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3d Session }

House of Representatives

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WILLIAM F. MAHONEY

(Late a Representative from Illinois)

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES DELIVERED IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Third Session of the
Fifty-eighth Congress

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HON. WILLIAM F. MAHONEY

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TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	Page.
Proceedings in the House	5
Prayer by Rev. Henry N. Couden	5
Prayer by Rev. Henry N. Couden.....	8
Address of Mr. Mann, of Illinois.....	10
Address of Mr. Sulzer, of New York	14
Address of Mr. Boutell, of Illinois	16
Address of Mr. Williams, of Illinois.....	18
Address of Mr. Robinson, of Indiana.....	21
Address of Mr. Emerich, of Illinois.....	24
Address of Mr. Ryan, of New York	27
Address of Mr. Hunt, of Missouri.....	29
Address of Mr. Foster, of Illinois	31
Proceedings in the Senate.....	35

DEATH OF REPRESENTATIVE WM. F. MAHONEY

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE

WEDNESDAY, *January 4, 1905.*

The House met at 12 o'clock noon.

The Chaplain, Rev. Henry N. Couden, D. D., offered the following prayer:

Almighty Father, from whom cometh all that is purest, noblest, and best in life, we bless Thee for the hallowed associations, the social pleasures, and uplifting influence of the season just passed into history; and we most fervently pray that for all it has brought to us of joy or sorrow, pleasure or pain, we may be the better prepared to fulfill our destiny as individuals and as a nation. Inspire, we beseech Thee, each Member of this House with wisdom to guide, strength to sustain, patience to endure; and may the Spirit that cometh from above sustain and guide the Speaker in his arduous duties, that the work of the session may be for the good of the nation and redound to Thy glory. Once more, almighty God, our heavenly Father, are we called upon to mourn the loss of one of the Congressional family, who graciously and efficiently filled a place upon this floor and whose genial presence inspired friendship in the hearts of all who came in contact with him. Comfort them in his loss and be especially near to the sorrowing wife and children, that they may look up to Thee in this hour of bereavement and find solace in the

blessed hope of that land which is fairer than day, where pain and sorrow never enter, and where peace and joy will reign forever, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

DEATH OF REPRESENTATIVE WILLIAM F. MAHONEY.

Mr. MANN. Mr. Speaker, it becomes my sad duty to announce to the House the death of my late colleague, WILLIAM F. MAHONEY, who passed away at his home in Chicago on the 27th of last month.

Following the precedents of the House, I shall not at this time give any extended expression to my personal sense of loss or pay tribute to his worth; but I shall hereafter ask the House to set aside some Sunday afternoon for the consideration of his personal character and his public services, at which time Members of the House may fittingly express their grief and their deep respect.

I now offer the resolutions which I send to the Clerk's desk.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House of Representatives has heard with profound sorrow and deep regret of the death of Hon. WILLIAM F. MAHONEY, late a Representative from the State of Illinois.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate, and also a copy thereof to the family of the deceased Representative.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased Representative the House do now adjourn.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to; and accordingly (at 12 o'clock and 10 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned until to-morrow at 12 o'clock noon.

JANUARY 5, 1905.

MESSAGE FROM THE SENATE.

A message from the Senate, by Mr. Parkinson, its reading clerk, announced that the Senate had passed the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with deep sensibility the announcement of the death of Hon. WILLIAM F. MAHONEY, late a Representative from the State of Illinois.

Resolved, That as an additional mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the Senate do now adjourn.

FEBRUARY 9, 1905.

MEMORIAL EXERCISES.

Mr. MANN. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that Sunday, February 26, beginning at 12 o'clock, be devoted to memorial exercises on the life and character of the late Representative WILLIAM F. MAHONEY, from the State of Illinois.

The SPEAKER. Is there objection to the request of the gentleman from Illinois?

There was no objection.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

SUNDAY, *February 26, 1905.*

The House was called to order at 12 o'clock noon by William J. Browning, Chief Clerk, who announced that the Speaker had designated the Hon. William P. Hepburn as Speaker pro tempore for this day.

Mr. Hepburn took the chair as Speaker pro tempore.

The Chaplain, Rev. Henry N. Couden, D. D., offered the following prayer:

Our Father who art in heaven, we thank Thee for that deep and ever-abiding faith which looks up to Thee as the creator, upholder, and sustainer of all, and for that eternal hope which binds us to Thee by ties which neither time nor space can sever. "For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus, our Lord." For without these angels from Thy heart, O God, life would be indeed a desert without a single oasis to cheer the weary traveler on his way. With these even the mystery of death is solved, so when it comes and takes away our dear ones we can throw ourselves into the everlasting arms and feel the warm pulsations of a heavenly Father's heart and say:

There is no death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death

So send, we beseech Thee, our heavenly Father, these angels to comfort the hearts of the colleagues, friends, and families of those for whom we have gathered here to-day in loving remembrance, and Thine be the praise forever, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

The Journal of yesterday's proceedings was read and approved.

THE LATE HON. WILLIAM F. MAHONEY.

Mr. MANN. Mr. Speaker, I offer the resolutions which I send to the Clerk's desk.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The gentleman from Illinois offers the resolutions which the Clerk will report.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That in pursuance of the special order heretofore adopted the House proceed to pay tribute to the memory of Hon. WILLIAM F. MAHONEY, late a Member of this House from the State of Illinois.

Resolved, That as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, and in recognition of his eminent abilities as a faithful and distinguished public servant, the House, at the conclusion of the memorial proceedings of this day, shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk be, and is hereby, instructed to send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

ADDRESS OF MR. MANN, OF ILLINOIS

MR. SPEAKER: WILLIAM FRANK MAHONEY was born February 22, 1856. He died at his home in Chicago on December 27, 1904. He was born in Chicago, he lived in Chicago all of his life, and he died in Chicago. He was born in the district which he represented in Congress—a condition which has seldom, if ever, been paralleled in Chicago. He was educated in the public schools, and at the age of 20 entered upon a successful business career which made him one of the prominent merchants of his city.

The parliamentary contest in Ireland excited his active attention in his early life, and he became a considerable contributor to the Irish parliamentary funds, as well as prominently identified with various Irish-American societies.

I first met Mr. MAHONEY when I was elected a member of the Chicago city council, in April, 1892. He was then a member of that body. He was elected to the city council six times, each term being for two years, and each reelection increased his majority.

I came to know him well in the city council and to have respect for his manly figure, his courteous ways, and his mild but determined manner. He was a Democrat. I was a Republican. We were of opposite political faiths, and our views as to the terms upon which public franchises ought to be granted by the council did not agree.

We were usually on opposite sides of important questions, but I learned to respect and admire him. The city council of Chicago then had sixty-eight members. It was the sole local

legislative body for a population of between one and two millions. The amount of business transacted by it was enormous and covered all the range of subjects possible to arise in a growing city or locality. It required the same devotion to duty, the same attention to constituents, the same constant looking out for the welfare of his ward, in order to make a good city alderman, that it does to make a good Member of Congress. To be six times elected to the city council of Chicago is proof of the affectionate esteem in which Mr. MAHONEY was held by the people of his ward whom he represented. He was raised in their midst; he was with them as a boy, as a young man, and as a public servant. His sweetness of disposition, his kindliness of manner, his readiness to attend to their needs and their wants, his willingness to at all times be of service to the humblest of them, even at the sacrifice of his personal comfort, gained for him not only their esteem and their admiration, but as well their love.

Having served a long career in the legislative body of his city, he was transferred by his constituents as their Representative in the National Legislature, and was first elected in 1900 as a member of the Fifty-seventh Congress, and reelected to the Fifty-eighth Congress in 1902.

He was not naturally a boisterous man in any way. He was quiet. He was mild mannered. Among the new associates in this body, he was yet diffident and somewhat bashful. These traits would naturally have made him less well known among the membership here than would otherwise have been the case. But he never enjoyed good health after he came to Congress. The fatal malady had already commenced its work. He did not realize this so soon as some of his friends who observed him. He stuck to his post here and did the best he could, but his poor health kept him

more or less in retirement. He remained at his desk in the House until the last, and attended the last meeting of the House before the holiday adjournment. Just a few days before that I had requested the Chicago Members of Congress to gather in my committee room for the purpose of consulting about an appropriation for postal appliances in the new Chicago post-office building. Mr. MAHONEY was the first one to arrive. He was then almost too weak to be around. But he was anxious to do anything he could for his city. His two boys were here with him in December, and I remember meeting him with them one day and how proud he was of them, and as I looked into their manly faces I did not wonder at the pride he showed. And I thought to myself that when he has gone over the river, as he soon will go, they will be as proud that they are the children of such a father as he is now proud of them.

His wife and his four children—two girls and two boys—were his comfort and his delight. He leaves a heritage of name and fame in public office and private life of priceless value to these children. He was a devoted husband, a kind, considerate, loving parent, a faithful member of the Catholic Church, an esteemed citizen, an affectionate friend, a faithful legislator. He has left us when he was riding the wave, when in point of years he was at his best. He did his share and more than his share of work. He worked not for himself, but for others. There was no selfishness in him. There was nothing mean or sordid about him. He was always cheery and good-hearted.

Let us hope that the kind Providence which has now transferred his duties to another sphere of existence will deal gently and kindly with those left behind who were dependent upon him.

Mr. Speaker, in the midst of the last few weeks of the busiest session of Congress for years, when time is pressing us on every side, we pause from our legislative duties to pay our tributes of respect to the memory of this man who had done so much for others and who had made such a successful career for himself.

We offer to his bereaved widow and to his children our sorrowful grief over this desolation which has come into their lives, and venture to express the hope that they will find consolation in the contemplation of the noble qualities of him who was husband and father.

ADDRESS OF MR. SULZER, OF NEW YORK

MR. SPEAKER: As a friend of WILLIAM F. MAHONEY, I come to-day to place on record my humble tribute to his memory. His unexpected death was a grievous blow to all his colleagues in this House, and a terrible shock to his family, his relatives, and his innumerable friends. It darkened a happy home, prostrated a loving family, and cast a pall of sadness over his native city. He died in the prime of life, at the summit of his career, in the zenith of his fame, in the service of his country, loved and mourned by all who knew him. But—

There is a reaper whose name is Death,
And with his sickle keen
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

And our friend was a kindly, stately, knightly flower in the great garden of mankind.

WILLIAM F. MAHONEY was born in Chicago in 1856. He was a true son of the great metropolis of the West—that go-ahead, up-to-date, progressive, enterprising, and wonderful city on Lake Michigan. He was a product of Chicago, and he loved his native city with all the ardor of his nature, and always grew eloquent when discussing her greatness and her glories. He was educated in her schools, grew to manhood in her smiles and sunshine, became one of her leading merchants, served twelve years in her local legislature, and became one of her most prominent, popular, and distinguished citizens. He was proud of Chicago, and Chicago was proud of him. She sent him to the Fifty-seventh and Fifty-eighth Congresses, and I doubt not he could have had any honor in her gift.

I knew Congressman MAHONEY well. We served together for several years on the same committee in this House. He was a good man and a true man. He had a genial, sunshiny nature, a kindly, sympathetic disposition, and an attractive, magnetic, popular personality. He quickly made friends, and the friendships lasted for life. He was a friend of the poor, of the oppressed, and of the unfortunate. He was a lover of justice, a believer in the supremacy of law, and an advocate of every righteous cause. He stood for great principles, for fair play, for even-handed opportunity, and for equal rights to all, special privileges to none. He hated cant, spurned pretense, and despised hypocrisy. He was no skeptic—no cynic. He was an optimist, and not a pessimist. He loved mankind, and believed the world is growing better. He was a loving husband, an indulgent father, and a faithful friend. He will live in the hearts and the memories of those who knew him, and to do this is not to die. Death after all is but the crown of life—the opening of the door into the better, brighter sunshine of the undiscovered country in the great beyond.

WILLIAM F. MAHONEY was a successful man. His life work is done. He has run his course. He has kept the faith. His career on earth is finished, and he will reap his everlasting reward in the celestial land. We mourn with those who mourn his loss, and sympathize with his bereaved family. We grieve with those who grieve, and we comfort them as best we can, in our poor human way, with the consolation that his noble life, his generous character, his sympathies, his charities, his deeds of kindness, and his humanities will live forever and a day, and be his greatest monument—grander than marble or brass, and more enduring than the granite rocks of all the ages, for—

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures cold on the dial plate of time.

ADDRESS OF MR. BOUTELL, OF ILLINOIS

MR. SPEAKER: My acquaintance with our late colleague, whose life and services we have met to commemorate to-day, began when he entered the Fifty-seventh Congress. During the last three years this acquaintance ripened into a friendship founded upon a high regard for his character. Three qualities in Mr. MAHONEY especially attracted my attention, and, I think, the attention of all who knew him. He was always keenly alive to the claims and interests of his home city. Whenever any matter that affected the welfare of Chicago demanded the attention of our delegation, no one was more intelligently active or more zealous in its support than was our late colleague. His long residence in Chicago and his extended service in the city council made him familiar with the needs of our city, and we always found his advice and suggestions on practical matters relating to Chicago of great value.

Another admirable quality of our friend that drew favorable comment from all who were familiar with his Congressional career was his faithful attention to the routine duties of his office. Unless kept away by ill health, he was always in his seat when the House convened, and he was constant in his attendance during the sessions and quietly attentive to all the business in the House. He never failed in diligent attention to the business and requests of his constituents. It was my privilege to consult with Mr. MAHONEY on several occasions in regard to measures in which we were mutually interested, and I found him invariably well informed respecting the measures of which he had charge.

In our large body various talents contribute to the successful transaction of the public business, and men here attain fame in divers spheres of activity; but I know of no talent that receives from thoughtful men more speedy recognition and more general commendation than does the talent for patient, intelligent devotion to the routine business of the House, a talent for which our friend was so conspicuous.

And finally, Mr. Speaker, I wish to bear grateful testimony to one rare and beautiful quality that ennobled and dignified the life of our good friend. He suffered frequently during the latter months of his life from the weakness and depression attendant upon serious illness, but no word of murmuring or complaint was ever heard by his associates. He bore himself in all his periods of suffering with unfailing cheerfulness, dignity, and courtesy. With his genial and affable disposition, his cordial sympathy, and strong affection he was deeply beloved as a husband and father and was held in affectionate esteem by all who knew him well.

Mr. MAHONEY'S service in the House of Representatives was short, but it was long enough to afford him the opportunity of establishing an enviable reputation for faithful attention to the duties of his office, patriotic devotion to the service of his constituents, and dignified, cheerful resignation under acute bodily suffering.

Such a reputation, Mr. Speaker, is the best and most enduring gift that any man can bequeath to his family and friends.

We shall do well if we shall carry away from this ceremony a renewed determination to emulate the virtues that make the life of our departed friend a pleasant and a fruitful memory.

ADDRESS OF MR. WILLIAMS, OF ILLINOIS

MR. SPEAKER: While I am not generally inclined to participate in ceremonies of this character, I can not permit this opportunity to pass without submitting a few remarks as my humble tribute of respect to the memory of our departed colleague. And yet, how incomplete seems all our helpless words when we undertake to express our sorrow upon the death of a close and loving friend. It is certainly a very commendable usage of Congress to commit to its public records some evidence of its mourning upon the death of one of its distinguished Members, as well as its estimate of the life and character of the deceased. Such solemn services help to remind us of that eternal future which awaits us all. My acquaintance with Mr. MAHONEY began at the commencement of the Fifty-seventh Congress and soon grew and ripened into a warm, personal friendship.

He was so kind, gentle, and affectionate in his companionship that he soon won the love and admiration of those who had the pleasure of his association. I had the honor of being selected by the Speaker of this House as a member of the committee chosen to attend the funeral of our deceased brother, and the performance of that sad duty gave me the opportunity to witness the large concourse of admiring friends who assembled at the residence of the deceased in the splendid city of his birth and life, where they came to bid a sad and affectionate farewell to one who had endeared himself to them all by his many kindly deeds and his faithful public service.

For twelve long years had he wisely and honestly represented their public interests in the common council of Chicago, a position in which the honor and integrity of the public citizen are thoroughly tested. And never in all those eventful years was there the slightest suspicion against the official acts of Mr. MAHONEY. He was a Member of the Fifty-seventh and Fifty-eighth Congresses, and by his honest and faithful service as such established for himself as clean and pure a record as any Member of this body. He was modest almost to timidity, and never engaged in public discussions upon the floor of the House, but always attentive to matters of legislation, careful and considerate in the discharge of his duties, and usually safe in his conclusions. While loyal to his own convictions and positive in his own views upon public questions, he was always so modest and courteous in his contentions as never to offend those who differed from his opinions. Mr. MAHONEY was a Democrat in politics, but not offensive in his partisanship, and numbered among the Republicans many of his most admiring friends.

He was ever watchful over the interests of his constituents, attentive to all their various calls, and seemed to find his greatest pleasure in trying to oblige others. He was well informed on all passing subjects, pleasant in conversation, and so retiring and winning in all his bearing as to make a friend of everyone who enjoyed his personal acquaintance. Mr. MAHONEY died at the early age of 46 years, comparatively a young man, and yet, when measured by public service, he had lived a long, eventful life—long enough to establish for himself the character of a good Christian citizen, a straightforward, successful business man, a true and obliging friend, a loving and devoted husband, a kind and affectionate father, and

an honest and capable public servant, and to secure for his memory an honorable distinction in the history of his country.

Upon the loss of such a friend, such a husband, and such a father, how precious the thought—

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore,
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine forevermore.

There is no death! But angel forms
Walk o'er the earth with silent tread;
They bear our best loved things away,
And then we call them dead.

ADDRESS OF MR. ROBINSON, OF INDIANA

MR. SPEAKER: Legislators may come to the active duties and responsibilities of Congressional life and men may go, but the Government goes on. Within a week the bonds that bind this Congress together will be dissundered, and Members who have stood together for interests of State and country will part—too many to meet no more.

The future, however, will bring no sweeter recollection than the personal friendships engendered in this official life. Differing widely in politics and individual opinion on the great questions of public concern, the membership of this House never fail to unite, with heads and hearts together, in the great impulses that lead along the pathway of humanity.

In consonance with a beautiful custom, and agreeable to our traditions, we meet this solemn Sabbath day to memorialize a deceased Member, who has gone to that country of infallibility where Congresses and courts are not needed to enact and pass upon the virtue of rules for human action.

Only in a Congress of a country like this—the strongest, the richest, and the best—can be found such a diversity of ability and talent, such a fund of information and knowledge of our manifold and important interests.

As this is the greatest age of the world in scientific, moral, and material progress, so does this country, at this moment, stand at the head of all the countries.

To be selected as a Member of Congress in this era is a distinction to be made brighter by a conscientious performance of duty within one's opportunities. Indeed, reward and approval of constituency come from this course.

We eulogize Hon. WILLIAM F. MAHONEY to-day as a true representative of his people, as a conscientious legislator for his country. Some may excel in forensic ability, others in power to sway by their eloquence, and some in analysis of statistics. Some are informed in matters concerning the marts of commerce and the avenues of trade, others have intimate knowledge of mines and prairies, of the mountain sections and the deserts. Each knows human nature, each knows the needs of his constituency. All are needed to rule a country like this, and none are less needed than the others.

A Congress of orators would be less useful than a Congress of business men, and within this class all are comprehended who have business, and in a republic all should have.

In a country so wide in area, with interests so vast, so varied, each employment and vocation must have its representatives here to leaven this body, to balance and adjust it, to make it representative, and thus we meet the ideals of a republic. The grave is a common leveler. As with a sponge it wipes out all distinction. The only questions there—"The purity of life;" "The rectitude of conduct."

Glancing about us daily in this Chamber we see everywhere written that constituency asks only, "Is he faithful?" "Has he performed his duty?"

Modest and unassuming, vigilant in preserving the rights and interests of his people, careful in promoting legislation which he conceived to be for the best interests of the country, by every standard worthy of the name Hon. WILLIAM F. MAHONEY measured up to the true type of a Representative in Congress.

Votes in Congress mold for weal or for woe the policies of the country, and count far more in legislation than the oratory

of the comparatively few among the large membership that can be heard on either side of the proposition. The latter lend a charm and eloquence to the proceedings, but the careful, silent, plodding membership counts in committees and on the votes that decide the questions. To this large, useful, and influential class of careful, painstaking Members the deceased belonged, and for this he had the confidence of his constituency; for this he lives in the hearts of his people.

ADDRESS OF MR. EMERICH, OF ILLINOIS

MR. SPEAKER: Most of the Members of this House, and all of the representatives of the great city of Chicago will long recall with feelings of acute regret one somber winter day near the close of the year 1904. On that day, when we were all under the spell of holiday pleasures just enjoyed, there came unto us with paralyzing force a terrible shock. We all knew that he was ailing, but in our love and regard for the man we were absolutely unable to believe that so suddenly were we to be deprived of his genial comradeship, his kindly personality, his unflagging friendship, his untiring devotion to the public weal. On that fateful 27th day of December, with appalling abruptness, was terminated the useful career of one whom that great Garden City of the West had often and deservedly delighted to honor. On that day died WILLIAM F. MAHONEY.

Here was a man who in himself typified all of the best qualities of citizenship which flourish in that great section of our country of which the city he so dearly loved and so faithfully served is eminently representative.

Here was a man who in all his public and private affairs was impelled by the truest and purest altruism.

Here was a man in whom the golden rule was strikingly exemplified, who unto others did as he would have them do unto him and regardless of what was unto him done, invariably dealt with his neighbors, his constituents, his friends—aye, with all human kind—in the broadest, most charitable, most unselfish spirit.

Although of another religious faith, he was in the truest sense a unitarian—nay, more, a humanitarian—for all mankind

were his brethren, and race, creed, and condition were to him naught but words. In his great, throbbing, manly, generous brain he really knew no distinction.

His private life, his private honor, were pure and stainless; his business career honorable and upright; his public service a credit to himself and to the community he represented.

WILLIAM F. MAHONEY was born and reared in Chicago. There he spent his boyhood, his adolescence, and all his useful manhood until his untimely death. Chicago's interests were his interests; Chicago's glory his glory; Chicago's honor his honor; Chicago's progress, greatness, and preeminence the objects of his greatest solicitude; and to procure and to maintain these did he devote a lifetime of earnest effort and render yeoman service.

One section of our city—known as the “west side”—is the principal abode of the great army of toilers, to the fruits of whose toil and grime and sweat are largely due the city's greatness.

Among these he lived. These he loved. Him these loved, and with good reason, for morning and night, early and late, unremittingly he toiled and strove and battled for their rights.

Other men may have possessed more striking talents, but none more solid than he. Other men may have stood forth more prominently in the glare of notoriety; none better nor more faithfully represented his constituency than did he. Other men may have been more widely known, but none, despite his modest and retiring character, more intimately appreciated nor more sincerely loved by his neighbors than was he.

In his loss his family loses and mourns a wise, tender, generous, and devoted husband and father.

In his loss his constituency loses and mourns a faithful, earnest, conscientious servant.

In his loss his city loses and mourns a good, upright, public-spirited, patriotic citizen.

In his loss we, his coworkers and friends, lose and mourn a big-hearted, big-brained, supremely valued and thoroughly appreciated companion.

In his life is to be found an example to be emulated—an object lesson of patriotic fidelity and democratic simplicity such as the founders of the Republic believed to be the underlying basis of the perpetuity of free institutions.

In his death his immortal spirit ascends to the seat of divine grace accompanied by a solemn chorus of thanks and blessings that such as WILLIAM F. MAHONEY has lived in this world for this world's good, and this chorus is direct from the sincere hearts of all who loved him—and they are all who in his life were so fortunate as to know him.

ADDRESS OF MR. RYAN, OF NEW YORK

MR. SPEAKER: We are called to-day to pay the last tribute of respect to the memory of a colleague who has been called to the life beyond, and it is fitting that we should pause amid the trials of legislative duty to bear public testimony to the life and character of one who but a few weeks ago occupied a seat on this floor and took part in the deliberations of this body.

I met WILLIAM F. MAHONEY for the first time on the assembling of the Fifty-seventh Congress, in December, 1901, and my acquaintance with him grew into a warm friendship. I greatly admired his gentle bearing, his quiet manner, his warm friendship—always ready to do his utmost to serve his district, his party, and his country.

WILLIAM FRANK MAHONEY was born in the city of Chicago, Ill., on February 22, 1856; was educated in the public schools of his native city; represented his ward in the Chicago city council for a period of twelve years, after which he was unanimously nominated for Representative in Congress for the Eighth district of Illinois and was elected to the Fifty-seventh Congress, taking his seat December, 1901. He was reelected in 1902 by practically the unanimous vote of the electors of his district. As a Member of this House he served as a member of the great Committee on Military Affairs, and when he passed away was making an enviable record as a Member of this body.

In a conversation, before the holiday adjournment, he informed me that his health was improving, and I had hoped he would soon regain his former strength, but an all-wise Providence ruled differently, and before the holiday season had

closed the sad news came that death had claimed him, and instead of greeting him at the opening of this session, as I would have been glad to do, I am here to add my tribute to his memory.

Mr. MAHONEY had the respect and confidence of the people of his district. Those who knew him best loved him best, and in honoring his memory to-day this House reflects honor on itself.

In the death of Mr. MAHONEY his State loses a good citizen, his friends a kind, gentle, sincere associate, his party a faithful worker.

He was a faithful public official. He died in the service of his country. We had hoped for him long years of usefulness and honor. He left to his family the record of a useful life and a spotless name.

ADDRESS OF MR. HUNT, OF MISSOURI

MR. SPEAKER: Upon my entering this Chamber for the first time, and having feasted my eyes upon this forum of freedom, a strange and mingled feeling of awe and reverence took possession of me, and I moved like one lost in a labyrinth of uncontrollable imaginings, which caused me to look about with a longing desire to find a friendly face to fraternize with or a kindly nod to give me welcome. It seemed to me that of all this assemblage I was the only one that did not have at least a speaking acquaintance among the membership of the Fifty-eighth Congress. Here I gazed in stolid silence, when suddenly my attention was attracted to a tall, mild-looking, meditative sort of man, whose pallid face seemed spread with melancholy, and his eyes sparkled with a splendid sadness as he talked to me and said, "My name is MAHONEY, and I take it you are a new member." I answered him. He seemed to realize my position and remained with me and we talked over things that presented themselves to our observation. What he said has been of pleasure and profit to me frequently since that day. A singular coincidence is here presented. Mr. MAHONEY was the first speaking acquaintance I formed at my arrival at the Capitol. And now I for the first time beget a speaking acquaintance with this Congress, in order that I may give public utterance to our common loss, and in muffled meter mourn the lapse of life in a kind and faithful friend.

Mr. Speaker, we are forced to the belief that the souls of the departed dead linger long and lovingly in the nether world. Having escaped their environments of clay without being able

to ascend, remain suspended between this life of labor and the world beyond, for—

All houses wherein men have lived and died
Are haunted houses; through the open doors
The harmless phantoms on their errands glide
With feet that make no sound upon the floors.

There are more guests seated at table than
The host invited; the illuminated hall
Is thronged with quiet, inoffensive ghosts,
As silent as the pictures on the wall.

Mr. MAHONEY and myself chummed in the cloakroom and on the floor of this House. How well I remember the last time he appeared in this Chamber. The usual pallor of his face had faded into a yellow saffron shade and fell disease reveled in the havoc it had made. He was accompanied by his little bright-eyed boy, who seemed to be eager in his endeavor to do that which would please his father. That father's eyes were fastened on his boy with a supernatural sight, which seemed to speak a something his lips were loath to tell. Arising to leave this House forever, he said: "John, my seat is much better located than is yours. I will be away for some time. You are welcome to use it in my absence. I am not feeling well to-day. Good by!" When the news of his death came, it called keenly to my mind the knowledge that I had lost a friend, this House a useful Member, his family a faithful father. Death has won its usual victory, but heaven has gained a soul.

ADDRESS OF MR. FOSTER, OF ILLINOIS

MR. SPEAKER: Were I to permit this occasion to pass without paying some tribute of respect to the memory of my late friend and colleague I would feel that I had been derelict in the discharge of duty. My acquaintance with our late colleague, WILLIAM F. MAHONEY, dates back over a period of about fifteen years, during all of which time I have respected and admired him for his many manly qualities of heart and mind. From personal observation and from frequent conversations with him I knew that he was not in good health during his service in Congress, and especially during the last session of the Fifty-eighth Congress, when he felt great anxiety as to his physical condition. Hence, while I deeply regretted the sad event, I was not surprised to hear of his death during the early days of the present session.

MR. MAHONEY had been prominent in the political life of his home city for many years. As a member of the common council of the city of Chicago, he represented an important constituency for several terms, until extensive private interests compelled him to decline further service, though he continued an active interest in public affairs. He was elected to the Fifty-seventh Congress as a Democrat, receiving a large majority, and was reelected to the Fifty-eighth Congress without opposition.

While others may have been more able and prominent in the legislation of this body, none were more honest, none were more industrious, none were more faithful in the discharge of their duty as public servants, and none were more energetic in

attending to the needs of their constituents than WILLIAM F. MAHONEY. He represented an industrial district, having a population thoroughly cosmopolitan in character, and therefore a district most difficult to represent satisfactorily. Mr. MAHONEY, though seemingly of a quiet, retiring disposition, was full of a clean, generous mirth and a happy humor that made him a welcome visitor to any part of that district and gained for him the respect, admiration, confidence, and esteem of his large and cosmopolitan constituency, irrespective of political opinions or affiliations.

I attended his funeral, and the demonstration of love and affection that was manifested on that occasion by a vast concourse of people from almost every condition of life, citizens of his district who had known him all his life, was a high testimonial to his worth and standing as a man and citizen.

Mr. MAHONEY was most happy in his domestic relations. He was a fond husband and a kind father. He left surviving him a widow, possessed of bright intelligence and praiseworthy ambition, clothed as with a garment with the beautiful womanly qualities of modesty, energy, and courage. She had been to him a friend, monitor, and counselor. Faithful to the last, with a heart almost breaking, she stood at the grave of her husband, grateful for the sympathy manifested on every side, and took up the burden of his life where he had laid it down, to see to it that the four splendid children—two boys and two girls—that he had left behind him should be, in some measure at least, a representation of the good qualities of their father. And those qualities were many, for WILLIAM F. MAHONEY was truly a lovable man. Possessed of a happy, genial disposition, he was always a welcome addition to social gatherings. Those who knew him well will testify that he had the true gift of conversation, which is to find points of agreement and not

points of difference. No man ever left a company of which WILLIAM F. MAHONEY was a part feeling wounded by unkind or even thoughtless observations by him. He was ever the genial, warm-hearted, happy friend. There was a touch of feminine softness in his nature that made it difficult for him to do harm to anyone, even a foe, but it must not be supposed from that that he lacked firmness or the power to defend, to oppose, or to attack, if need be.

He came of a race that has lived in history as one of the boldest and bravest and most patriotic of peoples, and there was never one of that race, however great he may have been at counsel, however powerful in oratory, or however mighty he may have been on the field, that had more real firmness when the need arose than the humble descendant who filled his place in this House. I have known him time and again, when some one would presume on that kindly nature of his, to show that he had an iron hand within the velvet glove. He was a man of courage and stood for his convictions manfully. He was a well-informed man. He, however, was not a public speaker. He made no pretensions to ability in that regard, and consequently made no great and commanding figure here, but his name will not perish because of that. There are men, and men. There are great men whom the world does not always recognize, and the greatest of all is he who does his duty to his family, his fellows, and himself; and WILLIAM F. MAHONEY was preeminently that man. He was modest, unassuming, honest. He was also a religious, God-fearing man. It has been said that men around us make their mark in the sands of time, but the waves of oblivion speedily efface them. He did not make a deep mark on the sands of time, but he carved his name without effort on the rocks above, where the storm does not reach;

and when men of more pretense are forgotten, those who knew WILLIAM F. MAHONEY and loved him will keep his memory green in their souls.

Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that all Members who are necessarily detained from attending may have leave to print remarks.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Without objection, it will be so ordered.

There was no objection.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The question is on agreeing to the resolution offered by the gentleman from Illinois [Mr. MANN].

The resolution was agreed to.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE

MESSAGE FROM THE HOUSE.

A message from the House of Representatives, by Mr. W. J. Browning, its Chief Clerk, communicated to the Senate the intelligence of the death of Hon. WILLIAM F. MAHONEY, late a Representative from the State of Illinois, and transmitted resolutions of the House thereon.

DEATH OF HON. WILLIAM F. MAHONEY.

Mr. CULLOM. I ask the Chair to lay before the Senate the resolutions of the House of Representatives relative to the death of my late colleague in that body.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Chair lays before the Senate the resolutions indicated by the Senator from Illinois, which will be read.

The Secretary read as follows:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

January 4, 1905.

Resolved, That the House of Representatives has heard with profound sorrow and deep regret of the death of Hon. WILLIAM F. MAHONEY, late a Representative from the State of Illinois.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate, and also a copy thereof to the family of the deceased Representative.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased Representative the House do now adjourn.

Mr. CULLOM. Mr. President, I will take occasion at some future time to submit some remarks relative to the life and public services of my late colleague. For the present, I offer the resolutions I send to the desk, and I ask for their adoption.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Senator from Illinois offers resolutions, which will be read.

The resolutions were read, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with deep sensibility the announcement of the death of Hon. WILLIAM F. MAHONEY, late a Representative from the State of Illinois.

Resolved, That as an additional mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the Senate do now adjourn.

The resolutions were considered by unanimous consent, and unanimously agreed to; and (at 4 o'clock and 15 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until to-morrow, Thursday, January 5, 1905, at 12 o'clock meridian.

MESSAGE FROM THE HOUSE.

FEBRUARY 27, 1905.

The message also transmitted resolutions of the House commemorative of the life and public services of Hon. WILLIAM F. MAHONEY, late a Representative from the State of Illinois.

58th Congress }
3d Session }

House of Representatives

{ Document
No. 469 }

NORTON P. OTIS

(Late a Representative from New York)

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES DELIVERED IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Third Session of the
Fifty-eighth Congress

Compiled under the Direction of the Joint Committee on Printing

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HON. NORTON P. OTIS

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page
Proceedings in the House	5
Prayer by Rev. Henry N. Couden	7
Address of Mr. Sherman, of New York	9
Address of Mr. Currier, of New Hampshire	12
Address of Mr. Smith, of New York	15
Address of Mr. Rider, of New York	18
Address of Mr. Goulden, of New York	20
Address of Mr. Cooper, of Pennsylvania	23
Address of Mr. Bonyng, of Colorado	26
Address of Mr. Stevens, of Minnesota	29
Address of Mr. Dunwell, of New York	35
Proceedings in the Senate	39

DEATH OF REPRESENTATIVE NORTON P. OTIS

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE

FEBRUARY 20, 1905.

DEATH OF REPRESENTATIVE NORTON P. OTIS.

MR. PAYNE. Mr. Speaker, it becomes my sad duty to announce the death of my late colleague, Hon. NORTON P. OTIS, which occurred at his home in Yonkers, N. Y., this morning. I send the following resolutions to the Clerk's desk.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound regret of the untimely death of Hon. NORTON P. OTIS, late a Representative from the State of New York.

Resolved, That a committee of eleven members of the House, with such members of the Senate as may be joined, be appointed to attend the funeral.

Resolved, That the Sergeant-at-Arms of the House of Representatives be authorized and directed to take such steps as may be necessary for carrying out the provisions of these resolutions, and that the necessary expense in connection therewith be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

The Speaker appointed as a committee to attend the funeral Mr. Sherman, Mr. Currier, Mr. Smith of New York, Mr. Sulzer, Mr. Douglas, Mr. Bassett, Mr. Golden, Mr. Bonyne, Mr. Legare, Mr. Thomas, and Mr. Dickerman.

MR. PAYNE. Mr. Speaker, as a further mark of respect to the deceased member, I move that the House do now adjourn.

The motion was agreed to; accordingly (at 7 o'clock and 10 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned until to-morrow at 12 o'clock noon.

FEBRUARY 22, 1905.

MESSAGE FROM THE SENATE.

A message from the Senate, by Mr. Parkinson, its reading clerk, announced that the Senate had passed without amendment the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with deep sensibility the announcement of the death of Hon. NORTON P. OTIS, late a Representative from the State of New York.

Resolved, That a committee of five Senators be appointed by the Presiding Officer to join the committee appointed on the part of the House of Representatives to take order for superintending the funeral of the deceased.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the Senate do now adjourn.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

And that the Presiding Officer had announced the appointment of Mr. Depew, Mr. Burrows, Mr. Elkins, Mr. Martin, and Mr. Blackburn as the committee on the part of the Senate to join the committee on the part of the House of Representatives.

FEBRUARY 24, 1905.

OBSEQUIES OF THE LATE REPRESENTATIVE OTIS.

Mr. SHERMAN. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that Sunday, the 26th instant, be fixed as the time when his associates may express their views on the life and character of the late NORTON P. OTIS.

The SPEAKER. The gentleman from New York asks unanimous consent that on Sunday next there be exercises on the life and character of the late NORTON P. OTIS. Is there objection?

There was no objection.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

SUNDAY, *February 26, 1905.*

The House was called to order at 12 o'clock noon by William J. Browning, Chief Clerk, who announced that the Speaker had designated the Hon. William P. Hepburn as Speaker pro tempore for this day.

Mr. Hepburn took the chair as Speaker pro tempore.

The Chaplain, Rev. Henry N. Couden, D. D., offered the following prayer:

Our Father who art in heaven, we thank Thee for that deep and ever-abiding faith which looks up to Thee as the creator, upholder, and sustainer of all, and for that eternal hope which binds us to Thee by ties which neither time nor space can sever. "For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus, our Lord." For without these angels from Thy heart, O God, life would be indeed a desert without a single oasis to cheer the weary traveler on his way. With these even the mystery of death is solved, so when it comes and takes away our dear ones we can throw ourselves into the everlasting arms and feel the warm pulsations of a heavenly Father's heart and say:

There is no death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

So send, we beseech Thee, our heavenly Father, these angels to comfort the hearts of the colleagues, friends, and families of those for whom we have gathered here to-day in loving remembrance, and Thine be the praise forever, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

THE LATE HON. NORTON P. OTIS.

Mr. SHERMAN. Mr. Speaker, I offer the resolutions which I send to the Clerk's desk.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The Clerk will report the resolutions.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the business of the House of Representatives be now suspended that opportunity may be given for tribute to the memory of Hon. NORTON P. OTIS, late a Member of the House of Representatives from the State of New York.

Resolved, That as a special mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, and in recognition of his eminent abilities as a distinguished and useful public servant, citizen, and man, the House, at the conclusion of these exercises, stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk of the House communicate these resolutions to the Senate of the United States.

Resolved, That the Clerk also transmit a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

ADDRESS OF MR. SHERMAN, OF NEW YORK

MR. SPEAKER: NORTON P. OTIS was a Vermonter by birth. He was born in 1840. During his manhood life he demonstrated the possession of those sterling qualities which seem indigenous to Vermont soil.

Measured by whatever standard the world may choose, NORTON P. OTIS was a most successful man. His was not the success made public by public print, by the manipulation of the so-called "frenzied finance," nor by the notoriety acquired by some unusual accomplishment, but rather it was the success that came by patient plodding, careful thought, and continuous and unceasing effort. What he acquired he worked for, and in every effort of life the same thoroughness that characterized him in business brought him the "well done" of those with whom he was associated. It was to no individual more than to Mr. OTIS that the privilege was given of changing the topography and business of our great centers. It was he who first saw the great future of the company of which he was the head. By the complete mastery of the details of the business he was able to improve on the "lifts" of the past until they became the fastest elevators of the present. By so doing he made it possible for a whole town to be housed on a small space of ground.

It would be difficult to imagine what our great cities would be were it not for the elevator service of to-day. The values in real estate have been enhanced by the removal of the skyward limit of use of a single plot. The massing of great

volumes of business within an exceedingly contracted territory in New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, which has so materially aided the wondrous growth of the great commercial centers, is largely due to the practical thought of Mr. OTIS and his associates.

From early manhood up to the very day of his death Mr. OTIS kept close watch of all the details of his business, ever looking for improvements and ever seeking to draw about him the best inventive skill and genius. While perhaps he may not be called a captain of finance, he certainly was a general in business.

But the value of Mr. OTIS to the community was not confined to the great business of which he was master. He was great in his home life, in the community in which he lived, and in public affairs in which he was interested. In many respects he was a model citizen, because he was large enough to give his time and thought not only to the development of his chosen work but to all the affairs which help to build up the community and develop the State and nation.

Even while he was busiest in his own work, he was ever ready to respond to the call of his fellow-citizens to the work in city, State, or nation. As a member of the New York State legislature and as mayor of the city of Yonkers he made a record for himself that is a heritage to his family and community. No more painstaking, industrious, or careful public servant ever occupied a public office than he, and every public position which he occupied was always accepted with the perfect knowledge that it was a personal sacrifice upon his part; was accepted in response to duty rather than desire. But he never hesitated, for to him duty was more precious than money. As president of the New York State commission to the Paris Exposition his work was preeminently satisfactory.

By personal solicitation and effort he succeeded in favorably impressing the State which he represented upon the exposition juries, and because of his personality and effort he was recognized by the French Government with a decoration.

His service here was but a single term, and during that period he was battling the disease which finally became victor in his death. To many, therefore, he was possibly but slightly known, and the impress he made was slight compared to that made in former public service. Those, however, closely associated with him, who saw most of him, who knew him best, recognized in him those qualities which go to make a real man. Those who knew him will miss him, but we are the richer because of his character, his life, and his worth.

It was, however, in his home life that the great strength of his character was particularly noticeable. Those who have had the privilege of catching a glimpse of that life will never forget its beautiful simplicity. Methodical and rugged in business, in his home he was ever a tender, devoted, and thoughtful husband and father. His was an ideal home; he the ideal husband and father.

If greatness must contain the ingredient of success, if it must have character in its composition, and if goodness is a sine qua non of its make-up, NORTON P. OTIS was indeed truly great.

ADDRESS OF MR. CURRIER, OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

MR. SPEAKER: When Speaker Cannon appointed the committees for this Congress, Mr. Skiles, of Ohio, was named as chairman of the Committee on Patents, and I was made the ranking member. Very early in the second session Mr. Skiles died, and I was appointed by the Speaker as chairman, and Mr. OTIS became the ranking member of that committee, and now he, too, has crossed the dark river. Mr. OTIS was elected to the Fifty-eighth Congress, from a district previously Democratic, at a time when the political tide was running strongly against his party. Probably no other Republican could have been elected from that district at that time. We, who came to know something of him here, could readily understand his great strength with the people who knew him well. His brief service here was altogether creditable to him and to the district he represented. It so happened that I saw little of him except in the committee room, but there I quickly came to rely on his good judgment and sound sense always displayed in any discussion involving matters, often somewhat intricate, pending before the committee. At the head of a great manufacturing enterprise, himself an inventor, the work of the committee was congenial to him, and he was peculiarly fitted to act as an adviser regarding the practical working of our patent system. His quickness of apprehension, his exact information, his sound judgment, and the interest he took and the industry he displayed in the work of the committee made him a most valuable member.

His kindness, his sincerity and frankness, his perfect courtesy and the charm of his manners made the members of

that committee his loving friends. That in all his dealings he was perfectly honest goes without saying—few men ever come to this House who do not possess that quality—but he possessed that rarer quality, perfect intellectual integrity; he never quibbled or unfairly stated a proposition. The House had the benefit of his services for only the first two sessions of this Congress. Failing health prevented his attending the House this winter and caused him to decline a reelection. Long before he came to Congress he took an active interest in public affairs and served his city and State, as we who knew him even slightly know, ably and well. It is said that a man who makes two ears of corn and two blades of grass to grow where only one grew before is a public benefactor. If that be true, then certainly there are few fields of human endeavor in which a capable, generous, and high-minded man can be of more benefit to his fellows than in building up and maintaining a great business enterprise which gives steady employment at good wages, in season and out, to hundreds of men.

This Mr. OTIS did, and he did more—he took always an active personal interest in the individual welfare of those he employed. He was their loyal friend, realizing to the fullest extent all their just claims upon him and freely granting them, and in all their troubles they had his sympathy and aid. And his men in return were loyal and faithful to him, as men usually are to such an employer, not envious of his success, but proud of it and of the share they had in bringing it about. No lock-outs or strikes ever marred the conduct of his business. When a great manufacturing enterprise or a great railroad has at its head a man who takes a kindly and generous interest in the welfare of the men in its employ, always ready to listen patiently to their grievances and quick to remedy them as far as possible, there is little danger of developing there any of those senseless agitators who contend that those who do the

mere manual work produce all and are entitled to all. In his generous heart there was no room for prejudice against the attempt of laboring men to better their condition by organization. He realized how much of good the great labor organizations have accomplished, and with their main aim he was in entire sympathy. The last time I ever saw him he stood upon this floor in charge of a bill asked for by the typographical union, reported from the Committee on Patents, to protect the printers of this country from an unfair foreign competition. I said to him that if there was opposition to the bill, I would see that he had support from both sides of the Chamber, but he needed none, and the bill passed. An able public servant, an exceedingly capable business man, kind, courteous, a gentleman always, he will be long missed and mourned.

ADDRESS OF MR. SMITH, OF NEW YORK

MR. SPEAKER: At the flood tide of a distinguished and successful career, when experience had equipped him to render still greater service to his fellow-man; standing on the threshold of a most promising Congressional life, enjoying to a high degree the confidence and affection of his colleagues; just when his children, of whom he was justly proud, were approaching manhood and womanhood, at a time when he and his devoted wife could most enjoy the fruits of their mutual devotion to their children, NORTON P. OTIS was cut off in the full flower of his usefulness. Surely God's ways are past finding out. We who survive know that from the world's working force has been subtracted a man whose influence was most potent for good, who helped all with whom his life came in touch; and while it is difficult for us to understand why he should have been taken away just at this time we believe that He "who maketh all things to work together for the good of those who love Him" knew best, and that NORTON P. OTIS's part in God's grand plan of human life had been accomplished. His part was no small part. To him were granted rare opportunities and unusual ability to serve his fellow-men in many of the walks of life. As a philanthropist he was most generous, giving not only liberally of his means, but out of a very busy life he found time to take a most active interest in many lines of charitable work.

In the city of his adoption he was an ever-present force for the betterment of all its civic conditions. He devoted considerable of his time to increasing the efficiency of the public schools, served in many of the other departments of city

government, and when called by a large majority of his townsmen to the chief executive office of Yonkers discharged his duties as mayor of that city with great judgment and skill. In the legislative halls of his State and in the council of the nation, as a Member of this body, he was faithful, fearless, and incorruptible.

He was a man of large affairs, and in the business world was one of the captains of industry. Bringing to the development of the Otis elevator a practical and inventive mind, he perfected that lift until it stands foremost in the world. He was especially beloved by his employees, and during the many years that he was the master spirit of that immense business he enjoyed the confidence and affection of those in his employ. So fair and just was he to them that during all those years there was never a strike or any serious disagreement between himself and his hundreds of employees.

In his own city he was the champion of everything that was progressive and for the best welfare of the entire community. Public spirited, broad minded, he possessed the respect and friendship of all who knew him. By his modest, unassuming manners, by the warmth of his sympathy and the wisdom of his counsel, he won and held men.

Mr. Speaker, however high we may climb on the ladder of fame, no matter what success we may achieve in the battle of life, nothing, no, nothing, can compare to the satisfaction of knowing we stand well at home. To have won in so high a degree as did NORTON P. OTIS the friendship and esteem of those whom he came in contact with from day to day is one of the greatest of his life's achievements.

With a courage that never wavered, he bore patiently and without murmuring the slow tortures of his dread disease, fully realizing that there could be but one ending. At his beautiful home, so appropriately named "Buena Vista," situ-

ated on the banks of the Hudson River, overlooking the historic Palisades, he awaited the inevitable summons, sustained by an unfaltering trust in Providence, by the loving sympathy of wife and children, and by the knowledge that, as with the lamp of memory he turned the pages of his life's work and ran up and down the columns of life's successes and life's defeats, high, high in the column most prized by him would be found this credit entry: "NORTON P. OTIS stands well with his friends and neighbors at home."

H. Doc. 469, 58-3—2

ADDRESS OF MR. RIDER, OF NEW YORK

MR. SPEAKER: At such a time as this to pay a tribute of respect to a good man and a colleague is a sad and solemn duty. Time and time again amid the hurry and bustle, the excitement and confusion of life, we are brought face to face with the stern reality of its speedy termination. Next to life the most significant symbol is death. "Death is an unsurveyed land and unarranged science." The poet contemplates death only for a moment and draws back in terror. The historian recognizes it as an universal fact. The philosopher finds it the basis of much speculation—this great mystery of being not. All contributions to this dread theme are marked by a mystical vagueness, and the shadows dwell heavily on every pathway of approach.

Yesterday we accepted as a gift from one of the great Commonwealths the statues of two of its heroes—men who have left their impress upon the citizenship of their State; men whose names will live for centuries.

I sometimes think that in our intense admiration and hero worship for great captains and statesmen we sometimes lose sight of the men who march in the ranks. We are too narrow and exclusive in our notions of what constitutes goodness and greatness. Privates of the army are just as essential to the success of the battle as the general who plans it.

This is well illustrated by the life of the man in whose memory we have met to-day.

