notice of whose death was

inadvertently omitted last week, and whose long life of usefulness was suddenly cut short by a stroke of paralysis half a dozen years ago, was buried from the Baptist church on the 20th inst. Rev. Mr. Russ, of McMinnville, preached the funeral sermon, which is described by citizens as having been excellent, impressive and appropriate. A beautiful wreath lay on the coffin, in the center of which was a sheaf of wheat. Miss Ellen Scott conducted the music, the hymns selected being favorites of the deceased. Mrs. Chandler, who has been the most faithful of nurses during her long vigil, is in moderate health since her husband's death, and bears the sweet impress of her labor of love in her chastened face as she talks of rejoining him in the glad hereafter. Without the hope of immortality, life would be worse than nothing and existence a gross mistake.

The Indian school is still prospering under the general and particular supervision of Captain Wilkinson, whose heart is absorbed in the work. Mrs. B. P. Walker and Miss Mary Lyman have control of the educational department, and Mrs. M. E. Huff is matron and general overseer of the establishment. There are 48 pupils in attendance, 18 being girls and 30 boys, ranging in age from 6 years old to 23 years. The fundamentals of English learning are taught, and the pupils appear as eager to learn as their white cousins. Blacksmithing and boot and shoe making have been added to the industries of the school, and Mrs. Huff will see that the girls are well trained in rudimentary house-keeping.

We had the pleasure of meeting with the Ladies' Aid Society one afternoon at the pleasant home of Mrs. Blank, and enjoyed a genial visit with Mother McMillan, nearly eighty years of age, who, like Mr. Payne, the wise octogenarian of North Yamhill, hopes to live till the women vote.

A bad snow-storm kept us from lecturing at the Grove. The wind blew a gale, and the moonless nights were guiltless of street lamps, so we did not announce a meeting, though urgently imprompted to remain till the storm should be over.

Wednesday, and Hillsboro. This is another beautifully situated town, not so undulating as Forest Grove or North Yamhill, but in plain view of purple mountains and mighty forests, and surrounded on all sides by excellent farms. Mr. L. L. Williams, the obliging agent of the New Northwest, and a staunch friend of human rights, met us at the station, and conveyed the well-known traveling basket, surnamed "The Pilgrim," to Mrs. Duncan's well-ordered hotel, where we were thoroughly at home among the best of friends.

Hillsboro was in a state of unusual excitement, owing to a mysterious affray, wherein a man, who had returned from a night of wassail, had been shot in the head. The ball entered his skull above the temple, but passed out without reaching the brain. With the average attempt of the protectors of women to clear their own skirts of the consequences of evil doing—a trait they inherit from Father Adam, and for which they should not be blamed overmuch—the crime was charged upon the wife of the victim, who has been known upon former occasions to attempt suicide because of her troubles; and, although the victim himself stoutly denies that she shot him, and threatens to prosecute anybody who tries to arrest her, there are men who persist in accusing her of the deed and in attempting to use her alleged crime as an argument against woman's rights! We only wish women would shoot drunken husbands—not that we'd want them to commit murder, but a little more laming with powder and ball, and considerable fright over the proximity of revolvers, would keep such fellows sober. However, we're indignant when women unjustly get the name of shooting such husbands when it's clear they haven't deserved the honor.

A protracted meeting was in progress among the Disciples at the time of our visit, and not wishing to interfere with it, our meeting at the Methodist church was postponed until eight o'clock, when the other one closed, and the bell called the audience to us. On Thursday evening the Methodist prayer meeting, led by Reverend Patterson, occupied the first hour. At its close, the pastor, who vainly hopes to bring souls to Jesus before getting his own heart right, dismissed the congregation without announcing the coming lecture; and when we advanced to continue the theme of the hour and give our own humble testimony for the truth, he came forward and got his lantern and stalked away, in obedience to the command of his wife. He was somewhat perturbed—by a quickened conscience, probably—and forgot his cloak, and had to come back for it. Were it not that his wife, who "has all the rights she wants," is said to rule him, we should have publicly invited him to remain as a good shepherd, and see whether or not there was a wolf after his flock, but out of deference to his subjugation we desisted. He appears like an earnest and honest man, and we were sorry to see such an exhibition

