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PIONEER LAWMAKERS ASSOCIATION

By DAVID C. MOTT, Secretary

The Twenty-first session of the Pioneer Lawmakers' Association of Iowa met in the Portrait Gallery of the Historical, Memorial and Art Department, Des Moines, on February 13, 1929. Owing to the death of the president, H. W. Byers, the vice president, George W. Clarke, presided. Invocation was offered by Rev. Charles Blanchard of the Christian church, at present a research worker in the Historical Department. Justice Truman S. Stevens then delivered an address of welcome in which he spoke of the progress and growth of legislation as viewed from the bench. He said he had often thought he would greatly enjoy a term in the legislature for the experience and pleasure of it as well as to bear his part of the burden. His address was greatly appreciated by the members of the association and we regret we are unable to give the complete text here. It was responded to by former Representative Van Houten.

RESPONSE TO ADDRESS OF WELCOME

By GEORGE H. VAN HOUTEN

Mr. President and Members of Pioneer Lawmakers' Association: I am sure we appreciate the kindly words of welcome of Judge Stevens, not only as to the welcome extended but also we are appreciative of the remarks made.

It is pleasant to receive the words of commendation he has given, for they are in contrast to denunciations of many people and some of the papers, especially the daily papers, for they insist that too many laws are on the statute books and that laws should be repealed, rather than more laws enacted. Some go so far as to say that each legislator should be empowered to repeal at least one law, and yet laws for repeal are not singled out, but such papers criticise unsparingly; and yet in most cases such papers have certain pet measures that they insist should be enacted into laws, and seem very anxious and earnest that legislators should pay attention to the measures advocated.

But we as legislators in the past are not the only ones that are held

up for criticism; our courts come in for a share of denunciation, and often harsh criticisms are heard. The courts are blamed for the non-enforcement of laws and many cases are cited where criminals or those accused of crimes are allowed to escape. There may be technicalities and other instances where the accused are allowed to escape punishment for crimes committed, and yet we seldom hear criticisms while the cases are pending and immediately after the rulings are made, but only after the trial is over and the jury fails to convict.

I apprehend that the courts are not always to blame, for there may be cases where verdicts of guilty should be rendered, where no decisions are made, and possibly lack of conviction is not due to the court. Let me give the result of a discussion recently heard that will illustrate my point: A gentleman that I did not know, was airing his views and in positive and persistent language and often repeated, said that he would under no circumstance bring in a verdict of guilty on circumstantial evidence. When we consider that premeditated murders are seldom committed before would-be witnesses, it is easily seen that a criminal would escape with such a juror as this. And again, often where robbery is committed the criminal kills the victim, in which case there usually would be only circumstantial evidence. Many of our worst highwaymen go on the theory that "dead men tell no tales," and frequently in such cases only circumstantial evidence can be produced.

A woman was present and combatted this theory of only convicting on circumstantial evidence, but she asserted that she would not give a verdict of guilty if it should be in the power of the judge to give the death penalty, and upon being questioned asserted that she would do anything under God's heaven to prevent the death penalty. Now, with either of those people on the jury there would be little chance for conviction, especially if the accusation was murder, for there would be at least one who would demand living witnesses, and another that would insist that some other verdict than murder should be meted out. And besides that, there are others who feel the same way, and it is easy to contend that there is "a reasonable doubt," in most cases. So it seems to me that our courts are not to blame in all cases where criminals are not convicted.

Again, we hear comparisons made as between our country and foreign lands, where, it is asserted, criminals are convicted and order prevails. It may be that such critics have seen more of foreign lands than have I, but in my observations the comparisons are unjust. I agree that some things forbidden by law here are permitted in some countries. In some of the countries recently visited, there is hardly room for comparisons, and yet there are chances for contrasts.

Of all the countries of the Old World, it seems to me that England comes the nearest in laws and customs to our own country. England is by some considered the "Mother Country," and from which our language, laws and customs came. Now let us consider the difference between the United States and England: Here we have prohibition—at least the

Constitutional Amendment and the Volstead Act, and the people approve, and, as I believe, in most places the law is enforced. It has been my privilege to have crossed the continent since prohibition came and visited many portions, and I believe that in most places the law is as well enforced as some other laws about which there is no dispute.

But now let us consider England: There is the open saloon, or the bars as they are called, and almost invariably kept by young women, and any suggestion of prohibition there brings forth the active protest that it would throw thousands of young women out of employment. Of course, if we, like England, had no law against the sale of intoxicating liquor, there would be no violation, and in few if any of the many countries visited in recent years in Europe, Asia and Africa, is drunkenness looked upon as in any way but the natural consequence of their system of liquor control.

I agree that men, women and children there can drink and get drunk without interference and at slight cost, and the jollier they are the better it seems to suit. But even in Europe there are some things worth remembering. At Potsdam I met an American, who stuck to me like a brother, and we went to Berlin, and he was bitter against American prohibition and said prohibition was a failure in the United States. He asserted that he lived in Chicago, and said that he had to go a mile and a half to get his beer, had to sneak in a back alley and enter a back door, pay fifty cents for a glass of beer and then run the risk of being poisoned. And he showed his preference for the Berlin method, for during our luncheon he drank five large steins of beer, and asserted that when he got to Paris he would get drunk. He extolled European methods, for they had no prohibition laws, and he said that at the Riviera one could get drunk for a small sum, could sleep in public and not be disturbed while sleeping off the drunk. Of course we could repeal our Eighteenth Amendment and Volstead Law and then we would have no violations of law so far as booze is concerned.

Again, in most countries recently visited, there are few automobiles, and their need for traffic laws are not as ours, and many other problems could be mentioned to illustrate the differences between our countries and conditions in the Old World. Take their problem of radios, for illustration, where there are few sending stations and under the strictest restrictions, and few receiving stations and even they under the most rigid restrictions. I agree that the poverty of the people there interferes with their desire to have automobiles and receiving sets, but especially in the matter of the radio, they are hampered by rules and regulations that are almost prohibitive, and yet some people seem to think that Americans are oppressed and terribly hampered by laws, while other countries are free from impositions of law.

I assert, and from a visit to most of the countries of Europe, West Asia and Northern Africa, and under conditions favorable for investigations, that in none of them are conditions ideal, as some would have

us believe, but on the contrary in none of them are conditions as favorable and conducive to prosperity and happiness as in the United States.

It is true that we have more laws, for we have a higher and better civilization, and greater prosperity, and so I give my hearty approval to the work that we did in the past, and believe that the present legislature is well qualified to legislate for the people of Iowa. They have had better opportunities for education and information than did we of a former generation, and I believe are better fitted for legislative work than were we. We did the best we knew. We may have made mistakes, and possibly we did, but we acted from conscientious motives, and I believe that the present legislature is fitted for the work before it, and am confident that they will do their work faithfully and well.

ADDRESS OF THE PRESIDENT

By GEORGE W. CLARKE

I find that it was something more than twenty years ago that in an address at the State Fair Grounds I heard a distinguished speaker and lecturer, a widely known Iowan, say that the day of the pioneer in Iowa was past and that soon the last of the pioneers would be gone. Yet here we have today, twenty years after, a meeting of the Pioneer Lawmakers' Association of Iowa, very much alive, I shall assume, and having a provision in its constitution for its continual rejuvenation, which, if acted upon, insures its immortality. The Association to live its immortal life has only to have a seasonal influx of pioneers, and this has constitutional guaranty by the immortal state of Iowa in biennial sessions of the General Assembly, provided only the lawmaker, escaping the wrath of his constituents, survives his service through the dangers to which all flesh is heir, and surgical operations, for twenty years. All expectancies of life figured out by all the great insurance companies of America and Europe unite in the opinion that the influx, biennially, will be entirely sufficient to insure the immortality of the Association and of the individual pioneer. That the experience of the Association coincides with the mathematical conclusion of the companies is shown by the fact that the influx of eligible pioneers at this moment is at least forty-five. If, however, at any time through the unending cycle of years there should be danger of expiration of the Association for want of eligible, dyed-in-the-wool lawmakers, there yet remains a source of immortal eligibles consisting of all former "state officers, senators, and representatives in Congress from Iowa, United States supreme, circuit, and district judges, state boards of education, judges and district attorneys" and others, or such of them as survive the unforeseen, but inevitable risks and dangers to physical existence for a period of twenty years. They would all, of course, become pioneer lawmakers by adoption—the Association then combining in its personnel at once all the dignity, learning and rich and most highly valued experience coming from making, administering and interpreting the laws

of state and nation. The pioneer, then, has an immortality, individually and collectively in this Association, not in that he continues to make laws, but an immortality in what he has done; and that he has stood the criticism and test of at least twenty years; and this it appears, in considerable opinion, is what is meant by immortal life—immortality in deeds. This, then, is an Association of no ordinary kind. It is an Association of men selected after most careful and prayerful consideration by a free and intelligent people to serve them in the most responsible positions in their government, answering the public requirement and demand for men of the very highest grade of human stuff.

The distinguished speaker twenty some years ago at the Fair Grounds, then, seems to have been mistaken when he said the day of the pioneer is past and that the last of the pioneers would soon be gone. He, however, was evidently thinking of the early days in Iowa, rather of the first days. To be exact, however, these present days are first days in Iowa. Iowa will, for a long, long time to come still be young as years are counted in the life of states. He was thinking of cabins and sod houses far apart on the prairie. In the distance, in his imagination, he saw the smoke slowly rising from the chimney of the lonely home of the settler; he saw the covered wagon drawn by oxen, along the scarcely distinguishable trail; here and there he saw dark spots where the sod had been turned by the plow; he heard the call of the kilddeer, the clear, sharp whistle of bobwhite, the sweet, plaintive notes of the meadow lark, the loud, clear song of the bobolink; he saw flocks of wild ducks hurrying by on nervous wing and flocks of wild geese in perfect alignment and exact level of height silently sweeping on, save now and then a distinct call from the leader; he saw the line of wild pigeons stretching for miles across the sky; he heard the oom-boom-boom-boo of the prairie chicken and at night the howl of the prairie wolf; he saw on the distant horizon the dark rising cloud and saw the keen flash of the lightning and heard the deep rumble of the distant thunder and thought of the terrific storms that once swept the prairies. All these things were vivid in his imagination and aroused his thought of the courage, the hardships, the persistency, the heroism of the men and women who subdued the wilderness, who first crossed these rivers, who, as the advance of a great coming host, established the first crude shelters for families, built the first rude schoolhouses, sang the first songs of praise ever heard in the land that had been waiting for them for thousands of years. The distinguished speaker on the State Fair Grounds seeing around him on every hand evidence of great wealth and inventive genius, reflected upon a great civilization stretching from ocean to ocean, and, calling in his imagination from primal things, said in effect, the days of the pioneer are gone forever, they belong in the vanished years and the last pioneer will soon pass into the history of a most remarkable epoch. "Old things have passed away, behold all things are made new." The men that laid the foundation of these states are entitled to all credit and highest praise.

But what of the twenty or twenty-five years since that address, carefully prepared, was delivered? Prior to that time, or at least, prior to fifty years ago, epochs or eras of time were estimated in long periods of years. The era of animal transportation reached over thousands of years, from the days when Abraham dozed before his tent in Ur of Chaldea to the steam railway. We have had in this country the covered-wagon era, the construction-of-railways era, we are in the midst of the inventive, the mechanical era.

Since the address referred to, we have entered upon and are well into the era of the wireless, telephonic and telegraph communication, the era of the Diesel engine, the era of the automobile, the era of permanent highway and bridge building, the era of the navigation of the air, the era of mass production (let us hope we shall escape an era of mass destruction), the era of the submarine, the era of escape from the slow processes and hardships of many years gone by, the era of constant advancement through scientific research in all of our great institutions of learning and also sponsored by great corporate business organizations everywhere, the era of great organized research archaeologically in all parts of the earth, discovering everywhere man's existence on it and what he did multiplied thousands of years ago, the era of escape from dogmatic theology—all these and more in so brief a time and all of them have had their pioneers. None of them can enter into and become a part of our civilization without evoking some legislation as to their relation to each other and to conditions existing at the time of their advent. It always takes time for such to be settled into their just relations to the life of the people. Here and always will the pioneer lawmaker function. The pioneer has his place not alone in the covered wagon era as among the first in the wilderness or the vast open spaces of the prairies, but also in the van of our present rapidly advancing civilization. He is indeed a pioneer as he leads in fitting wise legislation to our more and more increasingly complex life. We have passed from the raw to a somewhat highly processed civilization. I think it may be said that civilization has advanced more, added more to life and satisfactory living, during the last fifty years than in the aggregate of all the centuries preceding. Man's task is with the world in the raw. He has but recently found it out and applied himself vigorously. Thousands are giving their lives in thousands of research laboratories. Archaeologists are in all the lands of the earth, sponsored and supplied with hundreds of thousands of dollars by wealthy men, to discover what life, man or other animal life, existed in former ages upon the earth and nowhere have they failed to find that man and animals existed, some many centuries ago, some millions of years ago, and evidences of their civilization or entire want of it. At the ends of the earth, daring the dangers, men are on expeditions of exploration, of discovery. Earth must give up some of her secrets, only some of them now, some of her possibilities. We have just found out that that is all the world is—just a magazine of inexhaustible possibilities. The cry is "Come on you pioneers of dis-

covery, come on you competent pioneer lawmakers to fit the discoveries from the laboratories, from the ends of the earth, fairly, justly into our highly complex modern life."

