

Soldiers Orphans Home, Cedar Falls, Iowa, 1869-1876.

# ANNALS OF IOWA

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## HOW IOWA CARED FOR ORPHANS OF HER SOLDIERS OF THE CIVIL WAR<sup>1</sup>

By GEORGE GALLARNO<sup>2</sup>

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After sixty-six years of living in the world, what can one remember of his early childhood? I think as I now am trying to bring back visions of the years that one recalls much that is dim and hazy, and little, very little, that seems to stand out in plain and vivid form.

This retrospection comes to me, following a request that I prepare for publication in the ANNALS OF IOWA, an article detailing something of the beginning and the history of the soldiers' orphans' homes that were established in Iowa at the close of the Civil War. Visions come to me, but whether they are real visions of actual experiences, especially in the earliest years, retained somewhere in my memory, or whether they are recollections of facts related to me, I am unable to clearly determine.

I can recall a night of great commotion in a little cottage at La Porte City, in Blackhawk County, Iowa—a night when the entire family, my mother and five small children, were awakened by the barking of our watchdog, a big, tawny Newfoundland. I can remember my mother unbolting and unlocking the door of the cottage and the entrance of a great figure of a man—a giant

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<sup>1</sup>The following article gives personal remembrances of the writer, whose childhood days, from the age of 7 to 16 years, were spent at the Iowa Soldiers Orphans Home, at Cedar Falls. Mr. Gallarno's father, George Gallarno (Gallarnean), was a native of Canada, born of French parents. His mother was Nancy O'Roke, a native of New York state, born in Herkimer County. Mr. Gallarno's grandparents, on his father's side, were natives of France. When, or how the name, Gallarnean, was Anglicized, and became Gallarno, is not known. The name, with the French spelling, is found today in Montreal and other French-Canadian territory, and in Detroit, Michigan, across the border from Windsor, Ontario. The English spelling shortens the name, and it is likely that, on account of this simplification, the change in spelling was made.

<sup>2</sup>Mr. Gallarno is now, and has been for nearly eighteen years, chief clerk of the municipal accounting department, office of the auditor of state, State House, Des Moines.

of a man, preceded by a bounding bundle of energy, the dog expressing his gratification at his master's return, with affectionate demonstration. The man was my father. He was as I have stated almost a giant in stature, towering more than six feet in height with long, bushy locks of black hair, inclined to curl, a full black beard, and bright blue, kindly eyes that sparkled with the joy of his welcome home. He spoke to my mother, and in subdued tones they talked for some minutes. He handed mother a legal looking paper. They read it together. It was an order for my father to report for military service at Dubuque. After several attempts to enlist in the army, followed by rejections because of some slight physical disability, the authorities in charge had at last accepted his tender of services. The time was January, 1864. The enlistment was with the artillery, and father had been assigned to the Third Iowa, or Dubuque, Battery, known better as Captain Hayden's Battery. The orders were to report at once at headquarters of the battery, then being reorganized at Dubuque.

There was grief in our little home, as in thousands of other homes when loved ones were to leave for the defense of their country—the grief that comes at parting, but a grief assuaged to an extent by the patriotism and love of country that welled in every northern heart at that time. Mother was brave through her tears, and I can imagine my father going with a lighter heart because of her bravery and unfaltering courage. The parting was final. They were destined never to meet again.

I recall another day but a few months following the time of my father's departure. Mother, with her brood of little ones all loaded in a big, lumbering wagon, was starting from our home for a visit with my grandparents at their farm in the country a few miles north of La Porte City. I can remember the youthful joy in anticipation of a day in the country. On the main street of the little village the horses were halted at the post office, and my mother entered to call for mail. When she came back to the wagon she was crying. The team was turned about and we were driven back to our home. Then I learned my mother had received a letter from Little Rock, Arkansas. It was an army letter, written by a comrade and bore the tidings that my father was dead. That letter has been treasured in the family all these

years, and is now yellow with age and fading. I feel, because of its simplicity and its tender directness, that it deserves a place in these memoirs. It follows:

Little Rock, Sep. 23, 1864.

Mrs. Gallarno:

I take this opportunity of writing you a few lines to let you know there is sad news for you. George was taken sick on the 14th of this month, and died the night of the 22nd, at 10 o'clock. I went to the graveyard with him. He had a coffin, and a headboard, with his name, age and all on it. What few clothes he has got, the Lieutenant will sell and send the money to you. What few trinkets he has got, I will send them to you as soon as possible. I will send you a lock of his hair in this letter. The disease I do not know. If there is anything that you want to know write to me and I will tell you, if I can. No more this time, so good bye.

JOHN A. TURNER.

In later years I learned from Dr. Jesse Wasson of La Porte, the army surgeon who had attended my father in his fatal illness, that he was a victim of typhoid fever. The disease had been thought to have run its course and my father was convalescing and had been granted a furlough to return to his home. The furlough was to be effective on September 23, but on the evening of the 22nd there came a sudden change in his condition and death followed a few hours later. The official Iowa War Roster gives these terse details:

Gallarno, George. Age 34. Residence, La Porte City. Nativity, Canada. Enlisted January 13, 1864. Died of disease, September 22, 1864. Buried National Cemetery, Little Rock, Ark. Section 2, grave 48.

My father's death was but one of hundreds that were being reported daily from the front, and our home was but one of thousands in Iowa that were mourning a loss of one or more loved ones by the ravages of battle and disease. The war was not all on the battle front. Battalions of loyal ones at home were planning and working and fighting day and night to bring comfort to the soldiers in camp, to aid the sufferers in hospitals, and the bereaved ones. At that time there was in Iowa (as in other northern states) soldiers' aid societies, devoted to supplying aid and comfort to the Iowa men in the field. One of the first of these societies to function in this state was organized at Keokuk very early in the war, and Mrs. J. H. Howell, whose husband

was editor of the *Gate City* at Keokuk, was president. The secretary was Mrs. Annie Wittenmyer of Davenport, and the society soon became state wide in its scope and its activities. Mrs. Wittenmyer's services as the guiding genius of the aid societies of the state are matters of history recorded in its annals, and this account, which relates only to the wonderful generosity and tenderness of the people of Iowa in caring for its children left orphaned by the war, will but note the fact that the establishment of these homes for soldiers' orphans was largely the result of Mrs. Wittenmyer's zeal and sympathetic inspiration. In the course of her work as sanitary agent for Iowa, Mrs. Wittenmyer made many visits to battle fields and southern hospitals. She saw many men die, and heard them speak of the children they were leaving orphaned and helpless. With the thought of these orphans always uppermost in her mind she arranged for a convention of the aid societies of the state to be held at Muscatine, October 7 and 8, 1863. An account of this convention written in 1890, says:

The convention was large and influential and when Mrs. Wittenmyer brought forward the project of a soldiers' orphans' home it was adopted with great enthusiasm. The first home was established at Farmington, Iowa, near the city of Keokuk, but soon became too limited in accommodations for the hundreds who sought admission. N. H. Brainard, secretary to Governor Kirkwood, Rev. P. P. Ingalls, Rev. Mr. Baird of Burlington, Judge Lowe, Judge Wright, Governor Stone, and a host of other prominent men of Iowa became identified with the movement. An organization was formed called the Iowa Soldiers Orphans Home Association. Mrs. Wittenmyer was elected president of the association, but refused to serve in that capacity, and urged the election of Governor Stone and the bringing in of the strongest men of the state. At the earnest request of the management she went to Washington, D. C., in 1865, and through Mr. Stanton, secretary of war, subject to the approval of Congress, secured the splendid new barracks of the cavalry camp at Davenport, with thirty acres of land adjoining the corporation, which cost \$4,600, and also \$6,000 worth of hospital supplies suitable for furnishing the Home.

