

# The Glory of the Hawkeye State

By GOVERNOR GEORGE W. CLARKE

The glory of all the states of the American Union is very great, for the reason that all of them are parts of a new land, where government is dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

The glory of all these states is the more wonderful because it seems that this great new land had been held in reserve through long ages until certain principles should have been attained and certain issues fought out before civilization should find a foothold here.

The best people then representing the best things were by a kind of evolutionary process evolved for the settlement of the territory now comprised within the limits of the United States.

The best continent of the earth had awaited their coming. Its freshness, its grandeur, its wealth and its vast extent were unequaled elsewhere in the world. Explorers penetrated its forests and were amazed at their extent; they looked out over the grass lands of the interior and were fascinated by their charm and beauty; they sat by the side of rushing streams of unknown origin and heard the dashing waters disturb the solitudes. Silent and solemn grandeur was all about them. In the mountains, they might look upon the giant peaks and like Napoleon say, "Forty centuries look down upon you;" for so very long had these mountain tops looked out over lands that lay in solitude; so very long had the rugged forests and the limitless prairies been treasured up for the white man's coming.

Far inland in this mighty continent, remote from either ocean, was a region of singular beauty. The red man roamed over its rolling prairies and camped in the woods along the river bottoms. The prairie grass

waved in the summer winds and yellow flowers "wasted their sweetness on the desert air."

The red man loved this land. The warm sun in summer shone down upon the soil and drew a peculiar fragrance from the ground. The grass and flowers grew to a wonderful height. The Indian woman's crop of maize and beans grew in this soil as it never grew in any other. Nature was generous, bountiful.

When Indian summer came and the horizon was shrouded with the wonderful blue haze that characterized the season, the Indians could now and then have been seen sitting in the warm rays of the afternoon sun looking silently out over the prairie.

What they saw, or what their fancy dreamed of, we cannot say, but certain it is that they were fascinated and certain it is that they loved the solitudes they called their own.

And well they might. The deer lived in the woods along the river bottoms; the bison roamed the rolling prairies. Water fowl thronged the lakes and streams and prairie chickens peopled the grass lands in countless thousands. It was a hunter's paradise. Each summer and fall furnished in abundance those things needed to make life pleasant when winter came. And when the prairies were snowbound and the blizzard whirled over them in its fury, the smoke curled quietly from the red man's wigwam protected by the trees along the river's bank and the long winter hours were spent in dreamy comfort, though the ice king was in undisputed sway.

#### WHEN THE WHITES CAME

But, with the white man's coming all this primitive luxury was swept away. The red men were driven out of this region. They were sent beyond the Missouri river to find homes in less bountiful lands. The land they had called their own was formed by the United States government into the state of Iowa, and in 1846 it was admitted to the Union. The Father of Waters formed its eastern boundary and the Mis-

souri and Big Sioux rivers formed its boundary on the west, and north and south it extended from Minnesota to Missouri, a distance of some two hundred miles.

Civilization appropriated what the red man had called his own. And civilization found it a land of milk and honey; an enormous garden for men to cultivate and till.

Witness the metamorphosis of Iowa. From a land of prairie grass and wild game it has become the first state in the Union in the production of farm products; leads all others in the production of hogs; is always one of the leading states in the production of corn; produces more eggs than any other state in the union and stands second in the production of horses and first in value of live stock. Has a larger per cent of land improved for farming than any other state; stands second in production of hay and dairy cows and leads all the states in the value of implements on its farms and in the number of automobiles per capita. And the per capita wealth of Iowa is practically double that of the United States as a whole, while the state has more money per capita than any other state save one. And her school of agriculture and mechanic arts is generally conceded to be the best in the world.

#### GREATER THAN MATERIAL WEALTH

So wonderful in material prosperity, Iowa yet values other things higher than the plenty that fills her golden horn.

The esthetic value of her rolling prairies, her sparkling streams, and her blooming flowers, she cherishes even more her material wealth. Through all her prosperity, through all her fame, she can look through the Indian summer haze and see what the savage failed to see, though he felt its fascination, but could name it not.

This is her chief glory that back of the material Iowa sees the spiritual. Back of her wealth she sees her own soul. Rising up out of the soil to blend im-

perceptibly with her Maker, Iowa sees the beginning and ending of life.

Remote from either ocean, far from war and conquest, Iowa has always lived in peace. Her cornstalk fires that light the hilltops in the warm spring nights are the fires of peace sending sweet incense up to God. Never has the wild alarm of war shaken her peaceful soil and Iowa knows it never shall.

The panics of Wall street affect her not. Iowa is sovereign and supreme. The corn that grows like a wall by the roadside in late summer, and the shocks of yellow grain that absorb the soft afternoon sun, are sure guaranty against all the panics of finance.

And her geographical position and the temper of her people are sure guaranty against the panic of war.

"Glory, glory to God in the highest, on earth peace and good will to men" is the chiefest song that Iowa sings and will ever sing throughout all the ages of men.

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## Pioneer's Potash and Pearlash

All the ashes from the fireplaces were saved and stored in the ash house by the Iowa pioneers. When a sufficient quantity had accumulated, they were put in huge, open, iron kettles and boiled. A scum arose to the top and was skimmed off. This process continued until the water had boiled away and a thick brownish substance was left in the bottom of the kettle. This was called "salts of ashes," better known as potash.

The pearlash was made by placing this residue in a hot oven, there remaining until the carbon was burned out, which left a lighter ash and a more valuable product. This was used in cooking, while the potash was used for bleaching, soap-making and glass-making. Because it was light in weight and small in bulk, pearlash was one of the few products that easily could be carried to market, where it was sold for cash.

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