

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.

The Persians have a way of saying on the birth of a child: "O, little one, you come into the world with cries while all around are smiling. So live that you may go out with smiles while all around are crying." Comprised within this simple prayer are all the things that make life worth living; all the things that rob death of its terrors. To go out with smiles in the happy consciousness of a life well spent, and with an unfaltering trust in the beneficence of the unknown beyond. So passed Edward McManus across the invisible boundary. There is grief today in the hearts of those who loved him and of the innumerable ones who called him friend, but our sorrow must inevitably be soothed by the contemplation of what he has done and the certainty of his reward.

It was my privilege to have been his friend for many years. In the truest, fullest, noblest sense, he was a man—his life was simple and upright and unpretentious, and upon his eager, upturned brow was stamped the imperishable knighthood of the nobility of honest toil. He believed in his fellow men and his country and in his God. He believed that to be a good American citizen was greater than to be a prince, or potentate, or king. He was an honest, honorable manly man—God has created nothing greater.

So he died rich. Not rich in this world's wealth, perhaps as men today count worldly wealth, but rich in good deeds, in noble works, in the unselfishness of sacrifice; rich in little children's love and old men's prayers; rich in the rounded, well-spent life of the best and highest type of American citizen. And so,

"Sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust, approached his grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Such men as he cannot die from among us, their memory lives on. They throng our thoughts and tenderest recollections; they point to silent sacrifices and heroic endeavors where they paid the last obligation to honor and to right; they sentinel the long and growing highway to the life everlasting; they cluster about the history of this Senate and this state—a history made nobler by their presence and glorified by their unselfish deeds; they prompt to higher purpose and greater devotion—to love of country and fireside and our fellow men.

So lived Edward McManus, as a loyal citizen, as a loyal man, as a loyal friend. His was the gospel of friendship—friendship, that is the divinest temple that reposes in the domain of the soul, a temple builded by the force of faith and love upon the everlasting rock of truth. And when this sculptor of this temple of the soul laid down his burdens in that sleep called death, when heart no longer throbs a loving message back to heart, the friendship that was his in life, in death, lives on for us, in its divine example, a blessing and a benediction. Something remains of him still—something that has wandered far down the course of time to us like the faint summer fragrance of a Maytime tree long since fallen dead in its wintered forest.

So long Thy power has blessed him, sure it still
 Will lead him on
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone;
 And with the morn those angel faces smile
 Which we have loved long since, and lost awhile.

And now that he had left the "shore touched by that mysterious sea that never yet has borne on any wave, the image of a homeward sail," may perfect peace be his. Wherever he may be, wherever he lies dreaming, he is not forgotten, nor has he died in vain. We who knew him, mourn him and enshrined him in our heart of hearts. And the great Ruler of the Universe opens His everlasting gates today and bends down above him in mercy and in love; and as gentle as the wing of an unseen dove, He lets fall upon him His blessing and His benediction. And with this light of another world almost beating in our faces, tonight we write his virtues upon the tablets of our memory and our love.

If beyond the vale; beyond that night called death, there is another world to which men carry all the triumphs and the failures of this life; if above all and over all there be a God who loves the right—an honest man has naught to fear. And if there be another world in which honesty is a virtue, in which fidelity is loved and courage honored—then all is well today with this friend and legislator we have lost.

Yet is he lost, or has he only wandered down the valley of the shadow from mortal life to life immortal? "From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead, there comes no word," but love has its dreams and hope its certain faith. On the vague, unfathomed stream of life—that stream that rises in a world unnnown and flows to that mysterious sea whose shore the foot of one who comes has never pressed—we voyage only to the grave. We strive in vain to look beyond its brink; we cry aloud, but all is silence and pathetic dust.

Yet this we know: The sun that sets tonight, tomorrow rises. The light that gladdens all the day passes to darkness, then to light again. The flowers of the field bud, bloom, then in the sere and yellow leaf, they wither and are gone, and yet in dying abide they not alone, but sow themselves and bloom again with each returning spring, as angel emblems of the resurrection and the life beyond the grave. The vision of the prophet and the seer, the poet's song that for all time has left the atmosphere of earth to pulsate with its melody, and all the great, heroic deeds of man that fire the heart of youth and make the patriarch's blood to flame again, still thunder down the corridors of time to us, when those who saw and sang and strived have long ere now passed to the choir invisible of the immortal dead.

