

JOURNAL OF THE SENATE

MEMORIALS

SENATE CHAMBER,
DES MOINES, IOWA, APRIL 12, 1923.

The Senate met in memorial session, President Hammill presiding.

DANIEL CADY CHASE

Senator D. C. Chase, a member of the present General Assembly, having died Friday morning, March 2, President of the Senate John Hammill and Senators Gilchrist, Price, Buser and Bowman appointed by him as a special committee, attended the funeral, which was held at Webster City on Sunday, March 4th.

At the close of the session of the Senate on Tuesday, March 6, a short memorial exercise was held for Senator Chase.

On motion of Senator Gilchrist the following eulogy of Senator Chase, delivered at the funeral by Rev. George Wood, was ordered printed in the Senate Journal:

My dear Friends:

We are assembled today to show our sense of appreciation, our high regard, for the life and personality of Daniel Cady Chase. Cady, as he was generally known, was born in this city, June 18, 1859, his parents coming here one year previous. His father, Daniel D. Chase, was a prominent lawyer and district judge.

Cady was a graduate of the Webster City schools and also of the State university, where he made a brilliant record. For a time he was interested in journalism, but later was admitted to the bar and became one of its most able members.

From 1892 to his death, he was at intervals associated with the state legislature; first as representative and then as senator, holding the seat as senator for the Thirty-seventh district at the time of his death.

His consecration to duty was as impelling during his previous terms as it was in this, his last, when from a sick bed he would take his faltering way to the Senate chamber, there to engage in debate, and to vote, carrying out the desires of his constituency, but returning each time a much weakened man.

One might say that his sense of duty was as vital to him as life itself.

Cady Chase passed away at 7:30 o'clock a. m., Friday morning, March 2nd, almost in the arms of Mrs. Chase, who has without rest given herself to him during his long and wearing sickness. He leaves to lament his departure, his wife and one son, Cady—Daniel Cady Chase, Jr., who is practising law in Cedar Rapids.

Mr. Chase was always at the service of his fellows, and no legal work nor indeed work of any kind was ever refused because his client had no means wherewith to pay for the services he sought. Cady Chase performed many deeds of helpfulness, few of which were ever made public, and none of which were heralded by a fanfare of trumpets.

He championed the cause of the "under dog," and with considerable relish fought his case to a finish. He had a mind as keen as a March wind; a sympathy as generous as summer sunshine; and convictions steadfast as a granite cliff, and constant as the stars. He was a statesman, a lawyer, a man, of no mean order; the friend of nature's wild life—for bird, flower, stream and tree had its songful message for his ever ready soul, and it may be that that which passed for aloofness was but preoccupation.

In his early years he gave his powerful voice to the various churches, singing in the choirs, but later he seldom attended public worship; not that the failure to attend church detracted from his personality, for he found sustaining and enriching interests elsewhere.

And now for a few brief moments, I would like to show through the jewelled portals of his poems, and by the aid of his own singing words, some glimpses of his not commonly revealed selfhood. He was a patriot not of the wordy mouth, but of the potent deed. He loved his country, and was perhaps one of the heaviest subscribers of his county to the national Liberty Bonds and this instinct of patriotism flames forth in his lines to "Crocker's Iowa Brigade:"

Here his mystic mood visualizes the hour with its setting of consecrated nobility and martial movement.

He was more—he was a "worshipper":

"Lift up thine eyes. Art thou delving deep?
Scanning the ground long hours? Grovelling o'er a heap
Thou callest gold?
It is unvalued, save as a thing of beauty
Which shines and glitters in the sun;
But naught, when matched with the glorious rise
Of the golden dawn itself. Lift up thine eyes;
Earth is but an atom on the face of the universe,
Thy state—thy power—how small
Compared with that which moves the stars, guiding them all.
Look, brother, look! Lift up thine eyes,
Strip off thy tinsel crown."

Surely my friends, we are here face to face with that vast cosmic sense, which gives to life and to men a true balance, a true proportion. Cady Chase was a worshipper of that august power which guides the stars and yet interests itself in men.

A patriot—a worshipper—he was a "Samaritan" soul! Note the sacred sequence, the simple grace, the high regard, which unveils itself in the lines—

"When courage lags, and cannot take
One step ahead; nay, impotent,
Falls down; then Sympathy—Heaven-sent,
And Love, will take the burden up,
Press to the parched lips the cooling cup,
Brush off the dust of failure; then
Assist the stranger on again."

