HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

SUNDAY, *February 16, 1913.*

The House met at 12 o'clock noon, and was called to order by Mr. DOREMUS as Speaker pro tempore.

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

Our God and our Father, our life and our hope, for in Thy keeping is the destiny of men, we gather here to-day in memory of men who by dint of industry and faithful service proved themselves worthy of the confidence reposed in them, and have passed on to the reward of the faithful. It is well thus to commemorate their service and record their history as an ensample to those who shall follow them. Strengthen our faith, encourage our hope, and inspire us to noble endeavors, that we may merit the confidence of our fellow men and Thy loving kindness. Help us and their dear ones to say in all faith, Thy will be done.

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

In the spirit of Him who brought to light life and immortality. Amen.

The Clerk began the reading of the Journal of the proceedings of yesterday.

Mr. HAMILTON of Michigan. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that the reading of the Journal be dispensed with.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Is there objection?

There was no objection.

THE LATE REPRESENTATIVE WEDEMEYER.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The Clerk will report the first special order of the day.

The Clerk read as follows:

On motion of Mr. HAMILTON of Michigan, by unanimous consent,
Ordered, That Sunday, February 16, 1913, at 12 o'clock m., be set apart for addresses upon the life, character, and public services of Hon. WILLIAM W. WEDEMEYER, late a Representative from the State of Michigan.

Mr. HAMILTON of Michigan. Mr. Speaker, I offer the following resolution.

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

The Clerk read as follows:

House resolution 840.

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

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 memorial exercises of the 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 resolution was agreed to.

Mr. DODDS. Mr. Speaker, we are here at this time to pay a last tribute of respect to our late friend and colleague, WILLIAM WALTER WEDEMEYER. It is a sad and solemn duty for us all, but for those of us who are from Michigan, his home State, it is especially so. We knew him so well and were so thoroughly interested in him and in his future that his untimely death means much to us indeed. Had we been asked, when we assembled here at the beginning of the present session, to prophesy as to the one of us who would be first called upon to lay down the burdens of earthly life and pass over to the great beyond, I am sure that none would have named or had in mind the brother who has actually been taken from us. The youngest of us all; a giant in strength and, seemingly, in power to endure; with conditions about him apparently the most pleasing and self-satisfying, surely "WEDIE," as we were wont to call him, would have been the last one in our thoughts. But half of his life—as lives do go—was gone; and we were of a mind that years and years were yet to come to him in which, as in the past, his life would tell for good. But what we least expect most often comes; and now he is no more. "The bubble which seemed to have so much solidity has burst, and we again see that all below the sun is vanity."

Mr. WEDEMEYER obtained his education in the University of Michigan, where he completed both the literary and the law courses, being well equipped when he left it for the vocation in life in which he was to engage—the practice of the law.

My acquaintance with him began some 16 years ago, when he was but 23 years of age. This was during the first McKinley campaign, in the results of which he was much interested, and always after we were earnest friends. To know him was to become interested in him. It could easily be seen that he was one of those to whom the many talents had been given, and consequently much was expected of him in return. He seemed to know this, and "expecting no indulgence from others, he showed none to himself." There was, therefore, much of realization as well as promise in the life so unexpectedly ended. Deputy railroad commissioner of his State before reaching the age of 25 years, consul to Georgetown, British Guiana, soon afterwards, and a Member of this great legislative body before reaching the age of 38 years mark him as a man in whom the people had much confidence. Also, besides his other professional work at the time of his death, and besides his work as a Member of Congress, he was national counselor for the American Insurance Union, a position of much responsibility.

Those who really knew the esteemed brother whose loss we mourn know that he was no ordinary man. In all that goes to make the manly man—intelligence, morality, kindliness of heart—he was the peer of any.

In politics he was a stanch Republican. Though always for progression, he was for progression within his party.

He never pretended to be what he was not, but was always sincere, true, and natural.

He was an honest man in thought, in purpose, and in deed, and sham and falsehood were by him abhorred.

He was of a cheerful disposition and in a remarkable degree possessed the power to impart that cheerfulness to others.

His work as a speaker in the McKinley campaign, before referred to, first brought him into prominence as a State orator and ranked him as such among our very best. Wherever he spoke he was admired both for what he said and how he said it, and he invariably left his hearers with a desire to hear more. Well informed, clear in speech, logical and eloquent, and with a most attractive personality, he had a singular power over the minds of men, and thus he grew in favor.

He was a candidate for Congress in his district in the year 1898 and again in the year 1902, and each time lacked but a few votes of the number necessary to secure for him the desired nomination, the election after nomination being regarded as certain.

At the primary election held in 1910 he secured this nomination, and his election followed. That his service here was for so brief a period is greatly to be regretted. His fitness for the work was exceptional, and his life here would have continued to be a life of usefulness and one that would have brought him high distinction. But—

Again a prince has fallen in the fight—
The val'rous champion of the truth and right;
Determined, honest, level-headed, just,
Who broke no promise nor betrayed a trust!
His genial face with courtly kindness beamed—
By friends beloved, by all mankind esteemed.
Peace to his manly soul and sweetest rest
With that glad throng whom love of God has blest!

Mr. WILLIS. Mr. Speaker, I can scarcely make it seem possible that our friend has gone away. I suppose I was associated with Mr. WEDEMEYER as intimately as any Member of this House. Not a day passed but what he was in my office or I was in his office. Not many votes were cast by either of us while he was here without our consulting together, and we have all become so accustomed to his presence amongst us that we can scarcely realize that he has gone away.

In the few minutes that I speak I shall undertake something that perhaps is unsual, perhaps out of place, but it seems to me there is no better way of judging of a man than by knowing something of his thoughts and something of the books that he reads. It has been written, "As a man thinketh, so is he." Some one has said, "If you will show me what you read I will tell you what you are."

It will be forever a fond recollection to me that many hours were spent by me with this strong, heroic soul in the reading of things that he liked and that I liked; and I am reminded just now of a little poem that he recited to me many and many a time, from the pen of James Whitcomb Riley, an old familiar poem, perhaps, which yet expresses the thought I have in mind just now. I can hear Mr. WEDEMEYER's voice as he read this to me the first time:

I can not say and I will not say
That he is dead. He is just away!
With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand
He has wandered into an unknown land,
And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be, since he lingers there.

AUTHENTICATED U.S. GOVERNMENT INFORMATION GPO

And you—oh, you, who the wildest yearn
For the old-time step and the glad return—
Think of him faring on, as dear
In the love of there as the love of here;
* * * * *
Think of him still as the same, I say;
He is not dead—he is just away!

He read and recited that to me many times. It expresses the thought I have at this moment. I think I shall never be able to realize that Mr. WEDEMEYER has done other than simply "gone away." His life became so mingled with my life that the fond recollection of it shall remain with me through time and eternity.

My acquaintance with Mr. WEDEMEYER did not extend over so many years. I met him first, I think, in the winter of 1908, although before that time he was well known in our State as a campaign orator and as a lecturer. I think it was in the winter of 1908 that he came to Kenton, the county seat of Hardin County, in which I live, to address a great banquet of the Young Men's Republican Club. I became intimately acquainted with him from the beginning. I remember, after the banquet was over and the crowd had dispersed, that I went up to his room, and the great, big, jolly fellow sat down and we talked of our families, talked of politics, talked of our hopes, ambitions, and disappointments, and talked somewhat of literature.

I remember that he inquired of me if I had ever read a little selection which he proceeded to recite with tremendous effect and deep pathos. I read it now because it expresses Mr. WEDEMEYER's philosophy of life. He would not have us wrapped in deep sorrow; that was not his way of looking at things. He believed in taking things as they are and making the best of them and doing what we can for people while they are on earth. I remember in our interchange of thought upon this subject I recited to him this little stanza, which seemed to meet with his approval, and which I have since heard him recite many times:

A rose to the living is more
Than sumptuous wreaths to the dead;
In filling love's infinite store,
A rose to the living is more
If graciously given before
The hungering spirit has fled—
A rose to the living is more
Than sumptuous wreaths to the dead.

It expresses less beautifully and completely the same thought as is expressed in the selection he quoted:

Closed eyes can't see the white roses;
Cold hands can't hold them, you know;
Breath that is stilled can not gather
The odors that sweet from them blow.
Death with a peace beyond dreaming
Its children of earth doth endow,
Life is the time we can help them,
So give them the flowers now!

Here are the struggles and striving,
Here are the cares and the tears;
Now is the time to be smoothing
The frowns and the furrows and fears.
What to closed eyes are kind sayings?
What to hushed heart is deep vow?
Naught can avail after parting,
So give them the flowers now!

Just a kind word or a greeting;
Just a warm grasp or a smile—
These are the flowers that will lighten
The burdens for many a mile.
After the journey is over
What is the use of them; how
Can they carry them who must be carried?
Oh, give them the flowers now!

That was Mr. WEDEMEYER's philosophy of life—to do good every day, to make somebody happy, to lift a burden here, to cheer some one with a glad jest or a happy smile or a generous deed.

I may not speak at length of his services here in this body, and yet what little I shall say comes from the heart, because I think I knew pretty nearly what his positions were upon public questions, because, as I have said, we talked over most of the things that we would have occasion to act upon. I simply refer, in passing, to one or two of his speeches which I think were great speeches.

Mr. Speaker, I have heard many splendid orators, but I have heard few men that had more power with a great audience than WILLIAM W. WEDEMEYER. There was a magnetism of personality, there was a charm of persuasion of voice, there was a cogency of reasoning, of sound logic that marked the great orator. As I have suggested before, in Ohio he was well known, and whenever it was announced that WEDEMEYER, of Michigan, was to address a meeting, the crowd was limited only by the capacity of the hall.

That reputation which he had made as an orator, almost nation-wide in its extent, was fully sustained by his services here. As I recall the first speech that he made in the House, it was a speech relative to the investigations that had been had concerning matters in the State Department. I know that Mr. WEDEMEYER with his accustomed energy and attention to detail had spent days and nights and weeks in going into every detail of that case, and his heart was in it. While there was difference of opinion here in the House relative to the merits of the controversy, Mr. WEDEMEYER felt that certain officials of the State Department had been wrongly accused. He threw all the weight of his mighty soul into the fight and made a great speech, which all will remember who were fortunate enough to hear it.

He was very active in the discussion that resulted ultimately in the admission of Arizona and New Mexico as States into the Union, and I think I violate no rules as to secrecy relative to the proceedings in the committee when I say that no man on the Committee on the Territories, with the possible exception of the chairman, did as much to bring Arizona and New Mexico into the Union as did Mr. WEDEMEYER. Constant in his attendance upon the sessions of the committee, studying all the details, familiarizing himself with the arguments, he was a power in favor of the admission of those two new States. But the thing in which he took the greatest delight was that group of questions that we call the Alaska questions. Mr. WEDEMEYER was thoroughly familiar with the situation in Alaska. He had visited the place, had talked with the people, face to face; he had studied the question at first hand, and he was enthusiastic in his belief as to the possibilities for the future in that great undeveloped empire. If Members were not fortunate enough to be in the House the day he made his speech on the Alaska government bill, I dare say they would be well repaid if they would hunt out the speech and read it now. It was a mighty effort, and it shows Mr. WEDEMEYER's breadth of view, his strong grasp of public questions.

It is not necessary to call the attention of Members here to the fact, because we all know it. But one thing that I wish to call particular attention to and make a part of this solemn record that we are making up as to his services is his devotion to his duties. I have never seen in any legislative body a man who gave more careful, constant attention to the public business than did Mr. WEDEMEYER, even when he was called away, as he was very infrequently. When he had to be out of the city, through his capable and efficient secretary, or through some of his friends in the House, he kept in constant touch with the public business. He knew exactly what was going on, and always left instructions that if anything important came up to wire him and he would be here, no matter what the cost. He gave constant attention to his work. We have seen him sitting at his desk here, through the long day, always at work—always at work in the interest of the people, in the interest of his constituents. I have left my office many a time at 10 or 11 o'clock at night, and going by Mr. WEDEMEYER's office would find him at work, studying some public question. I dare say, Mr. Speaker, there has never been a man who served in this House who gave his life more completely to the services of the people who elected him than did Mr. WEDEMEYER.

I have a little memento here to which I shall only refer. I have shown it to some of the Members of the Michigan delegation. It is just a little note illustrative of Mr. WEDEMEYER's intense devotion to his people and of his extreme care as to details. He gave it to me on the eve of his departure from this city forever, saying, as he went away, that it was possible a certain bill in which his people were vitally interested might come up while he would be away. He did not think it would. He thought he would be back before the bill would be considered, but he handed me this written memorandum, requesting me to attend to the matter if the bill came up. I shall keep this memorandum until his son is old enough to understand what it means, and then I shall give it to George as a token of the attention of his father to the public business, his absolutely unflagging devotion to the interests of the people who elected him.

Another thing to which I wish to refer in passing is the profound interest which Mr. WEDEMEYER had in the Latin American countries. Those of you who were fortunate in having an intimate acquaintance with him know that he had studied that situation and that great question thoroughly. As you are aware, for a time he was United States consul to a South American country, and was entirely familiar with that group of questions connected with the Latin American situation.

Not only that, but Mr. WEDEMEYER studied and understood world politics. As you know, he was of German descent. He spoke the German language as fluently as he spoke English.

He had traveled a great deal. He was perfectly familiar with Germany, with Austria, with France, as I have stated before, with Alaska, with Central America, with Mexico, and with South America. He understood the great problems of world politics, and he had a grasp of those problems not possessed by many men of his time.

I should like to speak a word of his personal characteristics. The one I think of first was his intense, unyielding, absolutely profound patriotism, in the widest and deepest and best sense. As his colleague, the gentleman from Michigan [Mr. DODDS], has said, Mr. WEDEMEYER was truly progressive in every thought, in every act. His sympathy was with humanity. He was for the things that benefited the great mass of the people, and it was perfectly natural that it should be so, because he came from the ranks of the common people. By his illustrious living he has given an example to the youth of his State of the possibilities of citizenship in this great Republic.

Mr. WEDEMEYER made himself what he was. He worked his own way through high school, college, and university. His sympathies were with the common people. How often have I discussed with him, how often have I heard his eloquent voice ring out in behalf of the folks back on the farm, the folks who live in the . .le villages. He neither knew nor cared much about the requirements of high society or about the blandishments of wealth; but that great, strong, patriotic soul did know to its depths the life of the common people, and there never was a thought, there never was an act, while he was a Member of this House that was not in the interest of true progress in absolutely the best sense.

I have said he was patriotic. Perhaps, carrying out the thought I suggested at the beginning, I can best illustrate that by reading another selection, from the pen of Moses Owen, which he frequently read to me from this very book. It is one from which we frequently read. Here are a couple of stanzas that I have heard him recite with tremendous, soul-stirring power. They tell the story of the battle flags in the State capitol at Augusta, Me.:

Nothing but flags, but simple flags,
Tattered and torn and hanging in rags;
And we walk beneath them with careless tread,
Nor think of the hosts of the mighty dead
That have marched beneath them in days gone by,
With a burning cheek and a kindling eye,
And have bathed their folds with their life's young tide,
And dying, blessed them, and blessing, died.

Nothing but flags; yet, methinks, at night
They tell each other their tale of fight;
And dim specters come, and their thin arms twine
Round each standard torn, as they stand in line,
As the word is given—they charge, they form,
And the dim hail rings with the battle's storm;
And once again, through smoke and strife,
These colors lead to a nation's life.

Mr. WEDEMEYER was intensely patriotic, and he was never happier than when he was doing something for an old soldier—getting some adjustment made in his pension papers or something of that kind. He was the true friend of him who bore the burden of battle and of his widow and his orphans. Another characteristic was his love for home, for wife and children—his firm grounding in those things which in the life of this Republic or in the life of any nation are absolutely fundamental. This man proudly wore the stainless flower of his unsullied manhood. There was never a word nor a thought nor an act but what was in harmony with the highest devotion to the responsibilities and sacredness of his home.

How often have we seen him coming here, or into our offices, all aglow, his face wreathed in smiles; he would pull out of his pocket a letter scrawled in those unintelligible lines that only the baby fingers know how to make; unintelligible to others, and yet he seemed to understand them all. Here was an undecipherable message from little Josephine, or here was a loving note from Mary, or here was a letter from George, telling of some of his experiences in school. Mr. WEDEMEYER carried those letters around, doted upon them, read them to his friends. He believed, I say, in those things that are finest and sweetest and most permanent and enduring in this life.

He was a man that thought an almost infinite amount of wife and children. His devotion to them was without flaw or blemish. Perhaps that quality of his character could be illustrated again by something in literature. I remember well the circumstance under which he called my attention to this that I am about to read. I had never seen it before. He had invited me to dinner at his hotel, and after dinner he invited me up to his room to read me something. I went with him, and he read this from McCants. It was the way Mr. WEDEMEYER spent the odd moments, in reading things like this. I am reading these paragraphs, Mr. Speaker, because I think they show the character of the man in whose honor we have met to-day. A man who puts in his time reading this kind of literature and thinking this kind of thoughts is not likely to go far wrong. "WEDIE," as we loved to call him, was tender and sympathetic and home-loving. He understood that the family life was the enduring foundation of the Nation. Sad, sweet paragraphs like these I am about to read appealed to him, and as he read them to me in voice eloquently rich, I was deeply moved:

A little, winding railway in a southern county connects two widely parallel systems known as the C. & G. The trains are small and meek when compared with the long aggregations of cars with which they connect at G.

But to the old man who sat to-day in one of the cramped, uncomfortable coaches defects were not apparent. For 40 years little cars like these had passed his door. Along this same road he and Mary had taken their wedding trip. How proud he was of her when they returned, and he had taken her home, where his father and his father's father had lived before him. There they had lived and labored together, going on Saturdays to the village and on Sundays to the little church; and there Tom had been born.

It seemed hard to realize that all this was long ago, for so much had happened since then. No lusty boy would come rushing to meet him to-day; the rocking chair where she used to sit would be very still. The old man choked a little and wiped his eyes with his cotton handkerchief.

He had not known what all this meant to him until he had left it. He had been lonely, and Tom had persuaded him to go live with him. But it was all so strange in this new place, so little like he had pictured it. He said nothing. They were kind to him and he must not seem ungrateful. He would not admit, even to himself, that he wished to go back, but he grew so silent, white, and still that his son watching his wistful face was touched.

"Father," said he, "am I not your son? Tell me." And the old man answered humbly, "Tom, I am old and getting childish, but I want to go back. I've never lived anywhere else before and—and she's there, Tom."

So to-day he was going home; back to the hills and trees; back to his old house and graves; back where she had left him to wait until she had called him; and the journey was almost done.

The sunshine crept across the car and the noise of voices grew lower and lower. Somehow it was evening and he was coming home down the long lanes between the fields. Over the hills came the tinkle of bells as the cattle came home to the milking; here, running to meet him, was little Tom, the red stains of berries still marking his face and fingers; and there by the gate, the lovelight as strong in her eyes as on the day they were married, stood Mary, the wife of his youth.