That was the beginning in Iowa of the movement to care for the orphans of sons of the state who had given their lives for the preservation of the Union. The association was supported entirely by generous gifts from citizens of the state. Soon after the Home at Davenport was established it became evident to those in charge of the work that it would be a matter of economy,

as well as justice to widowed mothers who did not wish the children for whom they were the natural protectors to be removed a great distance from them, to establish homes in other sections of the state. With this in view the association leased a hotel building at Cedar Falls for the reception of children from northern and eastern Iowa.

The Eleventh General Assembly, which convened in January, 1866, was at once confronted with the question of the responsibility of the state, as a whole, towards the orphans of its soldier dead and a law was adopted which provided for the taking over of the homes established by the state association. With the authority of this law, the Board of Trustees provided for under the statutes met on July 9, 1866, at Davenport, and received the homes from the association, including real estate at Davenport, and elsewhere, and personal property at Davenport and at Cedar Falls. The property received consisted of 160 acres of land in Emmet County, 40 acres in Chickasaw County, 40 acres in Ringgold County, and 33½ acres in Scott County, the latter being the land on which the Home at Davenport was located. The trustees also received personal property and effects to the amount of \$26,663.35, as inventoried and appraised by a committee of the board, and cash in the sum of \$5,833.69. The first purchase of land made by the trustees was 6½ acres in Scott County, on which part of the buildings there were located, but which had not been owned by the association. This additional land was purchased in the fall of 1866 for \$697.85.

The first trustees of the Home were: J. W. Cattell, president, Des Moines; J. A. Parvin, treasurer, Muscatine; P. P. Ingalls, secretary, Des Moines; N. H. Brainerd, Iowa City; J. B. Powers, Cedar Falls; P. G. Wright, Waukon; and T. E. Corkhill, Burlington.

The first financial report of the Board of Trustees, made to the General Assembly of the state, was for a period of seventeen months, covering the time from June 9, 1866, to November 4, 1867. This report showed that in June, 1866, when the homes were taken over, there were 379 children in the institution at Davenport, and 194 at Cedar Falls. One of the first acts of the trustees was to establish a third home at Glenwood, in Mills County, because of the remoteness of the homes then established

from the western and southwestern part of the state. The financial statement showed that the total expenditures from June 1, 1866, to November 4, 1867, for the homes at Cedar Falls and Davenport, and from November 1, 1866, to November 4, 1867, for the Home at Glenwood, was \$117,830.45. Of this \$101,864.78 was received from the state, and the balance from the former association and cash donations made by citizens in different sections of the state. Mrs. H. E. McQueston of Iowa City, as an agent for the Home at Davenport, collected and turned into the treasury a total of \$4,055.25, at an expense of \$146.25. It seems to me a list of the cities, towns and organizations making these donations is of special interest, and worthy of preservation. The donations received by Mrs. McQueston were as follows:

Iowa City.....	\$ 404.00	Sigourney .....	107.50
Albia .....	90.45	Ottumwa .....	87.50
Chariton .....	89.08	Springdale .....	26.79
Keosauqua .....	73.03	West Liberty.....	50.00
Keokuk .....	442.60	Washington .....	50.00
Newton .....	154.00	Columbus City.....	35.00
Winterset .....	74.50	Eddyville .....	36.60
Indianola .....	134.00	Bloomfield .....	68.00
Muscatine .....	180.00	Fairfield .....	14.00
Des Moines.....	962.88	Bentonsport .....	28.52
Zion Chapel.....	41.50	Wilton .....	11.50
Burlington .....	350.75	Wapello .....	29.50
Chas. T. Crosby.....	25.00	Agency City.....	13.00
Tipton .....	100.65	Atalissa .....	16.00
Grinnell .....	116.00		
Mt. Pleasant.....	73.20	Total.....	\$4,055.25
Oskaloosa .....	169.70		

The donations for the Home at Cedar Falls, collected by Miss Sweet, of that city were:

Clinton .....	\$ 90.00	Horton .....	12.00
Lyons .....	50.00	Waukon .....	137.00
Mt. Vernon.....	15.00	Lansing .....	225.00
Anamosa .....	30.00	McGregor .....	130.00
Marion .....	20.00	West Union .....	25.00
Vinton .....	66.00	Fayette .....	20.00
Toledo .....	30.00	Other sources.....	114.83
Dubuque .....	78.40	Post 44 G. A. R. and Citi-	
Independence .....	11.05	zens, Strawberry Point.	110.00
Iowa Falls .....	17.50	G. A. R., Cedar Falls....	50.00
Maryville .....	37.00	Decorah .....	125.00

Ackley .....	9.28	Nashua .....	15.00
Clermont .....	9.00	Bradford .....	5.00
Boonesboro .....	5.00	Miss Brubaker.....	3.35
Marshall .....	22.00	Wm. Penfield.....	4.00
Charles City.....	40.00	W. W. Wetherell.....	5.00
Osage .....	58.00	Joseph Huffman .....	5.00
Mitchell .....	25.00	Mrs. Richardson.....	1.00
Elgin .....	8.60	A. Morrison, bal.....	100.00
Mrs. M. Daley.....	5.00		
Janesville .....	8.15	Total.....	\$1,722.16

Other donations and receipts acknowledged by the trustees of the homes during the first year of their supervision were:

B. F. Allen, treasurer of the association, \$5,833.69; property sold at Davenport, \$2,030.08; Miss Stephens, Louisa County, \$88.50; Miss Simpson, Muscatine, \$59.00; Masonic Grand Lodge of Iowa, \$100.00; Ladies' Aid Society, LeClaire, \$115.00; and Mrs. Gates, Oskaloosa, \$1.00.

The expenses reported for the first seventeen months of operation of the homes, under their jurisdiction were: For the Home at Davenport, with an average of 479.6 orphans actually supported, \$78,905.74, being \$9.67 per month for each child; for the Cedar Falls Home, with an average of 246.64 orphans supported, \$36,791.35, being \$8.77 for each child; for the Home at Glenwood, from November, 1866, to November 4, 1867, with an average of 16.52 orphans supported, \$2,133.39, being \$10.76 per month for each child.

These general statistics, showing the beginning of the operation of the homes, under state direction, are gleaned from official reports made to the General Assembly.

My father's life had been given to his country, and to the care of his country had been given his widow and five children, the oldest being scarcely fourteen years of age. What battles my mother fought in caring for us, I never knew. I only remember that the state of Iowa, then actually in its infancy as a commonwealth, came to the rescue and aid of the widows and orphans left by the ravages of civil war. The national government, although then at the very end of its resources, still asserted its responsibility to those dependents of its sons who had given their all for its preservation.

