HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

SUNDAY, *January 24, 1915.*

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

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

O Thou God and Father of us all, the inspiration of all that is purest, noblest, best in us; the author and finisher of our faith. We are here to-day in memory of a departed soul who left behind him an enviable record, a mechanic, a soldier, a journalist, a Member of this House, and, though his career was cut short by the hand of death, whatever he did he put his soul into it and won the plaudits of his fellows for efficiency and faithfulness, than which no greater tribute can be paid to any man.

It is not the man who lives longest but the man who puts into a short life the best that is in him who accomplishes most. We mourn his going, but the memory of his genial and optimistic view of life, which under the most adverse and discouraging circumstances left its impress and still lives in the hearts of all with whom he came in contact, to him the well done, good and faithful servant, came in all its fullness, and though his body has passed into dust his soul lives to the glory and honor of his Maker.

Be this our comfort and solace to those to whom he was nearest and dearest. Give to us and to them the upward look, the undying hope in Him who burst the bonds of death, the earnest of all who put their trust in Him, and Thine be the glory forever. Amen.

THE JOURNAL.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The Clerk will read the Journal of the proceedings of yesterday.

Mr. DRUKKER. Mr. Speaker, I move that the reading of the Journal be dispensed with.

The motion was agreed to.

THE LATE REPRESENTATIVE BREMNER.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The Clerk will read the special order for to-day.

The Clerk read as follows:

On motion of Mr. DRUKKER, by unanimous consent,

Ordered, That Sunday, January 24, 1915, be set apart for services upon the life, character, and public services of Hon. ROBERT G. BREMNER, late a Representative from the State of New Jersey.

Mr. DRUKKER. Mr. Speaker, several Members of the House who had signified their intention of being here to-day have been unexpectedly called from the city. I ask unanimous consent that they may print in the RECORD remarks on the life, character, and services of the late Mr. BREMNER.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The gentleman from New Jersey asks unanimous consent that Members who desire to do so may print in the RECORD remarks on the life, character, and services of the late Mr. BREMNER. Is there objection?

There was no objection.

Mr. DRUKKER. Mr. Speaker, I send to the Clerk's desk the following resolution.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The Clerk will report the resolution offered by the gentleman from New Jersey.

The Clerk read as follows:

House resolution 711.

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended that opportunity may be given for tributes to the memory of Hon. ROBERT G. BREMNER, late a Member of this House from the State of New Jersey.

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

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

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

The resolution was agreed to.

[Mr. HAMILL addressed the House. See Appendix.]

Mr. BAILEY. Mr. Speaker, if we are to understand the brave soul in whose memory we are assembled to-day, we must understand something at least of the philosophy which bore him up even in the unspeakable agonies which gripped his poor body as he dropped slowly down into the valley of the shadow of death.

BOB BREMNER was one of the finest souls it has ever been my good fortune to know. While my personal acquaintance with him was but brief; while we met only a very few times, and then only for fleeting moments, I had known of him for years, and had known of his work as a newspaper man, and as an evangel of that great gospel of brotherhood in spreading which almost his latest breath was given.

We were drawn together by a kinship of faith, by a kinship of aspiration, by a kinship of desire. All the great heart of BOB BREMNER was responsive to the cry of the oppressed. He hated injustice. His anger flamed out against tyranny. Every fiber of his being rebelled against a social system which condemns increasing thousands to involuntary poverty.

Against this stupid system BOB BREMNER arrayed himself in deadly and unrelenting conflict. To the very last hours of his life he was dedicated to its overthrow; and there can be no doubt that had disease not laid him low he would have become a power in this House, as he had been a power in his State and in his city, for the advancement of the fundamental truths which lay at the base of his philosophy and made living to him worth while.

The increase of poverty with the increase of wealth was to him a monstrous perversion of the natural order. He could reconcile the fact with no sane interpretation of God's design in this world. To him the want and misery which he saw all around him were a frightful indictment of our so-called Christian civilization. It was at the same time a sharp and bitter impeachment of a social order which would tolerate it.

While there was never a more charitable being on earth than BOB BREMNER, charity, in his estimation, was no solution of the problem which forces itself upon our attention at every turn. He gave with a free hand, yet knowing that in giving he was perhaps accentuating the evil which he sought to relieve. But he never was content with mere giving. That did not salve his conscience as it saves the conscience of so many. He felt that more than this was demanded, and so he gave of his life, of his labor, of the very essence of his fine soul to the solution of the problem itself by breaking down the barriers between labor and opportunity, between the worker and the good things which wait on effort.