"I am late," he said, "and tired."

"Come," she said, "you can rest now; it is only a step more." And—a long, quavering sigh of relief—and—he was at home. The little rough train went jolting along and reached his station at last. But when the conductor shook him he did not answer.

On another occasion when I was with Mr. WEDEMEYER in his room he read these fugitive lines from some author whose name I have forgotten:

The poem was Eugene Field's Little Boy Blue, and at the very first lines of it the old lady became all attention:

"The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and stanch it stands;
And the little tin soldier is covered with rust,
And his musket molds in his hands."

Very slowly, as she read on, the tears came into her eyes and dimmed the spectacles so that she could scarcely see the lines of the second verse:

"'Now, don't you go till I come,' he said,
'And don't you make any noise!'
Then, toddling off to his trundle bed,
He dreamed of his pretty toys.
And as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our little boy.
Oh, the years are many"—

Yes; they were many! It was more than half a century ago now. The paper dropped from the old lady's hand and rustled to the floor. There was no use in trying to read any more, for her thought had flown away now to the time when she had had just such a Little Boy Blue as that. Since then she had had lots of other children. Even now, as she sat there in the twilight, she could hear the shouts of her grandchildren at play not far away, but little Geordie had been her first-born, and somehow the others were different, and nobody knew just how but herself. She had daughters to console her in her widowhood, and when her married daughter had died her children had been left. But with little Geordie it was different. They only knew of him by the little headstone in the graveyard; but to her—why, after reading that little poem it seemed as though it were only yesterday that he was toddling along beside here, rosy and bright and full of fun. And he used to say just those things—she remembered.

"Why, mother," said her daughter as she came in, "you've been crying! What's the matter?"

"It was nothing, dear," answered the old lady as she wiped her eyes. "I was reading, you know, and it upset me a little. It was only a bit of newspaper verse."

Mr. Speaker, I believe what I said in the beginning, that if you know what a man reads and thinks you know what he is. This man in this great city, with all its attractions, amusements, entertainments, allurements, and blandishments, in the odd moments of his time read this kind of literature. He believed in the home and the things associated with it that are the finest and tenderest and fairest.

Another thing I should call attention to was his unfailing friendliness and sympathy. Mr. WEDEMEYER knew every Member in this House before he had been here two weeks. He made friends; he could not help it. The expression of his countenance was a benediction; you all knew him, and you knew him before he had been here many days. He was friendly with everybody,

and he took an interest in the things in which his friends were interested. I can bear testimony to that through the many conversations that we had. The contest in which I was engaged, my chances for reelection, appeared to interest him even more than his own affairs. WILLIAM W. WEDEMEYER was one of the most unselfish men I have known in public life.

Another characteristic was his unfailing good humor, his ability to see the funny side of things. It was like a burst of sunshine when he came to my room, always with a smile, and he could tell a funny story, not a vulgar story. I knew the man intimately for more than four years—and I think I was close to him; I am sure he was close to me—and in all the hours of our conversation here and elsewhere I never heard him tell a story that could not be told in the most polite company.

But, as I say, he saw the funny side, and he was a splendid story-teller. One moment he would have an audience convulsed with laughter; the next sobered with his sound logic and beautiful diction. That was one of the qualities of his character that it seemed to me stood out prominently.

Another was his courage. There come occasions in this House, Mr. Speaker, as we perfectly well know, there come votes which it would be convenient to avoid. These same things came to him, but there was nothing of the shirk about him; he always stayed here and did his duty; he never dodged a vote; he never evaded a responsibility. He was a man of courage, a man of the highest moral character, a man of the most abstemious habits, never under any circumstances using intoxicating liquors or tobacco in any form, and a man of absolutely unflinching honesty; honest with himself, honest with his fellow man, honest with his country, he typified all that is best in American life.

On another occasion Mr. WEDEMEYER invited me to come to his room. I accompanied him, as I had done many times before. He said, "I have found something else I want to read to you. It expresses a profound philosophy and my own belief." Then he read these words. It is a statement made by Victor Hugo on the question as to whether we shall live again. Here is what Mr. WEDEMEYER read to me:

I feel in myself the future life. I am like a forest once cut down; the new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds.

You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of the bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head, but eternal spring is in my heart. I breathe at this hour the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets, and the roses as at 20 years. The nearer I approach the end the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvelous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale and it is history.

For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose and in verse; history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode, and song, I have tried all. But I feel I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. 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 by life." My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight; it opens on the dawn.

That was Mr. WEDEMEYER's belief. There is one other selection that he read to me or rather recited, because he was familiar with it, that expresses the same thought. He recited these verses with great depth of feeling:

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

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

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

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

I last saw Mr. WEDEMEYER the night he left this city, just before the holidays. We ate the evening meal together, and the conversation was cheerful and pleasant. He was happy in the thought that he was soon to be at home with wife and children, and the main topic of conversation as we sat together was the family, the wife, the little children. There was somewhat of conversation concerning the trip that he was proposing to make to the Isthmus. He was collecting some information for an address he expected to make in the House on the Latin American situation and the Isthmian Canal. We had a very pleasant hour together, and I bade him good-by yonder at the gate at the Union Station. With a wave of his hand he went away. That was the last time I saw my friend.

Worn with the worry and trial of a fierce political contest, he sought a season of rest in the Latin American countries he loved so well. But it was not so to be. The strong bow had been bent to breaking. He was given every attention at the hands of loving colleagues with him, but the spirit was broken and the body weak. As at the eventide he paced the deck and gazed upon the tropic seas and looked up into the beautiful, mysterious, starlit southern skies, the fugitive thoughts of his fevered brain were of home and wife and children and how they might best be provided for. Let us believe that as he looked into the skies he read in the unspoken language of the stars a mystic meaning which only the parting soul ready to meet its Maker may know. Then in a moment the weary soul was at rest, and our friend, ready and without a tremor, met his Pilot face to face—that same good Pilot who said:

I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die.

Mr. FOSTER. Mr. Speaker, when the word came that Mr. WEDEMEYER was dead every Member of the House was shocked. The people of the district he represented were appalled at the sad ending of this distinguished man. His service here was not of long duration, but short as it was he proved himself to be a valuable Member. He was always attentive to his public duties, endeavoring always to so act that he might give that honest service to the people he so well represented and to the country at large. His speeches in the House showed that he thoroughly studied the questions he discussed, and were always of a high order, giving real information to the Members on this floor. His beginning in life was an humble one. His parents were of that honest, industrious German nationality. When young he learned that in this life what was worth having must be gotten only by hard work, and he did not desire anything unless it came to him in an honest way. As a young man he set out to secure an education that he might be fitted in life so as to have an equal chance with others. He studied law, and began the practice of his chosen profession in his native city, and always kept in mind the lesson taught by the law that justice should be accorded to all men, whatever their station in life might be, and advocated the principle of equal justice to all. His actions were always open and fair. He detested deceit, and had no patience with those who would practice it. Kind and courteous at all times and tolerant of the difference in opinion with those with whom he came in contact, he tried in a kindly way to show by argument that his views were right. He did not frequently take part in debate, but his speeches on the admission of the Territories of Arizona and New Mexico into the Union as States and the bill to give a Territorial form of government to Alaska showed that he was master of his subject and that he was a firm believer in the right of the people to rule and govern themselves, and not that a few should say how the great majority should be controlled. It was my fortune to attend the memorial exercises held at Ann Arbor on the 26th day of last January, and it seemed to me there was universal mourning over the death of this good man, and those in all walks in life came out to the service to do honor to his memory. It is unfortunate that one so young and who could be so useful in life should be taken away so early, yet to Him above must we look for a reason of it all, which we can not now understand. To his bereaved wife and children we can offer but little in the way of consolation, but can only point to the life beyond the grave, which we have faith that he now enjoys.

If we believed that death ends all, then, indeed, would the going away of one of our friends be sad; but we believe that "in our Father's house are many mansions and that He goeth to prepare a place for us." This life at best is not long, yet there are those who accomplish much in the short time they stay here. Our departed colleague performed his part well. God in His fullness of love, I have no doubt, has taken his spirit to Himself and he is now at rest in that place where neither sorrow or death ever come. Let us remember it is not always the best to say of those who are gone that they lived long in the world, but better to say they lived well. We think of our friends when they die that they are gone forever, but they have only gone a little while before us and we will soon follow. May it be said of us we lived faithful to the duty imposed on us. We kept the faith and made a good fight. It does not matter so much to us how we die, but it is of great concern to us all how we live. Sometimes we are apt to wonder why it is that our friends should be taken away when it seems they have so much to live for and there seems to be so much for them to do. But God moves in a mysterious way—and yet let us not forget we live in a natural world, subject to all the trials and troubles of mind and body. Of all the monuments in the beautiful Arlington there are none more fully signifying service and what one can do and how little it matters to our bodies after we are gone than the one erected to those whose bones were gathered on the battle field and were unidentified. Yet they performed their part in the world and went down to

death for the cause in which they believed. Though their names are unknown here, yet I have no doubt their good deeds are recorded above. This should teach us the lesson that it matters but little to us after we are gone whether we have the finest of marble shafts erected to our memory or are buried in an unknown grave, but that our friends may have the consolation that we did our part in the world while we lived. Our colleague lived a good, honorable, and useful life. His private life was clean and above reproach. In his family he was a kind husband and a loving father. WILLIAM W. WEDEMEYER is not dead—he has just gone before. He is waiting on the other side of the river of death. Some day in the bright sunshine of the morning we shall see him.

Mr. McMORRAN. Mr. Speaker, one of the sad events of my 10 years in public life occurs to-day, when I feel called upon to pay tribute to one of the youngest Members of our Michigan delegation, WILLIAM W. WEDEMEYER, who succeeded our Hon. CHARLES E. TOWNSEND on his election to the Senate, and I think the sentiment of the entire Michigan delegation was that Mr. WEDEMEYER was a worthy successor of Mr. TOWNSEND and that the second district of Michigan had every reason to be proud of him as his successor.

When he came upon the floor of the House, with his splendid physique, his commanding position, and his genial manner, he won laurels with all those with whom he came in contact, and every Member in speaking of WEDEMEYER spoke of him in the highest terms and as a young man who would make his mark in the House. He was appointed on some of the most important committees in the House, especially the Committee on Territories, and to him and his associates of that committee were committed the duty of perfecting legislation for Alaska, and his report upon that subject was of a brilliant character and demonstrated to his colleagues that he had made his mark as a legislator. His arguments were forcible and clear in behalf of legislation for that Territory.

WILLIAM W. WEDEMEYER was a fair illustration of the opportunities offered to young men with perseverance and ability in this great Republic. In his early manhood it is said of him that he worked his own way through the high school and also through the University of Michigan. In Michigan he was looked upon as one of the coming men of our State.

He had a great reputation as a public speaker and was in great demand. As a campaigner he was not excelled by any of the Michigan men. He also had a great ambition to represent his district in Congress, and when he was elected with a large majority, I think no young man ever felt more proud of his promotion than did WEDEMEYER.

In talking with him just before the last campaign of 1912 I saw that he felt somewhat uneasy and was quite nervous over the possible results of the election. He said to me on different occasions that he felt that his district was largely "progressive," and just what the outcome would be he was unable to say. He felt ambitious to be returned, and after the campaign was over and defeat faced him, on his arrival at Washington I met him on different occasions and he seemed to be very much depressed, especially so just before he started for Panama. At that time he came to me and began deploring his defeat and could not understand it after all the hard work he had put in, and I saw that he was uneasy and in a moody condition. I endeavored to cheer him up by saying to him that if I had his ability, his wonderful physique, his ambition, and his profession, I should feel grateful to my district that they had relegated me to private life, but I saw I had made no impression upon him, and when I saw the account of his trip to Panama it seemed to me that he must have been out of his mind at times, as he had every reason to look forward with pleasure to his future life. He had a wife and three little children, who I know were very dear to him; his wife especially was all wrapped up in the future of their three children. He had a nice little home at Ann Arbor, was respected by his community, and that he should have thought it necessary to end his life in the way he did, leaving the responsibility upon his wife for the bringing up of that little family, leads me to think that he could not have been in his right mind.

I had hoped that our Michigan delegation during my career might not be broken by death, and when WEDEMEYER came amongst us I think the delegation felt proud of his association and little thought that his life was to end at so early a period, and we can only hope in crossing that great river to the great beyond that he has gone to a more fitting scene than we have to-day on earth.

Mr. HAMMOND. Mr. Speaker, WILLIAM W. WEDEMEYER was born near the city of Ann Arbor, Mich., of humble parentage. He went to school in the neighborhood of his home. He attended the great university in the city of Ann Arbor and worked his way through. He began the practice of his profession in the same city, and became a respected and eminent citizen of that community. He represented the district in which that city is located in the United States Congress. In childhood, youth, and later life he was identified with that part of his State.

It was my fortune to attend the memorial services held in the city of Ann Arbor. Never have I seen a greater genuine tribute paid to any man than was paid to our colleague on that day. Not only were the most distinguished men of the State present, but a great concourse of people, made up of those who knew the boy and knew the man.

I have heard it very often said by young men starting out in life, "I feel that I can not do quite so well here at home. I would like to go to some other place to make my way." Not so with WEDEMEYER. He stayed with those who knew him from his infancy, and no word of mine, and no other word that may be spoken, can tell a better story of the worth of the man than the simple statement that those who knew him best loved and admired him most.

I was on the boat going to Panama that carried Mr. WEDEMEYER there. I did not know him very well prior to that trip. I had met him perhaps half a dozen times. Of course, his mind was then affected, but apparently there are no two cases of mental disease that are just alike. He could speak of his delusions logically and reasonably. That he had delusions there is no doubt, but much of the time his mind was clear. During the trip to the Isthmus I learned much of the man. I should say that Mr. WEDEMEYER was one of the most ambitious men I have ever met. He was anxious to retain his seat in Congress. The loss of it was a great disappointment. He was anxious to play a part in public life, but he desired to make a record embellished by valuable service to the people he represented. He wanted to make a good record. He was ambitious to serve his country well. Ambition is too often allied with selfishness; but when a really ambitious man is unselfish and desires to serve others and be of use to them, the possibilities of his public service are almost infinite.

Shortly after we left New York Harbor I went to Mr. WEDEMEYER's room with him, and he showed me there a photograph of his wife and his children, and he spoke of them in words of pride and love. It seemed that his thoughts were centered upon two things: First, his family and what might come to them in case anything should happen to him; second, the blow to his prospects in having his public career checked. He brooded upon what he deemed his misfortune. Indeed, his greatest delusion was, as my friend [Mr. McMORRAN] has said, the belief that he could not be a great man, an able man, and a strong man out of public life. He felt that too much had been taken from him. He desired to stay in public life, because he knew that he could be of service to his country, because he knew he could bring honor upon himself and happiness to his family. In all things the family seemed to come first. He knew that his mind was diseased. He believed that it was irreparably injured. He thought he would never be a well and strong man again. Cherished ambitions gone, his mental strength failing, he feared he would be a burden to his loved ones instead of a help to them. Disappointed, grieving, sorrowing, another great quality of the man exhibited itself. I said he was ambitious. He was unselfish as well. He cared not what became of him if no others suffered. He could not bear to live to do no good for others and to be of no help to his family.

In the twilight of an early evening these thoughts came upon him. He looked at the bright stars above, at the black waters below, and, like a brave and courageous soldier, he went to a soldier's death.

Mr. HAMILTON of Michigan. On the night of January 2, 1913, word was flashed back to land from the steamship *Panama*, bound northward from Colon, of the death of WILLIAM W. WEDEMEYER by drowning.

The tangled thread of life which his troubled mind had been picking at for many feverish days and nights was ended and the problem "to be or not to be" was solved.

At the meridian of his physical and mental powers some lesion somewhere, some rift in the thin partition between the normal and the abnormal, had let in strange, insistent voices, urging him out into the unknown.

Then night settled down upon the sea and the ship with its little company of passengers and crew, with their little artificial social distinctions and their little plans for permanence, went on its way; but the soul of WEDEMEYER had gone out into the illimitable spaces of eternity, on its way to the God who gave

it, in the region where "there shall be no night" and where "they need no candle, neither light of sun, for the Lord God giveth them light."

From time immemorial life has been compared to a voyage on which all set out with high hopes of treasure and renown, and some drop anchor in the lotus eaters' changeless land of rest and nothingness, and some are wrecked upon unchartered rocks, and some are lured to death by false lights; and some, gray with experience, battered by storms and disciplined by danger, with furled sails, come at last into the final port, where, whether only a faithful light in a cottage window awaits them or the boom of welcoming cannon greets them, the voyage is over and the cargo, whether of gold or "sand for Nero's circuses," is discharged.

WEDEMEYER, though young, had fared well and fared far, and early in life had learned to be his own pilot.

Without money and without backing he had gained a collegiate education and graduated from both the literary and law departments of the University of Michigan by dint of sheer hard work.

He spoke English and German with equal fluency and had read deeply in the literature of both languages.

His mind had been disciplined by scholastic training and by a postgraduate course in the practice of law and the school of politics.

He had been in turn commissioner of schools for his home county, deputy railroad commissioner of Michigan, consul at Georgetown, British Guiana, for a short time, Member of Congress for one term, and had been defeated by a narrow majority in the election of 1912.

His father and mother had come from Germany to the better opportunities of America, and their son illustrated in his own career what an American boy, endowed with energy and high ideals, can accomplish here, and his career gave his name significance.

Names are useful to identify us as items in the census list, but a name means little except as some one has given it character.

If you pick out a man in a crowd and ask who he is you are told his name, but that means little more than a means of arbitrary identification, except as the man himself has made his name mean something, and it means less when he is labeled by inheritance with a name of which he is unworthy.

Whether he realizes it or not, every man is giving his name a meaning every day by what he does and by what he says, confused though the meaning may be between what others take him for and what he himself guesses he may be. So names pass into history and become synonyms of patriotism, heroism, war, or craft.

The name WEDEMEYER stands to us who know him for 6 feet of physical manhood, illuminated by a character for honesty, courage, perseverance, steadiness, and sobriety, trained by study and research, warmed by a genial humor, and inspired by love for his family.

But, in a deeper sense, like Schopenhauer, we question in vain who we are; and after all the arguments for centuries of "doctors and saints" and scientists and philosophers "about it and about," we "come out by the same door wherein we went," and the conclusion of Paul condenses it all into a sentence, "If Christ be not risen from the dead, then is your faith vain."

Andrew D. White quotes Bismarck as saying of his early life:

> Many an hour did I spend in hopeless despondency, believing that my own and other people's existence was aimless and useless, perhaps only an accidental emanation of creation, arising and disappearing as dust from rolling wheels.