The gratitude of the national government was at first expressed in pension awards to disabled survivors of the conflict and to the

widows of the soldiers who had died. My mother was granted a pension of \$4.00 a month, an amount which today, in comparison with the increased generosity of the government to its defenders, seems meager indeed. But small as this pittance was, mother held the family together. The struggle with her, as it was with thousands of other widowed mothers in Iowa, must have been overpowering, however, and I can sense the relief that must have come to her, and the burden that must have been lifted from her heart when she learned that the state of Iowa had decided to assume the responsibility the war had brought, and to educate and care for the dependent orphans of its soldier dead.

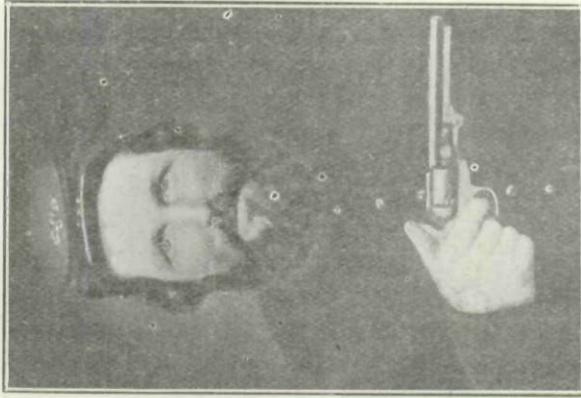
The movement, as heretofore stated, for the creation of homes in Iowa to care for children left orphaned by the war, originated with a few loyal and patriotic men and women in Lee County and the first home was established near the town of Farmington. It is almost impossible to secure accurate details regarding this first effort of Iowa people to care for the orphans of their soldiers. The most exact information obtainable from pioneer residents of Farmington is that the first refuge for the orphans was known as the Lawrence Orphans Home, and it was in a large brick building, erected for a hotel, and located about one and a half miles from Farmington. This building was used for about two years, from 1864, and it is said the children were then removed to a building which was known as the Quaker Academy, near the town of Houghton, Lee County. This great humanitarian work, as related previously in this narrative, came through the efforts of Mrs. Wittenmyer, resulting in the establishment of the homes at Davenport and Cedar Falls and the taking over of the project by the state in 1866.

As my mother lived in Blackhawk County, only twenty-three miles south of Cedar Falls, my two sisters, two brothers and myself were taken to that institution. There was no north and south railroad in Blackhawk County at that time. We were taken by stage to Waterloo, and from there seven miles by railroad, over the Dubuque and Sioux City Railway, now the Illinois Central.

We were taken to the Home in October, 1866, and my seventh birthday had been May 20 of that year. The Home had been constructed for use as a hotel. It was a long, rambling building,

located on Main Street. The building was found illy adapted for the use to which it was being put. It was old and in constant need of repair. The lease which the state took over was to run until the fall of 1868, and the trustees at once, after assuming control, began a movement for an appropriation for the erection of a more habitable building. When the General Assembly of the state convened in 1868, one of its important and early acts was the appropriation of \$25,000.00 for the erection of a new home. It was of brick construction, with basement and three stories. The basement was used for dining room, store room, kitchen and bath room. The first floor was divided into rooms for the superintendent, an office and library, a large reception room, and school rooms. The second floor had four ward rooms for the girls, the sewing room, and rooms for the employes. The third floor had four ward rooms for the boys, and a suite of rooms for hospital purposes. Although the new building was still in an incompleated condition, the children were moved into it on October 12, 1869. The new Home was situated in the exact center of a tract of forty acres of land donated to the state by the citizens of Cedar Falls. It was about two miles from the center of the city.

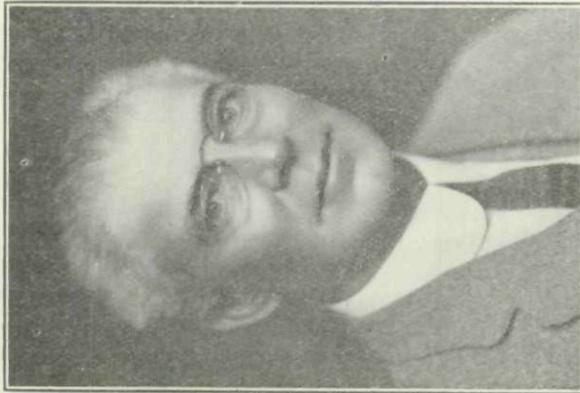
At the time I was taken to the Home the superintendent was J. B. Abbott, who had assumed his duties the previous month. Mrs. Abbott was matron. Mr. Abbott, as I remember him, was a severe disciplinarian. He did not believe in sparing the rod. He was a man of fiery red hair and also of fiery temper, and perhaps this combination accounted for his sternness in dealing with the children, and for the severity of punishment, when punishment was administered. The children resented his treatment and several of the more adventurous, to escape it, ran away from the Home. In most cases they were either returned by their parents, if they had reached their homes, or were captured and brought back by the superintendent. Mr. Abbott's administration extended only from September, 1866, to January, 1867. Complaints which had come to the attention of the trustees of the Home during these months caused them to make a change in the superintendency, and Mr. Abbott was succeeded in January, 1867, by S. W. Cole of Des Moines. The incumbency of Mr. Cole, however, was short, covering but five months. Where the



GEORGE GALLARNO  
Private, Third Iowa Battery. From a da-  
guerreotype taken in camp.



GEORGE GALLARNO  
Age, seventeen years



GEORGE GALLARNO

previous superintendent, Mr. Abbott, had gained a reputation of being unreasonably harsh in discipline and mode of punishment, Mr. Cole was found to be too lenient. At least that was the understanding we children had. I doubt if he ever inflicted corporal punishment on a child, and I believe sometimes there was rejoicing in the minds of the boys and girls who, for some infraction of the rules, were ordered to report to the superintendent, for often when this occurred the punishment administered, instead of being a switch or a ruler applied to the most vulnerable portion of the anatomy, would consist of a kind, fatherly lecture, and a stick of candy or an apple, given as a reward in advance for future promised goodness.

I often have endeavored, since those years, to determine in my own mind which of the two methods of inculcating order and obedience was to be preferred. Undoubtedly there were good points as well as faults in each method and a happy medium would form the ideal discipline.

This happy medium, I think, was attained by the trustees of the Home in the selection of Henry F. Tucker of Mitchell County to succeed Mr. Cole. Mr. Tucker was a soldier, having served through the war in a Vermont regiment. He was of extraordinary stature, considerably more than six feet in height. He could be stern and unrelenting when occasion required, but he had the kindest blue eyes, and his smile would disarm the most recalcitrant youth. Under his administration the children were placed on their honor, there was no punishment administered by either the teachers or managers of the wards, and the greatest punishment that could be given any of the children was to send them to the office of the superintendent for delinquency or disobedience.

Mr. Tucker came to the Home on June 1, 1868, and remained in charge until the Cedar Falls Home was merged with the one at Davenport in June, 1876. On June 7 of that year the trustees of the Soldiers Orphans Home met at Cedar Falls with the trustees of the State Normal School (now the State Teachers College), which had been created by the Sixteenth General Assembly, and a transfer of the Cedar Falls Home real estate to the Normal School was effected. The school also took over considerable personal property from the Home. The children then

remaining in the Cedar Falls Home were transferred to Davenport.