It is an easy matter to summarize the striking incidents and to mention the successes of a man's career. To speak of the Hon. NORTON P. OTIS as the mayor of the city of Yonkers, as

a member of the New York State legislature, as one of the members of the commission from New York at the World's Exposition at Paris, as a member of Congress, does not by any means tell us the story of his life.

As a representative business man of the city of New York, the head of a great corporation, he stands out as a striking illustration of an employer full of sympathy with those he employed; an example of fair dealing and high-mindedness in these days of frenzied finance and wild speculation. He has left a lasting impress upon the commercial life of the country and contributed much to the general good of his fellow-man along these lines. His wide and unostentatious charity was the means of relieving hundreds of distress. The charm and purity of his domestic life made his home truly representative. His delightful personality seemed to irradiate goodness. By all these qualities he made for himself an immortality incorporate in the lives of those with whom he was brought in contact. His life tended to the betterment of mankind. One of a vast army who work—

That each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

It is not ours to measure relative merit or award the palm of virtue; of one thing only are we certain, that for all lovers and servers of humanity (whatever may have been their station in life) there is reserved, not a niche in the grand valhalla of the Northern Gods or a bower in the chill and pallid moonlight of a Greek Elysium, but a welcome and a home in that beautiful and tranquil world which is the goal of all our earthly aspirations—the world of solved problems, of realized ideals, of yearning affections quenched in the fullness of fruitions, that world where the spirit is ever willing and the flesh never weak.

ADDRESS OF MR. GOULDEN, OF NEW YORK

MR. SPEAKER: On Monday, February 20, the flags on the nation's Capitol announced the death of a man prominent in the life and activities of the country.

Though in his first term, NORTON P. OTIS had, in his quiet and dignified way, made many friends in Congress. His lovable, kindly disposition drew and held men to him.

On account of poor health while here he did not exhibit that energy and force which characterized a busy and successful life.

As his neighbor, representing the city portion of what was formerly the old Sixteenth district, it was my good fortune to meet and confer frequently with him. The interests of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Congressional districts were identical in many respects.

The relations of the people were close and intimate; our residences were but a few miles apart, and our offices for many years less than three blocks distant and on the same thoroughfare.

During the first session of the present Congress a constituent of mine wanted a place in one of the Departments here. I experienced considerable difficulty in obtaining it. In speaking to Mr. OTIS about it, he said, "Why, I can help you accomplish your friend's desire." I asked him when it would suit his convenience to accompany me to the Department having the matter in charge, and his reply was, "Now." We left the House, and within an hour my friend was appointed.

This was one of his characteristics, and hundreds of men, and women, too, can bear testimony to his noble-heartedness and prompt action in matters of this kind.

The poet had a man of Mr. OTIS's parts in mind when he wrote:

Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.

In the business world his honest, straightforward manner of doing things was recognized and respected. As the head of a large manufacturing establishment he was highly esteemed and his men loved him. No strikes or turmoil ever invaded his works. He was an example to the employers of labor that they might emulate with profit.

In his political life, covering a period of twenty-five years, beginning as mayor of Yonkers and ending with Congress, no blot or stain ever tarnished his fair name. Always honorable and fair with those associated with him in the affairs of his municipality, State, and nation, recognizing the duties and responsibilities of the office he occupied, and with the one idea prominently before him to serve the people faithfully and honestly, he was a model official. His motto expressed in deeds was:

Let all the ends thou aim'st at be
Thy country's, God's and truth's.

It was, however, in the home that NORTON P. OTIS was pre-eminently distinguished. Surrounded by a devoted wife and loving children in his magnificent house on the banks of that famous and classic river, the Hudson, he enjoyed life. In October last, just after he returned from St. John's Riverside Hospital, of which he was president, I had the pleasure of enjoying a visit to this ideal home of an American citizen. I found him surrounded by his interesting family, enjoying the

comforts and pleasures of home. It reminded me of the poet's description of a home :

Home's not merely four square walls,
Though with pictures hung and gilded;
Home is where affection calls,
Filled with shrines the heart hath builded.
Home! go watch the faithful dove
Sailing 'neath the heaven above us.
Home is where there's one to love;
Home is where there's one to love us.

The members of the committee from this body who assembled at the home of NORTON P. OTIS on Friday morning, February 24, to pay their last sad tribute of respect and love to him, were all deeply impressed with its surroundings. As we filed by the casket and took our farewell of the dead we felt that not only his colleagues and friends, but the nation as well, had sustained an irreparable loss.

The simple but impressive service at the home and in the church will never be forgotten by those who were present. The eloquent and touching tribute of his pastor, a masterful eulogy on the life and labors of NORTON P. OTIS, was worthy of the man. The immense throng—hundreds unable to gain admission to the sacred edifice—the flags all over the city of Yonkers at half-mast, the closed places of business, with sorrowful faces everywhere, attested the universal respect and affection in which our colleague was held by the people amongst whom he had lived for nearly half a century.

Let us cherish his memory as a citizen, as a friend, and as a man, ever mindful of his deeds, which will live long after the marble erected over his last resting place has crumbled to dust.

ADDRESS OF MR. COOPER, OF PENNSYLVANIA

MR. SPEAKER: I desire to join in this last tribute of respect to the memory of our late colleague, NORTON P. OTIS. In his death there has gone out from among us forever one of the kindest, truest, and most gracious gentlemen it has ever been my good fortune to know. When I selected and occupied my seat at the opening session of this Congress, the friendly, kindly gentleman immediately to my right, whom to my recollection I had never seen before, extended his hand and pleasantly remarked, "As we are to be neighbors we may as well get acquainted at once. I am Mr. OTIS, of New York."

From that moment we were no longer strangers. The friendship thus begun continued and increased as time passed on. His removal from this Chamber and the scenes and activities of this life is not to me as the mere passing of a stranger I may have chanced to meet upon the highway of life. My close association with him during the first and second sessions of the Fifty-eighth Congress gave me an opportunity to become familiar with his life and character, so far as is possible in public life in such a limited time. He was a noble, upright man, characterized by honesty of purpose and an unfaltering loyalty and patriotism to his country and constituency.

His private life was as clean and pure as the snows that fall from Heaven and cover the hills along the banks of the great river that wends its way by his late home. His every thought and action seemed to be controlled by a high and lofty conception of a proper discharge of his official duties. The humblest constituent was the subject of equal concern with those occupy-

ing the higher stations in life. Kindly in his disposition, the poor and unfortunate always excited his sympathy and were the subjects of his bounteous generosity. A man of broad and liberal culture, he was an earnest advocate of public enterprises and improvements which had for their object the advancement of the public good. A man of business and affairs, he possessed a superior knowledge of the needs of his district and the country.

Safe, conservative, and possessing a well-balanced mind he approached every public duty with an intelligence and honesty of purpose which commanded the confidence and respect of all who knew him. He was modest, kind, and unassuming; but few men knew more of the practical questions of the hour or had a clearer conception of the functions of government.

Recognizing the power and prestige of long and continuous service in this body, he was content with the field allotted to new Members, but he always investigated questions of legislation for himself, and endeavored to vote and act intelligently and patriotically. He studied every public question with an eye single to the welfare of his constituents and our common country.

No selfish purpose found place with him, and in his death the great State he so well represented has lost an honest, upright, patriotic, and valued public servant. But one day during the present session was he able to occupy his seat; the dread disease which had taken firm hold upon him and marked him for its victim was doing its deadly work; but he never complained. Fully aware that a few months, at most, must be the measure of his earthly career he seemed cheerful and scarcely alluded to his illness.

The family circle has been broken; a kind and loving husband and father having finished his work here has passed

from the cares and anxieties of this world, let us hope, to the eternal bliss awaiting those who have earned the Master's reward through the accomplishments of a well-spent life. In the career of our deceased friend and fellow-Member we find much to admire and emulate. By his unselfish, useful, and Christian life he contributed materially to his country's good, and has left a priceless heritage to his family and friends.

ADDRESS OF MR. BONYNGE, OF COLORADO

MR. SPEAKER: It was not my good fortune to have an intimate personal acquaintance with the late NORTON P. OTIS. A little over a year ago I had the pleasure of meeting him as a member of the Committee on Patents of the House. During the last session of this Congress that committee held frequent meetings. Mr. OTIS was a regular attendant at such meetings and took a very active and lively interest in all of its proceedings. His open, frank, and charming disposition, his keen and intelligent interest in the intricate questions that came before the committee, and the clear and mature business judgment that he brought to their solution won for him the respect and esteem, and, I may add, the love of all the members of that committee. There is not a member of that committee who does not sincerely feel that in the death of their colleague the committee has lost a most useful and able member; whose long and honorable experience in the business world peculiarly qualified him to aid and assist it in reaching correct conclusions upon the business bearing of many of the questions that from time to time were submitted for its consideration.

He led an exceptionally happy and honorable life. Born at Halifax, Vt., on March 18, 1840, he was educated in the public schools of Albany and Yonkers, and at the early age of 18 entered his father's elevator works, with which business he was continuously identified to the time of his death. With the marvelous growth and development of the general business of the country, and particularly of the empire city and its suburbs, his business kept pace, and yet he did not become a slave to it.

In these days of large industrial enterprises we too often find that the men who direct and control such enterprises become one-sided in their natures—narrow, greedy, and grasping. It was not so with NORTON P. OTIS. His large and steadily growing business interest claimed and received from him his careful attention, but he did not permit them to absorb his whole life, to make him regardless of the welfare of his neighbors and fellow-men, or neglectful of his duties as a citizen of his town, his State, and his country.

For well-nigh fifty years he was connected in one capacity or another with the Otis Elevator Company. Entering the business in his youth, he mastered its every detail and successively filled the positions of treasurer, vice-president, president, and chairman of the board of directors of the company. Scarcely any manufacturing concern employing a large number of men has during those years been entirely free from industrial strife between the employer and employee. The best proof of his upright and honorable dealings with his men is to be found in the fact that in the past half century, so fraught with strikes and lockouts, NORTON P. OTIS never had a strike among his numerous workmen.

He was loved and respected by those who knew him best, and no better testimonial of a man's character can be found than in his ability to retain the good will, the friendship, the esteem, and the love of his neighbors. His fellow-townsmen delighted to honor him. He was elected mayor of Yonkers, where practically all of his life from boyhood was spent.

He represented faithfully and ably the people of his county in the New York State assembly, where he served as a member of the committee on cities at a time when the present Chief Magistrate of the nation was its chairman. Later he was chosen as president of the New York State commission to the Paris exposition of 1900. So ably and well did he

discharge the duties of these various positions that the people of his Congressional district in 1902 selected him as their Representative in the Congress of the United States. Failing health induced him to decline a renomination in 1904, and at the time of his death he was about to close his short but honorable and useful career as a Member of this House.

He gave much of his time to charitable and benevolent institutions. At the time of his death he was president of St. John's Riverside Hospital, of Yonkers, where he spent all the days of his active career. His was a lovable and kind disposition.

His life was filled with good deeds, and there are many living to-day who can truthfully say that their lives are happier and more useful and the world, so far as his personal influence could reach, is better because NORTON P. OTIS lived. What better tribute can be paid to man? He had not lived out his three score years and ten, and it seemed as if so useful a life might have been prolonged for many years. Who can read the inscrutable ways of Providence? Every day that we live we have new evidence that the finite judgment of man can not comprehend the infinite wisdom of the Almighty. In the face of death we can only bow our heads in reverence and say, "Thy will be done." NORTON P. OTIS had nothing to fear in death. His life had been pure and good, and though he no longer will be with us the influence that he exerted in life for the betterment of mankind will live and grow with succeeding years. No power, either for good or evil, is ever set in motion and wholly dies. The influence of each life that is lived is felt for generations to come. NORTON P. OTIS has crossed to the other side of the dark river, but the good influence of his manly and lovable character, of his noble and charitable deeds, and of his upright and useful career will never wholly die.

ADDRESS OF MR. STEVENS, OF MINNESOTA

MR. SPEAKER. It was not my privilege to enjoy an intimate acquaintance with Mr. OTIS, but some of his near relatives are my townsmen and constituents, and he frequently visited the city of St. Paul, where I reside. I have in this manner, through mutual friends, become well advised as to his career and general character. It is therefore to me a melancholy satisfaction to join my voice in tribute to his many admirable qualities and to share in the regret which his own colleagues feel over his untimely demise.

It has seemed to me proper to present a concise biographical sketch which may appropriately hold a place in the official memorial to his life and public services.

Mr. OTIS was born in Halifax, Vt., on March 18, 1840. His father was Elisha Graves Otis and his mother Susan A. Houghton. He received his early training and education in the public schools at Halifax, Vt., Albany, N. Y., and Hudson, N. J., in which places his parents resided at various times. On the removal of the family to Yonkers, he attended district school No. 2.

Upon attaining his eighteenth year he entered his father's elevator shop, which was then in its infancy. He there learned the trade, and upon the decease of his father in 1861 he, together with his brother, Charles R. Otis, assumed control of the business. In 1864 the company was incorporated under the name of Otis Brothers & Co., Mr. OTIS being treasurer. During the next ten years he traveled extensively throughout the United States, Canada, and Europe, introducing passenger and freight elevators.

His brother retired from business in 1890, and Mr. OTIS became the president of the company. When the various elevator companies were consolidated a few years ago, he was made president of the board of directors.

The Otis firm were the pioneers in the elevator business, and the products of their skill and inventive genius are to be found all over the world. They built the elevator in use in the Washington Monument in the national capital, and also the one in the famous Eiffel Tower at the Paris Exposition in 1890.

Mr. OTIS had always been actively interested in the educational, social, and political life of Yonkers, and he was identified with several philanthropic institutions of the city.

In the spring of 1880 he was nominated by the Republicans as their candidate for mayor, and was elected by a large majority. During his administration many important and valuable changes were made in the various departments of the city government. The fire department was reorganized; the various district schools were consolidated under one board, and their efficiency was greatly advanced. The waterworks were largely augmented by the introduction of new and improved machinery. Under his practical, businesslike administration, the city's bonded indebtedness was appreciably reduced.

His services earned for him not only the approbation of his own party, but the confidence and esteem of the opposition. At the close of his term as mayor he was elected to the State assembly by a large plurality in what was then an overwhelming Democratic district. As an assemblyman he was the author of many important measures, among the most notable of which was the bill reducing the exorbitant rate charged on railroads and a bill giving power to cities and

towns to regulate or refuse admission to excursion parties from New York. He was a member of the cities committee, of which at the time Theodore Roosevelt, now President of the United States, was chairman.

Mr. OTIS was nominated for Member of Congress in the Westchester district in 1900. The Congressional district at that time included the annexed district of New York, and was Democratic in politics. He was defeated by a small plurality by Cornelius A. Pugsley. Two years later Mr. OTIS was again a candidate, and was elected over Mr. Pugsley by a vote of 17,878 to 17,338. He was appointed to the House Committees on Patents and Manufactures.

He was to have been named again last spring, but, owing to his ill health, he declined to accept a renomination. In commemoration he was tendered a complimentary dinner in the Getty House, in Yonkers, two years ago.

He was appointed by Governor Odell as president of the New York State commission to the Paris Exposition in 1900, at which several prizes were awarded to exhibitors from his State. He was president of the board of managers of St. John's Riverside Hospital, in Yonkers; was connected with the First Presbyterian Church, and was a member of the Westchester Historical Society, of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and of the Engineers' and Fulton clubs, of New York. He was also a director of the Hollywood Inn.

Mr. OTIS married, in 1877, Miss Elizabeth A. Fahs, of York, Pa. They had ten children, of whom two daughters died in infancy. The widow and eight children—Charles E., Sydney, Arthur Houghton, Norton P., jr., Katherine Lois, Ruth Adelaide, James Russell Lowell, and Carolyn Myrtle—survive.

In addition to his sterling business qualities, Mr. OTIS was a close student, and he kept in touch with the best thought of

the day. He was sagacious and honorable in all his dealings with his fellow-men, and he discountenanced everything that savored of political trickery and corruption. Whatever duties he had, he discharged with credit to himself and with an eye to the welfare of the community he served. He was preeminently a Christian gentleman.

The departure of such a man brings deep sorrow to the family circle and widespread regret to the community in which he has lived. But to the weary sufferer himself, sighing for release and rest, there may be exultation in the assurance of a glorious immortality.

There's a land beyond the river
That we call the sweet Forever,
And we only reach its shores by faith's decree.
One by one we'll gain its portals,
There to dwell with the immortals,
When they ring the golden bells for you and me.

There will be no sin or sorrow
In that haven of to-morrow,
When our bark shall sail across the silver sea.
There will only be the blessing
Of our Father's sweet caressing,
When they ring the golden bells for you and me.

Mr. OTIS died at his residence in Hudson Terrace, Yonkers, N. Y., February 20, 1905. About eighteen months previously he endured a severe operation for cancer, from which much temporary relief was received; but the disease again developed, and for nearly two months before his decease he had been confined to his room. His sufferings were borne with great patience, and all the members of his family were at his bedside when the end came.

The funeral services were held in the First Presbyterian Church of Yonkers, February 24, 1905, and were numerously attended. Among the sincere mourners who helped form the

procession at the funeral were 982 employees of the elevator works, of which Mr. OTIS was the head, and with which he had had an almost lifelong connection.

The pallbearers were William D. Baldwin, president, and A. G. Mills, vice-president, of the Otis Elevator Company; George R. Bunker, vice-president of the board of managers of St. John's Riverside Hospital; Charles E. Gorton, member of the board of directors of the Hollywood Inn; Mayor John E. Andrus, Leslie Saunders, James S. Fitch, and Wallis Smith.

Representing Congress were Senators Burrows, Elkins, Martin, and Blackburn; Representatives Currier, Smith, Sulzer, Douglas, Bassett, Goulden, Bonyng, Legare, Thomas, and Dickerman.

As an estimate of the character of Mr. OTIS, nothing could be more appropriate here than the tribute paid to him by the pastor of the church, Rev. Dr. William P. Stevenson, who preached the funeral sermon, from which the following extract is given:

This noble man, whom we so deeply mourn to-day, touched the lives of his fellow-men at many points and always helpfully, always with the most gentle kindness and winning modesty. It is the remembrance of his shrinking distaste of praise and publicity which makes it impossible for me to say a tithe of what might justly and truly be said of his life and character. But happily such is the innate, inherent power of such a life that its deeds render words superfluous and loudest praise sinks into the veriest whisper when placed beside such worthily persistent performance.

So many and so varied were the interests and activities of his heart and hands that each one of us may have his own picture of his helpful personality. Some of you as you sit in this quiet place are thinking of him as the successful business man, inventive, resourceful, energetic, and withal so just and so generous, so fair and so sympathetic, as that in all the years of his controlling great enterprises there was never a strike, never a serious dispute, amongst his many employees.

And some of you are thinking of him as a public-spirited, broad-minded citizen, who was deeply interested in all that made for the betterment of civic conditions; who labored intelligently to increase the efficiency of our public schools; who accepted the various high offices to which he was

called by his fellow-citizens as a sacred trust, and who discharged his duties as mayor, as assemblyman, and as Congressman faithfully, fearlessly, and with incorruptible, stainless honor.

And some of you are thinking of him as the generous-hearted philanthropist, who ever gave without grudging of his wise counsel and liberal support to any project or to any institution which had for its aim the helping and the blessing of his fellow-men.

And others of you, more favored still, knowing him in the social circle and in the home, are thinking of him as the loyal friend, the kind father, the faithful husband, whose latest conscious breath was spent in a loving farewell to her who had loved him longest and best of all.

But there are others of us here who, seeing and honoring him in all these relations which he so much adorned, will ever preserve untarnished in our memories a scene which shows him just one year ago standing beside his stalwart sons in this sacred place where now he lies in quiet state, and with them, in the presence of a hushed and reverent congregation, as simply and as humbly as a little child confessing his personal faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Not that he then for the first time became a Christian—such he had been long before—but then and there, for his sons' sake, for his own sake, and above all for his Savior's sake, he gave the public testimony of his lips to the faith which for many years he had so truly exemplified in his life. And through that faith he steadily faced death during the past eight months with a courage that never faltered; by that faith he bore sore, slow tortures without complaint; and in that faith he tranquilly and triumphantly died.

ADDRESS OF MR. DUNWELL, OF NEW YORK

MR. SPEAKER: No element in American citizenship since the foundation of the Republic has performed more distinguished services to our country—services which have marked its progress among the nations and which have finally brought it to the proud position which to-day it occupies in the world—than the great middle class among our people, which has ever been foremost in the real work of mankind.

It has pushed its way in the industries, the arts, the sciences, inventions; constantly forging ahead in the great march of improvement and civilization, pressing us on and ever on to higher planes of achievement, to nobler and better modes of life.

Our esteemed and beloved colleague, NORTON P. OTIS, was a conspicuous example of what this plain, unassuming, whole-hearted, and high-minded American citizen can accomplish in the short span of a human life in this great, free land of ours.

Born in a little town among the beautiful hills of Vermont, he had no advantages in his youth which are not the common heritage of every American boy. He received his education in the common schools of the country, and at the age of 18 became associated with his father in business, and by honest effort and fair dealing with his fellow-men amassed a large fortune.

A greater degree of success than falls to the lot of most men was his; but throughout a long life he never for one moment lost the sweet freshness of spirit and the beautiful Christian graces which were his chief charms.

Having known him for many years, I feel warranted in saying that no man ever transacted business with him who did not learn to respect his rugged honesty and singleness of purpose. No man ever touched his social side who did not esteem his friendship. No man ever knew him well who did not love him.

Engaged in great enterprises, spreading over two continents in their scope, he was never spoiled by success. His heart always abounded in the kindest feelings toward his fellow-men.

It would be strange indeed if such a character should not receive popular recognition in the community in which he lived, and we find that the beautiful city on the Hudson, where for fifty years he made his home, knew his worth and loved him well.

Twenty-five years ago he became mayor of Yonkers and ably and honorably discharged the duties of that high office, as he did the duties of every position to which he was ever called.

Three years later he was elected by his fellow-citizens a member of the legislature of the State, and became a member of the important committee on cities, of which our illustrious President was at the time chairman. He was afterwards chosen, because of his distinguished business ability, president of the New York State commission to the Paris Exposition of 1900; and, as a fitting crown to his career, the citizens of the Nineteenth Congressional district of New York elected him in 1902 a member of the Fifty-eighth Congress of the United States. As a Member of Congress he was the same earnest, painstaking, able official he had ever been, when called by the people to public place, and his manly worth and public and private virtues have left their impress on his colleagues.

Loyal and true to every trust, modest and sincere in every act of his life, he has passed from earth to those great rewards which our loving Father in heaven ever bestows upon the just and good.

LEAVE TO PRINT.

The SPEAKER pro tempore (Mr. Sherman). If there be no objection, permission will be granted for ten days to such Members as desire to print remarks upon the life and character of Mr. OTIS.

The question is on agreeing to the resolutions.

The resolutions were agreed to; and in accordance therewith, and with the order previously made, the House (at 2 o'clock and 38 minutes p. m.) adjourned until to-morrow, Monday, February 27, 1905, at 11 a. m.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE

FEBRUARY 21, 1905.

MESSAGE FROM THE HOUSE.

The message also communicated to the Senate the intelligence of the death of Hon. NORTON P. OTIS, late a Representative from the State of New York, and transmitted resolutions of the House thereon.

DEATH OF REPRESENTATIVE NORTON P. OTIS.

Mr. FAIRBANKS. Mr. President, for the senior Senator from New York [Mr. Platt] I call up the resolutions transmitted from the House of Representatives announcing the death of his colleague in that body.

The Presiding Officer (Mr. Kean in the chair) laid before the Senate the resolutions of the House of Representatives, which were read, as follows:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

February 20, 1905.

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound regret of the untimely death of Hon. NORTON P. OTIS, late a Representative from the State of New York.

Resolved, That a committee of eleven Members of the House, with such members of the Senate as may be joined, be appointed to attend the funeral.

Resolved, That the Sergeant-at-Arms of the House of Representatives be authorized and directed to take such steps as may be necessary for carrying out the provisions of these resolutions, and that the necessary expense in connection therewith be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

The Speaker appointed as a committee to attend the funeral Mr. Sherman, Mr. Currier, Mr. Smith of New York, Mr. Sulzer, Mr. Douglas, Mr. Bassett, Mr. Goulden, Mr. Bonyng, Mr. Legare, Mr. Thomas, and Mr. Dickerman.

Mr. FAIRBANKS. On behalf of the senior Senator from New York I ask for the adoption of the resolutions I send to the desk.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The resolutions will be read.

The resolutions were read and unanimously agreed to, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with deep sensibility the announcement of the death of Hon. NORTON P. OTIS, late a Representative from the State of New York.

Resolved, That a committee of five Senators be appointed by the Presiding Officer to join the committee appointed on the part of the House of Representatives, to take order for superintending the funeral of the deceased.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

The Presiding Officer appointed as the committee on the part of the Senate under the second resolution Mr. Depew, Mr. Burrows, Mr. Elkins, Mr. Martin, and Mr. Blackburn.

Mr. FAIRBANKS. Mr. President, for the senior Senator from New York I move as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased that the Senate do now adjourn.

The motion was unanimously agreed to; and (at 6 o'clock and 10 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until to-morrow, Wednesday, February 22, 1905, at 11 o'clock a. m.

MESSAGE FROM THE HOUSE.

FEBRUARY 27, 1905.

The message also transmitted resolutions of the House commemorative of the life and public services of Hon. NORTON P. OTIS, late a Representative from the State of New York.

58th Congress }
3d Session }

House of Representatives

{ Document
{ No. 470

GEORGE W. CROFT

(Late a Representative from South Carolina)

Memorial Addresses Delivered in the
House of Representatives and Senate

Third Session of the
Fifty-eighth Congress

Compiled under the direction of the Joint Committee on Printing

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HON. GEORGE W. CROFT

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page
Proceedings in the House	5
Prayer by Rev. Henry N. Couden	5
Prayer by Rev. Henry N. Couden	9
Address of Mr. Finley, of South Carolina.....	11
Address of Mr. Lever, of South Carolina	16
Address of Mr. French, of Idaho.....	27
Address of Mr. Johnson, of South Carolina	30
Address of Mr. Aiken, of South Carolina	33
Proceedings in the Senate.....	39
Address of Mr. Latimer, of South Carolina	42

DEATH OF REPRESENTATIVE GEORGE W. CROFT

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE

THURSDAY, *March 10, 1904.*

The House met at 12 o'clock m.

The Chaplain, Rev. Henry N. Couden, D. D., offered the following prayer:

We invoke Thy blessing, Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, upon these Thy servants, that, guided by the light of truth and strengthened by the power from on high, all the deliberations of this House to-day may be in consonance with Thy holy will.

A great sorrow has come to us in the death of one of our Members, and our hearts go out in great sympathy to the bereaved family. We pray Thee that they may be upheld and sustained by the hope of immortality.

Hear us, O Lord, and bless us, in the name of Jesus Christ, our Savior. Amen.

DEATH OF HON. GEORGE W. CROFT.

Mr. FINLEY. Mr. Speaker, the sad duty is mine to announce to this House the death of the Hon. GEORGE W. CROFT, a Representative from the State of South Carolina, who died this morning at 7.30 o'clock at his residence in this city. Of his worth, of his virtues I shall not speak now, but at some future time I shall ask the House to consider that matter in a suitable manner.

As a mark of respect to him, I offer the following resolutions.

The SPEAKER. The gentleman from South Carolina offers the following resolutions, which the Clerk will report:

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House of Representatives has heard with profound sorrow of the death of the Hon. G. W. CROFT, a Representative from the State of South Carolina.

Resolved, That the Speaker appoint a committee of thirteen Members to attend the funeral services.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased Member the House do now adjourn.

Mr. OVERSTREET. Mr. Speaker, before the question is put, and in view of the special order under which the House has been proceeding, having fixed 4 o'clock this afternoon for a vote, I think it proper to ask unanimous consent that the order heretofore fixed for to-day shall continue to another day. I had said that I would make the suggestion that it apply to-morrow until it was suggested that to-morrow being pension day the committee did not desire to be displaced. I therefore ask unanimous consent that the order applicable to to-day shall be available and continue until Saturday.

The SPEAKER. Is there objection?

Mr. MOON, of Tennessee. Mr. Speaker, if the gentleman from Indiana will allow me to suggest, I think the better idea would be to let Saturday be taken for pensions and the House execute the pending order to-morrow.

Mr. OVERSTREET. I should prefer to let a representative of the Pension Committee state as to that.

Mr. GIBSON. I have no objection.

The SPEAKER. The gentleman from Indiana asks unanimous consent that the order applicable to-day shall be applicable to-morrow, and that Saturday be devoted to pensions

under the rule. Is there objection? [After a pause.] The Chair hears none.

The question is on agreeing to the first two resolutions offered by the gentleman from South Carolina.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

The Speaker announced the appointment of the following committee: D. E. Finley, Wyatt Aiken, J. T. Johnson, George S. Legare, R. B. Scarborough, A. F. Lever, Henry C. Loudenslager, George R. Patterson, William Richardson, Frank A. McLain, Henry A. Houston, Charles H. Weisse, Amos H. Jackson, and Joseph C. Sibley.

The SPEAKER. The question is on agreeing to the third resolution.

The resolution was agreed to; and accordingly (at 12 o'clock and 10 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned to meet to-morrow at 12 m.

MARCH 11, 1904.

MESSAGE FROM THE SENATE.

The message also announced that the Senate had passed the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with deep sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. GEORGE W. CROFT, late a Representative of the Second district of the State of South Carolina.

Resolved, That a committee of six Senators be appointed by the President pro tempore to join a committee on the part of the House of Representatives to take order for superintending the funeral of the deceased.

Resolved, That the Senate communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

Resolved, As a further mark of respect to memory of the deceased, that the Senate do now adjourn.

And that in compliance with the foregoing the President pro tempore had appointed as said committee Mr. Tillman, Mr. Latimer, Mr. Fulton, Mr. Clarke of Arkansas, Mr. Hopkins, and Mr. McLaurin.

FEBRUARY 9, 1905.

Mr. FINLEY. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that at the close of the exercises in memory of the late Representative Mahoney memorial exercises be held on the life and character of the late GEORGE W. CROFT, a Representative from the State of South Carolina.

The SPEAKER. Is there objection?

There was no objection.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

SUNDAY, *February 26, 1905.*

The House was called to order at 12 o'clock noon by William J. Browning, Chief Clerk, who announced that the Speaker had designated the Hon. William P. Hepburn as Speaker pro tempore for this day.

Mr. Hepburn took the chair as Speaker pro tempore.

The Chaplain, Rev. Henry N. Couden, D. D., offered the following prayer:

Our Father who art in heaven, we thank Thee for that deep and ever-abiding faith which looks up to Thee as the creator, upholder, and sustainer of all, and for that eternal hope which binds us to Thee by ties which time nor space can sever. "For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus, our Lord." For without these angels from Thy heart, O God, life would be indeed a desert without a single oasis to cheer the weary traveler on his way. With these even the mystery of death is solved, so when it comes and takes away our dear ones we can throw ourselves into the everlasting arms and feel the warm pulsations of a heavenly Father's heart and say:

There is no death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

So send, we beseech Thee, our heavenly Father, these angels to comfort the hearts of the colleagues, friends, and families of those for whom we have gathered here to-day in loving remembrance, and Thine be the praise forever, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

THE LATE HON. GEORGE WILLIAM CROFT.

Mr. FINLEY. Mr. Speaker, I offer the following resolutions.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The gentleman from South Carolina [Mr. Finley] offers the resolutions which the Clerk will report.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That in pursuance of the special order heretofore adopted, the House now proceed to pay tribute to the memory of Hon. GEORGE W. CROFT, late a Member of this House from the State of South Carolina.

Resolved, That as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, and in recognition of his distinguished public career, the House at the conclusion of the exercises to-day shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

Mr. FINLEY. Mr. Speaker, before proceeding with the special order, I ask unanimous consent that leave to print remarks relating to these ceremonies be granted to Members of the House for twenty days.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The gentleman from South Carolina [Mr. Finley] asks unanimous consent that leave to print remarks relating to these ceremonies be granted to Members of the House for twenty days. Is there objection?

There was no objection.

ADDRESS OF MR. FINLEY, OF SOUTH CAROLINA

MR. SPEAKER: On the 10th day of March last the sad duty devolved upon me to announce to the House the death of HON. GEORGE WILLIAM CROFT, late a Representative from the State of South Carolina. I gave notice then, Mr. Speaker, that at some future time I would ask the House to join in suitable services commemorative of him and as a proper recognition of his distinguished public career.

GEORGE WILLIAM CROFT was born in Newberry County, S. C., on the 20th day of December, 1846. In 1864, when he was a cadet at the South Carolina Military Academy, his education was interrupted by reason of the corps of cadets being mustered into the Confederate service. In this service he continued until the close of the war. Subsequently he spent two years at the University of Virginia. In 1869 he was admitted to the bar and began the practice of his profession at Aiken, S. C., and from then until his death he lived there. Sitting in my seat on this floor yesterday I listened to eloquent and eulogistic addresses on the lives and characters of Austin and Houston, two men of all others most honored by the State of Texas. My distinguished friend from Missouri [Mr. Clark], in his matchless and inimitable style, alluded to the fact that State pride was a characteristic of the people of South Carolina, Massachusetts, Virginia and Texas.

No State can be truly great unless her citizens excel in patriotism and love of truth. Judged by this standard, South Carolina can properly be termed "the imperial State," second to none in all that goes to constitute true greatness. The

proud boast of her citizens is that in making the history of this greatest of great nations this State has always occupied a foremost position. In declaring for freedom in the Revolutionary war she paid the penalty in that struggle of having every section of her territory a battlefield and suffered the loss of at least three-fourths of all the destructible property in her borders. In 1812, when British tyranny had become unendurable, South Carolina spoke through her most gifted and distinguished son, John C. Calhoun, and forced matters to the issue of battle. In the war with Mexico she sent 1,000 men, the valor and chivalry of the State, led by the brave and gallant Pierce Butler. These followed General Scott from Veracruz to the City of Mexico. In storming that city a forlorn hope of sixteen from this regiment were the first inside of the walls. This fact I have from the lips of James A. Thomas, of Harmony, S. C., who participated in that frightful assault.

Likewise, in the greatest of all wars from the standpoint of loss of life and material wealth, the memorable and ever-to-be-regretted war between the States, she lagged not behind, and, Mr. Speaker, in the last war, not the greatest that this country has engaged in—in the war with Spain—she was among the first to send her sons to uphold the flag of the Union and to give freedom to the oppressed Cubans. The one thing that more than all others has given the State of South Carolina her proud position is the fact that in times of stress on all great issues her people stand as a unit. They are united. A notable illustration of this is that notwithstanding a large and respectable minority of her citizens were opposed to secession in 1860, in the civil war that followed South Carolina stands alone as the only State in the Union that did not furnish a single regiment or even a single company to the Union Army.

This unity of the citizens of the State on all great occasions is the one thing more than all others that causes the sons of the State, wherever they go, at all times and in all places, not only to be proud, but, if need be, assert the fact that they are South Carolinians.

GEORGE WILLIAM CROFT in his life measured up to the standard required of her sons by South Carolina. A beardless youth in time of war, he answered the call of the State and shouldered his musket and marched to the front, where, as a brave and gallant soldier, he performed his full duty. When the war was over he accepted the result in good faith and gave to his country the best efforts of his life. Whenever his time and his talents were demanded he gave them freely and without stint. During the reconstruction period in South Carolina, eight years of license, debauchery, and misgovernment by vicious carpetbaggers and ignorant negroes, during which time the people of the State were plundered under the forms of law of an amount equal to one-fourth of the taxable property in the State, GEORGE WILLIAM CROFT, by word and work, performed his full duty in redeeming the State and placing the government once more in the hands of those best fitted to administer it. Faithfully and efficiently he served his people both as a citizen and as an official, and right here I may add that the love and esteem accorded to GEORGE WILLIAM CROFT by the people of his home county, Aiken, by the people of the Second Congressional district, was not confined to the color of a man's skin. White and black regarded him as a citizen wise, courageous, and a lover of truth and right. They looked to him as an exemplar, and all his people, without regard to race, without regard to party, admired, loved, respected, and trusted him.

However, it is only proper for me to say that Colonel CROFT excelled as a lawyer. Now, to enter into a statement of his work, extending over a period of thirty-five years, from 1869 to 1904, the time of his death, would be out of place here. I shall not do that. But it is sufficient for me to say that for thirty-five years he practiced his profession with distinguished ability and success.

The South Carolina bar is one which includes in its membership men whose life work entitles them to a first place among the jurists of the nation. His brethren of the bar recognized the ability of Colonel CROFT and his great legal attainments by electing him more than once to the presidency of the State Bar Association.

After a heated and strenuous contest for the nomination, being opposed by strong men, one of whom was attorney-general of the State and another the solicitor of his circuit, he was elected to the Fifty-eighth Congress. During the short term, a little more than a year, that he represented his district in Congress he studied the wants of his people and gave them efficient and satisfactory service.

I happen to know that one matter dear to the heart of Colonel CROFT, and to which he devoted time and attention, was the reclamation of the swamp lands of his State, and it was his hope that in some way he might be instrumental and helpful in bringing that about. So far as I know, he originated this matter.

Mr. Speaker, the highest proof of the love and esteem in which a Representative should be held is that which his people accord him. We have numbered among Members of this House the Hon. T. G. CROFT, a son of the Hon. GEORGE WILLIAM CROFT. He was sent here by the overwhelming vote of the district over three competitors to fill out the

unexpired term of his distinguished father. A greater tribute than this the people of the Second Congressional district of South Carolina could not pay to the memory of Colonel CROFT.

Mr. Speaker, when paying tribute to the memory and public services of a deceased Member I feel that something should be said in reference to him as an individual. Colonel CROFT in his dealings with his fellow-men was an honest man, kind to all, approachable by all, loved by the poor for the reason that he was their friend.

He was a man of strong religious convictions. I remember well when he lay upon his deathbed at his residence on East Capitol street in this city; I visited him time after time and found him suffering in a way that seemed to be past human endurance. Through it all he was patient and hopeful, and bore it with great fortitude and Christian resignation. He impressed me then as he had never impressed me before with his greatness as a man. In order to be truly tried a man must be doubly tried—in adversity as well as in prosperity, in pain as well as in pleasure. So when GEORGE WILLIAM CROFT lay upon his dying bed, suffering as men can not suffer and live, he gave evidence high and strong of the nobility of soul, of the strength of character that was in him.

He served his God and his country faithfully and well.
“Peace to his ashes.”

ADDRESS OF MR. LEVER, OF SOUTH CAROLINA

MR. SPEAKER: Life is a frail arch uniting two eternities—the unknown worlds—that from whence we come when life is vouchsafed to us and that to which we go when, in infinite wisdom, life is denied us. It is the day, begun in the sunshine of the glorious morning and ending in the melancholy shades of evening. It is the smile and the tear, the banquet hall and the silence of the tomb; alike a triumphant song and a mournful elegy.

In the brief time allotted for the pilgrimage between the eternities man writes the story of his life and records the evidence of the manner in which he has used the opportunities given him. He builds his own monument and writes upon it his own epitaph, giving the basis upon which the future must pronounce judgment as to his true worth and character. The record when once made must stand through all the ages, death's seal imparting to it absolute verity. Ardent friends may exaggerate the virtues and lessen the faults, but neither human kindness nor human malevolence can add to or subtract from the record, for the making of which he alone is responsible.

The greatest of all poets has said:

The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones.

That is the dark picture and the judgment of the pessimist. A kindlier philosophy would bury the bad deeds of man and give an endless immortality to his good ones. This is the opinion of the optimist, and it seems entirely in harmony with nature's teaching and the best thought of mankind.

Yes, Mr. Speaker, I prefer to believe that real worth does not die, but lives on and on, a rich and ever-increasing legacy for all men for all time.

The pain of this occasion is somewhat soothed in the thought that we are to deal with a character so full of good and so free from vice that what we shall say in praise of his virtues is the true expression of our real feelings and not the strained exaggeration of a mere eulogy.

As a friend, soldier, citizen, lawyer, and legislator GEORGE WILLIAM CROFT richly merits the highest tributes we can pay to departed greatness and goodness.

He lived and labored in the most eventful period of our nation's history.

Born at Newberry, S. C., December 20, 1846, his youthful soul was, no doubt, filled with patriotic zeal as he listened to his elders recount the glorious achievements of the famous Palmetto Regiment from Veracruz to the City of Mexico, over whose doomed walls its flag was the first to float in victory. He saw the rising storm between the two sections of our country, over irreconcilable differences, assume larger and larger proportions until it burst in its awful fury on that fateful morning, January 9, 1861, when from a battery on Morris Island, occupied by the Citadel Cadets, was fired the shot that unfurled the banner of a new nation and announced to the world the commencement of the bloodiest war in the annals of time. He suffered with his State all the horrors of the reconstruction era, and when it was ended caught step with the march of progress that has lifted her from the slough of ruin and despondency and given her a commercial and industrial growth so rapid as to be almost enough to challenge the credulity of the most ardent dreamer. He saw the reconciliation between the sections made certain and complete, when, in mutual hatred of tyranny, the blue and gray joined hands and

hearts to crush into dust the power of despotism in Cuba, and when in the last agonies of dissolution he looked out over the capital, his eyes beheld, floating proudly and serenely in the morning breezes, the flag of a great people, reunited in common purpose to make this the greatest nation on earth.

Living thus in a period of our national life so pregnant with history, progress, and opportunity, it is not surprising that a man in whose soul burned ambition's flame should profit by the advantage of the situation to make for himself a niche in the temple of fame.

Receiving his preparatory education in the common schools, the nursery of the nation's greatest and best men, at Greenville, S. C., where his parents had made their home, he entered the South Carolina Military Academy, and there expected to complete his academic studies.

But, alas, the voice of his State called him from the quiet shades of college life to meet a sterner duty.

The South, drained of men and resources, the incomparable Lee hard pressed in Virginia, Atlanta fallen, and Johnston in dogged retreat, the cause of southern independence was desperate, the sun of her hope fast growing into a precious memory of his once resplendent glory. Sherman's triumphant army reached the waters of the Savannah on February 1, 1865, and on the same day the hostile heel was planted upon the soil of South Carolina, whose defiant voice had called a nation into being. It was to meet this invasion, which afterwards turned itself into a saturnalia of horrors, that the schools and colleges and nurseries gave their precious charges to the State for her defense. The student became a soldier, the beardless youth a brave defender of his State, a heroic sacrifice upon her altar. In response to this call young CROFT, though only 16 years old, donned for the first time the

Confederate uniform, and during the continuance of the struggle wore it with courage and credit.

Mr. Speaker, when the history of chivalry and true courage shall find an impartial author there will be found in it no more inspiring chapter than that which recounts the deeds, the sacrifices, the suffering borne uncomplainingly, the desperate gallantry and unmatched valor of the boy soldiery of the Confederacy. So long as hearts are responsive to noble sentiments the conduct of the boy soldier of the South in the most trying hour of his country's desperation will arouse patriotic inspiration and wring a tribute of respect from the meanest misanthrope. History furnishes no comparison, the fertile brain of the romancer invents no approximation, and the poet gives no equal to him. He is incomparable and stands alone, the best exemplification of moral and physical courage and patriotic devotion the world has ever seen.

When peace again smiled over the land and time began her process of healing, young CROFT resumed his studies, entering the University of Virginia, taking the course in law. Immediately after completing the course at the university he learned the practical side of his profession in the law office of Governor Benjamin F. Perry, himself a profound lawyer and a patriotic and farseeing statesman, whose high character and unselfish zeal in behalf of his conception of his country's best interest no doubt had a salutary effect in giving tendency to the mind and character of his promising protégé, whose career became a fitting tribute to his great preceptor.

In 1869 he stood the bar examination and was admitted to practice in all the courts of the State, and for this purpose he located in Aiken a year later, where he labored faithfully and earnestly the remainder of his life.

This was the darkest day in the civil life of the State; in truth, she was without civil life at all, and this was but the beginning of that six-year period of political night when unlicensed thievery and corruption held high carnival within her borders in the name of law and liberty, "when the South trod with unsandaled feet the burning marl of a political hell unparalleled in all history." In her executive chair sat a political freebooter and thief from Ohio, and in her legislature illiterate negroes, former slaves, and white scalawags interpreted the principle of taxation as legislative license to confiscate private property for the benefit of the legislator. With the strong official arm thus against her, with the wounds of war still bleeding, the flower of her splendid manhood filling soldiers' graves, her agricultural and industrial wealth represented by smoldering ashes and silent chimneys, her chief source of labor demoralized and intolerant with the impudence of newborn power, the majesty of her law crushed and outraged, and life, liberty, and property insecure, the prospect was sufficient to chill the ardor of the rosiest optimist.

Mr. CROFT was not only a pronounced optimist, but a man of infinite courage and caution. For him gloom had no terrors, and seemingly insurmountable difficulties did not shake his abiding faith in the ultimate triumph of right over might. Through the darkness he saw the dawning of a fairer day for Carolina, when banished reason should return to her throne, when intelligence and integrity should sit in her council chambers, and when justice should once again hold the scales and pronounce judgment between man and man.

The conduct of the alien rulers became so monstrously outrageous, so indecent, and so disregardful of personal and property rights that the crushed spirit of the Anglo-Saxon could bear it no longer, and then began that memorable struggle between the

forces of light and the forces of darkness, between intelligence and ignorance, between education, culture, and refinement on the one side, and illiteracy, unbridled force, and impudence on the other—a contest in which the shibboleth was white supremacy and an honest administration of the affairs of the Government.

The culmination and the victory came in 1876, when Gen. Wade Hampton, hero alike in war and in peace, was elected governor. In that mighty conflict Captain CROFT bore a most conspicuous and honorable part, and was intrusted with the important place of chairman of his county executive committee—a position well fitted for his sagacity, courage, and caution. No young man of the State contributed more to her redemption than did he. As captain of the Aiken Volunteers, an organization composed of the best of the county's young manhood, he participated in the unfortunate Ellenton riots, where his conduct was of such a manly and humane character as to extort a word of commendation from the trial judge of those white men, Captain CROFT among them, who had been thrown into a Federal prison because of their connection with the affair.

A product of the antebellum South, he did not waste his talents pining over an irrevocable past, but, accommodating himself to the changed conditions and new requirements, took his place in the forefront of that army of progress whose material victories in the brief space of a generation have made the South blossom as a rose and given her place of vantage in the race for industrial and commercial leadership.

As a business man Mr. CROFT was in measure successful, and accumulated a modest competency.

As a lawyer he stood at the very top of the profession, and was for many years president of the bar association of South Carolina, a position attained only by the most preeminent members of the profession.

His practice was large, perhaps the largest of any lawyer in that part of the State. His intense fidelity to his clients, his fairness to his antagonists, and his high conception of justice won the respect and confidence of all who came in contact with him. Men with large business interests involved in litigation felt safe in putting them into his keeping; the poor, miserable wretch, charged with crime, and seeking justice, liberty, or life, felt half the burden rise from his shoulders when he succeeded in placing the powerful personality of Mr. CROFT between him and ruin, and those unfortunate charges upon charity, when in trouble, always bent their steps toward his office, where a willing ear listened to their sad stories, and a generous hand filled their pockets, or a great and busy man lent himself to go to their defense in court if need be. He was as generous as he was just and received his reward in the universal love of a great people. So fair and just was he in the conduct of a case that his victories came to him without arousing the resentment and bitterness of those he vanquished, and his long service at the bar, where he was engaged on one side or the other of every important case tried in his county for a generation, left him without personal enemies.

He combined in an unusual degree the elements both of the office lawyer and the advocate. His carefully trained mind was at once analytical and comprehensive, his judgment sound, and his conclusions logical and incontrovertible. As a practical business adviser, dealing with intricate business propositions, he took first rank, while his calm persuasive manners, his easy, graceful style, his dispassionate and dignified delivery, his soft, musical voice, his power of happy expression, his genial, wholesome humor, his wide learning, and intense earnestness made him an almost irresistible force before a jury and gave him place among the first orators of the State.

Himself candid and open, he despised hypocrisy and shams and was merciless in uncovering and destroying them, and it is said that on occasions his denunciations of treachery and falsehood on the part of witnesses or litigants reached the point of comparison with the best examples of vehement eloquence. But it was in appealing to the gentler and finer feelings of the heart that he was greatest as an orator, and many are the audiences from which his touching pathos has brought the unbidden tear. He himself was gentle, sympathetic, sentimental, and his manner was such as to impress you with the thought that here is a man in whose breast beats a heart devoid of guile and incapable of any other than noble purposes.

All in all, he was a great lawyer, a credit to any bar, and an honor to his profession.

For a man of such eminent ability and worth and personal popularity his legislative experience was comparatively limited, and is covered by two terms in the State legislature, one year in the State senate, and his brief service in this body. Always an active and earnest participant in every movement looking to the welfare of the State, always alert to combat and arrest any tendency calculated to do her injury or stay her progress, always taking an intelligent interest in every public question, especially if it concerned the more unfortunate class of the people, he seems never to have been possessed with any special desire for public positions. His conscientious belief in the now antiquated idea that political preference should be the voluntary expression of public confidence, coupled with an innate modesty and love for his profession, deprived the State of many years of his valuable service which a confiding people were only too willing she should have.

