

Iowa People and Events . . .

Sought Governor Shaw's Life

During the period of Governor Shaw's service as executive of Iowa, the state barbershop was located in the room on the first floor of the state capitol building now occupied as Attorney General Larson's private office. Charles E. Haynie then was the popular barber, and an admirer of the governor. Shaw's reputation as a story teller was widely known, and he frequently used the barbershop as his forum.

Haynie still resides in Des Moines, and tells of the statehouse denizens crowding into his shop when the word went out that the governor was having some work done. Then it was that he talked for their entertainment, but to the discomforture of the barber, whose work was more difficult when the man in the chair insisted on turning his head and talking, with shears or razor poised over him in air.

Charlie considers Shaw one of the most intelligent men ever to occupy a position in the state government, having a wide range of information, seemingly upon every subject imaginable. He was a positive character, and a man most convincing in argument.

Recently, in speaking of Shaw, Mr. Haynie told of the governor's escape from injury by a demented man, who came to the capitol one day. The individual turned out to be an obscure Des Moines lawyer with some fancied grievance. He appeared at the barbershop door inquiring for the governor, and stated that he intended killing him. He was a tall, lean man, dressed in black, with a black veil enveloping his head, concealing his identity and he was armed with a revolver. Haynie told him that he would hunt up the governor for him, and to await his return.

The Des Moines police quickly were notified and four

of them immediately drove over in a hack. They grabbed the man, disarmed him, but had a difficult time getting him into the hack at the west entrance of the basement. He kicked all the glass out of one side of the hack, and two had to sit on him to hold him down while taking him to the city jail. Later he was pronounced deranged by the insane commission of the county and sent to the Clarinda hospital.

Weaver Denied a Hotel Bed

It was in Richmond, Virginia, in 1892, when Gen. James B. Weaver, of Iowa, was refused lodging by the Exchange hotel. He was a candidate for president on the Populist national ticket, and Gen. James Gaven Field, of Albemarle county, Virginia, was his running mate, the party candidate for vice-president. General Weaver had previously voted Whig, Republican, and Greenback, an able and forceful orator, and now led the People's party. He was a Civil war veteran with a brilliant military record in the Union army. General Field lived upon an extensive farm near Gordonsville in Virginia, and in post war years also had gained repute as an eloquent speaker, and was a distinguished lawyer. He had four years of war behind him in the Confederate army, and had been a conservative Democrat during reconstruction days and in all for about a half century.

These men were oddly paired, but stranger still, they were vigorously supported by Mary Ellen Lease, the fiery Kansas Populist, who had come to Virginia to aid in the party's state and national campaign. Weaver and the sad-faced Mrs. Lease, who once advised Kansas farmers to "raise less corn and more hell," had come to Richmond after a highly successful tour of the far West. Field had spoke outside of Salisbury, North Carolina, because halls were denied to the party there. Weaver had moved on to Norfolk, Virginia, but returned to Richmond, joining Field on the platform of Old-Markey hall. The *Virginia Sun* carried an ac-

count of the meeting in which it called the Field-Weaver-Lease appearance there the "Fall of Richmond." General Field introduced Mrs. Lease whom many of the spectators came to see and hear.

In Richmond, as in the rest of the South, the Populists had their troubles, and the campaign was especially turbulent there. The Howitzer band at the last moment broke its contract to appear, but the Band of the Blues substituted; and eggs were thrown, two hitting a loyal Democrat. Meetings in the state and elsewhere in the South were scenes of bitter opposition, and the press made most venomous attacks on leaders and members of the movement. Denial of Weaver of lodging at the Richmond hotel indicates the feeling among the Democrats, who charged that the movement was financed by the Republican national committee. In a few days General Weaver and Mrs. Lease moved on to Tennessee in their campaign, and General Field meanwhile rested at his Gordonsville home.

The feeling ran high and one of the Virginia papers sensationally printed a "copy" of a ballot headed by names of Weaver and Field, but followed by Republican electors. The *Richmond Dispatch* on Sunday before the election made a final plea to voters to be alert at the polls, and gleefully reported the rumored withdrawal of many third-party candidates throughout the state. A large Democrat vote resulted there, and the Weaver-Field ticket trailed, indicating the effectiveness of the aggressive measures resorted to in opposition.

Monopoly Leads to Socialism

Timely warning in 1951, against the reaching toward monopoly, comes from high financial sources with the truism that "monopoly wholly or mostly in private hands gives to private individuals, a power to which they have no moral right," and that this leads direct to nationalization "which is one of the pillars of socialism."

This is suggestive of something in the career of the late Albert B. Cummins, of Iowa. As a young lawyer he won a notable victory for the Iowa Farmers' Alliance in breaking a monopoly in the manufacture of barbed wire that was exacting high tribute from western farmers seventy-five years ago. That brought him to the notice of eastern monied men for help in making merger contracts.

A group in New York had availed themselves of his professional skill in preparation of papers to effect joint control or consolidation of certain large railroad properties. When this was done, J. P. Morgan confided to Mr. Cummins that it was to be a step toward complete ending of competition, and asked the Iowa lawyer what he thought of it.

"Yes, you have taken a step in that direction, and perhaps it can be done," said Mr. Cummins, "but I disagree wholly with you as to the desirability of doing so. If and when you have the railroads all together and are able to exact whatever you please, the next step, and it would be inevitable, would be government control or ownership. As a lawyer I have given you the best of my service; as a citizen I cannot go along with you."

That was long before Mr. Cummins thought of being governor or senator, but in his long public career he never deviated from the principle he had stated to the great financial magnate.

A Tower of Strength

There is a tower of strength for you and me—

'Tis that which we call faith, and as the sea

Oft dashes on the rocks

Storms may come to us; but in the gale

We lean upon that faith, and soon once more

We see a beacon light—it is the shore.

—Franklin Lee Stevenson.

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