By Mr. HUMPHREY of Nebraska: A bill (H. R. 14292) granting a pension to S. F. Foster; to the Committee on Invalid Pensions.

By Mr. JOHNSON of Kentucky: A bill (H. R. 14293) granting an increase of pension to Louisa Smith; to the Committee on Invalid Pensions.

By Mr. RAKER: A bill (H. R. 14294) for the relief of William J. McGee; to the Committee on Appropriations.

By Mr. KNUTSON: A resolution (H. Res. 521) to pay Walter C. Neilson $800 for extra and expert services to the Committee on Pensions; to the Committee on Accounts.

Also, a resolution (H. Res. 522) to pay Richard E. Roberts $250 for extra and expert services to the Committee on Pensions; to the Committee on Accounts.

## PETITIONS, ETC.

Under clause 1 of Rule XXII, petitions and papers were laid on the Clerk's desk and referred as follows:

7257. By the SPEAKER (by request): Petition of the City Council of Worcester, Mass., condemning that group or organization known as the Ku-Klux Klan; to the Committee on the Judiciary.

7258. Also (by request), petition of McKinley Council, No. 50, Daughters of America, opposing any legislation removing the restrictions of the present immigration law; to the Committee on Immigration and Naturalization.

7259. Also (by request), petition of New Mexico Wool Growers' Association, urging that the proper Government authorities perfect all necessary arrangements to permit owners of live stock in the United States to keep their stock in Mexico for a period of two years; to the Committee on Ways and Means.

7260. Also (by request), petition of representatives of commercial organizations of the United States assembled in Washington urging Congress to pass pending legislation relating to the American merchant marine; to the Committee on the Merchant Marine and Fisheries.

7261. By Mr. DARROW: Petition of the Woman's Club of Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa., protesting against the passage of the Bursum Indian bill, S. 3855; to the Committee on Indian Affairs.

7262. By Mr. GALLIVAN: Petition of Citrus Chapter, No. 2, Daughters of American Veterans of the World War, regarding legislation for disabled tuburcular veterans; to the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce.

7263. Also, petition of Massachusetts Department, Reserve Officers Association of the United States, favoring ample appropriations for the organization and training of reserve officers; to the Committee on Appropriations.

7264. By Mr. GRAHAM of Illinois: Petition of Mrs. James Carl and others, of Rock Island, Ill., favoring the passage of House bill 10427; to the Committee on the Merchant Marine and Fisheries.

7265. By Mr. KISSEL: Petition of the Community Councils of the City of New York, New York City, N. Y., recommending that the President take such action as will insure an uninterrupted supply of coal at a reasonable price to the public in the future; to the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce.

7266. By Mr. LINTHICUM: Petition of C. S. Longacre, general secretary of the Religious Liberty Association, Takoma Park, Washington, D. C., submitting the names of 356 citizens of Baltimore, protesting against Sunday bills pending in the House; to the Committee on the District of Columbia.

7267. By Mr. RAKER: Petition of the Earle C. Anthony (Inc.), of Los Angeles, Calif., indorsing and urging passage of the White radio bill; to the Committee on the Merchant Marine and Fisheries.

7268. Also, petition of the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York, relative to the Army and Navy of the United States; to the Committee on Appropriations.

7269. Also, petition of the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York, opposing any amendment of the Constitution of the United States which shall disqualify either the Federal Government or any State or municipal government from issuing bonds free from both Federal and State taxation; to the Committee on the Judiciary.

7270. Also, petition signed by N. B. Hull and 20 other residents of Montague, Calif., asking the abolishment of the discriminatory tax on small-arms ammunition and firearms; to the Committee on Ways and Means.

7271. Also, petition of the Illinois Manufacturers' Association, of Chicago, Ill., relative to the question of the foreign debt of the United States and opposing cancellation of any of these debts; to the Committee on Ways and Means.

7272. Also, petition of the Long Beach Dairy & Creamery, of Long Beach, Calif., indorsing and urging the passage of Senate bill 4280; the De Laval Pacific Co., of San Francisco, Calif., indorsing and urging the passage of Senate bill 4280; to the Committee on Agriculture.

7273. Also, petition of the National Guard Association of the United States, Indianapolis, Ind., relative to the organization and equipment of the National Guard; to the Committee on Appropriations.

7274. Also, petition of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of California, relative to the narcotic drug menace; the Department of Civics, California Club, of San Francisco, Calif., relative to the narcotic drug menace; to the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

7275. By Mr. TINKHAM: Petition of State Directorate, Massachusetts American Association for Recognition of the Irish Republic, favoring the 25-year plan with 4½ per cent interest passed by Congress; to the Committee on Ways and Means.

7276. By Mr. WYANT: Petition of Greensburg Council, No. 82, Order of Independent Americans, opposing any increase of the 3 per cent quota in the restriction of immigration; to the Committee on Immigration and Naturalization.

7277. By Mr. YATES: Resolution of Illinois Commandery, Naval and Military Order of the Spanish American War, favoring sufficient appropriations to put the Navy on the same basis as Great Britain's, for an Army of such size as shall insure the carrying out of the law of June 4, 1920, and preclude the possibility of the recurrence of conditions of the World War; to the Committee on Appropriations.

# HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

SUNDAY, *February 11, 1923.*

The House met at 11 a. m., and was called to order by Mr. Lee of Georgia as Speaker pro tempore.

The Rev. Page Milburn offered the following prayer:

Holy Father, Almighty, Eternal God, we the creatures of Thy hand, and the grateful recipients of Thy daily bounty, present our sincere acknowledgment of Thy mercy and protection.

Unworthy as we are of Thy gratuity and too often forgetful of our obligation to Thee, we beseech Thee to continue to bear us up in Thy hands and comfort us with Thy counsel. In prosperity restrain us; in sorrow and calamity comfort and calm us.

May the citizens of this Republic, and more particularly those identified with the making of its laws, be sensible of their obligation to remember Thy commandments to keep them, and to be filled with the spirit of the Son of Man who gave Himself to the uplifting of mankind, and was not unwilling to suffer death, to finish His chosen service.

May the grace of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ be with us all. Amen.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Without objection, the reading of the Journal of yesterday will be deferred. [After a pause.] The Chair hears no objection. The Clerk will report the special order for the day.

### THE LATE SENATOR THOMAS E. WATSON.

The Clerk read as follows:

Pursuant to House Resolution 471, Sunday, February 11, 1923, at 11 o'clock a. m., is set apart for addresses on the life, character, and public services of THOMAS E. WATSON, late a Senator from the State of Georgia.

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

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

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolution 523.

*Resolved*, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. THOMAS E. WATSON, late a Senator from the State of Georgia.

*Resolved*, That as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the business of the House be now suspended to enable his associates to pay tribute to his high character and distinguished public services.

*Resolved*, That the Clerk of the House of Representatives transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

The question was taken, and the resolution was unanimously agreed to.

Mr. BELL. Mr. Speaker, it was with deep regret that we all learned of the death of Senator THOMAS E. WATSON. The sad news was quickly carried over the wires all over the country, and the hearts of his thousands and multiplied thousands of friends and admirers, not only in Georgia, his native State,

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but in many States of this Union, were saddened. His death was not wholly unexpected by those who were close to him, but his friends generally were not prepared for the early passing of the great American whom they had learned to love and cherish.

In all probability no man in this country had as strong personal following as our late colleague. His friends had for him the strongest admiration and their loyalty and devotion are almost without parallel in this country. His brief service in the United States Senate was not a disappointment to his many friends, but they had hoped for a long and continued service in that great legislative body.

Senator WATSON had a most remarkable career and his trials and vicissitudes, as well as his remarkable successes, were ever apparent from the beginning of his life up to his death. He was born in what was then Columbia, now McDuffy County, Ga., September 5, 1856, and was at the time of his death 66 years of age. His parents, at the time of his birth, lived in a plain log house. They were poor, but honest and good, and on account of their financial conditions they were unable to give him the advantages they so much desired. In their determined efforts they were finally able to give him a good English education at the Steed High School in Thomson, Ga. After he left high school he was employed as a clerk in a general merchandise store in Thomson, and later in a store at Norwood where he received the salary of $5 per week. Later he went to Mercer University, which was in the fall of 1872. This course was at the behest of Professor Steed, who had interested himself in this young student and aided him in entering college. Between terms at the university he taught school in Bibb County, thereby earning enough money to complete the sophomore term.