of uncharitableness on an occasion so important, for, to our certain knowledge, it prevented one worthy woman from uniting with his church. But the large audience, which had assembled in spite of the inclement night to hear the lecture, remained to the close; and when we put the subject of Woman Suffrage to a vote, four-fifths of the crowd arose to their feet. The negative vote called up three or four beardless youths, who were badly nonplussed when asked to give a reason for their opposition. Their failure to respond produced no little merriment. Two young ladies also voted in the negative, and were informed that they were "unsexed now!" "they had voted!" and had "made men of themselves!" The meeting adjourned amid great good humor, and there was a generally expressed invitation to us to repeat the visit.

Among the leading suffragists in Hillsboro are the Duncans, Toziers, Jollys, Luellings, Meeks, Archibolds, Hares, Handleys, Wileys, Pittengers, Parrishes, Hales, Mrs. Leathers, Mr. Weathered, the Misses Tozier, Professor Stott, Miss Ralston, Dr. Pryce and Mr. T. F. Smith. It is pleasant to work for human rights among such splendid friends.

Friday evening, and home. And now, good readers, we are so busy, because of the forthcoming convention, that there ought to be a dozen of us. You can all do something to assist the work, and will you not try? A. S. D.

YOURS TRULY'S EXPERIMENT.

It was up-hill business, Mrs. D. Jim didn't take at all kindly to the thought of the cooperative laundry at first; but the governor made so many worse and more vehement objections than he did that he soon became passively silent on the subject, thereby exasperating Yours Truly more thoroughly than if he had remained obstinately opposed to it.

It was hard work getting away from home to see the neighbors, for, what with overseeing Yo Hung, and doing two-thirds of the work besides, there were the babies to attend to, and mother was unusually unwell, poor thing! and the governor, who has never recovered his equanimity since the Hancock disaster, needed, or thought he needed, any amount of extra waiting on.

"Suppose you go over and see Mr. and Mrs. Smith about the laundry, Jim," said Yours Truly, one day, looking at her lord in a manner so coaxing that he would once have thought her irresistible.

"Everybody to his trade; so do it yourself," was the hopeful rejoinder.

"But I have my hands full with half a dozen trades," indignantly exclaimed Yours Truly. "Washing comes once a week, you know. Something must be done, for I won't wash!"

"I'll saddle Felix, and stay in doors and mind the babies like a good boy while you go," said Jim, laughing so good-naturedly that he was instantly forgiven.

Yours Truly hadn't been on horseback for years. Mrs. D. Felix was as full of fun as a liberated school-boy. Time was when his proud rider would enjoy his antics to the uttermost without a tremor. But long confinement in the house, and constant overwork and care of babies, had weakened her nerves, and—would you believe it?—she got so badly frightened that she dismounted and trusted her weary feet, which were used to the business of carrying her constantly. Felix didn't understand, but he must have been amazed into forgetfulness, for he patiently followed Yours Truly, and we waded through neighbor Smith's lane and up to the house in single file.

Mr. Smith came to the door with the baby in his arms. Mrs. Smith was washing, he said, and wished to be excused.

"But I can't excuse her!" exclaimed Yours Truly. "I came to see her about our washing."

Mr. Smith indulged in a look of withering loftiness.

"Mrs. Smith doesn't take in washing, ma'am. I support my wife."

"Of course you do—at hard labor, sir. Most any man might afford to support a woman as you and Jim do."

"If it wasn't for my regard for your parents and your husband, ma'am, I'd shut the door in your face."

"But it wouldn't make any kind of difference if you did, sir. I didn't come to see you. I came to see Mrs. Smith, and will have to go to the back door to see her anyhow, since you support her in the kitchen."

Yours Truly made a mistake, Mrs. D. She should have abstained from any other tactics than smiles and flattery if she hoped to succeed in engraving new ideas on the brain of a man.