Brief as was his public service, it was sufficiently long to make for him an enviable reputation as a wise, faithful,

earnest, and patriotic legislator. He approached every public question with the utmost deliberation, and without bias, in an endeavor to so act as to bring the best results for the State. Jealous of the correctness of his own judgment, his pride of opinion was not permitted to stand between him and what was proven best for the interest of all the people. Personal ambition and selfishness were subordinated to the public good. He was not a demagogue, and refused to play for public applause. To do the right was the end and aim of his public life. His coworkers recognized him as a safe, conservative, wise counselor, whose advice was much sought and whose opinions were worth serious consideration. He was a leader both in the senate and house of South Carolina, and, no doubt, if a different fate had been his, would have taken high rank in this body.

His most conspicuous contribution to wise and enduring legislation is his authorship of the first law in South Carolina prohibiting child labor in cotton mills. The effort to legislate in accordance with conditions as they arose met with strong and bitter opposition from powerful influences. To affirm that the State had an interest in and therefore a right to protect its children against a system which denied them fresh air and sunshine and immunity from a grinding toil that sapped their vitality, distorted their intellects, warped their souls, and made life merely an existence, without a hope, without a promise of better reward for faithful service, met a most violent and relentless opposition from that class which, actuated either by ignorance or greed, could see nothing in the tender lives of the children of the State than their capacity for earning a dollar.

Against this powerful opposition GEORGE W. CROFT hurled himself, and fought it with a power and eloquence conceived

in the justness of his cause and delivered out of a great love for the permanent welfare of his State. His speech closing the debate in favor of the bill is without question one of the greatest appeals ever made to a South Carolina legislature. What seemed certain defeat for the cause of the children was turned into victory by his masterful presentation of it, and when all else he ever accomplished shall be forgotten his service in this connection will be remembered in gratitude, and will stand as an imperishable monument to his eloquence and his wisdom as a legislator.

The prestige gained by his leadership in this contest, the universal acknowledgment of his ability, patriotism, and personal character by the people and the press of the State, made his promotion to a wider field of usefulness a foregone conclusion, and in 1902, after a sharp contest with two of the ablest men of the State for the nomination of his party, he was successful, and the choice of the party was ratified in his election to the Fifty-eighth Congress.

In his short service here he made a most favorable impression upon all who came in contact with him. His pleasant address, his eagerness to learn, his quiet, unassuming, though dignified, bearing commanded the admiration of all, and the future seemed full of promise for a career of great credit to himself and value to the nation. But, alas, how uncertain are human calculations; how frail are the foundations upon which it builds! We are but weak children of an all-powerful, all-seeing, all-knowing Father, whose will, not ours, must be done. The day and the hour had come when life's account had to be balanced and the deeds done in the body passed upon by the court of last appeal. To this bar of final judgment our friend was called March 10, 1904, and he responded

with calm, Christian fortitude. "He fell in the fullness of his fame," when the sun of life shone brightest, and each day gave promise of a better morrow. The trials and vicissitudes of life ended, the battle fought, the victory won, he sleeps in the soil of the State and among the people he loved and honored.

ADDRESS OF MR. FRENCH, OF IDAHO

MR. SPEAKER: I arise to offer a word on that which has impressed me most in the life of him whom we commemorate. It was not my privilege to know the deceased well. GEORGE WILLIAM CROFT lived in a State far removed from the one that is my home. I met him shortly after Congress convened in the autumn of 1903. He had just been elected for the first time to represent his district in the National House of Representatives.

Our work soon brought us together, and as the title of a book suggests the message that it bears, so a few general facts connected with the life of Mr. CROFT told much that in eulogy has been spoken of him to-day.

A soldier in the Army, fighting for the principles he loved; a member for two sessions of the lower branch of the State legislature; a member of the State senate; a Member of Congress; president of the bar association of his Commonwealth; leader in public affairs and active participant in the politics of his State—these are captions which, when applied to a man who has passed the meridian of life and which have attended him from early manhood, suggest bravery, courage, ability, learning, perseverance, honor.

I shall not dwell further on those qualities which, popularly speaking, make success in life possible. I would speak of a quality of heart and soul that while it aids in all success yet towers above all other attributes and has for its chiefest object the enriching not of self, but of others. Mr. CROFT possessed that kindly sympathy that made him

understand the sorrow, the joy, the soul movements of his fellow-man.

It made him understand the boy's delights and hopes. It made him feel the vigor of noble manhood struggling for achievement. It made him know the emotions and reflections of him whom age has bowed.

It was that sympathy that prompted him, in the first act that came within my observation, to reach out his hand and aid in placing a boy, struggling amid difficulties, in a position where he could realize his life's dream. It was that sympathy that impelled him throughout life to lay personal ambition aside and say, "My friend first." It was that sympathy that as a boy was shown to two old slaves upon his father's plantation, a sympathy that prompted them in return to journey a distance of 60 miles to rejoice with their young master of fifty years ago in the honor his district had conferred upon him in electing him to Congress. Sixty miles in Pullman coach is a short distance, but to two old men who had seen plantation life before the war with a kind master and free from care it was a memorable journey.

It was that sympathy shown through many years to those of high and low estate that made them, when he had fallen stricken at his post of duty and his casket was brought back to the door of his home, bear his body, as it were, in the arms of all, to its resting place.

The streets of Aiken were not lined with people from idle curiosity. The church was not crowded with strangers and those irreverent, but with neighbors and with friends who loved him for what he was. The sorrow that spoke so eloquently on every hand was mindful of a man rich in power and author of large public deeds; yet, most of all, it told

of one whose daily life was an inspiration; whose handshake was an expression of good will; whose greeting was a perennial benediction.

Great legislative bodies have adjourned out of respect to the memory of a man eminent in statecraft; flags have been placed at half-mast when he has fallen who has led armies to battle; days have been set apart for mourning by executive bidding in honor of those whom history calls great; but the tears that flow from children's eyes and the sobs that burst from the lips of the lowly tell of the worth of a man and tell as words can not tell of the tenderness and sympathy which, more than all else, make souls of mortal akin to power divine.

Such is my humble tribute to the memory of our late friend and colleague, GEORGE WILLIAM CROFT.

ADDRESS OF MR. JOHNSON, OF SOUTH CAROLINA

MR. SPEAKER: We are assembled on this beautiful, holy day, in the House of Representatives, not to engage in keen, cutting, acrimonious debate, not to discuss great questions of state, but to pay the last fond, deserved tribute of respect to our deceased colleague, GEORGE WILLIAM CROFT, late the Representative in this body from the Second Congressional district of South Carolina. It is fit and meet that we should cherish the memory and emulate the example of such as have made themselves eminent and conspicuous in good words, good works, and high character.

GEORGE WILLIAM CROFT, the subject of this memorial occasion, was born in Newburg, S. C., December 20, 1846. After attending the schools of his county he entered the South Carolina Military Academy at Charleston, where he remained for three years, during which time he pursued his studies with painstaking fidelity. This was during the most stubborn and sanguinary conflict in modern times. The South being hard pressed, young CROFT, like thousands of other boys of tender age but patriotic zeal, offered his young life on the altar of his country. The student's cap was doffed, the soldier's uniform was donned. When that great struggle was over and the South had lost all save honor; when the Stars and Bars went down before superior numbers and more abundant resources; when the "bonnie blue flag" was furled and its silken folds could no more kiss the morning sunbeams of our Southern clime, the manly soldier boy again became the student. He completed his education at

the University of Virginia and settled at Aiken, S. C., for the practice of his chosen profession—the law. The first few years of his professional life were the darkest days in the history of our State. Here and now I shall not enter into details. After the long, dark night came a brighter morn. In 1876 Wade Hampton, assisted by able lieutenants like GEORGE W. CROFT, noted for their courage, their caution, and judgment, by a bloodless revolution, but nevertheless a revolution the like of which no State in this Union ever had, redeemed the proud old State. In that struggle every Carolinian did his duty; but few did as much as Mr. CROFT.

As a lawyer Mr. CROFT attained preeminent success. His clientage was large, and he was zealous, faithful, and efficient. As an evidence of his high character and ability, he was for several years president of the South Carolina Bar Association, a position of honor given only to such as are distinguished for their legal ability and noted for their high character.

The people of Aiken County expressed their appreciation of and their confidence in him by sending him both to the house of representatives and the State senate of South Carolina. Having shown himself faithful in every trust, the people of the Second Congressional district elected him to the Fifty-eighth Congress. In entering this body, where intellectual giants and gladiators have met, his legal attainments, his legislative experience, his literary culture, his high character, assured him a career of great usefulness, influence, power. His horizon to our ken seemed to widen, broaden; but an all-wise and all-good Providence decreed otherwise. After only a few weeks here the final summons came. CROFT, so often the advocate of his fellows, appeared with the Advocate divine; CROFT, the law-maker, appeared before the great Lawgiver; CROFT, who had so often and eloquently pleaded in chancery for righteous

decrees, appeared before the Perfect Chancellor to receive his final decree.

Mr. Speaker, these memorial exercises in honor of the dead should impress the living and teach us how to live. The angel of death comes with unerring and equal pace to the cottage and to the palace. He claims for his own the old, the middle-aged, the young. Dives in his purple and Lazarus in his rags can not escape his touch. At the final summons the orator ceases to be eloquent, the philosopher ceases to be wise, and the giant is shorn of his strength. It is the beginning and the end—the end of this life of probation, the beginning of a higher, better life. “That which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die, and that which thou sowest thou sowest not that body that shall be.” In Christian faith and courage let us live on and work on, not seeking nor yet fearing the final summons. Let each say and feel with Adams:

My last great wish, absorbing all,
Is, when beneath the sod
And summoned to my final call,
Prepared to meet my God.

ADDRESS OF MR. AIKEN, OF SOUTH CAROLINA

MR. SPEAKER: We are again assembled to commemorate the virtues and recount the services of one of our number who has passed within the dark and mysterious shadow. The frequent recurrence of such occasions carries with it a solemn lesson. In the death of our late lamented friend, Hon. GEORGE W. CROFT, March 10, 1904, there is that which mystifies and appalls the finite mind. Scarcely had his feet pressed the goal of ambition, where ripened ability promised most, and where the desire of a lifetime seemed within easy reach, when he was called from time to eternity. Like the great lawgiver of Israel, he threaded life's circuitous path, and at its end "fell on sleep," with but a glimpse of that which ambition had coveted and devotion to duty had won.

From the standpoint of human judgment the death of this distinguished son of South Carolina, when life's fruition, golden and abundant, was in his very grasp, was untimely, for it is with reluctance that man plucks the rose half blown or the apple just touched with the blush of autumn. But in the broader sense that our earthly existence is, in comparison with the Great Beyond, what an atom is to the universe, what a tiny spark is to the eternal stars, we realize only too fully that the lives of the noblest of earth's sons weigh but lightly in the scales of eternity. We realize that life is but a preparation for death and that death is the door that closes on scenes of care and sorrow to open in the realm of everlasting peace. And He who called us into being, and who marks the way along which our faltering steps are taken, knows best where the journey should end.

While our hearts are bowed under the weight of sorrow, 'tis but human to lament the Providence that has left us lonely; yet we should look beyond the grave to that higher life, where Death's stealthy tread is dreaded no more forever.

Longfellow expresses this thought beautifully in those oft-quoted lines :

Life is real! life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

It is but fitting, Mr. Speaker, that here, at the very fountain head of a temporal power second to none on earth, we pause with uncovered heads to acknowledge the will of Him before whom kings have trembled and empires crumbled into dust. And, too, it is but a just tribute to the memory of our departed friend to recount and spread upon our records those virtues and traits of character which marked him a man amongst men. The highest ideals of this and future generations are drawn from the biography of those who have passed into history.

Mr. CROFT was born in Newberry County, S. C., December 20, 1846. In 1863 he entered the South Carolina Military Academy. He had been there but a year when he left the college walls for the tented field. All the fires of patriotism that burned in his soul were stirred when the Army of the West, spreading fire and desolation in its wake, threatened the homes and firesides of those he loved. Though but a lad, he freely offered his young life to his country, and continued in her service until the curtain fell upon that terrible scene of fratricidal strife.

Nor was he less devoted to his State in the dark days immediately following the war. Realizing that the situation

could be controlled and the honor of the State saved only by the mailed hand, that the best interests of white and black alike rested in white supremacy, he willingly jeopardized life and liberty to remove the rule of the carpetbagger and the ignorant negro, drunk with the lust of power. Above the law of the land, which knew not or understood not conditions in the prostrate State, he heard the appeal of that higher law which would protect property from confiscation and the home from scenes of murder and rapine. It was during this period that, as captain of the Palmetto Rifles, an organization of his county, he quelled the bloody riots at Ellenton, dispersing the black hordes assembled in a spirit of violence and destruction.

In 1866 and 1867 Mr. CROFT attended the University of Virginia. Subsequently he studied law under Governor Perry and settled at Aiken about the time that county was formed.

He has been a prominent figure in South Carolina politics for many years, having served with distinguished ability in both branches of the legislature.

So short was his service in Congress that I deem it not improper to refer specifically to one of the crowning efforts of his service in the State legislature. It was in advocacy of a law prohibiting the employment of child labor in cotton mills. I am sorry that I can not recall, literally, extracts from that eloquent appeal. He drew a picture of the attenuated form and pallid face of the child operative, prematurely old. He pleaded with his colleagues not to allow the God-given graces of youth to be effaced by the thoughtless spirit of commercialism. He urged that education alone meant white supremacy, and that any policy which deprived the white child of this advantage was suicidal to his race. While we do not vouch for the legality of his position, it is but just

to say that it finally met the approval of a majority of his colleagues.

The following extract from the *Barnwell People*, one of the leading papers of the State, throws further light upon this period of his career:

As usual, his advent to the legislature placed him in the forefront of action by his apt and powerful presentation of the questions which he advocated. The State newspaper denominated him "a powerful and eloquent defender of the rights of the common people." He was prominent in representing the interests of the people in the reform antitrust laws before the legislature. He championed the child-labor bill in a speech which was a masterpiece in logic and information, creating a profound impression, it being the leading speech against the employment in cotton mills and factories of children under 12 years of age.

Mr. CROFT was elected to the Fifty-eighth Congress from the Second district in 1902, and his record here, all too short, is before you.

A distinguishing characteristic which marked Mr. CROFT's career was a clear-cut, well-defined sense of duty. Throughout his life he never subordinated principle to expediency. As a citizen he was uniformly courteous and gentle, kind and affectionate at home, and loyal to his friends always. As a lawyer he was the peer of the best talent. As an orator, imbued with a deep sense of sympathy for his kind, his utterances were from heart to heart, logical, convincing, eloquent.

It was my good fortune to have known the deceased intimately for a number of years, and I feel that in his death I have lost a true friend. It is, however, this close touch with the dread enemy that checks us in the mad rush of life. While we contemplate this career, so fresh in our memories, so full of promise of even more glorious service, and yet so abruptly terminated, are we not reminded that we, too, must soon be submerged by the ever-approaching wave? We are too

prone to shut our ears to the sound of the breakers in the distance.

We see Time's furrows on another's brow,
And Death intrench'd, preparing his assault;
How few themselves in that just mirror see!

The SPEAKER pro tempore (Mr. Finley). The question is on the adoption of the resolutions.

The resolutions were agreed to.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE

MARCH 10, 1904.

DEATH OF REPRESENTATIVE CROFT.

A message from the House of Representatives, by Mr. W. J. Browning, its Chief Clerk, communicated to the Senate the intelligence of the death of Hon. G. W. CROFT, late a Representative from the State of South Carolina, and transmitted resolutions of the House thereon.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The Chair lays before the Senate resolutions from the House of Representatives, which will be read.

The resolutions were read, as follows:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

March 10, 1904.

Resolved, That the House of Representatives has heard with profound sorrow of the death of the Hon. G. W. CROFT, a Representative from the State of South Carolina.

Resolved, That the Speaker appoint a committee of thirteen members to attend the funeral services.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased member the House do now adjourn.

The message stated that the Speaker had appointed Mr. Finley, Mr. Aiken, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Legare, Mr. Scarborough, Mr. Lever, Mr. Loudenslager, Mr. Patterson of Pennsylvania, Mr. Richardson of Alabama, Mr. McLain, Mr. Houston, Mr. Sibley, Mr. Weisse, and Mr. Jackson of Ohio members of the committee on the part of the House.

Mr. LATIMER. Mr. President, I present the resolutions which I send to the desk, and ask unanimous consent for their present consideration.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The Senator from South Carolina submits resolutions, which will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with deep sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. GEORGE W. CROFT, late a Representative of the Second district of the State of South Carolina.

Resolved, That a committee of six Senators be appointed by the President pro tempore to join a committee on the part of the House of Representatives to take order for superintending the funeral of the deceased.

Resolved, That the Senate communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. Will the Senate agree to the resolutions?

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

The President pro tempore appointed as the committee on the part of the Senate, under the second resolution, Mr. Tillman, Mr. Latimer, Mr. Fulton, Mr. Clarke of Arkansas, Mr. Hopkins, and Mr. McLaurin.

Mr. LATIMER. Mr. President, I move, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, that the Senate do now adjourn.

The motion was unanimously agreed to; and (at 4 o'clock and 42 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until to-morrow, Friday, March 11, 1904, at 12 o'clock meridian.

FEBRUARY 27, 1905.

MESSAGE FROM THE HOUSE.

The message further transmitted resolutions of the House commemorative of the life and public services of Hon. GEORGE W. CROFT, late a Representative from the State of South Carolina.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

MARCH 1, 1905.

Mr. LATIMER. I ask that the resolutions of the House of Representatives in relation to the death of my late colleague in that body may be laid before the Senate.

The PRESIDING OFFICER (Mr. Kean in the chair). The resolutions of the House of Representatives will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

February 26, 1905.

Resolved, That in pursuance of the special order heretofore adopted, the House now proceed to pay tribute to the memory of Hon. GEORGE W. CROFT, late a Member of this House from the State of South Carolina.

Resolved, That as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, and in recognition of his distinguished public career, the House, at the conclusion of the exercises to-day, shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

Mr. LATIMER. Mr. President, I offer the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The Secretary read the resolutions, and the Senate proceeded to their consideration, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. GEORGE WILLIAM CROFT, late a Member of the House of Representatives from the State of South Carolina.

Resolved, That the business of the Senate be now suspended in order that a fitting tribute may be paid to his memory.

Resolved, That as an additional mark of respect the Senate shall, at the conclusion of these ceremonies, adjourn.

ADDRESS OF MR. LATIMER, OF SOUTH CAROLINA

MR. PRESIDENT: The great pressure of unfinished business upon the remaining time of the Senate, and the lateness of the hour, forbids a lengthy eulogy of the character and accomplishments of the late distinguished Member of the House in whose memory these exercises are held.

It is fitting, however, Mr. President, that we should pause for a moment to pay our tribute of respect to one who was, only a year ago, a fellow-worker with us. The passing away from the activities, ambitions, and hopes of this world of one and another of our friends and colleagues from time to time should give us pause and serve to turn our minds to a not far distant time when we too must lay down all that pertains to this life. We are too apt to forget our mortality in the strife for the rewards of the world, the attainment of ambitions, and the multitude of desires that cause men to care to live. The passing away of friends, an event inevitable, but nevertheless sad and sorrowful, should wrench our minds from these earthly endeavors and place them upon things not of this world, and in the contemplation of their characters and virtues, as well as their frailties and weaknesses, we should find examples to be emulated or pitfalls to be avoided.

Mr. President, there was nothing in the life and character of GEORGE WILLIAM CROFT, so far as I know or have heard the story of his life, which was not lofty and worthy of emulation. His life was one of brave and earnest endeavor to uplift himself and his fellow-men. He was born in Newberry County, S. C., on the 20th day of December, 1846, and died in this

city, as a Member of the House of Representatives, March 10, 1904. He received his early education at the South Carolina Military Academy, from which school he was mustered into the Confederate army at the age of 16 and served until the close of the war. He then took a course of study at the University of Virginia for two years, and at the age of 23 was admitted to the bar and began the practice of his profession at Aiken, S. C., which was to be his home until his death. The principal achievements of Colonel CROFT were in his chosen profession. He became one of the leading lawyers of his State, and during the latter years of his life was engaged on one side or the other of nearly every important case in his section of the State. He was a man of strong character, who dared to do the right at all times, and who never swerved from the course pointed out to him by his conscience. He had a lovable disposition and was deservedly popular wherever he was known. This popularity and his well-known fitness and ability led to his election to the Fifty-eighth Congress.

His service in the House was very brief, yet during the time he was there he had laid the foundations for a useful and active career. He made friends easily, and by means of his engaging characteristics was building up a valuable asset to a successful career in the House—that of a wide circle of personal friends. He was also fitting himself by the acquisition of the parliamentary knowledge and usage so necessary to a Congressional career. His was a steady, energetic, and unswerving purpose to do something for his country and his own fame, and there can be no doubt that, had he lived, he would have made himself strongly felt here, and that his political future would have been rewarded by the highest honors his State could confer upon him.

But these things were not to be. All his prospects were blighted and dissipated by his untimely taking off. He developed blood poisoning from an insignificant hurt, and after much patient suffering, and with a fortitude born of a strong spirit, he met his death without fear.

Mr. President, it is with much sorrow for the untimely death of my friend, and a heartfelt and sincere admiration for the many qualities and traits of character and disposition that made him loved by all who knew him and won for him distinction in his profession and honor among and from the people of his State that I move the adoption of the resolutions.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions submitted by the Senator from South Carolina.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to; and (at 10 o'clock and 36 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until to-morrow, Thursday, March 2, 1905, at 11 o'clock a. m.

58th Congress }
3d Session }

House of Representatives

{ Document
{ No. 471

WILLIAM W. SKILES

(Late a Representative from Ohio)

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES DELIVERED IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Second Session of the
Fifty-eighth Congress

Compiled under the Direction of the Joint Committee on Printing

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HON. WILLIAM W. SKILES

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page
Proceedings in the House	5
Prayer by Rev. Henry N. Couden	5
Address of Mr. Grosvenor, of Ohio	9
Address of Mr. Tirrell, of Massachusetts	14
Address of Mr. Hildebrant, of Ohio	19
Address of Mr. Snook, of Ohio	22
Address of Mr. Kyle, of Ohio	25
Address of Mr. Cassingham, of Ohio	27
Address of Mr. Webb, of North Carolina	29
Address of Mr. Currier, of New Hampshire	31
Proceedings in the Senate	35

DEATH OF REPRESENTATIVE WILLIAM W. SKILES

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE

MONDAY, *January 11, 1904.*

The House met at 12 o'clock noon.

The Chaplain, Rev. Henry N. Couden, D. D., offered the following prayer:

Our Father, who art in heaven, to whom we are indebted for life and all things, and to whom we owe everlasting gratitude and willing service, we most earnestly pray for a larger and ever-increasing conception of life and its far-reaching purposes, that we may bend all our energies toward the final consummation of things as exemplified in the life and teachings of Thy Son, Jesus Christ.

Once more, O Lord, are we called upon to mourn the loss of another from our Congressional family, who, by his genial nature and the high order of service rendered to his country, endeared himself to all. We most fervently pray that Thou will comfort his colleagues and friends, especially the grief-stricken family, by the blessed assurance that some time, somewhere, there will be a reunion where sorrow and death shall not enter.

Hear us in the name of Christ, our Lord. Amen.

DEATH OF HON. WILLIAM WOODBURN SKILES.

Mr. GROSVENOR. Mr. Speaker, it is made my painful duty to announce to the House of Representatives the death of Hon. WILLIAM WOODBURN SKILES, a Representative in this body from the State of Ohio. That sad event took place at his home at Shelby on Saturday last. At a proper time the House will be asked to set aside a space of time in which eulogies suitable to the high character and distinguished services of the deceased may be rendered upon this floor. In the meantime, Mr. Speaker, I offer for adoption the following resolutions.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House of Representatives has heard with great sorrow of the death of Hon. WILLIAM WOODBURN SKILES, of the State of Ohio.

Resolved, That a committee of fifteen Members of the House, with such members of the Senate as may be joined, be appointed to attend the funeral.

Resolved, That the Sergeant-at-Arms of the House be authorized and directed to take such steps as may be necessary for carrying out the provisions of these resolutions, and that the necessary expenses in connection therewith be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

The question was taken; and the resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

The SPEAKER. The Chair appoints the following committee.

The Clerk read as follows:

Committee of the House to attend the funeral of Hon. W. W. SKILES: Mr. Kyle, Mr. Badger, Mr. Southard, Mr. Hildebrant, Mr. Dick, Mr. Snook, Mr. Morgan, Mr. Currier, Mr. Beidler, Mr. Legare, Mr. Woodyard, Mr. Dickerman, Mr. Robb, Mr. Davidson, Mr. Warnock, and Mr. Webb.

Mr. GROSVENOR. Mr. Speaker, as a further mark of respect, I move that the House do now adjourn.

The motion was agreed to.

And accordingly (at 12 o'clock and 27 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned.

APRIL 15, 1904.

EULOGIES ON THE LATE SENATOR HANNA AND THE LATE
HON. W. W. SKILES.

Mr. GROSVENOR. Mr. Speaker—

The SPEAKER. For what purpose does the gentleman rise?

Mr. GROSVENOR. I desire to ask unanimous consent that Sunday, April 24, a session of the House being already ordered, may be set apart for eulogies upon the life and character of the late deceased Senator HANNA and Hon. W. W. SKILES, late a Member of this House. By arrangement with the gentleman from Alabama [Mr. Wiley] the exercises incident to that day will not come in conflict with those I have now requested.

The SPEAKER. Is there objection? As the Chair understands, the gentleman proposes that the House shall meet at 12 o'clock on Sunday, the 24th.

Mr. GROSVENOR. At 12 o'clock, Mr. Speaker.

The SPEAKER. The Chair hears no objection, and it is so ordered.

Mr. SMALL. Mr. Speaker, I think the special order is for 2 o'clock.

Mr. GROSVENOR. Yes.

Mr. UNDERWOOD. I understand gentlemen have arranged with the gentleman from Alabama [Mr. Wiley] so that there will be no conflict.

Mr. GROSVENOR. Yes; I have arranged with the gentleman from Alabama [Mr. Wiley]. We have agreed about the matter.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

APRIL 24, 1904.

DEATH OF HON. WILLIAM W. SKILES.

MR. CURRIER. Mr. Speaker, I offer the following resolutions, which I will send to the desk and ask to have read.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended that opportunity may be given for tributes to the memory of Hon. WILLIAM W. SKILES, late a Member of this House from the State of Ohio.

Resolved, That as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, and in recognition of his distinguished public career, the House, at the conclusion of these exercises, shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

The resolutions were agreed to.

ADDRESS OF MR. GROSVENOR, OF OHIO

MR. SPEAKER: I have listened with great interest to the beautiful eulogies that have been pronounced upon the dead and distinguished Member from Alabama [MR. THOMPSON], and a thought has come to me that it is wise that we should assemble in a session of the House to speak of the character and virtues of those who have gone before. There is too much of censure and too little of intelligence in considering and discussing our public men. One will not find among the body of men comprising this House many who have not come here because of some strong, attractive, and valuable personal characteristic. So it is well that their careers shall be described and their virtues proclaimed, their successes made known. It will be an incentive to the young men of the future and an assurance to the people of the present.

I speak for a very few moments of the life and character of our colleague, WILLIAM WOODBURN SKILES, of Ohio. His death was untimely; it came when he was apparently just upon the threshold of a great career. He fell at the post of duty. He fell when he was being honored and appreciated by his fellows, when the door of ambition was open before him, and when he was zealously pushing his way to usefulness and influence. He was born in the State of Pennsylvania in 1849; was taken to Ohio, and settled in Richland County, a county of fine farms, intelligent men, good people, loyal friends of civilization. He was educated and grew up to manhood, studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1878. He had been married about a year before. He diligently and faithfully

pursued the practice of law from the time of his admission to the Ohio bar until the time of his death. He never sought office, never held any office of any importance until he was elected to the Fifty-seventh Congress. He was a strong, able, well-educated, well-trained lawyer, a man who had the confidence and esteem of the bar and bench of Ohio in the fullest degree. I speak, of course, of those who knew him. He was an admirable advocate. His arguments to the court were powerful, his addresses to the jury were forceful, eloquent, and able. He was a faithful lawyer. He was one of those lawyers who devote themselves to the interests of their clients. Honorable, high-minded, above all suspicion of the shyster, he was a straightforward gentleman. So devoted to the interests of his clients was he that he attracted my attention in a matter in which he took deep interest during the last few months of his life. He had in his hands the interests of a client whom he believed was threatened with a great wrong and injustice, and he labored persistently while in Washington, scanning all the evidence, studying carefully the law of the case. I myself became greatly interested in the case, for I felt—learning from him more than all I knew before—that injustice was probably threatened; and his appeal to the executive of Ohio was made with the conscientious belief that it was the only salvation for his friend and client. He was engaged in a struggle for that client when he fell at the hands of death.

The last act of his life was at the peril of his life; the last effort he made was a fatal effort. He left there because of his client and was hurried to his home only to fall under the hands of disease. As I have said, he was well educated, a man who kept in touch with the progress of the affairs of his State and his country. He was a faithful party

man. He was not an offensive partisan, but a good partisan. He believed in party organization; he believed that a man could do more good for his country through the organization of a party than he could do by any independent action of his own. And that is the true philosophy of American government. Our Government is a government by parties, and the government of party consists in the organization of party and the fidelity of the membership to party and to party organization. No man in this country, if I may be allowed a slight digression, has ever risen to a position where he has benefited his country and done good to mankind on his own hook. Free governments are not administered by guerrillas, and guerrillas are as distasteful and harmful to popular government in time of peace as they are distasteful to the soldier in time of war.

Mr. SKILES was elected to the Fifty-seventh Congress by a large majority in a district, however, that gives a large majority to the party to which he belonged. He was a popular candidate, an able and efficient candidate, a candidate who challenged and received the honor and respect of his partisan opponents. He was a candidate who treated his opponents with consideration, respect, and regard, and they esteemed him and believed in him, notwithstanding the principles that he represented. In the town where he lived, Shelby, Ohio, he was popular. I was unable to attend his funeral, but I am told that there was a significant demonstration of love and affection which testified in the strongest possible degree to the high standing that he held in the community. I know that his standing in the State at large was the standing of a citizen highly respected and highly honored. His home life was beautiful. His love and affection for his wife was significant and happy. His family

around him loved and honored him, and they weep with both affection and pride because of his untimely death and of his career.

He was making his way in Congress. He had suffered illness here which retarded his progress, but he was making his way. He was able, he was clear-headed, he was intelligent, and he was ambitious. Those are the elements that go to make Congressmen successful. Personally, I think that the greatest of these is ambition, because I believe in ambition. I believe the man who is ambitious to rise is the man who will do all that is necessary to challenge and receive the respect and confidence of his fellows. His death, therefore, was untimely. It is my belief that he would have been reelected to the Fifty-ninth Congress; and if he had, I am confident he would have overcome a sort of unwritten, and what to me seems an unfortunate, law of some of our districts in Ohio, that a man elected to Congress may be there but for two terms and that then he shall be relegated to the rear—a fatal defect in our system, something that makes us many times weaker than we would be if common sense and good judgment prevailed. I believe that in his case he would have grown and overcome any such obstacle, if that obstacle existed, and I had hoped to see him a distinguished and prominent member of Congress. Had he lived, I have no doubt that my wish would have been realized.

But he is dead and gone, Mr. Speaker. His record is made up. It is a good record, and one of which his family may well be proud and his fellows may well approve. I have no time nor disposition to discuss the philosophy of death. I can not understand any more than any other man or all men put together why it is that the men most valuable, most wanted here, die first. I can not understand how a young man, as

Thompson of Alabama, whose life and character have to-day been eulogized, or a strong man like SKILES should die, while old men, men too old for activity, are left behind. God knows, and some day, as we have so often heard to-day, we may know all about it.

I do not know now, and no philosophy can teach me and no study of books can enlighten me—no dogma of religion can throw upon it any light. So I am willing to submit to the decrees of a benevolent Heavenly Father. With blind faith—for that is what all of our faith must come to at last—in the goodness of God and the wisdom of His administration of affairs, His careful meting out of all that is right and just and desirable to us, I shall abide my time and believe that when men like Thompson and SKILES and Hanna fall there is some good reason for it, and that some day I perhaps may know what it is. If I do not, it will make little difference, for I shall still have confidence—blind confidence, if you please—in the wisdom of the power that is administering these events.

We shed our tears figuratively over the grave of our departed colleague; we tender to his loving wife and family our sincere condolence and regard, and may his shining example, his bright career, be an incentive to those he has left behind, and in the fullness of time may they come to appreciate that virtue, honor, integrity, patriotism, and uprightness will secure the approbation of the people.

ADDRESS OF MR. TIRRELL, OF MASSACHUSETTS

MR. SPEAKER: It is certainly fitting that one who has been a Representative in this body, and in the midst of the performance of his public duties has been called hence, that those who knew him intimately should attest their appreciation of his character and here embody in permanent form the salient features of his life. It was my privilege to be numbered in that class. During the Fifty-seventh Congress Representative SKILES and myself boarded at the same hotel, sat at the same table, and during a portion of the time his son was my private secretary.

Thus I came to know him intimately; not only him but all his family. Little by little the incidents of his career were unfolded to me as well as his social and domestic life. He was not one who carried his heart upon his sleeve. He was not voluble in conversation. He did not volunteer information about himself. He had no self-conceit. He never boasted of his achievements. There was no vain glorification in his conversation. He did not consider it necessary to assert himself to secure his own advancement.

He knew his limitations, and while not deprecating his own abilities had a self-reliant confidence that asserted itself when necessary for the accomplishment of the end he had in view. He took a broad view of every matter in which he was interested. He adopted the simplest and most natural methods to accomplish his purposes. Thus as time rolled on, slowly, but surely, he laid the foundations of a useful, honorable, and eminently successful life. He was a farmer's boy. His youth-

ful vision saw the broad Ohio fields and the woods and streams around him where nature only could impress its lessons.

The district school, with its rudimentary instruction, must have afforded a desultory education only. A better education was the home associations of the farm itself, for the strong men, the patriotic men, the men of energy, the men who have become leaders in public and industrial life are, as a rule, those brought up under the inspiration of the mountains around them or the plains that stretch for miles beyond the homestead. Here ambition is inspired and indomitable resolution to succeed implanted.

Such was the effect upon him, for largely by his own efforts he secured the means to complete a course in Baldwin University, at Berea, Ohio, from which he graduated in 1876. Admitted to the bar that year, he cast about for a place in which to locate. Naturally he would have selected a city or a large town in which to practice. A country village in modern times offers no inducement even to the young practitioner.

It is not merely that litigation in such places is discountenanced, which perhaps is not an evil, but because where invested capital is lacking and manufacturing or mercantile business is on a small scale there is no occasion for a lawyer's services. His cases will be trivial, and his fees gauged by the amount involved. There are few occasions for consultation, and his office is apt to become the rendezvous of the idle classes or the village politician.

Yet such a place was selected by our friend, in Shelby, at that time an unpretentious town. He builded better than he knew. Did he foresee its future, when large manufacturing firms and corporations should extend its borders? Was it among his ambitions even then that he could so identify

himself with its development as to be an integral part of it himself?

Whether or no, such was the case, for scarcely an industry of importance was established in which his was not one of the guiding hands. He joined the societies and associations of the town, took an active part in their deliberations, did yeoman's work in them all, and served the people for years as one of their school committee. All this was done not for self-interest, but as a duty.

The sweetest lives are those to duty wed,
Whose deeds both great and small
Are close-knit strands of an unbroken thread
Where love ennobles all.
The world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells;
The book of life the shining record tells.

Nor did he ever forget that he was but one of the common people. He climbed rung by rung the ladder of fame with unconquered energy, but he never made his own aggrandizement his master. He was the genial companion and friend. As he strolled down the streets of Shelby he met all sorts and conditions of men. He met them on common ground. For all he had a dignified but winning presence and the outstretched hand. There was no assumption of superiority.

For the poor and suffering he was kind, sympathetic, and charitable. The needy have often been the recipients of his unostentatious benevolence. For him neither wealth nor poverty made the man. The honesty, the intention, the character—these determined his judgment, so that as the years sped on the simplicity and uprightness of his own character made a profound impression in his adopted town.

Early in his legal practice he was associated in partnership with his brother, and the association continued to the end. As previously stated, the field was too narrow and limited

for his capacity. There was little promise for the future. His restless mind first turned to the enlargement of business opportunities in Shelby, and, when its commercial and financial interests were assured, to the enlargement of his own. He took up the adjustment and trial of railroad accidents as a specialty, and so successful was his firm that they soon acquired a monopoly of this line of business in the surrounding country.

Clients came to the country town, passing the great cities, to seek his council. The firm became the foremost in this specialty in the county, with a most remarkable business, considering the circumstances, surpassed, indeed, by but few even in the largest cities in the State. So keen were his perceptions, so accurate his legal application of principles, so just his conclusions that in his latter years few cases actually came to trial, but were settled by argument with the opposing party.

It is as a legislator we have known him. He did not participate in the debates of this House. He cared apparently nothing for the acclaim the orator receives. Those who have listened to his public addresses assert that his views were presented always in a clear, concise, and logical manner, depending more upon hard facts and reasoning than eloquent periods or impassioned appeals. Details were easily mastered by him, and for this reason he was a very valuable representative in the committee room and most useful to his constituents. It was his wish that Judge A. R. Webber, of Elyria, Ohio, should succeed him, and yesterday Judge Webber was nominated as his successor.

His death came as a shock, for he had recovered from severe illness in the spring and seemed in vigorous health. What a

demonstration at his obsequies! Æneas in the plutonian shades saw the shadowy forms of the philosophers, the warriors, the heroes, and gods of mythological antiquity pass by. He sought to seize their elusive forms. At last as Marcellus came near and smiled upon him he exclaimed: "Oh, give to me the lilies and the purple flowers, that I may strew them on Marcellus's grave." So the churches, the societies, the bar, the people almost literally strewed with flowers his pathway to the grave. Seven thousand and seventy-five persons passed by to gaze for the last time upon his mortal body.

He was at rest; that rest which he had longed for when the summons came; for if the disembodied spirit can look down from the battlements of heaven, his spirit looks down upon us to-day, saying, in the words so often repeated by him when living, and which illustrated both his life and death:

So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

ADDRESS OF MR. HILDEBRANT, OF OHIO

MR. SPEAKER: For the second time on this Sabbath day, a day which has been appropriately dedicated to the paying of tributes to those who once labored here with us and who have gone before into the spirit realm, I arise to briefly call to remembrance the life and character of our late friend and colleague, WILLIAM WOODBURN SKILES, and in thus doing deserved honor to him, may we who survive him try to learn lessons from his life that may help us as we march along life's highway, whither he has gone.

Mr. Speaker, the necrology of Congress in recent years is alarming, and it brings forcibly to our minds the statement that verily "in the midst of life we are in death." Among her representatives Ohio has furnished a fruitful field for the grim harvester, for to-day not one, but two, of her sons—one a Senator and the other a Representative—whose lives were full of deeds that add to the fame of their State, to the glory of the nation, and honor to themselves, are being paid the respect that is their due.

WILLIAM WOODBURN SKILES was born and raised in the fertile valley of the Cumberland, in the State of Pennsylvania, and at a tender age went with his parents to the home in Ohio where was to be the theater of his life's work and where, alas, he was to end his earthly labors.

Like a great many of our American boys, he went to district schools, and later enjoyed the benefits of a liberal higher education at Baldwin University. He became a lawyer, and practiced his profession with his brother, at Shelby, Ohio.

Mr. SKILES'S reputation as a deep-thinking, able, and conscientious lawyer was not confined to his home or his county. It extended to the larger field of jurisprudence in the State of Ohio at large, and here in Congress he was considered a man of exceptional legal training and ability. In this, his second term, the honor came to him of presiding over one of the most important committees of the House—the Committee on Patents; but before he had fairly entered upon the discharge of his duties as such death claimed him. Had he lived, I confidently expected him to bring to bear in the field of patent law such a fund of knowledge and such sound judgment as would stamp him as one of the leading lawyers in the House, if, indeed, he had not already, in his comparatively short service, won that distinction.

Mr. SKILES went about the affairs of life in a thoroughly self-contained way, as seemingly always sure of his ground, for, being a deep thinker and close reasoner, he never acted except upon well-prepared plans. This characteristic rendered him valuable in the counsels of his party in Ohio, as well as in diversified fields of business activity, for Mr. SKILES, besides being a lawyer and a politician, was also a manufacturer and a financier. His personal appearance denoted the man of affairs, and his almost massive head told of great intellectuality. His election to Congress was the natural trend of a man of his parts. He was built to be a lawmaker, and that he was cut off right in the midst of his labors, when he was just beginning to demonstrate his usefulness and value, is a great loss to the country, as it is to his constituency.

Although he did not live out the allotted three score years and ten, his life was as full of deeds as though he had gone to the limit, and few men manage to crowd into their lives more things of a substantial character that last beyond the fitful and

evanescent life of man than did Mr. SKILES. Such a life as his was worth living, because he lived for something. He took hold of life, and with all his physical might and all his mental strength turned to good account the talents with which he was endowed; and in doing this he made for himself a good name, to which we here to-day, who would do him honor, can add nothing. His life work, well done, is his monument.

His fellow-men profited by what WILLIAM WOODBURN SKILES was, because what he was and what he did, in each and all the pursuits in which he was engaged, whether as lawyer or as banker, whether as manufacturer or as Congressman, whether as politician or as home builder, or whether as private citizen or public man in any capacity, stood for what is best in a Christian nation and for what is best in a country like ours, which must of necessity be built upon such men as my late colleague was in order to insure its perpetuity.

The love and esteem in which the friends and neighbors of Mr. SKILES held him was amply testified by their general and unmistakably sincere sorrow, when, at Shelby, Ohio, his home, the people turned out and came from far and near to pay their last tribute to their friend, their benefactor, and their honored and highly respected Representative. I was privileged to attend the funeral of Mr. SKILES as one of the committee on the part of the House, and I was deeply impressed by the universal sorrow expressed by the people and by the great outpouring of his constituents who desired to generously give evidence of the loss they so keenly felt. These incidents profoundly impressed me, and I mention them here that they may go into the Record as showing that the people with whom Mr. SKILES lived and moved, those who knew him long and knew him best, loved him most.

ADDRESS OF MR. SNOOK, OF OHIO

MR. SPEAKER: It is not my purpose at this time to speak of the life and character of the late Senator from Ohio, who lived to thrust aside the shafts of malice and ridicule that were aimed at him as they have been at no other man in public life for many years. I shall leave that work for those who were more closely associated with him and who knew him better than I.

Mr. Speaker, I arise to speak a few words in memory of one with whom I had no personal acquaintance when I became a Member of this body, but one whom I soon learned to love. Long before I met him, an old schoolmate of his had said to me: "I want you to meet Mr. SKILES. I know you will become friends." And the moment we met I felt that the prophecy was true. He had a genial nature, that seemed to lift the common things of everyday life into the light.

The windows of his soul were ever open to let in the joys and hopes that crowd along life's pathway. And yet he was not dead to life's sufferings and sorrows; they always touched his heart and were sure to elicit his sympathy, his comfort, and his aid.

In short, I found him to be just what his friend said he was—a true, honest, manly man. The work of his hand and his brain, as shown forth in his character, give true answer to the question often asked, "Is life worth living?" He knew that life is a precious jewel intrusted to our keeping, to be polished and perfected and then worthily worn in the sight of all men.

No one could have stood with your committee in the city of Shelby on the 13th day of last January and looked into the grief-stricken faces of her people and longer doubted that it was worth while that such a life should have been lived.

Every word, every look, and every act of her citizens showed that one and all had sustained a personal loss in the death of WILLIAM SKILES.

Shelby had known him as man and boy for fifty years—farmer, teacher, lawyer, Representative in Congress; progressive, public-spirited citizen, and man of worth.

This was the story we heard whispered from every lip, while the grief pictured in every face told of the immeasurable loss that his death had brought to his friends and neighbors.

In the half a century that marked the span of his life Shelby had grown to be a city. His life had been interwoven with every step of her progress.

He had been one of the foremost contributors to her advancement, and as a universal token of respect the factory, the shop, the store, and the schools were closed, and her people with one accord turned aside to give expression to their grief and lovingly testify to the memory of his worth as a citizen and a man.

With bowed heads we gathered within the portals of his late home. Loving hands had covered the bier with sweet-scented flowers. It seemed that his work and his worth had been such that all nature had been robbed of her storehouse of flowers for his bed, as if to conceal the fact that he was gone, that we might believe he was still one of us fallen asleep amid some bank of flowers, ready to wake again at a moment's notice to take up life's battles. The illusion seemed complete

until we heard the voices of the singers raising an appeal for the departed soul:

Lead, kindly light, amid th' encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead thou me on;
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant way; one step's enough for me.

We listened and were touched by the appeal of the singers, and joined with them in a fervent prayer that the soul of our friend might even then be resting on the bosom of its Maker.

I know of no fitter tribute with which to close my remarks than these words, published at the time of his death in the *Shelby Globe*:

Drop a tear. This day has marked a parting of the ways for us and one we held most dear. His life having been spent within her precincts, all Richland County to-day mourns the passing of W. W. SKILES.

Even as these lines are read the cortege is moving on the street, and the massive casket, covered over with beautiful flowers, is emblematic of the universal respect which enshrouds his memory with the living. He is dead. But his name will live in a loving people's heart till they, too, have joined the caravan.

We hear the muffled tread of horse and wheel as he is borne away, and our hearts swell with emotion for the loneliness of the home that death has touched; and yet it can not be undone. The wheels of time can not be reversed. And as tender hands place him in his last repose we breathe a sigh of "Peace to his ashes," and, returning from our mission, see the setting sun as it guides his soul to its distant home.

ADDRESS OF MR. KYLE, OF OHIO

MR. SPEAKER: I had intended to ask that my remarks might be printed rather than that I should make any, but by so doing I would feel that I was unfaithful to a duty that I owed to one of the most pleasant friendships that I have ever formed in my life, and one that I shall cherish so long as I shall live; and so, Mr. Speaker, after I have spoken of that friendship for a moment or two I shall ask to continue my remarks in the Record.

My personal acquaintance with Mr. SKILES began when we came to Congress. At the meeting of the Fifty-seventh Congress both of us came as new Members of the Ohio delegation. I had known him by reputation, but from the very first time we met until he left for his home during his last sickness that friendship so pleasantly begun rapidly grew into close personal relations.

The days had not come to our friend SKILES when he could say in his heart that there was no pleasure in them. Scarcely had he begun that which was most promising for him, and hardly had he entered upon that work which certainly not only bid fair, but assuredly promised, that there would come to him the just rewards for the kind and character of services that he bestowed upon that which he undertook. The mandate went out from on high, directing the messenger to summons WILLIAM W. SKILES from his busy, useful, active life to one of eternal rest. He has been gathered to his fathers, but is with us still, for the example of a good life can never be forgotten. Genuine praise that comes to one either living or dead is that which comes

from his own home people. The regard in which one is held at home is the true measure of his real worth.

I never witnessed more genuine grief nor more universal regret over the death of any man than that manifested in his home city. Business was suspended, schools were closed, and the people went mourning about the streets. This to my mind is fully accounted for and was his just merit. He had been a loving husband, a kind, indulgent father, a successful lawyer, and had always been active in every proposition that involved the welfare of his home city. In this behalf his hand was not only seen, but the effect of his splendid business judgment was manifest.

Under his watchful eye Shelby grew from a village to an active, splendid manufacturing city, and it was to his pride that he had contributed to its material success, and there came to him for this solicitude and thoughtfulness the preference of its citizens for him. No man probably ever enjoyed in a larger degree and to a fuller extent the confidence of his people than did our departed friend; and when the opportunity offered itself to them to select a Member of Congress, they turned in but one direction and with but a single thought to their favored son, WILLIAM W. SKILES.

He served them faithfully and well, and through him came not only to his family and to his personal friends, but to the citizens of his community, the realization that his work was well done and the just pride that they and their welfare were ever uppermost in his mind, and that if the summons sent out for him must be answered no greater pleasure could come to him than that his life should be laid down while working for those who were nearest and dearest to him.

ADDRESS OF MR. CASSINGHAM, OF OHIO

MR. SPEAKER: My first acquaintance with WILLIAM WOODBURN SKILES dated back to the period of his election to the Fifty-seventh Congress, and the impressions I gained at that time concerning his character continued until the day of his death.

He was a man of warm and genial nature, a true friend of those who once won his esteem, and of unbounded charity to all.

As a young man he worked his way through college by teaching every other term, and at the same time studying so that he might keep up with his class. After finishing his college course he entered upon the study of law, and to that profession he devoted himself until he was taken away, the only public office he ever held, with the exception of his service of eighteen years as a member of the school board, being in this body, commencing with the Fifty-seventh Congress.

Work and thoroughness in work was the guiding principle of his life, and the youth of this country can well look to his career as one to be emulated in the untiring devotion to one's chosen profession.

Yet this devotion to his extensive practice did not make him narrow-minded, for he became identified with many large enterprises and was charitable to the extreme, always ready to support any worthy cause. He gave liberally to all the churches in his home, although adhering to no particular creed. His faith in mankind and the ultimate good in all things was ever manifest. He was a man of firm and strong convictions and feelings, and yet there was no spirit of petty revenge or

retaliation in his nature. "Leave it to time, for time levels all things," he was accustomed to say when anyone would talk to him of retaliation.

