

PIONEER LAW MAKERS.

Program and addresses before the reception of the House of Representatives, March 14, 1907, to Pioneer Law-Makers' Association.

Address of welcome, Speaker Kendall.

Address, Hon. C. B. Paul.

Solo, Alice Smith Cheek.

Address, Hon. Lafayette Young.

Solo, Hon. Lot Abraham.

Address, Hon. J. C. DeMar.

Solo, Alice Smith Cheek.

Address, Hon. W. J. Moir.

Solo, Hon. Thomas Geneva.

Address, Hon. Guy A. Feely.

Solo, Alice Smith Cheek.

SPEAKER KENDALL'S ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

MR. PRESIDENT—I am sure that I but inadequately express the sentiment which occupies the heart of every member of the House of Representatives of the Thirty-second General Assembly, as I extend a most cordial welcome to the Pioneer Law Makers of Iowa.

They come to us as the worthy representatives of another epoch, as a priceless inheritance from another generation, historic for conspicuous and enduring achievement in all the important activities of life.

They emigrated to Iowa with no capital but character, with no asset but industry, with no credit but firm resolve and high purpose. They abandoned homes of comfort and luxury in the east, and, adopting the memorable suggestion of Horace Greeley, even before it was offered, they sought the unbroken prairies, the undefiled streams, the unexplored forests of the "Beautiful Land" to contribute their share toward the establishment of an empire west of the Mississippi river. They have witnessed its development from a feeble frontier settlement into the proudest commonwealth beneath the Stars and Stripes. They have seen its population, its wealth, its manufactures, its mines, its agriculture, its schools, its churches, and its homes multiply and remultiply into imperial grandeur; and, as they now approach the twilight of life, they may observe the great State for which they have sacrificed so much, at the very climax of national prestige and power, at the very zenith of domestic progress and prosperity.

We are proud to greet them this afternoon, to felicitate them upon the length of their days, and to invoke for each of them at the last and final benediction: "Well done, good and faithful servant."

ADDRESS OF HON. C. B. PAUL.

Mr. Speaker, Honored Guests, Fellow Members of this House, and you, Ladies and Gentlemen, whose presence here denotes your interest in these exercises:

It seems singularly fitting to me that we should set aside a portion of time from the deliberations of this House in order to extend words of greeting to these honored citizens who more than a quarter of a century ago were intrusted with the performance of duties similar to ours.

Fortunate have we been as a nation, in that we have set aside certain days commemorating important events in the nation's history as holidays, that the people might abstain from their usual form of employment and engage themselves as these occasions suggest. Far more important than this, in cultivating love of country and wholesome veneration for our institutions has been the marked disposition of our people to form themselves into various voluntary patriotic societies and associations such as yours. While we may attempt to inculcate a spirit of patriotism by the enactment of stringent statutes, by argument from pulpit and platform and by formal teaching in our public schools, for genuine contagious enthusiasm we must look to such fraternal bodies as the one we entertain today.

Venerable legislators, you have indeed been spared to us from that passing generation which met the peculiar conditions incident to the settlement and growth of this great State. To you was imposed the duty of responding to your country's call in the hour of her deepest tribulation. Strangely significant has it been to me that out of the membership of this General Assembly, only a few wear that little bronze button, the insignia of the Grand Army of the Republic. How eminently proper is it then that some of your number should appear before us today out of the abundance of your experience, offer messages of counsel and advice.

It was given to you as pioneer law makers to establish the "land marks" of legislation, beyond the bounds of which we should not pass. In your far-seeing wisdom, you gave to us educational institutions whose growth and progress must have exceeded your fondest expectations; penal institutions for detention and reformation, which are models of their kind; asylums and schools for our unfortunates and defectives, which are the highest expression of the humanitarian spirit of twentieth century civilization.

