

Therefore, Be It Resolved, That in the death of Gilman L. Johnson the state and county in which he resided lost a worthy and upright citizen, a valient soldier and and an honored statesman, and we hereby extend to the bereaved family and friends our sincere sympathy.

And Be It Further Resolved, A copy of these resolutions be printed in the journal of the Senate and that the Secretary of the Senate be directed to forward an engrossed copy to the family of the deceased.

A. L. BROXAM,
A. M. PARKER,
H. C. WHITE.

The resolutions were adopted unanimously by a rising vote.

In moving the adoption of the resolution, Senator Broxam spoke in part as follows:

I believe that I am the only member of this senate that was personally acquainted with Mr. Johnson, and I feel at this time there is nothing that I might say that will add to the luster and glory of Mr. Johnston' life.

As a lawyer he was a leader in his profession, always standing for what he thought was right regardless of public opinion or what other people might think. Politically, he was a democrat of the old school, always loyal and true, and now that he has gone to that great beyond, that Home not built by hand, eternal in the heavens, the greatest tribute I can pay to him at this time is that to know him was to honor and love him.

EDWARD P. M'MANUS.

Senator Frailey, from a special committee, submitted the following report and moved its adoption:

MR. PRESIDENT—Your committee appointed to prepare resolutions commemorating the life, character and public services of Edward P. McManus, beg leave to submit the following report:

Edward P. McManus, member of the Iowa Senate from Lee county in the Thirty-second, Thirty-third, Thirty-fourth and Thirty-fifth General Assemblies, was born at Keokuk, Lee county, Iowa, on the 20th day of June, 1857, and died at Keokuk on the 8th day of January, 1918. His death came suddenly and without warning while engaged in his duties as postmaster at Keokuk postoffice. The last days of his life were the busiest. In addition to his official duties as postmaster and his private affairs, he devoted much time and labor to various war activities, being chairman of the Lee County Council of Defense and county food administrator. The exactions of these manifold duties contributed in no small degree to his untimely death.

The life of Edward P. McManus was crowded with many and varied activities. He was successively traveling salesman, farmer, country school teacher, state senator, managing head of successful stone quarries and

postmaster. Throughout his entire life he evinced a keen interest in politics. It was the game and not the spoils that appealed to him. Always a staunch democrat, it was only in the later years of his life that he sought or would accept preferment for himself.

Few men in Iowa had a larger acquaintance or more friends than he. His warm Irish heart beat in sympathy with all of God's creatures. His generous nature rejoiced in the triumphs and pleasures of others and suffered in their misfortunes. The old and the young, the rich and the poor, came to him with their troubles and sought his counsel and guidance. A hundred stories might be told of his tender regard for the aged and friendless; of the young men who have found a new spirit and resolution in his words of encouragement; of the poor and destitute whose appeals his generous heart never ignored. To his funeral came the old crippled woman whom others had thoughtlessly passed, but he had left his work to help her down a dangerous stair; came the victim of drink or circumstances who had gone to him in despair and left with courage to make the fight anew; came the little boys and girls who loved him because he loved them and noticed them and played with them. All of these passed by his open casket and dropped a flower or a tear, knowing that each had lost a friend.

Brann, the iconoclast, once said that the place to find the true worth of a man is at his fireside, for there he lays his mask aside and you may tell whether he be imp or angel, king or cur. Edward P. McManus wore no mask. The gentleness that marked his relation with his fellow man was emphasized in his home. The qualities that won the regard and affections of neighbors and friends, made him thrice loved by his family. His home life was ineffably beautiful. His happiest hours were those spent in the family circle rollicking with his grandchildren, and imparting from his pure and wholesome spirit a perpetual benediction.

Optimism was the touchstone of his life. He was an evangel of good cheer who carried the gospel of sunshine into hearts that were desolate and weary. He loved his fellow man. He believed in him and trusted him and found virtues where others could find nothing but fault. No man ever reached that state of wretchedness or degradation that he could not find some redeeming part in him.

With these rare qualities of heart and mind he combined a native wit and an eloquent tongue. Although he avoided public speaking, his fame as an orator was more than local. Nature endowed him with a deep resonant voice, and that rarest of faculties, the power to move men from laughter to tears. His public addresses, like his private utterances bristled with humor and he could touch heights of fancy and sentiment that poetry seldom reaches.

No man loved the beautiful things of nature and life more than he, and none more thoroughly detested the vulgar. His scrap book contains a rare collection of literary gems culled with discriminating taste from his reading. He loved to preserve and commit to memory beautiful passages from poetry and prose which he would frequently recite to the delight of his family and friends. His nature was so sensitive to suffering and pain of others that he studiously shunned hospitals, for the sight of a fellow being in misery affected him keenly and often brought tears to his eyes.

Of all the qualities that he possessed, none so thoroughly marked him with his nobility as his veneration for womanhood. He idolized his wife; his mother he deified. The unsung heroism of motherhood awakened in him an appreciation that he frequently expressed in public and in private. Upon more than one occasion he has taken his pen in hand and written an anonymous tribute to some poor mother who had died unnoticed after a life of silent sacrifice. His sense of justice was shocked that such a life should pass unmentioned, while extravagant praise was heaped upon the less worthy.

Is it strange that when this noble spirit left its earthly abode, it seemed to take with it out of the world a part of the joy and happiness of life? Is it strange that the flowers are not quite so fragrant, that there is a touch of sadness in the song of the bird, and that the sun itself, has lost some of its radiance to those he loved?

(Signed)

JOSEPH R. FRAILEY,
A. V. PROUDFOOT,
BYRON W. NEWBERRY,
Committee.

The resolutions were adopted unanimously by a rising vote.

In moving the adoption of the resolutions, Senator Frailey spoke as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT AND SENATORS—When those whom we hold dear have reached the end of life and laid their burdens down, it is but natural for us, their friends, to pay our tribute of respect and love, to tell their virtues, to express our sense of loss and speak above their sculptured clay some word of hope.

And so we meet tonight. This is a time of sorrow and of memory and of love, that by the strength of its undying faith, brushes away the burdens of the years and lives again amid the sweet and saddened scenes of yesterday. It is a day sacred to our dead, who deathless linger in the country of the spirit, where the mystery and the pain and the yearning of this life is infinitely satisfied or infinitely quieted. No pen can trace its portent; no tongue can tell its pathos; it is a time for heart and soul whose fullest speech is silence.

Edward P. McManus was my immediate predecessor in this Senate. The resolution that has just been read but briefly epitomizes the record of a great and noble soul. He was my friend for many, many years—a friend that never failed in fidelity, in counsel or in need.

When he was called to higher responsibilities in private and official life, I succeeded him in this Senate. Purely as a matter of sentiment, that probably he alone could understand, I selected here the very desk that was his for eight years. Many is the time, after his retirement, that he has sat here by my side and that I have profited by his wisdom and experience and advice.

Even now, after a lapse of more than a year, it is hard, indeed, to realize that he is dead, and tonight his sweet and virile spirit and his stainless soul seem to abide here like a living flame in this chamber where he worked and wrought so honestly and so well.