The beautiful side of his character is disclosed by what he considered as one of the proudest moments in his life—the visit of his aged mother to him after he took his seat in this body. The pride of the mother in seeing her son as one of the representatives of the people in Congress was to that son praise higher and sweeter than the commendation of the world. And he was a representative type of American citizenship in his affection for his family, probity in public and private life, and untiring zeal and capacity for work in his undertakings, and we on this side of the Chamber, who differed from him politically, admired him for his manly qualities and esteemed him for his kindly nature. In politics he always tried to avoid a conflict; but if the conflict came, he always had the courage to follow his convictions to the end.

Success in his own life made him the more partial to contribute, by words and deeds, in helping those just entering upon the struggles of life. In fact, he would not hesitate to assist in every way a young man whom perhaps he had never seen before. I could relate many instances of his unfailing kindness, but many of my colleagues also wish to pay tribute to his memory, and I know of no better way of closing my remarks upon the life and character of WILLIAM WOODBURN SKILES than by quoting the words of his favorite poem:

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

* * * * *

For we are the same our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen,
We drink the same stream and have the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

ADDRESS OF MR. WEBB, OF NORTH CAROLINA

MR. SPEAKER: To the luxuriance of beautiful tributes paid our dead colleague to-day I desire to add only a few words. It was a pleasure to serve with him on the Patents Committee, of which he was chairman, although my acquaintance with him was not a long one. He impressed me when I first met him as being a dignified, kind-hearted, able, elegant gentleman. My subsequent association with him confirmed this impression, and our intercourse was of the pleasantest nature. When the news of his death came I was grieved and shocked, and felt genuinely as did Byron when he wrote:

Thy day without a cloud hath pass'd,
And thou wert lovely to the last;
Extinguish'd, not decayed.

The best index of a man's character is the estimation in which he is held by those who knew him longest and best. Judged by this standard, W. W. SKILES must have approached unto the perfect man. He lived in Richland County and its capital city, Shelby, from his fifth year to his death—a period of a half century. When the Congressional funeral party reached Shelby grief could be discerned on every countenance, and sadness pervaded the entire atmosphere. The stores and shops were closed, business suspended, men and women spoke in whispers, and everything in the little city presented an air of bereavement. I do not think that I ever witnessed such a striking expression of universal grief. The weather was bitter cold, the mercury ranged below zero, the snow 12 inches deep and scattering flakes

still falling; and yet women, men, and children stood for two hours in this freezing climate in order to get a last look at their departed friend and fellow-citizen. I shall never forget the sadly beautiful scene, as he lay in the parlor of his own cultured home, buried in a bank of fragrant flowers. He seemed as natural as in life, peaceful and serene in death as he had been imperturbable and equable while living.

All along the funeral march to the cemetery it appeared as if the entire population of the city had assembled to bow their heads in an expression of the keen sense of their loss, and many tear-stained eyes unmistakably betrayed the grief which had seized each heart. Yes, sir; he was well beloved by his own people—those who knew him best and longest—and this, at last, is the highest tribute that men can render unto man; that is, to love him.

In the loss of our colleague I am reminded of James Montgomery's words:

Friend after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end.
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

To those faithful, loving ones who, of all others, loved him most, and to his great State, which honored him and which he honored, and in whose bosom he now sleeps, I commend the comforting lines written by the sweet singer Whittier:

I long for household voices gone;
For vanished smiles I long;
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And He can do no wrong.

ADDRESS OF MR. CURRIER, OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

MR. SPEAKER: One of the first men with whom I became acquainted when I took my seat as a new Member of the Fifty-seventh Congress was Mr. SKILES, himself a new Member.

We were both appointed as members of the Committee on Patents, and I came to know him well. Modest and unassuming, his manner to all was that of a kind and courteous gentleman.

His was a most attractive and winning personality. His acquaintances speedily became his loving friends, and perhaps the first and best test of success in this world is the ability to win and hold personal friends.

We who served with him on the Committee on Patents soon discovered that he brought to the discharge of his duties a sound judgment, a high sense of honor, great industry in investigating all matters brought to the attention of the committee, and a conscientious desire to give the very best that was in him to the service of the country. He quickly grasped the main points of a proposition, and his suggestions regarding legislation were wise and helpful to his associates.

He was greatly attached to his home and to the town of Shelby, where he had long lived. There is something wrong about a man who does not love his home, who does not think that his home town is the fairest and best town in all the world, and that his neighbors are the very best neighbors that a man ever had. In everything that made for the welfare and improvement and building up of Shelby Mr. SKILES was a

leader, and no town ever had a more devoted and loyal citizen.

We who attended the last sad services at Shelby, and saw the great mills and all the business houses closed and silent while the people thronged the streets and stood with bared heads that cold and stormy day as the funeral procession passed, realized how much he was loved and how deeply he was mourned by those who knew him best.

Mr. SKILES was very proud of the privilege of representing the people of his district in the House and had a high sense of the honor and dignity of the position.

Of the nine Republicans who were members of the Committee on Patents in the Fifty-seventh Congress, Mr. SKILES and myself were the only ones reelected to the Fifty-eighth Congress, and at the beginning of this session we were again placed on that committee, Mr. SKILES being chairman. He took up the work of the committee with all the interest and earnestness and capacity for intelligent and well-directed labor which characterized his work everywhere. I looked forward with great pleasure to being associated with him in the business of the committee during the Fifty-eighth Congress.

We parted at the beginning of the holiday recess, expecting to meet again in a few days. When I returned I received a message from him announcing his illness and requesting me to take charge of the committee during a hearing which had been arranged before the recess. I wrote him that I would attend to it, but no final action would be taken by the committee until he returned, which we all hoped and believed would be in a few days. He dictated a reply, but before I received it he had passed away. His brief illness closed a life which in every way was a success, made so by ceaseless effort and strict integrity.

His life here, while it added to the work of a tired man, was, on the whole, I feel sure, a pleasant experience for him. The work of a Member of Congress in the House, in committees, and at the Departments, the thousand and one things to which he must give attention keep him occupied early and late; and were it not for the charming social intercourse which prevails among the Members and for the friendships we form here this life would not be worth living.

When a new Member takes his seat here he soon perceives that Congress is full of able men, and men not merely able, but brave and honest and conscientious. Men who with all the light they can get from a careful and patient investigation of pending measures are trying unselfishly to do their full duty.

No man for any great length of time can deceive a constituency of 200,000 intelligent people, and few men serve long in American politics unless their reputation for integrity and veracity is beyond question. The action of Congress is often bitterly criticised, sometimes when the criticism is deserved, but far more often when it is not deserved.

Mistakes are made here of course. The late William Walter Phelps once said: "Men who do not make mistakes never make anything else." The House is doing things, and often on a scale so vast as to be almost appalling to a man who comes here after an experience in the legislature of a small State, and on the whole all must admit that it does its work well.

In the death of Mr. SKILES the House lost a Member who in his brief career here demonstrated that he possessed those qualities which fit a man for able and successful public service, and the many Members of the House who were privileged to know him lost a dear and valued friend.

May we all hold as he did the respect, confidence, and love of our associates here and elsewhere "until the shadows lengthen, and the evening comes, and the busy world is hushed and the fever of life is over, and our work is done."

Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that gentlemen who have not spoken may have leave to print remarks in the Record, and that all who have spoken may have leave to extend their remarks.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Without objection, it will be so ordered.

There was no objection.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Now, in pursuance of the resolutions already adopted, and as a further mark of respect to the deceased Senator and Representatives, the House stands adjourned until to-morrow, at 12 o'clock noon.

Accordingly (at 5 o'clock and 26 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE

MESSAGE FROM THE HOUSE.

JANUARY 11, 1904.

The message also communicated to the Senate the intelligence of the death of Hon. WILLIAM WOODBURN SKILES, late a Representative from the State of Ohio, and transmitted resolutions of the House thereon.

DEATH OF REPRESENTATIVE SKILES.

Mr. FORAKER. Mr. President, I ask that the communication from the House, announcing the death of my late colleague in that body, Mr. SKILES, be laid before the Senate.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore*. The Chair lays before the Senate the resolutions of the House of Representatives, which will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

January 11, 1904.

Resolved, That the House of Representatives has heard with great sorrow of the death of Hon. WILLIAM WOODBURN SKILES, of the State of Ohio.

Resolved, That a committee of fifteen Members of the House, with such members of the Senate as may be joined, be appointed to attend the funeral.

Resolved, That the Sergeant-at-Arms of the House be authorized and directed to take such steps as may be necessary for carrying out the provisions of these resolutions, and that the necessary expenses in connection therewith be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

The Speaker announced the appointment of Mr. Kyle, Mr. Badger, Mr. Southard, Mr. Hildebrant, Mr. Dick, Mr. Snook, Mr. Morgan, Mr. Currier, Mr. Beidler, Mr. Legare, Mr. Woodyard, Mr. Dickerman, Mr. Robb, Mr. Davidson, Mr. Warnock, and Mr. Webb members of the committee on the part of the House.

Mr. FORAKER. Mr. President, at a later day I will ask that appropriate memorial proceedings may be had in honor of Mr. SKILES. For the present I offer the resolutions I send to the desk.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The Senator from Ohio submits resolutions, which will be read.

The resolutions were read, and considered by unanimous consent, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with deep sensibility the announcement of the death of Hon. WILLIAM W. SKILES, late a Representative from the State of Ohio.

Resolved, That a committee of five Senators be appointed by the presiding officer to join the committee appointed on the part of the House of Representatives to take order for superintending the funeral of the deceased.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions submitted by the Senator from Ohio.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

The President pro tempore appointed, under the second resolution, as a committee on the part of the Senate, Mr. Hanna, Mr. Foraker, Mr. Fairbanks, Mr. McCreary, and Mr. Cullom.

Mr. FORAKER. As a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, I move that the Senate adjourn.

The motion was unanimously agreed to; and (at 2 o'clock and 55 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until to-morrow, Tuesday, January 12, 1904, at 12 o'clock meridian.

MESSAGE FROM THE HOUSE.

APRIL 25, 1904.

The message further transmitted to the Senate the resolutions of the House of Representatives on the life and public services of Hon. WILLIAM W. SKILES, late a Representative from the State of Ohio.

58th Congress }
3d Session }

House of Representatives

{ Document
{ No. 472 }

ROBERT H. FOERDERER

(Late a Representative-elect from Pennsylvania)

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES DELIVERED IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Second Session of the
Fifty-eighth Congress

Compiled under the direction of the Joint Committee on Printing

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HON. ROBERT H. FOERDERER

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page
Proceedings in the House	5
Prayer by Rev. Henry N. Couden	7
Address of Mr. Moon, of Pennsylvania	9
Address of Mr. Wanger, of Pennsylvania	23
Address of Mr. Bates, of Pennsylvania	26
Address of Mr. McCreary, of Pennsylvania	30
Address of Mr. Burgess, of Texas	32
Address of Mr. Fordney, of Michigan	35
Address of Mr. Hemenway, of Indiana	38
Address of Mr. Dalzell, of Pennsylvania	40
Address of Mr. Sibley, of Pennsylvania	43
Address of Mr. Morrell, of Pennsylvania	53
Address of Mr. Padgett, of Tennessee	58
Address of Mr. Huff, of Pennsylvania	60
Proceedings in the Senate	63

DEATH OF REPRESENTATIVE R. H. FOERDERER

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE

NOVEMBER 10, 1903.

Mr. BINGHAM. Mr. Speaker, I send to the Clerk's desk the following resolutions, and ask their adoption.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will report the resolutions.

The resolutions were read, as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. R. H. FOERDERER, a Representative-elect from the State of Pennsylvania.

Resolved, That the Clerk be directed to transmit this resolution to the Senate and a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That, as a further mark of respect to the memory of Hon. Vincent Boreing and Hon. R. H. FOERDERER, this House do now stand adjourned.

The resolutions were agreed to.

Accordingly (at 12 o'clock and 26 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned.

MARCH 16, 1904.

MEMORIAL SERVICES TO THE LATE REPRESENTATIVE FOERDERER.

Mr. MOON, of Pennsylvania. Mr. Speaker, I rise to ask unanimous consent that the House fix a day for the memorial services to a deceased Member, Hon. ROBERT FOERDERER, of Pennsylvania. I would suggest Sunday, March 27, for that purpose.

The SPEAKER. The gentleman asks unanimous consent that Sunday, March 27, be fixed for memorial services to the late Representative FOERDERER. Is there objection?

There was no objection.

MARCH 24, 1904.

POSTPONEMENT OF MEMORIAL EXERCISES.

Mr. MORRELL. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that the memorial exercises in honor of the late ROBERT H. FOERDERER and Henry Burk, which were to have been held on next Sunday, be postponed until Sunday, April 10, on account of the unavoidable absence of many Members from Pennsylvania and others who desire to take part in those exercises, and I would also ask that when the House adjourn on Saturday, the 9th, that it adjourn to meet on Sunday, the 10th, for the purpose of conducting those exercises.

The SPEAKER. Is there objection? [After a pause.] The Chair hears none.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

SUNDAY, *April 10, 1904.*

The House met at 12 o'clock m., and was called to order by Mr. Browning, the Chief Clerk, who read the following communication:

APRIL 10, 1904.

I hereby designate Hon. John Dalzell, of Pennsylvania, to act as Speaker pro tempore this day.

J. G. CANNON, *Speaker.*

Mr. Dalzell took the chair.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The House will be in order. The Chaplain will offer prayer.

Prayer was offered by the Chaplain, Rev. Henry N. Couden, D. D., as follows:

Father of life and truth and love and liberty, we approach Thee with grateful hearts for Thy boundless care and protection. We thank Thee for all the true, the noble, the brave whom Thou hast raised up in every age of the world's history, who have contributed, by their industry and devotion to truth, to the civilization of the world, and for that spirit which seeks to perpetuate their deeds in history and in monuments, which serve to inspire those who come after them to deeds of heroism by the rectitude of their behavior. We bless Thee for the ties which bind us together into families and everlasting friendships, but more especially for those ties of fraternity which bind us together as a race into one great family; and we most fervently pray that these ties may grow stronger till all the world shall know Thee and worship Thee as father, that we may live together in harmony and in peace. Let Thy blessing descend upon us now

as we gather here in a service of love to pay our grateful tribute to the men who have wrought in this representative body and made for themselves a place in the history of our country and in the hearts of those who knew them, and help us to look forward with bright anticipations to that larger life whither we are all tending to a happy reunion in a brighter realm with those whom we have loved and lost a while. And glory and honor be Thine, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

EULOGIES ON THE LATE HON. ROBERT H. FOERDERER

Mr. MOON, of Pennsylvania. Mr. Speaker, I move the consideration of the following resolutions.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The gentleman from Pennsylvania offers the following resolutions, which the Clerk will report.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended, that opportunity may be given for tributes to the memory of Hon. ROBERT H. FOERDERER, late a Member of this House from the State of Pennsylvania.

Resolved, That, as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased and in recognition of his distinguished public career, the House, at the conclusion of the exercises of this day, shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

ADDRESS OF MR. MOON, OF PENNSYLVANIA

MR. SPEAKER AND GENTLEMEN: By unanimous consent this great House of Representatives has to-day convened in extraordinary session to pay its final tribute of respect to two of its deceased Members, both Representatives from the State of Pennsylvania, and this floor, ordinarily the theater of great events upon which the eye of the nation is fixed or the scene of conflicting and clashing policies, is hushed in solemn awe, as in the presence of death itself, and devoted exclusively to the consideration of the masterful and endearing qualities of our deceased fellow-Members.

My appearance here as a Representative from Philadelphia is due to the death of one of these gentlemen, the Hon. ROBERT H. FOERDERER, of the Fourth Congressional district of Pennsylvania, and I ask the attention of the House to a few thoughts upon his history and character. His untimely death, upon the very threshold of a career of great promise, has profoundly impressed the citizens of Philadelphia, whom he represented, and his intimate associates in this House, where he was so generally loved. Mr. FOERDERER died in the prime of youthful manhood, having just completed his forty-third year. His span of life was therefore short, and his history as contained in the Congressional Directory is brief; but to those intimately acquainted with his history these few years were as significant and as fruitful of great achievements and as productive to his constituents and to his country in the particular and practical fields in which he was engaged as that of any other man in the country.

The modest records of his life, as contained in the Directory, probably written by himself, are briefly as follows: "He was born at Frankenhausen, Germany, May 16, 1860; was educated at public and private schools, but did not enter college; began as an apprentice, and soon after attaining his majority commenced business for himself, and has since been continually engaged as a manufacturer of leather; is connected as officer or director with many local financial institutions; has always been an active, ardent Republican; never sought nor held any political office until elected to the Fifty-seventh Congress as Representative from the State at large."

Such are the short and simple annals of Mr. FOERDERER as contained in the public record. But these contain no adequate idea of his real history and give no intimation of the stupendous accomplishments of the man. Let me supplement them by a brief statement of his actual achievements. An apprentice to the business of a manufacturer of morocco, without any capital except that saved by economy from his meager earnings, he became the largest manufacturer of that line in the world. Enterprise, economy, and thrift were the dominant characteristics of the man.

Circumstances to which he frequently alluded with pride were that from the days of his apprenticeship he never failed to put aside a portion of his meager earnings as a capital for his future enterprises, and from these savings alone in early manhood he established himself in the business to which he had been trained and began his independent career as a manufacturer. Recognizing the importance of the morocco industry as one of the leading staples of the world's commerce, he devoted his time and energies to its improvement.

Dissatisfied with the imperfect and unphilosophical methods of tanning hides then in use, he made a careful and extensive study of the subject, which resulted in the discovery by him

of a new method which was destined to revolutionize the industry throughout the world. Building upon the labor of other pioneers in this field, his particular and intricate knowledge of this business enabled him to wrest from nature one of her great secrets and to enrich the world by its discovery.

To ROBERT H. FOERDERER was due the great distinction of first perfecting what is known as the "Chrono process" in the manufacture of morocco, by which at the minimum cost in the shortest time the character and quality of the finished product was brought to a degree of perfection never before possible. In the hour of his triumph, when elated with the consciousness of victory and with the recognition of the stupendous importance of this discovery to the world, he called out with exultation, "I have conquered." These words translated into the Latin, "Vici," was given by him to the new production, and the conquest of vici kid throughout the markets of the world has become one of the historic events in the evolution of American manufactures.

At the time Mr. FOERDERER entered upon the business of a manufacturer of morocco all the finer products used by this country were imported from Europe, largely from France, and the importations of this article alone amounted to between six and ten million dollars a year. The success of the new product was instantaneous. Its merits were recognized throughout the world. Philadelphia instead of Paris became immediately the center of supply for the finished product of morocco manufacture, and before the death of Mr. FOERDERER the importation of finished morocco from Europe had not only ceased entirely, but the exportation of this article of commerce to all the great cities of Europe had become an established feature of the trade, and to-day far exceeds in volume and magnitude its importation when Mr. FOERDERER first engaged in business.

His indomitable industry and matchless energy had won an international conquest. His manufacturing establishment in the city of Philadelphia had grown to tremendous proportions, covering 20 acres of ground, upon which were erected the finest buildings and the most completely equipped morocco factory in the world. The supply of his raw material was brought from all quarters of the world. Europe, India, Asia, Africa, and South America were made tributary to his great enterprise. The output of this vast plant was enormous.

The daily product of his factories exceeded 50,000 skins, and at all times there was in transit from his agents in the various parts of the world not less than 1,000,000 skins on their way to this country to be stamped by the genius of this man and again started upon their way through the channels of commerce as a finished product, often to the very ports from which they started. His morocco factory, with its allied industries, employed an army of nearly 4,000 men and created prosperity and wealth to thousands in the great city to which he belonged.

His accumulating wealth and great resources made him a central figure in the development of municipal and public enterprises.

His business sagacity and practical experience, so marvelously developed in the creation and expansion of this vast industry, was enlisted in the internal improvement of his home city. He became allied intimately with many of the important financial operations for the betterment and enlargement of Philadelphia. His genius for organization, his courageous public enterprise, and a spirit of broad-minded civic pride had already accomplished much, and had his life been preserved a few years he would have brought to completion projected plans of great magnitude that would have stamped his name indelibly as one of our foremost municipal benefactors.

The phenomenal development of his business brought him great wealth. As rapidly as his wealth was created he devoted it to the enlargement and expansion of his business. He aimed to establish on this continent the largest manufactory of glazed kid in the world. This laudable ambition he accomplished and then turned his mind to questions of public interest. He had the patriotism and courage to risk much for the city in which he lived, and in carrying out these plans he came in contact with the public men of that city.

His masterful executive ability, his tireless energy, and his accurate knowledge of industrial science attracted the attention of the public-spirited men who controlled municipal affairs, and although he had never sought political prominence of any kind or had been in any way closely identified with political organizations, the value of his counsel in public affairs was immediately recognized, public position was tendered him, and at the age of 40 the great honor of representing the State of Pennsylvania in the National House of Representatives as Congressman at large came to him as an unsolicited tribute to his sterling worth and courageous public spirit. He had never held office. He had never been an aspirant for public honors, and yet, in the year 1900, he was unanimously chosen as the candidate of the Republican party to this distinguished position.

He was at that time a busy man. Had the creation of wealth been his chief object in life his enterprises in Frankford were enough to satisfy his loftiest ambition. He was in full prime of a vigorous manhood, and the temptation to employ his superlative opportunities in the amassing of an individual fortune must have been great, but to this call to public duty he promptly responded. At great personal sacrifice he took upon himself the duties of his exalted position and gave his time and energy to the service of his country.

He had no ambition for a public career. He recognized from the beginning that the services he could render to his State and country were not of that conspicuous kind that could win popular applause. He was not lured to this sacrifice by the siren voice of fame, but made it absolutely at the call of what he conceived to be his highest duty, and only those who knew him best can ever realize how much it cost him to add to his already overburdened life the conscientious discharge of his duties in public station.

At the expiration of his first term of service, by an act of legislature the State of Pennsylvania was redistricted so that in the election of 1902 the position of Congressman at large no longer existed, and his own district in the city of Philadelphia tendered him the unanimous nomination of Congressman from the Fourth district of Pennsylvania, to which he was elected by an overwhelming majority in the fall of 1902, and at the time of his death he had therefore just entered upon his second term of national service.

The responsibilities of Congressional life added seriously to the strain of his private business. His extensive manufacturing establishment required much personal supervision and exacting attention. His expanding interests in local enterprises had reached a magnitude and importance that demanded his time and his energy, and his relentless determination to give to his public duties the full measure of their insistent demands was a burden that even his stalwart frame and vigorous manhood could not adequately meet, and, therefore, on the very threshold of young manhood, in the heyday of a vigorous prime, in the midst of the fruitful activities of an earnest life, when his friends and constituents were confidently expecting for him conspicuous success in the new duties to which they had called him, he was, by the mys-

terious dispensation of an overruling Providence, suddenly called from his labors.

What marvelous contrasts exist in this brief review of the life of Mr. FOERDERER, and what striking and instructive lessons of national importance can be drawn from their study. Born in a foreign land, of foreign parentage, while yet a young man he came by unanimous choice to represent his great State in the National House of Representatives. An humble apprentice and a day laborer, he became the head of a great organization and chief captain of an industry giving employment to thousands. Without the aid of adventitious circumstances and with no capital except that of the savings from his own industry, he became one of the wealthiest manufacturers in this great country; without education except that of the common schools and the mastery of his own trade, he became a wise counselor in the affairs of a nation and the leading spirit in great enterprises. His life truly exemplifies that oft-forgotten truth that there is no royal road to eminence, and gives added emphasis to the cardinal American doctrine that the possession of those qualities which are the inheritance of every American boy—industry, economy, and inflexible purpose—may bring to the humblest son of a toiling father the richest rewards that the world has to bestow.

Such were the real records and achievements of Mr. FOERDERER, achievements of themselves sufficient to stamp him a man of great individual force and of superlative business and moral character, achievements that are typical of the highest phase of American progress, and achievements that won for him the ambitious expectations of his friends and which make his sudden and untimely death a personal and national loss.

He died upon the threshold of his national duties, and the questions constantly presented to the minds of those who knew him best were, What were his future prospects here? What part was he destined to play upon the floor of this House? To what extent were his broad experience, his practical knowledge, and his disciplined energy to be felt in national legislation? These are questions which must forever remain unanswered.

These are problems that only the inscrutable eye of the Great Master can ever solve. But I confidently venture the statement that his continued service here would have been of great advantage to his country and would have added materially to his own reputation. The traditions of Congress and the salutary rule adopted here limits the scope of a new Member. The growth of his influence is necessarily slow, and no man in his first term of service can reasonably expect to impress himself seriously upon this body. He must become acquainted with methods of procedure; he must master details of legislative practice; he must await the opening of any opportunity; and the brief limits of his experience upon this floor had denied Mr. FOERDERER the possibility of complying with these conditions.

At the time of his death he had become known only to a limited circle, and to the great leaders of the House his qualifications for usefulness were not entirely understood.

A philosophical review of the history of American legislation develops the facts that its progressive stages divides itself naturally into eras and epochs, and that the greatness of the nation is nowhere more emphatically shown than in our ability to bring to the front groups of men with special qualifications for the solution of the immediate problem of these respective eras. To this marvelous resourcefulness of

the nation, to this power of adaptability to every phase of history, is the commanding and resistless development of our great country in no small degree indebted.

From our composite population, blended together in the crucible of American nationality, have risen men of diversified talent, whose tested qualifications as leaders of thought and creators of public policy in the ever-changing phases of national development have been the wonder and admiration of the world. In the earlier period of our history, when the stupendous and untried problem of the adaptability of a written constitution to the expansion and growth of a new country confronted the philosophical statesmen of the world, and when this question was further complicated by the existence of independent States, with arbitrary and independent powers, bound together under the form of a central Government, there arose a series of questions of constitutional limitations and of State rights that had never before challenged the attention of statesmen, and then, upon the floor of this House, there arose such men as Webster, Clay, Jefferson, Calhoun, and Hayne, whose profound statesmanship, forceful eloquence, and philosophic reasoning excited the admiration of their countrymen and profoundly stirred the political thinkers of the world.

That was the era when Congress was the arena for intellectual giants skilled in the art of statecraft and of the eloquent debater whose logical deductions were to shape the destiny of a new nation; and when subsequently in the solution of this great problem its final arbitrament was transferred from the field of legislation to the field of battle, then there began another Congressional era, and other legislative questions came to the front upon the floors of Congress, and another school of

political leaders was created by the exigencies that confronted us, and there was added to the long list of American leaders another galaxy of distinguished statesmen—a Lincoln, a Grant, a Garfield, a Blaine, and other brilliant names whose records adorn the pages of America's legislative, military, and executive history.

When the long strain of the fierce conflict was over, when these great political problems were finally settled by the arbitrament of war, and a reunited nation once more assembled here, then another series of questions, without historic precedent and of supreme importance, occupied the legislative thought of the nation. Then began another era—the era of reconstruction. And to this supreme task was devoted the best thought and the ripest experience of the country; and again upon the floor of the American Congress the qualifications of her leaders were molded and shaped by the dominant needs of the hour.

It is therefore apparent that in the successive stages of our history our country has called to her aid upon the floors of Congress men of diverse training, of varied qualifications; men from every walk of life, and men especially adapted by experience and education to the particular duties and special needs that characterized the particular eras in which they served.

What are the dominant characteristics of our present Congressional era?

What are the great questions that challenge the thoughtful attention and serious consideration upon the floor of this House to-day? Not constitutional construction, not the distinction between civil and military powers, not the question of internal taxation for the support of large armies, not the delicate problems of the relation of insurrectionary States to a restored

Union, but they are questions almost wholly of an industrial character. We are in the midst of an era of economic legislation, the distinctive peculiarity of which is our internal industrial development.

Our dominant policies are those which tend to the improvement of our laboring classes at home and to the conquest of the commercial world abroad. We point with patriotic pride to our increasing national wealth and to the growing magnitude of our export statistics. And while we are as keenly alive to-day to questions of national honor and to our growing importance in international affairs, the keynote of the present political era is commercial supremacy and the expansion of our industries.

The commanding problems of the hour as they are presented to us here are the just boundaries between capital and labor, the importance of tariff schedules, and the perils of trade organizations, and that man serves his country best and takes his place as a commanding figure in this House who has best mastered these questions, who by study and experience can bring to their solution the greatest measure of practical intelligence. And the man to-day who can so wisely shape the policy of the Government as to create new industries or who can give a new impetus to our already stupendous leadership in the workshops of the world may gain from this generation as great a credit as he who has solved the problems of constitutional limitations or who has led our victorious armies to success upon the field of battle.

For these important duties it is safe to say that Mr. FOERDERER was admirably equipped. He had been a laborer himself, and was at the time of his death a commander of a great army of laborers. He perfectly understood their rights and limitations; and on that subject of commanding

importance, whose claims for recognition and whose insistent demands for legislation are daily heard in this Chamber, his judgment, his advice, and his knowledge would have greatly aided this body and would have proved a potential factor in its solution.

He was a great manufacturer. He had created a business from small beginnings and upon the corner stone of industry and economy. It had grown to vast proportions under his personal supervision. He had stimulated and created its expansion from this humble beginning and had seen it assume a world-wide importance. Its international development was the healthful and logical expansion of his knowledge, of his experience, of his study, and of his mastery of industrial laws and of the true principles of industrial economics.

He was the peer of any man upon the floor of this House in his acquaintance with the minute details and perplexing problems constantly arising in this great department of political science. Such wisdom as his, the outgrowth of practical experience tried and tested in the workshop and the countingroom, is of priceless importance to the country at large in this peculiar era of our national development.

He was a large importer of raw material from all quarters of the habitable globe wherever trade treaties existed, and wherever his raw material could be found his agents were placed, and vessels from all quarters of the globe were freighted with merchandise for his industries.

He was also a large exporter. The demand for his products was world-wide. England, France, Germany, and the Orient were growing markets for Mr. FOERDERER's output. He was therefore familiarly acquainted with the importance and significance of tariff legislation. He knew the value of trade schedules. He had for years applied the supreme test

to the principles of protection. He knew the perils of free trade. He knew the conditions under which a vast industry could flourish. He knew the dangers of the theories of the doctrinaire, and, standing upon this elevated position of broad knowledge, upon this eminence of industrial education, he could materially aid the deliberations of this great body in this field of legislation, upon which our continued industrial and commercial prosperity so much depends.

The diversified training of his broad experience had acquainted him intimately with international improvements, with the development of international transit, with the demands of commerce for improved waterways, and with the importance to this country of bringing to the highest state of efficiency all of the great highways of commerce. These and a hundred other kindred questions were to him matters of accurate knowledge. Speculation and theory had no place in his system. His exceptional opportunities enabled him to put to the crucial test all of his ideas in this field of economic science.

He had taken them from the domain of mere theories into the laboratory of actual experience and had tested their worth in that school of final trade analysis, the factory and the counting-house; and I feel confident, therefore, in the expression of the opinion that in this field of industrial legislation he would have brought to the consideration and solution of these questions an elevated wisdom, a conservative judgment, and a disciplined mastery of detail that would have contributed an interesting chapter to the history of his own life and would have added materially to the wisdom of the American Congress in the important work that is now engaging our attention.

These of course are mere predictions. The future of no man is assured here. Untrodden paths, especially in legislative life, do not always produce expected results. But judging

the future by the past, measuring the equipments of Mr. FOERDERER from his actual accomplishments, the ambitious hopes of his friends were well founded, and the country has lost a wise counselor in the sudden closing of this new chapter in his life's history.

Of his social qualities, of his broad, genial nature and enduring friendships I shall leave others to speak. They knew him well and can bear eloquent tribute to his winning personality and his noble, generous heart. They knew of his broad-minded charity and of the unostentatious employment of his fortune in comforting the distressed and encouraging the hopeless. They knew of his tender devotion to his family and the purity and eminence of his private life.

From whatever standpoint we may consider him, ROBERT H. FOERDERER was a manly, strenuous, progressive, and representative American citizen, and his sudden death in the early prime of young manhood has in it many peculiar elements of special sadness. It is so suggestive of unfulfilled hopes, unsatisfied ambitions, and unfinished plans. We bow with humble submission to these mysterious dispensations of an overruling Providence and endeavor to seek in them the divine philosophy of Him that doeth all things well. There is doubtless some compensation in such events, and I close my remarks with the philosophy of a great poet, who, in considering the apparent calamity of the death of the young and vigorous, beautifully says:

“Whom the gods love die young,” was said of yore,
And many deaths do they escape by this;
The death of friends, and that which slays still more,
The death of friendship, love, youth, all that is,
Except mere breath; and since the silent shore
Awaits at last even those who longest miss
The old archer's shafts, perhaps the early grave
Which men weep over may be meant to save.

ADDRESS OF MR. WANGER, OF PENNSYLVANIA

MR. SPEAKER: There seems at times to be visitations by the angel of death which are not only mournful but are also startling and unnatural. The taking of ROBERT HERMANN FOERDERER at the age of 43 years from a loving and beloved wife and family, a home of rarest beauty and completeness, a business of vast and expanding proportions, and other enterprises of great moment, was of this inexplicable nature. The mystery of life and death was in it again strikingly displayed.

Trained as a manufacturer of leather in the business establishment of his father, but failing to secure the opportunity therein to demonstrate the value of an improved process, he had the courage and independence to venture upon his own resources and the ability to win phenomenal success.

For he was great ere fortune made him so.

His manners were so agreeable, his courtesy so uniform, his friendship so constant, and his fidelity so unfailing that he won esteem, confidence, and popularity no less than wealth, substantial manifestations of which were made in many forms, among them being his election as officer or director of a large number of local financial institutions.

Descended from liberty-loving Germans, whose highest aspirations in emigrating to this country were realized, Mr. FOERDERER was from infancy intensely American, and education, association, and his conception of public welfare and personal interest made him zealous and constant in the support of the Republican party; and when that party in 1900 needed a candidate in the great Keystone State for Representative at large in the Congress of the nation as an associate for the

veteran Galusha A. Grow, who would, like that distinguished statesman, personally typify its policies of protection to American industry and maintenance of sound money, and thereby aid in choosing a legislature that would, without aid from the opposing party, choose a supporter of those policies as United States Senator, it logically selected him whose death we mourn, although he had never before sought or held political office, and it triumphed completely at the election.

Mr. FOERDERER as a Member of this body was the same modest, industrious, and potential factor he had before been elsewhere, and his strong, sound sense and pleasing personality were a combination incapable of being successfully resisted, and were invariably exerted when questions of importance to his city, State, or nation hung in the balance. The office of Representative at large from Pennsylvania ceasing with the term for which he had been chosen, his worth to Philadelphia in the first session of that term had become so manifest that he was chosen Representative of the new Fourth district (in which he did not reside) in this Congress. This devotion to public duty was the more creditable and remarkable, as part of his ample fortune was supposed to be imperiled and he was burdened with the harassing details of the management and the burden of maintaining the financial credit of the great enterprise in which he had engaged at the instance and chiefly for the benefit of supposed friends, some of whom are alleged to have basely betrayed him.

This latter reason may well have been the cause of his seeming untimely taking off. His handsome, stalwart frame was well made to sustain toil and resist disease and bear great responsibility, but "ingratitude more strong than * * * (other ills) o'ercame him." Punctilious in the keeping of his word and engagements, his abhorrence of those without respect for their undertakings can well be realized.

Never very intimate with him, I yet recall with pleasure his scrupulous keeping of a promise he was generous in making and more than generous in fulfilling, and well remember the first and last meeting with him in this Chamber. The first was at the close of the Fifty-sixth Congress and just before the second inauguration of President McKinley, and his words voiced bouyant enthusiasm, noble purposes, and great expectations. The last was just before the close of the Fifty-seventh Congress, and, responsive to my declared purpose of spending a short time in the Carolinas or Florida before resuming professional labors, he lamented that he could not take an outing and said how much he needed one, how greatly he suffered. Yet no thought of such serious ailment afflicting him found lodgment in my mind as to prevent the announcement of the fatal termination being a great shock.

Who that paid the tribute of their regard by attendance at his funeral but was profoundly impressed by that immense concourse of friends, neighbors, and employees, who likewise did homage to his memory? We missed the gracious presence of our genial colleague, Henry Burk, who was ill, but said to be improving, and little dreamed as we saw the mortal remains of FOERDERER laid in the tomb that we should never again greet Burk in this Chamber, which his joyous spirit had so brightly illumined in his brief Congressional service. And as we turned from that mausoleum and passed from the immense throng so reverently surrounding it, it was with the cheering thought that the House of Representatives of the United States and the great world were better for the life of ROBERT H. FOERDERER, who was a worthy example for his associates and successors and an inspiration for honorable effort and ambition.

ADDRESS OF MR. BATES, OF PENNSYLVANIA

MR. SPEAKER: Early death excites commiseration, particularly when the object of some special usefulness is thereby broken. The fate of the youthful Marcellus, untimely cut off, called forth the most graceful strains from Virgil and moved to a fervor that has become historic the family of the imperial household of Augustus.

It is a beautiful custom with one of our most honored fraternities to approach the grave of a brother who has fallen and cast therein a sprig of evergreen as a token of an ever-living memory. This House is at this day and hour placing appropriate garlands on the tomb of a revered and deeply mourned brother, gathered along the pathway of affectionate companionship and memory.

We are reminded in Holy Writ to rejoice with them that do rejoice and weep with them that weep, and this injunction is easy to obey when the cause of mourning is the death of a man whom but to know was to love.

In all my acquaintance with the deceased I found him a man of most generous nature, unassuming, but positive and forceful, possessed of great business energy. Hon. Charles Emory Smith sends me this tribute: "He had a fertile mind well stocked with ideas and lavish in their outlay; warm hearted, open handed, genial, kindly, and sympathetic. His charities were liberal and bestowed without ostentation."

The Rev. Russell H. Conwell, of Philadelphia, in writing to me yesterday gave the following as his estimate of the character and influence of Hon. ROBERT H. FOERDERER:

He was an employer who lived on such fraternal terms with his employees that strikes in his establishment were impossible; he was

approachable from the ranks of the humblest, and was a sincere helper of the poor, giving largely to their support, but always with carefully considered arrangements for their permanent good.

He was held in high esteem by the entire public of our great city, and when he prospered the people rejoiced, and when he met losses thousands sincerely sympathized with him.

The influence of his excellent character went far beyond the bounds of his personal acquaintance and touched the lives of thousands in the State outside the city.

When he died, the sorrow of our citizens was sincere, and his memory is kept alive not only by the hearty friendship which so many bore him personally, but by the continual appearance upon the surface of the results and knowledge of the good deed done in so many places where he thought it would never be known.

These testimonials from distinguished citizens of Philadelphia who knew Mr. FOERDERER well speak of him as being kind-hearted. He was, indeed, tender-hearted. I remember well the day when we were both sworn in as Members of the Fifty-seventh Congress, both being new Members. In the adjoining lobby, where we were admiring the beautiful floral tributes, I presented to him my mother. As he turned to me his voice trembled and his eyes filled with tears as he said:

Mr. Bates, the greatest regret I have is that my mother did not live to see this day.

Any man who carries on a business at home and attends to the arduous duties often imposed on a Member of Congress lives a strenuous life indeed. Is it any wonder that the mortality of the last, the Fifty-seventh Congress, was greater in proportion than all our soldiers who fell in the war with Spain? It is this modern materialistic tendency on the part of our American people that makes the "strenuous life." It is the life of toil and effort, the life of labor and of strife, the life that does not shrink from hardship, from toil, from danger, and who out of these wins splendid ultimate triumphs. The life which thanks God for the iron

in the blood of our fathers; for the men who upheld the wisdom of Lincoln and bore the sword or rifle in the armies of Grant. We seem to have adopted as a national motto that no country may long endure if its foundations are not laid deep in the material prosperity which comes from thrift, from business energy and enterprise, and from unsparing efforts in the field of industrial activity. We pay due honor to the architects of our material prosperity, to the captains of industry who have built our factories and our railroads. This spirit has made it possible to take into our domain islands of the seas, to enter into a closer struggle for naval and commercial supremacy, to build up our power within our borders, to point out the way to construct an isthmian canal, and to grasp the vantage points which will enable us to have our own say in deciding the destiny of the oceans of the East and of the West.

It was this spirit, this indomitable energy, which possessed the life and soul of our young friend who has so lately fallen in the battle of life. I count him one of the martyrs to that spirit of restless energy which has so lately possessed the soul of so many Americans; and while many splendid achievements have ensued, it has been at greater cost—even at the cost of life itself.

With apparent health and strength, with prosperity and abundance in his pathway, with the highest honor his people could bestow showered upon him, with love and affection of wife and children—those to whom he was dearer than life itself—it seemed as though a long and honorable career was marked out for him; but “Man’s ways are not God’s ways, and His purposes are past finding out.”

The summons came from on high, and we are again called upon to contemplate the saddest, the strangest, the most

inscrutable event in all this riddle of human life--death. As we utter these words our hearts go out in tenderest and deepest sympathy to those who mourn his loss so much in the old home.

With the characteristics of the race from which he sprang, he was a devoted lover of his home, and his was a model and typical American household. He was controlled by the voices which came from the church, the schoolhouse, and the fireside. He was ever in favor of that legislation which seemed to him just and righteous and for the good of the whole American people.

In his departure this House has lost a valuable, upright, and energetic Member, his State a true representative, and his home a loving husband and father.

His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

ADDRESS OF MR. MCCREARY, OF PENNSYLVANIA

MR. SPEAKER: Time has "double-swinging doors," one called "birth," which ushers us into this life, the other called "death," which ushers us into eternal life. As all come into life by the one, all must inevitably depart this life through the other. Finite life is likened to the sea, tempest tossed at times, smooth and calm at others. Our frail bark is launched on its way and the journey made to the end, whether we will or no, but the poet beautifully expresses the watchfulness of our Heavenly Father during our voyage in these lines:

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I can not drift
Beyond His loving care.

And when life's fitful journey is over, again with the poet we can say:

Safe home into port; rent cordage, shattered deck,
Torn sails, provisions short, and only not a wreck.
But, oh! the joy upon the shore, to tell of voyage ended, perils o'er.

And now, Mr. Speaker, we come to-day under the appropriate custom of commemorating the passing away from mortal life and this scene of action of our colleagues who have gone before, and our threnodies are for the two late Representatives, ROBERT H. FOERDERER and Henry Burk, men whose lives ran in singularly parallel lines, each born on the same foreign shore, coming here in childhood, working their way up unaided by influence other than themselves, successfully engaged in like business, entering Congress the same time,

dying in the same year, and their memorial services held in this Chamber on the same day. Both of them loving sons, devoted husbands, kind fathers, good brothers, and surrounded by many friends. We who knew them only as acquaintances and friends feel the loss of friendship, but those who were dear to them in family ties feel that deeper personal loss, ever present, ever sorrowful; and their loved ones may well appreciate the force of the words:

There are billows far out in the ocean
Which never will break on the beach;
There are waves of human emotion
Which can find no expression in speech.

Victor Hugo said:

When I go down to the grave I can say, like many others, I have finished my day's work, but I can not say I have finished my life. My day's work will again begin in the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley, it is a thoroughfare. It closes in the midnight to open with the dawn.

But we have greater words of comfort in the knowledge through revealed religion that death does not end all. There is a life beyond, and in I Corinthians xv, 55-58, St. Paul has covered the ground of mortal life, inevitable death, and the resurrection from the grave, wherein he flings his challenge and hurls defiance to death when he says:

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?
The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law.

But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord.

ADDRESS OF MR. BURGESS, OF TEXAS

Mr. SPEAKER: I frankly confess a dread of death; an aversion to its discussion or contemplation; and yet out of a belief in the wisdom and wholesomeness of this custom of assembling and paying our respects to the memory of a departed colleague, briefly, I desire to offer my feeble tribute of respect to the memory of one whom I was pleased in life to call a friend. The influences of our ancestry in the shaping of our character and controlling our conduct are more potent than we often apprehend. I realized this as I came, a stranger, here the first session of the Fifty-seventh Congress. I found the fact that both of my maternal grandparents were born in the city of Philadelphia, grew to manhood and womanhood and were married there, naturally turned my curiosity and my friendliness toward those colleagues who on this floor represented the great old Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

Among those from Pennsylvania that I first became acquainted with was this man, ROBERT H. FOERDERER. He was a type, in many respects, of race and mind and class. His life presents an honor to two countries, an honor to that great Teutonic blood from which he sprung, that has so richly ornamented European literature and has furnished so much potent force to European civilization and has contributed so largely to sturdy, honest, industrious American citizenship. He furnished an honor to American institutions in his life, demonstrating to the world that, coming from another land, sprung of another blood, one may here find equal opportunity to work out the highest destiny. The pathway of progress

in America is bounded only by a man's honor, his ability, and his persistence.

He was a fine type of the successful young American business man. Flung into the world as an apprentice, he seized all of the available forces and exercised that great American trait, common sense, and worked out a career that would be a pride to any man of 43, when he faced the grim monster, Death. Personally he was courteous, kind, generous, and friendly, a man that success seemed not to have spoiled, a man whose soul seemed touched by all those attributes of character that appeal most fondly to the balance of men, regardless of rank or social position or of wealth. I was thrown frequently with him, and learned to like him—to like his frank, manly ways, to like the man's candor, to like his earnestness, and to like his sense of honor. These were the secrets of his business success.

Now, this is but another one of the saddest incidents of the Congressional career. He is gone. Death has claimed him, and when we find that narrow fact, when we stand before the grave, how powerless is human speech. What idle things are words. Here we all meet upon the level. Whatever our career here may have been, all go through the same great gate and cross the same dark river into the same great beyond. When we part with a friend who enters upon this long journey, we may bend and hear the mutter of the river, we may catch the faint dip of the boatman's oar, and he is gone. Of what the future may hold we have all our respective theories, by which the status beyond the river is measured by condition and performance here. But whatever our code, whatever our distinctive views, finally we must recognize how futile must our standard of measurement be.

How little we can actually know about the inner soul startles human comprehension. We all indulge at last, whatever our course here may be, in the fond belief that beyond the dark river, over yonder where presides the Great Spirit, a judgment will be rendered that we can not guess at here. Obscured by the smallest amount of dirt we may pass unseen a great diamond, and in the glittering and beautiful shell there may be inclosed the rottenest soul. Before the Great Eye all these things will be laid bare. The inner soul will be exposed in the lime light of eternity. Let us indulge the fond hope, who knew him here, that his knightly soul, that his generosity, that his unceasing loyalty to friends and country, to principle and doctrine and party—that these will shine more serenely beyond the dark river than we ever contemplated here they would.

I only speak thus briefly out of a sense of duty to the dead man who was kind to me, whom I claimed as a friend, and I can only say in closing it is a sad pleasure to attempt to say these few words out of respect to his memory.

ADDRESS OF MR. FORDNEY, OF MICHIGAN

MR. SPEAKER AND FRIENDS: A portion of this day has been set apart for the paying of tributes to the memory of the Hon. ROBERT H. FOERDERER, late a Member of this House from the State of Pennsylvania.

I feel unequal to the occasion—to speak in fitting terms of this man and his lovable character. I am persuaded, however, to take the time of the House to briefly speak of the life, the worth, and the character of this man.

The example and the good influence of such a life and of such a character ought not to be lost.

Vast as was Mr. FOERDERER'S work here and in his home State, where he was allied with immense interests, it is as a loyal friend that he will be best remembered by those who held him in greatest esteem, those who were permitted to get close to the real man and see the wonderful self-poise and mastery of self that enabled him to rise above every obstacle and stand undismayed in every climax. There was in his friendship so much of deep and true loyalty, so much of fidelity to the advancement of his friends, that this phase of his life is the most beautiful to me.

In this little world of acquaintanceship, here in the House, we can know nothing of our fellow-Member save as he appeals to each personally.

I am not a veteran in this House, but in committee association and friendly intercourse on the floor of the House I grew to know and appreciate Congressman FOERDERER, because he possessed those characteristics which attracted my liking and compelled my admiration.

I care nothing for the antecedents of his birth; I do not concern myself with the environments which led to his becoming a Member of the House. All these things are events of history with which we need not dwell.

As a fellow-Member, I was first attracted to him by those sterling characteristics of manhood and integrity of purpose which marked his every move in life. As I grew to know him more and better, I realized that he had but one thought in mind, but one dominating idea:

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true;
For the God who dwells above me,
And the good that I can do.

Mr. FOERDERER has passed from things earthly to things eternal. The record of his life on this terrestrial plain is complete, and those who knew him best loved him most.

Mr. FOERDERER came to Congress as a Member of the House with the indorsement of the whole State, and not as most of us do, with a narrow or great majority of a single small Congressional district.

The voters of the great and grand old Keystone State—the State that is so properly named after the great humanitarian, Penn—chose him a Member at large. He came as a colleague of that other grand man, Galusha A. Grow, both being elected by the voters of the whole State.

He served well and faithfully, and, if I misjudge not, when the supreme mandate came to him it found him ready, and he could have said, "I have finished my course; I have fought the good fight; I have kept the faith." Weighed by the standard of Shakespeare, "To be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand."

Mr. FOERDERER'S whole life was marked by those sterling traits of old-fashioned honesty and square dealing with his fellow-men.

We Members of the House are better for having served in the same Congress with Mr. FOERDERER. Into every life that he touched he dropped the seed of kindness which, if we cultivate it properly, will have a marked effect upon our future lives and upon those with whom we mingle.

So, Mr. Speaker and Members of the House, let us drop our tokens of kindly, affectionate remembrance upon the sepulcher of Representative FOERDERER. Let us treasure the lessons of his life to us and thus have a perpetual living monument to his memory within our hearts.