BOB BREMNER saw with a clear vision the monstrous blasphemy against the Creator of that comfortable doctrine which ascribes the present social order to a dispensation from on high. He knew that God did not create this beautiful earth for the fortunate few. He knew it was created for all the children of men. The heaven, even the heaven is the Lord's; but the earth hath He given to the children of men—not to some of the children; not to the children of some men; not to my lord or his grace; not to the first comers and their heirs and assigns forever, but to all the children of men throughout all the generations; theirs to live and labor on; theirs to enjoy; theirs to make blossom as the rose.

I do not know what faith as to the future our friend had. I do not know that conventional faith had any hold on him at all. But I do know that he had a religion of humanity which irradiated his life and gave it a sweet and beautiful meaning. With Henry George he felt that it was not selfishness that enriches the annals of every people with heroes and saints.

It is not selfishness that on every page of the world's history bursts out in sudden splendor of noble deeds or sheds the soft radiance of benignant lives. It was not selfishness that turned Gautama's back to his royal home or bade the Maid of Orleans lift the sword from the altar; that held the Three Hundred in the Pass of Thermopylæ, or gathered into Winkelried's bosom the sheaf of spears; that chained Vincent de Paul to the bench of the galley, or brought little starving children during the Indian famine tottering to the relief stations with yet weaker starvelings in their arms. Call it religion, patriotism, sympathy, the enthusiasm for humanity or the love of God—give it what name you will; there is yet a force which overcomes and drives out selfishness; a force which is the electricity of the moral universe; a force beside which all others are weak.

And it was this force which possessed BOB BREMNER and bore him up even when the shadows were gathering around about him. With him it was possible to say in the words of the great leader he was so proud to follow:

Look around to-day. Lo, here, now, in our civilized society, the old allegories yet have a meaning, the old myths are still true. Into the Valley of the Shadow of Death yet often leads the path of duty, through the streets of Vanity Fair walk Christian and Faithful; and on Greatheart's armor ring the clanging blows. Ormuzd still fights with Ahriman—the Prince of Light with the Powers of Darkness. He who will hear, to him the clarions of the battle call.

How they call, and call, and call, till the heart swells that hears them! Strong soul and high endeavor, the world needs them now. Beauty still lies imprisoned; and iron wheels go over the good and true and beautiful that might spring from human lives. And they who fight with Ormuzd—

As our brother so bravely did—

though they may not know each other—some where, some time, will the muster roll be called.

Mr. HART. Mr. Speaker, when night was coming upon the Hon. ROBERT GUNN BREMNER; when tortured by a gnawing pain and martyred by experiment, he soothed his sufferings with the thought—

My life is not worth one-tenth of the effort that has been put forth to save it. I am ready for the scrap-heap, but I feel the cutting and

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the doctoring has added to the knowledge——. Some poor soul who comes after may benefit. The question is not whether I am going to get well or not, but rather if I am going to live up to ideals under tests; for dying gamely is just as helpful to the race as living bravely. Some day science will conquer, and I think I would rather be in the category of those who were in the fight, and helped win the victory, than be one of those who placidly reap the benefit.

Then he voiced his dominant characteristic—a sinking of self in the welfare of others.

He had an eye single upon the advancement of all but himself. In a long and close companionship, I never heard him seek personal preferment or consideration; and he was influenced to accept the nomination which resulted in his election to the House of Representatives, largely because by so doing it was believed he would strengthen the chances of his associates.

His father was a victim of the decaying industries of Wick, Caithness, Scotland, of which Stevenson wrote: "The meanest of man's towns in the boldest of God's bays."

While "BOB" was yet a child in arms his father emigrated to Canada. The spirit of this father, which enabled him to cast aside the memory of a lost fortune and begin life anew, in not only a new enterprise but in an unknown country, was inherited by "BOB" BREMNER in a marked degree.

Believing the sphere of his youth too narrow, without plan, and armed alone by a supreme confidence in his own resourcefulness, early in life he passed from his rural home to one of our largest cities.

Without assistance, he procured employment in this unfamiliar environment. Progressing, step by step, he soon became the proprietor and editor of one of the most influential newspapers in northern New Jersey, and a benefactor of the poor and distressed.

His faults were other people's virtues.

I occupy the desk that was once my late colleague's, and am inspired by Carlyle's lines, conspicuously pasted thereon by him!

