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FREE SPEECH, FREE PRESS, FREE PEOPLE.

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FAILED TO ARRIVE.

For some inexplicable reason, no correspondence has been received from the senior editor this week, though her private notes arrived safely. Her letter should have come on Tuesday.

THOUGHTS BY THE WAYSIDE.

EASTERN WASHINGTON, Sept. 24, 1881.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

Autumn days in the far "New West." How charming! how beautiful! A "new" world it is, truly, to one who for the first time dwells amid its mountain scenery and breathes its inspiring air. How gorgeous the coloring of the forest trees! how sweet the ceaseless murmur from beyond, where the gathered waters roll clear and bright in tumultuous freedom! But the bright vision vanishes in the moonlight, and we wander out and away toward the dusky slope, over which the full moon hangs resplendent.

It is good to be alive, I thought; to be human and alive. Wherever there are intellectual and moral faculties to cultivate, and power to ultimate thought and emotion in obedience to individual will as love suggests and wisdom dictates, there is humanity. This it is to be made in the image and likeness of God, for personality is of the soul and depends not upon any material form. On no higher ground of aspiration and progress can we place ourselves than that which would accord to all human beings equal rights under the laws, and perfect freedom to the individual, so far as it infringes not upon the good of the whole. When from this stand-point we can look out over the social and moral universe, so perverted now by manifold evils, methinks many problems of human life, heretofore difficult and dark, may be easily solved. Therefore it is that I like the words found in your Journal of progress, "Devoted to the Interests of Humanity;" and I believe that had the earnest, true-hearted workers in woman's cause commenced with the motto, "Equal Rights to all Humanity," they would have been ten years ahead of what they now are; for the large class of men who seem always to see in "woman's rights" an effort to infringe upon their own personal freedom are usually quite quiescent under the new and suggestive ideas presented in the words, "I believe in human rights." In fact, I have often found, when attacked with the question, "Do you believe in woman's rights?" which is frequently intended either for a challenge or contemptuous reproach, that a change of base, indicated by the response, "I believe in human rights," was an active moral antidote to disturbed selfishness and egotistical alarm. It is too late in the nineteenth century of human progress to deny woman a place in the great family of humanity, not one individual of whom can boast of other power than that which enables him to think and love and will and act. To be human, therefore, is first and greatest; whether man or woman, is of lesser moment.

I am glad, too, to see that women are venturing to engage publicly in political work for the triumph of just principles; but no progress is desirable which cannot be permanent, and none can be permanent save that which moves in harmony with existing order and the sympathies of enlightened womanhood. The most of us desire that when women vote a new and better element will be introduced into politics, making of our laws and of our country something juster and purer than they have yet been.

In General Garfield we had a President who had ever been a friend to humanity in its broadest sense. During the war, when he came into Indiana to speak at three designated places, it was my good fortune to hear his thrilling words of patriotism and his earnest utterances on the finances of the country and the nobility and rights of labor. At a small social gathering in the home of a friend of his youth, he touched slightly upon various topics of social progress and reform. Of woman's cause he spoke earnestly and in favor of all demanded changes in her political condition as soon as the majority of women themselves desired it.

A most excellent journal is the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, as everybody knows, being thoroughly right in politics, and having a cozy "Home" corner, as well as a "Kingdom," where women are battling with the weapons of true and noble thought for the freedom and elevation of our sex. Of course husbands and brothers are admitted with their kindly suggestions and words of wisdom into the "Home;" for what indeed would home ever be without these welcome sharers of its joys? But I was exceedingly edified at the position in which God has placed them. His words are very suggestive and call to mind various classes of women and their peculiar position in the vast social fabric we call life. There are the wives of drunkards, for instance, chained to something worse than skeletons, while others are

made victims of unbridled passions by men who have read in the Holy Word, "Wives, obey your husbands," but have never seen the words of far deeper meaning and holier significance, "Crucify the flesh with the affections and lusts thereof." I have seen women, after years of hard and faithful toil, left at last homeless and penniless by unfaithful companions, and that, too, with no chance of redress under the law. Is all this the work of the God this man worships? To invert the order of creation and make within ourselves an intellectual and moral image to worship and call this God is the very quintessence of heathenish idolatry. Let us not make gods to ourselves after our image and in our likeness, lest we fall far short of the real Kingdom of justice and righteousness as it is now and shall be hereafter.

Now, I do not believe that this man is "an old fossil," but rather that he has fallen off the car of progress, and now, like a little child, is driving his imaginary steeds, satisfied with but ignorant of the true position he occupies. It is not God of whom we complain, but rather the injustice, oppression, tyranny and crime wrought in the dark places of the earth where the true God is not.

G. F. E.

THE "EMANCIPATION" BILL.

AMITY, Oregon, September 21, 1881.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

I wonder how many women in Oregon—or men either—know that there is a law upon our statute books giving women the same rights in the settlement of the estate that men have. I wonder whether that law is of any force.