A great State mourns an illustrious son, a nation's capital misses his guiding genius, and we of the House of Representatives feel the deep loss of a friend and leader. We mourn him the most because we have lost the most. No human being can erect a monument to the memory of ROBERT H. FOERDERER that will be as lasting as the work he has done here on this earth. He was a true friend—he was just.

Mr. Speaker, I loved him. I hope God has received him, and shall ever pray that his soul may rest in peace.

ADDRESS OF MR. HEMENWAY, OF INDIANA

MR. SPEAKER: The management of the affairs of this great Government require wonderful business intellect and judgment. I do not believe that the great public understand just what the duties of a Member of Congress are. They read our Congressional Record. They read our great political debates. The newspapers of the country, with great headlines, tell of the different speeches that are being made in Congress on political questions, but they do not tell of the work that, underneath all this display, is being done in the management of the business of this great country. Millions of dollars are expended and "billion-dollar Congresses" are talked about. We are now growing beyond that even, and in this great body of men, without any display, without getting into the headlines of the newspapers, often without getting into the Congressional Record, there is a body of men who look carefully to the business interests of the country.

In 1900, when ROBERT H. FOERDERER came to Congress, another Member was added to that list of men who are constantly looking to those great interests of our Government, and another adviser was added to the long list of men who counsel the Members of this House as to some particular element of the business in which they have peculiar knowledge. ROBERT FOERDERER'S judgment was always good. It was the judgment of an even-tempered business man. It was valuable to any committee of this House. I early formed his acquaintance through a mutual friend and enjoyed

his friendship and confidence, and often asked his advice. It was always of value.

I knew him socially, and I was surprised after BOB FOERDERER'S death to learn that he had so many business questions in the city in which he lived that were weighing upon his mind, for as I knew him he never had trouble. He was always smiling, he was always happy; he was a man who contributed more to the happiness of others than any other man in this House that I know, barring only three or four. He belonged in a class that we could name upon the fingers of one hand. He seemed always to be happy, and was most happy when he could contribute to the happiness of others. I shall not detain the House by talking long to-day. I did not come here because of any particular sense of duty—I came because I wanted to put into the Record, which will last longer than I shall, a word for BOB FOERDERER, who has done so much to add to my happiness and the happiness of others. His genial face and kindly and courteous manners will live in the memory of his friends as long as life is in them.

ADDRESS OF MR. DALZELL, OF PENNSYLVANIA

MR. SPEAKER: We come together to-day under peculiar circumstances. We meet in this legislative hall, so often the scene of party conflict and of debate upon the great questions that affect the welfare of a mighty people, in the stillness of a Sabbath hour to moralize upon the greater questions of life and death that face us in the loss of two of our colleagues, ROBERT H. FOERDERER and Henry Burk. The time is only recent when their interest in the discussion and determination of great national issues was as keen as is our interest now, but "the pale messenger that with impartial footstep knocks alike at palace gate and poor man's cot" has translated them to another forum, of whose character it has not been permitted us to know.

It is the commonplace of eulogy to put the question as to what remains for us mortals when the dread sentence comes that ends our earthly pilgrimage. Ever since men have died their successors have wondered whether death is an eternal sleep or the entrance to another life in which earthly activities shall prove a preparation for further activities, and so they will continue to wonder while the world endures. Between the comforting hopes and promises of the Christian faith and the agnosticism which says "I know not" men hesitate. I have always thought that religion, as it relates to the future life, is very much a matter of temperament, and that the most of us, whatever his open profession, is disposed to say, "Lord, I believe; help Thou my unbelief."

The two men about whose biers we stand to-day, ROBERT FOERDERER and Henry Burk, were in personal history and character very much alike. Their biographies present strange coincidences. They were both German by parentage. Mr. Burk was a German by birth. Mr. FOERDERER was born abroad while his parents were visiting their native land. They were both engaged at the time of their death in the same business. They came to Congress at the same time. They died within a few months of each other, and to-day we bring our parting tribute at the same time to the memory of both. They started, both of them, at the foot of the ladder, poor boys, and died rich men, successful men—not by accident, but by reason of the exercise of those qualities which, while they inure to the benefit of the individual, add also to the security of the state.

They were industrious men—men of thrift; honest, intelligent, public-spirited, charitable; democratic, possessing the amiable qualities that attracted their fellows and enlisted their love and admiration.

ROBERT H. FOERDERER and Henry Burk each splendidly illustrated the possibilities of American citizenship. From boys in humble life they attained to the distinction of representing their people in the National House of Representatives.

My companionship with them was not of sufficient duration to enable me to speak as from personal experience of all their qualities. It was sufficiently long, however, to enable me to say, not in the extravagant language of eulogy, but in the language of simple truth, that they were good men, fitly honored by their fellows, and worthy a place in this House, the peculiar forum of the great American people.

I did not have the opportunity to attend the funeral of Mr. Burk, of whom I was very fond, but I shall never lose the

impressions made upon me by the funeral of Mr. FOERDERER. It took place on a beautiful day in the early autumn, amid surroundings suggestive of anything but death. Nature had not yet put off her summer garb; there was bright sunshine, green fields, and the bloom and the perfume of perfected fruitage and flower. Mr. FOERDERER'S home, in the midst of surroundings that appealed to the most critical taste, gave sorrowful welcome to an assemblage whose character attested the appreciation in which he was held by his fellow-citizens.

Men of mark in every walk of life were there; prominent men in the civil government of the city that had honored him, men prominent not because of place or office, but because of native character and consequent influence, but, above all, the men whose only claim to distinction was that by honest toil they earned an honest reward. They were there, his employees, the men who while they called ROBERT FOERDERER master delighted to call him also their fellow, and who left their workshops to bring their sorrowing tribute to his memory. In this particular case the only question with respect to labor and capital was as to how the representatives of labor should pay their highest tribute to the representative of capital. In the case of ROBERT FOERDERER and his men, to his honor be it said, labor and capital knew no cause of quarrel.

I bring my loving tribute to-day to the memory of ROBERT H. FOERDERER and Henry Burk, my late colleagues, because I respected them both. I knew them as remarkably attractive companions as well as conscientious legislators, and I mourn both of them, as, from the standpoint of human experience, they were too soon a sacrifice to the insatiate archer, Death.

Their death was not our loss only, but that of the State of Pennsylvania and of the nation.

ADDRESS OF MR. SIBLEY, OF PENNSYLVANIA

MR. SPEAKER: In the deaths of ROBERT H. FOERDERER and Henry Burk Pennsylvania mourns two of her distinguished sons who in private life and public life were conspicuous for integrity, ability, and patriotism. Rarely two lives run in such parallel lines. Both were of German extraction; both high types of American citizenship; both rose from humble beginnings to become foremost in their chosen avocations. From the ranks of labor both became captains of industry, achieving wealth and prominence. Both residents of Philadelphia; both manufacturers of leather, business rivals, and yet warm personal friends. Both were elected to Congress in the same year, and both reelected to this Congress, and, with every prospect of long years of usefulness, died before entering upon their second terms of service. Concerning these two men, how singularly appropriate are the words of David, who, lamenting, said: "Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided."

The record of their perseverance, industry, integrity, and success becomes an inspiration and an aspiration to every boy and struggling youth within the confines of the Republic. Any words of praise, and of tribute which could be offered concerning one of them would apply with almost equal force to both. To me, however, upon this occasion has been assigned the duty of offering some special words of tribute to the memory of ROBERT H. FOERDERER. The Common-

wealth mourns a worthy son, the nation an able and patriotic lawgiver, the family a devoted and indulgent husband and father, and we who assemble here to-day mourn the loss of a wise counselor and a warm and faithful friend. Others upon this occasion have spoken of his great inventive skill, his business sagacity, his faithful discharge of duty to his fellow-men. My effort will be to speak of some of those nobler qualities of mind and heart which so endeared him to those of us who knew him well and who now in his memory gather to wreath the laurels of love and entwine the chaplets of esteem and affection.

Mr. Speaker, ROBERT H. FOERDERER was my loyal and loving friend; therefore pardon me if I seem too partial in my estimation of his character and worth. He doubtless had his faults, his frailties, and his human weaknesses, and though I knew him perhaps more intimately than any other Member of this House, I can not remember what they were. His was a human character as near exemplary as is possible for man to attain. Starting life as a poor boy, he, through great inventive skill, through genius and energy, achieved wealth and position while still a young man. He was never boastful over the fact that he was a self-made man, but was as modest and unassuming as a schoolgirl.

I never heard a sentence or a word fall from his lips which he might not have uttered in the presence of his mother. He was frank, outspoken, and truthful, in all things plain, candid, and sincere; and even when he differed from another in opinion it was at all times with such respect as never to wound the feelings. I sat by his side for two years and never heard him use an unkind or uncharitable expression concerning another individual Member. He always sought

to place the most charitable construction on the actions of those who were under censure. I believe hatred to have been entirely foreign to his nature. He was generous to a fault, incapable of a mean or low action, and he possessed a sense of justice that led him to despise a trick or a wrong done another.

By nature he was sunny and cheerful, and the atmosphere about him was always warm and bright and genial. Though possessed of great dignity, he had no frills, and he needed no starch to sustain his dignity. Those of us who came to know him best not alone respected him, but learned to love him. Of robust physique, but 43 years of age, it would seem that he had but crossed the threshold of a long and useful life. While with us he trusted and loved his friends, and in the hour of his departure he trusted as implicitly as a child might trust his father that more than earthly friend, and could say with the Psalmist of old, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me."

Death came to him as it should come to all of us—not as an enemy, but as a friend; not as a defeat, but as a victory; not as the end, but as the beginning; not in the guise of a serpent, but in the form of an angel. Death came to him not as life's curse, but as life's coronation. His life work is finished; his pleasant voice is hushed; his feet no longer press the sands along the shores of time; but those of us with whom he mingled will until our latest days be grateful for having known such a character, and I believe we are all broader and truer, better men, because our friend for a time sojourned with us.

I have in my life been peculiarly blessed with warm, generous, and noble friends who needed no crown upon their brows to make them kingly, and though at times we all may be deceived by false friends, with me they have been only the fleck of chaff in the full measure of wheat. I am profoundly sorry for that man who has reached the meridian of life, who has passed the middle milestone in his journey and has not learned that the most precious of all earthly possessions, the most valuable of all the assets he can schedule, is a true and faithful friend. I pity that man who has not learned that "warm hearts are more than coronets, and simple faith than Norman blood."

I pity that man who, when the clouds gather, when the storm breaks, when the waves of trouble roll over him and the billows almost engulf him, has no friend to reach the helping hand or speak the word of encouragement and cheer to him. In this journey of life our friends stand as the shadow of a mighty rock within a weary land, and in the desert places of life they are as oases clad in verdure, whose sparkling fountains and stately palm trees comfort and refresh us.

Our friend, ROBERT H. FOERDERER, remains with us only as a memory, and since his death I have heard so many kindly words spoken of him by his colleagues, that it seems sad that living he might not have known how much we valued, trusted, and appreciated him.

In the rush of personal and public affairs, in the clash of opposing ideas, in the fierceness of party spirit, we may at times fail in the outward expressions of kindly sentiment which we entertain each for the other. Yet I take it that after the consciousness of duty well done, as it was given us to interpret that duty, the most valuable recollection, the most valuable asset that we shall carry back with us when

we return to private life will be those friendships which have been here formed and enjoyed—friendships which are not limited by the central aisle running through this Chamber, for poor indeed is he whose friends are confined to those of a single faith, religious or political.

Upon both sides of this Chamber are many for whom I entertain not alone sentiments of respect and admiration, but with whom I am bound in those closer ties of friendly fellowship—men upon both sides of this Chamber whose personal success and happiness will always seem to me to come to them as a just recognition of their worth and deserts. To my mind a finer body of men of equal number never assembled upon the soil of America than those who gather here as the representatives of the American people. Truly we are the representatives—or ought to be—of the industrial, the social, and the moral attainment of the most enlightened nation of the globe. Even the weakest of us is the possessor of some strong traits of character, or we would not be here as the chosen exponent of the aims and ideas of something like 200,000 American citizens.

In this great legislative body how many men there are of true nobility, how many who compel our respect and command our confidence, and whom in time we learn to love; and yet how closely we guard our secret, how seldom we speak our praises, how scant our words of commendation, how rarely we let our friends know how much we appreciate their worth. We hesitate to tell them how we sorrow with them in defeat and rejoice with them in their triumphs. We are prone to mask our feelings and reserve our words of cheer and affection, and speak them only when those words are powerless to sustain and comfort. But after our friend has passed beyond our power to lighten his burden or cheer his heart, then—

Oh, come, let us haste to his grave, let us scatter rich garlands of flowers!
 We gave him scant honor while living; faint, reticent praises were ours
 For his genius, his virtues, his courage—but now his quick spirit hath fled;
 O'er his tomb wreaths of roses and laurels and bays let us strew to him
 dead.

Aye, now, when all weeping and praising are utterly vain, let us weep;
 Let us praise him ungrudgingly, now that unconscious he sleeps his last
 sleep.

Will he heed what we say? Will he hear us and see us? Ah, no; 'tis too
 late!

We are always too late with our praises and pæans—delaying we wait,
 Till death shrouds the windows and darkens life's warm breathing house
 with its pall,

And in vain to the tenant departed, love, friendship, or calumny call.
 Ah! then we arouse in our griefs; ah! then, and then only, the meed
 That was due to the warm living spirit we give to the cold, senseless dead.

For our brother, while here he is striving and moving along the world's
 ways,

We have only harsh judgments, stern counsel, half-uttered affections, cold
 praise.

Our cheer of full-hearted approval, our frank, quick applause we deny;
 Envy, Malice, and Jealousy, Calumny, all the world's hounds in full cry
 Unrelenting pursue him, while Friendship barks low in the rear of the race,
 Reluctant, perhaps, at his faults and frailties, till death ends the chase.

Ah! then all his virtues, his merits, shine forth; all the charms that he
 owned

Rise up unobscured in their beauty, all frailties and faults are atoned.
 All the good is remembered and pondered, the bad swept away out of sight,
 And in death we behold him transfigured, and robed in memorial light.
 We lament when lamenting is useless, we praise when all praises are vain,
 And then turning back and forgetting, begin the same sad work again.

Ah! why did we stint to him living our gift? Were we poor? Had we
 naught?

Not a wreath, not a flower, for our friend to whose grave we such tribute
 have brought?

Ah, no! the largess of the heart that had strengthened and gladdened his
 soul

We refused him, and proffered him only the critic's poor miserly dole.
 Still we meant to be just, so we claim, though the judgment was cold that
 we gave.

Was our justice then better than love? Come, say, as you stand by his
 grave.

Mr. Speaker, how singular is this nature of ours that will at times rise to the loftiest peaks of sublimity, bathing its head in the eternal blue upon the mountain top and anon drag its tortuous way through swamp and morass; at times robed in its royal habiliments, again in rags, and yet again in sackcloth; endowed with the attributes of a god, and then, perchance, voluntarily dwarfing itself to the stature of a pigmy. Yet withal, in each man the God-life is predominant and with the breaking of the earth clay the nobler spirit stands revealed.

Of our departed friends whom we mourn to-day, who can remember a fault? What one of us but fondly cherishes pleasant memories? The gem was with us, but we held it in the rough. Death has removed the dross, and we now see scintillating and sparkling the real gem we wore so long unconscious of its worth. Perchance we stood too near to catch the radiance of its luster; perchance some seeming flaw marred the harmonious whole. In turning an angle in some old cathedral, we have possibly had suddenly before our vision a great picture. We deem it incongruous. It lacks all power to please. The colors seem to have been dashed thereon at random; but move farther away until we attain the proper angle for vision and there stands revealed, not a chance creation, not a whimsical production, but a painting so perfect in its outlines, so glorious in its harmonies, so sublime in its conception, that by common consent the world has pronounced it a masterpiece. To survey it as a whole rather than in a part affords us correct ideals of its beauty, and so when we review our friends at the proper distance until the slight defects are no longer apparent they stand revealed to us at the true measure of their grandeur and worth.

Phidias, the Greek sculptor, completed his statue and invited the populace of Athens to pass judgment thereon.

Without exception one and all condemned it. "Wait," said the great master, "until you see it upon its pedestal," and when placed thereon the world pronounced it the rarest creation of beauty ever fabricated by the hands of man.

Arriving by night at Chamounix, my first vision was that of Mont Blanc bathing its head in the morning sunrise. Who with words can picture this rugged mountain? Standing at its foot or essaying the easier portions of its ascent, it seemed one mass of glaciers, pinnacles, crags, and chasms; and had I left the vale of Chamounix by night I should have never known the real grandeur and sublimity of this mountain peak, but leaving by daylight, mile by mile, glacier, pinnacle, crag, and chasm were obliterated; each scar in the eternal granites was effaced or blended into one harmonious whole, showing the majestic and towering mountain in all its wonderful beauty. And so with our dead. The great healer, Time, leaves us with only pleasant memories and beatific visions of our departed friends.

In the duties of our daily contact and mutual association, shall the nearness forever blind our eyes to the real worth of living friends? Do we find imperfections only because we stand so near? Do we see scars, deep fissures, sharp angles, and jutting headlands? And is it not possible that even where these appear there may exist the grandest and most lofty character? The little hill may be round and smooth and the great mountain seamed and scarred, yet the scars are but a trifle to the mountain's mass, and the mountain top is nearer heaven than the hilltop.

And even where in our daily association we are thrown into contact with those who do not attract us, who seem cold, harsh, and repellant, perhaps it is because we have not dug deep enough to find the noble nature within. In our journey

through life we have perhaps had confronting us in our pathway some great mountain; bold, rocky, barren, and forbidding. We have shunned it, and have taken what seemed to be the pleasanter and easier path round about its base. Others coming the same way found grateful shelter beneath its shade; and digging but beneath its surface brought to light rich veins of gold and silver to cheer and gladden the world.

Mr. Speaker, we are but those of whom others shall tomorrow say, "They are the dead." From Adam down through all the ages every man has propounded to his innermost soul this question—"If a man die, shall he live again?"

There is no death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call death.

If a man die, shall he live again? Even if there were no divine revelation, nature, with all her myriad voices, proclaims the affirmative. Shall the general law that dominates and controls in all the realm of nature find here its single exception? Science teaches and demonstrates the absolute indestructibility of matter. Is mind, which reigns as sovereign over matter, less immortal? Shall the lesser survive and the nobler perish? I can not think so.

How simple is the mystery:

He can not die who truly lives,
For virtue has immortal breath;
'Tis but the sowing of the grain,
Which blossoms into life again
And finds perfectness in its death.

If the seed be perfect the harvest is sure;
If the fountains be sweet the waters are pure;
If the present is right, the answer is plain—
If a man dieth, he liveth again.

Then why shall we call them dead? The rose flourished and faded. It cheered the chamber of the sick or gave, perchance, its perfume to the desert air; yet, in the alchemy of nature, she had stored up the fragrance, and the essential life of no flower was ever lost. Are the sunbeams that warmed the prehistoric ages lost or dead? Nay, not so! In her vast laboratory Mother Earth caught up the straggling sunbeams, hid them in her capacious bosom, and to-day, from the mountain side, men dig those crystalized sunbeams to heat and light the world.

Honest love, honest sorrow, honest work for to-day, honest hope for to-morrow;

Are these nothing more of worth than the hands they make weary,

The hearts they have saddened, the lives they leave dreary?

Hush the sevenfold heavens to the voice of the spirit,

He who o'ercometh shall all things inherit.

Mr. Speaker, nevermore on the shores of time can we greet or serve our friend. He has gone out into the golden glories of the sunset, and though his hands be forever folded upon his breast the harp strings touched by his fingers have not ceased to vibrate, the voice of his minstrelsy is not hushed, the songs which he has sung still linger, and the echoes of his music will forever cheer our hearts.

The lessons of this hour impress upon us the fact that we can never serve our friends except while they are with the living, and the life of him whom we mourn shall still be potent if from this Chamber his example sends us forth with a brighter smile, a more cheering word, and a warmer hand clasp for the friends who still remain.

ADDRESS OF MR. MORRELL, OF PENNSYLVANIA

MR. SPEAKER: I want to add a word of tribute in regard to our departed colleague, one of the best friends I had in this House, the late ROBERT H. FOERDERER. So much has been said, and so beautifully said, that it is almost impossible for me to add anything; nevertheless, I can not refrain from just a word on account of the relationship which existed between us.

On my daily journeys to and from my place in the country I pass on the railway train the manufacturing works of ROBERT H. FOERDERER. When I first went to live in the country, they were comparatively small, but each month and each year, as I looked out of the car windows I saw more ground acquired, more buildings erected, until, as was said by my distinguished colleague, the Robert H. Foerderer leather works became one of the largest and most important manufacturing establishments, not only in this country, but also in Europe, covering almost twenty acres of ground.

During this time I did not know Mr. FOERDERER. It was not until he came to Torresdale and purchased a country place almost adjoining my own that I had the pleasure of making his acquaintance. The place he purchased was one of the handsomest and most historic on the Delaware River. Shortly afterwards, desiring to extend his grounds, I met him in connection with the purchase of some ground of mine, and the experience I had with him on that occasion, and on business occasions afterwards, showed me what a quick mind he had and how, when he came to a decision,

terms and condition would be speedily agreed upon. I realized that it was through this faculty to transact business quickly that he had built up the great leather works which are situated at Frankford, in my district. I realized that it was through this power to utilize and economize time that the product of that factory is as well known in Europe as in this country. I realized that it was through this ability and his marvelous energy that he had gradually established or acquired the different enterprises necessary as feeders for this enormous trade.

Mr. FOERDERER's interests were not alone confined to his great leather works. He was identified with many other large enterprises, and in the last years of his life a great deal of his time and energy were devoted by him to the perfection of the Keystone Telephone Company, of Philadelphia, a company which he organized as a competitor with the Bell Telephone Company, in order that the rates might be reduced to the consumer.

Little by little I learned to know ROBERT FOERDERER better, and finally grew to know him well. No one had a character more lovable; no one man grew to love another with the same feeling of confidence and trust, being sure that he would never be disappointed in his ideals, than did the man who grew to know ROBERT H. FOERDERER.

In my personal and social relations with him I always found him kind and sympathetic, his advice good and conservative, and he ever stood ready to go to the front for a friend and advocate his interests. These unselfish traits I realized when, on one occasion, I needed a friend of the character of ROBERT H. FOERDERER. In nature and disposition he was generous and affectionate. The coldness of calculating selfishness was all foreign to his character. He

was not a man of policy, nor did he stoop to substitute tact and craft for courage and strength. His affection for friends was not the result of lack of confidence in himself or in his ability to stand alone, but rather the impulse of a heart as gentle as it was brave, as noble and charitable as it was fearless and true to win the regard of those who attracted him. His bearing was a most admirable commingling of manly dignity and unassuming modesty, while the kindly smile, which was indeed the sunshine from his soul, and the frank, cordial manner of his address won for him the friendship and confidence of all who were fortunate enough to know him.

Among the attractive traits in his character the one that impressed me most was his broad-minded charity for the opinions, the faults, and the harmless vanities of others. In the hours I passed in his company I never heard him speak uncharitably of any man. If he had no word of commendation, he was silent. He endeavored to trace a good and pure motive in the speech and actions of all men, and believed that men could differ widely from his views and opinions and still be as honest and sincere as he realized himself to be.

Although comparatively young in years when called from the scene of his activity, no one can feel that his life was not rounded out into full completeness or mourn on his account that it has ended, although our sympathies go out to those near and dear to him who lament his loss. All those who knew him, both in his private and public career, realize that his State, his constituency, and his friends will miss his presence and the useful and honorable place which he occupied in their councils.

His duty in life, his obligations to his country and his people had been honorably and nobly performed; and it is, perhaps, a fortunate and happy fate for a man to pass away from this

world in the height of his powers, in honorable position gained by faithful service for his fellow-men, and by their appreciation of his worth deeply regretted and lamented by them, rather than in the decrepitude of old age, with faculties impaired and usefulness gone, so that as one sinks beneath the waters of life the waves close over him without leaving a ripple of regret.

Judged by what he was and what he had done, no one can call the life of our friend a short one; nay, more, upon the calendar of events marked by them his life was longer by far than many a one of four score and ten.

He was honest, just, faithful, unostentatious, considerate, kind, and courteous; true to his country, constituents, and himself. Such characters always have and always will command respect and tribute. The youth of this great land can not do better than to strive to imitate such an example. His life illustrates the possibilities which, under our form of government, lie within the reach of those who utilize the gifts with which God has endowed them. The history of his life and of his gradual rise to fame, fortune, and position is the history of the lives of many of the illustrious men of this country. Such experiences as his are more valuable to make men suited for great emergencies, qualified to control great enterprises, and to fill responsible public positions than all the aids of birth, fortune, schools, and influential friends.

There are others who knew him longer and more intimately than I did, and for them it is more fitting to speak of him and his character more minutely and at greater length than I should do.

I heard of his serious illness when I was in Europe, and was shocked a few days later to hear of his death. ROBERT H. FOERDERER was one of the kind of men whose

personal energy and ability to inaugurate and consummate large enterprises has made Pennsylvania and the city of Philadelphia what they are to-day.

He was my friend, as he was the friend of all who attracted him and of all who he learned needed a friend. I miss him as a colleague; I shall always miss him as a friend and the best of neighbors, and I have sought this opportunity in all sincerity to offer a humble tribute to his memory.

ADDRESS OF MR. PADGETT, OF TENNESSEE

MR. SPEAKER: I rise not for the purpose of making an address, but modestly to pay a tribute of respect to one whom I counted my friend. Mr. FOERDERER and I entered Congress at the same time, at the beginning of the Fifty-seventh Congress, and were assigned to work on the Banking and Currency Committee. We met as strangers; but during our service in Congress we came to know each other as friends. I learned to admire him; and it is my purpose here this afternoon to pay a sincere tribute of respect to his worth and merit as a man and as a legislator.

I believe that he was a true man, and I believe that he was earnest, honest, and sincere. That belief was founded upon our association and work together in Congress. I knew nothing whatever of his private life; I only knew him as a Member of Congress. I was associated with him only in our Congressional work in the committee room and upon the floor of the House, and from that association I learned to admire him, and thus am prompted upon this sad occasion to speak a just word of tribute to his virtues.

He was, I believe, a true and genuine and noble man. Mr. Speaker, standing in contemplation of the life and character of such a man, we have a verification of the poem which says—

Our lives are songs; God writes the words;
But we set them to music at pleasure;
And the song grows sad or sweet or glad
As we choose to fashion the measure.

Such was the life of ROBERT H. FOERDERER. He laid hold of the incipient life; he laid hold of his opportunities; and nobly and grandly he rounded out a magnificent character. It is, after all, the character that we work out of our opportunities, whatever our abilities, that marks the measure and the fullness and the grandeur of the man.

True to his country, true to his fellow-men, true to his duty, true to his associates and friends here, we are better for our association with him; and the world is better that he has lived and labored.

Mr. Speaker, standing in the shadow of the death of such a man—a man whose life, whose personal character, were such as have been portrayed here this afternoon by those who knew him intimately and well, well may we say:

Scatter seeds of kindness—
Speak gentle words—for who can tell
What joy they may impart?
For oft they fall as manna fell
To some nigh-fainting heart.

The gentleman from Pennsylvania [Mr. Sibley] referred to the language of the man of God who, speaking of the seed, said, "Except the seed perish, it can not grow; it can not have its fruition." The plant can not come, the flower can not bloom and bless, unless the seed perish. If we perish in what we call death, we know that in the hope of the resurrection the friendships begotten here shall realize the fruition of love hereafter.

ADDRESS OF MR. HUFF, OF PENNSYLVANIA

MR. SPEAKER: It would seem but fitting that one whom Mr. FOERDERER succeeded as a Representative at large from the State of Pennsylvania should pay respect to the high character and moral worth of our deceased colleague.

I am much impressed with the solemnity of this occasion, and can add nothing to the beautiful tributes that have been paid to the character, business integrity, and public services of both Mr. FOERDERER and our lamented friend, Mr. Henry Burk, to whose families and friends we extend our deep sympathy in their great bereavement and irreparable loss, and commend them to Him who doeth all things well for that comfort and consolation which He alone can give.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions offered by the gentleman from Pennsylvania [Mr. Moon].

The question was taken, and the resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

MR. MOON, of Pennsylvania. Mr. Speaker, before the House formally adjourns, I would like to make an announcement. The father of the House, the Hon. Mr. Bingham, who desired to be here, has telegraphed me of his inability to come on account of his illness. He desires to ask special permission to print in regard to both of these distinguished gentlemen. I think, however, that permission is granted under the resolution.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Permission has already been

granted by the House. In pursuance of the resolutions, and as a further mark of respect to the memory of our colleagues, the House stands adjourned until to-morrow at 12 o'clock noon.

And accordingly (at 5 o'clock and 2 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE

NOVEMBER 11, 1903.

MESSAGE FROM THE HOUSE.

The message also communicated to the Senate the intelligence of the death of Hon. R. H. FOERDERER, late a Representative from the State of Pennsylvania, and transmitted resolutions of the House thereon.

NOVEMBER 12, 1903.

DEATH OF REPRESENTATIVE FOERDERER.

Mr. PENROSE. I ask the Chair to lay before the Senate the resolutions of the House of Representatives relative to the death of my late colleague in that body, Hon. R. H. FOERDERER.

The PRESIDING OFFICER (Mr. Kean in the chair). The Chair lays before the Senate the resolutions indicated by the Senator from Pennsylvania, which will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

November 10, 1903.

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. R. H. FOERDERER, a Representative-elect from the State of Pennsylvania.

Resolved, That the Clerk be directed to transmit this resolution to the Senate and a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That, as a further mark of respect to the memory of Hon. Vincent Boreing and Hon. R. H. FOERDERER, this House do now stand adjourned.

Mr. PENROSE. Mr. President, at some subsequent time I will ask the Senate to fix a day when fitting tribute may be paid to the memory of my deceased colleague. For the present, as a mark of respect to his memory, I move that the Senate do now adjourn.

The motion was unanimously agreed to; and (at 1 o'clock and 13 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until Monday, November 16, 1903, at 12 o'clock meridian.

APRIL 11, 1904.

MESSAGE FROM THE HOUSE.

The message also transmitted resolutions of the House on the life and public services of Hon. ROBERT H. FOERDERER, late a Representative from the State of Pennsylvania.

O

58th Congress }
3d Session }

House of Representatives

{ Document
No. 473 }

HENRY BURK

(Late a Representative from Pennsylvania)

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES DELIVERED IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Second Session of the
Fifty-eighth Congress

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page
Proceedings in the House	5
Prayer by Rev. Henry N. Couden.....	7
Address of Mr. Adams, of Pennsylvania	10
Address of Mr. Scott, of Kansas	16
Address of Mr. McCreary, of Pennsylvania	20
Address of Mr. Powers, of Massachusetts.....	22
Address of Mr. Patterson, of Pennsylvania.....	26
Address of Mr. Tirrell, of Massachusetts.....	30
Address of Mr. Dalzell, of Pennsylvania.....	34
Address of Mr. Sibley, of Pennsylvania.....	37
Address of Mr. Morrell, of Pennsylvania	47
Address of Mr. Huff, of Pennsylvania.....	52
Proceedings in the Senate.....	55

DEATH OF REPRESENTATIVE HENRY BURK

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE

DECEMBER 7, 1903.

Mr. BINGHAM. Mr. Speaker, I desire to submit the resolution which I send to the Clerk's desk, and ask for its present consideration.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. HENRY BURK, from the State of Pennsylvania.

Resolved, That a committee of seventeen Members of the House, with such Members of the Senate as may be joined, be appointed to attend the funeral.

Resolved, That the Sergeant-at-Arms of the House be authorized and directed to take such steps as may be necessary for carrying out the provisions of these resolutions, and that the necessary expenses in connection therewith be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

The resolution was agreed to.

The SPEAKER. The Chair appoints the following committee.

The Clerk read as follows:

Mr. Bingham; Mr. Adams, of Pennsylvania; Mr. Morrell; Mr. McCleary, of Pennsylvania; Mr. Moon, of Pennsylvania; Mr. Deemer; Mr. Patterson, of Pennsylvania; Mr. Sibley; Mr. Powers, of Massachusetts; Mr. Loudenslager; Mr. Gaines, of West Virginia; Mr. Lloyd; Mr. Dickerman; Mr. Robinson, of Indiana, and Mr. Flood.

Mr. BINGHAM. Mr. Speaker, as a further mark of respect, I move that the House do now adjourn.

The motion was agreed to; and accordingly (at 3 o'clock and 25 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned until to-morrow at 12 o'clock noon.

MARCH 17, 1904.

MEMORIAL SERVICE IN HONOR OF LATE REPRESENTATIVE
BURK, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Mr. ADAMS, of Pennsylvania. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that the House fix Sunday, March 27, for memorial services in honor of the late Representative HENRY BURK, of Pennsylvania.

The SPEAKER. The gentleman from Pennsylvania asks unanimous consent that Sunday, March 27, be devoted to memorial services for the late Representative from Pennsylvania, Mr. BURK. Is there objection?

There was no objection, and it was so ordered.

MARCH 24, 1904.

POSTPONEMENT OF MEMORIAL EXERCISES.

Mr. MORRELL. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that the memorial exercises in honor of the late Robert H. Foerderer and HENRY BURK, which were to have been held on next Sunday, be postponed until Sunday, April 10, on account of the unavoidable absence of many Members from Pennsylvania and others who desire to take part in those exercises, and I would also ask that when the House adjourn on Saturday, the 9th, that it adjourn to meet on Sunday, the 10th, for the purpose of conducting those exercises.

The SPEAKER. Is there objection? [After a pause.] The Chair hears none.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

SUNDAY, *April 10, 1904.*

The House met at 12 o'clock m., and was called to order by Mr. Browning, the Chief Clerk, who read the following communication:

APRIL 10, 1904.

I hereby designate Hon. John Dalzell, of Pennsylvania, to act as Speaker pro tempore this day.

J. G. CANNON, *Speaker.*

Mr. Dalzell took the chair.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The House will be in order. The Chaplain will offer prayer.

Prayer was offered by the Chaplain, Rev. Henry N. Couden, D. D., as follows:

Father of life and truth and love and liberty, we approach Thee with grateful hearts for Thy boundless care and protection. We thank Thee for all the true, the noble, the brave whom Thou hast raised up in every age of the world's history, who have contributed, by their industry and devotion to truth, to the civilization of the world, and for that spirit which seeks to perpetuate their deeds in history and in monuments, which serve to inspire those who come after them to deeds of heroism by the rectitude of their behavior. We bless Thee for the ties which bind us together into families and everlasting friendships, but more especially for those ties of fraternity which bind us together as a race into one great family; and we most fervently pray that these ties may grow stronger till all the world shall know Thee and worship Thee as father, that we may live together in harmony and in peace. Let Thy blessing descend upon us now

as we gather here in a service of love to pay our grateful tribute to the men who have wrought in this representative body and made for themselves a place in the history of our country and in the hearts of those who knew them, and help us to look forward with bright anticipations to that larger life whither we are all tending to a happy reunion in a brighter realm with those whom we have loved and lost a while. And glory and honor be Thine, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

The Journal of yesterday's proceedings was read and approved.

RECESS.

Mr. ADAMS, of Pennsylvania. Mr. Speaker, in view of the fact that the relatives of the deceased Members have not arrived I move that the House take a recess for half an hour.

The motion was agreed to; and accordingly the House took a recess until 12 o'clock and 35 minutes.

The recess having expired, the House was called to order by the Speaker pro tempore (Mr. Dalzell).

Mr. ADAMS, of Pennsylvania. Mr. Speaker, I move that the House take a further recess until 2 o'clock.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The gentleman from Pennsylvania moves that the House take a recess until 2 o'clock.

The motion was agreed to; and accordingly the House took a recess until 2 o'clock.

The recess having expired, the House was called to order by the Speaker pro tempore (Mr. Dalzell).

EULOGIES ON THE LATE HON. HENRY BURK.

Mr. ADAMS, of Pennsylvania. Mr. Speaker, I offer the following resolutions.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The gentleman from Pennsylvania offers the following resolutions, which the Clerk will report.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended, that opportunity may be given for tributes to the memory of Hon. HENRY BURK, late a Member of this House from the State of Pennsylvania.

Resolved, That, as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased and in recognition of his distinguished public career, the House, at the conclusion of the exercises of this day, shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

ADDRESS OF MR. ADAMS, OF PENNSYLVANIA

Mr. SPEAKER: We have met on this holy Sabbath day, by special order of the House of Representatives, to do honor to two of our late colleagues who have passed from among us—the Hon. HENRY BURK and the Hon. Robert H. Foerderer. Mr. Speaker, I have never been thoroughly in harmony with the custom of holding these memorial exercises, and I have but seldom participated in them, but there are occasions when men can not help themselves, when their feelings control their judgment. The career of HENRY BURK furnishes to American history another one of those many examples of romance in trade which the opportunities of our country offer. Seventeen years ago he was a simple workman, struggling to earn the necessities wherewith to support himself and his family. Seventeen years later he was recognized as one of the foremost manufacturers in America, employing 1,000 men, honored in his community as one of its leading citizens, and sent as a Representative of his district to Congress, and to-day is honored in the House of Representatives of the National Legislature of our country by memorial services to testify to his worth and the esteem with which he was held here.

Those are facts that can occur only in countries like our great Republic, where every man has his opportunity. I will trace, Mr. Speaker, briefly, how this climax became possible to this man, who did not enjoy the average opportunities and the average qualifications which the men of this Republic possess, because he was not a native born. He was born in Wurttemberg, Germany, on September 26, 1850. His father was a poor

shoemaker, who settled in the city of Philadelphia, in Seventh street, near Girard avenue. HENRY BURK had not the opportunity of great educational advantages. He had to begin life like most of these men in our country do—to make his own way—but he had that persistency and that force of character that knew no obstacle that would hold him back from the path which he had set sternly before him in view of what he would ultimately accomplish. He was thoroughly practical in the business in which he had been educated—that of his father's calling. He was an expert operator. He became a repairer of shoemaking machinery.

Step by step he rose, and next he was engaged in supplying machinery to the trade, and then further in supplying materials to the trade. It was at this period of his career that, feeling what was in him, and knowing what his purpose in life was to be, he said he would make better goods than any foreigner could produce, and he would do this in the land in which he had cast his lot. That was no idle boast, for he persevered and mastered the details of his trade, never losing sight of the fact that there should be betterment in every department of it. He persevered until 1887, when he invented the alum and sumac tanning process, which revolutionized the whole trade. This became patented and was the foundation of his fortune.

HENRY BURK persevered until by his own industry he had put himself far beyond any anxiety of want for himself or his family, and then he did one of the most creditable things, in my judgment, in his whole career, and his conduct is a great reflection upon the business men of our country who become so enamored of the accumulation of wealth that they lose all sight of the obligation which citizenship and patriotism and the right of suffrage has placed

upon every American citizen. The average money getter in our country goes on piling up his riches and hoarding them with accumulated interest as though there was no other object in this world and no other responsibility lying upon the citizens of this our great Republic. Not so with HENRY BURK. Strong in his political convictions and probably impressed by the fact that the great doctrine of our country, protection, had enabled him to succeed in his business, he saw upon the map of fair Philadelphia one blot. There was a district which for ages had been represented by the opposite political party, and which, in his judgment, did not tend to the prosperity of our country, famed though it may be in the annals of our national history. There stood the old Randall district, which had been Democratic for so many years, and he believed that it did not represent the sentiments of the people of the city of Philadelphia nor the doctrine upon which its vast manufactories were dependent for their success.

Mr. BURK entered politics from no selfish or personal ambition. His first effort was to redeem that district and have it represented in such manner as to represent the real sentiments of the people. He went into the campaign and helped to elect Mr. Halterman as a Member of this House, thus giving to Philadelphia for the first time a solid representation which really presented the views of the people. The district was afterwards carried, as we know, by Mr. McAleer, and then, with that persevering will, founded on the conviction of his principles, at the suggestion of his many friends, he himself went forth to redeem the district for proper representation, and one of the most severe campaigns that was ever carried on in the city of Philadelphia was carried on by HENRY BURK. He came with that district redeemed, and now, forever, it will

always be Republican, for there is not a man to-day who can carry it against the principles as advocated by Mr. BURK.

Mr. Speaker, I emphasize this fact in the career of HENRY BURK, that as an American citizen he gave a proper portion of his time, his talents, and his means to the furtherance of his political convictions, and did so from a proper sense of patriotism.

In business matters Mr. BURK did not limit himself to his own affairs. He was active in the general affairs of the city of Philadelphia. He was made president of the Manufacturers' National Association in 1895. In all business matters he was active in perfecting the interests of the city of Philadelphia, and when the McKinley tariff bill was under consideration he came to Washington and appeared before the committee to advocate the interests of the manufacturing city of Philadelphia. Of his career in the halls of Congress the limited term which he served precludes the possibility of our being able to say very much, but it is not difficult, Mr. Speaker, to judge a man's future by his present course of conduct. In the short time he was here he was more than attentive to the individual wants and requirements of his district.

All of us can testify that he was most regular in his attendance upon the sessions of this House. Though many do not recognize the full force and effect of the friendships that are formed in this Chamber, speaking from experience, I say, Mr. Speaker, that they form as potent a factor in the success of passing legislation on the floor of the House as does any other element, and I think my colleagues will bear me out that I am making no exaggerated statement when I say that I do not remember in ten years a man who entered this House and in so short a time, with his genial manner,

his kind heart, and his liberal cordiality, made so many personal friends as did HENRY BURK. These qualities must have told in time, and would have given him an influence in this Chamber which, linked with his business experience, would have made his services most valuable, not only to his district and its great interests at home, but to his country at large.

And now he has gone from among us. We shall see his face no more. To my mind, as I speak of my departed friend, I can think of nothing that so typified the man more than the solemn exercises at his funeral, at which I was present as one of the committee of this House, in the cathedral of the great church of which he was such a devoted member. It was crowded to the doors. Our distinguished archbishop presided at the ceremony, a testimony of the high esteem in which he was held by the members of his church. The official deputation representing the National Legislature was seated in its proper place. Two hundred orphans, clad in their simple garb and attended by those noble women, the Sisters of Charity, sat in the middle aisle, and as the classic music, so solemn in that great service of the high mass of the Roman Catholic Church, pealed forth it made a scene that none of those present could ever forget. Grand in its mystery, impressive in its solemnity, it was a fitting occasion for the last rites over this distinguished citizen.

When the service was concluded those 200 orphans, supported in an institution owing its existence largely to his liberality, passed out two by two and gave their last look at their dead benefactor, and those who loved HENRY BURK must know that the prayers of those innocents ascending to heaven, asking that whatever wrong he may have done on this earth

might be forgiven, will not be in vain and that the soul of HENRY BURK will rest in peace.

Requiescat in pace.

Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that Members of the House have leave to print for ten days respecting Hon. HENRY BURK and Hon. Robert H. Foerderer.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The gentleman from Pennsylvania asks unanimous consent that Members may have leave for ten days to print as part of these memorial services. Is there objection? [After a pause.] The Chair hears no objection, and it is so ordered.

ADDRESS OF MR. SCOTT, OF KANSAS

MR. SPEAKER: In a recently published letter addressed to the head of one of our great universities the President of the United States used the following words:

Our debt as a nation to Germany is weighty and of long standing. The existence among us of free self-government has drawn to our shores adventurous and liberty-loving men from many lands, so that in a true sense we have become a world nation, with ties of friendship which must bind us in peace to all the great people of mankind.

Germany's share in the upbuilding of our composite nationality has been marked. German blood was freely shed for our liberty in the Revolutionary war. In our second great period of national trial our citizens of German birth and origin were a unit in support of the cause of Union and freedom. To our citizenship the German element contributes a peculiar degree of business thrift and industry and of the power of joyous living.

In this, as in most of his public utterances, President Roosevelt has expressed a sentiment that will meet with the sincere and cordial approval of all thoughtful Americans. It is no reflection upon the millions of good and loyal citizens who have come to us from other lands to say that no other country has contributed to our cosmopolitan population so large a proportion of good, so small a proportion of evil, as has come to us from Germany. Sound and sturdy of body, strong and sane of mind, frugal, thrifty, and industrious, patient, persistent, orderly, and law-abiding, home loving and home keeping, the German immigrant who has sought and found a home here has from the beginning been an important and valued factor not only in the development and upbuilding of the industrial and commercial interests of our country, but also in the strength and stability of our institutions.

Fair minded, tolerant to the last degree of the opinions of

others as he is, the average German has a profound and unalterable attachment to strong, orderly government. In the great crisis of our civil war, as the President has well said, our citizens of German birth and origin were substantially a unit in support of the cause of Union and liberty, hundreds of them freely offering up their lives for a country whose language they had not yet learned to speak. And in the years that have followed, unhappily marred as many of them have been by tumult and riot, it has been but rarely that a German name has been found among those in revolt against the law and the constituted authority of the State.

But admirable as is the German character in its attachment to stable and orderly government, it is more rather than less so in its devotion to the home duties. It was my great good fortune as a boy to live for two years in a German family, and if that family was typical—as I have every reason to believe it was—it would be hard to exaggerate the beauty of the German home life. So much affection and so generously expressed, so much patience and forbearance, such genuine comradeship between parents and children, I have rarely seen. And I believe, as I have said, that these delightful relations were typical of the average German family life. Certain it is that German names but rarely appear on the records of the divorce courts.

Certain it is also that no other language is so rich in caressing and endearing terms, so eloquent in the words that give expression to the sentiments and emotions which cluster about the home where Love is king.

It is because HENRY BURK typified in so large degree the characteristics of his race that the tribute we pay to his memory to-day is the expression of genuine admiration, respect, and affection. The raw German lad, without friends, without

fortune, looking with somewhat startled and apprehensive eyes, we may well imagine, upon the rushing torrent of the new, strange life in the new, strange land into which he had come—that is one picture.

The accomplished gentleman whom we knew in this Chamber, secure in fortune, secure in friends, a member of the greatest parliament on earth—that is the other picture. What a contrast! And in the brief years that stretched between this picture and that, how much there must have been of courage and conquest—courage to meet the inevitable discouragements, disasters, and defeats; conquest which rewarded the patience, the persistence, and the industry with the final, well-earned victory.

For this man hewed out his own way in the world. Nothing came to him by favor. Nothing, either of fame or fortune, came to him unearned. Friends he had, but it was because loyalty and unselfishness and good comradeship had won them. Wealth he had, but every dollar was the legitimate reward of skill and industry and prudence and sagacity. Fame, or at least conspicuous position, he had, but it came as a recognition of honor and integrity and public service. To have had all these was much; to have earned them all was more.

And the best of all is that the man in him was not spoiled. I knew HENRY BURK better socially than in any other way. Until we both entered the Fifty-seventh Congress as new Members I had never met him. I was not associated with him on any committee, and so had no opportunity to measure his aptitude or capacity for that part of legislative work. We were thrown much together, however, in a social way, and the tribute which I bring to his memory here to-day is prompted chiefly by my grateful remembrance of the delightful hours thus spent in his company. Simple, modest,

unassuming, it must yet have been a brilliant company indeed which did not find itself in debt to his clever wit, his ready repartee, his contagious good comradeship, for a large part of its enjoyment.

His hospitality knew no bounds except the limit of his opportunity and the convenience of his friends. I think it is a common experience—I know it is a universal desire—to carry in our memory the friends who have gone before us on the long and lonely journey, not as they appeared at some moment of sorrow or depression, not as they looked when the touch of death had taken the light from the eyes and the color from cheek and brow, but as they were when the life tide was at its flood, standing in some characteristic attitude, engaged in some favorite occupation.

How well I remember one winter night when some half hundred or more of choice and kindred spirits gathered about a table to which the lavish hospitality of HENRY BURK had called them, singing and talking the swift hours away, enjoying themselves, enjoying each other, but enjoying most of all their host—gayer even than his wont—the life of that most lively company.

It is as I saw him there that night, at head of the table which his generosity had spread, surrounded by the friends whom he loved and who loved him, supremely happy in conferring happiness—that is the picture that comes first to my mind and abides longest whenever I hear the name of him to whose memory this brief and inadequate but sincere tribute is dedicated. So vivid is this picture, so clear in all its outlines, that I find it hard to realize that he who was the center of it has passed forever from mortal sight. And I am glad it is hard to realize it. It makes it easy for me to say: "He is not dead; he is just away."

ADDRESS OF MR. MCCREARY, OF PENNSYLVANIA

MR. SPEAKER: Time has "double-swinging doors," one called "birth," which ushers us into this life, the other called "death," which ushers us into eternal life. As all come into life by the one, all must inevitably depart this life through the other. Finite life is likened to the sea, tempest tossed at times, smooth and calm at others. Our frail bark is launched on its way and the journey made to the end, whether we will or no, but the poet beautifully expresses the watchfulness of our Heavenly Father during our voyage in these lines:

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I can not drift
Beyond His loving care.

And when life's fitful journey is over, again with the poet we can say:

Safe home into port; rent cordage, shattered deck,
Torn sails, provisions short, and only not a wreck.
But, oh! the joy upon the shore, to tell of voyage ended, perils o'er.