On reflection how infinitely wise does it seem that the world is just an infinite mass of possibilities. So far as the Infinite Mind is concerned it might just as well have been otherwise. But it seems to have been so ordered. Here is a possibility, take it and develop it. Electricity has been here with all its possibilities ever since the lightning flashed over Noah's ark. It had to wait thousands of years for a Franklin, an Edison and others. The law of gravitation always existed, but waited for a Newton. The properties of electricity might have been explained, it may be supposed, by the Divine Mind. So might the law of gravity. So might the power of compressed steam or air. But it was not. The coming and going of the seasons, the planetary system and the movements of the planets might have been explained, but they were not. Air waves and light waves and transmission of sound and thought instantaneously across vast stretches of land and sea might have been explained, but they were not. It just seems that not one thing was done for man that he was not or would eventually be able to do for himself. Think of it, and to illustrate: God never made an American beauty rose. All he did was to furnish the little insignificant, single-petaled rose, that grew wild by the ditches in the prairies by the pioneer homes. But in it was wondrous possibilities. It was for man to take it and develop the great American beauty rose. If he wanted different colors, yellow, pink, white, red, there were in it all the possibilities. Develop them. He never made the fine Jonathan apple or the delicious, or the bell-flower, or Rhode Island greening or any of the other fine apples. The most and best he did, it seems, was to give man the little, hard, sour, uninviting crab apple, which grew, after inexpressibly beautiful blossoming, on the little scraggly, rough-barked trees at the edge of the woods, and out of which our pioneer mothers and grandmothers made for us crab apple butter. The possibilities of all the others were in the despised crab apple. Develop them. It is up to you, O Man, if you are dissatisfied. All the possibilities are there. So with all other fruits and flowers and grains.

God did not create the great two-thousand-pound percheron horse, or the two-minute-mile trotter, or the beautiful Arabian steed. God's best horse was the little wild horse of the pampas and the plains. Again, the possibility of development. So with all our domestic animals. Given the possibility to develop. That is all. So throughout nature everywhere, an infinite storehouse of possibilities for something greater, better. What about man in such a world? Only this—that he too is a tremendous possibility. Can a greater cruelty be imagined than such a magazine of possibilities and a man without possibilities to discover and develop them? If it had not been so, man would have been of no consequence—could not have made progress. He would have been of flabby body and flabby mind. He would never have felt a single stir of ambition if

he had been fully advised of the possibilities of his world and all of them fully set in motion and the world handed over to him all fully developed and in full gear and running. How deadening. How applicable Hamlet's exclamation, "O God! How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable all the uses of this world. Fie on 't! O fie! 'Tis an unweeded garden that grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature possess it solely." So it would have been. One of man's greatest propensities is to kick, to object, but he would not have had the ambition to do even that. He would have lost instantly that propensity and that lost, he would have been forever "without God and without hope in the world."

Wisdom and infinite goodness is instantly deducible from the stored possibilities and man to deal with them, himself with possibilities capable of almost infinite growth. But can he ever exhaust the world magazine of possibilities? Impossible! What unspeakable cruelty that would be to the far-off coming man. The world's work all done! No more discoveries, no more advancement! Who would want to live in that day? What inanity! Man in despair and utter hopelessness would utter Hamlet's cry and die. But no such cruelty to the coming man can be imagined however many million years in the future he may be. "Can man by searching find out God?" Can the finite grasp the infinite? Men of thousands of years ago, looking into the heavens, exclaimed, "Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God Almighty!" Now, looking at the atom, comes the same exclamation.

So the world is an on-moving world, an unfolding, an emerging world. Man throughout all the ages has, little by little, been pushing back the darkness. He has been up against a solid wall of mystery gaining on it gradually, slightly. It is his mission. It is his inspiration.

So it will be even down to the last man. And the last man will have a "square deal." It will be for him to still further gain on the darkness, still further push on the emerging world. The prophet-poet, Tennyson, said eighty-five years ago:

"For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and the wonder that would be,
Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight dropping down with costly bales;
Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd a ghastly dew
From the nation's airy navies, grappling in the central blue.

* * * * *

"Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and I linger on the shore,
And the individual withers, and the world is more and more.

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"Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process of the suns.

* * * * *

"O, I see the crescent promise of my spirit hath not set,
Ancient founts of inspiration, well thro' all my fancy yet."

And

"Far away beyond her myriad coming changes earth will be
Something other than the wildest modern guess of you and me."

And

"As we surpass our fathers' skill, our sons will shame our own,
A thousand things are hidden still, and not a hundred known."

And

"But if twenty million summers are stored in the sunlight still,
We are far from the noon of man, there is time for the race to grow.

* * * * *

In a hundred, a thousand winters? Ah what will *our* children be,
The men of a hundred thousand, a million summers away?"

And

"Man as yet is being made, and ere the crowning Age of ages,
Shall not aeon after aeon pass and touch him into shape?
All about him shadow still, but, while the races flower and fade,
Prophet eyes may catch a glory slowly gaining on the shade,
Till the peoples all are one and all their voices blend in choric
Hallelujah to the Maker 'It is finished. Man is made.'"

In all these coming changes, these coming ages, these things of the emerging world, there will be need of pilots, real pioneers and what multitudes of them there will be! No, the day of the pioneer is not past and the last one will not soon go. And pioneer lawmakers—how many, how many, indeed, there will be and how capable to wisely legislate through the coming years so as to adjust the myriad changes fairly and justly among the people of far away years!

No, I see no possibility that the Pioneer Lawmakers' Association of Iowa will expire for want of pioneers.

The Chair appointed as a committee on nomination of officers A. B. Funk, John C. DeMar, and Emory H. English. Adjournment was then made until afternoon.

The afternoon session convened at two o'clock when former Senator Thomas H. Smith delivered an address in memory of Howard Webster Byers.

ADDRESS IN MEMORY OF H. W. BYERS

By THOMAS H. SMITH

It was in the summer of 1878 that I first met H. W. Byers. He was then a country school-teacher, teaching in the vicinity of Shelby, Iowa, and had come to Harlan to attend a normal institute. I had just a short time before this located in Harlan for the practice of law. We were both young men and unmarried and became close personal friends,

which friendship continued up until the time of his death in 1928, a period of almost fifty years. I knew him later as a clerk, a merchant, a student of the law, and afterwards as a lawyer. He was married in our town and there he lived for many years where his family was reared. He was a man of a pleasing personality and attracted people to him. He was a good mixer, liked people, and delighted to mix and associate with them. He was a born leader and easily secured a following in anything he sought to promote or put across. He was industrious, energetic, and threw his whole soul into whatever he undertook and his sincerity and enthusiasm radiated from him and attracted people to him. He stood for the best things in life and in the community in which he lived, and when he did espouse a cause he did not simply align himself therewith to be counted, so to speak, but he contributed whatever force and influence he had to the furtherance of the cause. If he was ever known to flinch, give ground or back up, the record does not show it. He had the courage of his convictions and never hesitated to give utterance to them or to align himself in their support.

He was a progressive. He belonged to that school that believed that all the problems had not been solved by the sages of the past, but that each generation should contribute something toward the betterment of civilization and the uplift of humanity. Hence he was ever looking to the future for something for the advancement of civilization. He was a born fighter and was ever found in the front ranks on the firing line, battling for the things he believed in. He was a good sportsman—a cheerful loser as well as modest in victory. He was of a sympathetic nature and had an interest in humanity. Every child in the neighborhood knew him and to them he was "Webb." He always had a cheerful greeting for them and a sympathetic ear for their childish grievances. His home life was ideal and if you could have visited it as I have many times you would not have found any formality there but just a joyous, good-natured, happy family. Webb was interested in their games as well as their little grievances, and the children freely poured forth their childish incidents of the day to him and got an interested and sympathetic hearing.

Webb was unselfish in his nature and generous to a fault. I do not know what property he possessed at the time of his death, but whatever it was I have said it was because no friend or worthy person in need had asked him for it. For with these he would divide his last dollar.

As a legislator he was an outstanding character in the state of Iowa. And his influence and strength were given for the enactment of law for the public good. A public office he considered a public trust, and discharged his duties honestly, courageously, and to the best of his ability. As attorney general of this state he was not satisfied to sit down in his office and go through the usual routine therein, but claimed the right and felt it his duty to go out over the state wherever the interest of the public demanded it or the local official hesitated or failed to do his duty and assist or even take charge of the case and prosecute

it himself. This he did in many cases and without precedent in the state.

As a lawyer he was outstanding in the state of Iowa. I have seen men who I thought had a better grasp of the law than did Mr. Byers, but I have never seen a lawyer that was a better manager of a case than he. While he practised in our county for so many years I in many a case sat on the opposite side of the table from him, in fact more so than any of the other lawyers, and I can testify to his ability as an efficient attorney. He understood human nature and knew how facts would strike the ordinary man, and came nearer telling what a jury was going to do than any lawyer I ever knew. While as I have said other lawyers were better versed in the law itself, yet you wanted to be very careful if you sprang a law question on him that you did not make it too plain or he would grasp it and be ready to refute your position. He was what I called a good absorber. He was resourceful and could recover quickly when run in a corner.

Webb was sentimental and never forgot his old friends, associates, and the places where he had lived and familiarized himself with. As I have said he was married at Harlan, reared his family there, started in and developed as a lawyer and a man in that town, and to the day of his death he liked to consider Harlan as his home, and had a love for his old friends and associations and the memories of those days and often returned to mingle with them and view the old scenes. Only the summer before his death he told me of having driven with his wife back to Harlan and while there went over the old highways and visited the scenes of their younger days, and over to the town of Earling where he lived for a time in business, and told me what memories they awoke within him and how he was thrilled by it. It was not surprising to me then when I learned that he had expressed a wish, while on his deathbed and he knew that he must soon pass on, that he be buried in the Harlan cemetery and that he be taken there by auto over No. 7 leading from Des Moines to Harlan where he and his wife had so often passed in going to and fro between the two places. Today he lies buried in the Harlan cemetery overlooking the city where he had spent so many happy days and where he had reared his family and struggled and developed as a lawyer and statesman.

As I have said he was of a friendly disposition and got very close to his acquaintances. It was not long after meeting a person that he was calling him by his first name and with it he gave him such a friendly greeting. This was not done in a patronizing way but in a manner that made you feel that he was really your friend and that he had an interest in you. Then he was of that type and character that you did not hesitate to go to with any perplexing problem or trouble. You know there are times in almost everyone's life when he feels he must have someone to whom he can go and lay bare his soul and have a heart and heart talk together. Webb was one of those when you came to know him that you felt that you could go to and pour out your very soul in strict confidence and receive an interested and sympathetic hearing.

I have sometimes wondered just what it is that makes some men greater and stronger, bigger and different in their characteristics than others. I have concluded that it must be largely because of their environment, their associates, their habits of life, the things they do or what they read, or the time when they live, or some or all of these. But few men if any can become great within themselves; they must get out in the world, rub up against people, become saturated so to speak with the atmosphere of the time, read and study good literature and be active in the everyday life. You must come in contact with and rub up against people who know more than you do. Viewed in this light I think we can understand somewhat the characteristics of Webb Byers, some of which I have called to your attention, when we remember that he was born in 1856. This was in the pioneer days and before the election of Lincoln to the presidency, before the days of the rebellion and before the days of reconstruction. The country was but sparsely settled and everything was in the making; people had little to do with, and the many modern improvements and conveniences that we have and enjoy today and feel that we cannot get along without were not even dreamed of at that time.

I know not how his folks were fixed but being pioneers it can safely be said they were not handicapped by riches. Everybody was poor in those days, not poor in the sense that we speak of it today, when compared with the very rich, but everybody had little. This was their inspiration to labor and the basis of riches. We did not have the magnificent educational institutions we have today in the state. I doubt if there was a real college in the state of Iowa at that time, or if so there were very few. It was the day of the little red schoolhouse, and *McGuffey's Reader*—than which no better book was ever found in the curriculum of any school. In it was to be found the best of classics on patriotism, religion, morality, education, physiology, humor, and pathos and other phases concerning human life and from the very best of authors. I have no doubt that Webb in his boyhood days committed to memory at home and afterwards recited at school "Patrick Henry's Speech before the Virginia Convention," "Reinzi's Address to the Romans" and many of the classics to be found in the old *McGuffey's Fifth Reader*. No doubt many of the words he didn't understand nor grasp the thought at the time, but he had learned it, and ever afterwards it stayed with him, and in later years the meaning and beauty of it all took hold of him. We have no such literature in our schools today, but it is largely just a jingle of words meaning nothing and suggesting no thought worthy of retention.