You had your problems; we have ours; and future Assemblies will have theirs. The "Galveston plan," or the "Indianapolis system" of city government did not disturb you as they do us, by day and by night. The railroad pass had not begun its insidious and subtle inroads upon the foundations of our commonwealth, nor had vast organizations of corporate wealth made their attack upon the superstructure. The citizens of your day were not so solicitous of their civic rights and privileges that they arose in their might, demanding ingenious combinations whereby

the individual voter might in the highest degree express his political ideas, unfettered. Rather, I presume, you were occupied with problems of paper money, and that "red dog" and "wild cat" were familiar terms in your legislative vocabulary. The temperance question, then as now, was a "paramount issue," and when these measures passed to the third reading, no doubt even pioneer law makers felt themselves called to the corridors to "see a man," or sought the comfort and congenial society of the cloak room. These vexatious questions of yours are well summed up in the petition of an itinerant preacher before an early assembly when he prayed: "O Lord, give us sound currency, pure water and an undefiled religion; Amen."

In that early day there might have been some difference in the moral standards of a man as a legislator and the same individual as a private citizen, for the story has been handed down of one who exclaimed in the exuberance of his victory at the polls:

"Be it known from shore to shore
That I am a Methodist no more.

To you who are assembled, we extend a hearty welcome, and, as we grasp your hand in fellowship, may we come into fuller realization of the beautiful sentiment—"Iowa"—the affection of her people, like the river of her borders, flow on to an inseparable union." As I look into the faces of you today, who are nearing the end of life's tollsome journey, I see the evidence of peace, honor and happiness. You testify to lives well lived and duties faithfully performed. To me you bring an inspiration best expressed in another's words:

"Let me but live my life from year to year
With forward face and unreluctant soul,
Not mourning for the things that disappear, or holding
Back in fear from what the future veils,
But with a whole and happy heart what pays its toll
To youth and age and travels on with cheer.
So let the way wind up hill or down,
The journey will be joy,
Still seeking what I sought when but a boy,—
New friendship, high adventure and a crown,—
My heart will keep the courage of the quest
And hope the road's last turn will be the best."

ADDRESS OF HON. LAFE YOUNG.

MR. SPEAKER AND GENTLEMEN—I trust that I shall not so far forget myself as to occupy your time so late in the afternoon. It is worth while to be a Pioneer Law Maker just to hear Mrs. Cheek and Lot Abraham sing. While I consent to be classed with the Pioneer Law Makers, I would not have you infer that I was a schoolmate with Black Hawk, or playmate with Wapello, or that I ever went fishing with Mahaska. These pioneers are beyond my time, but in a sense I might be called a pioneer. My biography has never been related, but I confess this afternoon to have been born in Monroe township, Monroe county, Iowa,—the county so ably represented by your Speaker, and so ably represented by the presiding officer

of the Pioneer Law Makers' Association. If you want to know anything about my previous career, I refer to these testimonials. (Laughter).

It is good to have been born on the prairie; it is an education to watch the roses grow in front of the farms as the only indication that you are going to have company; it is inspiring to wait two weeks for the older member of the family to go to market into Missouri, where the oldest boy upon one occasion came back with a beard that he did not take away with him. (Laughter). You could even welcome the colporteur, generally a nuisance, but so glad were we to see some one who could bring you tidings from the great outside world. It was interesting to see the great roll or package that the head of the family brought home when he came from the river, the only market,—the Mississippi. A roll of upper leather, and rolls of sole leather, some shoe tacks and wax ends and awls, and all the equipment necessary to clothe and foot the family, and lucky indeed was the youth who drew the red top boots from the family factory. It was good to attend these log school house meetings, where patches were no disgrace; in fact they were the uniform of the neighborhood, and where to have your best girls, with blushes, poorly dissembled, tell you that you had a letter in the postoffice. (Laughter.) It is good to have been on the prairies in the beginning. On the old farm you usually found an old sorrel, the most faithful of all beasts of burden on the place. He would bear upon his broad back all the children that would go to the neighboring thicket plugging, and who could get away from a yellow jacket's nest without any special demoralization, and he would live content upon bright upland hay or consume without complaint the illy cured hay of the swamp, or the bottomland; the old sorrel would work on uncomplainingly with a mule; would take the family to far distant meetings and bring them home safely, the type of fidelity. If there is a heaven for horses, the old sorrel of the old farm of the old time is there. Upon each of these old farms in a family of boys, there was usually one good boy—one to five sometimes was the ratio—that one was the first to get up in the morning to dress his younger brothers and sisters; he was the one of all who never left his plow shoes in the center of the room for his mother to stumble over; the one who never forgot to see that there was wood in the box with which to cook meals before going to the field; that one of the family who never forgot to match a piece of calico when he went to the far distant trading place, and never forgot to bring the neighbors' mail, as well as our own. This type of sterling young manhood was the chief honor and glory of the prairies; the one unalloyed product of standard coin and value; and when the days of the war came, when Abraham Lincoln called for men, he was the first to go; this favorite of the home; this leader of the flock, and, leaving his mother standing in the doorway suppressing a tear in the interest of the cause that she knew that he was to fight for. He marched away to the music of the Union, to be a sacrifice upon the altar of liberty. And, when the smoke of battle cleared, and the dead were reckoned, he was found with broken musket in his hand, beyond the last rampart dead upon the field of battle;—dead in the cause of human liberty.