And now, Mr. Speaker, we come to-day under the appropriate custom of commemorating the passing away from mortal life and this scene of action of our colleagues who have gone before, and our threnodies are for the two late Representatives, Robert H. Foerderer and HENRY BURK, men whose lives ran in singularly parallel lines, each born on the same foreign shore, coming here in childhood, working their way up unaided by influence other than themselves, successfully engaged in like business, entering Congress the same time,

dying in the same year, and their memorial services held in this Chamber on the same day. Both of them loving sons, devoted husbands, kind fathers, good brothers, and surrounded by many friends. We who knew them only as acquaintances and friends feel the loss of friendship, but those who were dear to them in family ties feel that deeper personal loss, ever present, ever sorrowful; and their loved ones may well appreciate the force of the words:

There are billows far out in the ocean
Which never will break on the beach;
There are waves of human emotion
Which can find no expression in speech.

Victor Hugo said:

When I go down to the grave I can say, like many others, I have finished my day's work, but I can not say I have finished my life. My day's work will again begin in the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley, it is a thoroughfare. It closes in the midnight to open with the dawn.

But we have greater words of comfort in the knowledge through revealed religion that death does not end all. There is a life beyond, and in I Corinthians xv, 55-58, St. Paul has covered the ground of mortal life, inevitable death, and the resurrection from the grave, wherein he flings his challenge and hurls defiance to death when he says:

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?
The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law.
But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord.

ADDRESS OF MR. POWERS, OF MASSACHUSETTS

MR. SPEAKER: MR. BURK and I began our service in Congress at the same time. It was my good fortune to become acquainted with him soon after the assembling of the Fifty-seventh Congress. This acquaintance gradually ripened into friendship, which continued up to the day of his death.

The new Republican Members of the Fifty-seventh Congress early in the first session decided upon the formation of a social organization, which has continued in existence up to the present time. That organization brought together in close acquaintanceship the new Members upon the Republican side of the House, and it is perhaps fair to say that they became far better acquainted with each other by reason of this association than they otherwise would. MR. BURK took an active part not only in the organization of the Tantalus Club, but also exhibited great interest in its success, and entered fully into the spirit and purposes of the organization.

I do not recall that I have ever seen anyone more fond of what may be called the "social side" of life. The social element in his character was fully developed; he fully believed in "good-fellowship," and was devoted in a marked degree to his personal friends. He had an abundance of humor, and saw the quaint and amusing side of life. His judgment of men was exceedingly accurate and at the same time charitable. His nature was most genial, and his disposition was always to look upon the bright side of life.

He was in every respect a self-made man. I assume that his great success in business pursuits was in no sense due to good fortune, but was fully due to the splendid inherent qualities which he possessed. He had mental qualities of a high order, great persistency, and absolute self-reliance. The conclusions he reached were based upon his individual judgment and not upon the opinions of others. He also possessed what may properly be called the "inventive genius," and I assume that his success in commercial life may have been largely due to the value of that most important quality. One of the leaders of the patent profession, who for many years represented the interests of Mr. BURK in patent litigation, said to me that he had rarely ever met a layman who so well understood the application of patent law as did Mr. BURK; that he was a splendid client, because he never for one moment lost confidence in his cause, and he had that knowledge of the case and of the probabilities of the outcome which was rare among suiters in the courts.

If I am correctly informed, Mr. BURK had never taken an active part in politics until shortly before he entered Congress. He had, however, been prominent in trade associations formed for the purpose of promoting business interests, and also in favoring or opposing legislation likely to affect those interests. I remember that during the first term of the Fifty-seventh Congress he confided to me that it had been his purpose upon entering Congress to take an active part in the proceedings of the House. He said that he had reason to believe that his knowledge of large business affairs would render his judgment of value in the discussion of questions with which he was familiar, but that the immense and cumbrous machinery of national legislation had actually discouraged him from taking the part which he had intended.

I can, however, bear witness that Mr. BURK was thoroughly conversant with the course of legislation during the time that he was a Member of Congress; that he kept closely in touch with the proceedings of the House, and expressed his opinion clearly and forcibly to his fellow Members relative to the wisdom of pending legislation. No one can doubt that, had his life been spared and he had continued in the public service, he would have proved himself a wise and conservative legislator and rendered most excellent service to his country. He made his impress, however, upon the House rather by force of the strong social qualities to which I have referred.

He was an excellent conversationalist and a good story teller. Few men in the Fifty-seventh Congress had a larger personal acquaintance with the membership of the House than did Mr. BURK. He had a most excellent temper, rarely ever ruffled, and was always prepared to receive a joke at his own expense with quite as much good nature as he perpetrated a joke on another. He was always the life of a dinner party, and no one who ever heard him sing the old song "Johnny Smoker" will ever forget the enthusiastic reception which it received and the cordiality with which the company joined in the chorus.

There was nothing mean in the make-up of HENRY BURK. I have never met a man of more charitable and generous impulses. To him life was full of sunshine. If he had his share of sorrow and disappointment, he certainly wisely concealed it. His friends bear evidence to the long and painful illness through which he passed at the close of his life, but they also bear witness to the patient fortitude with which he endured it, although well knowing what the termination must be. He gave freely from the abundance which he had acquired by industry, thrift, and ability. His charity was dispensed for the uplifting of the poor and the unfortunate. The long procession of the little

orphan girls who clustered about his bier and shed tears for their great benefactor is conclusive evidence of his substantial remembrance of the poor and unfortunate during his lifetime.

From every point of view his life was a success. He is but one of the great number who, born in a foreign land, have come to our shores and under our free institutions have achieved a commercial, a social, and a political success. He was an intense patriot, thoroughly believing in a government that gave all the liberty it consistently could to the citizen. He was in no sense an intense partisan. To him the greatest distinction was, not to be a Republican or a Democrat, but to be a citizen of the greatest Republic on earth.

Those of us who knew him will continue to remember him for the splendid qualities of mind and heart which endeared him to us and will ever make his memory precious.

ADDRESS OF MR. PATTERSON, OF PENNSYLVANIA

MR. SPEAKER: For some years after the birth of the American Union of States, indeed until the close of the rebellion, there existed in the minds of the Old World statesmen and political economists a feeling most skeptical concerning the cohesion and continuation of what they were pleased to style the "American experiment in popular government."

Not the least among the many arguments by which they reasoned themselves into this doubting frame of mind was the cosmopolitan character of our population; and, from their standpoint, it seemed unlikely that any such scheme of popular government could ever become satisfactory to such a heterogeneous body politic.

In view of the wide divergence of opinions and interests that existed among the nations of Europe, it did not seem probable that these different nationalities could successfully be unified with a view to maintain and support a stable government.

That they erred in their conclusions has been so fully demonstrated that it is unnecessary for me to touch upon that subject; and I am led to refer to this phase of our national development only because it seems to me that the careers of such men as our lamented friend, HENRY BURK, are so significant of the great possibilities under our system of government.

Born in Germany, coming to this country a poor boy, his innate ability soon asserted itself, and he became a leader among men, a highly successful man of business; and he died a Member of the people's branch of the people's Government—the highest honor that, under our Constitution, could be accorded by the votes of his fellow-citizens to one of alien birth.

I have never been able to quite determine for myself whether it is the incentive to individual effort and the prospect of future preferment that have developed so many successful and prosperous men from among those who made this the land of their adoption, or whether our national and material prosperity are due to the character of the men who have from the earliest days come here to remain. But I rather incline to the latter view. And it is, a singular, though a sad, coincidence that we are assembled this afternoon to pay tribute to the memory of two late Members of this distinguished body, both of German ancestry, both industrious and enterprising, both great manufacturers in the same line of industry, both having amassed wealth, both having entered Congress from the same city at the same time, both having departed this world within the space of a few short months. It seems to me that both their careers forcibly emphasize my earlier deductions.

I would not, Mr. Speaker, have you infer that my allusions to the foreign birth of my friend BURK detract in the slightest from his high standard and conception of American citizenship. On the contrary, I personally know that he was a most enthusiastic American, probably more so than had he been native born, for it was the knowledge of the difference between the possibilities offered a young man in his native when compared with his adopted country that made HENRY BURK so intensely American. He was a firm believer in our institutions, and a stanch supporter of American progressive policies and her industrial systems.

His success in business was almost phenomenal. Starting as a working mechanic, his natural ability led to the invention of machines and mechanical devices that contributed not alone to his subsequent success in life, but conferred also most material benefits upon all consumers of his

products. And the two men to whose memories we this day pay our loving tributes revolutionized the leather industry of the world to the extent that boots and shoes could be purchased by all men at half their former cost and of more substantial quality.

I had not the privilege of a personal acquaintance with HENRY BURK prior to his becoming a Member of this House. We came here together, and in a very short time we became most intimate friends. He was probably my closest personal friend in the Fifty-seventh Congress.

What a delight it was, from the wearying influences of a routine session, to come into contact with a cordial, kind-hearted, sympathetic nature, and find in such companionship a gentle and tender spirit that neither conditions nor circumstances could modify. One's thoughts were drawn away from the failings and jealousies of the world and of men, and an atmosphere was created by his geniality in which was forgotten all but the delights in his intimate association; one reveled in the sunshine and happiness of a jovial and hopeful nature; one's heart grew lighter and more buoyant; one's thoughts better and more elevated. Such was the happy effect of HENRY BURK'S presence. And thus he was ever, whether the environment was dismal and depressing or whether all about was sunshine.

No man's nature was warmer; none was more compassionate. His heart overflowed with love for his fellow-man, and his sympathy with them and his desire to better their condition characterized his acts, private and public. Of revenge or resentment or intolerance he was incapable. His soul was the abiding place of the sweetest and rarest of virtues. His secret deeds of practical charity and unostentatious benevolence reflected a heart that throbbed with the gentlest and kindest

of human emotions. To know him was to like him; to like him was to love him. It is men of his character that elevate the standard of manhood.

There are opportunities in every life; some men seize them and prosper. Too often, however, the wealth and position acquired are employed for further private advantage or added riches. Men grow selfish and narrower. HENRY BURK was of different mold. His fortune and position were employed to better the conditions of his fellow-men and to elevate them. That which was given him he gave that others might participate in the comforts that he enjoyed. He was selfish in nothing; but, broad-minded and sympathetic, it was delight to confer delight; it was happiness to make others happy; and the spirit of the truest charity filled the heart of our lamented friend.

He was a devout and consistent member of his church, a generous contributor to all its needs and charities. He was a loving and indulgent husband and father. May his eternal rest be one of peace and happiness, the just reward of such a life; and while we sorrow because of our loss, the memory of HENRY BURK will remain as a flower whose sweetness shall be with us ever.

ADDRESS OF MR. TIRRELL, OF MASSACHUSETTS

MR. SPEAKER: After the eloquent and appreciative addresses commemorative of the life and services of HENRY BURK it is unnecessary, indeed, that I should add a word. I should hesitate to do so if it had not been deemed proper that some of his associates from other States should add a few words commemorative of his life. I met him for the first time on the convening of the Fifty-seventh Congress, but the organization of the Tantalus Club and the fact he had a seat near me in the House brought me into frequent social intercourse with him, and I learned to appreciate his admirable qualities of mind and heart.

An incident occurred toward the close of the Fifty-seventh Congress which illustrates some of them. It was the day before our final adjournment. We were sitting together in the lobby whiling away the time while the House was engaged in general debate. At last he fell into a reminiscent vein. He began to tell of his business career and the years of strife which had passed and gone, not in an immodest way, but in a plain, blunt fashion, referring only to a very small portion, as I knew, of a most successful business career. He stated that it so happened that he was connected with boards of trade, with business men's associations, and with clubs in his line of business. Somehow or other he said it devolved upon him more than any other to draw up the resolutions which were submitted from time to time, or to advocate measures which the associations had in hand, or inaugurate new methods of procedure in business, or increase the trade of the city. So, he said, by reason of that experience and the prominence in

which he, as it were, was thrust, after his fellow-citizens had elected him to Congress he deemed it would be his duty here upon the floor when business propositions were discussed to take an active part. But, he said, before doing so he thought it a matter of prudence at least that he should learn something in relation to the procedure here and study the men who addressed this assembly of the people, and the longer he studied the methods and the more he observed the men the more he came to the conclusion that the best thing for him to do was to keep mighty still.

This was illustrative of two characteristics; one, his modesty. Although he had had a practical experience—better than any academic study can give—in business affairs, he did not arrogate to himself a knowledge superior to those whom he met upon this floor, even in those same lines in which he was so familiar. He could appreciate the vast knowledge and the great ability with which those questions were discussed. He manifested another quality, and that was his appreciation of the membership of this House. I presume any stranger sitting for the first time in yonder gallery and gazing down upon this assembly, noticing the men as they pass up and down the aisle or across the area, would say, as many of them have said, “They are, on the whole, an ordinary-looking class of men. We can pass down Broadway, or Chestnut street, or Washington street in Boston, and we can pick out in a short stroll an aggregation of individuals who, certainly in their personal characteristics, would seem to be as able and as intelligent as the men upon this floor.”

How mighty such a mistake would be, and how soon, if that stranger day after day should sit in one of yonder seats and see what is going on and listen to the addresses here, would his mind be changed! Only a few days ago the

distinguished Representative from the State of Missouri, Mr. Clark, speaking upon this matter, said to me, "You will find, Mr. Tirrell, that all of the Members of this House are experts in something, and when you find out what that is, then you know one of the reasons why that man was elected to this floor." I am sure, Mr. Speaker, that with the honesty, the character, and the ability of the membership of this House I myself have been deeply impressed, and consider it the greatest honor that could be conferred by the people to be elected one of its Members.

If there was a marked characteristic in this our lamented friend which was above all others, it was that cheerful and sunny disposition that made friends of all. When you saw those bright eyes twinkling behind his glasses, and that ruddy countenance even deepening with higher color as his outstretched hand grasped yours, there was a cheerful light of sunshine sent into your heart. There are some men who walk down the long pathway of life with their cloaks wrapped about them, with their eyes intently fixed upon the object of their ambition, grasping for the baubles of fame or fortune as they pass along, and when they reach the terminus of their journey and stand by the river Styx, and the boatman Charon comes along to take them to the other shore, there are none so poor as to do them reverence, and then there are others like him who, as they pass along the way, send smiling phrases and cheerful glances upon all whom they may meet with a helping hand to those who are fallen by the way. When they reach the river and the boatman Charon comes along to convey them to the other side, lo, there is a great multitude with streaming faces to bid them farewell, and a mighty throng with outstretched hands to welcome them upon the other shore. And as a

few years since, at the other end of the Capitol, it was said of a departed Senator, so we can say of him, that as it was recorded in the ancient Hebraic, the souls of the dead repose in some subterranean cave until some friend had sung them to the skies, so if we had harps like that of David we would sing to him as David sang to Saul.

ADDRESS OF MR. DALZELL, OF PENNSYLVANIA

MR. SPEAKER: We come together to-day under peculiar circumstances. We meet in this legislative hall, so often the scene of party conflict and of debate upon the great questions that affect the welfare of a mighty people, in the stillness of a Sabbath hour to moralize upon the greater questions of life and death that face us in the loss of two of our colleagues, Robert H. Foerderer and HENRY BURK. The time is only recent when their interest in the discussion and determination of great national issues was as keen as is our interest now, but "the pale messenger that with impartial footstep knocks alike at palace gate and poor man's cot" has translated them to another forum, of whose character it has not been permitted us to know.

It is the commonplace of eulogy to put the question as to what remains for us mortals when the dread sentence comes that ends our earthly pilgrimage. Ever since men have died their successors have wondered whether death is an eternal sleep or the entrance to another life in which earthly activities shall prove a preparation for further activities, and so they will continue to wonder while the world endures. Between the comforting hopes and promises of the Christian faith and the agnosticism which says "I know not" men hesitate. I have always thought that religion, as it relates to the future life, is very much a matter of temperament, and that the most of us, whatever his open profession, is disposed to say, "Lord, I believe; help Thou my unbelief."

The two men about whose biers we stand to-day, Robert Foerderer and HENRY BURK, were in personal history and character very much alike. Their biographies present strange coincidences. They were both Germans by parentage. Mr. BURK was a German by birth. Mr. Foerderer was born abroad while his parents were visiting their native land. They were both engaged at the time of their death in the same business. They came to Congress at the same time. They died within a few months of each other, and to-day we bring our parting tribute at the same time to the memory of both. They started, both of them, at the foot of the ladder, poor boys, and died rich men, successful men—not by accident, but by reason of the exercise of those qualities which, while they inure to the benefit of the individual, add also to the security of the state.

They were industrious men—men of thrift; honest, intelligent, public-spirited, charitable; democratic, possessing the amiable qualities that attracted their fellows and enlisted their love and admiration.

Robert H. Foerderer and HENRY BURK each splendidly illustrated the possibilities of American citizenship. From boys in humble life they attained to the distinction of representing their people in the National House of Representatives.

My companionship with them was not of sufficient duration to enable me to speak as from personal experience of all their qualities. It was sufficiently long, however, to enable me to say, not in the extravagant language of eulogy, but in the language of simple truth, that they were good men, fitly honored by their fellows, and worthy a place in this House, the peculiar forum of the great American people.

I did not have the opportunity to attend the funeral of Mr. BURK, of whom I was very fond, but I shall never lose the

impressions made upon me by the funeral of Mr. Foerderer. It took place on a beautiful day in the early autumn, amid surroundings suggestive of anything but death. Nature had not yet put off her summer garb; there was bright sunshine, green fields, and the bloom and the perfume of perfected fruitage and flower. Mr. Foerderer's home, in the midst of surroundings that appealed to the most critical taste, gave sorrowful welcome to an assemblage whose character attested the appreciation in which he was held by his fellow-citizens.

Men of mark in every walk of life were there; prominent men in the civil government of the city that had honored him, men prominent not because of place or office, but because of native character and consequent influence, but, above all, the men whose only claim to distinction was that by honest toil they earned an honest reward. They were there, his employees, the men who while they called Robert Foerderer master delighted to call him also their fellow, and who left their workshop to bring their sorrowing tribute to his memory. In this particular case the only question with respect to labor and capital was as to how the representatives of labor should pay their highest tribute to the representative of capital. In the case of Robert Foerderer and his men, to his honor be it said, labor and capital knew no cause of quarrel.

I bring my loving tribute to-day to the memory of Robert H. Foerderer and HENRY BURK, my late colleagues, because I respected them both. I knew them as remarkably attractive companions as well as conscientious legislators, and I mourn both of them, as, from the standpoint of human experience, they were too soon a sacrifice to the insatiate archer, Death.

Their death was not our loss only, but that of the State of Pennsylvania and of the nation.

ADDRESS OF MR. SIBLEY, OF PENNSYLVANIA

MR. SPEAKER: In the deaths of Robert H. Foerderer and HENRY BURK Pennsylvania mourns two of her distinguished sons who in private life and public life were conspicuous for integrity, ability, and patriotism. Rarely two lives run in such parallel lines. Both were of German extraction; both high types of American citizenship; both rose from humble beginnings to become foremost in their chosen avocations. From the ranks of labor both became captains of industry, achieving wealth and prominence. Both residents of Philadelphia; both manufacturers of leather, business rivals, and yet warm personal friends. Both were elected to Congress in the same year, and both reelected to this Congress, and, with every prospect of long years of usefulness, died before entering upon their second terms of service. Concerning these two men, how singularly appropriate are the words of David, who, lamenting, said: "Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided."

The record of their perseverance, industry, integrity, and success becomes an inspiration and an aspiration to every boy and struggling youth within the confines of the Republic. Any words of praise and of tribute which could be offered concerning one of them would apply with almost equal force to both. To me, however, upon this occasion has been assigned the duty of offering some special words of tribute to the memory of Robert H. Foerderer. The Commonwealth

mourns a worthy son, the nation an able and patriotic lawgiver, the family a devoted and indulgent husband and father, and we who assemble here to-day mourn the loss of a wise counselor and a warm and faithful friend. Others upon this occasion have spoken of his great inventive skill, his business sagacity, his faithful discharge of duty to his fellow-men. My effort will be to speak of some of those nobler qualities of mind and heart which so endeared him to those of us who knew him well and who now in his memory gather to wreath the laurels of love and entwine the chaplets of esteem and affection.

Mr. Speaker, Robert H. Foerderer was my loyal and loving friend; therefore pardon me if I seem too partial in my estimation of his character and worth. He doubtless had his faults, his frailties, and his human weaknesses, and though I knew him perhaps more intimately than any other Member of this House, I can not remember what they were. His was a human character as near exemplary as is possible for man to attain. Starting life as a poor boy, he, through great inventive skill, through genius and energy, achieved wealth and position while still a young man. He was never boastful over the fact that he was a self-made man, but was as modest and unassuming as a schoolgirl.

I never heard a sentence or a word fall from his lips which he might not have uttered in the presence of his mother. He was frank, outspoken, and truthful, in all things plain, candid, and sincere; and even when he differed from another in opinion it was at all times with such respect as never to wound the feelings. I sat by his side for two years and never heard him use an unkind or uncharitable expression concerning another individual Member. He always sought

to place the most charitable construction on the actions of those who were under censure. I believe hatred to have been entirely foreign to his nature. He was generous to a fault, incapable of a mean or low action, and he possessed a sense of justice that led him to despise a trick or a wrong done another.

By nature he was sunny and cheerful, and the atmosphere about him was always warm and bright and genial. Though possessed of great dignity, he had no frills, and he needed no starch to sustain his dignity. Those of us who came to know him best not alone respected him, but learned to love him. Of robust physique, but 43 years of age, it would seem that he had but crossed the threshold of a long and useful life. While with us he trusted and loved his friends, and in the hour of his departure he trusted as implicitly as a child might trust his father that more than earthly friend, and could say with the Psalmist of old, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me."

Death came to him as it should come to all of us—not as an enemy, but as a friend; not as a defeat, but as a victory; not as the end, but as the beginning; not in the guise of a serpent, but in the form of an angel. Death came to him not as life's curse, but as life's coronation. His life work is finished; his pleasant voice is hushed; his feet no longer press the sands along the shores of time; but those of us with whom he mingled will until our latest days be grateful for having known such a character, and I believe we are all broader and truer, better men because our friend for a time sojourned with us.

I have in my life been peculiarly blessed with warm, generous, and noble friends who needed no crown upon their brows to make them kingly, and though at times we all may be deceived by false friends, with me they have been only the fleck of chaff in the full measure of wheat. I am profoundly sorry for that man who has reached the meridian of life, who has passed the middle milestone in his journey and has not learned that the most precious of all earthly possessions, the most valuable of all the assets he can schedule, is a true and faithful friend. I pity that man who has not learned that "warm hearts are more than coronets, and simple faith than Norman blood."

I pity that man who, when the clouds gather, when the storm breaks, when the waves of trouble roll over him and the billows almost engulf him, has no friend to reach the helping hand or speak the word of encouragement and cheer to him. In this journey of life our friends stand as the shadow of a mighty rock within a weary land, and in the desert places of life they are as oases clad in verdure, whose sparkling fountains and stately palm trees comfort and refresh us.

Our friend, Robert H. Foerderer, remains with us only as a memory, and since his death I have heard so many kindly words spoken of him by his colleagues that it seems sad that living he might not have known how much we valued, trusted, and appreciated him.

In the rush of personal and public affairs, in the clash of opposing ideas, in the fierceness of party spirit, we may at times fail in the outward expressions of kindly sentiment which we entertain each for the other. Yet I take it that after the consciousness of duty well done, as it was given us to interpret that duty, the most valuable recollection, the

most valuable asset that we shall carry back with us when we return to private life will be those friendships which have been here formed and enjoyed—friendships which are not limited by the central aisle running through this Chamber, for poor indeed is he whose friends are confined to those of a single faith, religious or political.

Upon both sides of this Chamber are many for whom I entertain not alone sentiments of respect and admiration, but with whom I am bound in those closer ties of friendly fellowship—men upon both sides of this Chamber whose personal success and happiness will always seem to me to come to them as a just recognition of their worth and deserts. To my mind a finer body of men of equal number never assembled upon the soil of America than those who gather here as the representatives of the American people. Truly we are the representatives—or ought to be—of the industrial, the social, and the moral attainment of the most enlightened nation of the globe. Even the weakest of us is the possessor of some strong traits of character, or we would not be here as the chosen exponent of the aims and ideas of something like 200,000 American citizens.

In this great legislative body how many men there are of true nobility, how many who compel our respect and command our confidence, and whom in time we learn to love; and yet how closely we guard our secret, how seldom we speak our praises, how scant our words of commendation, how rarely we let our friends know how much we appreciate their worth. We hesitate to tell them how we sorrow with them in defeat and rejoice with them in their triumphs. We are prone to mask our feelings and reserve our words of cheer and affection, and speak them only when those words are powerless to sustain and comfort. But after our friend has passed

beyond our power to lighten his burden or cheer his heart,
then—

Oh, come, let us haste to his grave, let us scatter rich garlands of flowers!
We gave him scant honor while living; faint, reticent praises were ours
For his genius, his virtues, his courage—but now his quick spirit hath fled;
O'er his tomb wreaths of roses and laurels and bays let us strew to him dead.
Aye, now, when all weeping and praising are utterly vain, let us weep;
Let us praise him ungrudgingly, now that unconscious he sleeps his last
sleep.

Will he heed what we say? Will he hear us and see us? Ah, no; 'tis too
late!

We are always too late with our praises and pæans—delaying we wait,
Till death shrouds the windows and darkens life's warm breathing house
with its pall,

And in vain to the tenant departed, love, friendship, or calumny call.

Ah! then we arouse in our griefs; ah! then, and then only, the meed
That was due to the warm living spirit we give to the cold, senseless dead.

For our brother, while here he is striving and moving along the world's
ways,

We have only harsh judgments, stern counsel, half-uttered affections, cold
praise.

Our cheer of full-hearted approval, our frank, quick applause we deny;
Envy, Malice, and Jealousy, Calumny, all the world's hounds in full cry
Unrelenting pursue him, while Friendship barks low in the rear of the race,
Reluctant, perhaps, at his faults and frailties, till death ends the chase.

Ah! then all his virtues, his merits, shine forth; all the charms that he
owned

Rise up unobscured in their beauty, all frailties and faults are atoned.

All the good is remembered and pondered, the bad swept away out of sight,
And in death we behold him transfigured, and robed in memorial light.

We lament when lamenting is useless, we praise when all praises are vain,
And then turning back and forgetting, begin the same sad work again.

Ah! why did we stint to him living our gift? Were we poor? Had we
naught?

Not a wreath, not a flower, for our friend to whose grave we such tribute
have brought?

Ah, no! the largess of the heart that had strengthened and gladdened his
soul

We refused him, and proffered him only the critic's poor miserly dole.

Still we meant to be just, so we claim, though the judgment was cold that
we gave.

Was our justice then better than love? Come, say, as you stand by his grave,

Mr. Speaker, how singular is this nature of ours that will at times rise to the loftiest peaks of sublimity, bathing its head in the eternal blue upon the mountain top and anon drag its tortuous way through swamp and morass; at times robed in its royal habiliments, again in rags, and yet again in sackcloth; endowed with the attributes of a god, and then, perchance, voluntarily dwarfing itself to the stature of a pigmy. Yet withal, in each man the God-life is predominant and with the breaking of the earth clay the nobler spirit stands revealed.

Of our departed friends whom we mourn to-day who can remember a fault? What one of us but fondly cherishes pleasant memories? The gem was with us, but we held it in the rough. Death has removed the dross, and we now see scintillating and sparkling the real gem we wore so long unconscious of its worth. Perchance we stood too near to catch the radiance of its luster; perchance some seeming flaw marred the harmonious whole. In turning an angle in some old cathedral we have possibly had suddenly before our vision a great picture. We deem it incongruous. It lacks all power to please. The colors seem to have been dashed thereon at random; but move farther away until we attain the proper angle for vision and there stands revealed, not a chance creation, not a whimsical production, but a painting so perfect in its outlines, so glorious in its harmonies, so sublime in its conception, that by common consent the world has pronounced it a masterpiece. To survey it as a whole rather than in a part affords us correct ideals of its beauty, and so when we review our friends at the proper distance until the slight defects are no longer apparent they stand revealed to us at the true measure of their grandeur and worth.

Phidias, the Greek sculptor, completed his statue and invited the populace of Athens to pass judgment thereon.

Without exception one and all condemned it. "Wait," said the great master, "until you see it upon its pedestal," and when placed thereon the world pronounced it the rarest creation of beauty ever fabricated by the hands of man.

Arriving by night at Chamounix, my first vision was that of Mont Blanc bathing its head in the morning sunrise. Who with words can picture this rugged mountain? Standing at its foot or essaying the easier portions of its ascent, it seemed one mass of glaciers, pinnacles, crags, and chasms; and had I left the vale of Chamounix by night I should have never known the real grandeur and sublimity of this mountain peak, but leaving by daylight, mile by mile, glacier, pinnacle, crag, and chasm were obliterated; each scar in the eternal granites was effaced or blended into one harmonious whole, showing the majestic and towering mountain in all its wonderful beauty. And so with our dead. The great healer, Time, leaves us with only pleasant memories and beatific visions of our departed friends.

In the duties of our daily contact and mutual association shall the nearness forever blind our eyes to the real worth of living friends? Do we find imperfections only because we stand so near? Do we see scars, deep fissures, sharp angles, and jutting headlands? And is it not possible that even where these appear there may exist the grandest and most lofty character? The little hill may be round and smooth and the great mountain seamed and scarred, yet the scars are but a trifle to the mountain's mass, and the mountain top is nearer heaven than the hilltop.

And even where in our daily association we are thrown into contact with those who do not attract us, who seem cold, harsh, and repellant, perhaps it is because we have not dug deep enough to find the noble nature within. In our journey

through life we have perhaps had confronting us in our path-way some great mountain; bold, rocky, barren, and forbidding. We have shunned it, and have taken what seemed to be the pleasanter and easier path round about its base. Others coming the same way found grateful shelter beneath its shade, and digging but beneath its surface brought to light rich veins of gold and silver to cheer and gladden the world.

Mr. Speaker, we are but those of whom others shall to-morrow say, "They are the dead." From Adam down through all the ages every man has propounded to his innermost soul this question—"If a man die, shall he live again?"

There is no death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call death.

If a man die, shall he live again? Even if there were no divine revelation, nature, with all her myriad voices, proclaims the affirmative. Shall the general law that dominates and controls in all the realm of nature find here its single exception? Science teaches and demonstrates the absolute indestructibility of matter. Is mind, which reigns as sovereign over matter, less immortal? Shall the lesser survive and the nobler perish? I can not think so.

How simple is the mystery.

He can not die who truly lives,
For virtue has immortal breath;
'Tis but the sowing of the grain,
Which blossoms into life again
And finds perfectness in its death.

If the seed be perfect the harvest is sure;
If the fountains be sweet the waters are pure;
If the present is right, the answer is plain—
If a man dieth, he liveth again.

Then why shall we call them dead? The rose flourished and faded. It cheered the chamber of the sick or gave, perchance, its perfume to the desert air; yet, in the alchemy of nature, she had stored up the fragrance, and the essential life of no flower was ever lost. Are the sunbeams that warmed the prehistoric ages lost or dead? Nay, not so! In her vast laboratory Mother Earth caught up the straggling sunbeams, hid them in her capacious bosom, and to-day, from the mountain side, men dig those crystalized sunbeams to heat and light the world.

Honest love, honest sorrow, honest work for to-day, honest hope for to-morrow;
Are these nothing more of worth than the hands they make weary,
The hearts they have saddened, the lives they leave dreary?
Hush the sevenfold heavens to the voice of the spirit,
He who o'ercometh shall all things inherit.

Mr. Speaker, nevermore on the shores of time can we greet or serve our friend. He has gone out into the golden glories of the sunset, and though his hands be forever folded upon his breast the harp strings touched by his fingers have not ceased to vibrate, the voice of his minstrelsy is not hushed, the songs which he has sung still linger, and the echoes of his music will forever cheer our hearts.

The lessons of this hour impress upon us the fact that we can never serve our friends except while they are with the living, and the life of him whom we mourn shall still be potent if from this Chamber his example sends us forth with a brighter smile, a more cheering word, and a warmer hand clasp for the friends who still remain.

ADDRESS OF MR. MORRELL, OF PENNSYLVANIA

MR. SPEAKER: On one of the early days of the present session of Congress the business of the House was suspended and the announcement made that during the vacation two of our fellow-Members had passed away from earth and would never again meet us in this Hall, and, strange to say, they were the two Members most recently elected from Philadelphia.

Thus, in the midst of our busy life here, we were reminded that a dark shadow enveloped the households of two of our late companions. In the full vigor of our own active life and health we were reminded that death had claimed two of those whose comradeship and counsel we enjoyed. To-day we come in formal, deferential manner to honor the memory of our departed fellow-workers.

I had not the pleasure of knowing the late HENRY BURK, although I had often heard of him through mutual friends, until after he was nominated for Congress. Mr. BURK, it will be remembered, contested a seat which had theretofore been practically acknowledged a Democratic stronghold, having been represented by Samuel J. Randall, Richard Vaux, and William McAleer. I have heard that the campaign in which he won was one of the most trying ever held in the city of Philadelphia, requiring untold energy and ability and special qualifications on the part of the candidate to win.

Mr. BURK, like Mr. Foerderer, was engaged in the manufacture of leather, and, like him, was eminently successful. He had large works in Philadelphia, in the district which he represented, and owned large interests in India and other

countries from which he received his supplies of skins. The same business instinct and attention to detail which developed and made successful Mr. BURK's factories located in Philadelphia made him unwilling to entirely trust the management of his far-away enterprises to others, so that when in his judgment the necessity arose, with his characteristic energy, he turned his face from home and crossed the seas to regulate their management and to increase their efficiency and thereby the output of the home factories.

Mr. BURK's personal characteristics of good temper and geniality were known to all in the House. No one loved more dearly than HENRY BURK to entertain his friends or knew better how to do it. He was never happier than when seated at the head of his own table, having gathered around him those whom it gave him pleasure to see happy and enjoying themselves. The slight acquaintance made with Mr. BURK before coming to Washington soon ripened into friendship under the opportunities afforded by Congressional life. I found him warm-hearted, genial, generous to a fault. His ingenuous trust in others calculated to win him friends and to retain them. His estimate of a man, no matter how lowly his beginning, was based upon what he found him, and if he once decided he was one to be trusted he had in him a friend not to be despised. His ideal of a man was that he should be true and honest with himself and in his purpose and faithful to his friends, and these ideals he lived up to.

In the various paths to fame men may gain praise as daring and valiant warriors; may gain distinction as eminent statesmen; may be honored as great musicians or poets; may be looked upon with wonder and awe as inventors and scientists; may be held in esteem and receive consequent recognition as being financiers and successful in commercial enterprises, but

yet there is one narrow path, one particular goal harder to discover and more difficult to attain than all the others, a path which appeals more to a man, no matter which of those avenues to success he has traversed successfully, a path which if found gives more lasting satisfaction and happiness to the fortunate discoverer than any of the others; I refer to that narrow path which leads to the possession of the hearts of our fellow-man. This path had unconsciously been discovered by Mr. BURK, and his possession of the secret was realized by all who had the good fortune to come in contact with him.

Mr. BURK was too young a man to die, and, as is often the case, his career of usefulness was too brief. Possessing more than abundant means, he was nevertheless unobtrusive, modest, free from envy, malice, or uncharitableness. The places of honor and trust he was called to benefited greatly from the fact that he made use of his business training in his political life. As has been said, it is difficult for public men to combine public service and private business in a manner to serve both interests well, but Mr. BURK seemed to have been able to solve the problem. He was a man who through his business materially added to the wealth of his country, yet at the same time he was always alive to the interests of those he employed, and did what he could do to lighten the labors of the laboring man and woman.

It is one thing for a man to live upon the toil of those whom he employs, and it is an entirely different thing when a man at the same time does what he can to lighten the burdens of those who contribute through their toil to make his enterprises a success.

Mr. BURK was proud of the fact that he had made a good fight and had been elected a Member of Congress, but he was

never for a moment carried away with any false notion of what his membership in the House meant, nor did he change in the least degree his simplicity of thought or the integrity of his character. He belonged to a class of men whose business wisdom and common sense do much to keep the balance in the councils of nations and upon whose judgments governments rely in times of crisis.

Mr. BURK did not make a parade of his religion, but with him it meant more than an empty name. He never flaunted his faith or attempted to thrust his religious beliefs upon those with whom he associated. Like all men worthy of the name, he eliminated it entirely from the business affairs of life and regarded it as too sacred a thing to be considered except in communion between himself and his God. Thus he was devoid of sectarianism and bigotry, and the fact that his creed differed from others never for a moment interrupted the pleasant intercourse and friendship which he had with those who might have other religious beliefs. Cut down at a time when he was just about to enjoy the fruits of his labor, yet at the same time the character which he had established for usefulness and ability and devotion to duty will be a matter of pride to his family and to the constituency which sent him to Congress.

Our departed fellow-Member was known to be an indulgent father and a loving husband. Among his friends, as I have said, he was generous to a fault and careless as far as injury to his temporal interests might be concerned. He was sympathetic to others in distress, and quick to emotions of pity and compassion, while stern in the redress of a wrong.

The fact that we are so often called upon during a session of Congress to meet on sad and solemn occasions like the present one to do honor to the memory of departed Members

should remind us that "we know not the day or the hour when the Son of Man cometh," and all and each of us should be admonished to have "our lamps trimmed and burning," and that we should so lead our daily life that when the summons comes it will bring no fear, realizing, like HENRY BURK, that "those who die in Christ shall live again."

ADDRESS OF MR. HUFF, OF PENNSYLVANIA

MR. SPEAKER: It would seem but fitting that one whom Mr. Foerderer succeeded as a Representative at large from the State of Pennsylvania should pay respect to the high character and moral worth of our deceased colleague.

I am much impressed with the solemnity of this occasion, and can add nothing to the beautiful tributes that have been paid to the character, business integrity, and public services of both Mr. Foerderer and our lamented friend, Mr. HENRY BURK, to whose families and friends we extend our deep sympathy in their great bereavement and irreparable loss, and commend them to Him who doeth all things well for that comfort and consolation which He alone can give.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions offered by the gentleman from Pennsylvania [Mr. Adams].

The question was taken, and the resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

MR. MOON, of Pennsylvania. Mr. Speaker, before the House formally adjourns, I would like to make an announcement. The father of the House, the Hon. Mr. Bingham, who desired to be here, has telegraphed me of his inability to come on account of his illness. He desires to ask special permission to print in regard to both of these distinguished gentlemen. I think, however, that permission is granted under the resolution.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Permission has already been granted by the House. In pursuance of the resolutions, and as a further mark of respect to the memory of our colleagues, the House stands adjourned until to-morrow at 12 o'clock noon.

And accordingly (at 5 o'clock and 2 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE

DECEMBER 7, 1903.

DEATH OF REPRESENTATIVE HENRY BURK.

A message from the House of Representatives, by Mr. W. J. Browning, its Chief Clerk, communicated to the Senate the intelligence of the death of Hon. HENRY BURK, late a Representative from the State of Pennsylvania, and transmitted resolutions of the House thereon.

Mr. PENROSE. I ask the Chair to lay before the Senate the resolutions of the House of Representatives relative to the death of the late Representative BURK.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The Chair lays before the Senate the resolutions of the House of Representatives, which will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

December 7, 1903.

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. HENRY BURK, a Representative from the State of Pennsylvania.

Resolved, That a committee of seventeen Members of the House, with such members of the Senate as may be joined, be appointed to attend the funeral.

Resolved, That the Sergeant-at-Arms of the House be authorized and directed to take such steps as may be necessary for carrying out the provisions of these resolutions, and that the necessary expenses in connection therewith be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Mr. PENROSE. Mr. President, I offer the resolutions which I send to the desk, and ask for their present consideration.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The Senator from Pennsylvania submits resolutions which will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with deep sensibility the announcement of the death of Hon. HENRY BURK, late a Representative from the State of Pennsylvania.

Resolved, That a committee of seven Senators be appointed by the Presiding Officer to join a committee appointed on the part of the House of Representatives to take order for superintending the funeral of the deceased.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

The resolutions were considered by unanimous consent, and unanimously agreed to.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore appointed, under the second resolution, as the committee on the part of the Senate, Mr. Penrose, Mr. Quay, Mr. Ball, Mr. Hopkins, Mr. Latimer, Mr. Newlands, and Mr. Carmack.

Mr. PENROSE. Mr. President, as a further mark of respect to the memory of our late colleague, I move that the Senate do now adjourn.

The motion was unanimously agreed to; and (at 4 o'clock and 17 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until to-morrow, Tuesday, December 8, 1903, at 12 o'clock meridian.

APRIL 11, 1904.

MESSAGE FROM THE HOUSE.

The message further transmitted resolutions of the House on the life and public services of Hon. HENRY BURK, late a Representative from the State of Pennsylvania.

58th Congress }
3d Session }

House of Representatives

{ Document
{ No. 478

CHARLES W. THOMPSON

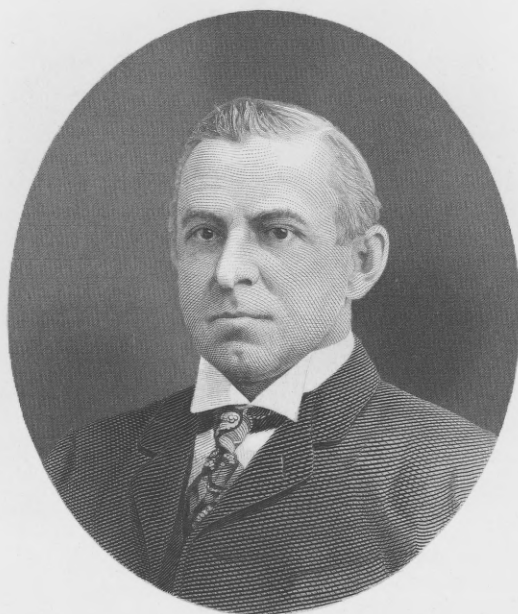
(Late a Representative from Alabama)

Memorial Addresses Delivered in the
House of Representatives and Senate

Second Session of the
Fifty-eighth Congress

Compiled under the direction of the Joint Committee on Printing

WASHINGTON: GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE: 1905



HON. CHARLES WINSTON THOMPSON

Photo. Engraving & Printing.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page
Proceedings in the House	5
Prayer by Rev. Henry N. Couden	5
Address of Mr. Underwood, of Alabama.....	10
Address of Mr. Littlefield, of Maine	13
Address of Mr. Clayton, of Alabama	20
Address of Mr. Conner, of Iowa	24
Address of Mr. Bowie, of Alabama.....	27
Address of Mr. Smith, of Iowa	30
Address of Mr. Thomas, of North Carolina	33
Address of Mr. Rainey, of Illinois	40
Address of Mr. Burnett, of Alabama	45
Address of Mr. Padgett, of Tennessee.....	50
Address of Mr. Scarborough, of South Carolina.....	55
Address of Mr. Richardson, of Alabama.....	59
Address of Mr. Bankhead, of Alabama	61
Address of Mr. Wiley, of Alabama	66
Proceedings in the Senate	75
Address of Mr. Morgan, of Alabama	81
Address of Mr. Dolliver, of Iowa.....	94
Address of Mr. Berry, of Arkansas	100
Address of Mr. Hopkins, of Illinois.....	103
Address of Mr. Pettus, of Alabama.....	107

DEATH OF REPRESENTATIVE C. W. THOMPSON

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE

MONDAY, *March 21, 1904.*

The House met at 12 o'clock noon.

The Chaplain, Rev. Henry N. Couden, offered the following prayer:

Our Father who art in Heaven, profoundly impressed with the uncertainty of our earthly existence by the removal of another of our Congressional family, cut off in the midst of a useful and successful career, we most fervently pray that we may so order our lives that when the summons comes we shall be ready with faith and confidence to move forward, realizing that death is not an extinction of being, but an epoch, an event in the grand eternal march of existence.

Be graciously near to those whose hearts have been touched, wounded by this death. Comfort them by the blessed thought that though he may not come to them, they shall surely go to him and dwell with him in the realms of eternal peace. Hear us in the name of Him who taught us the resurrection and the life, for Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever. Amen.

DEATH OF REPRESENTATIVE CHARLES W. THOMPSON.

Mr. WILEY, of Alabama. Mr. Speaker, it becomes my painful duty to announce to the House the untimely death of my late distinguished colleague, Hon. CHARLES WINSTON THOMPSON, who was the Representative from the Fifth Congressional district of Alabama in the Fifty-seventh and Fifty-eighth Congresses. Later on in the session I shall ask this House to take appropriate action in regard to the death of my deceased friend and colleague.

I now send to the Clerk's desk and ask the reading and immediate adoption of the following resolutions.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound regret of the untimely death of Hon. CHARLES WINSTON THOMPSON, late a Representative from the State of Alabama.

Resolved, That a committee of fifteen Members of the House, with such members of the Senate as may be joined, be appointed to attend the funeral.

Resolved, That the Sergeant-at-Arms of the House of Representatives be authorized and directed to take such steps as may be necessary for carrying out the provisions of these resolutions, and that the necessary expense in connection therewith be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

The SPEAKER. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to; and the Speaker announced the following committee:

Mr. Wiley, of Alabama; Mr. Clayton, of Alabama; Mr. Bowie, of Alabama; Mr. Padgett, of Tennessee; Mr. Gaines, of Tennessee; Mr. Littlefield, of Maine; Mr. Brown, of Wisconsin; Mr. Darragh, of Michigan; Mr. Williams, of Illinois;

Mr. Hill, of Connecticut; Mr. Scarborough, of South Carolina; Mr. Southard, of Ohio; Mr. Patterson, of North Carolina; Mr. Houston, of Delaware; Mr. Aiken, of South Carolina.

The Clerk then reported the following resolution:

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect this House do now adjourn.

The SPEAKER. The question is on agreeing to the resolution.

The question was taken, and the resolution was unanimously agreed to; and accordingly (at 1 o'clock and 21 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned until to-morrow at 12 o'clock m.

APRIL 6, 1904.

EULOGIES ON THE LATE HON. CHARLES W. THOMPSON.

Mr. WILEY, of Alabama. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent for the present consideration of the following resolution.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That when the House adjourn on Saturday, April 23, it be to meet on Sunday, April 24, at 2 p. m., for the purpose of paying tribute to the memory of CHARLES W. THOMPSON, deceased, late a Representative from the State of Alabama.

The SPEAKER. Is there objection? [After a pause.] The Chair hears none, and, without objection, the resolution will be agreed to.

There was no objection.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

APRIL 24, 1904.

DEATH OF HON. CHARLES W. THOMPSON.

Mr. WILEY, of Alabama. I offer the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended that opportunity may be given for tributes to the memory of Hon. CHARLES W. THOMPSON, late a Member of this House from the State of Alabama.

Resolved, That as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased and in recognition of his distinguished public career, the House at the conclusion of the exercises of this day shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions.

The question was taken, and the resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

ADDRESS OF MR. UNDERWOOD, OF ALABAMA

MR. SPEAKER: In an hour of sadness we sometimes stand aside from the maddening stream of humanity, rushing on in the daily struggle for life, and ask, What is it all about? Why this ceaseless fight for existence? Why this strenuous toil for wordly success? Why this ever unsatisfied desire to plunder more of life's honors and earth's riches than other men are allowed to do? Up from the struggling masses, straight from the fighting crowd, the answer is wafted back: "This is the day we are allowed to play our parts, the only day we will ever have; time will not stop to wait for us. On we must struggle if we expect to obtain ambition's success, for the road of life leads to waste and decay, and the end of the journey is almost in sight by the time we have well begun." Then, why should we start at all? Why labor to continue a journey that must end in darkness and in nothing? Why seek to acquire riches that leave us at the grave? Why barter the peace of life for honors that die with us and are soon buried under the mold of time? Well might we answer: 'Twere better the journey were not begun if the main highway leading on through the heat of noonday sun, through the dust of disappointed hopes, and over the jagged rocks of unsatisfied ambition were the only road over which life's burdens could be carried to the peace beyond the grave;

but it is not. Beyond the main highway there is a shady pathway whose way is blazed only to true philosophers. Along that path but few great names are inscribed; the clanking swords of the world's great generals are unheard; there none feel the iron hand of despotic rule; there the barter and soul-destroying struggle for great wealth does not thrive; there the mere brutal fight for existence is never found; there the desire to mount to success over other men's fortunes does not exist.

Only those can wander there who have learned that love of humanity, the broadening of the soul, self-respect and truth, are the true riches of life, and that peace is earth's greatest reward. Those who travel along this quiet path of life are not struggling to supplant their fellow-men; their motto is to do well their part, for there all the honor lies. This they have learned from sad experience, and that any other course leads to pain and sorrow.

In thinking of the life and death of our dead colleague and friend, CHARLES WINSTON THOMPSON, I have drifted into these reflections. Our dead friend had attained many of life's victories, and yet he was not over ambitious—he did not acquire success at the cost of peace to himself. He had amassed a fair fortune, but he had not gathered it by pulling down his fellow-man. He was liberal in his charities and kindly in his heart. He had attained high political honors, but never did he belittle the success or true worth of those he competed with.

He drifted into the great beyond in his early manhood, in the midst of life's achievements and rewards, but he was

a philosopher with it all, and lived and died at peace with himself and with the world. "He played well his part," and died loved and honored by his friends and constituents.

A darkening sky and a whitening sea,
And a wind in the palm trees tall,
Soon or late comes a call for me,
Down from the mountain or up from the sea;
There let me lie where I fall.

And a friend may write—for friends there be—
On a stone from the great sea wall:
Jungle and town and reef and sea—
I loved God's earth and His earth loved me,
Taken for all in all.

