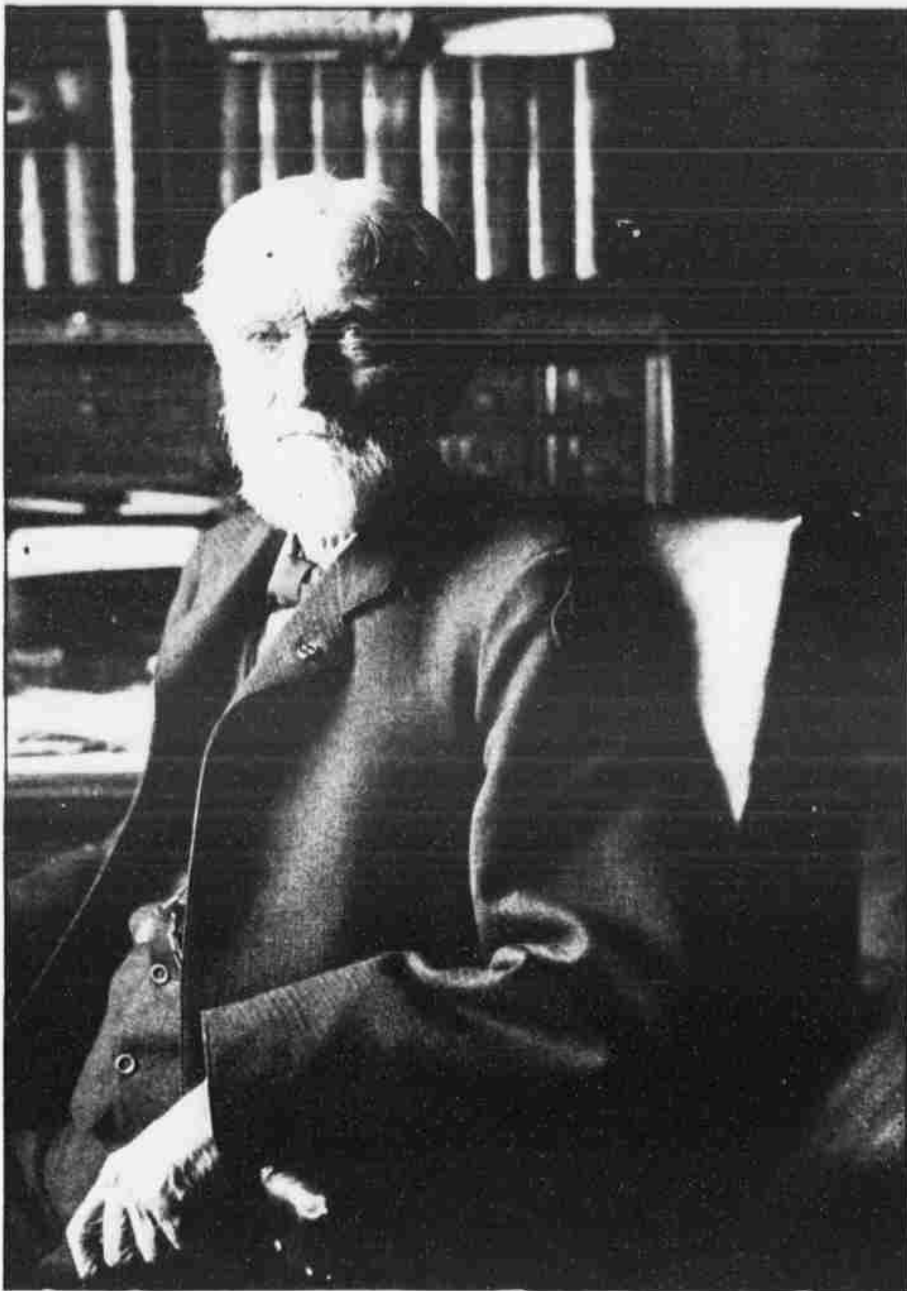


Charles Aldrich, Curator Iowa Department of History

BUT FEW men of the west have had their life work crowned so appropriately as Charles Aldrich of Iowa. He is a newspaper man, a true journalist of the old school, educated at the case and developed by years of arduous labor in his chosen field. He is one of the pioneer newspaper editors of Iowa, his career dating from 1857. Years ago he began to take a deep interest in the history of his state, in those things which are so easily forgotten, but which go to make up the story of the state's grandeur. About the same time he became a collector. He gathered autographs and historical documents and photographs of great men. His career had given him a wide acquaintance. He prepared a collection which was of rare merit. As the years went on his collection of autographs and manuscripts became so valuable that he desired the state to take care of the same for the benefit of future generations. Out of this has grown the Iowa historical department and the beautiful "Hall of History," which is being rapidly filled with the choicest treasures of the state and over which Mr. Aldrich presides. It is a natural outcome of his life work, his hopes and ambitions; and Mr. Aldrich is devoting the closing years of an active life to this work which means so much to the future of Iowa and for which he will be remembered through many generations.