He with the other boys and girls of the school walked to and fro and night and morning did the chores at home. He had no physical director, father and mother looking after that. Then think of being a boy and growing up in the atmosphere of those times with the rebellion coming on when everyone was a patriot and on his metal ready to fight for his country. No wonder Webb was a fighter. Living in those days

he could but absorb the patriotism and spirit of the times, all of which had to do with the moulding and developing of his character as I have tried to portray to you. These were the days of the great poets, Longfellow, Whittier, and the others, as the days of Horace Greeley, William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Stephen A. Douglas, Abraham Lincoln and the other great statesmen and patriots, and who could pass through those days without being affected thereby! He could but grasp and take unto himself somewhat of the spirit of the times. Then these days with their crudeness and with few things with which to do placed a man on his own resources as well as placed responsibility upon him. This could but develop the initiative and self reliance. It seems to me that in order to develop the best that there is in man he must have responsibility, and this was had in abundance in the early days. Then another thing and somewhat akin to this same thought—when he started out to practice law there were but few law books. At least in our town, and if there had been, the young attorney would not have had the wherewith to buy them. He had to think out the many intricate problems himself as well as fortify his position by arguments of his own initiative. This made him resourceful as well as a strong and original thinker. Not so today! You go into court, you must have some case to fortify your position, and woe to the attorney that has not found the case to sustain his contention! Questions arise on which no authority can be found, and if he should present it in court backed up by the best argument he can make he will be asked by the judge if he has any case to sustain that proposition, and being told not, the thing is passed up. It is not unusual under such circumstances to have the higher court say, "Counsel has presented a new and unique question and presented to the court a strong and vigorous argument in support thereof, but has cited no case to sustain his position, and the court after diligent search has been unable to find one in point," and the point is passed up undecided. You can't make lawyers and develop thinkers in that way.

Then when Webb started to practice in Harlan we had a very strong bar and it was so recognized throughout the state. Among them was Cyrus Beard, who for a number of years later was a judge in the Supreme Court of Wyoming and died a member of that court, George W. Cullison for a number of years a judge of the District Court of this state and was such at the time of his death, and Nathan W. Macy, who later served for twenty years as a judge of our District Court. A young lawyer such as Webb could not come in contact with such men as these and rub up against them in the trial court without absorbing some of their greatness and ability as lawyers. Then as I have said he had an ideal home life. He had a noble little wife—just such as you and I have. She had implicit confidence in Webb, believed in him and the things he stood for and sought to accomplish, and her faith and confidence could but be an inspiration and incentive to him in whatever he undertook. Do you know that everyone must have some one at least who believes in and has confidence in him if he ever accomplishes much. I

believe that a few of us appreciate the help that comes to us because of the good homes we have and the faith and confidence in us of the little woman who presides over the household.

Webb was past seventy-one years of age when he died but he was not an old man—a man never grows old until he arrives, so to speak, till he quits, ceases to have any interest in the things about him and is given over to the living in the past. Webb had not arrived. He took an interest in the everyday problems of life and was still contributing his talent and his efforts in trying to help solve them. He was like a man rising in the early morning with the sun and going forth to tackle the problems of the day. He was still looking to the future. Such a man never grows old.

But I have talked too long. The last time I saw Mr. Byers he came to Harlan on the invitation of the Harlan bar to give the memorial address for Judge Macy who had recently died in California. This was in the late summer of 1927. At its conclusion Webb came to me and said, "Tobe, they will be holding service of this kind for you and me one of these days and if I should go first I want you to make the address for me, and if you go first I will make it for you." In pursuance of that promise I made this address for him at Harlan and it was with appreciation that I received the invitation from your body to make the address here at this time.

With the passing of Mr. Byers, the last one of the old lawyers at Harlan of those early days, except J. R. Myerly, now at Spirit Lake, has passed to the beyond. I alone am left and when I think about it I feel much alone, much as does one who has passed over the brow of the hill and is far down on the western slope with the sun slowly sinking. Yet I have a philosophy of life, whether it be orthodox or not I do not know, that when our friends and loved ones pass away, that they are not far off—just around the corner in hailing distance—that their spirits ever hover around and about us to protect us, strengthen and sympathize with us in our trouble and sorrow. Edgar Guest has put the thought well in one of his poems found in one of his latest books, *Just Folks*, wherein he says:

"Our dead friends live and always will,
Their presence hovers round us still.
It seems to me they come to share,
Each joy and burden that we bear;
Among the living I can feel,
The sweet departed spirits steal,
And whether it be weal or woe,
I walk with those I used to know.
I can call them to my side,
When ever I am trouble tried.
I've but to wish for them, and they
Come gaily tripping down the way,

And I can tell them of my grief,
And in their presence find relief;
Thus in sacred memory here below,
Still live the friends of long ago."

Senator Smith's address was followed by remarks by Governor Clarke, A. B. Funk, H. T. Saberson, W. G. Kerr, E. C. Roach, G. M. Titus, J. O. Kasa, Thomas Geneva, and the reading of a letter from R. T. St. John by the secretary. The meeting was then turned over to Curator Edgar R. Harlan who spoke as follows:

ADDRESS OF EDGAR R. HARLAN

Charles Aldrich, in the beginning of this Portrait Division of the Historical, Memorial and Art Department of Iowa, and his successors ever since, have followed the doctrine of Thomas Carlyle to this effect, that the testimony of a sincere painter contributes to the appreciation by a historical student of persons of public interest as pen pictures of them often fail to do. So the installation of a portrait of a secretary of agriculture augments the sources of information concerning him, voluminous though they may be, elsewhere beneath this roof.

It is appropriate for me to indicate the contribution of our state to the Agricultural Department of our Federal Government. It was in the administration of Franklin Pierce that Charles Mason, whose portrait here confronts you, was placed in charge of the Bureau of Patents. It was then, as now, a bureau in the Department of Interior, but had among its functions the direction of what is now the Smithsonian Institution, the National Observatory, and other scientific work, including the germ of the Department of Agriculture.

We learn from the private papers of Charles Mason, on deposit elsewhere in this institution, that during his incumbency of the office of patent commissioner, he caused to be taken simultaneous observations of the weather at points remote from one another, then but recently possible with the telegraph. He caused or authorized many of the earliest agricultural experiments. He laid down certain fundamental principles which the Department of Agriculture practices to this day. At that time and ever since, there have been Iowa scientists of the first rank in the agricultural phases of the national government. From that time until this day there has been close contact and co-ordination between the agricultural officia's and institutions at Washington, with our own Department of Agriculture and the college at Ames.

When the Bureau of Agriculture became a department with a place in the Cabinet of the president, Grover Cleveland in the last days of his first administration appointed as secretary of agriculture, Norman J. Co'man of Missouri. Harrison appointed Jeremiah Rusk of Wisconsin. Cleveland in his second administration appointed J. Sterling Morton of

Nebraska. McKinley appointed James Wilson of Iowa, whom Roosevelt and Taft retained. Wilson first appointed David F. Houston of Missouri, whom Edwin T. Meredith succeeded. Henry C. Wallace of Iowa was the next secretary of agriculture in the Harding and Coolidge administrations. Secretary Jardine of Kansas succeeded Mr. Wallace. So the entire existence of the Department of Agriculture has been presided over by men of Iowa, or one of its neighboring states.

Here faces us the portrait of James Wilson. That of Henry C. Wallace is in existence, though not in our collections. Meredith's is the subject of importance to this assembly this afternoon.

I would speak in cordial satisfaction a welcome then, to you and to your guests, the family and business associates of our late distinguished citizen, Edwin T. Meredith. The address of the occasion will be given by one of your number, the friend of Mr. Meredith, former senator, John T. Clarkson.

EDWIN T. MEREDITH

By JOHN T. CLARKSON

When our forefathers and patriots of '76 proclaimed to the world the sound fundamental doctrine that man has "certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed," the sage men of letters and statecraft in the Old World were moved to voice their opposition thereto, as the philosophy thus proclaimed was by them unknown and unthinkable.

It was said by one, regarded as an authority, that a government founded upon the basis of such philosophy could not long survive, nor could it develop men of character or quality. Let the record of over a century and a half be submitted as evidence in support of the soundness of the philosophy thus proclaimed. We find the names of Webster, Lincoln, Blaine, Cleveland, Roosevelt, Bryan, Wilson; and in our own state, Harlan, Allison, Kirkwood, Weaver, Cummins, Dolliver, Dodge, Young, the Wallaces, and the man whose portrait we present today, to be placed with a host of other valiant, patriotic, liberty-loving men, representative of a truly great people. These men stand out among their fellows, yet typify a standard made possible by popular government, where the best in man has an opportunity for development and expression.

In this environment and as a result thereof men have achieved fame and name in oratory, letters, statecraft, and business, but few if any stand out more conspicuously than E. T. Meredith.

Mr. Meredith was endowed with a wonderfully pleasing personality, a commanding presence, a keen intellect, and his ability to vigorously present and ably defend his convictions made him one of Iowa's outstanding figures in the many affairs of life, always the champion of what he believed to be the right in public and private affairs.

The people of Iowa learned to admire and love Meredith for his many qualities. He was a native of our beloved state, born and reared in the healthful environment of agriculture, to which he gave his best that it might advance and keep pace with other lines of endeavor. While thus engaged on a large scale he at the same time became a master mind in other lines of business and statecraft.

Having received the benefit of a common school education he sought to better prepare himself for his life's work at Highland Park College, in the city of Des Moines. Little could his fellows at Highland Park College have foreseen the useful life in the making.

While young Meredith was in school in Des Moines his grandfather, whom we knew as Uncle Thomas Meredith, owned and published a small newspaper devoted to the principles of government espoused by the Greenbackers, afterward known as the Populist party. The zeal, energy, active mind, and organizing ability of the young man was pressed into service by the owner, first as the handy man about the premises, then as bookkeeper, advertising manager, and finally in addition to his school work he was placed in management of the publication.

When he was married at nineteen years of age, Uncle Thomas Meredith gave to him, as a wedding present, the plant known as the *Farmer's Tribune*, which he sold within a few years, and the publication that became so large a part of his life was launched upon an uncharted sea. Here his genius for organization found expression, and his ability to handle the larger affairs of business, en masse, grew and grew, until *Successful Farming* became known throughout the nation, in every walk of life, and especially among those who endeavor to develop and keep agriculture on a high standard, and those engaged therein on the front rank of forward thinking, moral living, useful men and women of the world.

To *Successful Farming* he later added the publication known as *The Dairy Farmer*. Then came one of the proudest achievements of his life—the publication of *Better Homes and Gardens*. In this publication he gave expression to his very soul in his endeavor to inspire, aid, and assist in building and developing better homes; expressive of his realization that a people cannot become great, nor long endure as such, without a strong, energetic, and constructive love of home and home life, not merely in the ownership of the house alone, but all that goes with it to make the ideal "home" such as finds lodgment in the hearts and souls of the best men and women, expressing the love of the beautiful ideal, though it be but a humble cottage.

His active life was not devoted entirely to the happiness of the adult. He created a fund to be loaned to the young people upon the farms with which to buy a pig, a calf, a lamb, or a colt, in order to develop and encourage a love for animal life, and the spirit of thrift and usefulness in the business world. This act upon his part attracted the attention of men interested in the training of youth and became the

nucleus of a national organization for like purpose, which organization he served as an honored president.

He was identified with and was an official of some of the strongest and leading banking institutions of the city of Des Moines, and was a director of the Reserve Bank. He was an active member and an official of the Chamber of Commerce, both city and national, but withal he kept in close contact with and in active control of his large publishing house, where the Meredith publications were issued under his guidance, with the aid of over five hundred assistants, all of whom became inspired with the spirit of co-operation drawn from the genius and the love and affection of their leader. So firmly and well has the institution's foundation and structure been laid and built that the work goes on, guided and influenced by the hope and good will established; a house where beauty abounds, adorned by the best in literature, art, and sculpture, where the most humble workman finds pleasure in the doing of his part, and wherein he is wont to take pride in saying "I am a part of the institution known as the 'Meredith Publications'."

Though he never held an elective public office, he took a lively, active, and leading part in public affairs. Once he was the nominee of his party for governor of this great state, but the Republican majority, for which Iowa is noted, even Meredith could not overcome.

When we became engaged in the World War our President availed himself of the services of Mr. Meredith, and he was sent abroad to study conditions that we might the better organize our industrial forces to aid and assist in doing our part. Upon his return his active, energetic, organizing ability was felt nationally, as we had known and felt it in our state. Then came the opportunity for our War President to give to the people the services of a genius for public service and he selected Mr. Meredith to become a member of his Cabinet as secretary of agriculture. Promptly he began the work with that same energetic, inspiring force displayed at home, so that when his successor took office he found a revolutionized department, one that became and has held its place among the other strong departments of our national government, where it is said today that the organizing influence of E. T. Meredith is felt and known.

Meredith's voice and influence were given without reserve in behalf of the plans, hopes and aspirations of our War President to establish a system by which wars between nations could be avoided, wherein it was said that we were morally bound to take the step to make good the favorably accepted proclamation that we were engaged in a war to abolish wars. In short, that if our Christian civilization hoped to survive we must become identified with other nations in establishing a World Congress, if you please, to pronounce international law for the guidance of nations in international affairs, and a Court of Justice in which disputes could be adjusted without armed conflict, but nationalism was too firmly imbedded in the minds of men, and we were not permitted to take a part, though we had given to the world a concrete ex-

ample in establishing a national Congress with a Federal Court for all of our states.

Meredith passed to the great beyond firmly believing that our people erred and that in a time not far distant we would reverse our present policy for the more advanced one, in accord with the spirit in which we live and teach.