But if we gain courage by believing that we are not here by accident—that creation is not all a curious coincidence—if we gain courage and self-respect by believing that we are here by design of some supreme intelligence which cares, then the ancient questions come back to generation after generation—

Why must tragedies like this come upon us?

Why should fears and sorrows and temptations and criminal impulses crouch and lie in ambush like beasts of prey, not only in the human brain but all along the way of life?

Why the prodigality and the waste of life?

Why the brevity of life—the swift, short interval between our coming and departure—between the beginning of aspiration and the oblivion that closes over it?

Why, in this brief interval, do some, like motes, dance in the sunlight and others strive always in the shadows?

And why are talents, wealth, and power distributed unequally?

And the wisdom of the ages, speculating about things the knowledge of which is denied us, answers that eternity is long, without beginning and without end; that all is not ended here; that each is held accountable for what is given to him; that if this world were a garden of plenty, where there was no evil and therefore no choice between good and evil, then there would be no merit in resisting evil.

That, in our daily choice between good and evil, in our buffetings with circumstances, in our fights "with beasts at Ephesus," within us and without, we make character; that without character we would be nothing, and that by what we are we shall be known in eternity.

We say in sorrow it is not fair that one man should have to go through life with hunger, disappointment, suffering, and failure tracking his sinking footsteps, while another keeps step with laughter, plenty, and success; but somehow, as time ticks on, some of us come to understand dimly—to see through eyes "red with the rust of unshed tears" that perhaps success is not all of life and that fame and wealth and power are not the best things in life, nor suffering and failure the worst things in life.

But if the hope of conscious existence after the death of the body were to fade out of human life all this would be meaningless—the logic of existence would be utterly gone; the consolation of the weary and the oppressed would be turned to ashes, and the cries of human anguish, the prayers of human aspiration, would echo backward upon a hopeless world from a black, impenetrable wall, and the highest aspiration to nobler manhood would be gone.

If the belief that there is another stage of existence, where the day shall break and "the shadows flee away"; where the logic of life shall stand revealed; if the belief that there is an existence beyond this visible, tangible universe, where even man, sitting in judgment on himself, shall be obliged to recognize that he can not gather what he has not sown; if the belief that there is an existence beyond what our senses tell us of, where what we shall be shall have just relation to what we have been here—if all this shall fade out of human belief, then the very foundations upon which this huge yet delicate fabric of laws, government, and social institutions is built would slip from under us.

We say in sorrow it is unjust that a man in his prime, at the beginning of a career, should be cut down; that the hope men set their hearts upon should turn to ashes.

But shall the entity evolved out of yesterday and to disappear to-morrow querulously argue why and wherefore, with the power that made it, as it goes on its way?

Besides, who knows that a career has been cut short?

Tenacity of life is strong within us. We are seldom ready to lay down our tools and go out and shut the door forever; we always think we might have done more and better work, that the revolving wheel of life might have stopped at some lucky number, or that failure might have been transmuted into success.

George Frederick Watts spoke of his paintings as "only studies of the picture that might have been"; but who knows?

Who knows when the years would have begun to tarnish the golden age of cooperating talent and power of execution into the dimness of age, senility, and incompetency?

Time and again we see evidences that even experience is no safeguard against mistakes; that if life were patriarchal in its length each day would still bring new problems, and that the longest life ends where it began—in a dream of happiness never realized.

Old Jacob lived an hundred and thirty years. He had seen the angels of God ascending and descending. He had seen God face to face and still lived, and yet he told Pharaoh that "the days of the years of his life" had been "few and evil."

It all comes back to this: If this little space in eternity which we call life is the beginning and the ending of it all, then it is an inexplicable tragedy; if it is a stage in a journey onward, then it is an opportunity.

Mr. SLOAN. Mr. Speaker, the end of the Sixty-second Congress comes on apace. The week days and nights are filled with pressing legislation, while our Sabbaths are crowded with congressional memorials. No Congress of our history can equal our necrology record. Six Senators out of 96 and 19 Representatives out of 394. A mortuary loss beyond that of the so-called hazardous occupations. Almost constant attendance at sessions, away from usual comforts of home, under the fitful and varying season and climatic conditions of our National Capital, the tribute to the final taxgatherer has been heavy indeed. Hurried home visits for strenuous primary or election campaigns have severely tested the human fiber. It is little wonder that the weaker links of muscle or nerve have so often given way. The figure presented should be at once a pathetic plea against the Executive exercising extraordinary prerogatives

and the exactions of a critical constituency. In the falling off of this term's membership extreme age has had little part. Continued and lingering illness but little more. The shock of physical accident has claimed its victim. In most cases death has been but the climax of toil and strain, resulting in mental or physical weakness, not noticed by the rest until the weakened link had snapped and a garland graces the deserted desk. Then it is admirers speak and his colleagues mourn.

Congressman WILLIAM W. WEDEMEYER was among the fallen. Among his colleagues perhaps one of the last expected to be summoned. Like many of us, he was a new Member. In meeting my colleagues I judged after the manner of new Members. Of the old and distinguished Representatives we adapt our estimate to that resultant measure of a public man made by press and platform. Because every man who enters here is subjected to that leveling process based on praise or blame of colleague, criticism or encomium of the press, and the bold utterance, favorable or unfavorable, of the platform. Our judgment, therefore, of the older Members is, in part, ready-made. But new Members judge their fellows by stature, personal appearance, and those peculiar qualities beaming from countenance and seen in movement which go to make up the individual.

I looked upon our late colleague from Michigan with interest and admiration. He came from that lake-locked State of the North where so many men preeminent of brain and brawn have not only graced the public capital, but in the activities of the world made for themselves a quality and name which might be termed "Magic of Michigan." This is true not only of mature men, but our brother's alma mater on every field of collegiate manly sport has made the name of Michigan carry with it respect of public, and often consternation, to the opposing team or crew. Tall, erect, powerful, vibrant with energy, his features gleamed with intellectual force. When later seen in his early congressional forensic efforts there was predicted for him a great career, and for his State and district a distinguished Representative. Toward the end I saw him grow in power, influence, and esteem. To him the future seemed most kind.

The exigencies of disturbed political conditions brought about the defeat of many strong men and did not spare our friend. Defeat to him was a bitter draught in an unwelcome chalice. More bitter to him than to many others. Like too many, he erred in construing temporary rejection as a reflection upon his record and ability. That is not always a true test. The sovereign will is expressed regardless of record, service, or ability. Being sovereign, it brooks neither question nor criticism. So, the rejected servant must not seek to measure too accurately the consideration he has tendered for the favor the public may extend. The public seldom makes demand for us. She owes us no certain term. Her refusal to extend should neither be criticized nor commended.

He was one of a congressional party leaving New York for Panama, the scene of the world's greatest engineering feat. It was at that point where Columbus sought to find a passage to the Far East; but four centuries have taught us that it must be made; it can not be found. Congressman WEDEMEYER knew the tropic region, having ably represented his country's interests in that vicinity before his election to Congress. It was thought that the healing breezes of the sea would give him rest and restore his health; but six days on the Main merely accentuated his malady. So, the visit of our company to the great canal and its activities were not shared by him.

On January 2 we left Colon for New York on the ship *Panama*. It was a bright, balmy day. The Caribbean, known to seamen as "that fretful mistress," was unusually calm and inviting. We rejoiced in the glad thought that we were all "coming home." It was not thought that one of our number was "going home."

We watched the receding landmarks as the sun sank toward the other ocean. The Columbus statue faded from vision. Colon under its palms fell behind the horizon, and as the night came down the signal lights of Porto Bello alone told of solid earth. I talked with our brother just before nightfall. To attempted quip and labored joke he gave reluctant ear; but when I spoke in the language of his fathers and recited verses in Teuton tongue, he brightened and responded in kind, seeming then more like the "distinguished Member from Michigan" than I had observed for many days. Another hour had not passed when the tragedy of the southern sea had been enacted.

The sea had taken on a gentle roll, but it seemed with no fretful anger wrought. It was not dark, though no moon was there. The southern cross in majesty hung pendant in its place. The guard on the hurricane deck was low. His body fell athwart its rail. There was a splash and he was gone. "A break in the wave, and he passed from this life to a rest in the grave." In vain were engines stopped; bootless the searchlight swept the neighboring sea; and without result were boats, with hardy sailors manned, sent on missions of search.

And our stately ship went on
To its haven under the hill,
But O for the touch of a vanished hand
And the sound of that voice that is still.

Sadness and gloom marked our homeward voyage. Upon our memories were impressed that tragic scene which, until the final summons comes to us, whether on land or sea, we exchange those memories for present knowledge of our brother in that—

Land far away 'mid the stars (as) I am told,
Where they know not the sorrows of time.
Where the pure waters wander through the valleys of gold,
And life is a treasure sublime.

Unlike the oral musing of the melancholy Dane, he saw no "sea of trouble"; he may have found a sea of rest. We will not vaunt the stern philosophy of Aristotle nor yet take comfort from the stoicism of Seneca. We have a philosophy more modern and more comforting. It is the philosophy of Him "who doeth all things well," and who of us will say that it has not been so?

Had we our choice we would much prefer that a bell should have tolled, a shroud provided, and the body given to the earth; that a marble monument or granite shaft should mark the place; that an acacian shrub should stand above; and that flowers should be laid by loving hands to link him with their lives. But now only upon a chart marking distance from land, with memoranda of latitude and longitude, can his tomb be designated.

When we think of this place, near the historic shores of the Spanish Main, there is an interest prompted in his resting place. We know the coral reefs are there; layers of whitest pearls are in the sunken caverns; shells of rainbow beauty gleam and gems of richest quality, by nature placed, lie in the depths profound. In that vicinity lie sunken treasure-laden galleons and rich argosies sunk by sea-swept tempest or purposely sent to bottom to escape the pirate's capture. Doubloons of rich old gold are there; sparkling jewels dropped from shrunken fingers and richest ornament by beauty worn all lie in the "hollow sounding and mysterious main." But the richest, brightest, purest of all the gems and jewels as tributes paid to that exacting and remorseless deep are the mind and life of Congressman WEDEMEYER, for whom we this day sincerely mourn.

Mr. J. M. C. SMITH. Mr. Speaker, the hand of death has rested heavily on the Sixty-second Congress. Heretofore as I have listened to kind words and loving tributes of Members of different States delivered in memory of their dead brothers, I thought that Michigan was extremely fortunate in having no such office to perform. But at a time when we were thinking least about it the hand of death visited our delegation and took the youngest member, the one whom we thought might be the last to go. I am especially pleased to hear the tributes of love, affection, and esteem delivered here to-day not only from his colleagues from Michigan but from other States. It shows the high esteem and respect in which he was held by the Members of this House.

Mr. Speaker, Hon. WILLIAM W. WEDEMEYER, Congressman from the second congressional district of Michigan, elected at the November election of 1910, was serving his first term as Representative from that district when death overtook him on his way back to Washington from Panama.

Mr. WEDEMEYER was born in Washtenaw County, Mich., and after attending the district schools of that vicinity he went with his parents to Ann Arbor, where, after graduating from the high school, he worked his way through the University of Michigan with the untiring energy which characterized all that he did, and his beloved alma mater to him was always a personal pride and the subject of his constant solicitude. Mr. WEDEMEYER was nearing the age of 40 at the time of his death. He was a lawyer by profession, and had won an enviable reputation at the bar. He was a close student, a fine orator, and a convincing speaker. Before coming to Congress he had held many positions of honor and trust. He had served as school commissioner of his county, and was appointed deputy railroad commissioner of his State under Gov. Pingree. Subsequently he became consul to British Guiana, in South America. All of these positions he filled with credit and honor. Trained in the severe school of experience, when the morning sun of life, so full of hope and promise, seemed to be rising and shining most brightly, when success seemed so certain, when the public was so expectant of his superior ability and his great intellectual powers, he laid down the burdens of his activities amid the cherished hopes of his friends that to him would be long life

and long future usefulness, and he passed to the great beyond, a loved, esteemed, and greatly admired friend, husband, and father. His life's work and duties are ended, but the many deeds of kindness and of worth performed by him will remain an inspiration to us all and to those who come after us, and especially to those who, single handed and alone, must battle for position and honor. That the world is made better by his efforts, that his pure, upright, and noble life will lead others to higher walks, let us firmly believe. Let us cherish the hope that all will be well in the future and that we may perform our full duty, face our tasks, and as citizens take up the duty of performing better our part. Emerson says:

There is no record left on earth,
Save in the tablets of the heart.

WILLIAM WEDEMEYER was a man of exemplary life and high culture, and endeared himself to all by his cheerful, jovial, buoyant nature. He was a statesman; his State, his colleagues, and his acquaintances expected much of him, and their admiration for him was akin to affection. Large of stature and of heart, everybody loved him.

Mr. WEDEMEYER was greatly interested in his congressional work and duties. He practically carried his work with him, whether at his room, his office, or on the floor of the House, and found little time for diversion or entertainment. We can almost see him now there at his desk, when debate is the most strenuous and interest the most intense, reading, writing, working—always busy. "That is WEDEMEYER, of Michigan," was pointed out in the gallery and whispered on the floor of the House, when his large, stately, manly form passed down the aisle, always with a smile and a kindly word for all.

In the discharge of his trust the public welfare was his greatest solicitude. He conversed freely with his colleagues concerning the details of the measures upon which he voted, and his actions thereon were uniformly right. Public life to him carried no secrets. He served on the important Committees on Territories and on Expenditures in the State Department. He worked hard to give home rule to Alaska, and joined with his colleague, the Delegate, Mr. WICKERSHAM, in his greeting to that far-off land:

Hail from the land of the northern light,
Whose arctic halo illumines the night.
Hail from the land of the midnight sun,
Where the mighty Yukon's waters run.

Mr. WEDEMEYER's extensive travels, scrupulous uprightness, and high sense of honor gave him particular fitness for these positions. He was not returned to Congress in the election of 1912, and while he felt the defeat keenly, he seemed in good spirits and to be reconciled to the result, but overwork, a fall, and sickness undermined even his iron constitution.

It was my privilege to be present at the memorial exercises held in his home city of Ann Arbor. There thousands of his fellow townsmen, friends, and neighbors, with many from other cities and States, met in University Hall, where formerly he had received his college degree with highest honors. They paid high respect and tributes of love and esteem to his memory, and many testified to the worth of his splendid life.

We do well to meet here to-day and in this Chamber, the place of his last activities, to give expression to our admiration of the man and do reverence to the memory of our departed colleague. It is not given us to know or to look into the future life. Possibly some of us hesitate because death seems a long way off. However that may be, it is certain to come, and as Covert said on an occasion similar to this:

To the past go more dear faces,
Every year,
As the loved leave vacant places
Every year;
Everywhere their sad eyes meet us,
In the evening's dusk they greet us
And to come to them entreat us,
Every year.

But the true life draws nigher
Every year,
And its morning star shines higher
Every year;
Earthly hold on us grows slighter,
And its heavy burdens lighter
And the dawn immortal brighter,
Every year.

Mr. SWEET. Mr. Speaker, as one of the long-time friends of WILLIAM W. WEDEMEYER and one of his companions upon the trip to Panama, I wish at this time to briefly express my affection for him as a friend, my appreciation for him as a man of extraordinary ability and promise, and my admiration for his self-sacrificing heroism.

No one who had the good fortune to know Mr. WEDEMEYER intimately could fail to recognize in his friendship a peculiar quality of loyalty and whole-hearted devotion which ignored the existence of self-interest or political or other barriers. He valued men for their intrinsic worth. If they measured up to his standard of character and devotion to duty, he took them into his great heart without reserve. Such friends he found in all parts of the State of Michigan, and such friends he found among his colleagues of the Sixty-second Congress, who uniformly reciprocated his sentiment and now mourn his untimely decease with a deep sense of personal loss.

It is not my purpose to dwell upon the extraordinary mental equipment of Mr. WEDEMEYER or the success of his brief but honorable career, which gave promise of greater victories to come. I shall confine my remarks to a single phase of his character, which was brought out in the strongest colors during the last days of his life. Those of you who knew him merely as a conscientious worker in this House could hardly have realized the existence of the qualities to which I refer. Intimate friends who were not with him at the last could not have fully understood and appreciated them.

Within a few days the whole civilized world has been shocked at the news of the death of Capt. Scott, the great English Antarctic explorer, and his brave companions. No narrow line of nationality prevents the free expression of sympathy for these martyrs to the cause of science and admiration for their courage and endurance. The newspapers tell us that Capt. Lawrence E. G. Oates, whose invincible bravery in the Boer War obtained for him the title of "No Surrender Oates," a member of this band of explorers, performed an act of heroism never surpassed in the annals of history. With hands and feet badly frozen he believed that he had become a drag upon his companions and a menace to their escape. Leaving the little hut in which the party had taken shelter, with that simplicity which is characteristic of true greatness, he remarked, "I am going outside and may be gone some time"; and so he walked forth into the night and into the storm, never to return.

Such acts of self-sacrifice are not limited to any age or country. They are an honor to human nature. They glorify mankind.

Those who were with Mr. WEDEMEYER during his last days know that one department of his mind was the victim of serious disease. They know that just as a wounded soldier may sit and contemplate and freely discuss the chance of saving a mutilated member of his body, so did our friend endeavor to diagnose his own mental derangement. They know that he was fully convinced that recovery was impossible and that the future held for him no prospect of happiness for himself or of adding to the happiness of others. More than that, they know that by his own process of reasoning, which no argument could overcome, he was convinced that from that time forth his physical existence would be an ever-increasing burden to those he loved best.

Deploring as we must the possible error of his reasoning no one doubts its sincerity. If relief for Capt. Scott and his party had without their knowledge been within easy access, it would in no way have detracted from the heroism of Capt. Oates. The all-important point is his belief. We can never know the tortuous processes of reasoning which passed through the mind of our colleague, but from what he said to me on the last day of his life and from what he said to other members of our party, as well as myself, during the days previous, I shall never have any doubt that an intention to sacrifice himself for what he believed to be the good of others inspired him, and that the impulses of a great and generous heart were substituted for the control of a brain which no one realized more clearly than himself to be diseased.

Sensitive, conscientious, modest, and unassuming to the point of self-depreciation, he would be the last one to claim credit for what he did, and if he had spoken a final word it would have been like him to simply say, "I am going outside, and may be gone some time."