"Out of eternity this new day is born;
Into eternity at night will return.
Behold it aforetime no eye ever did,
So soon it forever from all eyes is hid.
So here has been dawning another blue day.
Think; wilt thou let it slip useless away?"

He entertained no fear, except of idleness and uselessness. There seemed no limit to his ambition or his activities. While lying in apparent agony, a smile struggling with a facial twitch of pain, his greeting was ever "Never felt better in all my life," a pardonable misstatement. He shamed us all who were prone to complain.

That smile has passed from us, but the memory of it is here, and we may retain it as our most valuable asset. He taught us to work, to produce, to suffer, and yet to smile. And fortunate is the man who profits by "BOB'S" lesson.

He was never spectacular, but ever persuasive. There was none of the spurious about BOB BREMNER. He detested hypocrisy and falsehood—the falsehood of deeds as of words. Born in poverty, suffering as a pioneer, he understood the poor and their struggles, and with indomitable courage he fought their fight.

His virtues were natural—he had no veneer. We served in one regiment through the Spanish-American campaign of 1898 and in close companionship I observed him—at all hours, under every mental and physical influence.

Truly, he was an asset to the world; he improved his talents and will hear "Well done."

A companion of the press has handed me his tribute to our bereaved colleague. I have read it, and feel that it must strike a harmonious chord in every breast.

(In memoriam R. G. BREMNER, by L. H. Robbins, Newark News.)

UPWARD.

Upward his watchword was, and year by year,
Joy in his eyes, he climbed the rugged way.
Even when death's hard hand struck icy fear
Into his soul, he halted not a day.

Upward he toiled through grief no friend might know,
True to his dream at any painful price.
Serving his fellow men we saw him go
Up to the very door of Paradise.

Mr. EAGAN. Mr. Speaker, almost a year ago there passed from among us one of the most remarkable men who ever sat in this legislative body, ROBERT GUNN BREMNER, a Representative from the seventh congressional district of New Jersey. Following the old and beautiful custom of this House, we pause to-day in our legislative labors to pay our tributes of respect to his memory and to tell as best we may the story of his short but very useful life and to point out the lesson of that life.

It was not my good fortune to know BOB BREMNER until election to this House brought us into association with one another. In the all too short time between our first meeting and his death I saw but little of him, and yet that little was sufficient to convince me that BOB BREMNER was one of the noblest of men. I must leave to those of my colleagues who knew him longer and more intimately the pleasant task of recounting his many and more intimate virtues.

Membership in this great body has its responsibilities and its cares, but it also has its compensations. One of the greatest of these is the intimate and enduring friendships which we form with one another. My friendship—aye, my love—for BOB BREMNER began, as it did with every one else who had the good fortune to know him, from the moment almost of our introduction. That friendship will be one of the dearest memories I shall take with me when I leave this House. The old saying, "To know him was to love him," applied with special force to BOB BREMNER.

The world surely is better because BOB BREMNER lived. Every Member of this House who knew him at all—indeed, every man and woman in America who followed his manly fight for life against the ravages of the dread disease which was slowly but surely overwhelming him, is the better because the Almighty saw fit to place the great soul of BOB BREMNER in its tenement of clay for a few short years.

BOB BREMNER was indeed "a brave man struggling in the storms of fate." Coupled with indomitable courage and great optimism was a never-failing cheerfulness, which enabled him to smile while undergoing the most intense pain. He possessed in a rare degree the ability to look on the brighter side of life and to impart to all who came within his reach much of the cheerfulness which radiated from him.

His all-pervading good humor made him a welcome addition to any group of his fellows. His entrance into this Chamber was always the signal for many eyes to be turned on him in admiration of his manly struggle against fate, and for a number of his colleagues to gather around him to inquire how he was getting on and to be entertained by his quaint and witty comments on men and events.

I shall never forget the last visit made to him by Congressman HART and myself at Dr. Kelly's sanitorium in Baltimore a few days before his death. We found him propped up in bed with Bible on one side and a volume of Shakespeare on the other. When we entered the room it was plain to us that the shadow of death was even then upon him. I believe that he knew that he had but a very few days to live and yet he was as cheerful as when I first met him. He assured us that he would be back at his work in a short time and told us of the plans he was making for his return to the House and to his congressional labors. He appeared to take as keen an interest in events as if he really expected to be back at his work the following week. We recited at some length the story of our patronage and other troubles of the preceding week, to his great amusement. He recounted to us his own troubles along the same line with his usual zest and good humor. It was almost impossible to realize that a spirit such as his was about to leave us.