ADDRESS OF MR. LITTLEFIELD, OF MAINE

MR. SPEAKER: Twice have I been in the pleasant, hospitable, and typical town of Tuskegee, in the black belt of Alabama. On the first occasion, with a small Congressional party, I was the guest of Hon. CHARLES W. THOMPSON, of Alabama, and greatly enjoyed his whole-souled and generous hospitality. On the second occasion, as a member of the Congressional committee, it became my privilege to accompany his body to its last resting place in the beautiful cemetery at Tuskegee, where it now lies with his kindred. My acquaintance with him and my knowledge of his many estimable personal qualities and characteristics are such as enable me to render upon this occasion, in more than a perfunctory way, a sincere and heartfelt tribute to his memory. In person he was engaging and attractive. His character was of the highest, and his personal and political integrity were above suspicion. He was a fine specimen of the Christian southern gentleman. Cut off in the forty-fourth year of his life, he was serving with great credit to himself and usefulness to his State his second term as a Member of the House.

The fact that during this relatively short life he had accumulated by honest toil and his own individual efforts what is considered a handsome fortune in his section is the conclusive demonstration of his great business ability

and thrift, and furnishes the adequate reason for the prominent and leading position he occupied among the people with whom he lived, and, with his estimable personal characteristics, gives us the unerring key to the universal and widespread sorrow that was manifested at the time of his death by his fellow-citizens.

The deep, sincere, and heartfelt mourning that moved his townspeople, without regard to race or color, was a most striking tribute to his memory. The influence and position which he acquired in the House is known to us all, and is creditable to his natural abilities as well as his industrious and painstaking service in committee and on the floor.

Beyond and above this ordinary service which simply reaches the common level and is not necessarily indicative of high ideals or characterized by advancing and elevating thought, I believe that Mr. THOMPSON was sincerely and successfully contributing to the solution of one of the greatest problems that can concern the people that he represented—indissolubly united as we are, the problem that seriously concerns us all—without abandoning or surrendering any of the ideas and views which have by long contact and intimate association with the colored race become firmly embedded in the consciousness of the Anglo-Saxon race in the South.

By precept and example, the influence of a successful business and public man, and direct personal effort, he used every endeavor to aid and facilitate the development and the elevation of this unfortunate race. Believing that the misconception and misunderstanding that exists and

persists between the people of the North and the South upon this question as to the real spirit, purposes, and desires of each section was profound and unfortunate, he thought that nothing could dispel it more effectually than the actual observation by each section of conditions as they exist and by having brethren meet brethren in the home and business life of each.

It is written, "As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man." There can be no question that if the people of the North could visit and meet the people of the South and the people of the South could see the people of the North by their firesides and as they pursue their various avocations to a large degree violent prejudices would fade away, false impressions would be corrected, and sectional feeling would rapidly become a thing of the past. "A consummation devoutly to be wished."

Mr. THOMPSON no doubt had these considerations in mind when he made the small Congressional party his guests, and while the visit was necessarily short and the information obtained meager, I feel justified in saying that all felt it a move in the right direction, and that those who constituted the party were beginning to more accurately appreciate real existing conditions.

He did not, however, satisfy himself by generalities, but devoted a great portion of his tireless, well-directed energy to aiding individuals of the race whose lot had been cast with his in the most practical and efficient manner. In answer to a letter from me for specific information upon this great question, he wrote on February 12, 1903, a letter which throws a flood of light upon the proper method of

ultimately and successfully solving the race problem, in which he said:

MY DEAR SIR: Replying to your personal request for information regarding the colored people whom you met while on your visit to Alabama with "the THOMPSON party" last year, I introduced to you, on my plantation, James Whitlow, colored, who can neither read nor write, and who owns 880 acres of well-improved farming land, valued at \$12,000, and upon which there is no incumbrance, and also ten head of mules, cattle, etc. He is the father of ten children, all of whom can read and write. His oldest son has purchased and is operating a public steam gin, and gins cotton for his community, keeps the books, and manages the business. Whitlow is a good citizen, enjoys a good credit, and is well respected by all of his neighbors, both white and black. He pays but little attention to politics, seldom ever votes, and is an honest, upright citizen.

I also introduced to you Mose Green, who owns 400 acres of land, valued at \$4,000, which he purchased from me eight years ago on time without making a cash payment and paid for in four years. He has it well improved, is out of debt, and owns six mules and horses.

He is an ex-slave, and can not read or write, but has six or eight children, all of whom can read and write; and his oldest son has recently bought and paid for 160 acres of land.

You were also introduced to Anthony Griffin, who purchased 400 acres of land adjoining that of Mose Green. He has it paid for, and has educated all of his children at Booker Washington's school. He, like the others, can neither read nor write.

Charlie Davis was also present, who owns 640 acres of land, valued at \$4,000, which he purchased some years ago on time, and which is now unencumbered and paid for. He has a fairly good common school education, is a good citizen, and enjoys a good credit.

We have in my county twenty or thirty other colored citizens who own good tracts of land, well improved, and who are accumulating property every year, and who are also educating their children at Booker Washington's school and in the public schools of the county. These thrifty, economical, industrious colored people pay very little attention to politics; in fact, they seldom go to the polls; are highly respected in their sphere by both white and black, and enjoy the friendship, confidence, and protection of the white people.

A great many of the colored people you met on my plantation the day you spent there have lived as tenants on my land for the past twenty years and have lived comfortably, but have been extravagant and thriftless and have never accumulated much property.

Booker Washington's school has done a great work for the colored people in that section in stimulating and encouraging them to secure homes, accumulate property, and educate their children.

I have learned since Mr. THOMPSON'S death what his modesty would not permit him to state in a personal letter, and that is that the larger portion of these "colored citizens" were indebted to him for the financial aid and business advice that enabled them to become good citizens, entitled to and receiving the respect of the people among whom they lived and wrought.

In this noble work I conceive he was discharging the highest duty of American citizenship, and for it he is entitled to the most unreserved commendation. It is a splendid object lesson of what may be accomplished by practical common-sense methods.

One of Mr. THOMPSON'S most striking characteristics was his accurate knowledge of human nature and the certainty with which he could select men who were worthy of help and would not abuse his confidence. He is fully entitled to the encomium of Dean Swift, who declared that—

Who ever could make two ears of corn or two blades of grass to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before would deserve better of mankind and do more essential service to his country than the whole race of politicians put together.

Who can render greater service to his country than he who demonstrates the possibility of making useful citizens of a race which, under proper conditions of education and development, should prove and will prove the South's most valuable agricultural and industrial resource? Rightly and wisely utilized, it will be the most potent

factor in the development of that agricultural, industrial, and material greatness which is the God-given birthright of that land of brave men and fair and virtuous women.

Where are the Anglo-Saxons who, with the same opportunity, struggling against the same disadvantages, can show the same achievement and success that have attended the efforts of James Whitlow, Mose Green, Anthony Griffin, Charles Davis, and "twenty or thirty other colored citizens," aided by such men as Mr. THOMPSON? Given enough of such colored men and enough such men to aid them, and the race question will, when time enough shall have elapsed for the proper operation of these legitimate forces, work out its own solution.

The establishment of a home to shelter his wife and children, the education of his children, teaching the gospel of honest toil, and the accumulation of property adequate for their comfortable maintenance and support are essential features in all true American citizenship. These possessed and all other essential elements follow, "as the night the day." To these noble ends Mr. THOMPSON unselfishly bent his best energies with most gratifying success. He was not only the friend and supporter of every good work, but he was especially interested in and efficiently supported the magnificent work being done by Booker T. Washington in the Tuskegee Institute.

He was a firm believer in its great utility, beginning as it does at the bottom with practical industrial education, laying the firm foundation without which no enduring superstructure can stand. That his work in this direction was thoroughly appreciated by the colored people

no one could fail to see who witnessed the great outpouring of that race as they gathered at the funeral exercises and followed his body to the grave with sincere, pathetic, and unobtrusive manifestations of profound sorrow.

True it is that they have lost a firm and faithful friend, his town its foremost and well-beloved citizen, and his State and his country a broad, liberal-minded, catholic, and progressive Christian statesman. May we not express the belief that his progressive, enlightened, catholic, and patriotic spirit was in truth and fact in harmony with the prevailing sentiment of the law-abiding, patriotic, God-fearing people of his beloved Southland? That, without antagonizing or attempting to eradicate ideas that are the result of generations of development, education, and heredity in opening the door of opportunity to a race recently emerged from barbarism and kindling the flame of hope in the breast of the lowly, he correctly voiced the higher and nobler sentiment that is perhaps slowly, but none the less surely, pervading the land of the orange and the palm?

If we are justified in entertaining this belief, the time can not be far distant when, under the blessing and guidance of the God of nations, our fathers' God and our God, we shall witness the full fruition of the scriptural saying, "For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then, face to face."

ADDRESS OF MR. CLAYTON, OF ALABAMA

MR. SPEAKER: I have come to-day to join in these ceremonies, to indorse the beautiful sentiments uttered in behalf of our dead friend, and to vote for the resolutions which have been offered. The melancholy occasion and knowledge derived from an intimate association with Mr. THOMPSON naturally suggest the thoughts that come to me.

While death is looked upon as the final and great calamity in every life, it at least brings all living men to the position where they are willing and disposed to do justice to the dead, whether foe or comrade. It is perhaps true that the best measure of any man can be had after his departure from the conflicts of life. His friends can then best contemplate his good deeds and his honorable career. If he had antagonists while living, he is no longer in competition with them. He has ceased to be the object of jealousy or envy. The grave has in his case silenced in the hearts of living men these human frailties.

In great sorrow we now pay loving and just tribute to the character, the public services, and the useful life of our departed friend.

On this the Lord's Day we have converted this Hall, the scene of many a fierce political struggle, into a sort of sanctuary, into a place where we acknowledge the omnipotence of God, and bow in recognition to His universal

law—the law of life and death. We stand in the presence of death and confess that man, with all his boasted knowledge and ingenuity, must in the end admit his inability to defeat the dread reaper, and that, sooner or later, under the inexorable providence of God, all the sons and daughters of Adam will go willingly or unwillingly to join the departed in the great beyond.

In considering the success that our friend achieved in life we ought to be mindful of the obstacles that he met with and that he overcame, for all success is measurable; it is all comparative. We find that less than forty-four years ago this young man was born in Macon County, Ala., at a time when the fair land of the South was suffering acutely from a cruel and devastating war. He was born amidst devastation. The section of our great country from which he came was then about to undergo an industrial revolution—a change from slave labor to free labor—under which changed conditions doubtless the South has achieved greater industrial development than would have been possible under the old conditions. In short, we may say that Mr. THOMPSON was a child of the bloodiest war of the nineteenth century.

As soon as he had reached the age and growth that enabled him to see over the top of a business counter in his father's store he engaged in helping his father earn a livelihood for a large and growing family. He was put to work—aye, he went to work in his early youth gladly and willingly. The citizens of his town are fond of relating the story of his work, beginning when he was a barefooted boy and ending when he was a planter on a large scale, a

successful banker, and an honored Member of Congress. We can not doubt that the experience and practice which he had, beginning in his early youth, equipped and trained him so that he became a successful business man. Doubtless the apparent hardship which the boy underwent enabled him to lay a foundation of that sterling character and led to large accomplishments—first in business and afterwards in politics.

This young man entered politics a few years ago, first by election to the State senate of Alabama. He there proved himself to be a wise and useful legislator, so that scarcely had his services as senator ended when he was chosen to come to this body, charged with making laws for our whole united country. He came here because he was ambitious to serve his State and country. No other inducement guided him, for he had amassed what is called a fortune in the South and a competency in any section of the country, and that, too, without ever having subjected himself even to a suspicion of a questionable dealing. Indeed, he was liberal and fair and businesslike in all his methods.

But, Mr. Speaker, there are others who know more about his business achievements than I do. I first learned to know Mr. THOMPSON well after he had entered the political arena. He did not have a collegiate education. He had little familiarity with polite literature. But he had a superior, God-given endowment. He had an incisive intellect, a quick perception, good judgment, and rare common sense. He brought all these gifts with him in his political life. It may be said of him that, perhaps, no

man in this Congress has accomplished more in life, in the face of adverse circumstances, in a like number of years, than this young man accomplished. He would have been sent to the next Congress by the unanimous voice of his people. No man had dared rise up to oppose him. His death came as a shock and as grievous misfortune to his immediate constituents. Our friend has gone. We bless his memory and praise his noble qualities. We can do no more except to draw lessons and inspiration from his useful and honorable career.

He was a typical southerner, with all his warmth of heart, with all of his impulsiveness, and with all of his courage and honesty of purpose. He loved his people. He loved his State. He loved his country. He served all of them well and faithfully. A few weeks ago we took that which was mortal of him from this city down to Alabama, and on a sunlit plain we laid him away and covered his newly made grave with a profusion of flowers. He now sleeps a sleep that shall know no wakening until the resurrection morn. Rest, dear friend, in the bosom of your beloved mother State, and in that dear old community where the aged and the young, all the people, the white and the black, revere the memory, honor the good work, and are proud of the achievements of CHARLES W. THOMPSON. We laid him away in "God's acre," in his beloved Alabama, a land so fair and blessed of heaven, where even at night, under moonlit skies and amidst the evergreen boughs of the magnolia, the mocking bird sings in December.

ADDRESS OF MR. CONNER, OF IOWA

MR. SPEAKER: Death does not always come as a surprise. When by reason of extreme age or prolonged illness it claims one of our number we regard his removal as inevitable and soon become reconciled to it. It is like a reaper in a field of ripened grain, where we expect to find the golden harvest lying low after the sickle has passed. But when in the vigor of mature manhood a friend is suddenly stricken down we stand in mute surprise and are appalled. As we regain our mental poise and reflect calmly upon the situation the truth of the words so oft repeated comes to us: "In the midst of life we are in death."

Why some are taken and some are left, why the strong and vigorous fall and the frail and weak remain can no more be understood than why the lightning in the forest strikes a tree of vigorous growth and spares the one of lesser strength. These secrets are lodged only in the bosom of the Infinite, to be revealed in His own good time. In our weakness and frailty we can but speculate as to the purpose while following in a path whose course we do not know.

Little did anyone at the beginning of this session of Congress imagine that before its close we would be called upon to mourn the loss of Mr. THOMPSON. There was nothing in his appearance or manner or in the smile that played upon his face to indicate that he was soon to become

a shining mark for death. It was perhaps better for him and for his friends that this unwelcome secret was veiled from sight.

It was my good fortune to become acquainted with Mr. THOMPSON soon after he entered the Fifty-seventh Congress. He was from the South—a typical southerner. He loved the South and sought to have others share his affection for her institutions. He first on coming here made his home at a hotel where all the other Members of Congress were from the North and, as a rule, belonged to a different political party. And yet it was not long until he was the friend and associate of every Member living at the hotel, stranger that he was and affiliating with another party. His gracious manner, his warm and cordial nature endeared him to everyone who came into contact with him.

Political affiliations were forgotten, sectional differences sank out of sight, and the man and friend only were seen. He had a distinct and marked individuality. He carried about him an atmosphere which charmed and drew men unto him and held them in its embrace. He was a loyal friend, not for a day only, but for all time. He was frank and open in his life. He wished others to know more about him and his surroundings. He invited as his guests people from the North to visit his home, in order that they could better understand the conditions in the South. Those who accepted his invitation and enjoyed his hospitality were charmed with the simplicity of his life and the wealth of friendship that existed for him among all classes in his own State.

He won at home as he did here, by his frank, open, and manly life. He was a faithful Representative and always loyal to his district and State. No Congressman was ever more alert to serve his constituents than Mr. THOMPSON. In his death his State and country lose a valuable Representative, his neighbors a true and loyal friend, while the loss to his family overshadows all others. And yet there comes to the stricken family a ray of hope in the thought that this son, this brother, this father has but passed out of sight, and that some time, some where, God in His goodness will bring about a reunion of mother, brother, and children, where death has no sting and the grave no victory.

ADDRESS OF MR. BOWIE, OF ALABAMA

MR. SPEAKER: On this solemn occasion we all feel the same unfeigned regret. It is a sad duty which calls us together to-day. We come to pay our tribute and our respect to one who has gone from us.

The fate which overtook Mr. THOMPSON will sooner or later overtake us all. It is the universal law. The same summons comes with unerring certainty to the king in his palace and the peasant in his hovel. It has been so from the beginning; it will be so to the end. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

If this is true, as it undoubtedly is, why is it that mankind remains unaccustomed to the sight; that every new recurrence brings grief to many stricken hearts? Did anyone ever go but what there was some mourner at the funeral, some heart the sadder for the going? Death is not always feared or even regretted by the dying. To many it is a relief from toil and trouble, a passing over the river to the great beyond with peace and thankfulness. Why, then, do the living always shudder? Why does a convenient season never come to them for a loved one to go? The answer is a mystery which heaven has not revealed, but we all realize the truth of the impulse.

At any rate we always bow our heads in grief and drop a tear of sympathy over each new-made grave.

And so to-day we meet together as a witness and a testimonial of our love and respect for our colleague and comrade who has passed over the river and rests under the shade of the trees.

The life of CHARLES W. THOMPSON is one to inspire and to lift up. Thrown upon his own resources with an unfinished education at an early age, he rose to the height of every occasion. He met and solved every task; he triumphed over every difficulty. He turned his attention to business in a small town where opportunities were few, and he succeeded. The injunction, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," he obeyed to a literal degree.

Cut off as he was in the very prime and flower of a young manhood, he had succeeded in a marked degree in public life. As a member for four years in the State senate of Alabama he rendered able, conspicuous, and honorable service to his State. Elected to this Congress in November, 1900, he gave its duties here the same enthusiastic service which in private life and in the State senate had yielded such successful results. He had in a short period of three years accomplished much for the good of his people, and was making his impress felt upon national legislation. The life before him was full of promise and further usefulness. He was taken away in the very prime of life, even before his time.

No remarks upon his memory would be complete without recording the deep religious side of his nature. A member in the best standing of the Southern Methodist Church, his loss, I sincerely believe, was more widely

felt by its ministers in Alabama than the loss of any of its lay members in recent years. It was well remarked by one of his friends on the occasion of his funeral services that his last public act in Alabama was to attend the conference of his church; and his last service in Washington was to attend services at the Mount Vernon Methodist Church in this city.

He died—I shall not say without regret, but certainly without fear and without complaint. He had a strong and abiding faith, even the faith of a little child. He felt it was not death at all, but simply a change. That that which was mortal was laid down, and with it pain and strife, and struggle and turmoil. That in its place was the immortal, and with it came peace and the happiness which passeth all understanding. Truly “Blessed are they who die in the Lord.”

ADDRESS OF MR. SMITH, OF IOWA

MR. SPEAKER: Called one day to my western home, I bade Colonel THOMPSON good-by, leaving him apparently in the full enjoyment of health. Reaching my home I found the announcement of his death.

I was deeply shocked, for I had known and loved him well. From the time that he came to Washington we dwelt under the same roof, and I had been a visitor at his home at Tuskegee. Gen. Lew Wallace, in *Ben Hur*, puts substantially these words into the mouth of Judith:

There never was a people that did not think itself at least the equal of any other; never a great people that did not think itself the very superior.

Bearing this in mind, it is not to be wondered at that citizens though we be of one common country we are all of us inclined to look upon our particular section as the most favored in this land.

Born as he was at about the time of the war between the States, Colonel THOMPSON bore no bitterness in his heart arising out of that strife. The estate of his family was well-nigh wrecked by that struggle, but he set himself about to build up the affairs of his family, and he succeeded.

He had, however, deeply embedded in him the convictions and the opinions of the people of his own section. His political allegiance was with that party there dominant. His convictions upon the race problem were the convictions in large measure of his people, and yet he was broad enough to realize that if the South must forever keep the black

race there it was best for the South that all possible should be made of that race.

During his service in the legislature of Alabama he did not lend his sanction to the doctrine that any human being is better for being ignorant, but gave his generous support to the doubling of State appropriations for the maintenance of the famous institution located at his home.

While loyal to every southern sentiment and loyal to every southern tradition, he was of that broad mold of Henry W. Grady, of whom it was said that when he died he was literally loving the nation into peace. His death was premature, measured by earthly standards, and yet, measured by his achievements, his life was longer than that of most men.

His loss was felt by all who knew him, though when I heard of it I could not but feel most deeply for that dear, sweet-faced mother I had met in their home in Alabama. His sudden taking off is but another illustration of the fact that—

There is not a wind that blows but brings with it some rainbow of promise. There is not a moment that flies but the sickle in the field of life reaps its thousands with their joys and cares.

Death was not feared by him. I never new a man of more simple and childlike Christian character. He came to this city with deep-seated convictions upon the subject of morality and religion, and without ostentatiously advertising them he lived all his days here in strict harmony with them.

Never did he depart from that standard of conduct which had been his in his little town at home. He went out of

life in the full faith that he was going to a better world beyond, and surely we may join with him in that belief that—

Though with bowed and breaking hearts,
With sable garb and silent tread,
We bear his senseless dust to rest,
We know he is not dead.

ADDRESS OF MR. THOMAS, OF NORTH CAROLINA

MR. SPEAKER: It is with feelings of profound sorrow and deep regret that I rise in this Chamber to pay a last sad tribute of respect to the memory of CHARLES WINSTON THOMPSON, and to lay upon his tomb in the fair State of Alabama, in our sunny Southland, my wreath of immortelles and my garland of flowers. Not only were the ties of friendship between myself and CHARLES W. THOMPSON strong, but the ties between North Carolinians and Alabamians, between the State of North Carolina and Alabama, are especially strong and numerous. Many of Alabama's citizens are of North Carolina descent. Some of North Carolina's citizens are of Alabama descent, including distinguished Representatives from both States upon this floor. The cities of Alabama, some of them, bear the names of our North Carolina cities. The names of Greensboro and of Newbern, my home, are also the names of Alabama cities.

Since Alabama was admitted into the Union in 1819 North Carolina has contributed largely to her population, and Alabama has honored many of North Carolina's sons. The distinguished William R. King, who was born in the county of Sampson, in my Congressional district, and who formerly represented North Carolina in this House, afterwards represented Alabama in the United States Senate, and from that good State was sent as minister to France,

and became Vice-President of the United States. There are now residing in Alabama many distinguished citizens of "Tar heel" ancestry; many who have removed to that State from my State. Such men as Judge Thomas Ruffin Roulhac, United States district attorney; the Hon. Hannis Taylor, minister to Spain under Mr. Cleveland's Administration, a native of Newbern, N. C., and many other men eminent at the bar and in public life. Mr. THOMPSON himself bore the name of "Winston," a prominent North Carolina family, as well as of Alabama's beloved governor, John A. Winston. These facts may account in part for my own attachment to Alabama people and to her late Representative whose memory we honor to-day.

It is difficult, Mr. Speaker, for me to find appropriate language in which to express the shock and the sadness which the news of the death of CHARLES W. THOMPSON caused me. Since I have been a Member of this body, the greatest parliamentary assembly in the world, in the brief period of three terms of service here, I have seen many of the nation's most eminent men, including a President and Vice-President of the United States and great statesmen and political leaders, pass from the stage of action. The nation and the world have mourned their departure. But many of these—yes, most of these—have vanished from the scenes of earthly glory, honor, and triumphant success in the zenith of their fame and after many years of public service.

CHARLES WINSTON THOMPSON had just begun his public career. In private life he was a successful planter, banker, and business man, and had accumulated a large income.

In his public life he had served Alabama in the State senate, but his political career here was just beginning; and his service in Congress was a stepping stone only to other honors, including the governorship of his State, when, in a moment, suddenly and almost without warning,

God's finger touched him and he slept.

Coming in and going out among us in this Hall, sitting by my side during this Congress, full of life, hope, and happiness, looking forward eagerly, cheerfully, joyously into the future; seeing there no shadows, only the bright sunlight of peace and success, and in the vista of the years only still wider avenues of business enterprise, still higher honors in public life, still greater joy in living; in apparent good health, death's poisoned shaft pierced him in a night, and after a brief struggle my friend succumbed to the inevitable. He met with patient resignation and fortitude the divine decree; he faced death bravely, and closing his eyes upon the changing scenes of earth fell asleep to awake in heaven's eternal morning.

Closing his earthly career in his forty-fourth year, he had won success as a business man, an educator, a legislator, and a statesman, and in every capacity he was useful and honorable, and withal a Christian gentleman, popular with all classes and conditions of people in the community in which he lived, and beloved by them all.

We have often heard it said that a man dies when his work in the world is finished. The work of CHARLES W. THOMPSON seemed just to have begun. Why was it not to be completed? Wherefore was the stately column broken? By what theory, what reason, what philosophy,

do you explain the sudden termination of a bright, happy, useful, and prosperous life?

It is said that our friend contracted the disease by which he was stricken in attending devoutly the services of his church, the Methodist Episcopal Church South. Wherefore, while evil men continue to live and flourish, should a good man die? These are questions constantly recurring when death strikes down a good man at our side; questions as old as the everlasting hills, as the philosophies of ancient times, as the teachings of the heathen philosophers, Plato, Socrates, and Aristotle, as old as human life itself, yet ever new and recurring like the mystery of death. The stoic answers, "We know not; let us endure without complaint." The epicurean answers, "We know not; life is brief, its ills are many, and so while we live let us live." The Christian answers, "It is the divine will, and we bow to the divine decree."

Whatever may be the solution of this great mystery and the answer to these questions, we can find no comfort when one whom we love and esteem meets an untimely end except in the thought that God, who controls the universe, who holds in the hollow of His hand the oceans, who counts the sands upon the seashore and numbers the stars of heaven, and yet who marks the flight and fall of the sparrow, knows what is best and does it; and though His divine decrees are immutable and mysterious, yet they affect men and nations alike and are the decrees of a loving Father.

Mr. Speaker, I am a predestinarian. I believe not that what is to be will be, but that when God wills, however

untimely it may appear to us, then must events transpire and changes come in the lives of men and nations, and that His divine will is best.

The poet Whittier, in that grand poem "The eternal goodness," imagines some beautiful islands of the sea, unreal and far distant, which are full of beautiful flowers and rare exotics and joy and peace and sunshine, where it would be ecstasy merely to exist. Realizing the sin, the suffering, passions, changes, and chances of this mortal life, he longs for these beautiful islands of rest. He can not discover them, and so he patiently waits by the shore and listens for the sound of the muffled oar of the boat which is to bear him across the ocean's billows. He turns to his faith in the eternal goodness of God, exclaiming:

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I can not drift
Beyond His love and care.

It is said that "death loves a shining mark." Certainly in the sudden death of Mr. THOMPSON was this exemplified. Successful, surrounded by friends, of good habits, and with the brightest prospects, the grim destroyer selected an illustrious victim. His aim was sure, swift, and deadly, and before we realized that the end was near, and although the most skillful medical aid in the country was summoned to his bedside, almost without warning his spirit winged its flight into the great beyond. The pale boatman, with his muffled oar, bore him across the waters to those beautiful isles of the sea upon whose shores break forever and forever the waves of eternity.

CHARLES W. THOMPSON possessed besides a knowledge

and aptitude for business and politics a keen appreciation of all that was good, true, and beautiful in the world. He had a refinement and sensibility which led him to love and admire the best in art, literature, nature, and mankind. His soul abhorred vice and impurity of speech. He thought no evil; he believed good of everyone. He had a cheerful optimism, a wise conservatism, a belief in God and humanity, and a love for his fellow-men; a rare combination of qualities which made him popular with men of all parties and creeds. In Congress his career and speeches were especially notable in their purpose to endeavor to unite all sections of our common country and to obliterate all sectional feeling. He appealed for just consideration and accurate knowledge of the South and southern conditions.

In an eloquent speech which he made upon southern war claims, in which he urged the repeal of the fourth section of the Bowman Act, which bars the great bulk of southern claims for supplies furnished to or taken by Federal forces in the civil war, because it makes the claimant's loyalty to the United States Government during that war essential to the validity of his claim, Mr. THOMPSON made an earnest plea for the whole people of the South, for reconciliation and peace between all sections of the country, and showed the gross injustice of northern partisans in believing and treating the South as still disloyal to the Union.

I quote one paragraph from that speech. Mr. THOMPSON said:

Southerners are as good citizens of the United States to-day as are the Northerners, and they should be treated as such by our laws. Our supplies

were taken and used by the officers of the Government, and should be paid for. The South does her full share of the fighting for the Union. She does her full share of the work of the country. She bears her full share of the burdens of the country. She pays her full share of the \$150,000,000 paid in pensions each year for Union soldiers. She is striving equally with the North for the honor, welfare, and advancement of the whole country. The two sections are in perfect unity, peace, and concord each with the other, and all acts inconsistent with this so desirable condition of affairs should be forthwith repealed. Think of the heroes of Georgia, Virginia, and the Carolinas in the Revolutionary war; the men who, almost starved, barefooted, and in rags, baffled the hosts of British regulars and won from them an unnumbered series of brilliant victories under Sumter and Marion. Remember the exploits of the Southerners under Andrew Jackson in the war of 1812, under Scott and Taylor in the Mexican war, and remember that when the Spanish war broke out the Southern Confederate veterans and their sons sprang with one accord to the defense of the Stars and Stripes and fought for the flag on sea and land with unsurpassed bravery and vigor. The man who held the fort at Habana was a Southerner and a nephew of Robert E. Lee. The first one to fall in that war was a Southerner, sealing his devotion to the Union with his heart's blood.

Such sentiments as these indicate the patriotic spirit of CHARLES W. THOMPSON. Mourned by his friends, the community in which he was reared and lived, the constituency by whom he was beloved and twice elected to Congress, and by all the citizens of Alabama, the body of CHARLES W. THOMPSON has returned to the dust of his native State and his brave and kindly soul to the God who gave it. May he rest in peace in Alabama's soil, there to await the resurrection morning and the "rising of the Sun of righteousness with healing in his wings."

ADDRESS OF MR. RAINEY, OF ILLINOIS

Mr. SPEAKER: The power of a great nation does not depend alone upon armies and fleets and the extent of its territory, but upon the honesty and worth and enthusiasm of its citizens. The material progress of a country depends to a large extent upon the integrity of the men who are elected to public office.

CHARLES WINSTON THOMPSON believed always in the idea that a public office is a public trust, which must always be administered with the same appreciation of the responsibilities involved as is required in the transaction of the ordinary business affairs of life.

As a Member of the Congress of the United States and in all the minor political offices he at various times filled he discharged his duties honestly, faithfully, and fearlessly, and with the same zeal and integrity that always characterized his transactions in the numerous business activities in which he was engaged.

He brought with him to this House all the enthusiasm of his young manhood. He has left here the impress of a strong, manly personality. Upon such men as CHARLES WINSTON THOMPSON depends, to a large extent, the welfare and material progress of our country.

He was born in the Southland when the two sections of our country were contending in the greatest civil war the world ever saw. He lived out his young manhood surrounded by the evidence of the changed and constantly

changing conditions brought about by that conflict. The traditions of centuries had been destroyed. The labor system of great States had been overturned.

Amid the chaos which followed the war he grew to manhood. Living in the center of the "black belt" of Alabama, he had opportunities for the study of social conditions such as were presented to but few men. Fighting always, even in early youth, with a manful courage the battle of life, he soon learned to appreciate fully the difficulties which presented themselves in the attempt to solve the race problem in the South.

His material affairs prospered, and he was able to give much time to the study of this most important question. He made it his life work. The locality in which he lived was peculiarly fitted to develop in him the ideas he sought to impress upon Congress and upon the country.

The emancipation of the negro had left that race largely preponderating in his section. On account of this fact the great Tuskegee Institute was located there. This great institution, officered by negroes, has been successfully striving to uplift the race by training them in the industrial occupations. He was in entire sympathy with this work and rendered at all times valuable assistance.

Here in the village of Tuskegee he resided during all the years of his life. He has contributed much toward the solution of this great economic problem.

He was loved by all who knew him. His bright, cheerful disposition made him armies of friends wherever he went, among both the white and the black races.

Sunshine was he in the winter day,
And in the summer, coolness and shade.

He was an honest, conscientious, enthusiastic, forceful man of action, always in the full possession of all his faculties. Such a man is the grandest object this world ever exhibits. To use the words of a great American orator, "The heavens in their magnificence, the ocean in its sublime immensity, mountains standing firm upon their granite foundations, all are less imposing than a living man in the possession of his highest faculties."

We have assembled here to-day to do honor to the memory of an honest, thoughtful man, who in his lifetime was a potent factor in the solution of great economic questions. Such a man while he lives is an inspiration to all who come within the sphere of his influence—

And when he dies he leaves a lofty name;
A light, a landmark on the cliffs of fame.

The work he attempted to do can not be arrested by the cold hand of death. He started into forceful motion activities which will not stop with his death. Fifteen hundred years ago barbarians attempted to remove from the earth the influence of Athenian sculpture and they mutilated and buried the old Greek statues; but these great works of art live again, and during all the centuries have "kissed into being with their cold lips of marble" successive generations of artists, who have made the world ever more beautiful and have developed and uplifted human ideals.

Such a man as CHARLES WINSTON THOMPSON lights up this old cheerless world and glorifies all he undertakes with bright hues brought down from heaven.

He was a true son of the Southland. He loved her history and her traditions; he loved the locality in which he was born and had always lived.

He loved the flowers and the bright skies and the singing birds of his native State. He loved her almost perpetual summer, her balmy breezes, and her broad smiling landscapes. He loved the people who live there—young and old, white and black; he loved them all, and they loved him.

Death came in the full flush of youthful manhood, when for him the sun was still shining in the eastern sky and had not yet approached the meridian. Death is always sad, but it is less sad when the shadows of evening are gathering, and when a man has lived out the years of his mature manhood and is entering upon the infirmities of old age.

He died here in this capital at his post of duty, a victim to the severity of an unusually cold winter in Washington. I was one of the Members of this body who accompanied his remains to his native village. As the long train moved swiftly across parallels of latitude we soon began to realize that we had left behind us the land of snow and cold and were entering upon the sunny Southland.

I shall never forget the impressive scene which followed our arrival in his native village. The night was not far advanced, and from miles around his old friends had come to pay their tribute to his memory.

I can see yet the long procession up the village street, the heartfelt grief of his family and of the friends of his own race, the long lines of black men and women who stood respectfully, with uncovered heads, as we passed.

It was glorious springtime in the Southland. The air was laden with the fragrance of flowers; from the orchards

came the song of the mocking bird. It was the season he loved best. CHARLIE THOMPSON had come home—back to the country he loved and to the people who loved him.

We covered his grave with flowers and left him there in the land he loved, under the blue sky of his native State, where the flowers bloom and the birds sing and the balmy breezes forever blow from the southern gulf.

ADDRESS OF MR. BURNETT, OF ALABAMA

MR. SPEAKER: When CHARLES WINSTON THOMPSON'S spirit took its flight from earth the world was poorer by its loss and heaven was richer by its gain.

I had known Mr. THOMPSON for several years before he was elected to the Fifty-seventh Congress, but we resided in different portions of the State, and my acquaintance with him was not intimate.

When he came to Congress our relations became closer, and I soon saw that in the noble heart of CHARLIE THOMPSON the storehouse of friendship was inexhaustible and the love of humanity was without stint or limit.

There was nothing small or mean in this good man's nature. God wrote upon his very brow the record of an honest man, a loyal heart, and a noble soul.

He came on during that period just after that terrible civil war, when southern homes were laid waste and poverty and distress stalked over our beloved State. He came from this school of adversity, rising step by step till he stood before his countrymen an example of what pluck, energy, industry, and honesty can do.

Mr. Speaker, the life and character and success of CHARLIE THOMPSON ought to be an inspiration to the poor boys of our land. No pampered son of fortune was he, but from middle life and without the advantages of a college education he rose to be the successful business man, the splendid Representative, and the honored

Christian gentleman. His successful life shows to our struggling boys and young men that in free America there is no royal road to success, but that the door of opportunity is open to all alike.

It shows that in this grand Government of ours the plowboy upon the mountains of Alabama may reach the highest niche in the temple of honor, while the spoiled child of fortune may die in the gutter. It shows that perseverance and honest toil, aided by pluck and good judgment, have their just reward.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time—
Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing shall take heart again.

But when success and honor came to Mr. THOMPSON he was not one who forgot the authors of his promotion. His heart was ever turning back to the humble homes of his people and he was never happier than when sounding the praises of those who were struggling to keep the wolf from the door.

How often is it, Mr. Speaker, that promotion and civic honors spoil those upon whom they are bestowed? That man has a cramped and narrow soul indeed who when honors are showered upon him forgets the people from whom they came. No man who has a grateful heart will ever do it, and CHARLIE THOMPSON was not the man whom success made bigger or better than his humblest constituent.

The one great predominating characteristic of the heart of Mr. THOMPSON was his love of humanity. His broad soul knew no "pent-up Utica," but the world was his field, and the betterment of mankind was his primè object in life.

He loved the South and Alabama with all the deep affection of a devoted child for its mother, and yet his broad soul leaped beyond State borders and sectional lines and embraced even those who were his political adversaries.

This was illustrated during his first term in Congress, when he invited and secured several Members of Congress and other distinguished gentlemen and ladies from the North to go with him, and at his expense, to his beloved Southland that they might see the colored man as he is and meet the southern white man in his own hospitable home.

This excursion cost him over \$1,000, and yet with no regrets did he ever contemplate it, as he realized that by this method his people became better known and better understood by those who knew little of conditions in the South.

Mr. THOMPSON was a devoted member of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, and he was one among many other Members of Congress who brought his religion and his Christian life with him to Washington. He and I attended the same church in this city, and with myself and family he sat in the same pew and in the same class at Sunday school. For our teacher we had that noble Christian Alabamian, Judge Chambers, and Sunday after Sunday have I seen the countenance of our departed friend lighted with a sacred fire as he listened to the teachings of this man of God.

Mr. THOMPSON had, by dint of his untiring energy and the exercise of his good judgment, accumulated a handsome fortune, as that term goes in the South; yet his purse strings were never tied against the calls of charity, humanity, or religion, and in eternity many a soul whose earthly wants he had relieved will rise up to call him blessed.

His life was a sweet benediction to his friends, and when death claimed him it left an aching void in the hearts of all who knew him.

As a citizen, as a business man, as a representative in the State senate and in the halls of Congress, as a dutiful son and a loving father, and as a Christian gentleman, he measured up to the ideal standard of the noblest work of God. He died, as he had lived, with a heart full of love for God and his fellow-man. To those about him in the hour and article of death he declared his perfect readiness to meet the future. Without a doubt or a shadow hovering about him, he stepped out into eternity, prepared to meet and face his God.

In the prime of a hopeful, successful, ambitious manhood he was called hence, and about his seat in this House and over his silent tomb there hovers the sweet recollections of a beautiful life. Tender and gentle as a woman, his heart ever beat responsive to the calls of humanity. Why is such a heart chilled by the icy touch of death, and such a spirit removed by the relentless hand of fate? He who doeth all things well alone can answer these solemn questions, and can tell His mysterious reasons for thus chastening our hearts and the hearts of his family. To our narrow visions it is strange and inscrutable.

Just as he was reaching that period in life and public service when he could have done most for his people and for humanity our friend is snatched away, and we are left to gaze into the great beyond and wonder why "'twas thus." Such afflictions as this are often sent athwart our pathway to remind us that in the very midst of life we are in death, and to sound the note of warning—"prepare to meet thy God."

But his was a life well spent and crowned with good works and noble deeds. To his devoted Christian mother he left the memory of a dutiful son. To his children he left the heritage of an honest name and an unsullied character. To the church he left the wealth of a Christian life and the example of a Christian death.

To his people he left the record of a patriotic citizen and a faithful Representative. May the example of his life ever inspire his colleagues and friends to an earnest emulation of his virtues, and as we go forth from this solemn occasion may the recollection of CHARLIE THOMPSON fall ever as a beacon light upon the pathway of us who knew him and loved him. As the springtime flowers are laid by hands of a tender, loving mother upon the new-made grave of her departed boy, we point her to the bright spirit of that boy beckoning her and his children to follow him to the land of joy, and assure her that her grief is not as that of one who has no hope of future bliss, for, in the poet's words—

The Healer is there, and His arms are around,
And He leads them with tenderest care;
And He shows them a star in that bright upper world,
'Tis their star shining brilliantly there.

ADDRESS OF MR. PADGETT, OF TENNESSEE

MR. SPEAKER: Once more an angel messenger delivered his message to the House of Representatives, and the late CHARLES W. THOMPSON responded and took his departure. We have assembled upon this holy Sabbath afternoon to speak a word of just tribute to his memory and his works. He and I entered Congress at the beginning of the Fifty-seventh Congress. During that Congress I only knew him as a Member of the House. In the Fifty-eighth Congress we were assigned to work upon the Banking and Currency Committee, and there I knew him better and had more association with him.

In speaking of him to-day, however, I shall speak less of what I know myself and more of what those who knew him better and had had longer association with him testified to his worth and his merits; to speak that impresssion that he made upon me and what I believed he was, in truth and in fact. First of all, I desire to say that he was a man of deep religious conviction. To say that he was a member of the church is not enough. True, he was a devoted member of the church, but there is more than church membership. In his heart, in his soul, in his being there was a deep, earnest conviction of his duty, his obligations, and his relationship to his God. He believed in the fatherhood of God, not abstractly, not simply that God was the Creator in the abstract of all

things, but in the concrete that he was the Father of the human race.

It is a good thing, Mr. Speaker, to lodge in the human heart a belief in the fatherhood of God, and CHARLES W. THOMPSON had a deep and earnest and sincere conviction in this belief, and this belief made itself manifest in his life, in his conduct, and in his character. Again, Mr. Speaker, he was a man of broad humanitarian sympathies. All of us have our sympathies, all of us have our charitable thoughts, our kindly affections, our love for our friends, but there is more in life, there is more in sympathy than affection for an individual or kindness to a particular person.

There is a breadth, there is a broadness, there is a comprehensiveness in sympathy that reaches out and touches humanity, and CHARLES W. THOMPSON had that sympathy. He believed in the brotherhood of man. He touched elbows with humanity; his heart responded to the noble sentiments, the deep sympathy, the abiding confidence in the integrity, in the worth, and in the merit of humanity, and it was this belief, it was this broad humanitarian sympathy inspiring his life that interprets and sheds light upon his character and upon his worth as a man, as a citizen, and as a legislator.

He was also a successful man in the material business affairs of life, a man of sobriety, a man of energy, a man of industry, a man who properly and wisely appreciated the virtues that enter into and constitute the elements of life and of character. He did not believe that character was

a haphazard matter, but he realized that it was constituted of elements, essential elements without which life was a failure, and that these elements of character were the virtues of life, and he put these virtues into practice.

He was not satisfied simply to believe in virtues, in the elements of character in the abstract, but he had a desire and an ambition to exemplify and illustrate these virtues in his daily walk, in his conversation, in the mode and the manner of his living and moving among men. As the result of this he enjoyed the confidence, the love, and the respect of the people of his home land and of his colleagues and associates in this Chamber. I shall not dwell upon that. Others who knew him longer and had associated more with him have borne witness to that phase of his life.

Let me only add that a man moved by such impulses, inspired by such inspirations, knew and realized and proved that "life is more than meat and the body is more than raiment."

I was one of the committee of this House appointed to attend his funeral at his home in Alabama. The esteem and respect of the people of his native State was indeed a beautiful and inspiring tribute to his worth and a noble monument to his memory.

In the midst of life death came to him, and he left us; and we stand here to-day asking ourselves why. Is death the end? If so, our aspirations are barren; our inspirations are fruitless. If death is the end, why should we cultivate the intellect to sweep out over a universe, to

gather in the knowledge and the glory and grandeur of creation? If death is the end, why should we fill our hearts with the inspirations of love? Why should we link and bind our lives with the ties of friendship and hallowed association if it all comes to naught? If death is the end, why should we not seek only to gratify that within the grasp of our senses?

It is standing in the contemplation of scenes like this, in the shadow of lives like that of Mr. THOMPSON, that we can rise in the dignity of manhood, in the glory of such a character, and say, "I know that my Redeemer liveth and that after this life I shall see God."

'Tis life, not death, I crave; more life, richer life, would I have. Here in this life, hemmed in by the senses, able to communicate only through the limited and narrow channels and avenues of sense; over there, untrammelled by the limitations of our physical senses in the life which he enjoys, we are in touch with the eternities—the eternities of time, the eternities of space, the eternities of opportunity, the eternities of accomplishment.

Oh, the little time that is allowed us here, when our ambitions, our calculations, our aims, and our purposes are cut short as illustrated by the life of this man! Encompassed by the limitations of time, the limitations of space, our sphere of action is so narrow we can extend our associations and friendships and obligations and duties only over a little territory.

Here opportunity, it is said, comes to us once only, and then it seems that we accomplish in the full, rounded,

perfected sense so little. Is it not a comfort, as we measure life and character by such a standard as the life and character of this man, to find consolation in the thought of the life beyond, in the eternities of our opportunities and our accomplishments? Verily, these are the grandeur and the glory and the power of life.

ADDRESS OF MR. SCARBOROUGH, OF SOUTH CAROLINA

MR. SPEAKER: Some one has truthfully said: "It is a pious office to scatter sweets over the tomb of departed worth." For that purpose we are met to-day. CHARLES W. THOMPSON is no longer a Member of this great American Congress, but his comrades on both sides of this Chamber esteem it a melancholy pleasure to turn from acrimonious debate and place among the archives of the second session of the Fifty-eighth Congress their testimonials as to the character and worth of the lamented dead.

The death of our friend is another startling proof of the uncertainty of life. Neither exalted position nor wealth furnish any immunity against this dread visitation. Our friend had both, but in spite of that, and in spite of the services of skilled physicians, CHARLES W. THOMPSON heard a call that he could not disobey; his spirit passed beyond the shadows and mists of time, and his body sleeps in the land of his birth, where from day to day his dusty couch is watered by the tears of generous love.

I met Mr. THOMPSON at the opening of the Fifty-seventh Congress. We took the oath of office at the same time, I believe, lived at the same hotel, and sat near each other in this Hall. So I had some opportunity of knowing him.

I believe there is no life in which a man more surely makes his own place and maps out his own course than

in this body. As some one remarked here in debate a few days ago, it matters not what a man may have been at home, no matter what social or political distinctions he may have won in some other arena, or what ability he may have shown in some other forum, when he becomes a Member of the House of Representatives he will be judged by the record he makes here.

Mr. THOMPSON attracted men not by brilliant speech or self-assertiveness, but rather by his gentleness and conservatism. He was a manly man. His was a bright face that wore a cheery smile, sure token of a genial, happy disposition, and a mind that entertained high ideals. The world is a mirror that reflects back our own image. Smile, and it smiles at you; weep, and it shows a tearful countenance. Changing the figure, some one has said that the world is a savings bank from which we can draw out only what we put in. No wonder, then, that our dead friend saw love and beauty and joy and gladness in the world, and wore a smile and had a hearty hand shake for those he met. He was in love with the world around him and with his fellow-men, and the world was in love with Mr. THOMPSON. He gave to his fellow-men the warmth of his sunny nature and they paid him back in his own coin.

As a legislator he was studious and purposeful. His ambition was to do right. A Southerner, he was typical of that section—loyal to its traditions and proud of its history. But he was not provincial; he was an American and loved the whole Union. As a business man he was unusually successful, and yet he was neither a bigot nor

a Shylock. He gave his goods to feed the poor, and was delighted to be a steward of his Lord's money.

I had the honor of being one of the Congressional escort that went with his body to his much-loved Alabama home. It was a sad mission. The immense concourse of people, representing all classes and conditions, that followed his body to the grave was an eloquent tribute to his worth, and showed the esteem in which he was held by his neighbors. Only two weeks before he had told friends and loved ones good-by, after a brief visit to his home, and had, in apparently perfect health, resumed his duties here. Life seemed to spread out before him and years beckoned him forward, but he fell in the zenith of his manly strength, with the sun of life at high meridian. Measured by the highest standard of manhood, his life was not so short after all, for "he lives longest who lives best."

Let me speak briefly now of the most striking phase of Mr. THOMPSON'S character. He was not ashamed of the gospel of Christ and esteemed it an honor to be reckoned among the children of God.

The average man can easily conform to the requirements of the moral law at home, surrounded by Christian influences, but many men become lax in the observance of religious duty when they come to the capital and go with the multitude to do evil. Not so with our departed friend. We are told that the first Sunday after he arrived in Washington, at the opening of the Fifty-seventh Congress, he went to the church of his choice, the Methodist Episcopal Church South, put himself under the charge of the

pastor, and then, Sunday after Sunday, when in Washington, he was found among the worshipers. No, he was not ashamed to be called a Christian.

When the shadows lengthened and the death dews settled on his pallid brow he told the minister, "I am not afraid to die." Who does not envy such heroism?

The great and wise of earth have weighed the planets, measured their orbits, and determined their revolutions; but none have been able to raise the shadows that hang around the tomb or say where will rest the soul when freed from this mortal casket.

And yet our friend, soothed and sustained by an unfaltering trust in God, approached the King of Terrors in this final conflict and was not afraid.

He had heard "songs in the silence," and the God whom he had served forsook him not in that hour. Crowns and coronets, scepters and robes of office give no guaranty against the icy touch of death or any title to rest and home and life and joy beyond the grave. But in spite of wealth and high position and the seductive influences of official life, our friend had found the "open sesame."