There was a season of sorrow and sadness at the Home when it was realized that the time for final separation had arrived. It was as the disintegration of a large family, for the boys and girls at the Home were really a united family, toward whom Mr. Tucker had acted the part of the kindest and most considerate father and adviser. I had been in the school for nine years, attending the classes and the studies from the primary to the highest grades in the grammar department. Reading, writing, and arithmetic, with drills in spelling, with grammar, history, and geography, and with a touch of geometry the last year, comprised the circle around which we traveled. From the Home, in June, 1875, shortly after my sixteenth birthday, I went direct to the office of *The La Porte City Progress*, where I served as an apprentice at the printer's trade—thus rounding out at the type case an education, grounded principally on the three R's as administered at the Home, through the thoughtful generosity of the state.

In reverting back in memory to this humane and beneficent enterprise, in which Iowa led the whole sisterhood of states, I feel like ever expressing anew my gratitude to the commonwealth. To take a child whose father's strong arm held a bayonet at the breast of treason when the thunders of civil war reverberated along the horizon of the republic, from its mother's embrace when her failing "barrel and cruse" demanded the sacrifice, and tenderly to watch its development, and carefully train each maturing faculty for the ordeal of life, was indeed an act almost divine.

The schools maintained at the Home were in rank the equal of, if not superior to, many of the public schools of the cities and towns of the state. The school comprised three departments, primary, intermediate and grammar. In the primary department there were taught the alphabet with word method, phonetic spelling, reading and spelling; first, second and third readers; writing and drawing with pencil and chalk; elementary lessons in numbers; and primary lessons in geography, with map drawing.

The course of studies in the intermediate grade comprised reading and spelling, third and fourth readers; writing; arithmetic,

rudiments and mental; the manual of geography and map drawing; declamation, and simple exercises in sentence forming.

The grammar school carried the higher classes to reading and spelling, fifth reader; writing, with mercantile forms; arithmetic reviewed, elementary algebra; English grammar; physiology and hygiene; declamation and composition. Lessons were given also in natural philosophy, botany, and geometry. There also was given considerable time in the advanced classes to the study of the Constitution of the United States, with charts analyzing its provisions and contents. If the teachers who represented the matter to us at that time, and who held the document as perfect and worthy of standing for all time as an inviolable model of government to all the world, could return today and see what the twentieth century model of the great document looks like, and learn of the attempts which are being made to further amend and mutilate it, how, I wonder, could they reconcile themselves to the new ideals and conditions?

The religious life of the children was not neglected, but there never was any attempt on the part of those in charge to place the Home on a sectarian basis. Ministers from the various churches in Cedar Falls alternated in the holding of services at the Home on Sunday afternoon. Sunday school classes were organized and conducted by our teachers. Weekly prayer meetings were held, attended voluntarily by the children and in which they took part at will. On Sunday evenings the large reception room in the Home building was a meeting place for the children and there, to the strains of a Clark & Story melodian, played by one of the teachers, or one of the musically inclined children, familiar hymns were sung in chorus.

The Home children, also in furtherance of their education, were occasionally permitted to attend lectures and entertainments in the city. The auditorium in which these lectures and other entertainments were held was known as Phoenix Hall, located over Wise & Bryant's drug store on the main street of the city, and almost directly opposite the present Blackhawk Hotel. Two of these occasions stand out in my memory now. One was an evening with the "Swiss Bell Ringers," a company of artists from Switzerland, who produced wonderful music from a collection of hand bells, properly graded and tuned. The second was a lecture

by General Kilpatrick, relating his experiences in the Civil War. Another evening in Phoenix Hall is also distinctly remembered. It was the occasion of a "spelling match" in which the contestants had been selected from the best spellers in the schools at Cedar Falls, the district schools surrounding the city, and the Orphans Home. Whether worthily so or not, I had the honor of being one of the representatives from the Orphans Home. The contest dragged its furious way through a bombardment of words that mowed the spellers down with machine gun regularity until, I remember, but three of us were left standing—two from the Home school, including myself, and one from a little country district school near the Home. The latter, a boy of about my own age, turned out to be the best speller and the winner of the contest. I cannot recall the word on which he finally won the match from the lone little girl from the Home, who stood up to the attack for some time after I had been "spelled down," but I do recall the word which sent me to my seat was "juiciness." My spelling of it was "juicyness." I failed to follow the rule of changing "y" to "i," if preceded by a consonant, when adding another syllable beginning with a consonant. Much more attention was paid to spelling in our public schools of those days than is given to the matter at the present time.

I have spoken of the care taken by the state of the physical bodies of the children, how we were comfortably clothed and wholesomely fed. The boys were dressed alike in brown jeans, and although the clothing was not worn or distinguished as an insignia of attendance at the Home, it was so distinguished, and in the town of Cedar Falls the citizens had no trouble in separating the "Home boys" from the "town boys." Our clothing, with the exception of hats, caps, shoes, and shirts, was manufactured in the sewing room of the Home, the seamstress being assisted in the work by the older girls. We did not know anything of the comfort of underclothing, or of overcoats, though for that matter we were but little exposed to the elements during the winter season. The girls, whose clothing was nearly all made at the Home, wore prints for common, and worsted, percales, etc., for occasional dresses. Cotton flannel vests, and wool skirts and hose were furnished for winter. Their shoes of unlined kip, high cut, were made to order. With the aid of those in charge of the

sewing room each of the girls over twelve years of age was required to make her own dresses. When children had reached the age of sixteen years, and under the provisions of the state could no longer be cared for at the Home, they were given discharges and the boys were provided each with two coats, two vests, three pairs of pants and three shirts. We did not have white shirts, but for Sunday "dress-up" we were supplied with paper fronts, known as "dickeys," to which could be attached paper collars and cuffs. When thus adorned, and with our copper toed and shining shoes, we felt that we were really attired for any occasion. The clothing supplied to each of the girls on being discharged consisted of four changes of dresses, two changes of underclothing, three pairs of hose, shoes, and wraps, and a good hat.

As stated above, the food furnished at the Home was plain but wholesome. On special occasions, such as Thanksgiving day, Christmas, and New Year's, extra treats of candies, nuts and other delicacies were given us, but for the regulation diet we subsisted on bread, meat occasionally, butter (limited to twice a day and small amounts), molasses of the sorghum variety, vegetables, soup and gravy, with cake and pie on rare occasions. We did not suffer on such a diet. In fact there is no doubt but that the general good health of the hundreds of children cared for at the Home was the result of this regulated diet. That some of us at times complained of the sameness of the dishes served and of the recurring regularity brought on by the program from the kitchen, fixing the meals day by day for the year, is not to be doubted. But as we grew older we came to know that the minds which had determined our diet knew our needs better than we did, and that they thus fortified us with healthy bodies and minds.

Our breakfasts consisted of baked beans, boiled rice, hominy and salt fish, corn bread, fried mush and pancakes, each once a week; beef steak, twice each week; hash three times; potatoes four times; white and brown bread, syrup and butter daily.

The dinners, over the week, were as follows:

Monday—Roast beef, baked potatoes, bread, white and brown.

Tuesday—Boiled beef and vegetables, bread as above.

Wednesday—Beef soup, potatoes, bread and pudding.

Thursday—Roast beef, vegetables and bread as above.

Friday—Stewed beans, with beef and pork, bread as above.

Saturday—Stewed meat and vegetables, bread, white and brown.