The panic of 1873 caused the Watson family a great loss in the property they then owned and consequently they faced hard times for several years. However, young WATSON was full of fire and vim, and, acting for himself, he gathered the books which had been given to him by his father and grandfather and sold them to a firm in Augusta, Ga., for a small amount of money but sufficient at that time to pay his expenses into Screven County where he obtained another school, which he taught with signal success and ability. During this trying period a friend gave him a copy of Blackstone and through this avenue he mastered the fundamentals of our system of jurisprudence and wrote his mother that he meant to practice law. His mother remonstrated, because she felt it too big an undertaking for him under the circumstances, but he insisted and was determined to pursue his plans, and paved the way. His old and tried friend, Mr. James Thompson, for whom Mr. WATSON had plowed in the field at 50 cents a day, encouraged him to apply for admission to the bar. This he did, and was admitted to practice in the courts in 1875. He "hung out his shingle," and Mr. Robert H. Pierce, then clerk of the Superior Court, permitted young WATSON to occupy a part of his office until he could establish himself.

It is said of him that his first signal victory in the court room was when he regained for a mother an infant girl child whom she had deeded away to its putative father. Col. Bill Tutt, the then big lawyer of the town and vicinity, prepared the papers deeding the little girl to the supposed father, and before the trial was concluded Colonel Tutt found himself completely routed by the masterful effort and presentation of the case, which was lost to Mr. WATSON, due mainly to his acknowledged superior ability as a young lawyer.

After this, clients came to him from various parts of the State. He appeared as leading counsel in many murder trials and his speeches in many instances are remembered to this day. His fees were always in proportion to the gravity of the case, and the surrounding circumstances, and the last murder case in which he appeared his fee was $5,000.

He entered public life in 1882 and was elected to the General Assembly of Georgia. There he gained additional reputation as a debater and some of his activities in that body are still fresh in the minds of many Georgians. He was elected to Congress in 1890, and while here obtained by the passage of a resolution the first appropriation ever used in the inauguration of rural free delivery of mail. He championed the automatic car-coupler bill and the eight-hour day for labor. He openly attacked the sale of liquor in the National Capitol, and it was finally driven out. Congressman WATSON sought reelection, and the contest was so bitter and the irregularities were so apparent that Maj. J. C. C. Black, of Augusta, who had been, upon the face of the returns, elected, refused the nomination, and another election was called which resulted in the defeat of Mr. WATSON. He then retired to private life. He practiced law for several years, retiring from the law in 1896 to accept the nomination for the Vice Presidency on the ticket with William J. Bryan. Following that defeat he turned his attention to literature. It was during this retirement that he wrote the "Life and Times of Thomas Jefferson." Other contributions to literature emanated from his brain and pen, chief among them, as believed by critics, being the "Story of France." "Napoleon," "Bethany," and "Waterloo" are also among his contributions which indicate the master mind. It was during this period of his career that his gentle, loving, and devoted wife gave him the inspiration that only a kind and loving wife or mother can bestow. She was mindful of every detail of his surroundings, and his environments were made pleasant by the happy smile and the womanly grace which adorned the household and beautified every nook and corner of their premises. By her ever-ready mind, heart, and hand he was enabled to enjoy the quietude in his study which was most essential in the production of the publications which will be handed down from generation to generation as among the most classic literature of modern days. In a conversation on one occasion with the late Speaker Champ Clark he told me that, in his judgment, TOM WATSON was the best historian in the United States.

In 1910 Mr. WATSON established "The Jeffersonian" and "Watson's Magazine" at Thomson, and published them until 1917, when Postmaster General Burleson refused them admission to the mails on account of Mr. WATSON's strong opposition to conscription. He then retired from the newspaper field. During this period he lost his children by death. He sought rest and quietude in another State, but when he returned from his Florida home he was a broken figure in every way. Though of strong mentality and wonderful determination this bereavement proved too much for him. Finally he mustered all the strength and power left to him and again entered newspaper work and purchased the Columbia Sentinel, which he edited up to the time of his death.

His friends entered his name as a candidate for President on the ticket in Georgia's preferential primary in 1920, and he led the ticket in the election in the State over two opponents. During the same year he became a candidate for the United States Senate and was nominated over two opponents.

He entered the Senate in March, 1921. In feeble health he delivered his maiden Senate speech on the Columbian Treaty, which was regarded by those who heard him as a most powerful argument.

An acute attack of asthma hastened his death, which occurred in Washington, September 26, 1922. I was on the committee appointed by the Speaker of the House which accompanied his remains to its last resting place at Thomson, Ga., the home of his youth. Along the line of travel in South Carolina and Georgia I saw large crowds of people at all the stations with bowed heads and tear-dimmed eyes. In Augusta, where our train was delayed for several minutes, thousands of people were standing, waiting to get a glimpse of their dead chieftain. When we arrived at Thomson there was a sea of people, variously estimated from ten to fifteen thousand in number, who had gathered there from all parts of the country to pay their last tribute of respect to the man they loved so well.

Many had driven long distances and some had traveled all night in order that they might have an opportunity to once more look upon the face of their departed friend, whom they had followed through many fierce political battles and who had kept in close touch with every phase of his life. I chanced to talk with several men on the day of the burial who told me that, on account of not being able to get rooms in which to rest for the night, they walked the streets of the town until the following morning.

The floral offerings were the most beautiful I have ever seen in a rural community. It was very evident that a large number of these were sent from distant towns and cities. They were superb in every way. A large number of bouquets of flowers were brought by loving, tender hands, signifying the love and esteem in which he was held by admiring friends. In this connection I want to incorporate in my remarks a portion of an article which appeared in the Atlanta Journal in the afternoon of the day of the burial:

It was a gathering thoroughly representative of Senator WATSON'S friends and adherents. It included the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the banker and the business man, the statesman and jurist, the landlord and the tenant; but in the overwhelming majority were men whose sun-browned features proclaimed them sons of the soil, men who followed the plow over the red hills of Georgia. For it was among them that Senator WATSON gathered his greatest following. They loved him devotedly, followed him unhesitatingly, and his pronouncement was their gospel. And now that he has gone they feel a loss as though one of their own flesh and blood had passed over the river.

His body was tenderly laid to rest by loving hands with garlands upon his grave.

His was the troubled life,
The conflict and the pain,
The grief, the bitterness of strife,
The honor without stain.

Death takes us by surprise,
And stays our hurrying feet;
The great design unfinished lies,
Our lives are incomplete.

But in the dark unknown
Perfect their circles seem,
Even as a bridge's arch of stone
Is rounded in the stream.

Alike are life and death
When life in death survives,
And the uninterrupted breath
Inspires a thousand lives.

Were a star quenched on high,
For ages would its light,
Still traveling downward from the sky,
Shine on our mortal sight.

So when a great man dies,
For years beyond our ken,
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men.

Mr. GREEN of Iowa. Mr. Speaker, it falls to the lot of few men to make "footprints on the sands of time," and even when this impression is left a never-ceasing ebb and flow of the centuries too often obliterates the imprint. THOMAS E. WATSON was one of those rare geniuses whose path is marked so plainly that generation after generation will see and note it.

My personal acquaintance with the late Senator began shortly after he entered upon his term in the upper House. For some time he and I lived at the same hotel and, while I can not claim to have been intimate with him, I often met him. This acquaintance, although slight, greatly impressed me.

Years before when that remarkable work of his, The Story of France, first appeared, being a student of history and at that time making a practice of reading everything in that line that seemed worth while, I observed the favorable mention of the work by the critics and obtained a copy. It is no exaggeration to say that I was literally fascinated by it. From the moment I commenced to read it I could hardly lay the book aside and was astonished by the erudition it manifested. Through its passages kings and potentates, scholars and peasants, the classes and the masses, walked in one vast panorama like creatures of life. This work was soon followed by The Life of Thomas Jefferson, and then came The Life of Napoleon. As fast as they came out I eagerly sought them. Even to the most careful student of history these works presented a new view. Through them we could see the times they depicted in a better as well as in a more glowing light. To Senator WATSON the fact that some custom had prevailed for years meant nothing, nor did the glitter and parade of military heroes or the swagger of monarchs deceive him.