Charles Aldrich was born in Chautauqua county, New York, in 1828, and in 1846 he entered the office of the Western Literary Messenger in Buffalo to learn the printer's trade. He followed his vocation in various towns of New York and Pennsylvania and established the Cattaraugus Sachem at Randolph, N. Y., in 1850. In 1857 he came to Iowa and established the Hamilton Freeman at Webster City, then a village. He at once took a high position in politics and gave his support to James W. Grimes for senator. Subsequently Mr. Aldrich was editor of the Dubuque Times and later bought and edited the Marshall Times, now the Marshalltown Times-Republican. At other times he has been connected editorially with the Waterloo Courier, Council Bluffs Nonpareil and the Chicago Inter Ocean. He locked up his office in Webster City and went to war as an adjutant in the Thirty-second Iowa. In 1860, 1862, 1866



CHARLES ALDRICH, CURATOR HISTORICAL DEPARTMENT OF IOWA.

and 1870 Mr. Aldrich was chief clerk of the Iowa house of representatives. He was one of the commissioners appointed by President Grant to settle the Des Moines river land troubles. He was a member of the United States geologic survey in 1875. Eighteen years ago the state legislature accepted the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Aldrich of their splendid collection of autographs and manuscripts and it was agreed that the collection should be kept intact and in proper cases. The collection remained in the state library for several years, but in 1892 the historical department of Iowa was established and Mr. Aldrich was made curator. In 1899 a building was erected by the state, which is but a part of the building planned and which will ultimately be one of the finest historical buildings of the country.

Mr. Aldrich, as curator of the historical department, is devoting his life to historical research and collection. In his painstaking, persistent, enthusiastic way he has made wonderful progress. His original collection is being added to year by year and new features are being introduced. Here are autographs of hundreds of the men known to fame the world over of this generation and of the past, in all walks of life and of all kinds. The collection of manuscripts relating directly to Iowa affairs is increasing. Mr. Aldrich has ransacked the records at Washington for manuscripts and valuable letters. Then he has a great collection of natural history specimens, of geologic specimens, of ancient pottery, of Indian curios, of guns and weapons of all kinds, of curious artillery from all parts of the world, of characteristic western vehicles and implements and utensils illustrating early western life. The collection of historical portraits is very fine and is increasing rapidly. The file of newspapers of early Iowa is the most complete extant and the collection of historical books is large. Everything relating to Iowa history is being gathered in the "Hall of History" to form the nucleus of a great historical collection worthy of the state of Iowa.

It is to the genius and devotion of Charles Aldrich that the state of Iowa owes the establishment of a work which is destined to continue increasing in importance through the years. He is living

to a ripe old age to enjoy that which he has wrought.

Frees Her Mind

Chicago Tribune: "I see you've got a lot of snow on your sidewalk, ma'am," said the muffled-up man at the kitchen door. "I know it," replied the woman of the house. "All the other folks along here have had their's cleaned off." "I know that, too." "Don't you reckon you ought to have yours cleaned off?" "I do." "Like to have it done, ma'am?" "I would." "Well, I'll do it as cheap as anybody." "You will, will you?" "Yes'm; I'll sweep 'em all off, front and back, for 25 cents." "I won't pay it." "Then I'll do it for 15." "I won't pay that, either." "Well, I'll do it for 10." "You couldn't have the job if you'd do it for nothing." "Why not, ma'am?" "Because that's my husband's job. If he don't do it those walks can stay covered with snow all winter." "If that's your husband's job, why doesn't he do it?" "He hasn't got time!" she snapped. "He's downtown talking politics and saving the country." Hereupon she slammed the door in his face.

Awful Strain

Baltimore Herald: "Grab that dip just arrived, Bill, before he does himself harm," cried the lunatic asylum keeper. "All right. Poor fellow, he's clear out of his head." "Sure; dippy as a March hare. Now, we've got the straight jacket on, put him in that padded cell." "Must have been a terrible mental strain upon his head." "I should say so. Why, that man sat down and read the president's message right through."