Mr. SHARP. Mr. Speaker, three weeks ago to-day, with the sky overhead as beautiful and as clear as reigns outside of this Chamber at this noonday hour, there was gathered in University Hall at Ann Arbor a notable gathering of mourners. Four thousand of that college town's people, augmented by many men of prominence from all over the State of Michigan and the National Capital, had come to do reverence and express their sorrow at the loss of a distinguished citizen. In that great assemblage were men high in the State's and Nation's public life, and instructors of the university of national reputation. On the platform near the center and about whom were gathered those who were to participate in the memorial ceremonies sat the venerable Dr. Angell, for a generation the president of one of America's greatest institutions of learning. With that calm dignity and serenity of countenance, the outward manifestation

of the spirit and nobility of character within, the presence of this grand old man of learning would in itself have sufficiently attested the regard and high esteem in which he whose death we here mourn was held among his own people. At the side of the venerable Dr. Angell sat President Hutchins, the virile head of that great university. On either side of him were seated distinguished men of Michigan who had come to express their sorrow and in one common voice sound the praises of the one for whom they mourned. In front of them sat with bowed heads, first and nearest to the platform, the closer friends of the deceased, and then the townspeople, filling every chair in the pit and galleries of that great auditorium—the scene on many occasions for a half century of rare educational, musical, and festal events.

Beginning the ceremonies early in the afternoon, as one speaker after another reviewed the life and character of our departed friend and colleague, the setting sun pouring through the western windows had flooded the chamber of mourning with its mellow light before the exercises were concluded. Of the speakers, some who had known him as friend and fellow townsman, spoke of his early struggle in life to secure the means by which he might pursue his studies through the university; others, whose acquaintance began with him in his early manhood, spoke in feeling terms of appreciation of his sterling qualities as a lawyer; while others who had been his coworkers in civic and political life referred in terms of highest praise to his achievements in that broader field of activity.

Such, my colleagues, were the scenes attending the memorial ceremonies of the late WILLIAM W. WEDEMEYER, in his home town of Ann Arbor on that Sabbath afternoon in counterpart to like ceremonies which we are attending to-day. Though the cruel waves of a tropical sea, in a most fateful manner, had robbed these ceremonies of his poor body, yet to those who knew him he was just as much present in spirit as though his living person was again among them, and the memory of what he was will dwell with them as long as they shall live.

It was President Garfield who said of Mark Hopkins, the president of Williams College, where he attended, that to have been merely acquainted and associated with him was in itself a liberal education. With how much more truth may it be said of the advantages, both as to the moral and mental training of one whose whole life has been spent in the atmosphere and environment of the great men who have since its beginning guided the destinies of such an institution as the University of Michigan. It has been said that poets and authors have in many instances won their inspiration from the scenes surrounding their childhood days, and we know that this must be true to some extent with men of lesser fame. Who shall say that that love of knowledge, those qualities of sterling character, and that desire to be useful to his fellow men did not spring from the inspiration of that institution quite as much indeed as from the knowledge of books which WILLIAM WEDEMEYER imbibed from his studies at Ann Arbor? May we not see in these attributes a reflection of the influence of example which came from association with those gifted men, and may we not—and I speak as an alumnus myself of that grand old university—also find an explanation for them in no small degree, not alone in the very environment of a town upon which nature has herself lavished so many charms in its hills, dales, and charming sylvan retreats on the banks of the Huron, but also from the daily contact with the townspeople so enlightened and alive to the importance of according to their students a most kindly and sympathetic welcome? WILLIAM WEDEMEYER would have indeed been recreant to his duty and false to his whole training had he been anything else than the splendid example of American manhood by which we knew him.

Others of his colleagues who have been fortunate in knowing him for a longer time than I have to-day justly spoken in praise of his services as a Member of this body. From my acquaintance with him, I think it not unwarranted to say for him that had the fate which governs human affairs held in store for him more kindly things and given to him a longer span of life his abilities and sincerity of purpose would have placed him in the front rank in the delegation which so ably represents his native State. My first impression of him as he appeared in earnest debate upon this floor never changed. Indeed, that impression settled into a firm conviction that he was destined to play an important part in the legislation of Congress if his constituents had the wisdom to see in him the promise which all of his colleagues could see. While we mourn his loss to-day, my colleagues, not only to the State and the Nation, but as deeply personal to ourselves, yet may we not be comforted in the thought that though that great mind, full of potential capacity—that temple of reason—was tottering to a fall, yet his last act was, after all, one of heroic purpose, and as he lived so he died, his last thought one of devotion and one of conscientious duty as husband and father, as the remnant of that clouded intellect saw it to be, to those he so dearly loved?

Mr. WILLIS. Mr. Speaker, my colleague from Ohio and others who have spoken on this occasion have referred to the memorial exercises held at Ann Arbor three weeks ago to-day. Those exercises certainly were a wonderful and touching tribute to the memory of a great man. Several of the friends of our deceased brother have asked that at least one of the many notable speeches made on that occasion shall be preserved in permanent form. I therefore ask unanimous consent to insert in the RECORD the remarks of former Congressman John J. Lentz, delivered on that occasion.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The gentleman from Ohio asks unanimous consent to print in the RECORD the remarks of former Congressman Lentz at the memorial services referred to. Is there objection?

There was no objection.

The matter is as follows:

Former Congressman John J. Lentz, of Columbus, Ohio, spoke at the Ann Arbor Wedemeyer memorial exercises not only as a close friend of Mr. WEDEMEYER but also in behalf of the American Insurance Union and in behalf of the Masonic bodies of the city of Ann Arbor, as follows:

"Never before and probably never again shall I occupy the same relation to any memorial service in honor of any man or woman as that which inspires me to perform a threefold duty to-day. I speak from a heart overflowing with gratitude and affection, remembering the fidelity and cordiality of Brother WEDEMEYER'S friendship from the 22d day of February, 1895, when we first met in this hall on the occasion of my delivering the Washington Birthday address on behalf of the law department of this the greatest of all the American universities.

"I speak of Brother WEDEMEYER, mindful of the eloquent and sympathetic words spoken by him in my own home on the 25th of July, 1910, in the parting hour when my best friends carried away from me forever the frail frame of her whose pure love, brilliant mind, and sympathetic heart were the greatest treasure and the brightest light that ever came into view upon the horizon of my earthly career.

"I also speak as the chosen representative of the Masonic bodies of this beautiful city of Ann Arbor, the home of his alma mater and the home of my alma mater, and as the national president of the American Insurance Union I speak of him as the national counselor of its national board, governing the fraternal and financial destiny of an institution extending its protection and fellowship to the homes of 28,000 good men and women throughout these United States, together with the tens and tens of thousands of their children who, through their parents, have learned to love the name of WEDEMEYER.

"Our departed brother became a member of the American Insurance Union on the 14th day of September, 1899, and was initiated in Golden Rule Lodge of the Masonic order of this city on the 12th day of April, 1900, and was passed and raised from degree to degree through the Blue Lodge, the Chapter, the Commandery, and reached the Shrine in the fall of 1906.

"My brothers of the Masonic order here advise me that he was always willing to help at all of their functions and that he was a strong and efficient factor in the growth of the Masonic order here. Those of us who knew him away from his home in this municipal center can appreciate how fully and how happily he served our Masonic brothers in their every purpose and their highest aims and ideals. From the beginning to the end of his Masonic career he demonstrated to each and every brother of that order, as he has always demonstrated to each and every member of every organization with which he was affiliated, that he was a man, every inch a man, free-born, of good repute, and well recommended and better and better recommended from day to day as men knew him better and better in his increasing power and influence and service.

"Our departed brother was no ordinary man. He was an example, and a leader in every walk of life. He was of heroic stature, physically, mentally, and morally. His was a personality so happy, so generous, so industrious that those who knew him best will never forget him nor will they ever realize that he has taken his departure and entered upon a career still more active in a sphere much larger than this our common mother earth. Philosophers, theologians, and scientists have for thousands of years discussed and analyzed the question of immortality. To all who knew WILLIAM W. WEDEMEYER, such discussions are vain and futile, because it is impossible to think of him without feeling and saying with one accord: 'Of course we shall meet him again.' We are as sure of his immortality and of meeting his genial companionable identity when we get into that future world ourselves as we are of our personal identity to-day in this world.

"If it be true, as Emerson has said, that to be rich in friends is to be poor in nothing, then well may we content ourselves and congratulate his good wife and children with the suggestion that WILLIAM W. WEDEMEYER was a millionaire in this world and he will be a multimillionaire by the time we join him in the world to come.

"It was Telemachus, of Athens, who said: ''Tis ever wrong to say a good man dies,' and there is no member of the national board or of the national cabinet or anywhere in the chapters of the American Insurance Union who will not agree with this old Athenian philosopher.

"It will be impossible to find anyone who knew our departed brother, WILLIAM W. WEDEMEYER, who will not agree with us that 'to know him was to love him.' His great, generous heart loved all mankind. He exemplified in his work and in his personal association with each and all of us the doctrine of 'loving his neighbor as he loved himself.' He was not only a true fraternalist but a great fraternalist—a positive, earnest, industrious soul that overlooked no opportunity and lost no opportunity to serve his fellow man.

"He was too broad and too great in his sympathies and in his generosity and in his religion to recognize class, faction, creed, or sect. He believed in a God that taught him that 'He who serves man the most loves God the best.'

"By every word and every act of our departed brother he taught us the value, the beauty, and the holiness of 'courage, honor, courtesy, and fidelity.' By every word and every act he taught us that he not only preached but practiced these great virtues, and with it all and

through it all he devoted himself to our creed of 'help in need' and 'all for one and one for all.'

"Each and every member of the national board is proud of the friendship, fellowship, and comradeship of our national counselor, the Hon. WILLIAM W. WEDEMEYER, and proud of his national distinction as a public servant, and grateful to his good wife and his three little children for the many hours, days, weeks, months, and years of his good time which they so generously permitted him to contribute to the cause and upbuilding of the American Insurance Union. We shall ever be grateful to his good mother, who gave him birth on the 22d day of March, 1873, and prepared him in his youthful years for a life and a career of honesty and fidelity so noble, so pure, and so true to his fellow man that we may justly claim for him what some distinguished Roman said of his friend: 'He was a better friend to everybody than anybody is to anybody.'

"We feel sure that we do not overestimate the great work of Brother WEDEMEYER's earthly career when we say that his untimely death, before he reached the age of 40, was largely due to the fact that ever since his boyhood he has crowded into each day of his life two or three times as much work as is ordinarily done by active and energetic men.

"In bearing testimony to his high ideals, his untiring energy, his restless anxiety to do more and more each day for all humanity, we feel justified in saying that it is not too high praise to claim for him that as a public servant, associated with Gov. Pingree and other distinguished men of the great Commonwealth of Michigan, and also associated with the great and good public men who make up the high and honorable body of our American Congress at Washington, he accomplished more within the short span of his earthly career than most men accomplish who live God's allotted years of threescore and ten.

"We are proud to have had the fellowship of such a graduate of the great University of Michigan, whose broad scholarship, brilliant oratory, and eminent statesmanship won for him and his alma mater a national distinction and prominence of more than a master's degree.

"Each member of our national board joins with the good wife and children of our departed brother in tearful sympathy in a bereavement over a loss that extends far beyond the walls of their good home and touches every one of the 28,000 members of the American Insurance Union, and touches all good men and good women in the United States who appreciate and honor the memory of Brother WEDEMEYER's generous, self-sacrificing, patriotic devotion to the betterment and advancement of his fellow men. And each and every member of our national board mourns with the members of his family and extends them the most sincere sympathy and tenders them every possible assistance in their bereavement.

"Remembering our good brother's happy personality, we can best express ourselves in the words of James Whitcomb Riley:

"'I can not say, I will not say,
That he is dead—he is just away.
With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand
He has wandered into an unknown land
And left us dreaming; how very fair
It needs must be, since he lingers there.
Think of him still the same, I say;
He is not dead—he is just away.'

"In the words of George Eliot, we are sure that he has—

"'Joined the choir invisible
Of those immortal souls who live again
In minds made better by their presence.'

"Or, in the words of Bulwer Lytton, let us say:

"'There is no death; an angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best loved things away,
And then we call them dead.'

"In our common grief, our utter helplessness, we cry out in the poetic thought of George Dyre Eldridge:

"'We come from the chambers of silence, the gift of the gods is breath.
We go to the chambers of silence, the gift of the gods is death.'"

LEAVE TO PRINT.

Mr. HAMILTON of Michigan. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that all Members may have leave to print on the life, character, and public services of the late Mr. WEDEMEYER.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The gentleman from Michigan asks unanimous consent that all Members may have leave to print in the RECORD remarks on the life, character, and public services of the late Mr. WEDEMEYER. Is there objection?

There was no objection.

THE LATE SENATOR NIXON.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The Clerk will read the next special order.

The Clerk read as follows:

On motion of Mr. ROBERTS of Nevada, by unanimous consent,

Ordered, That Sunday, February 16, 1913, be set apart for addresses upon the life, character, and public services of Hon. GEORGE S. NIXON, late a Senator from the State of Nevada.

Mr. ROBERTS of Nevada. Mr. Speaker, I present the following resolutions, which I send to the Clerk's desk.

The Clerk read as follows:

House resolution 841.

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended in order that opportunity may be given for tributes to the memory of Hon. GEORGE S. NIXON, late a Senator from the State of Nevada.

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

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

The resolution was agreed to.

Mr. ROBERTS of Nevada. Mr. Speaker, we have assembled here to-day in an humble way to pay our respects to the memory and sterling character of the late Senator from Nevada, the Hon. GEORGE S. NIXON.

I knew him well. He was my friend and yours. He was cut down in the midday of life, at a time when he had become a most important factor in the upbuilding of his beloved State.

His life's work here is ended. The death angel has called him home. The friends he left behind will see him here on earth no more. The voice is hushed, and in the silent confines of a lonely tomb beside the crystal waters of the Truckee he sleeps the sleep that knows no waking—a fitting resting place for one who loved his native heath.

Warbling songsters in the trees,
Wild flowers waving in the breeze;
Sagebrush perfumes—God's behest—
A fitting place for one to rest.

His life was one worthy of emulation and shows what can be accomplished by one who starts out in the race of life under the most adverse circumstances but who carries with him a mental and a moral compass the needle of which points to the north pole of all that is fair, upright, and honorable in life. And yet he is not gone. He is among us, and in our every walk of life we feel his very presence. His life was so closely interwoven with the social, moral, political, and business fiber of our State and Nation that his death was a severe blow.

He was a plain, blunt, business man, quick, decisive, and possessed of wonderful energy. He received his early education in the stern school of adversity, and though possessed of millions at his death was ever mindful of the lowly rounds of life's ladder by which he did ascend. He was charitable, but his charity was of that healthy sort so seldom seen. What he did for others was never known. His left hand knew not what his right hand did.

His vast wealth was honestly acquired from the various industries of Nevada, and every dollar represented an honest endeavor to build up and husband the resources of an undeveloped State. His name was ever a guaranty that the many enterprises in which he was engaged were sound, stable, and legitimate; and when the panic of 1907 struck Nevada and many of the financial institutions began to close their doors, it was the Hon. GEORGE S. NIXON, directing a well-planned policy of endeavor, that saved countless millions of dollars to the people of Nevada and averted what seemed to be a death blow to Nevada and her industries. His banks, with his name and personal fortune behind them, stood as solid as the granite base of the high Sierras.

Born of humble parentage and nurtured in the wide and open fields of the western frontier, it was but natural that his pulse should beat in harmony with the common people and that he should ever be democratic in all things.

As a judge of men he had few equals. He was quick to see and quick to act. He had a wonderful grasp of national problems and was recognized as one of the safest men in the United States Senate. He was no orator and made no pretenses to being such. He was simply a plain, blunt, business man, who studied political questions and applied to them the same rules that guided him in business affairs. He faced the problems of life as he met them. He knew no such word as fail. He never whimpered or complained. He went through life an optimist, spreading sunshine along his pathway. He rejoiced with those whose fortunes brightened up their lives and sorrowed with those whose lives were veiled in sadness.

Loyal as a husband and father, true to the interests of his family, proud of his home and its surroundings, proud of the State he represented and which he did more toward advancing and developing than any other man, living or dead, he has passed on through life a respected, honored man among men, whose good works will live long after the foot of Time has trodden down his marble tombstone.

Senator NIXON was born in Placer County, Cal., in 1860. While a mere boy he took up the study of telegraphy in an office at Newcastle, near his home, and mastered it. He was soon recognized as apt, honest, and trustworthy, and was offered the position of operator at a small station on the C. & C. Railroad in Esmeralda County, Nev., which he accepted. From that time on his rise was rapid. His work was of such a character that in 1881 he was promoted to a higher position as operator at the Humboldt House, on the main line of the Southern Pacific. While in that position he made many influential friends who, recognizing his ability, offered him various positions of trust. He finally accepted a clerkship in the Washoe County Bank. He remained with that institution two years, thoroughly mastering the banking business. In 1886 he opened the First National Bank of Winnemucca, Nev., and, although he personally had but

$2,500 in cash at the time, the bank soon became known as one of the strongest financial institutions in the State.

In 1890 he was elected a member of the State legislature, and in 1905 he was elected United States Senator to succeed Hon. William M. Stewart. He was renominated without opposition and reelected in 1911. His stand upon public questions was open and aboveboard. He shrank from no duty, but met all opposition with characteristic frontier determination.

He was a State builder and a governmental mainstay. Whatever he engaged in, be it mining, farming, or politics, he applied to it the strict cardinal principles of honesty, sincerity, and determination, which crowned every effort with success.

He was a leader among men and an organizer of rare tact and constructive ability. He was practical in all things and scorned the theoretical. The true qualities and attributes of American manhood were developed in him in his early youth, and throughout an active life in private and public affairs he always took the lead. Independent, broadgauged, determined, and bent on accomplishing results, he was a potent factor in the upbuilding of the State and Nation.

Shortly after the great Tonopah mining excitement, at the solicitation of George Wingfield, he went to Tonopah, and while there associated himself with others in the establishment of a bank. He also invested in mining properties, which in a short space of time put him in the millionaire class. Subsequently he and Mr. Wingfield secured control of the Goldfield Consolidated Mines Co., of which he became president. This last investment added millions to his fortune. He afterwards disposed of all his mining interests to Mr. Wingfield and devoted himself almost exclusively to banking, farming, and stock raising.

He was ever true and loyal to his friends, which to a great extent made of him the admirable character that he was. Honest, big hearted, firm, and substantial, he commanded the respect and confidence of all who knew him. Ever at the front of the procession in all things which tended to the advancement of State and National affairs; ever bending his energies to do something worth while, he stood out preeminently as Nevada's foremost citizen.

He had in himself a continent of undiscovered character, and true to himself, true to his family, true to his constituency, true to his country, he acted the Columbus of his own soul.

The dark clouds of sorrow have hovered low over the homes of friends throughout the Nation, who realize that in his death one of the strong pillars of stable government has been removed and that those engaged in life's battle will see him on the firing line no more. Such is life. Such is death. It comes to all. It is inevitable.

And after all, what is it? A journey to an unknown land, from whose shores no traveler has ever yet returned.

A little while and those of us who now do mourn will take the selfsame journey. Season after season will come and go. Unborn mountain peaks will rear their heads above the deep blue waters of old ocean. Historic facts well known to-day will fade to dim tradition. Empires that flourish now will crumble and decay. All, all, will pass away. Naught will remain more inspiring, more enduring, than the priceless legacy of a good name. Such a heritage has the late Senator left to his family and his country.