For suppers we had white bread, fried potatoes, biscuits (five times a week), graham bread (once a week), cold meat, milk toast, cakes and pies (occasionally), butter, syrup and sauce of dried or green fruit.

Manual training, such as we have in practically all of our public schools today, was unknown in the schools at the Home, and this being true there was little to occupy the time of the children outside of school hours, except for the few who were detailed daily to light work in our wards, in the kitchen, and in the dining room. The routine of one day was practically the routine of all others, and I find detailed in one of the reports made by our superintendent to the Board of Trustees a complete outline of a day's duties as follows:

A. M.—At 4 the engineer is called to light the furnace fires. From 5 to 5:30 the older children rise, make their beds and attend to any other dormitory work under the direction of the night nurse, who also acts as dormitory manager; from 5:30 to 6:00 the younger children arise and attend to duties as above. At 5:30 the eight ironing girls, the laundry boys, the two barn boys, the engineer's two helpers, the two kitchen boys and the office boy report for duty. Of the others some study, some read, many girls take this hour to sew, and some of the boys, desiring outdoor recreation, go to the exercise poles when the weather is not too cold. At 6:10 the bell calls all but the kitchen and dining hall details to the wards to make such preparation for the dining hall as due regard for personal appearance suggests. The managers seize these opportunities to impart useful lessons in personal cleanliness, politeness, manners and morals. At 6:30 they are called to breakfast. Twenty-five minutes is allotted to the meal, and ten to devotional exercises, which consist of reading the Bible, singing and repeating the Lord's prayer, in which the children join audibly. From 7:10 till 8:45 all details of boys and girls are employed in the labor to which they may have been assigned. At 8:45 all assemble in their wards to attend to any preparation that may be necessary to make them presentable at school. They are called to the school room at 9:00 where they remain until 10:45, when all are allowed a recess of fifteen minutes. Returning, they remain in school until 12:00.

P. M.—From 12:00 to 12:15, preparation in the wards for dinner; 12:15 to 12:45, dinner; 12:45 to 1:45, recreation for all except kitchen, pantry and dining hall details. At 1:45 preparation for school, as above. At 2:00 all march into the school rooms; from 3:45 to 4:00, recess; from 5:00 to 5:10, intermission between school and supper bell. From 5:10 to 5:30, preparation for supper; from 5:30 to 6:00, supper; from 6:00 to

7:30, amusements, reading or sewing, at pleasure; from 7:30 to 8:30, advanced classes study and younger children go to bed; from 8:30 to 9:00, older children retire. At 10:00 o'clock lights are extinguished (except in halls) and the house is closed for the night.

General duties in addition to special are assigned for Saturdays, such as policing the grounds, filling the beds (straw ticks), house cleaning and other similar work. The children are carefully bathed and their clothing changed once each week, on Friday evening and on Saturday, and oftener when necessary. The boys whose conduct has been meritorious during the week, usually are rewarded by a half holiday, Saturday afternoon. The children rise half an hour later on the Sabbath, take their breakfast one hour later, and supper three-fourths of an hour earlier than on other days. A lunch of crackers, cakes and apples takes the place of the usual dinner on Sunday.

Those Saturday afternoon holidays—what memories they bring back! How we trooped in freedom to the city at times, and in season to the fields and woods! What a wonderful place was Dry Run in those days, and the old swimming hole on a farm belonging to "Uncle Sammy Rounds," who was, indeed, a real "Uncle Sammy" to the boys from the Home! Dry Run—at times a raging torrent, but mostly a dry graveled bed, running irregularly to the Cedar River. There were the plum trees and the crab apple trees along its banks, and grapevines, all loaded with their luscious fruit in season; and there was the bubbling and bountiful spring; the exhaustless spring, clear and cold, which today and for many years past has supplied the city of Cedar Falls with water free from pollution or contamination. How like the weary explorers which we played we were on these afternoons, we "slaked our thirst" at this bubbling fountain! Then, with renewed strength, how we scaled the bluffs, now embracing the incorporated town of Cedar Heights, and from that vantage point gazed out on the world we were going to conquer some day!

And then there were other Saturday afternoon holidays spent in the city, prosaic and dull, in comparison, but still for us filled with adventures ever new and exciting. There was Jorgenson's bakery—I think I have the name correct—where we traded our precious pennies for cakes or candy; and Wise & Bryant's drug store, to which we rushed in droves asking for the privilege to "peddle almanacs" at the season of the year when such publications were distributed. There were two of the almanacs which are now vividly brought to mind. Hostetters', advertising Hos-

tellers' Bitters, supposed to be a tonic par excellence; and N. W. Ayer & Son's publication, which gave special attention to Ayer's Sarsaparilla as the great health giving and health sustaining medicine. How we trudged the streets, shivering and shaking, but happy in the thought of the reward which was to come to us for these efforts! Sometimes the reward was candy, sometimes it was a pencil—how I cherished my first talc slate pencil earned in this manner—and sometimes it was stalks of licorice root, with its sweet bitter taste, and considered, perhaps, by most of the boys the greatest treat of all. And Jennings' meat market, where B. G. Jennings, great hearted and happy, and having a tender feeling always for the Home boys, gladly welcomed us and always saw that we were liberally supplied with what we called "scraps" and what others call "cracklings," an appetizing residue of scraps of pork after the fat has been "tried out."

We had our games and our sports in those days. There was "Prisoners' Base," "Pomp, Pomp, Pull Away," "Anty, Anty Over," and "Two Old Cat." The latter games were played with a base ball, not the regulation league ball of today, but one considerably larger and much softer. Base ball, as it is played today, was unknown to us children. These were the outdoor games, along with a game which I think originated with one of the boys at the Home, and which we called "Scout." The players were divided into forces, the loyalists and their enemies, or at times, the intrepid woodsmen and plainsmen and their Indian foes. Each side had its rendezvous, and each side sent out scouting parties instructed to capture and bring into camp its enemies. The game was wild and rough at times, but the greatest damage was done to the clothing of the participants, and for that reason the game did not have a very lengthy existence. Then, during the later years we had at the Home the more gentle and genteel game of croquet. This game was mostly indulged in by the teachers and other employees of the Home, although the older children were permitted to play, on invitation. The court was scientifically constructed of clay, hardened and smooth as a floor, and permitted perfect and accurate playing.

The Orphans Home had a library which, at the time of the closing of the institution, carried a total of nearly 1,500 volumes. In the library one found most of the standard poets, and a long

list of works by such authors as Scott, Muhlbach, Dickens, Cooper, Prescott, Bayard Taylor, Jacob Abbott, and others. In addition to these were many of the lighter works of fiction of that day. I remember now, and almost feel again, the thrill that came to me in reading J. Fenimore Cooper's "The Deer Slayer," "The Pathfinder," and especially, "The Last of the Mohicans." There was the lure of Chingachgook, the old chief, always friendly with and loyal to the whites, and his son, the young warrior, Uncas. These two were my special favorites and heroes. Uncas brought to my heart many delightful throbs of excitement by his daring exploits, and many throbs of sorrow and unashamed tears when he was untimely slain in battle. I have recently reread "The Last of the Mohicans." The story held my interest, but there was not found in it the pull at my heartstrings that came with its reading in my boyhood days.

Then there was DeFoe's "Robinson Crusoe." Of all the novels in the Home library this was probably the one most eagerly sought and most numerously read by the boys, who reveled in the adventures of Crusoe and his man Friday.

