

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

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