The memory of his good deeds will ever stay,
A lamp to light us on the darkened way;
A music to the ear on clamoring street,
A cooling well amid the noonday heat;
A scent of green boughs blown through narrow walls,
A feel of rest when quiet evening falls.

Mr. KAHN. Mr. Speaker, practically every Sunday during the present session of Congress has been devoted to memorial services in honor of some departed Member of the Senate or the House. It has been said "Death loves a shining mark." Surely he has hurled his shafts in the Congress of the United States with terrific effect upon the membership of the two Houses during the past year.

Among those who have fallen in the good fight for the advancement of the welfare of the citizens of this Republic is GEORGE S. NIXON, a Senator from the State of Nevada. He was only 52 years old at the time of his death, and yet during the brief span of years that he was permitted to walk upon this earth he arose from poverty to affluence; from a lowly station in private life to an exalted position in the affairs of the Nation. He was able to perform these things because he had innate ability. His life fully exemplifies the latent possibilities that dwell within the frame of every American citizen.

He was born on April 2, 1860, in Placer County, Cal. His parents were pioneers who had journeyed from Tennessee to the Golden State. His early life was spent upon the hillsides that encircle the town in which he first saw the light of day. As a farmer's boy he roamed at will over the foothills of the Sierras. His opportunities for education were limited; he was taught by experience, and his knowledge was practical rather than academic. The outdoor life to which he became inured in his youth gave him a rugged constitution, and his communings with nature prepared him for those larger activities to which he was called after he had attained man's estate. He was of a most cheerful disposition. He was possessed of that quality which men call "personal magnetism," and he drew others toward himself in every walk of life into which he entered. His kindliness of manner and his readiness to extend a helping hand to those who were less fortunate than himself endeared him to all who were privileged to know him. In the Senate of the United States he was always active in advancing the interests of the far West, that section of our country which he knew so well and whose needs he endeavored most assiduously to supply. He had just been elected to a second term when the hand of death was laid upon him. The people of the State of Nevada recognized his true worth. He had contributed liberally from his store for their entertainment and their creature comforts, and when the news was flashed to them that GEORGE S. NIXON had answered his last roll call they felt that they had lost a true benefactor, a faithful public servant, and a public-spirited and kind-hearted fellow citizen. He had been faithful to them in his lifetime; they mourned his untimely death.

Mr. HAYES. Mr. Speaker, I am very glad to be present on this occasion to pay my simple tribute of respect to the memory of GEORGE S. NIXON, late a Senator from the State of Nevada. As has already been stated, Senator NIXON was born within the confines of my State and grew to manhood among the glories of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. He was a splendid example of what the youth of this land may accomplish by industry, temperance, energy, and perseverance. Coming from the smallest beginnings, a farmer's boy, he rose to be one of the great financiers of the West, and finally to fill the exalted position of Senator of the United States for his State.

I did not know Senator NIXON until I came to Washington as a Member of the Fifty-ninth Congress in 1905. I afterwards came to know him as one of the hardest working Members of the Senate, though not one of the noisy ones. He toiled as hard in the interest of his State and people as the hardest worked Member of either House and gave to the discharge of his official duties the full measure of his manly devotion. A less manly man would have chosen a life of ease and enjoyment, which his ample means would have enabled him to do, instead of cheerfuly and faithfully taking up the grinding task which we here know is the lot of the man who is chosen to represent his State in either branch of the Congress of the United States. Faithful to every duty, he merited and received the full measure of confidence of the people of his State, as he did of his colleagues and of the Members of this House. In 1910 he was nominated by the people of Nevada by an overwhelming majority, and afterwards unanimously elected by the legislature of his State to succeed himself, an honor that is given to but few men in the history of this country.

GEORGE S. NIXON was not only an honest, conscientious, and faithful legislator, he was a faithful, generous, and loyal friend, as I can testify from personal experience. His warm, generous heart prompted him to many unselfish and kindly acts that others than the recipients knew not of, but these flowers of affection will be always cherished and preserved in memory by those who knew him well as the brightest ornaments in the life of a most successful and much honored man.

Mr. Speaker, life is full of tragedies, many of them unseen, although enacted before our eyes. Few of them have the dramatic setting of the tragedy that accompanied the decease of our late colleague from Michigan, Mr. WEDEMEYER, who has been spoken of here this afternoon; but in the death of Senator NIXON one of these tragedies was enacted. The circumstances surrounding his taking off were particularly distressing. A man just in the prime of life, marvelously successful in business, happy in all his family and social relations, honored by his State as few men are honored, loved and respected by the distinguished men of the Nation, prepared by seven years of experience to render to the people of his State and his country a service in the Senate of the United States more valuable by reason of that experience, he was snatched away from it all by the hand of death and translated to other scenes and activities. To our short vision it looks as if such a result was all wrong, as though evil or chance had come in to destroy, so far as this man is concerned, the perfect and beneficent plan that an all wise and loving Creator is supposed to have for each one of his children. Our limited judgment would lead us to think that this man should have been left in his position of

honor and service until, full of years, like ripened fruit, he dropped to the earth when all men would say, "It is well; he has finished his work—now let him rest."

But a larger knowledge possibly, a more enlightened faith perhaps, has made many of us fervently believe that human life reaches not from the cradle to the grave, but from the cradle beyond the grave to the furthest stretches of eternity; that death is not the end, but only a step, an epoch in the continuous life of man, only changing the outer garments and stepping into another room, larger and more beautiful than the one we left, where the sunshine streams in brighter, where love is fuller and truer, where opportunity is broader and larger, and where, if we have here done well our part, the spurs to effort and achievement may be less selfish, and nobler and larger than here. This earth life is but the primary grade of that human school whose curriculum is not bounded by our years here, but reaches far into the great beyond. To those who have come to know this it will seem certain that, although unknown to him and to us, our brother and friend had finished the lessons of the primary school, and that therefore the Father has called him to a higher department, where larger development and wider knowledge await him, where not rest and inaction will claim him, but larger opportunity and wider usefulness will call into full activity every faculty of his manly and earnest nature. This thought should bring some consolation to those to whom he was near and dear as well as to us, his fellows, who knew him in the halls of legislation.

To most of us the death of Senator NIXON was most sudden and unexpected—probably not so to him. But in any case a man engaged in the faithful discharge of the duties that life brings to him, and who is living and doing day by day the best that is in him, needs no warning, no preparation for death. He is always ready. So was it with our friend. I am persuaded that he entered the life beyond as he lived in this—calmly, confidently, hopefully—and that all is now well with him. As we remember his generosity and manly virtues, as we think of the success and the honors to which he came from humble beginnings and an apparently unpromising environment, let us not forget that success for most men is only the result of intelligent, continuous, and earnest effort, and that the highest possible honor that can come to a man is a useful, well-spent life.

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

THE LATE REPRESENTATIVE M'HENRY.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The Clerk will report the next special order.

The Clerk read as follows:

On motion of Mr. ROTHERMEL, by unanimous consent,

Ordered, That Sunday, February 16, 1913, be set apart for addresses upon the life, character, and public services of Hon. JOHN G. MCHENRY, late a Representative from the State of Pennsylvania.

Mr. ROTHERMEL. Mr. Speaker, I offer the following resolution.

The Clerk read as follows:

House resolution 842.

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended that opportunity may be given for tributes to the memory of Hon. JOHN GEISER MCHENRY, 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 memorial exercises of the 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 resolution was agreed to.

Mr. ROTHERMEL. Mr. Speaker, the death of our departed brother, the late JOHN GEISER MCHENRY, and the other Members of this House who passed away in the Sixty-second Congress casts a gloom all over this Nation.

The journey of life lies along the dark valley of the shadow of death. Death knocks alike at the hovel of the poor and the palace of the rich. There is no spot or place on its pilgrimage where its presence is unknown. There is no family that will not feel the sting of it sooner or later.

To-day there is many an eye that is weeping and many a heart that is bleeding; I might even say that the hearts of the people of a great Nation are bleeding on account of the great and good men who passed away in the House and Senate in the Sixty-second Congress. There is many a home whose light is extinguished and whose altars are draped in testimonials of sorrow. There seems to be but a step between life and death, and man is carried from time into eternity by the breath of destiny. All the wisdom of all the ages stretches no farther than the little span of life bounded by the cradle and the grave.

I became acquainted with Mr. MCHENRY in the Sixtieth Congress. I soon discovered that he was a man of the people; he was like a brother to me; he was like a brother to all who knew him; he was modest, as is evidenced by his biographical sketch, which consists of but two lines in the Congressional Directory. He had those qualities and traits of character which tended to spread the sunshine of life among his fellow men and which linked him to his contemporaries in Congress in love and friendship.

He was a careful, courteous, and painstaking Member of Congress. He had those qualifications of a business man which are so necessary in the halls of legislation in order to do the business of the Government successfully. He was patriotic in the performance of his duties, and said to me on more than one occasion that he felt that the Government should be run in the interests of the people so as to create equal opportunities for all, and that as a Nation we should conduct ourselves so as to command the respect of the other Governments of the world. He believed that in governments, as in nature, nothing is stationary, but that there is an onward movement in the course of evolution for the common good of mankind.

With him the paths of duty ran parallel. As a husband and father he was a model; as a citizen he was one of the very best; as a legislator he ranked among the foremost. In short, he was a true American, whose loss is felt in the halls of legislation of the Government.

In order that a sketch of the life of this great and good man may have an imperishable place in the RECORD I want to read an article which appeared in the National Magazine of December, 1911:

"Mr. MCHENRY was born April 26, 1868.

"Out in the sixteenth district of Pennsylvania lives GEISER MCHENRY. He was born in Benton Township, and his ancestors represent the sturdy type of pioneer which has developed the country's best brain and brawn. Mr. MCHENRY was educated in the rural public schools of Pennsylvania, and drove a lumber team in his early youth, dreaming of the time when he could hang out his shingle as a lawyer. He was a practical dreamer, and realized that the first thing to do was to get started in business and await an opportunity to study law. After a course at the Orangeville Academy, he launched into a business career. As farmer, manufacturer, banker, and politician Congressman MCHENRY is a type of Pennsylvania thrift.

"He was elected to the Sixtieth Congress by a handsome majority, which has been greatly increased in the two succeeding terms. A member of the Appropriations Committee, Congressman MCHENRY's judgment is always sought on weighty matters, and whatever MCHENRY advises goes a long way, because he does think out things. He believes thoroughly in systematic organization and rational construction of all interests as related to the best interests of the public, and as a whirlwind political-campaign organizer he has but few equals.

"On his farm home at Benton he is at his best, for if there ever was a man who loved a farm it is JOHN G. MCHENRY. His farms are under the direct personal supervision of Prof. M. E. Chubbuck, a graduate in agricultural science from the agricultural department of State College, State College, Pa. On these farms experimental and demonstrating work is being carried on not only for the benefit of his community but for the entire country. Mr. MCHENRY's belief is that the first important step toward the solution of the high cost of living must be found in an increased production of our soil. And it is his belief that in this increased production great prosperity to the farmers as well as to the consumers will ensue. His bill now pending in Congress, asking for the appointment of an argricultural scientist to be located in every congressional district where agriculture is a leading industry, is said to be a measure of perhaps greater economic importance to the country than any other measure offered or acted upon in our National Legislature in recent years.

"To hear Congressman MCHENRY talk on the subject, even on a railroad train with the deafening roar of whirring wheels, makes one realize that he has got to the root of things. He insists that if the soil of Germany and England, a thousand years older than our soil and in a less favorable climate, can produce 28 to 32 bushels of wheat per acre there is no excuse for our producing an average of 12 to 14 bushels. He has at his fingers' ends—and in his mind's eye, for use on railroad trains—the figures and statistics to prove the economic necessity of this policy of placing our scientific Agricultural Bureau at Washington in immediate touch with the farmers of the United States. This, with scientific farm management, the Congressman declares—and you just have to share in his ear-

nest enthusiasm—will in time make America first as an agricultural nation, viewed from the standpoint of acreage production.

"This would not only mean the addition of countless millions to our national wealth, but also would be a blessing to the people who are the ultimate consumers, and provide for our steadily increasing population. Farm production has been keeping pace with the increased population by the yearly increased acreage, and within the next few years it is feared that all available public lands suitable for agriculture will be exhausted.

"Congressman McHENRY is first and above all a farmer, but the economic soundness of his argument has enlisted the hearty support of officials and wage earners alike.

"A man of high ideals and purposes, relentless in his energy and enthusiasm to accomplish the things that he sets out to do, Congressman McHENRY is deservedly strong in the affections of his constituents. You will not find many people in the sixteenth Pennsylvania district who do not approve of their Congressman's agricultural bill. It is said that by stepping to the telephone he can in almost the proverbial "twinkling of an eye" organize his district for a campaign. All who know him trust him, and in this unfailing confidence is reflected the painstaking service of one who has in him the sturdy Scotch-Irish blood of the clansmen of ancient days, who made things hum when they came to town. The gentle-voiced and gracious Pennsylvania Congressman may not look the part, but the real Scotch-Irish of rough-and-ready ancestors is there."

Mr. WILSON of Pennsylvania. Mr. Speaker, we have met here to-day because the Great Ruler of the Universe, to Whom all men of all ages have bowed the knee and offered up the innermost reverence of their souls, has taken from his activities in this life our beloved friend and associate, JOHN G. McHENRY. And we feel constrained to express in words our love of the man, our appreciation of his life work, and our sorrow at parting with him. Yet how inadequate are words for such expression. No language can convey the subtle sentiment that binds the hearts of friends. No human mind can grasp the full measure of good that follows the acts of men. We are like pebbles from the shores of eternity thrown into the ocean of time. The ripple we make spreads in ever-widening and ever-weakening circles, still having an influence after our senses have ceased to observe their effect.

And so it has been with the life of JOHN G. McHENRY. His good deeds will live after him. I knew him. I loved him. He was quiet, inobtrusive, and unassuming, yet beneath the placid surface was the fighting spirit of a man. The last time I saw him the grim reaper was approaching, but he felt no fear. He was struggling to overcome the disaster that fire had brought in its wake. One could see in the firm lines of his face and the determined expression of his eyes that he was imbued with the spirit of the poet, who said:

More than half beaten, but fearless,
  Facing the storm and the night;
Breathless and reeling, but tearless,
  Here in the lull of the fight,
I, who bow not but before Thee,
  God of the fighting clan,
Lifting my fists I implore Thee,
  Give me the heart of a man!

What though I live with the winners
  Or perish with those who fall,
Only the cowards are sinners—
  Fighting the fight is all.
Strong is my Foe—He advances!
  Snapt is my blade, O Lord!
See the proud banners and lances!
  Oh, spare me this stub of a sword!

Give me no pity, nor spare me;
  Calm not the wrath of my Foe.
See where he beckons to dare me!
  Bleeding, half beaten—I go.
Not for the glory of winning,
  Not for the fear of the night;
Shunning the battle is sinning—
  Oh, spare me the heart to fight!

Red is the mist about me;
  Deep is the wound in my side;
"Coward," thou criest to flout me,
  O terrible Foe, thou hast lied!
Here with my battle before me,
  God of the fighting clan,
Grant that the mother who bore me
  Suffered to suckle a man!

LEAVE TO PRINT.

Mr. ROTHERMEL. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that all Members may have leave to print on the life, character, and public services of Mr. McHENRY.

The SPEAKER pro tempore (Mr. GREGG of Pennsylvania). The gentleman from Pennsylvania asks unanimous consent that all Members may have leave to print on the life, character, and public services of Mr. McHENRY. Is there objection?

There was no objection.

THE LATE RICHARD E. CONNELL.

The SPEAKER pro tempore (Mr. DOREMUS). The Clerk will read the next special order.

The Clerk read as follows:

On motion of Mr. AYRES, by unanimous consent.

Ordered, That Sunday, February 16, 1913, be set apart for addresses upon the life, character, and public services of Hon. RICHARD E. CONNELL, late a Representative from the State of New York.

Mr. FITZGERALD took the chair as Speaker pro tempore.

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

The Clerk read as follows:

House resolution 843.

Resolved, That, in pursuance of the special order heretofore adopted, the House proceed to pay tribute to the memory of the Hon. RICHARD E. CONNELL, late a Representative in Congress from the State of New York.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, and in recognition of his distinguished career and his great service to his country as a Representative in Congress, the House, at the conclusion of the memorial proceedings of this day, shall stand adjourned.

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

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

The resolution was agreed to.

Mr. UNDERHILL. Mr. Speaker, it is not my purpose to deliver a studied eulogy on our late colleague, Mr. RICHARD E. CONNELL, who departed this life at his home October 30 last, but, rather, to render a brief tribute to one whom I had learned to love, respect, and admire.

My acquaintance with our colleague did not begin until after the election of 1910. For years previously I had known him as an editor of rare sagacity, a Democrat who believed thoroughly in the principles of his party, who was always ready to carry the standard, no matter how inclement the political skies might be and however hopeless the outlook for success. He fought for years before achieving a personal victory at the polls, and his perseverance in presenting upon the stump and through the columns of his newspapers his views finally brought to him the success he so richly deserved.

Our brother was a thorough American. His parents came from Ireland and were very poor in this world's goods. At the age of 13 he was left fatherless and compelled to assist his mother to earn support for herself and the other children. Any man who performs this function to the best of his ability and renders that noble service to a mother is almost sure to develop into a high type of manhood, and our late brother, Mr. CONNELL, certainly typifies this situation.

He was thoroughly American; he had not had the early opportunity for education which he would so much have enjoyed. He was a graduate of the school of experience and must have been an omnivorous reader, as he was one of the best informed of the many men who have had the same alma mater. He appreciated the opportunities presented by this country and was full of patriotism. He had only to look upon the Stars and Stripes to receive an inspiration for an oration that would make the blood of every American tingle with pride. His address on the flag at the first Members' banquet of this Congress a year ago was an eloquent effort full of classical reference and was received with many plaudits of praise.

His remarks upon the occasion of the admission of the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona into this Union, when he dwelt upon the addition of two stars to the flag, will be remembered by all as one of the most eloquent addresses made during the present Congress.

His untimely death just as he was about to be reelected was a great shock. Brother CONNELL had been renominated for election to the Sixty-third Congress and had made a vigorous fight throughout his district.

He was an excellent orator, and his services were much in demand. He had returned to his home after a speaking engagement for the day and evening, and at midnight left his chauffeur at the front door, with an injunction to return early in the morning, as he had an engagement that day that would take him away from home again. The details of his returning to his home, of his retiring and never awakening again, I shall not take the time to depict.

As many of his colleagues were unable, owing to the exigencies of the campaign, to pay personal tribute to his memory by attending his funeral, I ask unanimous consent that I may append to my remarks some articles appearing in the Poughkeepsie News-Press, which he edited before coming to Congress.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Is there objection?