I also recall that series of novels by Oliver Optic, depicting the adventures of two brothers, Tom and Jack Somers, through the years of the Civil War. Jack was the hero of "The Sailor Boy," "The Yankee Middy," and "Brave Old Salt," and Tom the hero of "The Soldier Boy," "The Young Lieutenant," and "Fighting Joe." I find myself now occasionally longing to grow young again and to feel myself carried away with Jack and Tom, to glorious triumphs for the cause of liberty and freedom.

Whether the reading of these recognized standard works of fiction served as an incentive to the appetite for more tales of heroism and wild adventure, or whether it came from the natural appeal of youth, looking out on a world unknown, and thrilling to know it, I cannot say. It is a fact, however, that a few readings of the novels above noted seemed to urge an appetite for the wildest adventuring. In those years, and in fact until the early 'eighties, there were being published in New York, mostly by Street & Smith, editors of the *New York Weekly*, and by Beadle & Co., and Munroe & Co., a long list of cheap pamphlets, popularly known as "Dime Novels" (because the cost was a ten cent piece), and as "Yellow-Backs" (because the cover was generally

of yellow paper, with highly illumined title page). Of course at the Home the reading of novels of this character was strictly prohibited, but those days developed "scoff laws," just as does the present prohibitory regime. How we boys hoarded our pennies—and we had to hoard them for they came into our possession very seldomly—until the amount required to purchase a novel was on hand, and how eagerly we searched the news stands for the most enticing titles and covers! The boys in my ward, or a number of us at least, organized ourselves into a reading club so as to clandestinely engage in partaking of this forbidden fruit. And in order to be more secure in our pursuit we resorted to many deceptions for the perusal of these wild tales.

I remember an adventure with one of the novels. It was "Texas Joe," and the characters in the adventure with it were a playmate named George Gibbs, my teacher of the last year in school, Miss Frances Bradley, and myself. Texas Joe was an intrepid hunter and Indian fighter, a roistering two gun man, cruel and relentless to his foes, but tender and thoughtful with his friends, and loyal to the core. He was my ideal of a mountaineer, trapper, hunter, prospector and miner. He always got his mountain lion or bear with a single shot, and that "squarely between the eyes." He was always on hand to rescue the fair maiden in distress, a captive of the Indians. He would rout a band of the red skins single handed and alone; and always escaped from the encounter unscathed and scoring his victories by cutting additional notches on the stock of his rifle, to indicate the number of redskins who had "bit the dust" because of his daring and his unerring aim.

Our reading club, to escape observation, had constructed an underground rendezvous off in one corner of the forty-acre field in the center of which the Home building was located. The rendezvous was constructed with an intent to make it difficult of detection, the excavation, about four or five feet deep, and several feet square, was covered with boards on which was laid the original sod. There was left a small opening, over which a boulder was rolled to make it unnoticeable. By rolling this stone away we found room by much squirming and hard work to force ourselves into the underground hut. There, especially on Saturday afternoons, when the weather would permit, we would con-

gregate and choose one of our number as reader. The reader was the last one to enter the cave, and always sat with his back to the opening, through which the light was streaming. These gatherings soon were stopped, however, for I remember plainly our chagrin when, on visiting the cave one Saturday afternoon, we found it destroyed. Also we found ourselves, soon afterwards, holding audiences with the superintendent of the Home, and our wonderful novels confiscated.

The novel, "Texas Joe," which I have mentioned, was, I think, my favorite, and it was the only novel of that character which I can remember to have read with the knowledge and consent of our teacher. I had loaned the book to George Gibbs, a seatmate in school, and he was found by the teacher industriously perusing it during school hours, having hidden it away behind the pages of his geography. Miss Bradley, our teacher, quietly took charge of the novel, and admonished George to remain after school had closed for the day. This meant, of course, some punishment for disobedience to the rules of the school. As the novel was property belonging to me I felt equally guilty with George. I decided that it was my duty to remain after school hours, also, and when Miss Bradley had dismissed George I penitently approached her desk and informed her of my ownership of the tale of adventure and of my responsibility for the infraction of the rules. I was duly lectured and made to feel my guilt in disobedience, and then just when I had reached the lowest ebb of sorrow and self debasement I was lifted to the realms of light by Miss Bradley inquiring if I had read the book. Only a portion of it, I informed her, and also stated that I had just reached the most mysterious and exciting part of the story. Then the novel was handed to me with the information that I might complete the reading of it, but that it was then to be at once returned to her for destruction. I finished the reading, returned the book to Miss Bradley, and I am sure that there and then ended the career of Texas Joe, especially as it related to that one paper bound volume and that, in his yellow back, he was duly consigned to the flames. It may have been a wrong act from the standpoint of some, but I always have and always will bless the memory of my old teacher for this show of understanding and sympathy with youth in the making.



From a photograph taken at a reunion in 1890 of former teachers, pupils, their children, and others. The elderly gentleman near the center holding a cane is former superintendent, Henry F. Tucker, and in order to his left are Mrs. Annie Wittmeyer, and former teachers, Miss Frances E. Bradley (Mrs. George Raymer), Miss Jennie Doran, Miss Leoti L. West, Miss M. Schenk (Mrs. H. H. Markley). Standing just back of Miss Bradley is Miss Jean L. Terry, music teacher.

At the present time, when contemplating the literature which seems to have attained the greatest popularity, and to have taken hold as "the best sellers," I am inclined to make a comparison. Such a comparison would be strongly in favor of the old-time, yellow-backed dime novel. Its descriptions and teachings of the woods, waters, mountains and plains—of wild animals and their haunts—are certainly to be preferred to the modern day stories of sex and passion, of overdrawn drawing room antics of society, of super crooks and super bootleggers. I am free to state that I prefer "Diamond Dick" and the trackless forest to the various forms of "Three Weeks" under many titles, and I prefer "Texas Joe" and the clean prairie to "Snappy Stories" and other magazines of that ilk.

Reading of these novels as a boy filled me with ambition to become an author, and when I was fourteen years old, in collaboration with Lou W. Rogers, a classmate of my own age, I wrote a novel. It concerned the lives of Rogers and myself, and our imaginary adventures in the wilds of western America. The title we gave it was, "Out West Among the Gold Mines, or the Career of Two Home Boys." The work was, of course, crudely executed, but we had the hearty support of our teacher, Miss Bradley, of whom I have spoken heretofore. As we completed the chapters of the story we submitted each to Miss Bradley for her criticism or approval, and I have often thought how tolerant she must have been to permit us to continue this infliction, even to a rhyming last chapter, a rhyming which, at the time, we conceived to be poetry. There must have been kindness, love, and great forbearance in her nature, for instead of criticising or destroying the manuscript, Miss Bradley praised it and encouraged us to continue our efforts. Lou and I had been roommates in our wards and classmates in school for several years, and the only rift that ever occurred in our strongly cemented friendship was occasioned by this, our first literary venture. As stated we both were heroes of the story, and, as we took turns in penning alternate chapters, our heroic deeds were pretty evenly divided, and there was no occasion for jealousy. But at last jealousy did arise and a bitter boyish enmity was brought about by the novel, an enmity that was not cast aside until years afterwards.

