

WK. CT, 100 YEAR 150

OBIT, SMART, MAY ADGEE  
(SILVERNAIL)  
10-14-1886-9-?

**MRS. HARRY SMART**

May Adel Silvernail Smart, daughter of Mrs. Anne (nee Stead) and Jay Silvernail was born October 14, 1880, at Reedsburg, Wisconsin. She was married to Harry Smart December 25th, 1901.

To this union was born one son, James Jay. Death occurred at St. Joseph's hospital, Milwaukee, September 25, 1936.

Funeral services were held from the home Monday, September 28th, at 2 p. m. Rev. William Petherick officiated. Mrs. Flossie Pardee and Miss Lottie Parson sang, "The Sunshine of your Smile" and "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere." Interment took place at Oak Ridge cemetery. She leaves to mourn her death, her husband, Harry Smart and son James, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Jay Silvernail, her sister Beulah Silvernail Bayer of Waukesha, two brothers, Arthur of Whitewater, and Jay of Delafield, and many near relatives.

Mrs. Smart lovingly known to her many friends as Mae was taken ill February 14th, with what at that time seemed a simple bronchial cold. The illness persisted and assumed most serious complications, deeming it necessary to remove her to Waukesha Municipal Hospital. Through the nine weeks she was a patient at Waukesha, she bravely bore her many sufferings. It became necessary for her to undergo a major operation, this she met and underwent with the same smiling acceptance—secure in the confidence that through it she would soon be well and home again. It seems the very thought of home and loved ones was the inspiration, the hope that buoyed her up and aided in making every difficulty easier to bear; it was with great happiness and cheer she returned home May 19th.

All summer she was tenderly nursed and cared for and as a result she responded so splendidly gaining in strength and weight.

As time progressed the loved one's fears were somewhat allayed. The respite however was brief and it was a terrible shock to realize that an embolism had occurred and again all were filled with grave anxiety.

On advice of her faithful physician Dr. Frederick Schmidt, she was rushed to St. Joseph's hospital, Milwaukee, hoping that with the use of the most modern equipment available the required treatment would prove beneficial. Everything humanly possible was done—a second more severe operation took place from which she apparently rallied satisfactorily. But the One who maps our destiny called her Home and she passed away quickly, quietly by with no more suffering—the Angel of Death stamping her countenance with infinite peace and calm.

Mae was a gentle home-loving character, a loyal friend and neighbor. The sunshine of her smile will long be with us and assures us she has reached the Beautiful Isle of Somewhere.