Naturally an iconoclast, with smashing blows he shattered many an idol forever. He stripped the tinsel from kings and showed the hollowness of their pretenses. He tore the plumes and epaulets from military heroes and exposed many of them as merely bloodthirsty ruffians with talents only for destruction. Filled with a love for the people, he lashed with scorn and contempt the exaltation of the aristoracy and pictured as never before had been done the wrongs inflicted upon the masses during those years which so many historians had imagined to be some of the most glorious in the history of France. The clearness of his style, the brilliancy of his expression, the wonderful erudition manifested by these works, made them famous all over the world, and to-day no one can really claim to be a profound student of history who is not familiar with them. Mr. Speaker, these words will constitute an imperishable monument to his memory.

In political matters he was fearless. With many of his theories and principles I was unable to agree, yet I could not but admire the ability and courage with which he presented and adhered to them. He did not hesitate to oppose the most powerful political leaders, not only of his own State but of the Nation. When he espoused a cause he supported it with his whole heart and with a vigor that was astonishing. Naturally the opposition he met was great, but no matter what enmity he might excite, what wrath he might provoke or what punishment might be feared, nothing swerved him from his course. The result was that his following was not confined to his own State but his influence was felt nation-wide. To a large portion of our citizens he was an acknowledged leader, and in his own State he became almost supreme.

It is seldom indeed that a scholar becomes a man of action. Often the student is of a shrinking nature and stands aside while the great procession of mankind moves on, or halts for counsel. But here was a man of great erudition and at the same time of most remarkable force and power.

Political questions furnished to him the breath of life and he was ever ready to champion what he believed to be the cause of the people. It is too early for us to pass final judgment upon his work. He accomplished much. How much, only some one with the gift of prophesy can foretell. We know that the world advances and that ideas rejected to-day may be almost universally accepted by another generation. Civilization has moved far since the days described in his story of France. Administrations have come and gone, kings and emperors have fallen, dynasties have been overthrown, and while war has not been abolished it has become more hideous and more detested by mankind generally. All through these changing tides of time the cause of the common people has advanced and in this advance he had his part, and it was a great one.

When I first met him I discovered that he was not at all the man I had expected to see. It seemed almost impossible that so slight a frame and so frail a body could contain so much force and energy. Nor did I expect to find a man who had already demonstrated his power, to be so unassuming. I had hoped, Mr. Speaker, that I might have an opportunity some time to sit beside him and have him relate to me how he conceived the plan and obtained the material for his great historical works. Unfortunately the opportunity never came, partly because he had so little desire to do anything that might seem like making a parade of his attainments. So in a social way I only knew him as a courteous and affable gentleman who arrogated nothing to himself and with whom companionship would certainly have been a pleasure.

He is now gone to a final rest, a rest well earned from a life of conflict, of unceasing activity devoted to what he believed to be in the interest of his fellowmen. I am thankful for this opportunity, as one from a State far removed from his home, to offer this tribute to his memory.

Mr. CRISP. Mr. Speaker—

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

Mr. Speaker, of a surety, Death is no respecter of persons; He visits alike the hovels of the poor, the palaces of the rich, and the halls of Congress. During the Sixty-seventh Congress the final summons has come to 19 Congressmen and to four United States Senators. The lesson should be clear to all:

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

On September 26, 1922, the angel of death touched the soul of the Hon. THOMAS E. WATSON, the distinguished junior senator from my beloved State, and this great Georgian peacefully fell asleep and was gathered to his fathers. "Know ye not that a prince and a great man has this day fallen in Israel?" Senator WATSON's long public life was an eventful and tempestuous one, and, during the course of it, he never asked nor gave quarter. He was, in the language of the great emperor, Napoleon, "the bravest of the brave:"

Cowards die many times before their death;
The valiant never taste of death but once.

Mr. WATSON was the peer in intellect of any man who ever graced the halls of the United States Senate. His life's successes should be an inspiration to the youth of our land. Born in Columbia County, Georgia, on September 5, 1856, his parents poor, but of honorable lineage, Mr. WATSON knew the pangs and hardships of poverty, and his heart and sympathy were ever true to the poor and struggling masses of humanity, and, to the day of his death, he was their able and devoted champion.

By his own efforts earning the money to pay for his schooling, later reading law at night while teaching school by day, he acquired a splendid education; defeats and adversities affected him not; and, by his indomitable will, energy, industry, and loyalty to the principles he believed in, he achieved renown in many fields. When admitted to the bar, he speedily took high rank among the lawyers of his section, and, when he retired from the practice of law, he was universally considered one of the ablest men of the profession in the State. In 1891 elected to the United States House of Representatives; in 1896 nominated by the Populist Party for Vice President of the United States; in 1904 nominated by the People's Party for President

of the United States; and, in 1921, elected to the United States Senate from Georgia; thus we see the humble Georgia plowboy by his own efforts rise phenomenally to rare heights of fame.

During the two years Mr. WATSON was a Member of the House of Representatives he served with distinguished ability. It was my privilege to be parliamentarian of that Congress, and I remember Mr. WATSON well. Slim of stature, of frail physique, red haired, he presented a striking appearance. He was always in his seat when the House was in session, and paid close attention to his duties. Possessed of extraordinary oratorical powers and being a profound student of the science of government, he was a foe to be dreaded in debate by the ablest Members of the body. When he was recognized to address the House he always commanded the closest attention of the Members. During this Congress he introduced a resolution making an appropriation for the establishment of the rural-mail service in this country, thus becoming the father of this great government service which has been of incalculable benefit to the rural communities of the United States. In this same Congress he led the debate requiring the railroads to use automatic car couplers, the use of which has yearly prevented thousands of deaths.

Senator WATSON assumed his senatorial duties on March 5, 1921. His marvelous store of knowledge, his matchless oratorical ability, and his mastery of invective in debate soon gained for him high rank in the Senate. As an opponent, he was always respected and feared; as a friend and ally, he was thrice welcome. His public services in both branches of Congress entitle him to be acclaimed statesman.

To my mind, one of his greatest successes was his marvelous achievement in the literary world. His Story of France is recognized by all critics as one of the finest histories ever written of that Republic, and to-day a translation of this work is taught in the public schools of France. Among his great productions are The Life of Napoleon, the Life and Times of Andrew Jackson, Life of Thomas Jefferson, and Bethany, a Study and Story of the Old South. These literary gems will be read by our children's children, and their author has earned a niche in history that will entitle his name to be recorded among earth's great.

Senator WATSON's public life was a stormy one. God gave him a superb mind, and he was the most fearless and outspoken public man I ever knew. If I were to criticise the public men of to-day, it would be because of their lack of backbone as evidenced by their failure to voice and vote their convictions on public questions when political exigencies seem to decree otherwise; Senator WATSON was all backbone, and feared no living man. He was ever true to his convictions, even when threatened by the Federal Government itself with imprisonment in the penitentiary. He never swerved or deviated one hair's breadth, but boldly and publicly advocated his views on all public questions. Being a bold, aggressive, and positive character, Senator WATSON made bitter enemies and devoted friends. No public man in Georgia, nor I dare say anywhere in the United States, ever had as devoted, loyal, and loving a following as Senator WATSON enjoyed.

Thousands of people in my State loved him with a devotion that beggared words, they regarded him as truly their great tribune, and they followed him implicitly. They would not only vote for him when he was a candidate, but, at his suggestion, would espouse the cause of any other candidate in Georgia, firmly believing that whomever Senator WATSON championed for public office was the right man for that place. Senator WATSON might truly be called the Warwick of Georgia politics; he could make and unmake governors, and his political support was eagerly sought by Georgia political aspirants for office.

Mr. Speaker, public men are often misjudged, frequently unjustly condemned, made the butt of ridicule and contumely, many times lied on and slandered; and I have often wondered if public service was worth the price it cost. Congress had just adjourned, and I was at my home in Americus when the wires flashed the sad tidings that Senator WATSON was dead. Old and young men approached me on the streets overcome with their grief, some with tears in their eyes, and, with faltering voice, choking with emotion, said: "Senator WATSON is gone; who can take his place?" It was my privilege to attend the funeral of the deceased Senator. When the train bearing his body arrived in Augusta, Ga., en route to Thomson, the station and streets were thronged with men and women of high and low estate, with bared heads, who had gathered to look upon his bier and do him honor. Their every look and gesture betokened the sincere sorrow they felt at his taking away. This same condition obtained at every station through which the train passed from Augusta to Thomson. When we arrived at this beautiful little city, the streets leading from the station to the Senator's home—Hickory Hill—were draped in mourning, and the town was filled to overflowing with Georgians who had gathered from every section of the State to pay a last loving tribute to their beloved dead. A great concourse of people, variously estimated at from 10,000 to 15,000 people attended his funeral—not an idle crowd gathered there out of mere curiosity, but a sober, solemn assemblage, many with tear-dimmed eyes. When I recall this picture, Mr. Speaker, I answer, "Yea, public service, if faithfully rendered, is worth the price!"