Our novel had a heroine, as was proper with all good works

of fiction in those days—and is proper today, for that matter. Our heroine was one of the girls at the Home, a sprightly miss, with whom we both were boyishly entranced. Like all good fiction writers we realized that at last the heroine, after passing successfully through the numerous adventures to which we subjected her must, from feelings of gratitude to her preservers, if for no other reason, feel it her duty to become the bride of one of the Sir Galahads who had performed such miraculous deeds in her behalf. They say all good fiction writers form strong attachments, even love, for the characters their imagination has created. There is no doubt but that Lou and I fully felt the truth of this saying, and each of us insisted that he should be the one to produce the closing chapter of the novel, to dispose of the characters, and to indite the "and they lived happily ever after" finis. There the quarrel arose, but finally I had the pleasure of completing the story, and Lou remained in the West, a hunter and trapper, and the inveterate foe of the Indian tribes infesting that country. In real life our heroine, after leaving the Home, became the wife of a business man in Franklin County, at Hampton first, and later at Alexander, where she died a few years ago. Lou Rogers is now living in California, and is a lecturer for the International Theosophical Society. I have attempted no other works of fiction but feel that, probably, the incentive given to my efforts at that time by Miss Bradley was a moving factor leading me to newspaper work which I followed for many years.

If Carnegie medals for heroism had been in effect during those years at the Home, as they are today, I recall two instances where medals would undoubtedly have been awarded. One of the medals would surely have been given to a teacher at the school, Miss Jean L. Terry, and another to one of the older boys, Edgar Hodges. In the latter case the incident was one of exceptional daring and bravery. I cannot recall the exact year of the accident, but it was in the springtime, and on a date when the trustees of the home were making their regular quarterly visit of inspection. The Home building was a four-story brick structure located on the highest spot of ground in that part of the county. It was topped with a cupola of roomy dimensions. The cupola was open and surrounded on all sides by a platform

and the platform was enclosed with a picket railing. From this platform, which was about ninety feet from the ground, could be obtained a wonderful view of the surrounding country. Generally the stairway, leading from the attic to the cupola floor, was kept closed and securely locked, but on this occasion the trustees had made a trip to the cupola as part of their tour of inspection, and the stairway, with the door unlocked, had been left accessible to others. A number of the boys playing in the attic found the way to the cupola open and extended their playground to that viewpoint. In the course of their play one of the boys toppled from the platform. The fall was about twenty feet to the roof of the building, and from where it struck the body slid down the incline of the roof to the eaves where it stopped, miraculously, from being hurtled to the cement walk, close to the building, seventy feet below. The boy victim of the accident was an adventurous youngster named Edward Mabie. His rescuer was Edgar Hodges, who, with fine presence of mind and wonderful courage, removed his shoes and stockings, made the perilous descent of the roof and dragged and carried the unconscious boy back to safety. Edgar Hodges had come to the Home from Cedar Falls, where with his mother he lived for many years after the Orphans Home had been closed as such and had become the State Normal School. If either he or Ed. Mabie is living today and should read this he will know that this deed of heroism is still remembered by one who witnessed it.

The second incident I recall, in which one of the teachers, Miss Terry, won the praises of the officers of the Home for undoubted prevention of a fire that might easily have resulted in a holocaust, taking the lives of many of the children, occurred in the nighttime. Again I am unable definitely to recall the year or the month, but am quite convinced it was sometime during the winter of 1875. Aroused from sleep by the odor of smoke filling her room, Miss Terry called the superintendent and others who at once began an inspection of each floor of the building. No sign of a blaze was visible, but it was found that the odor of smoke was most pronounced just at the threshold of the entrance to Ward No. 8, where thirty of the older boys were sleeping. An ax swung by Mr. Tucker soon made an opening in the floor of the hallway. There the origin of the alarm was discovered in a

mass of rubbish left by workmen when the building was constructed. How the rubbish became ignited was never known, but a match and a mouse was the accepted explanation. A few pails of water extinguished the fire and thus, by timely discovery, was prevented what might have been an overwhelming disaster.

At another time a March storm blowing a gale occasioned an accident which, but for the seeming intervention of Providence, could easily have taken toll of a score or more lives of the children. The storm was of exceeding severity and the wind was piercingly cold, thus keeping all of the little folks close to the refuge of their wards, or living rooms. There was a massive chimney towering above the southwest wing of the building. When the blast of the storm was at its fiercest there came with it, suddenly, a roar and a crash that shook the entire building. The large chimney had blown down, crashed through the roof and the attic floor, and had deposited a ton or more of brick, mortar, broken timbers and other debris in the room occupied by the thirty or more young boys. To the superintendent, who rushed to the upper floor at the first crash, it appeared that the entire west wall of the building was about to collapse, and that many of the children must have been buried under the ruins filling the boys' ward. An inspection, however, soon developed the fact that, although frightened almost beyond control, none of the children had been injured. The escape was indeed miraculous, and was attributed to the fact that the ward manager, Mrs. Sarah McMullen, I think it was, had but a moment before the accident, as a preliminary to house cleaning, congregated the boys all at the east end of the large room, and the force of the wreck was from the center to the west end of the room.

In the great dining room where the three hundred or more children assembled daily at mealtimes, there was displayed across the west wall printed in large letters the motto, "IOWA HONORS OUR FATHERS; WE WILL YET HONOR HER." I do not know who was the author of this inspirational motto, but I have thought it originated with Miss Leoti L. West. Miss West was a soldier's orphan, coming to the Home in its early years. After she had attained the age at which the state no longer assumed care of the children, which was the sixteenth

birthday, she was retained at the Home as instructor in penmanship and bookkeeping. We were taught the Spencerian system of penmanship which, to my mind, is much superior to the latter-day systems, changing as they have, through the years of one child's schooling, from extended to backhand, to circular, and to vertical, so that the finished writing of the pupil is a mixture of chirography which is fearful and wonderful to behold, and practically illegible. The Spencerian system was capable of high ornamentation, but always beautiful and as legible as printing. Miss West, following the closing of the Home, migrated to Washington, then a territory, and became head of an academy at Walla Walla. In the summer of 1890 there was held at Cedar Falls a reunion of the "Home children," and at that reunion, which brought the children (then grown men and women) from all sections of the United States, Miss West presented a paper tracing a large number of the orphans through their activities in life after leaving the Home. I wish I had preserved this record, for it was the highest possible proof of the wisdom displayed by the lawmakers of Iowa in establishing these homes, and proof, also, that the motto in our dining room there had taken root in the hearts and consciences of those to whom for years it had been a daily inspiration.