This it was to be a pioneer.

The Creator, who has tempered the wind to the shorn lamb, has placed

the gentle breeze of the inland sea of the far east, weaving itself about green islands and small mountains, where endeavor is cheap and life is illy guarded, while the north coast sailor is placed in guard of the North sea, where the winds blow and the frosts come; the man with piercing eye and whiskers to set his face against the raging storms to discover new worlds, and thus in selecting the pioneers for Iowa and to build the great west, the Creator sent hardy men to face the dangers and build the homes, and we are their descendants, and it behooves us to remember in gratitude the things they did, the lives they lived, and the names they left. Men of Iowa, you have an honored heritage; you have a name in the republic to be envied of all. Especially distinguished for nothing, we are superior in many things.

Once, when riding in a railway train with our great orator, now dead, Henry Clay Dean, a distinguished man, I asked him: "Mr. Dean, you were always known as Henry Clay Dean of Iowa. Why did you leave the State to remove to Missouri?"

Well, he said, "I will tell you. The Black Republican party came in power in Iowa; they enacted a nefarious prohibitory liquor law; there is whiskey gone. They enacted a law abolishing capital punishment (which we did); he said there is hanging gone. They are now rapidly drifting toward the universal belief in religion; there is hell gone. I tell you I won't live in a state that does not believe in whiskey, hanging and hell."

Well, this was only Dean's way of paying a compliment to the great State and its achievements. I hope you may forget, but I was a member of the General Assembly in 1874. We had but one doorkeeper to the Senate. Think what our lives were with only one doorkeeper? (Laughter). We had but one janitor, and he carried the wood for the furnace in the basement; the old Capitol was heated by a furnace, which burned wood. One janitor during that entire session! We were annoyed by but one lobbyist, and his measure failed. (Laughter). We treaded our weary way up the Capitol Hill. We met on the 11th of January, and we adjourned on the 19th of March; we thought we were doing the State some service in adjourning. (Laughter.) I was a member of a number of General Assemblies in my youthful days, and I have only been ambitious to be a member of another. I would like to be a member of a legislative body that not one member of which sought the nomination, and not one which should expect to be elected when he was nominated, and not one of whom expected to be a candidate for another term. (Laughter). Then I believe every fellow would do as he pleased, and I think in the completed judgment, unbiased by any other power, we would have good laws. We were short of committee clerks in those days. The ladies had not appeared on the scene, and, indeed, you are placed beyond the dreams of avarice, and I will not be outdone by Perry or anybody else in the compliments to the ladies. We enacted a number of laws, some of which have been repealed, (unwisely we think); some of which were not sustained by the Supreme Court. We had a new Code to begin on; it was unspotted. It was the Code of 1873, and we cut the first paragraphs out of it; we mutilated it for the first time, and it seemed like a penitentiary offense to begin making laws with a right new Code on your

desk; but we did it; other General Assemblies have done likewise, and they will continue to do it in years to come. It is no use to recount these old proceedings.

