

resolution tender its sympathy to his mother and his immediate family who survive.

Be It Further Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the Journal of the Senate as an expression of the life and worth of the deceased, and an engrossed copy hereof be transmitted to his mother and his immediate family.

T. E. MOEN,
C. A. BENSON,
G. W. PATTERSON,
Committee.

The resolution was unanimously adopted by a rising vote.

Senator Moen spoke as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT AND SENATORS: It was a considerable shock to us all when we received the sad news that our Highway Commissioner Dean had suffered a severe stroke which left him in a very critical condition. The best of help was called to his bedside but with no relief. He was then taken by his son to the hospital at Rochester, Minnesota, where he received the care and the attention of the best doctors obtainable. The first news we received from there was to the effect that he seemed to be resting a little easier, but before long we received a message which stated that his condition had turned for the worse. A second message was received later stating that he had passed away. Evidently the grim reaper who shows no favoritism had placed his stamp on our good friend and he had to answer the final roll call—one that we all must answer. It had been my privilege to know Herbert Dean for many years. We lived in adjoining counties. We served together in the House during the Thirty-eighth session of the General Assembly. We had the same Committee Clerk and Dean occupied the seat right back of me so we had the opportunity of getting well acquainted. I learned to know him as a man with a strong and determined mind of his own. It was not hard to find whether he was for or against any bill. He was a hard working and faithful member of the House, and later of the Senate. I have lost a close personal friend in his passing.

Senator Patterson spoke as follows:

H. E. Dean—I knew him well. He was able, kind and good; industrious, ambitious and diligent. He was courageous, consistent and confident. He was genial and enthusiastic. He was educated not only in public school and college, but in the university of hard knocks as well. He was a success. He was admired, respected and loved. He always played the game. He lived the golden rule. For many years he gave himself unsparingly to the public good. He died in the public service.

I would conclude these few brief remarks with what seems to me a beautiful and fitting prose poem entitled, "Life," by Robert G. Ingersoll.

"Born of love and hope, of ecstasy and pain, of agony and fear, of tears and joy—dowered with the wealth of two united hearts—held in happy arms, with lips upon life's drifted font, blue-veined and fair,

where perfect peace finds perfect form—rocked by willing feet and wooed to shadowy shores of sleep by siren mother singing soft and low—looking with wonder's wide and startled eyes at common things of life and day—taught by want and wish and contact with the things that touch the dimpled flesh of babes—lured by light and flame, and charmed by color's wondrous robes—learning the use of hands and feet, and by the love of mimicry beguiled to utter speech—releasing prisoned thoughts from crabbed and curious marks on soiled and tattered leaves—puzzling the brain with crooked numbers and their changing, tangled worth—and so through years of alternating day and night, until the captive grows familiar with the chains and walls and limitations of a life.

“And time runs on in sun and shade, until the one of all the world is wooed and won, and all the lore of love is taught and learned again. Again a home is built with the fair chamber wherein faint dreams, like cool and shadowy vales, divide the billowed hours of love. Again the miracle of a birth—the pain and joy, the kiss of welcome and the cradle-song drowning the drowsy prattle of a babe.

“And then the sense of obligation and of wrong—pity for those who toil and weep—tears for the imprisoned and despised—love for the generous dead, and in the heart the rapture of a high resolve.

“And then ambition, with its lust of pelf and place and power, longing to put upon its breast distinction's worthless badge. Then keener thoughts of men, and eyes that see behind the smiling mask of craft—flattered no more by the obsequious cringe of gain and greed—knowing the uselessness of hoarded gold—of honor bought from those who charge the usury of self-respect—of power that only bends a coward's knee and forces from the lips of fear the lies of praise. Knowing at last the unstudied gesture of esteem, the reverent eyes made rich with honest thought and holding high above all other things—high as hope's great throbbing star above the darkness of the dead—the love of wife and child and friend.

“Then locks of gray, and growing love of other days and half-remembered things—then holding withered hands of those who first held his, while over dim and loving eyes death softly presses down the lids of rest.

“And so, locking in marriage vows his children's hands and crossing others on the breast of peace, with daughters' babes upon his knees, the white hair mingling with the gold, he journeys on from day to day to that horizon where the dusk is waiting for the night—at last, sitting by the holy hearth of home as evening's embers change from red to gray, he falls asleep within the arms of her he worshiped and adored, feeling upon his pallid lips love's last and holiest kiss.”