What a myriad of names and faces appear to me, as in memory I go back to those early years of my life! I see the old school room with its rows of oaken desks, the regulation equipment of the time. The top of the desk grooved to hold pencil and pen, and also to accommodate a sunken inkwell; and underneath there was a space in each desk where our geographies, slates and other study books were to be stored when not in use; the seats of the early opera style, with iron legs securely fastened to the floor. In front of the desks on a slightly raised platform was the table used by our teacher. The boys were seated on one side of the room and the girls on the opposite side. There were two blackboards in the room, one on the east wall, back of the teacher's platform, and one along the length of the west wall. I can see Alva, Merton and Will Packard, three brothers who came to the Home from Belmont, in Wright county; then come visions of Rose, Lyna, Emma and Lydia Whited, four sisters from the

same town. What became of the Packard boys I cannot say positively, but I have understood that they all took up farming after leaving the Home, and if so, with the great increase in values of Iowa land during the years, they probably have each amassed a fortune and retired ere this. Of the Whited girls, all were married in the course of time with the exception of Lydia who, years ago, enticed by the propaganda relating to the wonderful climate of California, took up her residence in that state as a school-teacher. Then there were Otto and Amos Schurtzman, stolid, good-hearted German boys who, leaving the Home, went to Dubuque and became machinists. Charley Warren comes to mind. He with his sister, Nettie, were in the Home from Mount Vernon, where Charley is today a member of the city council, and where he conducts a blacksmith and machine repair shop. Forest Lawrence, now living in Portland, Oregon, was at the Home with his sisters, Josephine and Mamie, and his mother who was a nurse in the Home hospital for a number of years. Then there was Winona Ingalls, from McGregor, I think, dark, tall and slender, with hair straight and black as coal. I remember we called her the Indian maiden, and she would have qualified as a beautiful princess in any Indian tribe.

Lou W. Rogers, with his brother John, came to the Home from Toledo, in Tama County. Lou has since developed his bent for public speaking, of which he gave promise in his early years and, as stated elsewhere in this article, is today identified as a leader in international Theosophy. Charley Harding who, in maturing manhood years amassed a fortune as a livestock broker in Chicago, was one of those boys who inherit, apparently, the business instinct. I remember a venture in merchandising at the Home in which Charley and myself were partners. Our stock in trade was wild plums, which we gathered from trees along Dry Run and on the bluffs south of Cedar Falls, and which we sold to the other children, if my memory is true, two plums for a pin, and three for a bell-button. Bell-buttons in those days, scintillating in all the colors of the rainbow, were collected and saved for "charm strings." Charley apparently after leaving the Home followed his natural trading bent, but my mind did not develop along that line. There was Edward Haskell and

his sister Nellie, a beautiful, mischievous, innocent little miss. The name "Haskell" also recalls Jim Haskell, a strapping, red-headed "town boy" who is remembered chiefly as the friend and protector of the "Home boys," because in all our encounters with boys from town he could be depended on to rout our tormentors. Then I recall the Ward sisters of Hampton. They were Velma and Mary. Revealing a bit of literary mystery, it can be stated that Velma Ward was the ideal and heroine of the novel written by Lou Rogers and myself. I have often longed to know what has been the life history of Charlie Sabin, Edward and Ollie Whipple, Susie and Fannie Curtis, Ed Templeton, Will and Irving Mitchell, Nettie Howard and Lucy Seaton (and I think she had a sister Emma), Will Pettit, John Alguire, Mahala, Nora and Minnie Barry, Tom Wood, Ada Peck, and Arthur Overpeck. These names all rush from the back of my memory today, after fifty years following our separation when the Home at Cedar Falls was discontinued. Perhaps some who are mentioned herein may read this article; and perhaps others whose names do not return at this moment may peruse it. They will know that early childhood memories do not desert us, and that early childhood playmates and friends are not forgotten, no matter what has been the march of the years.

As stated, my father's death left my mother with a family of five children, the oldest of whom was not quite fourteen years of age. There were myself, two brothers, and two sisters. My brothers were Frederick, and David McClelland, the latter named after General George B. McClelland, was the youngest of the family. My sisters were Frances and Rebecca. My mother died in 1878, and my sister Frances a year or so later. The others are living, Frederick a farmer in Oregon, McClelland, also a farmer, and Rebecca, now Mrs. Daniel J. Hummel, living at La Porte City. My mother and sister are resting side by side in the cemetery at La Porte City, and in this cemetery plot is also a headstone commemorating my father.

There is a plot in a cemetery at Cedar Falls, marked with a small monument, erected there by the state of Iowa. This plot is sacred to the memory of orphans who died at the Soldiers Orphans Home during the years of its occupancy, from June,

1866, to June, 1876. There are sixteen small mounds in this cemetery plot. With an individual total of more than 900 who passed through the Home during the ten years of its operation, and with an average annual attendance during most of these years somewhere near the 300 mark, the mortality, as thus shown, was extremely low. The monument was erected at a cost of \$450.00, appropriated for that purpose by the General Assembly of the state, and its erection was supervised by Mr. Tucker, superintendent of the Home, by Mr. G. B. Van Saun, treasurer of the Board of Trustees of the Home, and by Mr. R. P. Speer of Cedar Falls, one of the trustees. The record of deaths by years, as compiled and reported to the Board of Trustees when the Home closed was: for 1866, nine; 1867, one; 1868, none; 1869, one; 1870, one; 1871, none; 1872, one; 1873, three; 1874, none; 1875, none; 1876, none. The tender years of the children, none over sixteen years of age being in the Home, taken into consideration with the fact that more than one half of the deaths occurred the first year the institution was operated, and that the first building occupied was unsanitary and unfit for use, makes the record stand out as really remarkable, only seven deaths occurring in the nine years, 1867 to 1876, inclusive. Measles, by the supervision of whooping cough, caused eight of the nine fatalities in 1866, and the same disease, bringing on congestion of the lungs, caused the three deaths in 1873.

The total cost to the state for the support and care of children at the Home at Cedar Falls during its existence was, as near as can be determined from available records, \$311,501.86, or \$103.84 per year for each of the 300 cared for annually, an average of \$8.65 per month, for food, clothing, care and education. Could this amount of money have been invested by the state (and over this term of years) to a better advantage? I do not think it could have been.

Sometimes the children at the Home felt they were abused; sometimes we complained of the food given us; sometimes we found fault with the clothing we were compelled to wear; and sometimes we grieved at the rules under which we lived. But today, as I look back through the years and recall the fact that our bodies were kept healthy through wholesome food and

judicious exercise, and that our minds were turned to the right paths, I am more than ever convinced that Iowa, in all its upward and onward movements, never put its heart and soul into a better or more benign work than that of looking after and caring for the orphans of its civil war soldiers, whose lives were given for the cause of the Union, that it might be kept "one and inseparable."

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#### HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, 1858

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We publish this morning on the first page a statistical table of the House of Representatives. From this it will be seen that the oldest member of the House is Mr. Reitzel of Monroe County, and the youngest member is Mr. McCrary of Keokuk. Fifteen members are under thirty years of age, and forty-two members, over half, are under forty. There are but ten who are fifty or more. The average age of the members is thirty-eight.

Mr. Millsap has been the longest in the state—twenty-three years, while Messrs. Jackson, Clune, and Pierson have been but two years in the state. The average of years in the state is eight and three-fourths years.

Seventeen members were born in Ohio, fourteen in New York, nine in Pennsylvania, six in Kentucky, five in Massachusetts, four in Vermont, three in Virginia, three in Indiana, two in Connecticut, two in Ireland, and one each in New Brunswick, England, New Hampshire, Missouri, New Jersey, Maine, and Mississippi.

There are thirty-five farmers, twenty-four lawyers, four merchants, three real estate brokers, two physicians, and one editor, one millwright, one surveyor, and one lumber merchant.

There are sixty married men, one widower, seven senior bachelors and four junior bachelors.—*The Iowa Citizen*, Des Moines, January 28, 1858. (In the newspaper collection of the Historical, Memorial and Art Department of Iowa.)

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