As we measure the age of men, Meredith passed on when a comparatively young man, but during the thirty years of his business life, beginning in the days when he used a pushcart to transport his publications to the post office, and ending in 1928 with a world-wide experience and as a national figure among men and affairs, he lived a full, active life, far beyond the average of men of affairs. Though short in years, his was long in achievements, and the satisfying thought comes to us that it was not a selfish life, but one devoted actively to the betterment of all mankind.

It is well that the portraits of such men are placed where the eye of the on-coming generations can see and know the kind and character of men who have grown and developed as world figures under our philosophy of life and government and made secure to our successors in a written constitution, and that if we would have men and women noble in character, strong in the virtues that go to make a great people, ever working to improve the standard, we must religiously guard the portals of constitutional government where human rights are recognized as inherent, and where government is organized among men to guard and protect such rights as an aid in our pursuit of happiness. Let us again and again draw from the fountain of faith that we have in our fathers, who made it possible that we and our successors might enjoy the blessings of liberty as we know them under our form of government.

My personal acquaintance with Meredith dates back to the time when he was a boy of eleven years of age, and later became one of close, warm, personal friendship. As members of the same political faith I enjoyed his confidence and joined with him in the many efforts to carry out the principles which he firmly believed to be to the best interests of all concerned. My mind goes back to the days when equal suffrage was a paramount issue, and I cannot forget his sincere, aggressive, interest therein. Temperance to him was a gospel of faith, and no influence, financial or otherwise, could swerve him from a course having for its purpose the advancement of his cause. Better highways was an ever constant subject to which he gave time and money. In truth his devotion to hard surfaced highways in his candidacy for governor lost for him the support of those who believed Iowa's soil was good enough, as it had served those who had gone before. I have oftentimes heard him speak of the need and necessity of readjustment in state governmental affairs to avoid overlapping in administrative matters.

As an employer of labor he gave active support and influence to bring about the enactment of the Workmens' Compensation Law in Iowa.

When it became apparent to his family and friends that his physical strength could not long endure the demands made thereon by his active participation in so many varied and important issues and activities, he was admonished and urged to refrain from taking such an active and energetic part in the many interests so close to his heart, but his was a heart that could not be satisfied in giving less than all that was in him. He could not stand by or be regarded as one among a number of others to be counted as so many men in a movement. Thus until the last, he was engaged to his utmost capacity in the furtherance of every cause which he believed to be right.

The cause in which he believed was the all important matter with him. Men's personal ambitions were secondary, and only regarded as worth while when essential and necessary for the advancement of affairs of state in the direction of and for the public welfare. He was a liberal contributor in time and money to all endeavors having for their object and purpose the improvement of the community interests, and any movement to improve living conditions received from him his best efforts, however modest the beginning.

It was not strange nor unexpected that one of Meredith's active life would meet with opposition, but it can be said in truth that in all of his efforts, actively aggressive as they were, he left no personal wound among his fellows or those he opposed.

Disappointed at times, yet never discouraged, he accorded to others the rights and privileges he claimed for himself. He went on with the work until called upon to "pass on to the undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveler returns."

He lived the part of one of Iowa's distinguished citizens, a great American.

Following Senator Clarkson's address the secretary read the following list of names of members of this association who died during the last biennium with their legislative service:

George S. Allyn.....	Mt. Ayr.....	R. 38, 39, S. 26, 27, 28, 29
Irving P. Bowdish.....	Waubeck.....	R. 17, 19
James Joseph Bruce.....	Rolfe.....	R. 21
C. E. Bull.....	Milton.....	R. 27
Edward Boland.....	Williamsburg.....	R. 30, 31
H. W. Byers.....	{ Harlan Des Moines }	R. 25, 26, 28
E. J. C. Bealer.....	Cedar Rapids.....	R. 29, 30, 31
Milton K. Campbell....	{ Harlan Pamona, Calif. }	R. 16
John B. Classen.....	Marshalltown.....	R. 26, 27, S. 28, 29
J. F. Clyde.....	Osage.....	S. 23
Oliver Coomes.....	Atlantic.....	R. 17, 18

E. D. Chassell.....	{ LeMars Des Moines }	R. 25, 30, 31
George D. Darnall.....	West Union.....	R. 22
W. P. Dawson.....	Aurelia.....	R. 33, 34, 35
A. H. Davison.....	{ Rock Rapids Des Moines }	R. 25
E. E. Dotson.....	Colfax.....	R. 18, 19
George L. Finn.....	Los Angeles.....	R. 21, S. 22, 23, 24, 25
Shirley Gilliland.....	Glenwood.....	S. 30, 31, 32, 33, 34
John L. Good.....	Boone Co.....	R. 26, 27
William Groneweg.....	Council Bluffs.....	S. 22, 23, 24, 25
George D. Harrison.....	Columbus Jet.....	R. 13
Wm. S. Hart.....	Waukon.....	R. 30, 31
Lyman S. Huntley.....	Chariton.....	R. 26
Geo. W. Henderson.....	Rolfe.....	S. 25, 26
Geo. Hilsinger.....	Sabula.....	R. 28, 29, S. 35, 36
Ernest L. Hogue.....	Blencoe.....	S. 29, 30, 31
J. A. T. Hull.....	{ Clk. of Senate Lieut. Gov. }	
E. J. Hartshorn.....	Emmetsburg.....	R. 15, S. 16, 17, 18, 19
Emmons Johnson.....	Waterloo.....	S. 13
Henry R. Keagy.....	{ Epworth Independence }	R. 29
David L. Lyons.....	{ Mahaska Co. Clarion }	R. 21
Timothy E. McCurdy.....	Hazelton.....	R. 27, 28
Samuel Mayne.....	Bancroft.....	R. 26
S. T. Meservey.....	Ft. Dodge.....	R. 21, 29
John McAllister.....	Cedar Rapids.....	R. 30, 31-32
S. F. Prouty.....	{ Marion Co. Des Moines }	R. 18
John F. Potter.....	Quimby.....	R. 23
L. F. Potter.....	{ Pottawattamic Co. Harlan }	R. 26, 27
David J. Palmer.....	Washington.....	S. 24, 25, 26, 27
J. M. Schleicher.....	Livermore.....	R. 22
J. U. Sammis.....	LeMars.....	S. 33, 34
I. Lewis H. Smith.....	{ Algona Enroll. Clk. in House }	8th G. A.
Wm. D. Sheean.....	Anamosa.....	R. 27, S. 35, 36
John Y. Stone.....	Glenwood.....	R. 12, 13, S. 14, 15, R. 16, 17
J. H. Trewin.....	{ Lansing Cedar Rapids }	R. 25, S. 26, 27, 28, 29
M. L. Temple.....	Osceola.....	R. 26, 28, 29, 30, 31, 38
George C. White.....	Nevada.....	R. 32, 33

There then followed reminiscences concerning legislative affairs, participated in by George M. Titus, E. C. Roach, and R. G. Clark. Former senator Perry Engle spoke substantially as follows:

SPEECH BY PERRY ENGLE

Gentlemen and comrades, we again have assembled in our biennial meeting. In the last two years death has levied a costly tribute upon our ranks; one by one at the beckoning of the silent messenger our comrades have passed through the gate to the land of the dead. We miss their presence and counsels. They bore the flag triumphant even to the gates of the sunset.

I congratulate you, comrade pioneers of Iowa, that you are here today to talk over and enjoy reminiscences of days that are gone. It must be satisfying to you to contemplate Iowa—the Iowa you have seen develop from a wilderness to the state it is.

We pioneers had battles to fight, great difficulties to overcome, but we passed to our worthy successors a gem of a state, inhabited by the best people on earth. We hope our successors will honor us by excelling us. We can put fear out of our hearts. This nation will survive, this state will prosper. Give the people free speech and free press, then we are saved. Reason never has failed men; only force has made the wrecks in the world.

You tell me that law is above freedom of utterance, and I reply that you can have no wise laws nor free enforcement of wise laws unless there is free expression of the wisdom of the people—and, alas, their folly with it. But, if there is freedom, folly will die of its own poison, and the wisdom will survive. That is the history of the race. It is the proof of man's kinship with God.

President Washington said: "My first wish is to see war banished from the earth, war and pillage have drenched the world in blood."

Hope, love, and fraternity have not deserted the world. We see in peace the morning dawn of a better day.

Oliver Wendell Holmes said:

"Along its front no sabers shine,
No blood-red pennons wave;
Its banner bears the single line,
'Our duty is to save'."

May around the earth the church bells chime, "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

Were I a Raphael I would paint two pictures. In one I would paint the wails of dying men, the moans of weeping wives and mothers, the cries of suffering children; I would paint the background as black as Egyptian night; I would drape it in blood. I would call this picture "War." In the other I would paint the love, hope, and light in weeping eyes, the dimples and rose on the faded cheek; I would paint all that

lifts, saves, and loves; over it all I would paint the bow of promise, like a perpetual benediction. This picture I would call "Peace."

The last tattoo for us will sound ere long, and on "Fame's eternal camping ground" the silent tents of our pioneer host will be spread. Let us clasp the hand a little stronger. Let the smile last a little longer. May we all be brave, true and progressive until we reach the end of the trail.

Let us strive to have and maintain a "government of, for and by the people." I believe in the motto: "My country, right or wrong; if right, keep it right; if wrong, make it right."

At the opening of the session at 10:00 A. M. February 14, George H. Van Houten presented to the association a beautiful gavel made of olive wood in Bethlehem, Palestine, and secured by him when there recently. Governor Clarke, as presiding officer, in a felicitous speech accepted it in behalf of the association and assured Mr. Van Houten of the appreciation of the members, and promised it would be kept by the secretary for the use of the presiding officer at future meetings. Ora Williams then delivered the following address:

A REPORTER'S SURVEY

By ORA WILLIAMS

The source material for this hour off the main trail is but lightly covered by the dust of the upper shelves. It may be worth rescuing as an offset to our habit of deprecating today and forgetting yesterday.

Happily we may go back to the enchanted realms in memory. Only a little way and not half the record has been checked off by the great scorer against Iowa's allotment. I choose, just for the moment, to take you back to that time when I first contacted the Iowa legislature—the session of the Twenty-first General Assembly, which convened in January, 1886. From this let us make survey.

Capitol hill seems long and steep. The horses are weary that drag antique street cars up the way. A midwinter inaugural parade is a custom. A brass band strikes the notes for those who keep step in blue uniforms. Carriages are filled with bewhiskered men in silk hats and smiling ladies in flounced sleeves. It is very cold, exceptionally so, says the old settler. Parties of legislators come on belated trains. An all night vigil in cold and hunger is reported. The business of the state does not wait. The assembly ball is not postponed.

Board walks lead from the street. The new Capitol grounds are cluttered with unused stone. A deep gulley is only half hidden by a thicket of wild apple trees. State pride is not ready yet to clear the rubbish. But O, where is there another such a dome? It is our pride. Yes, really it is gold. Visitors glance at the glittering chandeliers or lightly touch the marbles that will never be duplicated. Inauguration is from a forum

in the open corridors. Legislative halls are sacred. Only two years have elapsed since John A. Kasson dedicated the new Capitol upon the spectacular abandonment of the old one. Not all the moving is done.

The passing panorama is highly colored. There is action in every scene. I respond to the youthful vigor of a youthful state. I take a high place for observation. I am charged with the duty of taking notes of men and measures.

The lines divide as men pass down the aisles. Single-mindedness is not an attribute of statesmanship. The session opens. Not much, apparently, to differentiate it from the twenty that are gone. There is the routine of bill introducing, committee jockeying, speech making, and the courting of the newspaper men on whom publicity depends.

Gavels are placed in the hands of the captains—Hull and Head. The rattle of musketry is still heard in convention halls. It is time, too, for a state home for the veterans of the Civil War. There is fairly even division on the legislative floors as between political parties. The "third party" is still a reality.

I see rising at the rear, the "tall cottonwood of the Missouri slope," Senator L. R. Bolter, willing to expound the Constitution on slightest provocation. The old ways are not obsolete. Different entirely is John S. Woolson, just making a start for a career on the federal bench—keen and polished. Here, also, is Talton E. Clark, with arms waving high and voice penetrating, presenting the fundamentals of the temperance issue. P. M. Sutton explains why his attitude today is not what it was at one time. But he is not alone among those who are in doubt. The issue is making and unmaking many careers. Needed spice is added to debate by the brisk and bubbling senator from Cass, Lafayette Young. In a quiet way, Gifford S. Robinson is of great influence. He is leading toward a judicial career. Dr. Timothy J. Caldwell of Dallas carries his gold headed cane with becoming dignity. William J. Knight is all courtliness and helpfulness.

The flowers of oratory blossom here in every debate. Col. J. H. Sweeney is winging his way toward a seat in Congress, from which William G. Donnan has escaped. W. W. Dodge, youthful scion of historic family, has cultivated the arts of oratory to good purpose. He is writing a book about the best speeches. Senator Charles E. Whiting has just missed the governorship by a narrow margin; Senator Matt Parrott is later to make second place. Others there are—Col. C. H. Gatch, Col. John Scott, Lewis Miles, E. T. Gault, Moses Bloom, Ben McCoy, F. D. Bayless and Gil Johnson.