And I venture to say, that in this state there are scores of people whose testimony of their experiences with him, would establish that; for from the treasury of his own regnant manhood, he brought forth the cooling cup and extended the lifting hand.

But he had a "secret place"—a place of mental, physical and indeed spiritual restoration.

"There was a rippling stream, a slow moving boat,
Moving past fragrant woods, where violets blow,
Redolent air, and curtains of green,
Where he rested—unseen—unseen."

And I believe from these hidden sanctuaries, he came forth re-born unto power, to disentangle the skeins of human wretchedness and sin. May I go further and say he was a man of sterling courage, and of abiding steadfastness. In the lines called "Courage," he stands tall as the snow-capped hills, and as immovable:

"Be ever true.
When fortune darkly glowers,
And frowns forbiddingly,
And all the allied powers
Of evil ruthlessly
Rush in between;
Nay, more! The will to draw more closely still
Oh let there then be truthfulness.
The bond between us two,
What storm may come—what woe betide;
So, each be true,
You true to me,
And I to you."

It is an appeal for comradeship in the home, but it is also an appeal for constancy in all of life's relationships. How vividly this man senses life's direst necessities and with what hallowed consecration he would meet them! And finally, this stalwart son of man, this man whose mind and heart formed one of the noblest assets of this favored state, reveals to us the most sacred of all his inner shrines of being when he pens the lines:

"You call me proud; could you but guess aright,
How all my willing pride would gladly die
Before a man who, grandly in his might,
Could rise above me, like a star on high."

Here is a full-orbed, clear visioned sincerity; here is frank, honest, majestic belief in himself; but so poised, so finely balanced, that he could bend the knee, when he had found a might "which grandly rose above him—like a star on high."

Today we mourn his passing from these scenes of earth and turn in our love to those who abide with us "yet a little while," but our faith is firm that Cady Chase, having found that greater life, and having seen face to face the kingly Christ, is walking the avenues of immortality, is changing from glory unto glory by beholding, and perhaps slowly but none the less surely, assuming the same image.

Our prayer surely is this—May the God, whose natural creations he loved so well, and whose voices he heard so clearly, in forest and stream,

in laughing child and in singing bird, multiply his graces upon him and lead him into the way everlasting.—Amen.

Senator Price spoke as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT: I could not permit this hour to pass without saying some word of my appreciation of the life and character of my and your friend, so affectionately called Cady Chase. It was my distinguished privilege to be permitted to stand by his bier and drop a tear of sympathy and love for the memory of one whom his pastor so fittingly called a statesman. It was my privilege to serve with him in the Thirty-seventh General Assembly, and there I learned to know him intimately and well. On the outside he appeared at times gruff, but on the inside he was at all times one of the most polished and brilliant lives that the great state of Iowa has ever produced. How fittingly has he been termed a statesman, and I wish that the senators present and those of the future yet unborn would make the distinction between a statesman and a politician. This Senator Chase did.

It is to be regretted that too many persons in public service, and particularly in the legislature, in voting or acting upon measures coming before them too often ask themselves the question "What effect will this have on my re-election, on my continuation in the public service and the gratification of my selfish ambitions," and too rarely do they ask themselves the question "Is it right?" Cady Chase asked only the question "Is it right?" and having determined this, he cared not for the consequences on his official career because he believed in the doctrine that God Almighty and one in the right is always a majority, and were the great state of Iowa blessed with a greater number of men possessing the sterling qualities which guided Cady Chase here people would be more blessed by the public service than they now are.

His was a clear brain and he had a clear vision. His outstanding characteristic was that of honesty, and in using the word honesty I do not use it in its limited sense, that of paying debts, but I use it in that greater and broader sense, honesty and uprightness in all of his relationships with men. He was courageous; he was fearless; he was studious, and in his service as a senator he thoroughly investigated every proposition and arrived at the conclusion of what was right, and upon arriving at that conclusion he could not be swerved from the path of duty, but pursued it to its just and logical end. His was a kind and sympathetic nature; he judged not, lest he be judged of the same judgment. How often I have heard him speak the lines:

"In men whom men condemn as ill I find so much of goodness still,
In men whom men pronounce divine I find so much of sin and blot
That I hesitate to draw the line between the two where God has not."

That was Cady Chase's attitude towards men.

As I stood beside the bier and dropped a tear I thought "Is Cady Chase dead," My answer is "No"; "to live in hearts we leave behind is not to die." Cady Chase is not dead; he lives today in the hearts of those left behind, in your heart and mine, and we will hand down to posterity the splendor and service of the life of Cady Chase.