There was no objection.

The articles above referred to are as follows:

[From the Poughkeepsie News-Press, Oct. 31, 1912.]

HON. R. E. CONNELL'S SUDDEN DEMISE PLUNGES CITY INTO PROFOUND GRIEF—SAD EVENT ELICITS TRIBUTES OF RESPECT AND SYMPATHY FROM COWORKERS IN PUBLIC LIFE, STATESMEN, JURISTS, AND JOURNALISTS—SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

RICHARD E. CONNELL, Congressman of the twenty-first district, and for 23 years editor of the News-Press, was found dead in bed by his wife yesterday morning at 7.40 o'clock. Death had claimed Mr. CONNELL while he was asleep and when his wife called him in order that he might be ready for the automobile that was to take him to Middletown at 8 o'clock, she believed that he was sleeping peacefully after a hard night of campaigning.

He had returned home at 2 o'clock in the morning, after delivering five speeches, and riding 45 miles to his home. When he entered the house he was in his usual happy frame of mind. He bid Mr. Hawkey, his chauffeur, a happy good morning, and told him to be sure to be on time. When he entered the house, his wife heard him and spoke to him. He answered cheerfully and joked about his youngest daughter, Katharine, being asleep in his bed.

"I won't disturb her," he called to his wife; "she's tired, and I'll go to the small bedroom and sleep."

"But you're tired and must have your own room," answered Mrs. Connell, whereupon she awakened the daughter, and Mr. Connell joked with her as she left his room, expressing regret that she should have been disturbed.

He fell at once into a deep sleep. About 6 o'clock Mrs. Connell heard him sneeze twice, and remarked to another of her daughters that "papa must be awake."

He had requested to be called in time that he might be ready at 8 o'clock to meet Mr. Hawkey's automobile, and when 7.30 o'clock came and there was no sign of his having awakened, Mrs. Connell went to his room and called to him.

There was no reply to her summons. Then she shook him, and still he did not reply. Then she laid her hand on his forehead, and its coldness sent a thrill of apprehension through her. Again she shook him and there came no reply. Hurriedly she threw up the shades and was struck by the pallor of his face. Again she called him, but he did not answer her. Then thoroughly frightened, she called the other members of the family, and at once they realized that in the night death had come into their midst.

Death, ever relentless and cruel, respecting not the ties of family or friends, is a sad and solemn thing, come when and in what form it may. But there are occasions when it is as startling as it is sad, because of its suddenness and the prominence of its victim. We stand appalled when one in the midst of an energetic and useful life, and for whom we expect many years of devotion to the public weal, is in a moment called from his activities by that summons which none may disobey, at a time least expected and which to human view appears to be the very meridian of existence.

The announcement that the Hon. RICHARD E. CONNELL, Representative in Congress from this district, had died at his home early Wednesday morning was received with bated breath and tremulously, sorrowfully passed from lip to lip, while some sought corroboration by renewed inquiries, as if hoping that it might not be true.

HIS SUDDEN DEATH.

Mr. CONNELL retired nearly an hour after midnight Tuesday, apparently in his usual health but feeling somewhat tired, intending to go to Middletown, Orange County, Wednesday morning. At about 7.40 o'clock a. m. his wife went to his room to call him, and found him dead in bed.

The cause of death was heart disease, according to the statement of Dr. Powell, who was hastily summoned but whose services were not needed, the struggling spirit having burst the walls of its clay tenement and winged its flight.

Mr. CONNELL, as is well known, was serving his first term in Congress, and had made a record that secured him a hearty and unanimous renomination, with full prospect of reelection. He had been very active in the present campaign, and was sent by the national Democratic committee to speak in Vermont and Maine previous to the State elections in September.

IN THE HARNESS.

During the past month he had been addressing meetings in his own congressional district, taking in several places daily and speaking at each. On Tuesday, the day preceding his death, he spoke at Lake Mahopac, Patterson, and Towners in the afternoon and at Carmel and Brewsters in the evening. He had intended to go to Middletown, Orange County, Wednesday, to meet Hon. William Sulzer and make an address there, and speak again in the evening at the opera house in this city.

EARLY DAYS.

RICHARD E. CONNELL was the son of the late Richard and Ann Phelan Connell, who came to this country from Ireland in 1846. Richard was born in Poughkeepsie, November 16, 1857. He attended St. Peter's parochial school and the public schools until he was 13 years of age, when he went to work to support his mother, who was then a widow with several small children. His employment was at labor on the old P. & E. Railroad. Later he learned carriage painting in the shop of Streit & Lockwood, and afterwards was an attendant at the Hudson River State Hospital. While at the latter place he became prominent in amateur theatricals, his talents in this direction leading to frequent demands for his services at social and public affairs. While there he began taking an active part in politics and became a forceful speaker. One of his speeches at Hyde Park attracted the attention of the late Maj. James W. Hinkley, who soon afterwards employed Mr. CONNELL as a reporter on the News-Press. His industry, intelligence, and fidelity soon won promotion and in a few years he became managing editor, which position he held until April, 1911, when he commenced his duties in Congress.

HIS JOURNALISTIC WORK.

RICHARD EDWARD CONNELL was a lucid, convincing writer and was versatile withal, frequently dashing off gems of poetry and fanciful sketches worthy of celebrated authors. His limited school education was supplemented and replenished by much reading, keeping informed on current events, and with his many duties, and none neglected, he found time for literary culture that fitted him for companionship with learned professors and talented students.

He was a Democrat as a matter of principle, and worked hard and faithfully for the advancement of the party of his choice, using all honorable means to win success, which he believed would in due time come to those worthy to have it. In 1896 he accepted a nomination for Congress against the late Hon. John H. Ketcham, when there was no hope of success, and in 1898 and 1900 was an unsuccessful candidate for member of assembly, in each case making a sacrifice for the benefit of the party he loved. In 1907 he was appointed inheritance tax appraiser and held that office two years. He was police commissioner for three years. In 1910 he was elected to Congress by a plurality of 517 over the Hon. Hamilton Fish, Republican, Mr. Slater, the Prohibition candidate, receiving 677 votes.

CHARACTERISTICS.

Mr. CONNELL was frequently called on to make orations on Fourth of July, Memorial Day, and for schools, colleges, literary societies, religious, and other organizations. He had a clear voice, spoke fluently, and without hesitation, his best efforts being entirely extemporaneous.

A strong feature of Mr. CONNELL'S character was his love of and pride in his family. On his return from a journey or an absence of only a few hours, the first thing after entering the office was to take the telephone and talk to his wife and children, though he might be going home in a short time. He was the champion of the soldiers of the Civil War, and never lost an opportunity to honor them and render them any service in his power. His work in securing pensions for deserving veterans is well known and has endeared him to all the boys in blue. It was largely due to his efforts in connection with Gen. SHERWOOD that the last liberal pension bill was passed.

His record in Congress, especially his speech on the admission of the two new States of Arizona and New Mexico, was pronounced one of the best orations and arguments ever made on the floor of the House of Representatives.

DEVOTED TO FAMILY.

His family consists of his wife, who was Mary E. Miller, his daughters, Mary, Anna, and Katharine, and a son, Richard. Mary graduated from Vassar College, and Richard is in Harvard College. During the sessions of Congress the son was his father's secretary. To them heartfelt sympathy is extended in the sorrow we all share.

In religion he was a Catholic, a communicant in St. Mary's Church and faithful to his every duty. He was a member of the Royal Arcanum, Knights of Columbus, and the Order of Elks.

In disposition he was a man to win friends and to hold them. His fellow workers, who knew him probably best of all, are of only one mind in proclaiming their loyal and earnest friendship for him.

TRIBUTES POUR IN.

Tributes which have poured into the city, some addressed to the stricken family and others to the News-Press every hour since the news of Mr. CONNELL'S death became current, are almost Nation wide in their scope, and there is no mistaking their being sincere.

Foes in the political arena were among the first to come forward and acknowledge their real feelings of admiration for the man as a man. Judges of the highest tribunals in the State, municipal officers, associates in Congress—men in every walk of life—joined in the tribute of sorrow.

—

[From Edmund Platt.]

Nothing had ever occurred either in years of strenuous newspaper rivalry or in political rivalry to interrupt the course of my friendship with RICHARD E. CONNELL. That we were rival candidates for the same high office this year made no difference. He was not a man who could for a moment think of cherishing any personal feeling against an opponent. As a newspaper writer Mr. CONNELL was painstaking, just, and accurate. He early developed a faculty for writing and for getting hold of news that attracted attention, and he had no equals in Poughkeepsie in expressing human sympathy or in depicting incidents in which pathos was a leading feature. His own sympathetic, generous nature and his broad experience, which had brought him much into contact with the unfortunate, prompted him to write from his heart.

Let no one think that Mr. CONNELL'S success, that his attainment of his ambition to serve his country in high office, was the result of luck or chance. As a young man when he had to work hard he spent his spare time studying the history of his country and in other profitable reading. He learned the art of public speaking, and when opportunity came to attain a position of prominence he was ready.

There never was a more genial, companionable man, a better friend, or a more generous opponent than RICHARD E. CONNELL.

—

[From Editor Brown, editor Enterprise.]

I have always thought very highly of RICHARD E. CONNELL. He rose from the humbler walks in life by the sheer force of his character. He had ability of a high order, he was true to his convictions, and he was true to his friends. He made a good record in Congress. He was a fine Representative for the people of this district; he was entirely worthy of the high honor that came to him in his election two years ago. It is a great loss to any community when such a member of it passes away. He closed his career in the middle of life, and we must all regret that he was not spared to continue a work for which he was well equipped and well adapted.

—

[From Mark G. Du Bois.]

In preceding Mr. CONNELL a few months on the News-Press, to which he came, if I remember, in 1887, I was familiar with his work and his personality from the start of his journalistic career and with the main incidents of his advancement in politics. Mr. CONNELL was equally facile as a writer and speaker.

In him were combined the poetry, romance, wit, and sentiment of the race that rules the world. Always proud of his Irish descent, Mr. CONNELL had just reason for his pride, for in him were combined all that is best of those qualities that have brought fame to Irish statesmen, orators, poets, writers, and soldiers the world over. Out of every reverse and discouragement Mr. CONNELL always caught a gleam of humor that made all around him smile. Every success elicited a bit of philosophy that made all of us think.

At social gatherings where a song or story were needed to promote the pleasure and interests of guests Mr. CONNELL was always willing to use his talents for the pleasure of others. He gladly prepared speeches and spoke extemporaneously at hundreds of gatherings where the only reward for his time and trouble was the consciousness that he was doing the best he could to serve others.

It is very sad to realize that this brilliant man has been taken away from his family who loved him so devotedly and to whom he in turn gave his whole life to help, to comfort and protect; that he has been removed from his friends, who trusted, admired, and respected him;

and that he lived such a short time to enjoy the success which came to him after a worthy career of many years of hard work.

I join with the editor of the News-Press and others associated, like myself, with Mr. CONNELL in journalism to lay my tribute to his memory before the world. He was a good and useful citizen, a credit to his country and his friends, an honor to his family, and a fine example of the best in humanity of character, genius, and achievement. What Mr. CONNELL achieved was over obstacles that few could have faced and overcome as he did. I deeply regret his death.

—

[Arthur A. Parks.]

The sudden death of Congressman RICHARD E. CONNELL falls as a shock in this community. Occurring without any premonition in the midst of an ardent political campaign in which he had both a personal and professional interest, the sense of fitness seems disturbed and the balance of sympathies deranged.

Mr. CONNELL'S eloquence as a speaker on political subjects brought him a reputation and a demand which broadened his own scope of vision and enlarged the man.

Rising from the ranks by his own efforts he attained a success far in advance of the usual lot in both business and politics, and his loss will be felt in all of his sphere of usefulness.

We extend our sincere sympathy and condolence to the family and friends of Mr. CONNELL in this hour of their bereavement.

—

[Judge Keogh.]

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y., *October 30.*

Hon. JOSEPH MORSCHAUSER,
Supreme Court:

I am shocked beyond expression at the terrible news contained in your telegram of the death of RICHARD E. CONNELL. May I ask you to convey to his family, on my behalf, my deepest and sincerest sympathy in this hour of greatest affliction? He was a man of sterling ability, a true friend, and a brave and honorable adversary.

MARTIN J. KEOGH.

—

[Judge Hasbrouck.]

Faithful to his beliefs, loyal to his convictions, striving to be and to do right, he pursued his straight course, until he won the high position he held as well in the esteem of all who knew him as in the Government of his country. From a boy driving a dump cart on the construction of a railroad right of way to a leading Representative of his party in the House of Congress is a far step, but that was the breach closed by "DICK" CONNELL through his natural intelligence.

He had absolutely no extraneous help, but conquered apparently insurmountable obstacles. He was wholly self-educated, but thoroughly well educated.

A filial son, a devoted husband and father, a true friend—he will be missed and mourned by many.

His memory will long be cherished and his career should long be remembered as an example and stimulus for emulation by the youth in this country of magnificent opportunity.

—

[William W. Smith.]

I could have cried this morning when I heard of Mr. CONNELL'S death. I counted him as one of my very best friends. I hardly know what to say in the way of a tribute to him. I am still stunned by the knowledge of his death.

Mr. CONNELL was, indeed, a man of rare ability. His attainments were gained wholly through his own efforts. I have watched him ever since I have known him. I know that he established in Congress a name that will not soon die.

—

[Augustus B. Gray.]

In the death of RICHARD E. CONNELL I have lost a friend of many years and one who when engaged in the necessary conflicts engendered by different political affiliations never deviated from the fine sense and high standard of clean political methods which characterized his whole public life.

—

[Edward E. Perkins.]

The sudden death of RICHARD E. CONNELL has been such a shock that I can scarcely find words to express my feelings. There has been during my time no man in public life in Dutchess County whose character, personality, and achievement have made a more lasting impression upon the community.

From humble origin he rose to be our ablest orator and a national figure. His life's ambition was to be a United States Congressman, and we of the Democratic Party may be thankful that we assisted him in accomplishing his purpose. Had he lived until November 5, I believe the people of this district would have reelected him triumphantly.

My heart goes out to his little family, who usurped and enjoyed all of the love and affection that his big heart contained. The Democracy of this district is bereft of a powerful character by the death of RICHARD E. CONNELL. His life, however, has been a beacon to light the way of American youth to the achievement of high purpose and to the accomplishment of laudable ambition.

—

[Democratic county committee.]

Whereas we have learned of the death of Hon. RICHARD E. CONNELL, Congressman from this district and the nominee of the Democratic Party for reelection, and under circumstances that make his passing away a particularly sad affliction to the members of his family and friends and a great loss to the Democratic Party, of which he was an esteemed and respected leader: Therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the members of the Democratic county committee of Dutchess County in meeting assembled, do extend to his family our sincerest sympathy in this their hour of affliction; and be it further

Resolved, That this committee pay tribute to the splendid character, sterling integrity, and magnificent purpose that have always been manifested in his work as a citizen and an official.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the family of Mr. CONNELL, spread upon the minutes of this meeting, and published in the newspapers.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., October 30, 1912.

WILLIAM C. ALBRO, *Poughkeepsie.*
THOMAS J. COMERFORD, *Poughkeepsie.*
WILLIAM S. KETCHAM, *Dover.*

[Chamber of Commerce.]

The following resolutions were passed by the chamber of commerce Wednesday night, upon the death of Hon. RICHARD E. CONNELL:

"The chamber of commerce is again called upon to express its profound grief and regret because of the death of one of its members, Hon. RICHARD E. CONNELL, and wishes to place on record its high estimation of his character.

"His genius and energy as a man and citizen are shown in the success that has always accompanied his private undertakings, and his work for his city and his district in the congressional body where he represented both so worthily remains as a monument to his greatness of heart and qualities of statesmanship. His fine characteristics as a friend and associate, his courtesy and charm of manner, made all who knew him his loving friends. He was most loved and respected by those who best knew him, and no better testimony of his character can be found than his ability to retain the good will, interest, and friendship of his neighbors. He has now entered upon those great rewards in the hereafter which are received by the just and the good: Be it

"*Resolved*, That in the death of Hon. RICHARD E. CONNELL not only this chamber of commerce but also the city of Poughkeepsie and the twenty-sixth congressional district of the State of New York have lost a valued and respected Member and Representative whom we shall all miss and whose passing we shall profoundly regret. Be it further

"*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be delivered to the family of the late Hon. RICHARD E. CONNELL and also published in the News-Press of the city of Poughkeepsie as the expression of the profound regret of the chamber of commerce, of which body he was so valued a member.

"Dated October 30, 1912.

"E. D. GILDERSLEEVE, *President.*
"E. E. PERKINS, *Vice President.*
"C. W. H. ARNOLD, *Vice President.*
"T. R. BEAL,
"P. C. DOHERTY,
"H. S. REYNOLDS,
"D. W. WILBUR,
"*Executive Committee.*"

—

[William H. Frank.]

This is the worst blow I've had in years.

Why, we were boys together and friends all our lives. I wish to express my deepest sympathy for his dear family; they were the dearest thing in life to him.

I'll never forget his tender solicitude for Mrs. Connell and the children when we all went out in my yacht for a sail up and down the river. He knew every hill and town—the history of each—and it was a most beautiful and touching thing to witness their love for him.

No; I simply can not say the things I would like to say. We have all lost a prince among men.

—

[Prof. S. R. Shear.]

The death of Hon. RICHARD E. CONNELL comes to me as a distinct personal shock, an irreparable loss. I had learned to know him well and to esteem him highly. He was and will continue to be a splendid example to every boy in our city. He believed that life is like a road; a splendid place in which to travel, but a very poor place in which to sleep and dream.

Speaking as a schoolman, I may say that his educational creed was briefly as follows:

"Reading is important, but readiness to perceive and to perform are vastly more so. Literature is valuable, but largeness of life and loftiness of purpose are invaluable. Penmanship is good, but perseverance is better. Drawing is useful, but without diligence no one can be worth while. Science is only a supplement to sympathy, and history but lays the foundation of honesty and uprightness."

Reverence for God, faith in humanity, chivalric regard for women, respect for true manhood, sympathy for age and for helplessness, fidelity to public trust, hatred of cant and insincerity, stood forth in his every life relation and marked him as a man well calculated to stand before kings.

His was the vicarious life. He was willing to spend and be spent. His heart went out to all humanity, and in striving to lift those about him he towered immeasurably toward the lofty ideals created by himself for his own guidance.

He was an honor to our city, a true friend, a noble specimen of God's handiwork, and in his going we are left the poorer. His memory will be a constant benediction, a fragrance that neither time nor eternity can dissipate.

—

[Spencer Sladden.]

The following unique tribute is from an associate of 11 years:

DEAR OLD FRIEND OF MINE; I would not and I could not believe the prints to-day when they told me you were gone; but to-night, as I stood by your bier and held your cold hand and spoke to you and you answered me not, I knew it was all too true.