God's choicest gift to man is a pure, loyal, and devoted wife. Senator WATSON was indeed fortunate in this respect, for in 1878 he won the heart and hand of Miss Georgia Durham, of Thomson, Ga., who, with two beautiful granddaughters, survive him. It is my good fortune to be intimately acquainted with Mrs. Watson, and to know her is to love her—a pure, gentle, retiring, intellectual, and refined lady of the old southern type. I shall not attempt to depict the home life of the deceased Senator, of which, as well probably as of much of his public success, the gentle spirit of the sweet and cultured companion of his married life was the inspiration. Nor shall I dwell upon those traits of character that grappled his friends to him with hooks of steel, for I am fortunate in having before me the written tribute of one who knew him better than I. At my request, Mrs. Alice Louise Lytle, for many years a business associate of Senator WATSON and associate editor of his paper, the Columbia Sentinel, has prepared a tribute to her deceased friend, which I shall now read and publish as a part of my simple tribute to this great man, lawyer, scholar, author, and statesman.

Senator WATSON died at the height of his power and popularity, in harness, at his post of duty, while toiling unceasingly to ameliorate the condition of his fellow man.

And could we choose the time, and choose aright,
'Tis best to die, our honors at the height,
When we have done our ancestors no shame,
But served our friends and well secured our fame.

THOMAS E. WATSON—THE MAN.

(By Mrs. A. L. Lytle.)

Of THOMAS E. WATSON, the orator, the lawyer, the scholar, and the Senator, the world has heard much and read much. A great deal of what has been said and written would make the man himself appear as a bloodless, unlovely character, devoid of almost every human attribute.

But the real THOMAS E. WATSON, the man who loved and protected the birds and squirrels of his beloved "Hickory Hill;" the man whom his dogs coaxed to go to walk with them; the man whose horse stood at the lot gate and whinnied as he saw him coming for his daily ride; the man who founded a bank that the poor people of his section might borrow money on security that the other banks refused to risk; the man who never forgot a friend—this is the THOMAS E. WATSON I knew in the fourteen years of daily association with him.

The deeds of kindness he did, these will never be all known, because many of those who benefited are gone, and he never told.

The old friend whom he kept in his home place for so many years; the old music teacher whom he loved and whom he never forgot when the fruits of summer were ripe, when the winds of winter blew—she is still living here, and will bring tears to your eyes as she speaks of "TOM's goodness" to her.

The old schoolmate whom he found living on a little, isolated farm, suffering from a broken hip, and with none but negroes to minister to him, unable to leave his bed because of the lack of a wheeled chair. A wheeled chair appeared and the old schoomate spent many happy days in the sunshine because of that thoughtfulness.

There was a wide roof outside the window of his study; the window at which he wrote looked out on it, and it was no uncommon sight to see six or eight redbirds, as many squirrels, and other birds feeding, in the depth of winter, on the cracked nuts and corn which was spread there for them by the kindly-faced man who peered at them from the window as he wrote some of those wonderful articles that have been read by the world.

His home was the home of the average southern gentleman; and the hospitality of the old régime still existed there.

If "company" came, there was no flurry and no worry; it was simply a case of adding more chairs to the table, and more food. His friends were always his friends, and welcomed as such.

When he was writing, he was never disturbed; the home revolved around his work—and there was never anything permitted to disturb him in the hours devoted to that work.

Simple in his tastes, loving all that was beautiful, he had gathered in that home in the years that he had spent there books, pictures, bits of choice old furniture, rugs, hangings, and ornaments that gave the home an air of comfort and elegance which has so long been the keynote of old southern homes.

Music he loved passionately, and it was a beautiful epoch in his life when he would play his old "fiddle" to the accompaniment of his daughter—whose death was one of the greatest sorrows in his life; and he never touched the fiddle after her death.

Sensitive, the hurts he received in the many battles he had lived through left scars that he never forgot; but there was less of the bitterness than one would almost expect, when he would talk over the stormy days.

He softened, with the years, as all of us must, and he regretted much that had happened in the days of political difference—and he never harbored ill-will against any who showed a tendency to play fair with him.

The old negroes clung to him as they had clung to his father who had owned them; in the "Quarter" now connected with Hickory Hill there still lives the old negro mammy who nursed him; she will live there until she, too, goes on that long journey which her "Mar'se TOMMY" has gone on—and she, too, mourns still for that kindly master who never forgot her.

Quick-tempered, and as quick to forgive; generous, but just; honest to others—and exacting honesty when he knew it was possible, but forgiving many debts when he knew they could not be paid.

Interested in all that concerned his friends; ambitious for those he loved, giving even his bitterest enemies the benefit of doubt—his days were full of interest to him.

When he had at last reached the goal of his ambition—the United States Senate—there were some of us who feared that his health would not be equal to the tasks he would have to face, but he would smilingly say:

> Let me die in harness; I will at least have accomplished some of the things I have wanted to do for so long.

And that wish was granted him.

He died as he had lived—interested in what was of interest to his fellow-man, and with his desk cleared of every obligation there.

And in his going, there are some of us who will try to do, as bravely and as thoroughly as he would have us do, the things he wanted done.

Mr. RANKIN. Mr. Speaker, I regret that my physical condition for the last few days has prevented me from preparing an address for this occasion or writing a manuscript. I once heard a great man, who later adorned the United States Senate, introduce the late Senator WATSON to a vast audience, and in that introduction he said:

> I am presenting a man with whom I have not always politically agreed, but I have found it much easier to criticize his views than it was to answer his arguments.

I think that statement defines the position of a great many friends of Senator WATSON who admired him for his great ability, and agreed with him on a great many propositions, but disagreed with him on others.

Mr. Speaker, we have come to-day to commemorate, in our humble way, the life of a great man, and I might say that it is too early after his death for even his friends, or those who knew him best, properly to estimate or appreciate his great ability and his great work, or to forecast their estimation by future generations.

When William Shakespeare, the greatest individual of the human race, who has been referred to as "an intellectual ocean that touched all the shores of thought," when that great dramatist "shuffled off this mortal coil" and proceeded to "that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns," possibly none of his contemporaries realized that the brightest star had faded from that constellation of great men who adorned and enriched the Elizabethan age. When a few of his relatives and friends gathered to lay him to rest in the little church yard at Stratford they did not dream that the spire of that small church would stand as a sentinel finger to guide the literary pilgrims of future generations to his grave. They no doubt failed to realize that they were then standing upon hallowed ground and that throughout coming ages the men of letters and of learning of the world would stand above that sacred dust with bowed, uncovered heads and pay reverence to the memory of the "rarest genius and the richest soul that ever lived and loved and wrought of words the pictures, statues, robes, and gems of thought."

When Robert Burns, the Bard of Scotland, whose singing pen made the little rivulets of his native land historic streams, who "sang old Scotia's praise in terms that will vibrate in the human heart until 'all songs shall cease," when that great genius passed away, bowed down as he had been by adversity, the victim of obloquy and derision heaped upon him by those baser, meaner, smaller souls who could not break his independent will, scarce honor he received from them, who did not deign to claim him as their own until death and fame and immortality had claimed him first.

When Edgar Allan Poe, America's greatest poet, whose Raven sits above the door of every aching heart and throws his ominous shadow across the path of every troubled soul; when that great poet passed away, amid the rags of poverty and woe, the American men of letters of his day little dreamed that history would accord to them the position of satellites to him, the greatest literary luminary of his time.

When THOMAS E. WATSON, the South's greatest writer, if not the greatest writer in America, dropped his pen and fell asleep to awake only in that "radiant Hereafter," of which he once said that Hope was the creator and Faith the defender, little wonder it is that his invidious contemporaries would attempt to withhold from him that recognition of his great services and his great ability which the unbiased judgment of future generations will accord.