Oratory also flourishes on the floor of the house. Much of it is expended on the proposed impeachment procedure. A little of it is reserved for hurling at the wicked corporations. Cousins is trying his wings and making short flights that cause no sensations. He has rivals. There is Col. John H. Keatley and James G. Berryhill and George L. Finn and George Dobson. Most interesting among those on the floor is Silas M. Weaver, who had been carried to the house to vote for prohibi-

tion at another time. Near him is the modest W. S. Withrow. The two are to have adjoining seats on the supreme bench some day. Here, also, is John E. Craig, and William G. Thompson, who with P. B. Wolfe, from the other side, are to adorn the district bench. Two are here—George Dobson and James A. Lyons—who are to get state offices.

The great principles of the Greenback party are being stoutly upheld. W. H. Robb of Creston leads the gallant band and does it right well. Whatever else may be said of it, this is no time for sitting astride the political fence. If there are not enough parties then there are divisions which foreshadow the later factionalism. The mill starts off merrily for the big grist. There is the usual flood of bills. Reform is in the air. Economy is a word that gets votes. The clash of conflicting interests is heard in corridors and committee rooms. It was ever thus.

"I have never seen in all my observation of past legislatures so many radical bills introduced, bills which propose radical and sweeping changes in the workings of our state government." That is the verdict of Editor Sam Clark, as he hastily surveys the work. But the radicalism of today may be something else tomorrow.

The old familiar phrases are heard in debate on temperance measures—high license, low license, local option, personal liberty, vested rights. Nothing new. But what about the railroads? The corner grocery group no longer debates bonuses and bonds. Some one has the audacity to suggest that mileage be withheld from members who have come to the General Assembly without paying fare. That's the acme of radicalism. Word is sent to Congress to provide for federal regulation of interstate commerce. That's going a long way, for this time. A move is made to tighten the grip of the state on rates. All this is ominous. Anyway something must be done to save the farmers from peonage. Legislation is the way. James Wilson writes from Washington that when 1,500 Iowa farmers invaded the old State House they made things hum. He wants a hundred thousand to march on Washington and get something or other.

But the very first resolution put into the record of the Twenty-first General Assembly points the way to the solution of the age old agrarian problem. No, it is not the much discussed subtresury plan for setting up a booth in every township with a treasury agent supplied with greenbacks to lend at low rates. It is more simple. Coin silver enough to make dollars that will pay off the national debt at once, thus immediately increasing the amount of money in circulation and effecting final relief for the farmers from low prices. More money, more money! Strangely enough the suggestion is not approved by this radical legislature.

Reformers are busy in other directions. Ah, here is something tangible! The senior member from Polk has a bill to require that an applicant for a marriage license must convince the clerk that he is going to be able to support a wife and children if there are any. Someone meanly recalls the member's own humble beginnings. A committee tacks on an amendment to compel the woman in the case to also show

the same competence to support a husband. Social legislation gets a bad start.

Despite the absence of typists and writing machines, bill making goes on rapidly, if not legibly. And bills are sometimes actually engrossed before passage. Enrolling is in script. Most of the committee clerks, of which there are only a handful, are men. I have the promise of a clerkship, but my senatorial friend backs up at the last minute and confides to me that he will get his chairmanship only on condition that he lets the appointing power also name the clerk. That is not a new trick. There is a proposal to raise the pay of clerks and helpers. A protest comes from Polk County on the theory that if the pay is put above two dollars a day the members will be flooded with applications. One member complained that he had to buy two memorandum books this session to make a list of the place seekers.

Newspaper reporters are favored in a very modest way. They are given a stationery drawing account of two dollars a week for pencils and paper. I cash mine at the book store, as others do. The governor's address is to be printed at state expense in German, Norwegian and Bohemian. Some one makes complaint that the state printer shows favoritism in the printing of bills, getting out some of them sooner than others. George Roberts makes denial.

The startling innovation is proposed of having the journals printed day by day. A committee decides it can't be done—at least not just then. That innovation came very soon, however. Trouble arises because there is so much mucilage and ink lost from the committee rooms. The chronic fusser is ever present. Happily, however, there is here as in every Iowa general assembly a safe majority of those who see the larger things, who have vision, who maintain and carry on the splendid work of the pioneers whose work is never done. The laws of Iowa are a crystallization of that rich public sentiment that everywhere and in all times makes of the homeland a better place in which to live.

Location of a soldiers' home involves a state-wide junket and sixty fruitless ballots in joint assembly. Good dinners and brass bands are ineffective. Twenty-five cities and towns receive bouquets. Even Des Moines gets a vote; so does Sevastopol and Rising Sun. Then a commission settles it in secret, and the corner stone is laid.

Is the session coming to a tragic close? Not quite. More nearly a farce. Impeachment is voted by the house against John L. Brown, state auditor. Echo of a bitter conflict of political groups. A formidable prosecuting committee is formed—J. H. Keatley, John E. Craig, Robert Cousins, S. M. Weaver, George W. Ball, L. A. Riley, E. C. Roach. Big lawyers, also, on the other side—Charles C. Nourse, Fred W. Lehmann, John C. Bills, E. S. Huston. Weeks of the trial. The Senate has a special session. No conviction. The Auditor had been reinstated after having suffered removal by a company of the National Guard under orders. Long years afterwards the accused official hovers in legislative

corridors seeking reimbursement at least for his pay to lawyers. But that is a story well worth the telling, though not now.

This gigantic lawsuit, with another almost as farcical, is illuminating. The Governor gets out a little circular to explain why he will not issue a certain pardon. He is indicted for libel. He shocks old members of the bar by appearing in court with a young lawyer who had been doing some clerical work in his office. He makes them gasp when he refuses to permit a directed verdict when the presiding judge hints about it. There is a bit of melodrama when an interested woman flings herself into the case and grandly conducts the cross-examinations. The Governor is vindicated. The presiding judge, Josiah Given, and the young defending lawyer, Charlie Bishop, go to the supreme bench. In his own time the pardon is issued. The Governor is just—but there must be no pushing.

I turn aside to consider that most fascinating of all professions, journalism. There might be a hollow ring to the anvils where legislation is forged but for the white heat of the hearth where the reporters toil. A great deal aside from mere words is found between column rules.

It is only a short backward step to the appropriation bills wherein is included lost lists of items to pay publishers for newspapers ordered by members. The state treasury is shallow but out of it came pay for subscriptions to the *True Radical*, the *Iowa Voter*, *Western Star*, *Temperance Platform*, *Monthly Evergreen*, the *Democratic Conservator*, the *Progressive Republican*, the *Copperhead*, and such like purveyors of gospel truth much needed on legislative desks or by eager constituents. This is of the past. Such petty graft went with the disappearance of jack-knives from the supply room.

It is the day of the special correspondent. The dean of the corps is the veteran, L. F. Andrews, contributing his column daily to the *Chicago Journal*. Near him is John R. Sage, long representing the *Inter-Ocean* in Iowa. William A. Jones combines representing the *Omaha Bee* and other papers with his duties as managing editor of the morning paper. Henry Shaver is a veteran correspondent. He has eastern connections but never overlooks that first he is a Democrat. Emerson Hough tries it awhile with the *Chicago Record* but it is not to his taste.

In a moment of boastful confidence Mr. Shaver confides to me that his party is going to choose the governor in 1889. Who is it? His name is Boies, Horace Boies. I consult my scrap book and find that I have copy of a petition in which Uncle Horace listed himself as a Republican. I laugh at my fellow reporter. But he laughs last.

They come and they go. J. W. Bopp appears in the gallery. He did a great job reporting the Sherman-Kinne joint debates. But he reforms and goes into business. One who preserves the old traditions is Clarence S. Wilson. He had himself been a member of the legislature. Frank Bicknell is writing well. I pause for a chat with Col. Joseph Eiboeck, who stoutly maintains in perfectly good German, that all sumptuary

legislation is sinful. I meet Judge Fulton at a little desk in the newspaper union office and he recalls his book on the Indians.

No wonder that Iowa has a streak of low tariff heresy running all through and across lots. Here is the solemn Henry J. Philpott engaged in editing his little magazine, *The Million*, and proving every day that protection won't protect.

Always the newspaper men are on hand when there is some work to be done. George E. Roberts is engaged in doing the state printing. Don D. Donnan and Ernest Hofer, both from beyond the Larrabee preserves, handle the Senate desk. Sidney A. Foster, who writes well, is at the desk in the House. Heavy space-filling duty for the *Iowa State Register* is done by the brilliant Freeman R. Conaway of Brooklyn and the industrious Bryson Bruce of Garden Grove. The *Register* prints many columns daily about the legislature, and instructions are to be fair and accurate. From outside of the capital city, the leaders of the daily press come—George D. Perkins, J. J. Stedman, Sam Clark, Al Swalm, Johnson Brigham, John Mahin and many others. Henry Wallace is a minister from Winterset just trying his pen.

Fresh from a country newspaper, with the Main Street dust too conspicuous on my shoes, I look in upon the scene with large eyes. The press gallery is a magnificent vantage point from which to survey the passing panorama. Little envy have we of the drudges who must needs vote on hundreds of bills about which they know little or nothing. The study of men and the interpretation of movements is like a journey of discovery into the heart of Africa. Great joy if the search for truth is successful. I make first connection with a daily paper, the name of which is all but forgotten. Perhaps it died early because I was its managing editor. It is the *Hawkeye Blade*, by Lowry Goode and his brothers. But it had a keen edge. I pause awhile in the *Des Moines Leader* office under Welch and Watts. Judge L. G. Kinne is yet to try his hand at editing. W. W. Witmer has retired.

I am drafted into the family of the old *Iowa State Register* at this interesting period. I become city editor and so remain until after the brilliant James S. Clarkson is seduced by the glittering East. I become deeply attached to this veritable political crusader who so ably followed the Blaine banner to the end. I had been preceded by James A. Miller, P. H. Bristow, Al Swalm, "Blind" Dixon, Lafe Young, Carroll Wright. But "Ret" Clarkson is the whole show. In brilliancy, forcefulness, versatility, I have never known his equal.

Yet the challenging "clock tower" that never had a clock is, to very many, just a symbol of that which they, in derision, call "The Regency." The name is spoken with bated breath. About it circles most of the petty quarrels of the political cliques. John J. Hamilton is just gaining a foothold and pouring out his wrath upon it. Johnson Brigham in his paper at Cedar Rapids makes reference to "this thing of the disordered fancy called The Regency." Mr. Clarkson himself pauses at my desk to quietly remark: "Well, at least it is a regency of brains." The broad-

castings from the inner sanctum go farther than the ballyhoo of the professional announcers of later years. The editor stands high.

Across the street the always aggressive *Leader* is bravely upholding the under dog, if he can be found. Gen. J. B. Weaver and E. H. Gillette are still doling out the genuine Greenback doctrine, much of which is to be renamed and adopted. It is to be for Ed Meredith to gather up the remnants of their plants and build a national magazine. I meet Barlow Granger and ask about old Whig days in New York. I get a volley of abuse for Horace Greeley and fulsome praise of Thurlow Weed. I interview J. Ellen Foster on the progress that women are making for emancipation or something of the sort.

But the hub about which everything turns is that mysterious "clock tower," at once a challenge to all radicalism and a beacon for the forward-looking and forward-marching forces of Iowa. The historian of the future must make careful appraisal of the tremendous influence of Clarkson and his group of friends. They say he is a tyrant; I know he is generous and fair. They say he is a dictator; I know he is a good compromiser. They say he is an aristocrat; I know he is of the proletariat.

But neither can anyone ever understand the peaceful revolution under way in Iowa's turbulent eighties without making a deep study of the quiet little man who sits in the executive office. William Larrabee brings from the rugged hills of the Turkey Valley, blocked off with forests and rich pastures, a spirit needed in public affairs. He is just and fair. His duty is first to his beloved state. There are no favored interests. He will irritate by the strictness with which he enforces law. Traditions go to the scrap heap. That is why some of the legislation proposed just now is called radical. Out of it all is to come much that will endure for the good of Iowa.

Governor Larrabee raids a college faculty for his secretary. Professor F. W. Hossfeld succeeds Welker Given, William H. Fleming and John S. Runnells. He has some alien notions about the exclusiveness of high officials. The free and easy manners of the last administration are halted by new snap locks on the executive doors. Reporters do not like to send in a card to a public servant. There is revolt, and I am one of the insurgents.

The versatile reporter for the rival paper, *The Leader*, Al. W. Moore, suggests a plot. We both write up the innovation as if in praise, with a good deal of sarcasm and some humor, as if it was a great thing to have an Iowa chief executive hid behind the red tape of old world customs. The plot works. We are called in a few days later and Governor Larrabee tells us that there are no locks against our calls upon him. Nobody ever had to be kept waiting at the mill; nobody is to be kept waiting at the State House.

We chuckle at some of the ways of the new governor. A voucher for payment for a set of butts for one of the big State House doors is on his table. He thinks it looks big. Before he approves he takes the mat-

ter up personally with a friendly merchant to make sure that the state is not paying too much. It is a little thing, but our governor is thorough. A thanksgiving proclamation is in the making. The secretary is polishing up the sentences. Somewhat impatiently the governor picks up one of those old fashioned electric stencil pens and writes a stencil with his own hand, composing the whole in his rugged English and trusts to luck for the printers to get his words. He goes direct to the point and stops. Criticism for having reinstated the accused state auditor finds no lodgement with him. He does not know of any reason why Brown should be deprived of his office unless and until he is impeached. Our new governor is not disposed to be an autocrat. At a later date, however, he does not hesitate to call "upon the carpet" a railroad commission moving too slowly in rate matters and in very plain words notify that commission to get busy or take the risk of summary removal from office. He gets things done. It is a time of change, an era of ferment, new precedents are being set, traditions are broken, we are getting ready for the grandeur that is Iowa's. There are painful scenes and mortifying clashes. A state, not less than a child, may suffer from growing pains.