And as I stood there, dear old friend and comrade, our 11 years together hurried through my mind in a panorama of happy memories. But why should I, now that you are gone, tell those who can not appreciate that which meant so much to you and me, the things that were so dear to us in common. They would not and could not understand the things that to you and me held such a world of meaning.

Who of all the hundreds that mourn you could ever understand the joys and sorrows that were ours—the joys and defeats that we met and conquered together in those happy days gone by, never to return again? But, dear old friend, your victories meant more to me than to all those you knew so well, because we had met defeat and had been crushed by it together more times than those of to-day will ever stop to remember.

And to-night, as my mind builds bridges back over memory's playground to the happy days that have gone never to return, memory's fires burn brightly and light the path that you choose to open.

And so, dear friend of mine, I say good night and God bless you, and I know the world will be better and brighter for your having lived in it, and if there is a lovelier life to come we know that your presence there before us will help to add a gleam of sweetness and sunshine to the pathway of those who are left to follow you.

So once again, as one who knew better than all others your cherished hopes and desires, your sorrows and your joys, I say good-by, dear friend, friend of mine, and may God bless and light your way to eternal happiness.

[E. D. Gildersleeve.]

I considered Mr. CONNELL a very dear personal friend. What I liked best about him was his great love of his home. His eager pursuit of truth and knowledge made him intelligent and competent to serve his country in the several official stations in which he was placed; and he proved himself both efficient and faithful to his trust. His life was exemplary and consistent; he was wise in counsel, and his endowments of mind and heart commanded our highest esteem. We should all be thankful to our Heavenly Father for the gift of such a man, one so worthy of our love. But we should not complain, for he has finally been summoned from the field of conflict to the rewards of the conqueror, leaving to his family a legacy, not of lamentation, but that of a good name, which shall ever abide in our memory. I will close with a clipping I have kept in my Bible for many years—a poem written by Mr. CONNELL himself on the death and burial of McKinley, entitled "McKinley's Grave":

Near two little mounds at Canton,
At rest till the judgment day,
Asleep with his little children,
As if weary of work, of play;
We bid him good-by forever
As back to the strife we go;
How sweet are the years with children
None but the blessed know.
The king in his tomb of marble,
Or high in the hall of fame,
May seem to rest in grandeur
That trappings and stones proclaim;
But sweeter the grave in Canton
Where rests our beloved to-day,
At rest with his little children,
Asleep till the judgment day.

—

[First memorial service.]

The first organization to call a memorial meeting for Mr. CONNELL is the Church of the Good Shepherd, in Newburgh.

An element of pathos enters into this matter.

Mr. CONNELL was to have addressed the men of the church on Friday night, November 1, at 7.30 o'clock, at their smoker.

The meeting will be held, but it will be turned into a memorial for the late Congressman, who was well known to the members and very popular with them.

—

[Other tributes.]

Further tributes from ex-Senator Newbold, Madison R. Aldrich, John K. Sague, Louis P. Haubennestel, D. W. Wilbur, C. N. Arnold, John A. Hanna, Isaac Sherrill, and others were received.

The bereaved family received many telegrams of condolence. Among them were the following:

—

[Telegrams.]

MONROE, N. Y., *October 30.*

Mrs. RICHARD E. CONNELL:

Just learned of the death of your distinguished husband. I have lost a dear friend, and in your sad bereavement I send you and all the family my heartfelt sympathy.

WILLIAM SULZER.

—

NEW YORK, *October 30.*

Mrs. RICHARD E. CONNELL:

I am terribly shocked, and assure you that I sorrow and sympathize with you, and regret extremely that I am not well enough to leave my room.

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT.

—

NEW YORK, *October 30.*

Mrs. RICHARD E. CONNELL:

Accept my sincere sympathy in your bereavement. Mr. CONNELL will be greatly missed in Congress and by his many friends.

FRANCIS BURTON HARRISON.

—

NEW YORK, *October 30.*

Mrs. RICHARD E. CONNELL:

Sincere sympathy in your sorrow. Dutchess County has lost a loyal son.

FRANCIS G. LANDON.

—

NEW YORK, *October 30.*

Mrs. RICHARD E. CONNELL:

Please accept my deepest sympathy. Your great loss is shared by all who knew your husband.

PERRY BELMONT.

—

CATSKILL, N. Y., *October 30, 1912.*

Mrs. RICHARD E. CONNELL:

I extend to you my deepest sympathy in the death of your husband. He was my valued friend, and I share with you in large measure your sorrow in this affliction.

CLARENCE E. BLOODGOOD.

—

FUNERAL SATURDAY.

The funeral arrangements were completed late Wednesday evening. Services will be held at the house at 9.45 Saturday morning and at St. Mary's Church at 10.30. Many out-of-town clergymen will be present at the church service.

Mrs. Connell is completely prostrated by the terrible blow.

Richard E. Connell, jr., who was studying in Harvard, was summoned through a telegram which stated that his father was ill. He arrived in Poughkeepsie at 8.16 p. m., and only learned the tragic news when he arrived at the family home.

—

[Editorial from Poughkeepsie News-Press.]

RICHARD E. CONNELL.

RICHARD E. CONNELL was one of the most conspicuous examples of the self-made man that this community has known in a generation. His public and private life was clean from start to finish. That is a splendid thing to be able to say of any man, but it is not sufficient to say of Mr. CONNELL. He chose early and determined to seek knowledge in order to become a factor and a force for all that is good and worthy and righteous among his fellows, and in the face of crushing odds he succeeded, and so well that his sudden taking away causes genuine sorrow and regret.

He had long ago achieved a fair measure of success in this locality as an educator, writer, and champion of what he thought was right, but his crowning success came when he was made a Congressman and was given a bigger field. There he had already made splindid progress, and those same qualities which had caused him to be respected at home had marked him for distinction abroad. It is entirely fair to say that the people of his district, irrespective of party, were proud of him, and it was a fine thing that his life of toil and endeavor was so richly rewarded. He was proud to be sent to Congress, of course, but his ambition was not political. It was to give to his children that which had been denied him; and by doing his evident duty day by day he lived to learn that sometimes people reward right purpose of mind and faithfulness to principle. Along those lines came Mr. CONNELL's success. As he himself would write of another noteworthy man, "His whole career typifies American opportunity."

"American opportunity!" How CONNELL proved those words.

He wrote many comforting words in this newspaper to those in sorrow. We wish now that we could comfort his sorrowing ones as he has ours. We can only say simply that we are sorry our friend is dead.

Mr. SISSON. Mr. Speaker, I knew Mr. CONNELL intimately. He and I lived at the same hotel. I frequently talked with him about various subjects. Mr. CONNELL was a Democrat in the broadest sense of the word. He believed absolutely in the people and their right to control. Trained and educated, as has been stated, in the school of hard experience, he sympathized with the men who toil, and during all of the conversations that I had with him I never heard him utter a selfish thought. I never heard him utter an unkind word to or of any human being. There was not enough shadow in RICHARD CONNELL's soul and heart to hide a sinister thought.

Coming, as he did, of Irish parentage, he knew the history of the Irish struggle for liberty, and his soul always went out for any people who are striving to get the right to rule and govern themselves. He not only believed in the general right of the people to rule and control everywhere; but he had an abiding faith in our present form of Government to insure this if properly administered.

He was an intense States-rights man. He believed in the right of local self-government, and he made himself extremely close to me on account of the many expressions of tender regard for the southern people in their struggles during the dark days of reconstruction in the South. I presume the stories that he heard at the knees of his mother and father of the Irish struggle for liberty caused him to have such intense love and devotion for a people who were unfortunate and for a people who were suffering as the people were in the South during those dark days.

I would invite attention especially to one peculiar characteristic of Mr. CONNELL. I believe he had the broadest charity, not only in the sense that he relieved the unfortunate and the poor, but in his consideration for the thoughts and feelings of other people. Frequently on the street I have seen him help an unfortunate person who asked for help. He did it without a moment's hesitation, and he responded to every call, and with the gift, though small, there was a tender regard and sympathy which is always more thankfully received than the gift itself. His charity was so broad that in measuring the faults and foibles of others he was able not only in private life but in public life to overlook the selfishness, to overlook the unkindness of others. He felt that it was the duty of the people of every age to endeavor to answer in the affirmative the question asked in the early history of the world, "Am I my brother's keeper?" He felt that when a people could answer that question in the affirmative, and each and every man could say, "Yes; I am my brother's keeper," that that people would then have solved the great questions of government. I believe firmly that when we shall have reached that position in our development, when the great majority of our people can feel that they are indeed their brothers' keeper, that legislation here and in the various States will be such as will give to all of the people equal opportunity and will bring about a situation that will realize more nearly equal conditions. If we shall be able, as each day goes, to add to our stock of information and knowledge, and to do that which makes us better than we were the day before, we will gradually reach that point where each and every one of us will begin to realize that we are our brothers' keepers.

No man in this world, no man in this complicated society, if he be a true man, can fail to answer the question in the affirmative. When that time shall come in the history of this Nation that men can answer that question in the affirmative, you will find that all of the hatred existing between the rich and the poor will disappear. We will have laws that will regulate the acquisition of property, so that the shrewd cunning of man to acquire property through special privilege and special law will be at an end. RICHARD CONNELL hated with all his Irish heart

this cunning of the unrighteously rich. If we all felt as CONNELL did on this subject, we would be able to more nearly equalize conditions as well as opportunities. It has become necessary, in my humble judgment, for the legislatures of the country to begin to regulate this intellectual cunning exercised in the acquisition of property, so that all fortunes may have a moral foundation. I agree literally with Judge Coleridge, in England, that property rights find lodgment in the doctrine of the general good. When the property rights of the present age and day and generation shall not be for the general good, then property rights ought not to be respected. My departed friend believed in this doctrine. He believed in true progress and true advancement. I am an optimist, but I am not so optimistic that I can be blind to the evils that surround us.

The man who is willing to close his eyes to the weaknesses of his social and civil institutions is the man who is unable to help his day and generation.

CONNELL was more of an optimist than I am. He believed in the final triumph of good and righteousness. And in your private conversations with him he would always fill you with hope. When some legislation would pass the House that outraged me I would always find consolation in talking with my good friend, because he always felt that if a wrong was done it would only take time to right it. He believed that this great Government of ours was an example to all the world, and he believed, as he said in that beautiful speech on the flag, that it was the emblem of equality throughout all the world. The example set by American patriots was always to him an inspiration. I have often heard him talk about the early struggle for American liberty and the part the Irish took in it, and I quite agree with him that if it had not been for the Irish in the Revolutionary War there could have been no success to American arms.

American liberty was achieved largely by the strong arm of the Irish patriots who loved freedom and equality; and CONNELL's Irish heart went out in tender love for American institutions, and no opportunity ever presented itself on this floor that he was not the first man to fill the hearts of his people with patriotism by his eloquent addresses.

He is an example to all of us, because you can always point to RICHARD CONNELL's life, when you talk to the boys in the rural districts who are born in poverty, and say he overcame difficulties and poverty, and so can you. The street gamin in every city can find an inspiration in DICK CONNELL. Why? Because here was a man who at 14 years of age had upon his shoulders the support of a widowed mother. For 16 years after the death of his father he worked at everything that his hand could find to do until he finally became a reporter on a newspaper in Poughkeepsie, and for 23 years he labored in this one field and did his people and his party great service, and continued to labor on the same newspaper until he came to Congress.

Every boy in America born in poverty is blessed. The boy who is born in luxury and ease is the boy who is cursed. There is no necessity for the boy born with a silver spoon in his mouth to devote his time and attention to those things that make him a useful man; but the boy who is born in poverty is compelled to struggle in order that he may win, and the struggle makes him only the stronger.

So I would point to DICK CONNELL as an example for all the poor boys in America. Look at him, see what he accomplished. Any American boy with energy and enterprise can accomplish success. DICK CONNELL's life has been a success. It has been a benediction, and may the boys of America learn to do as DICK CONNELL did, and succeed in spite of poverty and in spite of all obstacles.

Mr. SMITH of New York. Mr. Speaker, it is the rule that men come to Congress to learn the procedure and to study the principles and policies of government. Mr. CONNELL had been a student of government from his early manhood. He entered the House of Representatives two years ago fully equipped to take part in the affairs of this Nation. He came here not as a pupil but as an instructor. He had been a writer of note. He was an eloquent and forceful public speaker. He was familiar with every great question pending in Congress. From the first day he took his seat as a Member of this body he was an essential part of the House, and no Member took a more active interest in the proceedings or had a more intelligent understanding of them than did he.

By education, experience, inclination, and temperament he was prepared for the duties that devolved upon him. He did not devote himself to the selfish demands of a locality or to the partisan problems that are ever present in a national assembly. He conceived higher aims and established loftier ideals. He went into the question of admitting the Territories of Arizona and New Mexico to statehood. When the division over the admission of these Territories appeared to be hopeless, he went forward with the contest, scorning consideration of political or partisan advantage, until, largely through his activity and intelligent persistency, an agreement on the admission of the States was reached.

Few outside of his close associates knew how hard he worked or how much he had accomplished. Despite the fact that he had been in Congress but one term, he was recognized as a ready and active debater. He was ever alert to protect the principles and policies that he avowed. Independent in spirit and free from affectation, he sought in all that he did to perform the highest duty to his country, his district, and himself. He might be described as a practical altruist. He was a militant idealist. He fought for his principles, and he had faith in their ultimate triumph. The House could ill afford to lose such a man. The shock and sorrow of his death sent a pang into the heart of each one that knew him. He was brilliant in conversation, kindly in judgment, and simple, direct, and just in all his dealings. He had an individuality that had impressed itself on his colleagues. A great future seemed in store for him. Those of us who were privileged to know him will not soon cease to mourn.

Mr. MAGUIRE of Nebraska. Mr. Speaker, while we have set apart this day to pay tribute to the memory of our lamented colleague, still I can not but feel how feeble and inadequate must be the effort when we scan the life story of our late friend and colleague, RICHARD E. CONNELL.

What we say here in the world's greatest parliamentary forum becomes the written record for to-morrow in the larger story of a country's growth and a people's progress.

In the perfection of the biographical record of the Nation we must of necessity touch lightly and imperfectly upon the story of one who played a leading part. While these are inadequate attempts of colleagues who know but a portion of his life story and, therefore, feel less the intensity of his virtues, still our utterances may, in a measure, assuage and feebly compensate the loss to a beloved family weighed down under almost unbearable grief.

RICHARD E. CONNELL was born in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., November 16, 1857. He there received his schooling; but at the age of 14 years his father died and he assumed the larger responsibilities and undertook the work of assisting his mother in the support and education of the family. Through boyhood and young manhood days his time was occupied at various industrial callings, but during these years he devoted his spare time to study and the improvement of his opportunities. In 1887 he became a reporter on the Poughkeepsie News-Press and later its editor, remaining with the paper for 23 years.

He has been honored by his home people and his State in many positions—civic, political, and otherwise—and in 1910 was elected to Congress as a Democrat. In the midst of an active campaign for reelection to Congress he suddenly died at his home on October 30, 1912. Death came to him in the prime of life, apparently in the full possession of his intellectual and physical vigor. He leaves in his immediate family a wife, son, and three daughters to mourn his loss.

When Mr. CONNELL came to Congress we lived at the same hotel and it was my privilege to come more closely in touch with him as a legislator and a man. He was companionable, versatile, and cheerful of disposition. It seemed as if the candor and honesty of the man and the very music and sunshine of his soul enraptured you. Modest in manner, unassuming, and big souled, still he had a dignity and intellectual courage which commanded. Mr. CONNELL's home life must have been a beautiful one, for his true qualities as husband and father were revealed when he was in the company of his family.

His early struggle was much the same as that of other boys of his time, but through the tragedy of events obstacles multiplied around him which intensified his sacrifice. Through the stern school of necessity and the inherent nature of the man he applied and made available a large amount of useful knowledge. In earlier years he became a great reader of high-class literature and a keen observer, who extracted something each day from the everyday incidents of life, and through the advancing years he became a scholar and an educated man in the larger sense and meaning of life's activities.

There was no duplicity or deceit in Mr. CONNELL's nature and he extended no false sympathy and was easy to understand; he was clean of mind and pure of soul all the way through, and never wavered in his personal conduct or compromised with wrong. While his own standards of conduct were of the highest, still he did not exact from others the application of his own belief or rule of action. Tolerance of thought, he believed,

assured to every other man the right to act and believe according to his own right standards of life. He was a devout Christian and each day seemed to bring to his soul new inspiration. Faith was an ever-commanding force in the life of our departed friend—faith in his fellow man, faith in his country, and faith in his God. To him it was a divine command and he did not arrogate to himself the right of its interpretation. Although thoroughly informed on matters of faith and religion, still he found enough in the business of human affairs to occupy his time and intellect, and accepted with childlike simplicity the faith and commands of the Divine Teacher.

Mr. CONNELL loved his country and its institutions, because he understood the structure and believed in the principles upon which it rested. Many times have I heard him express with feelings of emotion and pride the utmost confidence in the wisdom of our people and in the ultimate destiny of the American Republic. Every speech and public utterance of his breathed the lofty spirit of patriotism. He was a true American citizen and his State and the Nation will lose in his death a noble son and a man whose service will always merit the highest praise.

Mr. REILLY. Mr. Speaker, it is a singular and sad coincidence that two native-born sons of the great State of New York, one who had become the beloved Vice President of the United States, the other a distinguished Representative of one of her congressional districts, should both end their life work on the same day. On the 30th of October last RICHARD E. CONNELL, in whose memory we are here assembled to-day, passed away from the activities of this world, and on the same day Vice President SHERMAN died.

It was my good fortune to live with RICHARD CONNELL for over a year, and I had learned to love him for what he was worth, a man of the highest ideals, full of sentiment and patriotism and love for his fellow man.

His newspaper activities for 23 years caused between us a fellow feeling that led possibly more even than with others to an interchange of ideas. I believe his training fitted him particularly for the work he had to do in this House, and he came with unusual equipment.

But aside from his spirited Americanism, largely glorified by his noble ancestry, it was in the quietness of his private life that lay his sweetest charm. Devoted to his family above all things else, devoted to his friends, devoted to what he believed to be his life work. Those of us who were fortunate enough to hear the magnificent speech upon the admission of New Mexico and Arizona to statehood will not for a moment doubt Mr. CONNELL's Americanism. No finer tribute was ever paid to the flag than he paid on that occasion, when he pictured what the adding of two more stars to that field of blue meant. As he was patriotic in speech, so he was in action. Those of us who were with him on the occasion of the meeting of the new Members of Congress a year or so ago will never forget his recital of "The Fighting Race," Joseph I. C. Clark's beautiful poem, written upon the occasion of the destruction of the *Maine*, and depicting better than our words just what DICK CONNELL felt to be the principle that should impel men to do their duty, especially the duty they owe to their country.