I have read, Mr. Speaker, his History of France, and to me it is the most remarkable publication I have ever seen. A man who was not educated in the French tongue, who had never set foot on European soil, wrote the history of the French Republic so accurately that it became a standard work, not only in his own country, but was even translated and became a standard work in France. Recently our distinguished colleague from North Carolina [Major BULWINKLE], who rendered such gallant services to his country in the late World War, told me on the floor of this House that when he was in Paris he went into Brentano's bookstore and asked for the best history of France that they had, when they presented him with the one written by THOMAS E. WATSON, of Georgia, and told him that although it was written by an American author and was translated into French, it was nevertheless the best history of France he could buy. I related this to Senator WATSON on one occasion, and he told me that some of his friends had begged him at the time this book was written to have it copyrighted in France, but he did not take it seriously enough to do so, and he added that by that failure he had lost thousands of dollars on that publication.

His Life of Thomas Jefferson, his Life and Times of Andrew Jackson, his Life of Napoleon, and his History of France will always stand as monuments to his great ability. But in my opinion his short editorials such as his tribute to "Uncle Remus," "The Dream Children," the "Wine Cup," and a great many other such articles, will carry his name farther down the years to come than will any other achievements of his great career. My opinion is that, as Napoleon once said about himself and his civil code, Senator WATSON will go down to posterity with his books in his hands.

But, Mr. Speaker, these are not the only considerations to commend him to the future. Some one has said:

> I wrote my name upon the sand,
> And trusted it would stand for aye;
> But soon, alas, the refluent sea
> Had washed my feeble lines away.
>
> I carved my name upon the wood,
> And after years returned again,
> I missed the shadow of the tree
> That stretched of old upon the plain.
>
> The solid marble next, my name
> I gave, as a perpetual trust;
> An earthquake rent it to its base,
> And now it lies o'erlaid with dust.
>
> All these had failed; I was perplexed;
> I turned and asked myself, "What, then?
> If I would have my name endure,
> I'll write it on the hearts of men."

Senator WATSON wrote his name on the hearts of the toiling masses of America by his unremitting, relentless service in their behalf. On the floor of this House, on the 17th day of February, 1893, as has been said by one or two of the gentlemen who have spoken from his State, he offered the amendment to the Post Office appropriation bill which established for the first time the rural free delivery service in this country, which to-day carries the mails to millions and millions of people far removed from railroads and steamship lines. He was an advocate of the eight-hour day for labor. He fought for automatic couplers on railroad trains. He was a pioneer in the fight for the parcel post, in opposition to the exorbitant charges of the express companies.

I remember reading an editorial once from a northern newspaper in which it was said that THOMAS E. WATSON was not popular in Wall Street, that he was not popular with the money

power, but that he was known and loved by millions of the farm hands of America.

In commenting upon that statement Senator WATSON said, "Write this on my tombstone." He preferred such an epitaph; and, regardless of what may be said of him here to-day, regardless of what the press may say, regardless of the opinions of men in public life, his services will carry his name on down to future generations as long as men toil for a livelihood.

He was a historian of great ability, whose brilliancy and fluency of expression were charming to every reader, and whose accuracy under the circumstances was most astounding. He was a writer of short stories and editorials who has seldom been equaled, and never surpassed, in American literature. He was a statesman who looked beyond the present hour and fought always for what he believed to be the betterment of mankind. He was an American with the courage of his convictions, and the most relentless toiler I have ever known.

He was a man, take him for all in all.
I shall not look upon his like again.

Mr. BRAND. Mr. Speaker, when the soul of THOMAS E. WATSON was cut loose from its moorings and entered upon its journey to its Maker, one of the most picturesque and one of the greatest men Georgia ever produced passed from life to eternity.

When he died there was more grief and sorrow among the men and women in Georgia and more people went about their daily pursuits with bowed heads and sad hearts than was ever before manifested over the death of any other one of her citizens.

Certainly over a hundred thousand citizens of Georgia and many thousands in other States intensely deplore his death. His followers and real friends believed in him, they trusted and loved him and to most of them his death was a calamity; and yet, we should not be unmindful of the fact that the grave will open its portals to all of us, soon or late.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the North Wind's breath,
And stars to set, but all—
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

We know when moons shall wane,
When summer birds from far shall cross the sea,
When autumn's hues tinge the ripening grain—
But who shall tell us when to look for Thee?

The mourners at the tomb of Senator WATSON, and others who sorrow over his demise, are not confined to the State of Georgia. He had his friends and followers in every State in this Union. He had become a national figure before he was ever elected to the Senate. The "Jeffersonian," which was unjustly suppressed, and the Columbia Sentinel went to every State in the Union. Senator WATSON's articles which appeared from time to time in his various publications and the speeches he made in the Senate were read by more people in the United States than the writings and speeches of any other man in public life.

It is common knowledge among Members of the Senate and House and officers at the Capitol, when visitors to the Capitol from different States in the Union entered the gallery of the Senate the first question asked, as a rule was: "Where is TOM WATSON?" or "Point out Mr. WATSON to me." This is indicative that Mr. WATSON was a prominent and well-known figure in the minds of the American public.

While not in the prime of life and yet with an intellect as vigorous as it was when he was a young man he was called to his last reward when he least expected it. Senator WATSON did not expect to die so soon. He and I in the privacy of his room and my own room at the George Washington Inn have talked over the issue of life and death, and I know he expected to live to a ripe old age. He certainly expected to live out his present term as Senator from Georgia and to be reelected for another term without opposition, which I believed and hoped would be his lot. And yet death intervened and put an end to his earthly ambitions. His labors for his people were ended; his writings in the Columbia Sentinel were brought to a sudden termination; his brilliant speeches in the Senate which charmed Senators and attracted the attention of the people all over the United States were finished; he had fought his last battle and had won his last victory. Fate decreed that life's honors for him should end forever.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

His death was a great blow to me. I was sick in bed at my residence in Athens, Ga., when a telegram came early in the morning announcing his death, and I was in the hospital when his funeral occurred. For that reason I was denied the opportunity of being present on the funeral occasion where thousands and thousands of people from all over Georgia had gathered to pay their last respects to their departed friend.

His short and brilliant record in the Senate, added to the record which he had made during the last quarter of a century, easily placed Senator WATSON among the foremost leaders of the Republic.

One of his most aggressive political enemies, Mr. T. W. Loyless, a brilliant writer, in an article entitled "Peace to his soul. Peace to our State," while criticizing therein much of Senator WATSON's public record, began his post-mortem analysis of his public life as follows:

To-day, some fifty thousand people in Georgia, maybe more, several times that many throughout the South, mourn the death of a man whom they sincerely believed was one of God's annointed; to them the consecrated, self-sacrificing apostle of democracy undefiled—the friend of man and champion of the common people.

Later on in this article he referred to Senator WATSON as follows:

A great genius has passed from earth, a wonderful intellect has been dimmed by death, an eloquent tongue silenced, and a gifted pen put for the last time upon paper.

And again he writes:

For almost a third of a century THOMAS E. WATSON has been the "stormy petrel" of Georgia politics and public life, with his penetrating cry heard above the tempest in which he reveled. For fully half of that time he has been the virtual dictator of Georgia politics; making and unmaking men at will, through the "balance of power" that he wielded with but a wave of his hand—and which weak men feared and fawned upon.

Some people in Georgia envied Senator WATSON, some were jealous of him, some despised him, some cursed him, some hated him, and most of the politicians feared him, but all of them welcomed his support and were happy to get it in any political conflict, either State or Federal. From a political point of view, he was by odds the strongest man in Georgia and had been so for many years.

In his race for the Senate over 104,000 white people of Georgia voted for him against Hon. Hoke Smith, then United States Senator, a great lawyer and a strong man from every point of view. He received about 4,000 more votes than the combined vote of the three strongest candidates in the election which was held to select his successor. In passing it may be said of Senator WATSON in regard to this race that he was the only man ever elected to the American Congress, either to the House or Senate, who did not spend a dollar to become elected.

