

Comment by the Editor

THE BEAUTY THAT WAS IOWA

Art is universal. Every people of every land in every age have felt the urge to express themselves in terms of beauty. Emotions, aspirations, ideas, and achievements have been idealized in poetry, music, painting, sculpture, and buildings. The "frozen music" of architecture with its harmony and balance of line, its facilities for ornamentation, its endurance, and its combination of utility and grace is particularly adapted to the portrayal of human character.

What could be more symbolical in Iowa art than the palaces that sprang from the soil? Nor were the corn palaces, the coal palace, and the blue grass palaces the only ones that were built. Mason City had a flax palace; Algona erected a hay palace; and Davenport talked of an onion palace. Perhaps the St. Paul ice palace or the crystal palace of London inspired the idea; but nowhere before had the conception been so completely expressive of purpose, so inherently meaningful. The Iowa palaces served as significant memorials of substantial achievement, erected by a grateful, joyous, and prosperous people who lived in a land of plenty.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH OF APRIL

As the Ides of March was a tragic day in ancient Rome, so the twenty-fifth of April will be long re-

membered in Sioux City. At one o'clock on that fatal day in 1893 D. T. Hedges, the wealthiest man in the city, assigned all his property to his creditors. Ten minutes later the Union Loan and Trust Company failed, and with it the financial foundation of Sioux City crumbled.

For a decade money had poured into the city, big industries had been founded, and the astonishing results had been heralded widely. Then the achievement of years was undone in a flash. Within an hour the owners of the union stock yards, one of the packing plants, two railroads, and the Sioux City terminal were bankrupt. The amazing growth of the "Metropolis of the Northwest", to which the famous corn palaces had contributed much, was a thing of the past, and the roseate hopes of the future were transformed into the substance of dreams.

J. E. B.