The symphony of hammers and hoists is nearing the last movement at the new Capitol. A tramp artistically frescoes one of the last of the rooms to be made ready. Garish idealizations of Liberty and Agriculture are hung. Carved heads of cows and sheep, or bunches of grapes and ears of corn, are set against the casements. Peter A. Dey, Gen. Ed Wright, Architect Hackney are in the scene for a moment. No trace is left of the gigantic blunder of insistence upon Iowa material alone. The corner stone has been resurfaced.

"We had troubles a-plenty getting our appropriations," muses Robert S. Finkbine as he surveys his product. "Along in the granger days the 'tightwads' nearly got us. They wanted to cut off the corner domes. They would abolish the big dome. They did get it reduced in height a little. We had a friend introduce a resolution directing us to leave off all the domes, thatch the roof with prairie hay and quit. We got what we wanted."

The commission gets orders to turn over the unfinished odd corners to the Executive Council. The accounts are audited from the very beginning, and in the expenditure of the three millions the net errors found are not sufficient to buy a box of good cigars.

The Supreme Court of Iowa is still "on wheels." Despite vigorous protests the Twenty-first General Assembly decrees that the lawyers shall come to court, not the court go to the lawyers. The new court room is just ready. Chief Justice Austin Adams, like a veritable Solon, settles back into the cushions. His associates—Reed, Beck, SeEVERS and Rothrock—prepare for work. A day is set apart for dedication of the new seat of justice. The magnificent Samuel F. Miller, the Iowa country doctor who became a great jurist and served long on the United States Supreme Court, makes the principal address. Late at night the

great judge sits in a hotel room and has me read the notes that I, as a young reporter, hastily took so that he can catch the headings of his talk and reproduce it for the morning paper. Nobody had been thoughtful enough to have shorthand notes taken. In that brief interview with Justice Miller I get a close-up of the spirit of American democracy.

In my daily journeyings I pause at a desk in a corner of a storage room. Charles Aldrich looks up. He shows how well he has filled the one cabinet he has been able to beg from the state. His collection is marvelous. He appeals for help to get a second autograph case, and gets it. He is building from the very foundation. I gladly help him. He remembers it and long years afterwards tries seriously to draft me into his service. He is a journalist, with all the instincts of a good reporter, one gifted with the zeal to make daily journeys into the wilderness and joyously return with the fruits of his toil.

It is 1886, just forty-three years ago this month, that the idea of an association of former lawmakers came to a head. The versatile Charles Aldrich is largely responsible. He gets together a committee with such men as Hoyt Sherman, B. F. Gue, C. F. Clarkson, P. M. Casady and George G. Wright, and a call is made for a meeting in Foster's Opera House. What a sight it is. A hundred of the men who have had a hand in Iowa affairs met to reminisce. Meetings are held for two days. Many are the stories told. It is less than fifty years to the very beginnings of territorial existence. A dozen of those who had sat in territorial assemblies register for the meeting. The very first one is represented. Early state legislatures are all responding to roll calls. There are speeches by John H. Gear, John F. Duncombe, J. B. Grinnell and many others.

I take unfeigned delight in making reports of these first meetings of the association. I use extensively of the manuscripts for the morning paper. I am unfortunate, however, in that I fail to get back from the printers all of the manuscripts. I am scolded for failure to live up to my promises. But Secretary Aldrich is himself a newspaper man and knows the ways of printers. The meetings all but close with a sensational incident. A member, then living in Nebraska, Judge J. L. Mitchell, has just started an address. He has eulogized the state he left and the state to which he has removed, when he suddenly collapses and is carried from the room lifeless. It is a reminder of the presence of the reaper.

Two personalities are clearly outlined against the gray sky of 1886. At this time Iowa is forty years old. The tangled threads of four decades of striving have been woven into an enduring fabric. The weavers have never rested. The trail blazers and sod breakers with their heavy axes and long plows have given way to the crusaders setting up their rival spires at the cross roads. The volunteers have cemented the Union with shrapnel. They are building big red barns and little white schoolhouses. The sprawling links of the transportation systems are united. Commerce is in the hands of the sons of adventurers. The

prophet of that era is the most commanding figure of the day. The spirit of that colorful period of state making, its tremendous urge for physical development, the earnest moral sentiment that glorified every movement, is personified in James S. Clarkson.

The time is at hand for a different outlook and preparation for still grander things. The new governor brings into the picture some of the freshness and freedom of his beloved hills. His heart has been kept young by the green and gold of the pines and the oaks. He has gathered wisdom from the ripple of the brook as it hurries adown the stony valley past his mill. It is a large grist that awaits him as he takes over the Capitol mill, and he is prepared. William Larrabee is in dead earnest.

Naturally the sparks fly in this busy workshop. The clashes are inevitable. Signs are not wanting of a cleavage that will widen with the years. Differences of temperament, of training, of purpose, of environment, of viewpoint, account for the somewhat startling divergence of the major lines of influence.

I would feel ill at ease if, in even this meager mention of the two commanding figures of the era that I first contacted, I did not pause to pay tribute to at least two others whose influence will never be made of record. I have in mind two women. Iowa is rich in its heritage from noble women. Here and now as in the heroic days one needs must search for the woman if he would measure all the springs of action that move the world. I knew both of these women of Iowa well. I can add personal testimony to their nobility of character—the wife of "Ret" Clarkson and the wife of William Larrabee. Grand representatives of the very best there is in womanhood, devoted and loyal, ever helpful, ever inspiring, ever gracious and lovable. But if I should make a list of others of their kind, O how long it would be. I am glad the inspiring features of these two women I have named are preserved in this fine portrait gallery of the State Historical Department. I glance along the walls and can say truthfully that—even though my years are not many—I personally knew fully half of those who are here shown.

The lines to which I have referred run parallel all the way down the corridors of the temple of history. They measure the cycles. They mark the pathway of progress. Memory sweeps swiftly over the intervening years. The period is but one tick of the great chronometer as it registers the seconds of the first day of the centuries our commonwealth must endure. I feel, rather than see, that bubbling of public sentiment that compels readjustment of the machinery of government which goes on all the time. It was my glorious privilege to stand at the station of the interpreter to make record of what has been done to solve the problems of these years.

The panorama is colorful, thrilling, at times gripping with interest. Able men of Iowa are drafted for legislative, executive and judicial duties. I see many splendid men swept into the legislative arena that they may take a hand in code revision. I see others developed and

broadened by the fierce contentions that grow out of problems of commerce, trade, agriculture, education, the home. I confess myself annoyed when I meet the supercilious sneer of some sensation monger who knows no other way to magnify the present than to minimize the past. I resent the attitude of mind that pictures the period of so-called factionalism as dull and unproductive. I, for one, gloried in the spirit that drove strong men into intense rivalry, and sometimes fierce antagonism; but out of which came the setting of precedents that will long influence the course of history. The men of the period I have just barely mentioned were and are worthy sons of Iowa. They were of the race of the pioneers. They or their fathers got their athletic training with an axe and a bull whip. They held unframed diplomas as McGuffeyites. Theirs was the church of the best licks. Their politics was a compound moulded in caucuses and fighting conventions.

Certainly it would not have been worth my time nor yours to have disturbed the dust of the upper shelves but for the fact that the period of which I have been speaking affords a convenient starting point for one who would undertake to appraise the values that have touched Iowa life in the past half century. Always the break with custom seems at the time to be cruel. The man of vision ever struggles with the dull inertia of tradition. States, like republics, are in the process of being made and made over. Only an autocracy is a finished product. And it would not have been worth while to have adverted to the gallery of newspaper men, but for the fact that they have had a very large part in the shaping of legislation and in the formation of public sentiment that is the only sure foundation for enduring laws. And what a grand and glorious galaxy of journalists Iowa has had.

From the vantage point of a reporter's desk it was my privilege and my delight in more than a dozen legislative sessions to watch the passing parade and to endeavor to interpret it to the reading public. A mere catalogue of the men and the women who have played noble parts on this stage would be too long for this occasion. Some day when the story of Iowa in the last quarter of the Nineteenth Century and the first quarter of the Twentieth, is written, it will be read with absorbing interest by the lovers of that splendid commonwealth whose affections, as has been said, like the rivers of her borders flow on to an inseparable union.

The next speaker was Constant R. Marks of Sioux City who was a representative in the Thirteenth General Assembly, 1870. He told of his birth in New England, his education there, his service from there in the Union Army, of his removal to Sioux City in 1868 to practice law, of his stumping Woodbury County that year for Grant, and of his election the next year to represent the Sixty-seventh District composed of Woodbury, Plymouth, Sioux, O'Brien, Lyon and Osceola counties, as member of

the House. He then characterized in a delightful way some of the members of the House of that session who were then or afterward became famous—John A. Kasson, Joshua G. Newbold, John Y. Stone, M. E. Cutts, John F. Lacey, John P. Irish, James Wilson and Henry O. Pratt. Concerning the famous contest for the appropriation for the building of the new Capitol he spoke as follows:

Shortly after the organization of Iowa Territory in 1838 the capital was located at Iowa City, a town created by the Territorial Assembly, and entered in the name of the territory.

In the fall of 1857, the capital was removed to Des Moines, and the building in which the state government was located was a very plain two-story brick structure, donated by some of the citizens of Des Moines as an inducement for the removal. It was a very plain, unpretentious structure, just barely large enough for the assembly rooms of the Senate and House of Representatives in the second story and the state officers on the main floor. It was not regarded as a permanent home for the state government.

The Civil War came on and absorbed the energies of the state government until after its close. The citizens of Des Moines felt that the erection of an adequate building for the state capitol would permanently fix that city as the permanent seat of government. It was not then in 1869 of such a relative size in comparison with the other cities as to make its location permanent.

The river towns of Dubuque, Clinton, Davenport, Burlington, Muscatine, and Keokuk could hardly expect its removal east again, but were jealous of the prestige it would give Des Moines to be made the permanent capital, as were several of the inland cities, such as Marshalltown, Cedar Rapids, Iowa City, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, Council Bluffs, and Sioux City to some extent.

The people of Des Moines decided to make the fight that year and selected their best men as their representatives. B. F. Allen then at the zenith of his power was elected senator and John A. Kasson and G. W. Jones as their representatives. Mr. Kasson had been a congressman for several terms, was a consummate parliamentarian, and was selected to lead the fight in the House of Representatives.

They secured the election of Aylett R. Cotton, then of Clinton, as speaker, who was favorable to their measure, and in the appointment of committees got those favorable to the proposed permanent capitol on the capitol committee. The whole city of Des Moines from the humble newsboy up were ardent boosters for the capitol bill in season and out of season. Members were entertained at parties at private homes, and so enthusiastic were the entertainers for the capitol bill that they could not refrain from using the occasion to electioneer for the measure.

One great party was given by Senator B. F. Allen at his then new elegant home, since purchased by Fred M. Hubbell.

I recall an occasion when Adjutant General Nathaniel B. Baker got three members at his office on Saturday afternoon and loaded us up with copies of his reports and followed us up town stopping occasionally on the street to tell us some more about the news of a new capitol, while the newsboys and others looked on and remarked to us that we were certainly going to vote for the capitol bill. We were all three from the northwest. I represented six counties, had been in the state but a little over a year when nominated for the office of representative at a convention I had not heard of until someone told me of my nomination. Des Moines was good enough for me from the beginning and I did not share in the prejudices of the other cities.

In the Senate the measure was first passed, and sent to the House for final action in the form of a bill making an appropriation of in all \$1,500,000 for the erection of a new capitol building. Jones and Kasson of Des Moines sat beside each other and their names succeeded each other at every roll call, and it was soon manifest that on almost every contested measure one of these men would vote "aye" and the other "no," even on some school district legalizing act. In my judgment it put the capitol bill on too low a plane.

Then as now the pastors of the different Des Moines churches officiated alternately as chaplains of the Senate and House. In some way an enthusiastic preacher with no regular charge got on the list and on his morning in the House prayed among other things "that the Lord would give these legislators wisdom to vote for a new capitol that would be worthy of the dignity of the great state of Iowa." It caused much amusement and comment. The next morning after the opening prayer and commencement of the regular business Pat Gibbons from Keokuk, one of the wags of the House arose in his seat and very solemnly and with his richest Irish brogue, as was his wont when he had some mischief to perpetrate, and holding in his hand a paper said, "Mr. Speaker, I have a resolution I wish to offer." A messenger boy came to his desk and took the paper. Gibbons spoke again, "Will the clerk read the resolution," which he did as follows: "Resolved that hereafter the chaplain be required to pray for bills in their regular order as they stand on the calendar." This was not the only occasion when Pat Gibbons punctured a bubble with a resolution.

When a bill requiring railroads to keep their right of way clear of Canadian thistles was before the House, and the farmers were indulging in a lengthy debate on the general subject of thistles, Pat had another resolution to offer to the effect that "Canadian thistles are hereby abolished from the state of Iowa" remarking, "If the legislature of the great state of Iowa could not abolish a little thing like the Canadian thistle they better adjourn and go home." It terminated the debate.