A friend of mine died last Winter, and his widow undertook to settle up his business—sold some wheat, paid his debts, etc. Six months after his death, she was waited upon by parties claiming to have full authority to administer, who told her she was liable—to somebody or something—for what she had done, but that if she would "give in" everything just as it was at her husband's death, they would report just as if they had settled up, and she should not be molested. She did so, after finding, upon inquiry, that it was the only thing she could do.

Another gentleman died just at the beginning of harvest. His crop was mortgaged. The creditors claimed everything, leaving the widow absolutely destitute. They even forbade her to use any of the vegetables from the garden. She doesn't know what to do for a support. Being no longer young and strong, she cannot earn her living.

I have been circulating a petition to the Legislature, asking for a prohibition amendment to the Constitution. Some of the women say: "Of what use is it for us to sign it? Our names won't count anything." The proportion of women who signed was greater than that of men, and every one, without exception, wished success to the movement. I wonder how much "influence" the women have in the matter. I wonder whether the Legislature will give the petition a hearing.

MRS. S. A. MCKUSE.

The contents of the *North American Review* for October cannot fail to arrest the attention of all readers. Senator John T. Morgan, of Alabama, considers "Some Dangerous Questions." Among them that of the succession to the Presidency, in case of the inability of the elected incumbent, holds a conspicuous place. Prof. Geo. P. Fisher, of Yale College, contributes a profound study of "Elements of Puritanism." Senator George F. Edmunds, of Vermont, defines the relations which exist between "The State and the Nation." A timely historical paper is that of Mr. Sydney Howard Gay, "Why Cornwallis was at Yorktown." Under the title, "Shall Two States Rule the Union?" Hon. Thomas A. Hendricks discusses the perennial tariff question, which he insists is a subject not for politicians, but for economists. M. Desiré Charnay, in the ninth of his valuable archaeological papers, sets forth the grand results of his researches among the "Ruined Cities of Central America." Finally, Colonel H. B. Carrington, in an article on "Washington as a Strategist," proves the title of Washington to be esteemed as "first in war."

An eastern correspondent chats thus about the wives of the members of the Cabinet: "Mrs. Blaine is a woman of marked executive ability. Mrs. Windom and Mrs. MacVeagh are favorites in social circles, because of the kindness of heart and the simplicity of manner they manifest. Mrs. James possesses much of the tact in the management of affairs that has made her husband so successful. Mrs. Lincoln is more retiring and dignified in her manners than the others; while Mrs. Kirkwood is like her husband, plain and unpretentious, and evidently fonder of the comforts of the domestic circle than of shining in society."

The fund for Mrs. Garfield is rapidly increasing, and the quarter-million point was passed several days ago.

HER FEET GO DOWN TO DEATH.

[The tragical termination of the life of Julia Clark, the poor young girl who was killed on the 18th instant in a place of ill-repute on Second street by Robert W. Lambert, will give additional interest and point to the annexed article from the *Springfield Republican*, which is worthy the careful and thoughtful consideration of every man or woman, boy or girl.]

Forty-eight hours after the time Jennie Cramer walked under the Temple-street elms, in New Haven, the "prettiest girl in the city," her dotted white muslin fresh and starched, and her whole figure trim, trig and breezy, from her white straw hat and its brown feather to the little clinking brass plates on the heels of her boots, her body was lying, face downward, in a slimy pool on the edge of New Haven harbor, the tide rocking the motionless body back and forth, and at every motion winding her draggled skirts tighter about her round, full figure. How she came there, inquest, indictment and trial have yet to decide; but her death has written her last week's history at large, and the path by which the young woman went to her fate is familiar enough to anyone who watches the young girls who swarm on the streets of a Saturday night—pretty, bright and loud-voiced, skating on thin ice, over depths of which they have the barest knowledge, and that little very delusive.

Jennie Cramer was not a bad girl, as girls go, who had stepped over the line which keeps a girl at her mother's side and limits her acquaintance by her family's. The number of girls who do this is large among those pretty enough to be admired and old enough to enjoy the freedom of an American girl, not hedged about by a card-case, a visiting list, and formal introductions. The man with whom Jennie was last seen, James Malley, a young, boyish-looking fellow, with a narrow, black mustache, she met one night about a year ago, on the college green. It was, doubtless, one of the chance introductions to be seen any evening on Main street; but it was very far from being concealed from her parents, and when Malley wrote, three weeks ago, asking Jennie to put off an out-of-town trip to drive with him, Mrs. Cramer, with a "very sorry" that he was "so disappointed," wrote him that Jennie had already gone, but would be back Thursday morning—just a week before the Thursday morning on which the mother drove the daughter from the house for passing the night away from home in Malley's company.