Gleams of Mirth Which Brighten Solemn Court Proceedings

JUDGE NEELY'S court, Chicago, a young man was on trial for highway robbery. The victim, a girl, testified that the man who robbed her was of the same build and appearance as the prisoner and had a mustache just like his. For the defense Lawyer F. J. Houlihan put on the stand the prisoner's sweetheart, with whom he had been keeping company for three years. She swore that at the time of the robbery the prisoner wore no mustache and was clean shaven. Other witnesses corroborated her. "Well, you can stop at that," at length said Judge Neely. "We can believe the young lady. She's the most competent witness as to whether he had a mustache or not and I know the reason why." The prisoner was discharged.

Lawyer Abe Hummel is authority for the statement, quoted by the New York Times, that if bachelors who wish to avoid breach of promise suits will use telegraph blanks in doing their proposing they will always keep on the safe side. He bases this assertion on an incident in a Westchester county breach of promise case, in which Mr. Hummel appeared for the defendant. The plaintiff's lawyer began to read the alleged proposal of the defendant to the jury, as it appeared on a message blank. He began with "My dearest Louisa."

Mr. Hummel interrupted. "If the court please, this document is partly printed and partly written. By all the rules of evidence the plaintiff cannot offer parts of that instrument. He must read it all."

The opposing lawyer protested that the printed matter had nothing to do with the case, and that the fact that the proposal was written on a telegraph blank was an accident. The court ruled that everything on the blank should be read. Reluctantly the plaintiff's counsel read:

"There is no liability on account of this message unless the same is repeated and then only on condition that the claim is made within thirty days in writing." And then, after the signature, "Yours lovingly, John." followed, "N. B.—Read carefully the conditions at the top."

It didn't take the jury long to render a verdict.

"Don't make the mistake of bullying a witness on cross-examination," Judge William K. Townsend of the United States circuit court advised a class in the Yale Law school. "It only makes him obstinate and wary. I have found that the best way is to agree with him and flatter him until he forgets you're trying to trap him and gives himself away. When I was counsel for the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad company the road was sued for

damages by a stalwart fellow who claimed that his right arm, which looked sound enough, had been so injured in a wreck that he could not raise it above his waist.

"You say you're unable to move your right arm freely?" I asked him pleasantly.

"Yes, sir."

"What a pity!" said I. "Now just how far can you raise it?"

"Only so high," said he, lifting it with a painful grimace to his waist.

"Too bad, too bad," I sympathized. "And before this accident I'll wager you were physically a match for any man."

"You bet I was," he assented warmly.

"And could swing that arm around as well as the next fellow?"

"Better," he declared.

"Just show us how high you could raise it then," I asked quickly.

"Away up here!" he answered, hoisting his arm straight over his head with unwary enthusiasm.

Good stories, says M. A. P., have a trick of repeating themselves. The classic jest of "Daft Davie" with Prof. Blackie about the horseshoe has just been repeated in real life in the course of the extraordinary Studdert remount case in Ireland. "Daft Davie" was what we call in Ireland an omadhaun—a congenial idiot with a spark of cunning in him—who loved to take

"rises" out of the Edinburgh dons. Picking up a horseshoe one day on the High street, he approached Prof. Blackie and asked him if, with all his learning, he could say what it was. "A horseshoe," said Blackie. "The shoe of a horse?" queried "Daft Davie." "The shoe of a horse," echoed the professor, with the good-humored smile he ever reserved for those whom he considered true Scottish "originals." "An' hoo do ye ken ony better than 'Daft Davie,'" said the omadhaun, "that it isna a mare's shoe?" So much for Edinburgh. Now for Ennis. One of the witnesses was asked, "Did you sell Major Studdert a horse?" "No, sor." "Did your father sell Major Studdert a horse?" "No, sor." "Did your grandfather sell him a horse?" "No, sor." "Well, then, did any member of your family sell Major Studdert anything?" "Yes, sor." "Who did, then?" "I did, sor." "And what did you sell Major Studdert?" "I sold him a mare, sor." The counsel sat down and the court roared.

"That makes me think," said the tall man quoted by the New York Tribune, "how Colonel Ochiltree once got the better of a lawyer in this city who tried to make fun of him on the witness stand. It was in March, 1894, when the colonel had his nurse, James F. Lynch, arrested on the charge of stealing a gold watch, a bet-

ting book, an overcoat, an umbrella, which he had bought in London and a roll of bills. He said that he had lost all this property when he was ill at N. 8 West Thirty-third street. As soon as the colonel took the stand the lawyer for the nurse asked:

"You were suffering from too high living at this time, were you not?"