One incident excited considerable comment. An obscure member said

he had been approached with an offer to be entertained by the finest looking woman in the city of Des Moines if he would vote for the capitol bill. He was attracted by the proposition and continued the negotiations. He was being watched by an enemy of the bill and quizzed, and admitted some offer had been made. A motion was made to appoint a committee to investigate the matter, but the investigation was finally dropped as the man making the offer could not be located.

Many members were personally favorable to building a new capitol and settling the agitation, but public agitation at their home towns had created a sort of public sentiment against the measure which they thought they should regard, and that they should vote against it.

Noses had been counted and it was thought the measure could be called up for passage on a certain day, and everything was ready on that day, but the member Dunne from Jackson County did not appear in his seat. He had agreed to vote for the measure, but if his vote was the one to carry it he would change to "no" before the count was announced. The Catholic priest at Des Moines was an enthusiastic supporter of the measure and was specially charged with keeping Dunne in line. The priest was appealed to and the voting that day postponed. After considerable search Dunne was found sitting or hiding under the river bank which then was rough and uncanny, affording many secret nooks. He had been afraid to face the music and had taken a day off. The next morning Dunne was on hand in his seat at the rear outer row with the rail separating the members' seats from the narrow public lobby behind him, and there stood that Catholic priest virtually to keep Dunne in line. The stage was set for the act, noses had been counted and the measure was taken up and the calling of the roll began and many beside the clerk were keeping tab as the roll was called. Dunne voted "aye." Dumont, an enthusiastic individual, with a seat about half way up on the center aisle also voted "aye" on the agreement that if with his vote it had but fifty-one votes in favor he would, before the result was announced change his vote to "no." The call of the roll proceeded and it just had fifty-one votes, not yet announced. Dunne in his rear seat arose excitedly and shouted, "Mr. Speaker," to be pulled down by the priest, and struggling to arise and shouting, "Mr. Speaker." Dumont in the center aisle was on his feet shouting, "Mr. Speaker," while a member placed at his side was trying to dissuade him. Satterthwait from Mount Pleasant, who had a seat well up in front, who had promised to change his vote from "no" to "aye" in case it had at the end of the roll call already received fifty-one votes, was apparently more deliberate in arising and addressing "Mr. Speaker." He had a member beside him as prompter. Here were three members shouting "Mr. Speaker."

The speaker, Aylett R. Cotton of Clinton, a good parliamentarian, favorable to the bill, recognized the one nearest him, Mr. Satterthwait, who changed his vote and made it a total of fifty-two, and the speaker at once announced the vote and declared the bill adopted. It was a close

vote. Dumont was at once on his feet claiming he had not been recognized before and made a motion to reconsider, some one objected but it was suggested that Dumont having voted for the measure had a right to make the motion. Kasson was ready for this unforeseen move and had a few votes pledged, who had voted against the measure, to vote against a reconsideration. I think one from Dubuque. Mr. Kasson in his smooth, suave way indicated that it was Mr. Dumont's right to make such a motion and that it could go to a vote at once, instead of postponing it (when some of the forces favorable were absent), a vote was had and the motion to reconsider was lost, and the state had voted to build a capitol to cost not exceeding one and one-half million dollars.

The actual voting and motion to reconsider occupied not more than an hour but it was tense while it lasted. Des Moines was jubilant and every one was glad it was over with.

The secretary read letters from absent members who acknowledged their invitations, but could not attend: Rev. H. O. Pratt, Cedar Rapids; Robert M. Wright, Fort Dodge; John H. Darrah, Kansas City, Mo.; E. W. Weeks, Guthrie Center (written from Fort Reno, Okla.); G. N. Haugen, Washington, D. C.; Burton E. Sweet, Waverly; Nicholas Balkema, Sioux Center; J. C. Beem, Waterloo; F. P. Greenlee, Red Oak; Leslie E. Francis, Riverside, Calif.; F. O. Hinkson, Stuart (written from Miami, Fla.); John Lister, Conrad; F. F. Jones, Villisca; D. D. Webster, Muscatine; C. J. Fulton, Fairfield; George A. Ide, Creston; Thomas E. Johns, Des Moines; H. O. Weaver, Wapello; I. B. Richman, Muscatine; and C. N. Jepson, Sioux City. (Since the meeting letters of regret have come from M. H. Calderwood, Eldridge; Charles Carter, Pasadena, Calif.; Frank F. Merriam, Long Beach, Calif.; J. F. Morris, Pasadena, Calif.; and Horace M. Towner, San Juan, Porto Rico.)

A. B. Funk, on behalf of the committee on nomination of officers, made the following report:

President, George M. Titus; vice president, E. C. Roach; secretary, David C. Mott; vice presidents by districts—First, J. O. Cruickshank; Second, O. A. Byington; Third, J. C. Beem; Fourth, R. T. St. John; Fifth, John Lister; Sixth, Perry Engle; Seventh, A. V. Proudfoot; Eighth, F. M. Laird; Ninth, Thomas H. Smith; Tenth, Frederic Larrabee; Eleventh, Robert Hunter. The report was adopted and the above named gentlemen were declared elected for the coming biennium.

It was moved by Mr. Titus and seconded by Mr. Funk that

the appropriations committee of the present session be requested to increase the amount available for the Association's expenses from one hundred dollars to two hundred dollars, which motion carried.

The association then adjourned, the members to assemble at the State House. Some twenty-five of the members lunched together at the State House, after which they with others assembled in the rotunda and at two o'clock they were met by a committee of a joint session of the Forty-third General Assembly and conducted to seats in the House Chamber. Lieutenant Governor McFarlane presided. Representative E. A. Elliott and Senator Joseph R. Frailey welcomed the Pioneer Lawmakers in the following speeches:

SPEECH OF WELCOME

By E. A. ELLIOTT

Mr. President, Members of the Pioneer Lawmakers, Members of the Forty-third General Assembly, and Friends: We who serve in the legislative halls today wish to express to you a hearty greeting and extend to these Pioneer Lawmakers a most cordial welcome. In doing this we are only welcoming you to your own. These halls were yours. To these desks you have a right prior to ours. Long before those who are engaged in active work today had any thought of being your successors you were engaged in the business of making laws for the state of Iowa, and the peace and good order, the happiness and the general prosperity of the people of Iowa are evidences of the fact that you did your work well. And today we point with pride to the laws of our state and to the men who laid the foundation of this commonwealth and enacted the laws that have put Iowa to the front in morality and literacy and those things which go to make a commonwealth really and truly strong and great.

One has said "Show me the laws of a state and I will tell you the quality of its people and its institutions—and show me the people of the state and I will tell you the quality of its laws—for no man is greater than the law." Under the laws of this state were developed such men as Jones, Harlan, Kirkwood, Allison, Dolliver, Cummins and Byers—men lifted up to the emergencies of the time—men who shed luster and honor on territory and state—men such as we have with us as our guests today. Man's greatest work for mankind is to plant that others may reap. He who selfishly gathers to himself the benefit of all he does has not learned the golden rule, or any other rule that responds to the best demands of the world in which he lives.

Pioneer Lawmakers, the work that you did twenty years ago and more still stands, and we are glad to have you with us here today, and

we only ask that we be present to sit at your feet as Paul sat at the feet of Gamaliel to learn words of wisdom. We give you much credit for the progress that has been made along the lines of education of the youth in our state. I was very much interested a few years ago in hearing an old pioneer tell about the limited educational advantages when he was a boy. He said in those days they learned their ABC's in this way: he said the teacher wrote the letter "A" on the blackboard, then he asked the boy what that was. Of course he didn't know. With a slap on the side of the head the teacher said "That is 'A'. * * *

We sincerely hope that your visits to these halls may long continue—that your presence will always be a benediction—and that finally all may answer to the roll call in the Great Assembly beyond. Again I wish to express a hearty greeting and extend to one and all a most cordial welcome.

SPEECH OF WELCOME

By JOSEPH R. FRATLEY

Members of the Pioneer Lawmakers' Association, and Ladies and Gentlemen: It is my heartfelt privilege and pleasure, and more than that, honor, on behalf of the Senate of the Forty-third General Assembly, to extend to you veterans here a most hearty welcome in our midst. Meetings of this character mean much, not only to this General Assembly, but to the people, and the history of the state. It is well to go back into the past sometimes, and it is indeed a happy occasion when we can have with us the builders of the past who made possible the present. Eighty-three years as history counts time is but an instant in eternity, and yet this state in which we live and of which we are so proud is only just about to celebrate its eighty-third birthday. You men who sit here today with us, former members of the General Assembly, occupied chairs in these two halls in an uncertain and formative period of our history. It is, as it were, that you are the break between the infancy of the state and the commonwealth of today, and I do not think that any place in the history of any state in this Union is there a more romantic history than this. Beginning at the time of the first settlements upon the Ohio, and the Mississippi, with the settlements of Kentucky and Virginia and Pennsylvania, and then a few years later, after the river valleys became dotted with settlements—which are now cities—again back to New England, and the Ohio, and the men and women from Illinois and Indiana, and that procession over this country in the covered wagons into the prairies of the west—until at last the settlement of Iowa was achieved. And today, as a result of that settlement, we have the best and finest love and traditions of any people in this world. * * * No place in this great country of ours is a civilization wrought by that type of people more characteristic than it is in this state of Iowa. You are the men who saw miracles accomplished. The day of log cabins and covered wagons is gone. The day of the early development was yours. And it is from you men, who in your day and

generation laid the foundation of our government and our traditions and ideals, for no government and no ideals and no traditions can long exist unless the corner stone for them has been laid firm and true. You are the men who laid the corner stone. You are the builders of the ark. It is for us to take the torch from your hand and carry on—and then to leave it with credit and luster and honor to those who will follow on. That is what you have accomplished for the state of Iowa, and we are here today to do you honor and to thank you for your accomplishment, and to wish you many more years of health and prosperity and happiness.

The gavel was then turned over to former governor George W. Clarke, who presented as the principal speaker for the association former senator C. H. Van Law.

THE AMERICAN PIONEER

By C. H. VAN LAW

The American Pioneer commands the admiration and merits the appreciation of our civilization for the distinctive contribution he has made in the conquest of a continent and in the upbuilding of a nation of the first order. No difficulties to him were deemed insurmountable, no dangers unnerved him, no hardships deterred him. The comforts of the old established fireside were as dear to him as to any, but the lure of the great, undeveloped lands which lay in the course of the setting suns mastered him and inspired his soul for the conquest of the wilderness, the untilled prairies of a continent teeming with the fertility of a virgin soil and the hidden wealth of its mountain wastes. With the challenge to do for generations yet unborn ringing in his soul, and with freedom in his every action, independence and high purpose possessed him as he sought out the tasks of his day and builded for the future. His masterful character knew no distinction of nationality in his companionship and lay claim to no distinction of class, save in comradeship of task and purpose. His soul had been born beyond the seas. When Abraham dreamed his dreams and turned his face toward the promises of a glowing west in high hope and in quest of a homeland, was the soul of the pioneer brought forth and was its westward way taken up. Since that far-off day has its "westward ho" sung, its vibrant challenge to kindred spirits and lured the courageous beyond seas, over mountain fastnesses, through forests, across desert wastes to the lands of promise, with home and country as its goal, and the satisfaction of achievements attained as its reward.

Through the cycling centuries men have purposed to do, and in doing they have found courage to die. Through the ages have men dreamed and have gone to an early grave in an effort to make their dreams come true. So long as the human heart shall yearn to know, so long shall the will of man dare to enter into the unknown. What of the peril to body if the conquest of the infinite is advanced! What of the domination of

men in high places, if the lowly of earth be exalted! What of the wrack upon the way to liberty if men are but made free! What of the ignominy and ridicule of the pretentious bigot, if the ignorance of the masses be abolished. As, through the ages of darkness and superstition, truth has triumphed over the false, tolerance over intolerance, judgment over passion, fraternity over class prejudice, learning over ignorance; it has been the courage of his soul that has led the way.

In the onward march of the achievements of our civilization, the greed of gain and power have ever and anon winnowed the weak elements from the ranks of men. In the progress of the race the pioneer has ever followed closely the skirmish line of civilization, to become indeed the pioneer of progress. Since the dawn of time, whence men emerged from the mysterious past, the spirit of his genius has led him westward through the cycling ages, and ever to a higher realization of his majesty and power and domain over the resisting environments with which he has contended. Seas and mountains, tempest-tossed and storm-beaten, have baffled the imbecile only to send forth into the wilderness and to far-off lands the courageous and indomitable elements of the race. It has ever been the Trojan spirit, inspired by an unconquerable courage and purpose, that has broken the ties of native land to build in untrammelled freedom institutions under the sway of which man might realize an unfettered liberty. An Aeneas gazes upon the ruins of his native land, and the memory of its departed heroes stirs within him the high and noble purpose to build beyond the seas an empire that will conquer and rule the world. The band of heroes that gathered about him fear not the dangers of the way, and less heed the adversities of fortune. The accident opens to them as the broad gateway of opportunity, a gateway bow-crowned with its promises. Cherishing the traditions of a highborn race, they launch forth to lay the foundations of the seven-hilled city, the mistress of the ancient world.