One week more brought Jennie to New Haven harbor. Three weeks ago the well-spelled, well-written notes which passed between her and young Malley point to formal relations, formal for a sidewalk flirtation; but Jennie had already known for a week Blanche Douglass, a pale, delicate-looking girl, dressed well, but not overdressed, whom Walter Malley had brought up from New York City. She was a "professional prostitute," his acquaintance, begun by night on the college green—ripened by sidewalks and suppers—brought Jennie, for the last fortnight of her life, to be one of four, of whom two were men rotten to the core, a third a woman fresh from a house of ill-fame, and she, the girl now dead, the fourth. For two weeks there were trips and excursions, restaurant suppers and rides, all bringing the end closer; and through it all Jennie seems to have been ignorant that her companion was not, like herself, a wild girl, running heedless risks. A night came at last, Wednesday, August 3d, which Jennie spent away from home with her companions. She may have wandered before, but if she had not, the net in which the reckless young girl was caught with the other woman of this party of four, schooled in vice, might well have swept a stronger nature away. Thursday morning she was driven from her home. Thursday evening she was again at a supper, and drank her share of four bottles of wine, and then she disappears, to be found when the tide came in Saturday morning. For a while, there was more or less lying by the survivors; but the arrest of the young Malley and the testimony of Blanche give clues which connect Jennie to the last with her evil companions.

Down to the last appalling catastrophe, this story might easily enough be matched in any city and many a village. Night idleness and petty dissipation work their sure result. Ignorance does much, but evil more; and no man or woman can play with the devil's own fire and come off unscorched. There appears to be no doubt that in this case the parents permitted a risk for which they are blamable; but it is tolerably clear that this young girl wandered along a path in which she jostled the bad and vile in blank ignorance of her company. It takes experience, a cool head and a clear eye to see below the plausible surface in which vice of this sort cloaks itself, and she had none of these. No girl has for the hundreds who walk nightly through dangers for which they have never been prepared nor warned. It is too late to put up the bars in American life. For

good or for evil, custom has established a free social intercourse, and the paths by which a girl passes beyond home influences are easy, and all alike dangerous; but the risk is vastly increased by ignorance of the facts and conditions which breed danger and bring disaster. A healthy home life is the soundest of all safeguards; but, as long as village life has disappeared for good and all in our provincial cities, and all of them share the overflow of vice from New York, girls like this one would fall less often if they were wisely taught more knowledge of the evil in the world.

It is not that they are ignorant of the real relations of the sexes, for they are not ignorant of them; but mothers and daughters alike too often act as though they were ignorant of the very thin veneer which may disguise the rake in the garb of the gentleman, and of the passion which may transform the ordinarily well-intentioned man into the devil, when opportunity presents the temptation. Man is a dangerous animal, not to be trifled with or yielded to, and giddy girls who rebel against the all too loose restraints of our American homes take perilous risks. The presumption is also pretty strong in the New Haven case that the basest scoundrelism was at work at the bottom.

OVERWORKED WOMEN.

An exchange says that nothing is more reprehensible and thoroughly wrong than the idea that a woman fulfills her duty by doing an amount of work far beyond her strength. She not only does not fulfill her duty, but she most signally fails in it, and the failure is truly deplorable. There can be no sadder sight than that of a broken-down, overworked wife and mother—a woman who is tired all her life through. If the work of the household cannot be accomplished by order, system, and moderate work without the necessity of wearing, heart-breaking toil— toil that is never ended and never begun—without making life a treadmill of labor, then for the sake of humanity let the work go. Better to live in the midst of disorder than that order should be purchased at so high a price—the cost of health, strength, happiness, and all that makes existence endurable. The woman who spends her life in unnecessary labor is by this very labor unfitted for the highest duties of home. She should be the haven of rest to which both husband and children turn for peace and refreshment. She should be the careful, intelligent adviser and guide of the one, the tender confidant and helpmate of the other. How is it possible for a woman exhausted in body, as a natural consequence in mind also, to perform either of these offices? No, it is not possible. The constant strain is too great. Nature gives way beneath it. She loses health and spirit and hopefulness, and, more than all, her youth—the last thing that a woman should allow to slip from her, for, no matter how old she is in years, she should be young in heart and feeling, for the youth of age is sometimes more attractive than youth itself. To the overworked woman this green old age is out of the question; old age comes on her sore and yellow before its time. Her disposition is ruined, her temper is soured, her very nature is changed, by the burden which, too heavy to carry, is dragged along as long as wearied feet and tired hands can do their part. Even her affections are blunted, and she becomes merely a machine—a woman without the time to be womanly, a mother without the time to train and guide her children as only a mother can, a wife without the time to sympathize and cheer her husband, a woman so overworked during the day that when night comes her sole thought and most intense longing is for the rest and sleep that will very probably not come, and even if it should, that she is too tired to enjoy. Better by far let everything go unfinished, to live as best she can, than to entail on herself and family the curse of overwork.

Mr. W. H. Safford has succeeded to the management of the *Guadalupe (Cal.) Telegraph*, and he speaks of the former publishers of the paper as follows: "For the past eight weeks the *Telegraph* has been under the sole management of two young ladies. They have written its editorials and locals, set up all the type, made up the forms, lifted them from the stone to the press, done the press-work on a No. 7 Washington hand press, and, in fact, performed all the laborious duties incident to the publication of a paper. This amount of work usually requires a force of three men. They are not the muscular type of femininity either, but both young and fair to look upon."

Mrs. J. E. Scrivener, of Weston, accompanies her renewal of subscription to the *New Northwest* with these words: "I wish you success in your work, which I believe to be of great importance to the republic. I see the day fast approaching when mothers ought to speak out their sentiments and have some good influence over their families and friends."