His friends do not deny that he was the "stormy petrel" of Georgia politics for several decades, but one thing his enemies can not truly deny, and that is that his contests have always been in the interest of the people—the masses—and as some express it, the common people of the State. Like Victor Hugo he was a man of the people. He was the best friend in public life the poor people had; his love for them was not only genuine but it was a passion with him. He entertained the same tender feels toward them that Gray did when writing his "Elegy in a Country Churchyard"—

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

Most men have moods both in public and private life. At times Senator WATSON would be as tranquil as a lake in the calm of a summer's evening and at other times he would be more or less tempestuous. I say this in all kindne s to him and with all respect to his memory, because it was my pleasure and good fortune to be on intimate terms with him during the last years of his life. He was a friend to me in sickness and in health. It was a friendship which I shall cherish and hold in affectionate memory as long as life lasts.

Though his real friends intensely mourn his death, there is a measure of consolation in the thought of the poet who wrote of a departed friend:

The storm that wrecks the wintry sky
No more disturbs his sweet repose
Than summer evening's latest sigh
That shuts the rose.

When his mind was not burdened with "matters of state" he was pleasant and agreeable, kind and sympathetic, and as friendly as any public man I ever knew. He had a quick perception of the ridiculous and a keen sense of humor. Whether one agreed or disagreed with his public record, those who knew him well greatly enjoyed his companionship.

Senator WATSON will be remembered by his countrymen generally as an able lawyer, a renowned orator, a great historian, and a statesman of national repute.

He was one of the greatest criminal lawyers ever admitted to the bar in the State of Georgia. He successfully tried numbers of murder cases from one end of the State to the other; his services were sought from the mountains to the seaboard in defense of those charged with murder. Whenever he spoke to juries the courthouse was full of people who listened to him in utmost silence and with intense interest. Besides he was a learned civil lawyer. In his early days he regarded law as Blackstone did, who said "Law is a jealous mistress." The best years of early manhood were given to the study and practice of law.

His fame as an orator is known to all men. When he spoke in Georgia he had more people to hear him than any other public man during my time. His audiences ran from 5,000 to 20,000 people. When he last spoke in the city of Atlanta he had the greatest audience that ever assembled there to hear a public speaker.

As a historian, it is my purpose to say but little, because his reputation as such is world-wide. Senators and Members of the House who have delivered memorial addresses on the life and character of Senator WATSON have thoroughly covered this phase of his public life. I remember going over to the Senate to see him one day on business and failed to find him in his seat. I asked Senator CARAWAY, of Arkansas, whom Speaker Clark once told me was the best lawyer in the House, if he knew where the historian of the Senate was. Senator CARAWAY replied: "Judge, you will find Senator WATSON in the cloak room."

I believe it is universally conceded by Members of the House and Senate that Senator WATSON was the most scholarly historian in the American Congress. My humble opinion is that he had no equal as a historian in the United States.

The first speech I ever heard of Senator WATSON making was when he was running for the legislature in McDuffie County, Ga., as an independent candidate against what he termed the "courthouse ring." This was 42 years ago. I was a college boy at the University of Georgia at that time. It impressed me so that I put part of the speech in my boy scrapbook. He opened his speech as follows:

Fellow citizens, in my boyhood I loved to picture to myself a future where manly ambition was cheered on by generous words and by strong helping hands.

I had thought that the people, proud of the high resolve of him who battled onward and upward, would gather applaudingly around his course, and on his pathway would strew flowers. The years have passed on, and I know now 'tis written, before the ascension lies Gethsemane's Garden. I know now that the pathway is lined with brambles and at each footstep I have passed the thorns.

In those young days my fancy had made an Eden filled with purpling hopes of public honors. The sweep of the years robs all such gardens of their tenants, the gates close forever, and about them flash the swords of fire.

Notwithstanding a stiff fight was waged against him he was triumphantly elected.

One will observe from reading this brief excerpt of this speech that he then had ambition in life to acquire fame. Indeed this is the ambition of most men, and yet to succeed fights have to be made and mountains of opposition overcome. Some orator whose name I can not now recall said:

To abide in the hearts and affections of our fellow men is the most gracious lodgment we can establish during the years of existence in this life; and to be treasured in the memories and minds of our friends and neighbors after we have been released from this tabernacle of clay and from the responsibilities and burdens of humanity is a gratifying anticipation.

It is true that these longings are common to human nature; and as all men, however humble or exalted, have personal friends and social surroundings, the desire of the heart to this extent is accomplished toward almost every soul on earth. But as the field of human usefulness is greatly enlarged to some, and the influence of good deeds and noble purposes grows broader, and the power of accomplishing useful ends increases, in an equal ration the love of our fellows and the esteem of the public center upon and embrace some fortunate subject, and surround him with a broader cordon of love and affection in the honor paid him by his countrymen. So that, if one can look forward to the time when he shall no longer tread the pathway of life beside his dearest personal friends, or move along its highways amid the plaudits of an admiring public, and yet feel certain that he shall still retain the love of the former, and the honor and esteem of the latter, he may see with prophetic eye that, even though all his purposes and aims have not been accomplished, his life has been a success, and he has indeed secured the best rewards of human effort, and the noblest crown that human love can bestow upon him.

The first speech I ever heard Senator WATSON make was in the famous Colquitt convention of August, 1880, a copy of which I also put in my scrapbook. Governor Colquitt had a majority of the delegates but Democratic usage required a two-thirds vote to nominate. After long and much balloting it developed that he could not get the two-thirds vote. Hon. Patrick Walsh, a Colquitt man, delivered a speech which enraged the anti-Colquitt men. In concluding this speech, he said:

We have come here to nominate Colquitt and we are going to stay until Christmas to do it.

When Walsh concluded, Senator WATSON, being a delegate to this convention, arose from his seat and with pale face and quivering lips spoke as follows:

Mr. Chairman, the speech of the delegate from Richmond [Mr. Walsh] is not that of a Democrat to Democrats or of a friend to a friend. It is rather the language of a master to a slave.

Mr. Chairman, let me say to the gentleman that a silken cord may lead me, but all the cables of all the ships of the seas can not drag me. Rather than follow the course of the delegate from Richmond in his rule or ruin policy, I would see the party cut adrift from its past and its traditions like an old ship which has worn out its usefulness.

He concluded—

Nail to the mast the tattered flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the God of Storms,
The lightning and the gale.

The position Senator WATSON assumed in this short speech put him on the map of Georgia politics. By this one speech he became famous and from that day on he had to be reckoned with in all political campaigns of importance in the State of Georgia.

This speech also disclosed another phase of his character; namely, that he had in him the elements of a fighter which, during the following years of his life, blossomed into full fruitage.

His speeches in the Senate will compare favorably with the speeches made by any of the great orators of the Republic. When it became known, or was published in the Washington papers, that Senator WATSON would speak on any public question the galleries were always full of men and women. Time and again various Members of the House, both Republicans and Democrats, would leave the deliberations of the House and go to the Senate when it was scheduled that Senator WATSON would make a speech. It was an undisputed fact that he was one of the Senate's best debaters.

I may be wrong about it, but I have seen the time when I thought Senators on the Republican side were unwilling to enter into a debate with him or challenge the positions and contentions he was making upon some vital public questions. While the Republicans, as a rule, disagreed with him, and now and then this was true of a few Democratic Senators, yet both were loath to get tangled up with him in a debate. He was at his best when debating, and the Senator who interrupted him generally got the worst of it. I do not mean to discount the ability of Senators on either side of the chamber, yet in general debate Senator WATSON was the peer of any of them.

Another unusual feature with regard to his public speaking is that he never used a manuscript. He never read any of the speeches he delivered in the Senate, and he told me that he never corrected, revised, or altered any of them.

It is a remarkable thing to find combined in the brain of one man the intellectual qualifications which are essential to the making of a great lawyer, a brilliant orator, and a celebrated historian. God bestows these attainments upon but few men and yet Senator WATSON possessed them in a high degree.

During my last campaign for reelection I was often asked the question how Senator WATSON stood with his colleagues. I had no trouble in answering the question. He was greatly respected and admired as a lawyer, orator, and historian by every Member of the Senate. He was on good working terms and cordial relations with every Democrat in the Senate and likewise with all Republicans with the exception of three or four Members on the Republican side. As the public knows, he became involved in one or two acrimonious colloquies with two Senators, both of whom were from a section of the country which had little sympathy for the southern people. He likewise stood well with the Members of the House who came in touch with him in an official way. Particularly was he on cordial terms with every Member of the Georgia delegation.

I wish to make only one other observation regarding Senator WATSON. Notwithstanding many people did not approve of some of the contentions he stood for during his public life, and notwithstanding during this time he had made political enemies, no one ever questioned his personal and political integrity. Whether friend or foe, all will testify that he lived and died an honest man.

