

Mrs. George Barnes 1931 Dies Monday

Mrs. George Barnes passed away Monday afternoon at her home at 702 Second avenue. Mrs. Barnes was born Mar. 10, 1866 which would make her at the time of her death 65 years, 6 months and 25 days old. She was a daughter of the late Ezra Grinnell and a niece of Hon. J. B. Grinnell. She leaves besides her husband to mourn her loss three children, Gene of Minneapolis, Casper of Omaha and Prof. Harry Barnes of Iowa City, five grandchildren and two sisters, Mrs. H. F. Lanphere of Des Moines, Mrs. Cora Dillon of Syracuse, N. Y.

Mrs. Barnes was an active member of the Congregational church. Funeral services will be held Wednesday afternoon at 2:30 at the home conducted by Rev. E. M. Vittum.

DAY, OCTOBER 9, 1931.

'The Last Of The Grinnells In Grinnell'

In his address Wednesday afternoon at the funeral of Mrs. George H. Barnes, Rev. E. M. Vittum spoke as follows:

Mrs. George H. Barnes, known in girlhood as Minnie Imogene Grinnell, was born in Grinnell, Mar. 10, 1866. In 1886 she was united in marriage with George H. Barnes. She passed away from our sight Oct. 5, 1931. She leaves to sorrow for her loss, her husband, three sons, five grandchildren, and two sisters.

There is a sort of secondary second thought of this loss, that reaches us all. We must say this is the last of the Grinnells in Grinnell. There is one man in Grinnell whose mother was a relative of J. B. Grinnell, and there are a lady and a gentleman living just outside the city limits in Grant township, who were born Grinnell, but Mrs. Barnes was the last Grinnell who bore the name Grinnell by birth or marriage in Grinnell, and now she has gone. It speaks to us in the words as old as the story of our first parents. This is a changing world, a world where we live, love and labor—then pass on out of sight. And sacred ties seem to be broken. Mrs. Barnes united with the Congregational church under the name of Minnie Imogene Grinnell, in 1881. Going over the records rather hastily I find but eight present members who were in the church at that time, though three or four may be living in other communities. She has been a faithful wife, and in the words of the Book her children rise up and call her blessed. I have often thought and said that there are but two certainties on earth, life and death. But in these later days I begin to feel that death should be omitted. Death is not a certainty in itself—at the greatest it is but the negative side of the great reality, life. More than that; the death of a good woman like our friend is not really death, but a change from the visible to the invisible, from the material to the spiritual, from this world to a better country, that is heavenly.

The last poem Tennyson wrote was when he was 83 years old. It is so suggestive on an occasion like this that I like to repeat it when it is not sung.

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of
the bar,
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems
asleep.

Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out
the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of
farewell,
When I embark.

For though from out our bourn of
time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

Funeral services, conducted by Rev. E. M. Vittum were held Wednesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock at the Barnes home, 702 Second avenue. Pall bearers were J. E. Bayer, L. Stooks, Louis Kutish, Frank Child, Frank Marvin and Bert Dickerson. Out of town people attending the funeral were Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Barnes of Oxboro, Minn., Mr. and Mrs. C. Y. Barnes of Omaha, Prof. and Mrs. Harry Barnes of Iowa City, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Lanphere and Harvey Lanphere of Des Moines, and W. E. Auchmuty of Omaha.