There is one thing which distinguishes our political life from that period, and that is the death of the partisan spirit. There is no fight between the parties; no bad blood; where everything was partisanship in those days, so soon after the great war, now party lines have almost been wiped out since the pacifying administration of William McKinley, followed by the satisfying administration on the same lines of the present administration, knowing no condition in man, only inquiring as to the quality of their manhood and their capability for service. That distinguishes the recent years of our political life, and it bodes well for the Republic.

In this land, the perpetuity of our affairs depends upon the loyalty of the individual, and it is well for our political perpetuity that we do not all become excited at one time. Thus we have an average of sanity, and evenness and conservatism in results; the exercising of wisdom of many minds in making our laws; but think of the old days when newspapers called men hard names simply for political reasons, and public speakers did the same. That is all dead and gone; buried in the coffin with McKinley, who held out the olive branch to the men of the south and sent men of both sections away in peace and unity from the graves of the Spanish-American dead, thus making the union in truth and in fact a union of hearts and hands.

But I have exceeded what I expected to say. I glorify the memory of the men who did things in the old days; I praise men who do things in the present time, with no desire to forget the achievements of those who have gone before. But the pioneer with his strong hand has gone. He came; he conquered. He sent a family to the farther west, and Iowa has his grave in the midst of the grand old forest a thousand miles to the west. They halted at last to rest, and while the forest echoed to the notes, they recognized the kingly coming in the tread of the pioneer. This afternoon we can honor these memories and the State by making new resolves, individually, to meet the cares and responsibilities of life and citizenship with calm judgment, dignity and honor. (Applause).

ADDRESS OF HON. J. C. DE MAR.

MR. SPEAKER AND PIONEER LAW MAKERS OF IOWA—It is with no little pleasure that we stop the wheels of legislation for a brief space of time to welcome to these halls the members of the Pioneer Law Makers' Association of Iowa. In so doing, we are but welcoming you to what is your own,—this magnificent building, these halls of marble, these desks and furnishings are, and by right ought to be, yours, for it is through your far-seeing wisdom and good judgment that they are all made so easily possible. In extending to you this word of greeting and this welcome, we do not deem it an honor to you, but all honor that may attach is ours, by being privileged so to receive you at this time. We do most sincerely honor and esteem you, our forerunners and advisers, and by so doing express to you that there is yet in our breasts a touch of nobility; for the appreciation of nobility, as we appreciate that quality in you, is the be-

ginning of nobility in the heart that so appreciates. That man who is not moved by beauty of soul and character, by noble thought and deed as viewed in others, may never hope to be himself possessed of such characteristics. So by your living example, you inspire us to grow and develop characters of worth.

Yours was the task of developing a state. The materials, you found in the rough. 'Tis true you were given at the outset materials of worth, and that the laws established by that Higher Being resulted in the admixture of sunshine, rain and heat in the proportions best suited to develop our material resources. Yet, after all, there was still required a deft hand to touch and shape into being this gem of the western states. You found this a region of forests, hills and prairies, accessible only under greatest difficulties. Now, there is hardly a locality that has not been transformed, not a locality that can not be reached by rail.

I might continue thus to dilate upon our material resources and growth indefinitely, but you have left us a heritage, more valuable than all these. A state cannot be measured by plows and houses and cattle and pianos and dollars at their disposal, but must be measured by her men. Through your wise foresight you have established for us a system of schools where children receive daily instruction—institutions for the making of men.