BOB BREMNER was as unselfish as he was heroic. His heroism and unselfishness can be expressed in no better way than in the simple statement from what was to be his deathbed that even if the treatment to which he was being subjected were to prove unsuccessful in his own case, he was glad to suffer if the experiment should result in relieving others afflicted with the dread disease which was soon to claim him for its own. He suffered intense agony in these experiments, not so much, I believe, in the hope that it might benefit himself as that it would benefit others.

I can not conclude this feeble tribute to the memory of my friend and colleague without a reference to the sisterly devotion and affection of Miss Helen Bremner. Miss Helen was with her brother constantly. She aided him in his congressional work, and when the heavy hand of illnesss was laid upon him and he was unable to go to his office she was his very able and courteous substitute. At the end of each day she dropped the rôle of secretary to take up that of nurse.

While BOB BREMNER'S death was a very great loss to all the members of his family, it was, if possible, an even greater loss to Miss Helen, who never left the bedside of her brother during the last eight days of his illness.

BOB BREMNER'S friends were legion. By none was he more esteemed and loved than by President Wilson and his lamented wife. It is fitting that I should close with this tribute to his memory by President Wilson:

I am deeply grieved by the loss of BOB BREMNER. He was a personal friend, whom I greatly admired, and was such a man as attracts deep affection. Throughout his suffering, which was long-continued,

he seemed never to think of himself, as he certainly never spoke of himself, and he was throughout as keenly interested in the diligent performance of his public duties and in kindly offices to others as if he had been free from pain. I feel that a beautiful spirit has gone out of the world.

Mr. DRUKKER. Mr. Speaker, ROBERT GUNN BREMNER was born in Keiss, Scotland, December 17, 1873, and it was from his Scotch ancestry that he inherited much of the indomitable will and courage which marked his career. At an early age he went to Toronto and ultimately settled on a farm in the neighboring village of Camella. He studied diligently, taught school, and subsequently came to Paterson, N. J., where he engaged in newspaper work. At the outbreak of the Spanish-American War he enlisted in Company C, Second New Jersey Volunteer Infantry. In 1902 he became editor and publisher of the Passaic Herald and served in that capacity up to the time of his death.

BOB BREMNER, as he was familiarly called, had the faculty of making and retaining friends. His mind was a storehouse of knowledge; his disposition sunny and cheerful. He was eminently fitted for the career he had mapped out and for the duties which were imposed upon him during the last year of his life.

His marked ability and leadership early attracted attention; and though suffering from an incurable illness he was nominated by his party without opposition to represent the seventh congressional district of New Jersey in the Sixty-third Congress. Only those who were favored with intimate acquaintance know how with pain-racked body he sought faithfully to carry out the wishes of his constituents. Those who were most closely associated with him during his protracted illness recall that even the greatest suffering could not break this masterly spirit of cheerfulness. No matter how severe his agony, this man, whose body was so cruelly spent by disease, had always the same tender smile and cheery welcome for his visiting townspeople.

History has made heroes of men whose deeds required no such fortitude as was displayed by this young Passaic editor, in whom bodily affliction could not put a check upon ambition, and who was able to look at life hopefully and philosophically even though, in his own heart, he knew that nothing could save him.

We can well believe the story which reached us from his bedside during his last hours. When asked why he submitted to further treatment after the attending physicians were forced to admit that it was impossible to extend further relief, he replied:

They may not be able to help me, but they can learn something from their experience which may be of help to others.

As an editor he did much for his city, where his pen was always ready to advocate reform. His life will be measured not by his achievements in this Chamber, where his illness prevented him from regular attendance, but in Passaic, N. J., where he labored long and was untiring in his efforts to advance the public good.

Mr. MONTAGUE. Mr. Speaker, the late Member of this House in whose memory we are now gathered has living within my district two brothers, one a very earnest and devout minister of the Gospel, and the other a lawyer of capability and success, of energy and good example. Knowing well these gentlemen, for I count them my friends, I was naturally much interested in meeting their brother when I became a Member of this House.

I had learned somewhat of his illness, but I was hardly prepared to see the inroad of this fatal malady so marked and so advanced. I first saw him sitting on the front row beyond the last aisle to the right of the Speaker with his arm apparently beneath the sleeve of his coat and supported by a dark bandage of cloth. It was apparent that the winding sheet of death was more than half about him, but despite this gloomy picture I found the greeting cordial and cheerful, a face of smiles, almost effeminate in tenderness, and here and there a seam or line that indicated intensity of suffering, but a fortitude to combat it. Such a personality attracted me as I am sure it attracted every Member who met him.