So fade all sunsets; so dies the light on land and sea; so pass away the fairy pictures of the mind. And yet we know the sun will rise again; the light on land and sea grow white, and on the filmy folds of unformed minds, the Hand that paints the blossoms of the field and tints the rose will flash once more the pictures of the past. The rise and set of sun, the birth and death of day, the dawns of silver and the dusks of gold, the shroud of winter and the many-colored robes of spring—these are the symbols and the

signs, the warp and woof of immortality, and at the loom of life sits God who weaves this wondrous tapestry that those who see and know and understand shall perish not, but in the perfect plan of life and growth and death and life again, come the fullness of the everlasting life at last.

For we know that the promise of another life cannot be false; we know that the grave does not end all; we believe that the hope of immortality is true; that hope that like a tide has ebbcd and flowed within the human heart, beating with its countless waves against the sands and rocks of time and fate, was never born of any creed or any faith—it was born of affection and of God. And it will continue to ebb and flow beneath the clouds and mists of doubt and darkness as long as love kisses the lips of death.

Senator Wilson spoke briefly as follows:

I do not wish to detract from the splendid eulogy to which we have just listened, yet I feel that I would be unworthy of the higher motives that actuated my life if I were to fail to bestow some tribute to the memory of the man about whom the resolutions have just been read.

Six years ago tonight Edward P. McManus was in this chamber, at the memorial meeting. I shall never forget his presence, his talk, his kindly utterances on that occasion. Only five of us who are here now were here six years ago, the presiding officer, Senator Arney, Senator Kimball, Senator Fellows, Senator Balkema and myself. He sat where the senator from Lee now sits.

I can see him in my mind's eye not only on that occasion, but on every occasion of the Thirty-fifth General Assembly, and one of the tenderest recollections of my senatorial career will be the memory of my associations with Edward P. McManus.

I remember on that occasion he delivered a poem that expressed the sentiments similar to those I am about to give. These are the verses.

Have you sorrow and trouble and care,
Do your burdens seem heavy to bear,
Is the present all dark and the future all drear,
Is the sky of your life thickly clouded with fear?
Stop for a moment, pause silent and still,
And note if you can the wisdom and will
That measures your strength with God's gracious design
By biding your ills one day at a time.

Would you climb up the mountain of fame,
Would you carve on its summit your name?
You must patiently wait and patiently try
To make most of the moments that go slipping by.
You may string them together like pearls in a chain
That will give back their light through the darkness again,
That will open your path in one luminous line,
If you bind them together one day at a time.

Have you found that your friends are untrue?
The friend that you trusted, the friend that you knew.
Do you mourn your betrayal, as you sit all alone,

Do you fancy your faith forever has flown,
Do you turn from your fellows and turn from each face,
Do you think you can shun even God's rich grace?

Has your soul been invaded, your heart cut in twain
By that terrible loss and terrible pain?

That anguish which comes when a dear one has died
And the place that is vacant is close by your side;
When life seems crushed by the force of the blow
Even then, in a way that you never may know,
The hope of reunion is casting its shine
Through the gloom and the shadows, one day at a time.

I am glad to pay this tribute to the memory of Senator McManus.

Senator Proudfoot spoke briefly as follows:

The tributes by the senators from Lee and Appanoose have taught me also to second the motion for the adoption of these resolutions.

My first legislative experience in this chamber was spent with Senator McManus through two sessions. I remember him as a jovial, witty Irishman. I remember him as I last saw him. I was driving through the city of Keokuk and, of course, I couldn't drive in and drive out without calling on my old friend and so I went to the postoffice where he was then serving as postmaster of the city of Keokuk and we visited awhile and he stood on the stone steps as I drove away in the splendid summer afternoon and bade me good-bye, never to meet again in this world.

I hope I may emulate some of the splendid characteristics, some of the splendid qualities of this man whose memory we now commemorate

JAMES A. SMITH.

Senator Kingland, 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 James A. Smith beg leave to submit the following report:

James Albert Smith was born in the village of Castile, Wyoming county, New York, February 4, 1851, of New England parentage. He received his education in the local district schools and at the age of eighteen came west and settled at Osage, Mitchell county, Iowa, which was his permanent residence at the time of his death. He was married in 1874 to Mary Alice Crego. He passed away at his winter home in Pasadena, Calif., January 12, 1918. He left surviving him his estimable wife and seven children, six sons and one daughter: Fred C. Smith, Lee A. Smith, Stanley R. Smith, Lloyd Smith, Richard J. Smith, Merrill G. Smith and Mrs. Robert Leach. His son, Stanley R. Smith, was an active member in the House of Representatives of the Thirty-seventh General Assembly, having been elected from Bremer county, Iowa.