When Senator WATSON realized dissolution was approaching, if the infirmities of body and mind enabled him to speak, I honestly believe he could say of the life he led among his fellow men as Sir William Blackstone said—

Untainted by the guilty bribe,
Uncursed amidst the harpy tribe;
No orphan's cry to wound my ear,
My honor and my conscience clear;
Thus may I calmly meet my end—
Thus to the grave in peace descend.

Mr. COLLINS. Mr. Speaker, we mourn to-day the loss of a superior man—one who was of consequence in the world—one who possessed a clear brain, abundant learning, a wealth

of general information, and a quick sympathy for the cause of the workers of the world. His handiwork is known throughout our country and even beyond its confines. His memory is cherished everywhere by true lovers of liberty. His name will linger in human households, and human hearts will warm in gratitude because of his splendid service to men and women everywhere.

He was one of the greatest teachers of our time. Gentle in his personal characteristics, kindly and sympathetic in spirit, deep-true in his loves, making room for sentiment in his life, he was like an alabaster vase through whose thin-hewn walls shines the inner light. The fire which burned within him with beautiful intensity, giving out always a compellingly sincere message, was the eternal advancement of a free and sovereign people—his own. He burned with the belief that the ballot of the voter was the trophy won by those brave reformers of bygone days who followed the lead of the many pioneers who had preceded them in the revolt against tyranny and oppression. He stated many times that the ballot was not only the sacred souvenir of those days when the great struggle was on for its possession, but that it was the bloodless weapon by which men might defend their all, their wives, home, children, their very liberty and life, from those powers whose oppressions would drive men again into servitude. The advancement of the human cause through the ballot and through honest organization was his battle cry. He believed in political parties, though never did he advocate blind party allegiance, but rather that the voter should adhere to that party whose purpose and principles were those of the voter himself.

Let me quote him, speaking at Nashville in 1904:

> It does seem to me that it is high time that the average man * * * should do some of his own thinking and act for himself according to his own light, and not forever obey the crack of his party whip.

Endowed with a deep and throbbing love of the blessed, plain people of the earth, he knew no other nor sought no worthier service than their advancement. His creed is summed up in these earnest words of his:

> I do not speak for the lordly magnates of class legislation. I do not speak for those who for one hundred years have stood at the doorways of national legislation begging for special favors. No! The men whose cause I would plead before the bar of American public opinion are chiefly those who toil in the hundred different places of industry and who have never lifted their voices to ask anything of this Government except just laws and honest administration. They are the men of the mine, the mill, the shop, and the field. They are the obscure toilers who in time of peace send pulsing through the veins of commerce the rich blood of prosperity. They are the men who, in time of war, spring into the battle line at the tap of the drum, and with patient feet follow the march, and with fearless heart make the charge upon which is based and builded the world-wide fame of your commanders to whom you rear monuments in the open places of your cities.

For these convictions he battled and suffered to the end, and because of them enemies pursued him with a bitterness which made no allowance for honesty of belief. They gave him many a bitter hour because of the difficulties they threw in his way. They arrayed against him many even of those he was trying to serve. But never did he by word or written expression depart from his creed. As was well said of him, "Mr. WATSON never lifts his feet from his rock of principle."

His warm and vibrant love of humanity and its needs gave him an almost prophetic insight into and vision of the legislation that was vital for the people's welfare. He was truly the father of rural free delivery mail service, an instrumentality of education of the great farming population of this country and a convenience to them beyond estimate. He outlined and recommended an income-tax law at a time when it was political heresy to do so. It is remarkable to note that of the 17 planks in one of the People's Party platforms that he mainly formulated, all of them are now the law of the land.

Ever a true, burning disciple of pure Jeffersonian, Jacksonian democracy, his life was dedicated to molding into useful laws the tenets of this political faith. He fought a constant fight, nor let his armor rust, for those principles which spoke to him of ultimate, glorious, perfect freedom for Americans. He fought to make good men out of American boys. He strove to build back into prosperity desolated homes, so that the chains of special privilege might be broken, and the laws that oppressed them might be removed. He battled for a square deal for all. He was a manly, but a relentless foe. Twenty years ago he said:

> With the convictions which I hold, Roosevelt [and he meant all those who held beliefs destructive of the things he held most dear] represents the thing that I would fight from morning to night every opportunity I got, every day of my life from now until the folding of my hands across my breast.

Those words were like a clear-cut vision of his life's journey, for never thereafter was his great brain dormant an instant, nor his eloquent voice unused, in the business to which he had consecrated himself, believing and knowing that Divine Power itself was using him as an instrument to unfetter men from evil oppression and forward them on the road of onward progress. He wrote the story of his own life in 1908, and he said at that time that he had no more political ambitions, but was content to give himself to his literary and editorial work. Even after this, however, came the clarion call for further service in the ranks of the people. So, true to his own prophecy, his last hours were given in the same consistent manner to the service of those he loved, the great mass of the American public. Let him speak to you a last farewell:

> So with your bright eyes looking into mine and your cheers ringing in my ears I go on my way encouraged, inspired with the belief that it is a glorious thing to represent a people like this, and I can well afford to leave the harvest to time and to the God who rules us all.

Sweet must have been his last days. From a richly deserved seat in the Senate of his country he had the satisfaction of seeing the first reaping of this harvest. His old enemies were adopting his creed as their own. His cherished reforms were being enacted into laws. His dreams of the awakening of men's consciences were being realized. Success was crowning his lifelong efforts. The dawn of a better economic day was at hand.

Mr. TILSON. Mr. Speaker, what I shall say of Senator WATSON will be from the viewpoint of one who, in regard to political matters, usually disagreed with him. In fact, it was the exception rather than the rule for me to find myself in accord with his views. It is also necessary for me to speak of him from outside the limits of close personal acquaintance, for my acquaintance with him personally was of less than two years' duration, while my contact and conversation with him were limited to brief and infrequent meetings.

It was therefore from his writings as well as from the power he exercised and the influence he exerted over the thought and actions of others that I have judged him.

It will not be denied that Senator WATSON was an unusual man, so unusual that it is not easy to find a single character with whom to compare him. The distinctive traits of many individuals were combined in him. He wielded a trenchant pen, and the person was to be pitied against whom he turned it. He was a master of language, so that from it he could forge thunderbolts to be hurled in defense of the cause he espoused or against the individual unfortunate enough to call forth his wrath or displeasure. He could receive as well as deliver blows, and seemed never to be quite so much himself as when in the thick of a battle royal.

When THOMAS E. WATSON put on full armor, which was his belief in the righteousness of his cause, and went forth to do real battle the usual result was that the people of Georgia were soon arrayed in hostile camps, the one side ready to slay him and the other willing to die for him. Of course, it was inevitable that such a man should make bitter enemies. No one would have been more sorely disappointed than he had he failed to do so. On the other hand, he made and kept to the end an increasing number of deep and strong friendships. And the friends who were permitted to see beneath the exterior would seem to have the better of the argument, in making up a just estimate of the real man, over his enemies, who saw only a front of steel.

As a rank outsider, far removed from the field of the greater part of his activities, and usually holding views widely divergent from those advanced by him, I have often admired his great force and ability and wished that they might be employed on the other side of the question. At the same time, in fairness to those who honestly hold opinions differing from my own, I can readily understand what admiration, coupled with devotion, was entertained by those who fully embraced his views and believed him to be fighting their battles. It is only thus can be explained his great power and influence exerted during so many years over so large a number of his fellow men.

Mr. VINSON. Mr. Speaker, the sentiment that brings us here to-day is an honor to the living as well as to the dead, for honor to the dead is an incentive to the living.

We are advised by Holy Writ that "there is a time to weep; and a time to laugh; a time to mourn; and a time to dance," and in the official life of Members of the House of Representatives, to-day is dedicated as a day of mourning. We have ceased to think the thoughts of our parties; we have banished the dreams of ambition; we have put away the trappings of place and pride and left our mirth and employment, to spend a brief while in solemn reflection upon the life and virtues of that distinguished Member of the United States Senate who has been translated to the realms of eternal bliss.