It is a fine thing to see a man battling against tremendous adversities of life. It is an inspiration to see a great soul endeavoring to overcome the moral and physical difficulties of the world. But to observe at close hand a man fighting for his life against such transcendent obstacles, with supreme cheerfulness and rare courage, will perhaps leave to you and to me a stimulus for the public good, a contribution to our official standards, greater than any forensic triumphs that may resound through this Hall.

Eloquence may be sometimes preserved by the records of this House; wit may here and there leave a shaft to be seen in after years; reason and exposition may cleave the clouds of our doubts; but I suspect I voice the inner conscience of the membership of the House should I observe that you and I are most helped in the discharge of our public duties by contact with a clean, lofty soul standing firm amidst racking pain and lowering clouds that gather about the end of the journey, and knowing no hypocrisy and no cant.

In the short period of life, which is but a watch in the night, it is more helpful to strike hands with some sincere man, burdened with the same responsibilities, than to be moved by those forces that sometimes lend majesty to this forum. We have in our natures those subtle, finer, and more enduring qualities that find their sources in the spirit, and to the spirit the still small voice is deep if not loud. Contact with such a character lends luster and exaltation to life.

Mr. Speaker, it is a mournful pleasure to associate myself with the membership of this House in giving some expression to my appreciation of ROBERT G. BREMNER and to pay my feeble tribute to this patient, hopeful man, with a serene but intrepid spirit, laboring for good amidst pain and agony and walking the last path of earth with a faith and a hope we may well envy.

ADJOURNMENT.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The exercises having been concluded, in accordance with the resolution already adopted, the House will stand adjourned until to-morrow at 11 o'clock a. m.

Accordingly (at 12 o'clock and 55 minutes p. m.), under the order previously agreed to, the House adjourned until to-morrow, Monday, January 25, 1915, at 11 o'clock a. m.

SENATE.

MONDAY, *January 25, 1915.*

(Legislative day of Friday, January 15, 1915.)

The Senate reassembled at 11 o'clock a. m., on the expiration of the recess.

CORRESPONDENCE RELATIVE TO CONTRABAND (S. DOC. NO. 716).

Mr. SMOOT. Mr. President, I suggest the absence of a quorum.

Mr. STONE. Before the Senator does that, will he yield for just a moment?

Mr. SMOOT. I withhold the demand.

Mr. STONE. I have here a document that I have made two or three efforts to have printed as a document. It is correspondence mentioned in the papers this morning in reference to contraband. Several Senators have told me that they want to have it printed as a document. I should like to have consent to have it printed in the RECORD and also made a public document.

Mr. SMOOT. One or the other.

Mr. STONE. I will ask that it be printed as a Senate document.

The VICE PRESIDENT. Will the Senator from Utah withhold his suggestion of the absence of a quorum?

Mr. SMOOT. I will.

The VICE PRESIDENT. Is there objection to printing the correspondence as a Senate document?

Mr. STONE. I should like to have 5,000 additional copies printed for the use of the Senate document room.

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

CALLING OF THE ROLL.

The VICE PRESIDENT. The Senator from Utah suggests the absence of a quorum. The Secretary will call the roll.

The Secretary called the roll, and the following Senators answered to their names:

Borah	Gallinger	Overman	Sterling
Brady	Hardwick	Page	Stone
Brandegee	Hollis	Perkins	Sutherland
Bristow	Johnson	Pittman	Thomas
Bryan	Jones	Pomerene	Thompson
Burton	Kern	Robinson	Thornton
Camden	La Follette	Root	Tillman
Catron	Lippitt	Saulsbury	Townsend
Chamberlain	McCumber	Sheppard	Vardaman
Chilton	McLean	Sherman	Warren
Clapp	Martin, Va.	Shively	White
Clark, Wyo.	Martine, N. J.	Simmons	Williams
Cummins	Nelson	Smith, Ariz.	Works
Dillingham	Norris	Smith, Ga.	
Fletcher	Oliver	Smoot	

Mr. PITTMAN. The Senator from Oregon [Mr. LANE] requested me to announce that he is busy on committee work.

Mr. LA FOLLETTE. I was requested to announce that the Senator from Montana [Mr. WALSH] is engaged in presenting a matter to the Committee on Indian Affairs and is unable to attend the session of the Senate this morning.