Fearlessly and boldly, yet with what careful consideration, you took the initiative in founding a system of laws just and equitable. You had neither prejudice nor precedent. No state has statutes better adapted to the needs of her people than has Iowa. The foundation of our laws was deeply laid, and well. How carefully was each stone placed in its niche, and all the parts of the structure firmly united by the cement of brotherly love and affection—that cement which makes us one people and one commonwealth. How carefully should we consider then, before displacing one of these stones to insert another shaped by our hands. It is not ours to attempt to improve what you have done, but rather to build on to this foundation, so grandly placed. New times have brought new conditions and, with them, new problems which we must meet. You found us in the making. It was your task to foster the institutions and industries which then were infants. Carefully and laboriously have you done this, and with what eminent success! Yet, as we would have them do, these infants have reached the adult stage, and are now giants, which still need oversight. Ours is the task of continuing the control of these creations that they may best subserve our interests. The task is no light one. Should I tell you that a giant is roaming the streets of this city, a man ninety feet in height, who weighs two hundred tons, whose feet are fourteen feet long, whose bootstraps brush the eaves of the houses, whose strides are three rods in length, the bravest of us all would blanch at the thought of meeting him, an adversary. Still his strength would be equal to but three thousand common men. We have just such beings to cope with, beside whom we are mere Lilliputians. Have we the Davids to meet such adversaries? With the courage inspired by your example, and the strength given us for humanity's sake, we hope to succeed. If we do not win, the credit will not be ours. A goodly share belongs to the mothers who have nourished us and trained us in the ways of rectitude; a goodly

share to the sisters, who inspire us by their examples of purity and nobility.

Pioneer Law Makers, again we welcome you to our halls. We are ready and glad today to sit at your feet and drink of the knowledge of which you are so bountifully supplied.

ADDRESS OF HON. W. J. MOIR.

MR. SPEAKER—In response to this very interesting and appropriate address on the part of the Association, we have connected with us ex-Senator W. J. Moir. Ex-Senator Moir, will he arise and respond.

Mr. Speaker and Members of the House of Representatives of the Thirty-second General Assembly of Iowa:

Would that I was possessed of language sufficiently eloquent to respond to the beautiful thoughts that have been given us this afternoon by your Speaker and by the gentleman who has just addressed us.

Brother Perry has made a little mistake when he said that I was a Senator. I have not that honor. But forty-five years ago I was a member of the House of Representatives, and also of the Tenth. It is a long time ago; almost so far back that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary; and I assure you, fellow Representatives, if I may be allowed that expression, that I feel a little sad today, when I stand before you here and say that I have not been able to find one single co-laborer in the Ninth General Assembly that is in the House. Brother Dugan was in the Senate the same session, and I tell you it makes me feel a little bit sad. I feel like one who treads alone some ancient hall deserted, whose lamps are dead, its garlands fled, and all but me departed. And also I am nearing my eighty-third milestone in life's journey, yet I do not feel like being very pessimistic, but I try to be young as I grow old. I am not pessimistic, like the man that Bede tells about in Minnesota, when he said his hope went dead and his mules went lame and he lost his cows in a poker game, when a hurricane came on a summer day and blew the house he lived in away, and an earthquake came when all was gone and swallowed the land the house had stood on and the tax collector come around and charged him up with a hole in the ground. (Applause.)

Mr. President, I have but recently come from Texas. I had the pleasure of spending the winter in San Antonio, or the greater part of the winter. There are many historic associations that surround San Antonio. There 176 as brave Texans as ever lived in America held 7,000 Mexicans at bay until they slew 2,000 of them, and rather than surrender, gave up their lives in defense of their state. There are many things around San Antonio that are pleasant; especially the roses in January. San Antonio has about the same population that Des Moines has, yet it does not compare with our blessed Des Moines. Texas is a great State geographically speaking. Six different flags have at different times floated over its fair domains. First, France, then Spain, then Mexico, then the Republic of Texas, then the flag of the Southern Confederacy, and now the Glorious Stars and Stripes. Texas is large geographically speaking; it is great geographically speaking. It is