Peace, peace, sweet peace,
Wonderful gift from above—
Oh, wonderful, wonderful peace,
Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

ADDRESS OF MR. RICHARDSON, OF ALABAMA

MR. SPEAKER: The simple tribute that I sorrowfully pay to-day to the memory of CHARLES WINSTON THOMPSON is the sincere offering of my heart to a friend whom I honored and loved, and around his vacant seat on the floor of the House tenderly clings the loving memory of admiring friends.

At his home in Alabama, where he was born and reared, and where every opportunity was offered to study and learn his private and public life, it was there, and among those people, that the sudden ending of his useful and hopeful life was most deplored. They had watched him as he walked in and out before them, and they saw in his life the slow and gradual construction of a character that illustrates and typifies human nature in its highest forms.

It was not Mr. THOMPSON'S brilliancy of intellect or power of eloquence that challenged and secured the confidence and love of those who admired him, but it was the strength, heroism, truth, honesty, and virtue of his private and public life—his character—that made him the man we knew him to be. Armed as he was with these noble traits, he defied temptations and fought the great battle of life with honor and credit, whether the struggle came from within or without.

Mr. THOMPSON was a faithful and conscientious representative of the true interests and welfare of the people whose commission he bore in the halls of Congress.

His standard of work and duty was the same in public as it was in private life. He knew no compromise, no hesitancy, when right and principle were involved. He was genial and social in his intercourse with his friends, always thoughtful and considerate of the views and feelings of others, and his heart was full of love and sympathy for his fellow-man. His life is a splendid exposition of those quiet, guiding precepts and principles which constitute the highest and best type of our citizenship. He crowned it all with a modest but a sublime Christian faith that easily stripped death of all terror to him.

I can not, Mr. Speaker, close these few remarks without referring to Mr. THOMPSON'S views and feelings on his broad and patriotic love of his country. It was no surprise to me, knowing him so well and intimately as I did, that a man of his methodical life and high business qualifications and mind was absolutely free from the touch of sectional feeling. He was in all matters a fervent southern man. He loved the South with all its splendid memories and traditions. He honored our heroes, but he yearned in his heart to see the once bitter memories coming from the great civil war forever buried and forgotten. And his life by act and precept encouraged this happy consummation.

ADDRESS OF MR. BANKHEAD, OF ALABAMA

MR. SPEAKER: CHARLES WINSTON THOMPSON, whose most inscrutable removal from among us we pause now to consider, was of a generation and of a part of our country which furnishes an interesting, and should be a most instructive, type in the study of the composite people who constitute the citizenship of this great Republic. He was born in Alabama in 1860. He was an Alabamian, a Southerner by birth, by heritage, by association, by sympathy, by impulse, and with purpose. He was born at a time when the Republic was on the verge of a convulsion of passion such as never before rent a national family into tragic dissension. He was of blood that was shed for his State and section. His childhood was spent in the little town in the heart of Alabama and in the heart of the Southern States which formed one side of the divided family of the nation. The blight of poverty, all the worst wreckage of that awful conflict of four years, was in evidence before his child eyes. He must needs, as his mind developed and his character formed, have been deeply impressed with all that he heard and all that he saw as to what home life meant, what community interest implied, what pride of State signified, and what love of country inspired.

It is not possible to conceive that in this little southern community in Tuskegee, in the heart of hearts of Southern States, where was rocked the cradle of secession, that

CHARLIE THOMPSON, as a boy, could have heard a single sentiment that was contrary to devotion to home, to State, and to the South, for which his kinsmen and his neighbors fought, as they believed, for the preservation of the high, lofty, and humane principles upon which the Republic was founded. There could not have been, in the very nature of his home life, his childhood, his youth, his young manhood, one marring voice of sensible utterance that reflected harshly upon the valor, the virtue, and the integrity of the motives of the South in the national family strife. Yet we all do know that when CHARLES WINSTON THOMPSON died in the blossom of manhood and the ripening fruitage of manful strength there died as pure an American patriot as has lived between boundary lines of land or far-apart ocean shores. He not only felt it, but he proved it, as we all know.

Successful from a humble beginning far beyond the success of many with better opportunities, helping others all along the way of his advancement, taking them with him by strength of hand and cheer of hope, no man in his community was before him in its confidence, its affection, and its respect. Necessarily his influence in any enterprise or measure for general effect in that community was unquestioned and unquestionable. Alabamian and Southerner as he was in habit, accent, sympathy, association, and education, that little southern community never heard from CHARLIE THOMPSON'S lips nor divined from his acts anything that was not brimming with the broadest patriotism. He thought much—probably most—of the genuine good of a really united country. He did not pause with the

indulgence of sentiments pleasing to his moments of amiable reflection. He went to work, took pains, spent money he had earned in many a day of self-denial to bring about a better, saner, sounder, kindlier feeling between representative people of the North and South. He took them to his home and did them honor.

He showed them a community in which all interests and all races lived and worked together for good and progress. He showed them the most wonderful educational institution for the advancement of a people lately emerged from slavery ever placed upon the surface of the earth. He showed that institution, mighty for good, a school for the training of negroes, respected and flourishing, progressive and productive, among southern white people. He showed them beyond cavil that truer friends of the negro did not live in the world than here in the heart of Alabama, in the heart of hearts of the Southland. Having done that, can there be any sort of respectable question anywhere that CHARLES WINSTON THOMPSON has done a great good for his people, for his State, for his section, and for his country? Cut off as he was in the very blossom of this noble generosity of purpose, we can but poignantly deplore his death. Yet gratefully shall we contemplate his memory for this great good that he has done. He deserved of the richest of the beatitudes pronounced for acts of men for the good of their fellow-men.

No respecter of fame or fortune belonging to any man, death has not hesitated to strike at palatial portals any more than at the hovel door of the humble. It cuts down a successful earthly career with a stroke as ruthless

as that with which it smites to dust the last chance of him whose life has been a failure. If the continuously unfortunate go where "the weary are at rest," we consign his memory to eternal repose, with a sigh that means it is all for the best. But when he is taken from among us, to be gone forever, who but yesterday was strong, buoyant, sanguine; smiling over successes achieved and radiant with hope of triumphs to come; when such a man, moving among us and within a week is taken; his name stricken from among the list of living; all his high hopes as the dust with which he is soon to mingle; all his achievements but to be the solemn summing of an epitaph—then it is we are stricken with impotent awe and unavailing wonder. But young as he was, untimely taken as he was, CHARLES W. THOMPSON served his community, his State, and his country with an example worthy of emulation by the best blood that courses in the veins of American citizens.

He lived and loved to live with and for the things of good repute. He was a professor of the Christian faith, and no man more zealously, more diligently, more ardently sought to attain toward the perfection of its teachings than he. Suddenly smitten amid his duties and his pleasures, he was the first to realize that his work must cease and all his joys of living come at once to an end-all. Early in his illness—to the amazement of his friends—he gave them timely but the calmest of warnings that the worst might be expected in but a few hours. They absolutely scouted his admonition, thinking the infliction of pains soon to pass had raised his pulse

and excited his imagination. It was not until the unmistakable shadow of death itself hung its dread pall about his pillow did any one of those who had sought to laugh away his fears realize the truth in a dumbness of ended hope. The grief of yesterday for our dead friend and colleague is to-day merged into a sense of exaltation, almost fraught with rejoicing, that his life, brief as it was, marked a career of generous usefulness, of high and noble purpose, and of love and charity for all men. His was the "white flower of a blameless life," and it was more. The flower left its seed to enrich the soil of character wherever right-living humanity is indigenous, wherever honesty, industry, and love of fellow-man may nourish and cause to bloom again and again the best that is in men—the immortal part.

ADDRESS OF MR. WILEY, OF ALABAMA

MR. SPEAKER: We stand in the shadow of a great sorrow. Again we are impressed with the solemn words of the poet:

Oh, deep, enchanting prelude to repose,
The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes;
Yet half I hear the panting spirit sigh
It is a dread and awful thing to die.

Ebon-handed Death, with his relentless scythe, has again invaded our ranks and cut down a beloved colleague in the full pride and strength of a glorious young manhood.

On the 20th day of last month, at the hour of 4 o'clock p. m., his disembodied spirit winged its flight from the ills of life to a brighter and better home beyond the skies, to that—

Mysterious world, untraveled by the sun,
Where time's far-wandering tide has never run.

In his untimely death the State mourns one of her strongest and noblest sons. His illness was brief. Grief-stricken, we scarcely had occasion to gather around his sick bed before we were summoned to follow his body to the grave.

So buoyant and manly, strong and healthy, brave, loyal, and true was he that it never occurred to us to associate him with the idea of death. Better than any man I ever knew he appreciated the just relations between himself and others, the duties arising from them, and his obligations at all times to fulfill them.

I was his intimate personal friend and loved him for those qualities of head and heart which endeared him to all who came into close contact with him. As a father, son, brother, neighbor, friend, church member, and patriotic citizen he discharged every duty cheerfully and with the approval of a good conscience.

Time robs us of our treasures one by one, leaving us nothing save our dead. The ways of God are inscrutable—past finding out. In the midst of a useful and honorable career, with a rainbow of promise spanning a brilliant future and glowing with prismatic colors of richest hue, it is beyond our finite comprehension to understand why the “dread summons” should come to him at an hour so inopportune. All our sorrows, it is said, have elements of good in them, and as “the swift shuttle passes” we catch bright glimpses of golden threads in the black web of our afflictions. Light and shade, good and evil, joy and sadness, sickness and health, life and death, cross and recross like warp and woof in the loom and weave up the eternal network of our destiny. But—

Each hope and fear that blights the eye or clouds the brow
Proclaims there is a happier sphere than this bleak world that holds us
now.

From the almost inspired pen of Edmund Burke we have this memorable sentiment: “There is nothing in the world that does not lie within the reach of an informed understanding and a well-directed pursuit.” The moral qualities, the excellencies of character, of brave and loyal men have caused the torch of truth to come down from heaven to earth. Truth and courage are lordly virtues.

They wear upon their heads the dignity and glory of kingly power; and when softened by charity, which is their loving mother, they become the superb crown of humanity—not imperious despots, but checked and tempered sovereigns of the soul.

CHARLES W. THOMPSON was a broad-gauged, progressive, liberty-loving American. He was not a theorist or pessimist. He was no literary vagrant, loitering about the soft places of indolence and ease. He was intensely practical. He did things. He accomplished results. With a Napoleonic grasp of the situation, he reached conclusions with unerring accuracy and apparently without conscious intermediate process. Earnestly patriotic, his ardent wish was to have all sectional lines obliterated, to behold the North, South, East, and West banded together in the common bonds of perpetual union and fraternal love. Direct in his methods, clear of comprehension, with a bright mind full of useful knowledge, fluent in speech, and graceful in manner, it was no marvel that in his public addresses he became so interesting and instructive that “the common people heard him gladly.”

The Bible description of a Christian worker, “not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord,” precisely fitted him. He met the duties, responsibilities, and obligations of life with truth and courage, honor and manhood. It is the rugged highway that calls forth one’s strength and not the valleys of sensuous ease. The fierce winds drive the roots of the giant oak deep down into the earth, so that it may resist the raging storms. Carlyle defined genius to be “a light of intelligence, of

truth, and of all manfulness." This sort of genius craves recognition and appreciation. Merit does not voluntarily hide itself from the knowledge of men. It will live through the fire of persecution. It will break the shackles of ignorance, superstition, and prejudice. It will stand firm against adversity's howling tempests. Even prison walls and iron bars can not shut out its influence.

It was a doctrine of old paganism that the gods gave nothing to mortals without severe toil. Acting upon the principle that labor conquers all things and "time will bring its own reward," the splendid gentleman whose death we mourn to-day struck out for himself in the great ocean of busy life around him and struggled heroically with its waves. He proved himself strong and worthy; and his fellow-men were not slow in making the discovery, in properly appreciating his efforts, and in rewarding him according to his deserts. From obscurity to fame he fought his way, and his career demonstrates and illustrates the magnificent possibilities of American citizenship.

With a modest beginning in his native town of Tuskegee, he amassed a large fortune before he reached the age of 40 years. He did not enter the political arena until he had already achieved notable business successes. The first official position he held was that of State senator, and while serving in that capacity he was elected to the Fifty-seventh Congress in a hotly contested race. He was returned to the Fifty-eighth Congress by a large majority, and would have been reelected without opposition to the Fifty-ninth Congress but for his sudden death. He was peculiarly adapted to public life. Enthusiastic in his

affections, generous in nature, magnanimous in disposition, benevolent and public-spirited, tactful in the management of men and measures, tireless in energy, patient and painstaking in the conquest of details, he possessed, in addition to these characteristics, a magnetic personality, which enabled him to triumph in all his undertakings without surrendering one "jot or tittle" of his honest convictions.

Doctor Johnson has somewhere said: "He whose life has passed without a contest, who can neither boast success nor merit, and is content with his own character, must owe his satisfaction to his insensibility." There is not a person on earth who has not in him the power to do good. What men want is not talent so much as purpose; not so much the ability to achieve as the will to labor.

In little circles, it may be, we gather about us those who are bound to us by ties of affection or cemented by common rights and mutual interests. A man can not live for himself alone. Our fallen friend was literally the "archimedean lever" that moved the social, commercial, and religious thought and action of the community in which he was born. He had, of course, battles to fight and victories to win. He encountered difficulties and conquered them. He faced obstacles and surmounted them. A tree is known by the fruit it bears. A man is judged by the product of his labor.

According to every standard known to human experience by which earthly fame is measured we are forced to rank him among those who have compassed large results; but the make-up of this remarkable man can not be understood, nor a proper estimate be put upon his life

and character, without taking into account the beneficent influence his devoted Christian mother exercised in his moral and religious training.

It was Madame de Stael who told Napoleon Bonaparte that if he wished to regenerate France he must first regenerate her mothers. A nation's glory or shame begins at the lullaby cradle, fondly rocked by an anxious mother's hand. It is an indisputable fact that scarcely any man has ever attained distinction in his chosen sphere who was not reared by a consecrated mother.

The tender love and consideration he always manifested for his mother was beautiful to contemplate. How proud she was of her worthy son—the idol of her heart, the “apple of her eye,” and what a cruel blow was struck her when the “still small voice” coming from the realm of shade fell upon his ear and whispered: “Child of the dust, come away—come away.”

When he left her to attend to his Congressional duties at Washington, imprinting a kiss upon her aged lips, health bloomed in his cheeks and joy laughed in his eyes; only two weeks later when he returned to her his body lay in a coffin. His image deep graven on her broken heart will remain “till memory be dead.” He was her prop and support—her stay and hope. She had directed his youthful mind and guided his erring footsteps, and now, in her declining years, she delighted to lean on his loving breast; and he never failed her. His staff was her “comfort.”

He was essentially a busy man; yet in the hurry and bustle incident to an active life he found time for the

distribution of charities and benefactions with a liberal hand. He did not deem it a weakness to give sway to the influence of loving and sympathetic emotions. He preserved in his warm heart some green spots where the caravan wheels of the world never passed and where the hoofs of its carnival coursers never trod. His benevolences made life beautiful to many sorrow-stricken souls, bringing to them flowers and music and good cheer, and pouring into their weary hearts light and gladness, and sunshine.

But he has left us forever. Death, who knocks alike at the palaces of the rich and the cottages of the poor, unwilling to await the fruition of his earthly endeavors, has called this faithful public servant, this genial and gentle friend, "from labor to rest," but he has not died in vain. His good deeds will live after him and inspire the youth of the land to emulate his well-rounded character. He leaves to the nation and his native State, to his family, kindred, and friends the legacy of an unsullied name. We mourn for a comrade lost; we grieve for a friend that is gone; but we will cherish the memory of his noble life, and emulate those lustrous virtues which incited him to lofty aspirations in his works and aims during his pilgrimage on earth, in his daily walk amongst his fellow-men. They have builded for him "a monument not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that all Members who have not spoken, but who may desire to submit remarks upon the life and character of CHARLES WINSTON THOMPSON, have leave to print in the Record within such time as is usual.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Without objection, it will be so ordered.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Now, in pursuance of the resolutions already adopted, and as a further mark of respect to the deceased Senator and Representatives, the House stands adjourned until to-morrow, at 12 o'clock noon.

Accordingly (at 5 o'clock and 26 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE

APRIL 26, 1904.

MESSAGE FROM THE SENATE.

The message also announced that the Senate had passed the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the business of the Senate be now suspended, that opportunity may be given for tributes to the memory of Hon. CHARLES W. THOMPSON, late a Member of the House of Representatives from the State of Alabama.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased and in recognition of his able and faithful public services the Senate, at the conclusion of these exercises, will stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

Resolved, That the Secretary send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

MARCH 21, 1904.

MESSAGE FROM THE HOUSE.

A message from the House of Representatives, by Mr. W. J. Browning, its Chief Clerk, communicated to the Senate the intelligence of the death of Hon. CHARLES WINSTON THOMPSON, late a Representative from the State of Alabama, and transmitted the resolutions of the House thereon.

The message also announced that the Speaker had appointed Mr. Wiley, of Alabama; Mr. Clayton, Mr. Bowie, Mr. Padgett; Mr. Gaines, of Tennessee; Mr. Littlefield; Mr. Brown, of Wisconsin; Mr. Darragh; Mr. Williams, of

Illinois; Mr. Hill, of Connecticut; Mr. Scarborough, Mr. Southard; Mr. Patterson, of North Carolina; Mr. Houston, and Mr. Aiken members of the committee on the part of the House.

DEATH OF REPRESENTATIVE THOMPSON, OF ALABAMA.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The Chair lays before the Senate resolutions from the House of Representatives, which will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions of the House of Representatives, as follows:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

March 21, 1904.

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound regret of the untimely death of Hon. CHARLES WINSTON THOMPSON, late a Representative from the State of Alabama.

Resolved, That a committee of fifteen Members of the House, with such Members of the Senate as may be joined, be appointed to attend the funeral.

Resolved, That the Sergeant-at-Arms of the House be authorized and directed to take such steps as may be necessary for carrying out the provisions of these resolutions, and that the necessary expense in connection therewith be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect this House do now adjourn.

Mr. MORGAN. Mr. President, I offer the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The resolutions will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with deep sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. CHARLES WINSTON THOMPSON, late a Representative of the Fifth district of the State of Alabama.

Resolved, That a committee of eight Senators be appointed by the President pro tempore to join a committee on the part of the House of Representatives to take order for superintending the funeral of the deceased.

Resolved, That the Senate communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to; and the President pro tempore appointed as the committee on the part of the Senate under the second resolution Mr. Morgan, Mr. Pettus, Mr. Culberson, Mr. McLaurin, Mr. Overman, Mr. Spooner, Mr. Nelson, and Mr. Dolliver.

Mr. PETTUS. Mr. President, I move that the Senate, as a further mark of respect, do now adjourn.

The motion was unanimously agreed to; and (at 3 o'clock and 22 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until to-morrow, Tuesday, March 22, 1904, at 12 o'clock meridian.

APRIL 25, 1904.

MESSAGE FROM THE HOUSE.

The message also transmitted to the Senate the resolutions of the House of Representatives on the life and public services of Hon. CHARLES W. THOMPSON, late a Representative from the State of Alabama.

APRIL 25, 1904.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES ON THE LATE REPRESENTATIVE
THOMPSON.

Mr. MORGAN. Mr. President, I desire to state that at half past 4 o'clock to-day I shall ask the Senate to act on resolutions, responsive to the resolutions of the House, in respect to the life and public services of Hon. CHARLES W. THOMPSON, late a Representative from the State of Alabama.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

APRIL 25, 1904.

Mr. MORGAN. Mr. President, understanding that the bill has gone over, I call attention to the notice I gave this morning that I would at this hour call up the resolutions of the House of Representatives commemorative of the life and career of the late Hon. CHARLES W. THOMPSON.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The Chair lays before the Senate resolutions from the House of Representatives, which will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

April 24, 1904.

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended, that opportunity may be given for tributes to the memory of Hon. CHARLES W. THOMPSON, late a Member of this House from the State of Alabama.

Resolved, That as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased and in recognition of his distinguished public career the House, at the conclusion of the exercises of this day, shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

Mr. MORGAN. Mr. President, I offer the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The resolutions submitted by the Senator from Alabama will be read.

The resolutions were read, as follows:

Resolved, That the business of the Senate be now suspended, that opportunity may be given for tributes to the memory of Hon. CHARLES W. THOMPSON, late a Member of the House of Representatives from the State of Alabama.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased and in recognition of his able and faithful public services the Senate, at the conclusion of these exercises, will stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

Resolved, That the Secretary send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

ADDRESS OF MR. MORGAN, OF ALABAMA

MR. PRESIDENT: The resolution of the House of Representatives, in which the Senate is asked to concur, will convey to the people of Alabama a gratifying expression of the regret of Congress at the loss of their young Representative, who was esteemed as an honorable and useful man and was sincerely beloved by them. They will thank Congress for this expression of their sympathy for the loss Alabama has sustained in the early death of CHARLES WINSTON THOMPSON. They will associate the honors bestowed on him in these obsequies with those that come with responsive grief from their own hearts, and they will cherish them as an honorable and sacred memorial.

Congress honors Mr. THOMPSON because he was a faithful public servant, and the people of Alabama honor him for that cause and because they loved him.

He was not peculiar among his fellows and associates for distinguished abilities and achievements, but his life was an example of manly worth and moral integrity that reflects honor upon his people and entitles him to their affectionate remembrance. He was a true example of their religious, social, and industrial life, and a representative of the convictions and principles they adopt as their guides in their participation in the affairs of State and National Government.

He attained to this representative character, which he won without the aid of favoring circumstances, by his strong traits of personal character, his own courageous spirit, and his upright manner of living.

The young people of the white race of the South at the period of his childhood had an environment of difficulties in all that surrounded them that has had no parallel in history. I mention this to illustrate his success in life, as being due to Mr. THOMPSON'S strength of character and to the approval of the scrutinizing judgment of the people who knew his course of conduct and rewarded him with distinguished marks of their confidence.

Great numbers of the young men and women of the South have endured the same tests with like results, but not with like distinction in public affairs, for few have sought such opportunities; but they comprise constituencies that are not excelled for good sense, useful knowledge, and true excellence of character by any of the communities in this great Republic, which means by any in the world. At the time when this youth entered upon the work of his life the new era had supplanted the old and had nearly extinguished all that had been created and established by the labors of man in the South, until only the soil and the skeleton of civil government and the ashes of movable property remained.

The white people, unused to labor, and their former African slaves were brought into unequal competition in physical toil and endurance, and were rated as equal participants in the inheritance of civil power in the governments that were established alone by the white race. The real

struggle of their children was for existence, and there was little hope that they could successfully aspire to the enjoyment of the honorable influence that their fathers had possessed.

This was a desperate outlook for boys and girls born in that era. Yet wonderful success has been accomplished by them, which is only the precursor of greater achievements, and an applauding world looks on with pleasure and seeks to know the cause of the triumphant restoration of the white race in the South that now seems to be assured. The first answer to the inquiry is that it is in the blood of the race; but the supreme answer is that the All-Wise Creator, having assigned to the white race the leadership in Christian civilization, has qualified His people thus chosen for the task with the power to overcome opposition, to remove obstructions from the path of duty, and to defy all forms of oppression and antagonism that may impede their progress.

These traits we call "virtues," and it is a true name for the fruits of a gift that is really divine.

In no place are these blessed fruits richer or more abundant than in the homes of the southern farmers. The matrons and the daughters who minister in these domestic sanctuaries keep the sacred fires of liberty and of pure and philanthropic affection forever aflame on their simple altars, whose incense ascends to heaven and pleads for truth, justice, sincerity, courage, charity, and peace. Their prayers are not without answer, and the whole country smiles under the benediction.

It was in such a household that CHARLES W. THOMPSON was born and reared.

The modest fortune of the family had vanished in the conflicts of civil war; but his heart did not fail him, and he did not shrink from toil. He put forth the strength and courage that have the simple name of "duty" in the ritual of the domestic fireside—first, duty to God, and then to the family, and then to the country—and he measured the whole meaning of that injunction, and fearlessly he took up his task.

There is one yet living who remembers how she almost despaired when her boy first bent his shoulders to the task whose burden she had borne through so many trials.

That one is his mother. But she also knows that he had help that came not from human hands, and that she had begged it from One who never closes His ear to a faithful mother's plea. In such homes, with such family surroundings, men are born and nurtured upon whom the State can always lean with confidence in peace or war, at the voting booth, in legislative assemblies, on the bench, or in the executive offices.

They are the men whose public official servants create and administer the laws by their authority, and their test of civic virtue has always been that obedience to law is the highest duty of citizenship, and that he who refuses to obey the laws is not fit to be intrusted with their enactment.

It is such a constituency that Mr. THOMPSON represented.

It has been my good fortune to represent that constituency, in part, for nearly thirty years in the Senate. In that time I have enjoyed the honor of a near association with those who are not inferior to the men of any assemblage in the world, and no honor could be greater than a kindly welcome by them. But, even in the Senate, I have not found any whose respect and approbation I value above that of this splendid constituency.

To have the approval of such people while living and their affectionate remembrance after death is the high reward that Mr. THOMPSON has earned by a modest, simple, and true life devoted to duty.

I need not recount the history of his youth and early manhood. It was uneventful, in the sense that it attracted little attention from those who attach small importance to a career that is not accentuated by unusual adventures or extraordinary success or failure.

The southern pine that finally lifts its plumes high above the hills and plains is not less grand because it is not conspicuous among the millions that surround it in the great forests. Mr. THOMPSON grew up among men like himself, and he felt that it was honor enough to be their equal and to enjoy their confidence and approbation.

In their service and with their encouragement it was natural that he should be proud of the public trusts they confided to his care, and that he should hereafter aspire to official station, in which he felt that he could render a service to the people which would draw him into closer relations to their domestic welfare than he would hold to them as their Representative in Congress.

Some incidents attending the week of the fatal illness of Mr. THOMPSON point to the plan of public life which he preferred and illustrate the strongest motives that controlled his conduct as a man in his social and political relations.

On the last Sabbath of his life he worshiped, in the morning and evening services, at the Mount Vernon Methodist Church in Washington, and was found to be violently ill with pneumonia on his return to his hotel at night. He suffered severely, but patiently. His thoughts were busy with the sudden change that was about to occur, as to which he had no doubt. He had no distressing fears of the presence of death in respect of his future being. He had no sudden preparation to make, for he had "cast an anchor within the veil" in early life, and he had no dread of shipwreck on the ocean of eternity.

He had cherished the desire to lead a life of usefulness and the aspiration that it might be a life of service to his State, as the great embodiment of the sovereignty of the people of Alabama, for whom he had profound reverence and the strongest sense of loyalty.

He had served the people faithfully, according to his opportunity, in the Congress of the United States, and had, in an unusual degree, gained the confidence and the admiration of the Representatives from other States and the high regard and esteem of his colleagues from Alabama.

Having a substantial fortune, which he had earned laboriously and honestly in useful business pursuits, he was not tempted by any mercenary motives to pursue a

political career, but his success in Congress had been honorable and, doubtless, it incited him to further effort to become prominent and influential in the councils of the United States. But when he thought of the disappointment that his early death was about to bring to his most cherished earthly hopes and aspirations he spoke to his nurse about the chiefest of these, the one fond expectation that had its strongest hold upon his heart. He said, "I had hoped to live to become the governor of Alabama."

Turning from the hopes of prominence in the national service and putting aside its allurements, he followed the guidance of his sound judgment and true heart and found in their teachings that in his love of Alabama and in his devotion to the service of the State he would, in return, gain the warmer affections of a noble and generous people, and in their service he would find the reward that he coveted.

I am deeply gratified that in his last hours the heart of this young Alabamian turned to the sovereign State to which his first and highest allegiance was due with yearning for longer life, that he might labor more effectively in the service of our people. This is the instinct and the worthy ambition of every true son of Alabama.

Mr. THOMPSON was born in Macon County, Ala., December 30, 1860, where he resided during his life. In the forty years following the organization and establishment of State government in Alabama, Macon County was a center of the highest and best social influences, and it contributed powerful and noble men and women

to the service of a true Christian civilization. Not many were very rich and none were very poor or even so deficient in the comforts of an independent living as to create a line of social distinction relating to the ownership of property.

Such a just and happy balance of social conditions always insures the contentment of the people and their development on the basis of personal merit. This social condition in the South has afforded room and sustentation for the growth of many of its noblest men and women.

The standard of merit and social distinction there has not been the possession of wealth or the inheritance of ancestral fame. It has been adjusted by personal worth and uprightness of character.

The county of Macon and the neighboring country was settled by enterprising immigrants from all of the old thirteen States, and their children are Americans in the best sense of that high calling. Mr. THOMPSON was born of a parentage that had no special claims to distinctions in talents or letters or in public service, and no property that had not been earned by honest industry, and no accomplishments that were not the simple but beautiful decorations of pure and virtuous lives, and no religion that could not have an altar in every respectable home and a controlling influence for good in every action and emotion.

The time of his birth was in the period of the great civil war. At its close he and all the children of the South who still had the spirit of their fathers and mothers had to look through the smoke of battle and conflagration

to catch a glimpse of the star of hope that still shone dimly and with uncertain light on the dark horizon of the future. But that generation has not failed to heed its light or to follow its leading. "The resurrection and the life" are given to all men that die, but the children of the South were compelled to fight different and, in the sense of suffering, harder battles than their fathers had won or lost for the chance of a new life that would carry in its horoscope the future liberties and the prestige of the race to which they and their fathers belonged.

Mr. THOMPSON was of that great number and, as many thousands have done, he searched among the ruins for the material and the tools with which to rebuild wrecked fortunes and the places of habitation. Through dint of the blood and spirit they inherited, and through faith in God, whose service they love, they have surmounted almost the last obstacle to their restoration.

The deliverance of the South from the curse entailed upon us by the covetousness of people foreign to us, which for centuries has brooded over the fairest land in the world, will not be long delayed, and his comrades and contemporaries lament that he passed away without having witnessed the opening triumph of the movement in which he labored so earnestly.

His greatest honors will not be written on historical pages or on monuments dedicated to his memory. They live, and will continue to live, in the hearts of those who knew him best—his neighbors and associates.

He died in the Lenten season, on the 20th of March, 1904, when the Christian world contemplates suffering and

death—the winter season of penitence, the season when faith looks forward to the springtime of a new life. He died in the budding season of hope, when, seeking a new life freed from the decay of the old life and the moldering cerements of the tomb, the souls of men begin to take courage and even to rejoice in the hope of life everlasting.

It was in the quickening power of this season that a daughter of Alabama perceived and declared, through the single sense of touch, which was the only means of communication with the outer world that was left to her, the truth of the divine promise of the resurrection and the new life, and gave her conception of the “Easter season” to the world.

Her exquisite delineation of immortality could not have been the result of teaching, but of inward thought. It is so clear that it demonstrates its truth. It is the inward thought of a pure soul that had no possible guide but that of her own conception of the truth that could lead her thoughts to its discovery through the processes of reasoning. It requires more than all the senses to comprehend a life after death, and Helen Keller had only the sense of touch, yet she comprehends this mystery. Her inspiration is the true work of faith, aside from revelation.

Helen Keller's knowledge of death is as certain as if she had seen others die, and her knowledge of the life to come is an act of faith no less convincing to her inward consciousness. This knowledge may not be an inspiration given to this wonderful girl. It is, however, an inward consciousness—an act of faith—that, in some

form and at some time, convinces every sentient human being.

This young woman was born and nurtured in the circle I have described as being neither rich nor poor, nor great, nor yet unknown. Her kindred are among the pillars of society in Alabama—the heads of good families, of which the strength and distribution resembles that of the sturdy oaks of the forests of the South. It is only a fitting tribute to one who appreciated the grand and beautiful sermon of Helen Keller's life, and who revered her almost as if she was an angel of light, to quote from her "Spirit of Easter" these lines of thought expressed by her touch, that recall the tongues of pentecostal flame. They are words of appropriate farewell from Alabama to her worthy son :

Belief in eternal life compels us to believe in good deeds and honest thoughts.

The good man toils not for to-day, not for to-morrow alone, but because he knows that his labor shall survive long after his hand has fallen from the plow.

The good man pours himself into the world and makes it new. He is among the blessed who win sight out of blindness, order out of chaos, and life out of death.

These thoughts, I believe, define the purpose of the life work of the worthy son of Alabama whose obsequies the Senate is now celebrating, and I quote them as a legend appropriate for his tomb.

Let the people of Alabama feel in this hour of sad reflection the safe assurance of restoration to their former dignity and power that must come and will come through the virtues and labors of their sons and daughters.

Let them read and understand their future in the light of these prophetic words of the beloved daughter, Helen Keller:

Since the first Easter morning the soul of man has shown with unwasting light; for then he looked into the radiant face of the risen Christ and knew that God's universe shapes itself not to destruction, but to a yet more glorious genesis.

Out of night He bringeth day and out of death life everlasting.

Alabama has passed the darkness of the night. "The bars of night are broken." "The bird is on the wing," and the breaking of the dawn heralds the returning sun that cheered our fathers in the days when they met dangers on the halfway ground and accepted distress as a sacrifice due to their convictions of duty.

I find pleasure and, I hope, profit to the young men of Alabama in stating the grounds—the basis on which the people of that State placed their sincere affection for CHARLES W. THOMPSON.

It was not that he was considered a "model man," in whose life and example there was no flaw or occasion for criticism. He did not so regard himself, nor did he believe or aspire to the hope in respect of which personal vanity so often misleads excellent young men—the hope of being able, without divine help, to fashion character into the full stature and perfect development of a model man.

He has left a good example, well established by a modest, sincere, useful, and honorable career.

He has done as much at 44 years of age to gain the confidence of his neighbors and the admiration and applause of the people of a great State as very able men of greater age have accomplished.

Measured by such a standard, which, after all, is very high, CHARLES W. THOMPSON must be ranked with the men to whom the people attribute greatness and goodness as their grateful reward for faithful public service. He was not conspicuous for the brilliancy of such intellectual powers as captivate audiences by special gifts of oratory, or for the wisdom of utterances that will become standards of thought for coming generations; but, better than this, he taught by his example and his words of good counsel through which his influence for good is a permanent and enduring work.

His life was a steady, reliable light, that did not flame out at times with extraordinary brightness, but, in its uniform glow, guided many into the better ways of life and the people in safe roads to prosperity. It was not a false life, that allured his associates into evil, but a true light that all could follow without respect to their condition in life.

Men who have reached the period of longevity and experience where the present is the point of retrospection and the future is admeasured by the past realize that a good life, though it may be brief, is the most precious gift that a man can bequeath to his successors.

The life of Mr. THOMPSON is such a gift to his associates and to his constituents, and, lamenting its early close, they cherish the value of his excellent work and feel that his loss is a public bereavement.

ADDRESS OF MR. DOLLIVER, OF IOWA

Mr. PRESIDENT: I have often reflected upon that limitation on our lives here which, notwithstanding the opportunities for personal acquaintance, narrows our opportunities for that intimate knowledge of other men which is essential to a just estimate of their character and of their services.

I count it one of the fortunate things of my public life here that I had the means in an unusual measure to learn of the ideals and achievements of the Member of the House of Representatives to whose memory we are now paying our tribute. I sought his acquaintance, because, upon meeting him by chance, I found in him the type of what appeared to me to be a very large and broad public service. I found that he was thinking and dealing with those questions that lie nearest to our national life.

He had been born, as I myself had been, in a Southern State, at the very time of the outbreak of the civil war, in the midst of which so many of the institutions of our people either perished or were so transformed as to be hardly recognizable; and I think by that circumstance I was drawn near to this man. I found him thinking and talking and working for a better understanding between the sections of our common country. He had not shared the passions of the period of civil strife, and as he came to manhood he recognized that the welfare of the Republic, North and South, required a more perfect unity in thought and in feeling.

So, among the first things to which he devoted himself on coming to the national capital was to contribute to that better understanding between his own people and the people of the North. He understood that the old questions were all gone, and that nothing remained to fortify the old prejudices except the want of knowledge which usually lies at the basis of all prejudice.

Among the first things he did as a Member of the House of Representatives was to invite his colleagues from other sections of the country to go with him upon a journey to his own home and partake of the hospitality of the community in the midst of which he had been reared. More than two score of his friends and acquaintances in both Houses of Congress went with him to Alabama, and the most beautiful thing about the man appeared to be the modest pride and dignity with which he took these strangers into the hearts and homes of the neighborhood in which he had lived all his life.

He was proud of the old State, proud of her people, proud of her progress, and anxious that others should know and appreciate them as he appreciated them.

I can imagine no better service that could be rendered to the people of the United States than a systematic effort to introduce every section of our country to every other section. I know of nothing that would more swiftly and more perfectly extinguish the prejudices and misunderstandings which may linger even for generations in a country with such scattered interests as ours.

He was not only anxious that the people of the North should know and appreciate the people of his own State,

but he had special interest in bringing strangers from other sections of the country into contact with the really great and troublesome questions with which his people had to deal.

I have met no man, either in public or private life, who recognized more clearly that the great question with which the American people have to do in the next century is the question arising from the presence among us of 10,000,000 people once slaves, now free men, and standing in the midst of a republic, looking for their opening and prospect in life.

We have had in the last few years a good deal of discussion, much of it helpful, but much of it, I regret to say, harmful, as to what to do with these 10,000,000 people. From an intimate acquaintance with Mr. THOMPSON, I believe he comprehended that problem more perfectly than any of his contemporaries, or at least his comprehension of it was so simple and so effective as to be intelligible to those with whom he expressed his views and opinions.

He was a believer in the education of the South. He had secured what intellectual training he had in the common schools and academies and business colleges of the community in which he was brought up. He began his career in early manhood as a teacher and as a superintendent of public instruction in the community in which he lived. He knew, and lost no opportunity to emphasize the fact, that the salvation of the community in which he lived and the salvation of the whole country lies in that form of education which qualifies the ignorant and illiterate

for the larger responsibilities that belong to citizenship in the United States.

So he devoted himself in all those years to a study of the question of bringing to the black race in the South that kind of education which would enable them to master their situation, to acquire property, and attain a substantial relation to the business community. With the best interests of both races in his heart, he saw that the task before him was to prepare the black people for the everyday duties of life, so that at length they might come naturally to the exercise of those rights which can not be permanently withheld under our form of government.

His heart was enlisted in the cause of industrial education for the white people of the South because he saw what has been so graphically described by the Senator from Alabama [Mr. Morgan], that the civil war left the South prostrate, its occupations suspended, and the savings of generations wasted.

But he did not confine his activities or his sympathies to the white race. He had a glimpse of the larger philosophy of this world which recognizes that there can not be permanently in a country like ours two levels of civilization; that ultimately there will be one level, and that the lowest. And so he bent himself to the task of lifting an outcast and backward race from the degradation in which the civil war left it, by means of such a training as would fit it for the active duties of life.

He gave his sympathy and counsel and his money to the great experiment which is going on in the town in

which he lived which is intended to fit the leaders, at least, of the colored race in the South for that guidance of their people without which all their proper rights under our institutions are vain and insubstantial.

He not only gave that far-reaching enterprise his good will, but out of the abundance with which the Lord had prospered him he gave his money and his constant support.

I believe that he better than anybody else, certainly better than anybody whom I have come in contact with, comprehended his problem; and while others who have studied it with less sympathy and less insight have been prone to disparage the work to which he gave his countenance and assistance, the time is coming when the benign work in which the Tuskegee Institute is engaged will be recognized all over the United States as the real emancipation of a race, the final deliverance of a people.

It has been a good many years since I have cherished even a passing animosity left over from the period of the civil war. It has been a good many years since I have felt in my heart any unkindness toward the people of the South. I recognize the fact that while the problem is not altogether theirs, but a problem of our whole civilization, the work of solving it in the nature of the case must be largely theirs. I take this opportunity of paying my tribute to Representative THOMPSON as the foremost man of the South in his leadership in the right direction where the interest of the negro race is involved.

His public service was brief, I think all too brief for his fame and for the fruition of the plans which he had in contemplation for the good of his people. They loved him and trusted him as few public men have been loved and trusted by any constituency. It was the unanimous testimony of those who went down to his home to stand with his neighbors by his grave that in all their experience they had never attended a funeral ceremony in which the hearts of all were touched by an affliction so evident and so greivous.

He was a man of wealth, a successful merchant, banker, and planter in that old community in which his ancestors had lived. Yet about his grave gathered the poor, the humble, black as well as white, and the universal sorrow of all attested the hold which his life had given him upon the affections of his people.

Such a career, even if it be brief, even if its conspicuous service be for only a few months, has no real ending in this world. Its final account can not be rendered until the good influences which he set on foot shall have fulfilled their errand, until the works of philanthropy and charity to which he gave his sympathy and his support have finished their ministry among the people whom they were intended to help. While his public life was cut short by death, the usefulness of the man has no end in this world, though his reward, as the reward of all faithful living, has come after the brief labors and trials of this strange life are over.

ADDRESS OF MR. BERRY, OF ARKANSAS

MR. PRESIDENT: Mr. THOMPSON was serving his second term in Congress at the time of his death. While I had met him in a casual way during his first term, I never knew him until the beginning of this session, when he came to live in the hotel where I have boarded for a number of years. During the entire winter I came in daily contact with him. We had frequent conversations on various subjects. There was scarcely a day passed in which I did not learn to know him better and to have a higher regard and a greater respect each day as the relations continued.

I think because I was a native of the State in which he lived we were thrown together more frequently, with a few exceptions, than I have been with any Member who does not live in my own State. As I learned to know him he impressed me as being earnest, kindly, considerate of the feelings of every human being with whom he came in contact, as a man who sought to contribute to the happiness of all those who surrounded him.

I learned in the conversations I had with him that his whole mind was devoted to the building up of the Southern States, and especially of the State of Alabama. He belonged to that progressive school which sought to bring immigration from every quarter, who earnestly

sought to develop every resource within the great State in which he lived; and, as the Senator from Iowa [Mr. Dolliver] has just said, one of the great purposes he had in life was to bring about a more kindly feeling among all sections of the Union.

It may be that his mind did not so often revert and he did not so often speak of the suffering days of the past as some others who participated in that great strife, and yet I learned from him that whatever was honorable and whatever was glorious in the record of his State, either in peace or in war, was a source of pride and gratification to him; and he often spoke of the great men who had represented Alabama in this and the other House. But that which impressed me most about him was his universally kindly disposition, his high moral character, and his constant habit of trying to contribute to the happiness and to the good feeling which might exist between those with whom he came in contact.

It was a great shock to those of us living in that hotel when on that Sabbath evening the word went forth that CHARLIE THOMPSON was dying. We could scarcely realize that the man with whom we had come in daily contact for so many months, whom we had seen on the previous Sabbath as he attended church, and whom we had met in the parlor in the evening after his return—that in one short week, on the following Sabbath, his life was passing away.

When his friends were gathered about him on that Sunday evening; when his youngest boy, a mere lad, stood weeping by the bedside; and when the father had

passed away, there came from the youth heartbroken sobs, and he asked the question: "Why has my father died?" The thought came to me that the same question for ages past has been asked, and asked in vain. The widowed wife, the devoted mother, the loving daughter, the faithful son, had often, as they stood at the deathbed of a loved one, asked: "Why has he died?" But no answer has ever come.

We only know that sooner or later death will come to us all, but where and when and why none can tell. There is no answer to the question. But if a man has so lived that he has faithfully discharged all his duties, he leaves to his children the inheritance of a good name, which far surpasses all the accumulated wealth of this world.

As the years go on, and those two boys who are left behind remember the high and lofty character of their father, the splendid life he lived, his freedom from all that was evil, and his attempt to promote all that was good, I think it will be a gratification to them to know that that father was honored and respected by every man who ever came in contact with him.

I think, too, Mr. President, it will be a comfort and consolation to them also to remember that in his dying hours, so long as his mind remained clear, his faith never faltered, his hope was never shaken, but that he believed in his death, as he believed in his life, in the truths of the Christian religion which he had learned from his mother and which he had taught to the two boys he left behind.

ADDRESS OF MR. HOPKINS, OF ILLINOIS

MR. PRESIDENT: I was a Member of the House of Representatives in the Fifty-seventh Congress. It was my last service in that body. Mr. THOMPSON was first elected to that Congress, and I knew him only as one of the new Members. During my service in the House in the Congress in which he was a Member there was but little opportunity for him to show the qualities of statesmanship that he undoubtedly possessed. His relations with the Members, however, on both sides of the Chamber were such as to early make him one of the marked men among the new Members.

That he achieved a good standing is evidenced from the fact that in the committee assignments of the Fifty-eighth Congress Speaker Cannon placed him upon the important Committee of Banking and Currency.

Mr. THOMPSON had not yet reached his forty-fourth year when death claimed him. He had not yet reached the maturity of his intellectual powers, but his service in Congress had already given earnest of a very useful and distinguished public career.

Alabama has long been fortunate in the choice of her representatives in both branches of Congress. In the Senate, Senators Morgan and Pettus are both men not only of distinguished ability and ripe experience in the affairs of life as well as legislation, but men of great

learning, who maintain the high character of the service in this Chamber which that great State has always exacted of her Senators.

The people in a number of the districts in that State have appreciated the advantages that come from long service of their Representatives and have been amply repaid by the distinguished ability and fidelity to them which has been shown by such Representatives as Messrs. Bankhead, Clayton, Burnett, Richardson, and Underwood. The long service that these men have had in the House of Representatives has given them favorable committee assignments and has enabled them to accomplish more for their districts and their State than could be accomplished by rotation in the membership of the House from that State regardless of the distinguished abilities that any new Member might possess.

The Members whom I have named have not only been loyal to their several districts, but have been keenly alive to the interests of Alabama and the entire Southland on all questions affecting that section, and have been thoroughly patriotic in their support of the General Government. Mr. THOMPSON gave promise of taking rank with these Members in the House on all questions of general legislation, and especially on all questions that affected his district and State.

His life and career illustrate the possibilities of American citizenship. He first saw the light of day on a plantation in Macon County, near Tuskegee, Ala. His childhood years were filled with incidents that are common to the life of the average American boy. He early

developed an ambition to gain an education and to improve his condition in life. After acquiring all the education that could be secured in the common schools of the county in which he was born he went to Tuskegee and there attended the Park High School, studying many of the higher branches of education and qualifying himself for the work which fortune had destined him to undertake in after life.

He was successful in all of his undertakings. He was a large owner of real estate and took an earnest interest in improving the condition of farm life in Alabama. He was also a business man of rare ability, and at the time of his decease was the president of the bank at Tuskegee. Like most American citizens, he early took an interest in politics. The first political office that he ever held was that of county superintendent of education of Macon County, his native county. He was elected to this position when he was only 26 years of age and held it for two years, discharging his duties in a manner that was not only satisfactory to his constituency, but creditable to himself.

For the next ten years he devoted his attention to his plantations and to his business, in which he was eminently successful. When he again essayed to enter political life, it was to represent the twenty-sixth senatorial district in the senate of Alabama. His service there was of such a character that his constituency determined that he was a fit man to represent them in the National House of Representatives, and they accordingly, at the expiration of his term of service as State senator, elected him as a

Member from the district in which he was born to the Fifty-seventh Congress.

No higher tribute could be paid to his worth than this. The people who thus honored him were many of them those who had known him from his earliest childhood, and who had noted his advancement from one position to another, and with satisfaction had marked the fact that with each succeeding honor that had been thrust upon him he had shown the qualities of heart and head that not only justified the confidence of his constituents, but gave promise of a splendid future.

He was taken away, Mr. President, at a time when he was most useful to his old neighbors, friends, and constituents, and at a time, too, to which he had confidently looked forward as enabling him to not only work out the dreams of his boyhood ambitions, but to render a service to his people and State that would be of an enduring character.

His death is not only an irreparable loss to his family and kindred, but one that will be long felt by the people of his district and State. In the strenuous life that he passed in carrying on his various business enterprises and mingling in politics as actively as he did, he did not forget the teaching of the Savior of Mankind and his obligation to his God. He exemplified in his life the teaching of the Christian religion, and died in the faith of the Methodist Church.

ADDRESS OF MR. PETTUS, OF ALABAMA

MR. PRESIDENT: The character and work of the dead Representative from Alabama have been portrayed to the Senate with more force and with more eloquent language than I can command.

I will only tell you of his burial at his home. I was one of the Senate committee sent to Alabama to attend the funeral ceremonies.

Our dead friend was born and reared in Tuskegee, in Macon County, Ala., where he lived at the time of his death.

Tuskegee is the county seat. It is a village in the east central part of the State, and it has long been the home of an educated, orderly, and honorable population. It has been the location of useful schools for many years.

The train conveying the body of Mr. THOMPSON and the official escort arrived at Tuskegee about 10 o'clock at night; and it was met at the depot by a great concourse of the people, white and black, ready to do all in their power to show their respect and affection for their dead friend. It was a solemn and sorrowing gathering of the whole population.

Next day the people from the county came from every part and in great numbers; and many came from other parts of the State to pay a last tribute to the dead.

The funeral services were conducted in the Methodist Church, of which our dead friend had long been a member.

Mr. THOMPSON was a prosperous business man, full of business energy and work, and he had the power and the disposition to do many acts of kindness to others. His manner was bright, cheerful, and gracious. So his work and his charity, though not ostentatious, became well known.

The poet has well said:

The world, which credits what is done,
Is cold to all that might have been.

Such a burial by that people could never come to any man unless they could say of him, "Well done, good and faithful man."

Mr. President, I ask for the adoption of the resolutions.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to; and accordingly (at 5 o'clock and 30 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until to-morrow, Tuesday, April 26, 1904, at 12 o'clock meridian.

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