Mrs. Smith was up to her eyes in soap-suds. They have ten children—those Smiths—the first eight being boys; and such a pile of hickory

shirts and demins overalls and home-knit socks and ragged red flannels as that supported woman was washing is seldom seen outside the Smith domicile.

"I've made up my mind to quit washing," said Yours Truly, as Mrs. Smith advanced to meet her with a weary smile, wiping her steaming arms on her sloppy apron as she came.

"So have I, when they bury me," was the sad reply. "Won't you walk into the sitting room?"

"No, Mrs. Smith. I prefer to see you here. I have been studying the clean clothes problem, and have concluded that it would be a good plan for us—I mean you and me and four or five other mothers of families—to start a cooperative laundry."

"Oh, if we only could!" was the quick response.

"You see," said Yours Truly, hopefully, "there's a vacant cabin in the beaver dam valley, near the center of our neighborhood. My plan is for the half-dozen of us who live within a couple of miles of the cabin to hire a Chinaman to go there and live and do our washing. My husband says we can get one to do the entire laundry work of the neighborhood, ironing and all, for eight dollars a week. The proportion of expense would be light on all of us, and we'd save the amount, and more, in doctors' bills, to say nothing of our aches and pains and increased infirmities because of the overwork."

"But the money, dear. There's the rub."

"Your husband has thousands at interest." Mrs. D. you ought to have seen that weary woman's bitter smile. You would not have needed an interpreter to make you understand it.

Mr. Smith appeared upon the scene with the baby, which was squalling as though he had pinched it.

Mrs. Smith threw her wet apron on one side, took the babe, and soothed its sobbings with the mother's cure-all.

"Women haven't enough to do now to keep 'em out o' mischief," said Mr. Smith, with a sneer.

You ought to have heard Yours Truly's reply, Mrs. D. You would think it was good enough to print; but it was impromptu and unrecoverable.

Mr. Smith skulked out of the house, and Mrs. Smith soothed the baby to sleep with kisses and laid it in the cradle, saying, as she turned again to her washing:

"I'll get no more help out o' John to-day. He's out o' sorts, like."

"But the laundry, Mrs. Smith. Don't forget my errand, please."

The weary woman leaned over the wash-board and soaped the wristbands of a shirt.

"See here, kind friend," she said, earnestly; "if cooperation laundries were five cents a hundred on an average, and I was killing myself by inches, as I am, at the wash-tub, I couldn't buy a tenth interest in the cheapest one."

"But, why do you submit to this injustice, Mrs. Smith?"

The supported woman smiled again.

"Ask my ten children," she said, tersely.

Yours Truly was disappointed, though not discouraged. If she could have roused the spirit of open rebellion in that secretly rebellious woman, she would have done it gladly. But, as it was, she returned homeward in weariness and sorrow, leading Felix as before.

Jim laughed immoderately when he saw us, Mrs. D.; but his tune was changed when Yours Truly dropped upon the door-step and set up a hysterical cry.

"You provoke me almost beyond endurance sometimes, you dear old laughing bear!" she sobbed; "but if I had to be tied for life to such a niggardly tyrant as John Smith, I'd cheat his calculations by suicide!"

The cooperative laundry rests here for the present, Mrs. D., but the project isn't abandoned by a long shot; and, when there are further particulars to relate, you shall hear again from

YOURS TRULY.
Beaver Dam Farm, February 1, 1881.

MONEY PUFFED AWAY IN SMOKE.

It is a startling truth that New York pays more for cigars than bread, and this is easily seen when individual cigar bills run up to \$300 per annum. One man, who is unable to save anything on an income of \$12,000 a year, gives among the reasons that it costs him \$10 per week for cigars. If all his expenses were at such a rate, there could be very little chance at accumulation. There are many smokers who average one hundred cigars a week. These are the men who build up such fortunes as the Gilseys and others have made. Peter Gilsey landed in New York a poor emigrant. He was a piano-maker, but opened a cigar shop in the Bowery, which his wife attended while he wrought at his trade. From this humble beginning Gilsey became one of the most extensive dealers in the city. He had at one time nearly a dozen cigar shops, and he left an estate worth \$2,000,000.