twenty-one times larger than my native land, four times larger than England, twenty-one times larger than the State of Massachusetts and nearly five times larger than the State of Iowa, having 265,780 square miles, but with all its salubrious climate, with its cotton industries, its rice industries and its sugar cane industry, I would not swap any Iowa home for two homes in Texas. (Applause). I remember well the beautiful remarks that were made by our worthy Governor yesterday in his address of welcome, when he spoke so feelingly about our homes in Iowa, and he said God Almighty gave us those homes; those homes are the foundation of this State; they are the foundation of the prosperity of this State, and John Howard Paine made his name immortal when he wrote those fourteen lines of "Home, Sweet Home, be it ever so humble, there is no place like home." And W. W. Corcoran performed a glorious deed when he chartered a vessel at his own expense and went to Tunis, Africa, and exhumed the remains of John Howard Paine and took the train to Amsterdam and from that point cabled to the Secretary at Washington and there gave them burial and erected a monument and upon this monument a beautiful shaft, upon which was placed the words:

When that gentle spirit fled to realms beyond the azure dome,
With arms outstretched God's angels said welcome to Heaven's Home,
Sweet Home.

L. L. Ainsworth, by the way, one of the best legislators Iowa ever had, a Democrat and a noble one, a union Democrat when we needed union Democrats, said once at one of our meetings that he would like to have this epitaph placed upon his tombstone: "Here lies a fellow who has done many good deeds, but he was too modest to make it known." W. W. Corcoran did not think so. He thought it was wise to make known those beautiful lines of John Howard Paine. But maybe I am getting a little sober in my remarks. When I lived in Vermont I had a brother there by the name of Teasle. Teasle was a great man to collect epitaphs, and a Yankee peddler, who was pretty sharp, by the way, came along one day, and knowing his penchant for collecting epitaphs, said: "Mr. Teasle, I would like to get you up an epitaph." "All right," said Teasle, "I would like one, if you get up one better than I have got." Finally they made a bargain that the peddler was to make him up a good epitaph and he was to give him one before supper and the balance of it after breakfast, and Teasle was to furnish supper, lodging and breakfast. So he told him to give him the verse, and he went on:

"Here lies a man who died of late,
And angels around him patiently wait
With outstretched arms on wings of love
To waft him to realms above."

Old Mr. Teasle thought that was just splendid. He said to his wife: "Mary, I am going to have the best epitaph to be had, and I want you to get up the best supper for this man, give him the best bed, good water to drink, and if you have got any cider, a little of that, too, and in the morning give him the best breakfast you can get up, and she said she would do it. So, when morning came around he

says to the peddler: "Now for the other verse." So he gave him a verse: "While hovering around the lower skies impatiently,

In slipped the devil and down to hell he kicked Old Teasle."

I don't know whether he liked that or not. I am rather inclined to think he did not like the last verse.

Well, friends, many changes have taken place since the Ninth General Assembly. You hadn't a railroad then within a hundred miles of Des Moines; you had but a village here at that time; you hadn't any bridges across the river, except one that was at the foot of Walnut street, and I remember for three days in the first session of the Ninth General Assembly that we had to either swim, wade or boat it from the end of that bridge to the foot of Capitol Hill. Those who lived in Des Moines will remember that time. Many other changes have taken place, but I fear if I should undertake to set forth all the changes that have taken place since that time it would weary you. Permit me, without indulging in politics, to call your attention to one thing, and that is the difference between this nation now and then. About that time you remember we had a President by the name of Jimmie Buchanan. Jimmie Buchanan said he could not find anything in the law of God or man that would authorize him to coerce a state. Now, I am inclined to think there is some little difference between Jimmie Buchanan and the gentleman that occupies the presidential chair today. Don't say, now, that I am going to talk politics, because I am not. I believe honestly that Theodore Roosevelt has more individual influence throughout the civilized world today than any prince, potentate or king that wears a crown. (Applause.) He says to Japan and Russia, "Quit fighting," and they quit. He goes down here to San Francisco and he says, "You fellows have got to behave yourselves; you must not have any fuss with the Japanese," and they quit fussing. He goes down to Cuba or sends Secretary Taft, and he tells those Cubans to behave themselves, quiet down and be good, obedient children, and in a measure he made them behave. He says to rich corporations throughout the State, "You must give our people a square deal, or I will see that you do," and you gentlemen in the Legislature are trying to carry out the wishes of President Roosevelt, as I understand it. Alexander beat the world and wept for more to beat; Caesar crossed the Rubicon and never wet his feet; Charlemagne did mighty things whenever he had a chance; Napoleon made the world afraid to wink its eye at France; Frederick of Germany was mighty in his day, when Wellington marched down the road the people give the way, but greater, nobler far is Theodore Roosevelt than the whole combinations of war.