"Well, I didn't live in the cellar, I can tell you," was the answer.

"But you had been drinking too much?"

"No, sir, I had not been drinking, although I am not a bigoted teetotaler," was the prompt reply.

"But this watch—you got that for a poker debt," persisted the lawyer, who was beginning to get red behind the ears.

"No, it was too honest a watch for that. It had an open face," chuckled the witness.

"The lawyer blushed up to the roots of his hair, took a hitch in his suspenders and then went at the complainant ferociously with this question:

"But, look here! Are you perfectly sure that this man took your watch? Could not some one else have stolen it?"

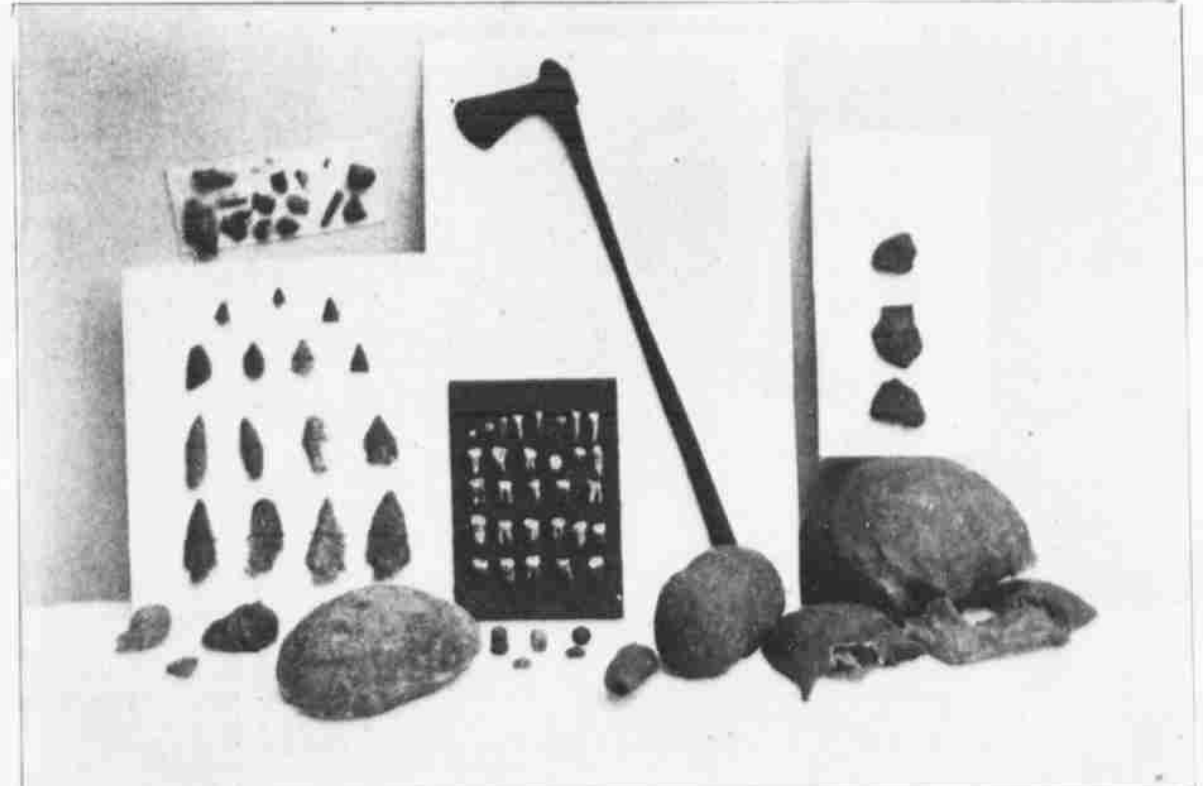
"If you had ever called on me," quietly remarked the colonel, "I might have believed you had stolen it."

"The lawyer thereupon gave up the cross-examination."

Results of Excavations by Local Investigators Among the Pawnee Tombs on Wahoo Hill, Saunders County, Nebraska



INDIAN BONES UNEARTHED ON WAHOO HILL.—Photo by A. L. Anderson.



WAHOO HILL COLLECTION OF ARTHUR L. ANDERSON OF WAHOO, Neb.