We will long remember—and I wish I were gifted as he was gifted that I might recite that song of the Celt to you to-day as best typifying the fighting spirit for righteousness and for liberty that lived and throbbed continually in DICK CONNELL's heart. His own patriotic nature was truly shown in those inspiring lines:

"Read out the names!" and Burke sat back,
And Kelly drooped his head,
While Shea—they call him Scholar Jack—
Went down the list of the dead.
Officers, seamen, gunners, marines,
The crews of the gig and yawl,
The bearded man and the lad in his teens,
Carpenters, coal passers—all.
Then, knocking the ashes from out his pipe,
Said Burke in an offhand way:
"We're all in that dead man's list, by Cripe!
Kelly and Burke and Shea."
"Well, here's to the *Maine*, and I'm sorry for Spain,"
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

"Wherever there's Kellys there's trouble," said Burke.
"Wherever fighting's the game,
Or a spice of danger in grown man's work,"
Said Kelly, "you'll find my name."
"And do we fall short," said Burke, getting mad,
"When it's touch and go for life?"
Said Shea, "It's thirty-odd years, bedad,
Since I charged to drum and fife
Up Marye's Heights, and my old canteen
Stopped a rebel ball on its way.
There were blossoms of blood on our sprigs of green—
Kelly and Burke and Shea—
And the dead didn't brag." "Well, here's to the flag!"
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

"I wish 'twas in Ireland, for there's the place,"
Said Burke, "that we'd die by right,
In the cradle of our soldier race,
After one good stand-up fight.
My grandfather fell on Vinegar Hill,
And fighting was not his trade,
But his rusty pike's in the cabin still,
With Hessian blood on the blade."
"Aye, aye," said Kelly, "the pikes were great
When the word was, 'Clear the way!'
We were thick on the roll in ninety-eight—
Kelly and Burke and Shea."
"Well, here's to the pike and the sword and the like!"
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

And Shea, the scholar, with rising joy,
Said, "We were at Ramillies.
We left our bones at Fontenoy
And up in the Pyrenees.
Before Dunkirk, on Landen's plain,
Cremona, Lille, and Ghent,
We're all over Austria, France, and Spain,
Wherever they pitch a tent.
We've died for England from Waterloo
To Egypt and Dargai,
And still there's enough for a corps or a crew,
Kelly and Burke and Shea."
"Well, here's to good honest fighting blood!"
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

"Oh, the fighting race don't die out,
If they seldom die in bed,
For love is first in their hearts, no doubt,"
Said Burke; then Kelly said:
"When Michael, the Irish Archangel, stands,
The angel with the sword,
And the battle dead from a hundred lands
Are ranged in one big horde,
Our line, that for Gabriel's trumpet waits,
Will stretch three deep that day,
From Jehoshaphat to the Golden Gates—
Kelly and Burke and Shea."
"Well, here's thank God for the race and the sod!"
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

And here's thank God that it has been my fortune, and the fortune of many of us, to have lived and known such a true patriot, such a true American, as DICK CONNELL.

Mr. COLLIER. Mr. Speaker, we have assembled here to-day to pay our tribute of respect to the memory of our late colleague, Hon. RICHARD E. CONNELL, of the State of New York.

Life is but a brief span; it has its sunshine and its shadows; it is characterized by an endless struggle for existence, a perpetual striving for advantage, and the way is strewn with the wrecks and monuments of those who have failed and those who have attained what the world calls success. Its uncertain course is a series of daily battles in which each of us, no matter how lowly our walk in life may be, must play our part.

In the endless strivings and struggles which mark human progress "in the unequal distribution of wealth, power, capacity, pleasure, and opportunity," there are found on every side tragedy and comedy, sorrow and joy, pathos and pleasure, happiness and despair.

In this great struggle some may wear the victor's crown of laurel, while others may go down in dust to dark defeat. For some "breasts may throb with love and lips may thrill on meeting other lips as fond, and life shall be to them a paradise, while other hearts shall bleed and break, and life for them shall be a never-ending night."

There is so much that we can and should do for each other; there are so many ways in which we can lift the burdens from other shoulders; there are so many opportunities presented for improving the conditions of our fellow man, that in the brief space allotted us here on earth of right and necessity our concern must ever be for the living and not for the dead.

But yet it is an eminently appropriate custom sanctified by long usage that on God's hallowed day we should lay aside the cares and the pleasures, the vexations and the trials of life, and reverently gather together to give expression to the debt of gratitude we owe our lamented dead, and pay a passing tribute of respect to the memory of those who have crossed over the river, and "with a countenance like the lightning and in raiment white as snow" wait upon the other shore.

Mr. CONNELL is no more. The kindly heart has ceased to beat. Cut down in the very zenith of his usefulness, suddenly and without warning, his spirit has gone to its eternal rest. He has gone, but his cordial greeting, his friendly smile, his hearty hand grasp still linger in our memories.

Our late colleague did not serve quite one term in Congress. He entered here in March, 1911, and died October 30, 1912. But for over 25 years he was an ardent and able advocate of the principles of Democracy. He was the editor of the Poughkeepsie News-Press for a number of years, beginning his connection with that journal as a reporter in 1887. He was often honored by the Democratic Party, frequently accepting a nomi-

nation at its hands when there was no hope of success, but always ready and willing to make any sacrifice for the benefit of the party he loved.

It was my good fortune to become intimately acquainted with Mr. CONNELL soon after he entered Congress. This acquaintance quickly ripened into a sincere and lasting friendship. We lived at the same hotel, and I had ample opportunity to become familiar with those sterling qualities of heart and mind which so endeared him to all who knew him.

Mr. CONNELL was a man of generous heart, of lofty ideals, and inspired at all times with a spirit of intense patriotism. He was an orator of unquestioned ability. Though his legislative career was short, yet, notwithstanding his brief service here, on several occasions he demonstrated his skill as a logician, his learning as a scholar, his profound knowledge of public affairs, and his power as an orator. His long training as a journalist gave him that experience in marshaling the salient points of his argument which is so essential here, where of necessity the time for debate is so limited.

Our departed colleague was a Jeffersonian Democrat of the old school. He had implicit faith and confidence in the wisdom, the ability, and judgment of the American people.

He believed with the great exponent of Democracy that "Independence can be trusted nowhere but with the people in mass," for "they are the only sure reliance of the preservation of our liberty."

I have never heard that confidence, that abiding trust and faith in the wisdom of the great masses of our people more beautifully and eloquently portrayed than in a speech he made on the floor of the House upon the admission of New Mexico and Arizona to statehood. His speech upon that occasion attracted nation-wide prominence and elicited much applause from those who had the good fortune to be present.

He was discussing that feature in the bill relating to the recall of the judiciary, and though opposing the recall as applied to his own State, eloquently gave expression to the confidence he had in the American people.

"I am convinced, Mr. Chairman," he said in part, "that, so far as the recall is concerned, I voice the present thought of the vast majority of those who sent me here when I oppose it as applied to members of the judiciary or to any other public servant in New York State; but when opposition to the recall involves a denial of the intelligence and patriotism of the American people sufficient to warrant confidence in them to exercise that power to the safety and honor of the courts, I protest against the doctrine plainly defined in that argument. Recall or no recall, the courts are safe in the care of the people, as are the destinies of the Republic. If this be not true, then who shall mark the limit beyond which the people shall not go in government, and who shall curtail their power?

"The gentlemen picture the judge against whom the recall has been invoked by 25 per cent of the voters as consigned to oblivion and disgrace. Pray, what would the 75 per cent of the people to whom the judge would resubmit himself be doing in the meantime?

"Suppose, sir, that by any conception of conditions it were possible to-day for the Standard Oil Co. to apply the law of recall to the judges of the Supreme Court of the United States. Surely it would not be the rabble that would be behind such a recall; but should that powerful organization, with all its millions and all the ramifications of its far-reaching power, array itself behind such a movement, do the gentlemen believe that the American people would not rally around that court and give such an approval to the judges as to dazzle the world by the emphasis of their democracy and the splendor of their power? And if those who are dissatisfied with the Standard Oil decision should invoke the recall, aimed at the court, do the gentlemen imagine that the result would be different?"

The man who gave utterance to that statement was not afraid to trust the people.

His lofty ideals of patriotism were beautifully expressed in the closing words of that same speech, when he said:

"New Mexico and Arizona, this Democratic House of Representatives bids you welcome to the Union. Forevermore be represented among the stars of the most beautiful banner that ever waved between earth and sky. It is the banner whose united stars gleam as a beacon of hope to the oppressed of every land, and under whose shadow liberty dwells and justice reigns. It is the banner for which the father of his country prayed that it might triumph over tyranny, through every danger withstand the enemies of the Republic, and vindicate the inalienable rights of mankind.

"Come, New Mexico and Arizona, enter into the Union, for whose mission heroes have sacrificed their blood on the battle fields of a Nation. Come, make still more invincible, still more beautiful, the American flag, the truest banner of freedom, the sweetest emblem of hope, since the cross cast its redeeming shadow upon a lonely hill."

Mr. Speaker, Mr. CONNELL will long be remembered by those who knew him here. He was faithful to his trust, he was devoted to his duties, he was a conscientious legislator, he was a courteous gentleman, and a consistent Christian. In his death the people of his district have lost a faithful public servant, a sincere friend, and an able advocate.

Upon an occasion of this kind it is our melancholy privilege to give to the family of our lamented colleague the assurance that though the one dear to them is no longer in our midst, yet he is not forgotten, for the tender chords of memory will bring back to us the recollection of him who, with his kindly word, his cheery smile, his gracious and sincere manner, his cordial friendship, and manly qualities, endeared himself to all who knew him.

And though his voice is hushed and silent, his familiar face is missing, and his vacant chair stands empty, yet—

I can not say and I will not say
That he is dead. He is just away.
With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand
He has wandered into an unknown land,
And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be, since he lingers there.
And you, oh you, who the wildest yearn
For the old-time step and the glad return,
Think of him faring on, as dear
In the love there as the love here.

Mild and gentle as he was brave,
When the sweetest love of his life he gave
To simple things; where the violets grew
Pure as the eyes they were likened to,
The touches of his hand have strayed
As reverently as his lips have prayed;
When the little brown thrush that harshly chirred
Was dear to him as the mocking bird;
And he pitied as much as man in pain
A writhing honey bee wet with rain.
Think of him still as the same; I say
He is not dead—he is just away.

For—

It is idle to talk of the future,
Of the sad might have been 'mid our tears;
God knew all about it,
Yet took him away from the oncoming years.

God knows all about those who love him,
How bitter that parting must be;
And yet through it all God is loving
And knows so much better than we.

Mr. KINDRED. Mr. Speaker, it is well that we, in life, should, in the midst of life's activities, pause to sacredly observe an occasion like this and to drop a flower and a tear in memory of our departed friends. In the exercise of this high, but sad, duty we not only confer some measure of honor upon those who have gone to "that undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveler returns" to greet us again on this material earth, but we at the same time cultivate our own conceptions and understanding regarding the highest of things—that is, what we call life here and life hereafter. We ourselves profit in thus meditating upon the virtues and even the failings of the lives of those who have left us and in cherishing the sublime philosophy leading us to an abiding faith in immortality of the soul, which old-fashioned idea, even as a scientific theory, is borne out by much recent investigation.

It is peculiarly fitting, then, that we to-day gather here to memorialize the life and character of one of our most worthy colleagues, RICHARD E. CONNELL, the late Representative from the twenty-first congressional district of New York, who served as a Member of this House with honor and distinction from the date of his election, in November, 1910, to the time of his death.

RICHARD E. CONNELL was born of rugged Irish parents, both of whom—as I have heard him state—came to this country as poor emigrants a few years prior to his birth, which took place in Dutchess County, N. Y., November 16, 1857. He died October 30, 1912, very unexpectedly, from rupture of the aorta, after severe mental and physical strain, incident to his hotly contested campaign for reelection to the House of Representatives. He conducted this campaign as he did every other undertaking, with marked ability, fairness, judgment, and energy. His personal popularity and his force of character behind it was indicated by his election over a strong and distinguished opponent from a congressional district that had always previously been overwhelmingly opposed to his party's principles.

He grew up amid the poor surroundings of a family who had spent their all to seek their fortunes on American soil, and as a

boy and as a young man sought and performed almost any honest work he could obtain, always doing his work well and honorably. Not unlike the great Lincoln, he was ambitious even as a boy and snatched from such hours of toil every possible opportunity for study and mental improvement, going when he could to the public schools.

In his comparatively early manhood he worked his way up to the position of local news gatherer or reporter in and around Poughkeepsie, N. Y., for the only Democratic daily newspaper in that city, the News-Press, which he filled for many years so acceptably to his employers and to the community that he was made, until he entered Congress, the editor in chief of this important paper. In this capacity, as editor, Mr. CONNELL found for many years a splendid field for the development and exercise of his talents as a writer, thinker, and eloquent public speaker, and his talents were in these directions versatile and of a high order. This versatility and literary taste led him also to keenly appreciate not only general literature but also poetry and blank verse, to which he, with his usual modesty, occasionally contributed.

His course and record as a Member of the House and as an active member of the Committees on Territories and War Claims were such as to win for him the approval and friendship of his fellow members and of his constituents, whom he always faithfully and industriously represented.

We come now to consider him in his more intimate and personal relations. Like so many others of the Irish race, from which he sprang, his was a choice, lovable, and true spirit, shining out most to those who knew him best. It was my good fortune to have known him well for many years since 1890, when he did reportorial work in Poughkeepsie and while I was a physician on the staff of the Hudson River State Hospital, located there, and with which he had been honorably connected. He was always a loyal friend, always held and acted on the highest civic ideals, always sympathetic, and was one of the broadest, most liberal-minded men I ever knew. His was a helpful, hopeful life, shedding its luster of generous, cheerful helpfulness upon all with whom he came in contact. He was free from affectation; a constructive, good citizen and neighbor; a patriotic, patient, consistent worker for the upbuilding of his church, his town, his State, and his country; but above all these were those still nobler qualities as a family man, a faithful, tender, devoted husband and father. I was one of several Members of the House who attended his funeral ceremonies at St. Mary's Church, at Poughkeepsie, and was profoundly impressed by the sincere evidences of sorrow, love, and respect manifested by the vast throng who gathered there to honor him on that solemn occasion, representing, as they did, every phase of religious, political, and social life.

A man of RICHARD CONNELL's life, character, works, and faith still lives; such men do not die, for in the words of an unknown author—

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; an angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best-loved things away,
And then we call them dead.

Born into that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
In all, in everything, the same,
Except in grief and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread,
For all the boundless universe is life;
There are no dead.

Mr. DOREMUS resumed the chair as Speaker pro tempore.

Mr. FITZGERALD. Mr. Speaker, I desire to join in this tribute to the memory of our deceased colleague, RICHARD E. CONNELL. The pressure of public business at this time in the session has prevented me from preparing that comprehensive review of the life and character of this remarkable man which I desired. I did not care, however, to permit the occasion to pass without recording my admiration for one whom I cherished as a loyal friend. Born in the Hudson Valley, he was a typical American citizen. He was one of those described by Artemus Ward as of the class that went to work at 14 years. All his life was a struggle. He was not born with the opportunities or advantages of wealth or social position. His only attributes were character, courage, and determination to do the best possible. Like many men born in the Hudson Valley, where that majestic stream flows quietly and serenely to the sea and nature stands out in bold and picturesque hills behind which the peace-inspiring valleys are cultivated to advantage, he had a deep, broad, and sympathetic nature and was bold and untiring in work and yet was peaceful and loving in manner, all the while doing those things which make the world better.

Mr. CONNELL came to the House well advanced in life, but he had accumulated wide information and had had an experience that well equipped him for the arduous duties of membership in the House. He was not ambitious to do things merely for the sensations resulting. He was not of the showy kind, and he had no desire to attract attention by peculiar and unusual expressions of views upon public questions. He was a man endowed with great common sense, with a very wide knowledge of the history of this country and of the forces and elements that go to make up the country's prosperity. He was an industrious man. Those who were acquainted with his work in the House are aware that he entered with great energy upon the performance of his duties. He was one of the many men who come here and contribute materially to the success of important legislation, and yet because their work is done in the quiet of the study or in the seclusion of the committee room few outside of their colleagues ever know or realize or appreciate how important the services are which they render or how valuable are their contributions to the country's development and well being. I had learned to know and to love Mr. CONNELL. He had a broad, kind, generous heart. He had a loving disposition. He was a loyal friend. His friendship was prized by all who knew him. It helped to make service in this House more satisfactory and more pleasant for many men.

He has left behind in many ways evidences of the good he has done, and his memory will be cherished and revered by all who had the opportunity and pleasure of having come in contact with him.

Mr. AYRES. Mr. Speaker, we are met here to-day to fittingly commemorate the life and public services of our lamented colleague, RICHARD E. CONNELL. In the term of his service in this House he earned the respect and affection of us all. I use the word "earned" advisedly, because Mr. CONNELL came here without the advantage of any previous legislative experience, and his career was one of continually increasing usefulness and appreciation. He was constant in attendance upon his duties, always faithful to every responsibility. His extraordinary oratorical gifts first came to the attention of the House upon the occasion of a speech delivered on the bill for the admission of Arizona and New Mexico. This gave a fitting opportunity for a display of the earnest and brilliant patriotism which was his most striking characteristic, and his eloquent peroration roused the audience to a high pitch of enthusiasm. The State of New York has in recent years sent to Congress few men who combine the ability to perform useful and effective work with the gift of eloquent and emotional expression, and Mr. CONNELL's future was therefore looked forward to with more than ordinary interest.

Alas, the grim reaper, who is no respecter of personality, saw fit to remove our colleague upon the threshold of a greater usefulness, and we are left to mourn his loss. His death was dramatic. Just a week before the election, on October 30 last, in the midst of a hotly contested campaign, when the attention of his county and district were centered upon his every movement, the end suddenly came. Instantly his city was plunged into profound gloom. Flags flew at half-mast, shops were closed, the ordinary avocations of citizens were discontinued, thus showing the entire respect in which Mr. CONNELL was held alike by his partisans and by those who were politically opposed. At the memorial services, held at St. Mary's Church, crowds found it impossible to obtain admittance.

Mr. CONNELL's life in Washington was but typical of his entire career. Born into humble circumstances, he progressed ever into constantly greater spheres of usefulness. Every step of advance was earned by faithful service. His life and the great success that attended him speak eloquently of the genius of American institutions.

Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that leave to print upon the life, character, and public services of Mr. CONNELL be granted for five legislative days.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Is there objection?

There was no objection.

ADJOURNMENT.

Then, in accordance with the resolution heretofore agreed to (at 4 o'clock and 6 minutes p. m.), the House adjourned until to-morrow, Monday, February 17, 1913, at 12 o'clock noon.