By the bravery of our soldiers, by the gallantry of our navy, and by the wise administration we have had for many years long passed, our nation has become one of the most powerful nations on the globe. Uncle Sam's note is good wherever it is offered throughout the civilized world at a less rate of interest than any other nation can obtain; our flag floats on every ocean, lake and river, and nobody dares to spit on that proud emblem of America while a man-of-war floats on the ocean or a boy in blue draws a sword.

Mr. Speaker, allow me to tender to you and to the Representatives

that I now address my most profound thanks, and I speak the sentiment of every one of these old gray-haired pioneers when I say that we tender to you our most profound thanks for this, your generous and hearty welcome that you have extended to us today. May you all live for twenty-five years, and when you become pioneers, as we are, may the legislature of that day extend to you as hearty a welcome as you have extended to us, and may you have at that time as sweet a singer to sing for you as we have today. (Applause).

ADDRESS OF HON. GUY A. FEELY.

Mr. Speaker, Pioneer Law Makers of Iowa and Fellow Members of the House of Representatives:

I consider it a great honor to be given the privilege of making a few remarks upon this occasion to express something of the veneration and esteem in which these Pioneer Legislators are held by their successors and by citizens of Iowa at the present day.

We look back upon the events which have transpired with admiration and veneration, and the mists of the intervening years have added the glamour of romance to the stern realities of the past. Yet no people have more cause to be proud than the citizens of Iowa, when we turn to the history of those sturdy Pioneers whose daring and progressive spirit prompted them to leave their old homes and brave the perils and hardships of an unfamiliar country. And we find the stamp of those pioneers not only on the people who now inhabit this State, but we find their rugged characters and sense of fairness to all men embodied in their laws. Laws which have stood the test of time and have been handed down from generation to generation until the present time.

Some one has said, "Show me the laws of a nation and I will tell you of its people and institutions and of its civilizations." How true this is of Iowa. We are proud of the progress of the people of this State. Of the indomitable spirit, which has transformed our broad prairies and trackless forests into prosperous farms and thriving cities, of our educational institutions, and our churches.

We point with pride to the justice and equality of our laws and I firmly believe that the prosperity and progress of this State of ours is caused by and the result of the high aim of our laws. Laws which are so liberal, yet dangerous; liberal to the honest man, yet so dangerous to the criminal.

You Pioneers who framed our early laws, you had no old established precedents to follow. Your only guide and chart were the broad principles of eternal justice founded upon human experience, your sense of right and wrong, and your belief in the equality of men.

You builded a foundation for our laws so strong and firm, and with such foresight of the future, that those rules of conduct indorsed by you as fair and just still stand in the statutes of this State, a guide not only for the present generation, but a beacon light to shape the course of generations yet to come. Your foundation was built to support a gigantic structure, you knew not its magnitude; but you did your work, and did it well, and the censor has said "Well done."

Today as we look into your kindly faces, lighted up by the memory of days gone by in these legislative halls, and upon your hair touched by the snows of many winters passed in the discharge of duty for your country and your home, we desire to say, we are here trying to carry on the great work, which you have so nobly begun. It has been but a brief space of time since you were here, trying to do your duty as we are trying to do ours; and we say to you, "You are welcome back to your own; these grounds, this stately Capitol, these legislative halls are yours; they belong to you by right of original grant and first occupation." We are only tenants who hold them for a season, under your guidance, and with the purpose of trying to fulfill your prophecy of hope for the future.

I trust that this custom will always prevail, and that during years to come future legislatures will set apart a time during which the pioneer and earlier law makers of Iowa will grace these halls with their presence, and by so doing be an inspiration toward higher ideals and better laws.