Ages roll on and from a civilization builded upon the revivals of that magical Roman power, reinforced by the customs of a freedom-loving race—a pilgrim band takes its course in a frail bark to the shores of a new continent and to a larger freedom than man had yet known. As the curtain thus lifted upon a new world the fire of hope burned anew upon the altars of progress and awakened the yearnings of men for a larger freedom and a clearer field. Bewildered by feudal lord to dominance in servitude and a despotism that shackled the conscience as a nightmare, the pioneer souls of men took on a new vision. Pilgrim and Huguenot, Cavalier and Covenanter counted not the costs in hardships and perils of sea, nor privations and dangers of wilderness to seek out the shores of this great continent in quest for a new land and new opportunity. True to the ideals which moved them, inspired them, bade them hold fast and endure, the foothold of a new nation was established on these American shores.

The compact formed within the hold of a lone wanderer of the sea proclaimed in the western world a new political and religious status for

man. Generation upon generation, epoch follows epoch, triumph and defeat, and, at last, triumph. That compact of limited application in a little more than a century and a half—amplified and systematized—had become a great political compact, under the sway of which has arisen the Great Republic of the world, extending its protecting power over a broad continent and to distant islands of the sea until the emblem that symbolizes its sovereignty has become to the races of liberty-seeking men a pillar of fire by night and a pillar of cloud by day. Slowly but surely the scroll unrolls, a nation is born, a people is established and America is a reality. Homes, schools, churches, comfort and solace, tasks and inspiration for the tasks. The American Pioneer has come into his own. It is his crowning achievement, his eternal glory, his lasting reward.

We contemplate broad, expanding, fertile fields, fruitful and bounteous in the service of man, thriving cities and teeming life. Wealth in the establishments of industry, comforts and conveniences in the mechanism of ingenious man; enlightenment for all through schools and universities; sustaining power through the ministries of a gospel of brotherhood, faith and love; liberty and law, guarantees in person and property, freedom of conscience, equality of opportunity and liberty in action. These full-rounded achievements for the supreme happiness of our day and generation have been bought for a price. A heritage that is ours to keep!

Pride in achievement—industrial success—inventions that amaze, and minister to our convenience beyond comprehension and appraisal of value. Triumphs over time and space. Understanding born of learning; happiness in home and community life; aspirations to still further penetrate the mysteries of the Infinite; freedom of thought and action, friendship and tolerance; all for one and one for all; one level of life and opportunity, equality, fraternity, justice.

The American Pioneer has led the way, has championed the cause, has furthered the development and wrought far better than from his humble horizon he may have assumed to dream. His day and succeeding decades have each brought their trophies along the way to lay them in the hand of their successors, to carry on.

Their triumphs come to us as our obligation, their efforts and unstinted sacrifice invoke our pledge of devotion to the responsibilities of our time.

No words of praise can compass the obligation of that pledge. No faltering can answer the call of tomorrow. It remains alone for each succeeding generation of America's children to reflect the fortitude, endurance, high purpose and love of liberty of their ancestry and work out through the succeeding years the works they, the American Pioneers, have so nobly advanced.

Civilizations have hitherto come forth to grandeur, comforts and luxuries, wrought from necessity and frugality. The havoc of indolence and debauchery have worked their ruin, and the abiding places of these

scenes and successes have been succeeded by desolation and despair—their lonely haunts echo through their silent remains the wail of departed glory. The winds of time have scattered the ashes of those who joyed and sorrowed in triumph or defeat. The admonition of their story hangs across the pathway of the generations of men. The cycle of the ages murmurs a warning of the destinies of the nations as empires crumble and pass, and in passing leave only the tracery of their greatness in the processes of the suns.

So long as the vestal fires burned in pristine brightness upon the hearthstone of the Roman home, so long could a Livy write of the achievements of the Roman eagle—symbol of the dominion of the Empire extended from the golden milestone of her Forum to the uttermost parts of the civilized world—so long could the eloquence of a Cicero and the lyrics of a Virgil stir the soul of a nation. But when the putrid vice of a luxurious life wrought its desolation and decay of the home ideals of the nation, her greatness faded and her dominion passed from her. May the admonition of her fate and fortune bear its full measure of significance to the nations of earth in these days of vaunted achievement.

Are we patriotic—do we scan the horizon of the time to discover the storms that may wreck our fortunes and to discover the hidden rocks that may bring disaster to the “charge to keep we have”? Then let the dedication of our lives to the tasks of our time bring to the altar of our country’s service, virtue, love and faith. Virtue in a preserved vigor and resourceful manhood, love in our devotion to duty, and faith in the Providence over all and in all for an abiding good, the doing of righteousness, the establishment of justice and the realization of a world-wide, far flung fraternity of men and nations. In this let the American home, the object of primal devotion of the American Pioneer, be the threshold and harbinger of the nurtured innocence of childhood and the bulwark of a matured manhood. Let the American public school and its accessories, kindergarten and university be the handmaid of enlarged and realized opportunity and progress. Let the institutions of conscience and devotion to sacred ideals be the guide and companion, comforter and inspiration of the lives of men. Then will the American Pioneer have found worthy successors in his posterity and these institutions have served their mission in the guidance and inspiration of a great people to a lasting civilization.

A continent replete with resources, resplendent in the possibilities of service—a people self-controlled and sustained in all things good, meting out to the generations of men as they come and go a happiness earned, a goal of lasting peace.

May the ideals our pioneer fathers cherished be held sacred, the aspirations they nurtured become our inspiration, and the institutions they developed and the industrial progress they achieved become and abide our trust as they are our heritage!

To the American Pioneer we thus pay our tribute of praise and ap-

preciation and accept the commitment of the tasks unfinished, as we seek to carry on. And if we would pay lasting honor to his memory, may such be found in our loyal devotion to his ideals and an unstinted measure of effort in the consummation of his dreams that remain unrealized.

Fortunate our lot who have found home and opportunity within this great mid-continent valley—the scene of so much of the labors of the American Pioneer and within which lies so much of possibility in the onward march of our civilization!

Its countryside and urban centers teem with life, born of the soul of those pioneers who here laid the foundations of our institutions and initiated the fruition of its resources. With loyalty to their unfinished tasks, may we take up the labors of our day and preserve that which they established for good, and carry on to consummation and larger realization that which they so well began. Commonplace things may engage our thought, but let us not overlook the fact that many of these commonplace factors are as they were cardinal elements of strength in the processes of our progress.

The home of our childhood is the anchorage of our manhood. Refinements and luxurious appointments may embellish the place where we live, but such do not and cannot supplant the vitalizing power of the home ties born of affection. Home is the cradle of youth and the comfort of advancing years, within which circle in companionship men and women may build a miniature nation in orderly living and mutual services for time and eternity—a dwelling place where motherhood reigns supreme and where childhood awakens to life's responsibilities. Where mother's kitchen is not limited to the use of a can opener, but where the oft-replenished cooky jar, or a mound of warm, fresh doughnuts extend their invisioned appeal out to the street—to the school ground or to other places of boyhood rendezvous, and draw with magic potency to that home. The anticipated joy, the enraptured shout of realization—mother's larder has not been neglected. "Mother, may I have two?" "Yes, son, you may have two." "Mother, may I have three?" "Now, son, why three?" "Well, mother, Bud is outside—he don't have a mother at home to make cookies for him." "Well, son, take four." Home, home, sweet home! Like bands of steel the cords of affection stretch across the years to bind men to home and mother. And the blessings of mother send her boy across the threshold of her home to bear her generosity and helpfulness to his companions in life and bridge the chasm of human need through his services to his fellow man.

"There's a spot in his heart which no colleen may own,
There's a depth in his soul never sounded or known;
There's a place in his memory, his life, that you fill—
No other can take it—no one ever will."

May God bless the home for which the pioneer toiled and for the protection of which he even dared to die. And may God save to us and for us and for this great nation the home life of the pioneer,

The public school, where the morning roll call makes summons to its precincts of youthful democracy the childhood of succeeding years, and lays the foundations of equality in living and arouses ambitions to achieve, provides a bulwark for liberty and fosters a fitting appreciation of the institutions under which our blessings of life are made secure. In the training of our youth, in the democratic atmosphere of our public schools, lies the assurance of an enlightened citizenship, competent to deal with the problems of state and to promote the enterprises upon which the successes of our industrial and commercial life must rely. That system furnishes a common meeting ground for the citizens of tomorrow and goes far in the erasure of all lines of class distinction. Prejudice there disappears, and self-respect and mutual confidence take their place. The friendships of the classroom and playground extend down through the years as a cement to bind together in one structure the templed citizenship of succeeding generations. Buttressed by these influences, the problems of life and of state find solution in mutual councils in the body politic. Where understanding prevails reason holds sway and judgment is enthroned.

To the public school, then, may we be ever found bringing that loyalty of support which was a dominant reflection in the life of our pioneer fathers. Supplemented by our institutions of higher learning and through their advantages, may there be realized the open door of opportunity, swinging with equal freedom to all; and with an allure-ment to all who would enter upon the larger realizations of life through the training these institutions afford. A training for usefulness, that will command by its results the provisions we are making for the ever-expanding call for enlarged facilities. Never before in our history has the call seemed so urgent, as never before has the need of better equipment for life seemed so necessary. These calls for training merge into the needs and demands of our political and social life and of the industrial world that is never satiated in its urge for conservation of wastes hitherto neglected and of economies and untouched resources hitherto unknown.

With an oncoming citizen body thus nurtured in home and trained in school, our political fortunes and industrial development face a future filled with promises of contribution to human progress and human comfort. Time will not permit the details of achievements which find display in the show window of our industrial activities. Nor would patience endure replete references to the archaic accomplishments of yesterday. The dross and wastes of today await the touch of the discoverer to reveal the sources of wealth and utilities they hold for tomorrow. Our amazement gives way to acceptance as of commonplace, as we turn to greet the announcement of new discoveries in the progress of our times.

These passing comments are but fragments of the possibilities and problems of the great civilization ushered into this western world by the pioneer life of the days that are gone. We do well to contemplate

the prospect they afford and ponder the obligations they impose; to the end that succeeding generations may review the record we may make and find that we, of this day and generation, have neither faltered nor failed in the contribution we may have made to the advancement of a civilization which represents the crowning achievement of a worthy race of pioneer men.

Former representative E. C. Roach was called and spoke as follows:

SPEECH BY E. C. ROACH

Mr. Speaker, Members of the Forty-third General Assembly: When we reflect back over the forty-one and forty-three years that have passed since the people up in Lyon County made the mistake of sending me down here there are many things for contemplation. As the ages go the interests become so complex and complicated that the legislator has a problem before him always. In those times we struggled here with the question of woman suffrage—whether the women of this commonwealth should be allowed to vote at the elections, and objection was made that if they could vote then they would be entitled to hold the offices and become legislators and executives—but now it's a pleasure to greet and congratulate the honorable member from Jackson, who is here laboring with you people. That's progress. That's evolution.

And so we say often that there are too many laws. I think that's true—but with all these various institutions that must be regulated the laws must multiply rather than diminish. There is no other way of regulating the affairs of communities and societies but by legislation—by statute—and it is for the legislator to do the best he can with the things that come before him upon which he must legislate. And then we provide judges and supreme courts to tell the people whether the legislature knew what they were doing when they passed the law.

I thank you very much for the pleasure and the honor of greeting you here this afternoon, and I say to you that you are doing better than we could do, because you have more of the progress and education and enlightenment that has come to you as you come here to perform the duties of the great commonwealth.

Senator Klemme: Mr. President, in looking over this front row of silver haired pioneer lawmakers I find one amongst the group that I served with in the Twenty-eighth and Twenty-ninth general assemblies, and it would be a great pleasure for me to listen to him once more if he is permitted to say a few words before this vast audience. His name I will give later on if he is permitted. The man's name is Van Houten—he's the man I want to hear.

Governor Clarke: I assure you it is the greatest pleasure of the Pioneer Lawmakers to give pleasure to the members of the Forty-third General Assembly, and I am pleased to call on Mr. Van Houten for a five-minute talk.

Mr. Van Houten responded eloquently and was followed by Constant R. Marks of Sioux City, who was a representative in the Thirteenth General Assembly, 1870, their speeches closely following the lines of their addresses delivered during this meeting of the Association and already set out in these proceedings. The joint assembly then adjourned.

TOWN MAKING IN IOWA IN 1837

Town making has become quite a system in the West. So successfully has it been carried on for some time past that numerous small fortunes, and not an inconsiderable number of great ones, have been made at it. The proprietors of Chicago, Alton, Peoria, in Illinois, and Milwaukee and others in Wisconsin Territory, and many in Michigan, Alabama and Mississippi, may be enumerated as belonging to the class of the very fortunate ones. But the day will soon have passed away when money will be amassed in very large quantities by proprietors of new towns in the older of the states above named. The Indian title to some millions of land more, west of the Mississippi and Missouri, must be extinguished—the tide of emigration must roll some hundreds of miles further, and subdue the wide prairie and lay low the forest, and then the town makers and land speculators will be again in their glory.—*The Western Adventurer*, Montrose, Wisconsin Territory (Iowa), August 26, 1837. (In the Newspaper Division of the Historical, Memorial and Art Department of Iowa.)