It is true that many great and distinguished Members of that august body have passed over the river and gone to that Great Beyond, but, Mr. Speaker, I measure my words when I say that among that great number there has been few, yea very few, who gave more complete and unfaltering devotion to their State and the Nation they loved than did the illustrious lawmaker, Senator THOMAS E. WATSON, of Georgia, who on the 27th day of September, 1922, answered the summons and was guided into that radiant hereafter of which hope is the creator and faith the defender.

The news of the death of Georgia's greatest commoner caused more genuine sorrow—sorrow that penetrated the very soul and literally brought tears of anguish and genuine grief from the very hearts of men and women, than that of any other Georgian in the memory of the living. He died in the way he always said he wanted to die—like a soldier at his post of duty.

He was an intellectual giant; a man among men; highly gifted in speech and with the pen; his genius never doubted, or his profound ability questioned. He was a champion of the causes of the common people as distinguished from the classes. He waged an unbroken fight for their emancipation from what he conscientiously believed to be the bondage of big business, concentrated wealth, and predatory interests.

He fought their battles with a courage unsurpassed, and every pulsation of his heart beat in harmony and unison with theirs; their cradle songs and funeral hymns were his cradle songs and his funeral hymns. The love he cherished for them was fully reciprocated, as he was the idol of his devoted followers. His word to them was a Holy Gospel; his views once published to his legions were accepted and adhered to as unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, and no better citizens can be found, many of whom are my warm personal friends. They were affectionately termed by him as "The Old Guard," and were ever ready to do the bidding of their "Chief," and they, like him, lived to see the day come when a great many of the political principles sponsored by their beloved leader, and loyally supported by them, ultimately were written upon the statute books of the Nation.

He regarded as a sacred trust the loyalty and confidence that his followers reposed in him. It was a political asset of priceless value, but never did he abuse it or capitalize it for personal gain.

No man in Georgia, or any other State of the Union, ever commanded the devotion and love of his adherents as did the sage of McDuffie, nor never before in the history of the Empire State of the South has there been a man with so large a personal following. For 30 years he held the balance of power in political affairs of the State; made and unmade governors; elected and defeated Senators and Congressmen. Though engaged in many acrimonious political battles, sometimes wearing the wreath of victory and sometimes going down in defeat, yet it can be truly said that he never took any unfair advantage of a political opponent, even though the contest may have been most bitter.

In some political campaigns which he led, he knew he had no chance of success. This was notably true in '96 when he made the race for Vice President, and in 1904 and 1908, when he ran for President on the People's Party ticket. He truly said:

> Any soldier can fight bravely when he knows his are the heavy battalions that are sure to win. The truest soldiers are those who fight gallantly when they know they can not win. Why, then, do they fight? Because, sometimes, it is better to have fought and lost than not to have fought at all.

As an orator he had no superior. Few men in the Nation could sway the masses to such a degree. He could play on their emotions like a master of a violin plays on his delicate instrument. His hearers were moved by his matchless eloquence and their souls stirred by the fire of his spirit. Every energy of his being was put forth and his words flowed like streams of molten metal, burning their way into the hearts of his audience.

This remarkable man, whose memory we commemorate today, a true son of the soil of Georgia and of the South, has been truly likened to four of the Republic's most historic figures:

> Jefferson, Henry, Otis, and Jackson were all reflected in THOMAS E. WATSON. He loved liberty with the passion of Henry; he always held to his political doctrine untarnished, as did Jefferson; he possessed all the courage and determination of Jackson; and he had all the great heart and flaming tongue of Otis.

As a lawmaker, first a member of the General Assembly from McDuffie County, then the Representative of the people of the tenth congressional district, and later as United States Senator from the Commonwealth of Georgia, he wrote his name indelibly in the history of his State and the Nation.

It was his fiery eloquence in the legislature in 1882 in behalf of the cause of temperance that caused the enactment of the local-option law under which the people voted out the saloons in 117 counties. It was during his service in the House of Representatives in 1890 that he secured the first appropriation for the establishment of rural free delivery mail service, whereby he made the daily Postal Service of his Nation become the—

> Messenger of sympathy and love;
> Servant of parted friends;
> Consoler of the lonely;
> Bond of the scattered family;
> Enlarger of common life—

for the people toiling out in the field under the blue skies and near to nature's heart.

Coming to the United States Senate in 1921, his brilliant career was cut short by his untimely death, but no man ever served a constituency more zealously, unselfishly, and unfettered. He served all the people alike, friend and foe. He was recognized as the best read man in the Senate, and it was not long before he was considered as one of the leading debaters of that body.

Conspicuous as he was in political affairs of the State and Nation, and famed as a leader of the bar, however posterity will remember him as a scholar and historian, for his distinction finds the happiest, the most abiding and everlasting form in the fruitage of his pen.

As an author he occupied a permanent place, and had he given to the literary world nothing else except "The Life of Napoleon," he would have made for himself a name as a writer. His "Story of France" and his "Life of Jefferson and Jackson" stamp him as a profound student. The Philadelphia North American Review in 1898 said, "Many histories of France have been written, but none equals this." In his writings his talent flourished to its true harvest and his brilliant and versatile mind gave expression to what must have been its deepest love. By these illuminating pages he erected a memorial to himself that will endure until the end of time.

His style of editorials for the Jeffersonian and the Columbia Sentinel was epigrammatical. At times he was a master of satire; then again through his writings flowed a gentle kindness and a sympathetic touch.

He was ever true to his principles; a Southern gentleman to the manner born; a devoted husband and father. In the days to come he shall stand—

> side by side with scholars as their shining faces tend upward to the higher summits of thought, soul to soul with patriotic statesmen who give their days and nights to the noble problems of just laws, healthy conditions, happy homes. Wherever the orators shall speak with tongues of flame he shall be heard; wherever warriors strike for liberty, poets embody truth and majesty in verse, statesmen evolve civilizations, and scholars and philosophers and scientists conquer new worlds, he shall be known and honored.

In the little cemetery in the town of Thomson, where the morning-glory points its purple bugle to the sky, and the sigh of the cedars mingles its music with the soughing of the pines, the willow and cypress grown around his tomb with loving but mournful embrace which will ever be a shrine where boys and girls, men and women in generations to come will be inspired by the achievements of this illustrious son of Georgia.

Hon. Grover C. Edmondson, for many years private and confidential secretary of the late Senator WATSON, probably better acquainted with him than any other man, has prepared a beautiful tribute to his chief, which I incorporate as a part of my remarks.

To those who knew the kindly figure in his home; to those who were in daily contact with him in his business affairs, his literary work, and the making of his newspaper, The Columbia Sentinel—the Benjamin of his old age—to those who knew the steadfast effort and adherence to high ideals invested in every act of his career; to those who treasured all that he wrote and accepted as Gospel all that he said; to unnumbered boys and girls who received material assistance from this self-made Georgian and American, in their efforts to reap the advantages of education; to the men and women who found inspiration in what he accomplished *outside* of public office; and to the older heads who followed their leader into the thick of every battle and shared with him the heartache of every defeat, the death of THOMAS E. WATSON carries a sense of *personal* loss.

When Capt. John S. and Mrs. Watson named their son—the subject of this sketch—it did not occur to them that he would find the name "T. EDWARD WATSON" awkward and unsatisfactory. Even in those early years the youngster had opinions as original as the ones characterizing the maturer years of his life, when this Warwick made and unmade governors, his word being sufficient to shape the destiny of nearly every leader in our political Israel. It was during his 'teens that he silenced the "EDWARD" and wrote the name to suit himself—THOMAS E. WATSON. And now that name is treasured in the hearts of

hundreds of thousands of Americans, in almost every walk of life, who find it difficult to realize that TOM WATSON is dead.

A distinguished writer, speaking of Senator WATSON's "strange influence," says that he succeeded because he understood the Georgia "Cracker" better than his contemporaries. That is probably true in a sense; and it is also true that the Georgia "Cracker" understood TOM WATSON better than he did WATSON's contemporaries. Our people love frankness, sincerity, and courage; and those qualities rendered Senator WATSON estimable as a man.

He was, like all sensitive and sensible men, profoundly impressed by the immense misery to be seen all about us. He was not radical; he was not destructive; it is true that he proposed to tear down the bad, but he offered something better than the existing order of things. When he wrote the famous Ocala platform, nearly every prominent journal denounced both platform and writer; those journals could see nothing good in either the "creed" or the "dreamer"; but the dreamer lived to see every one of those demands either enacted into law or accepted by the "conservatives," who once bitterly denounced both dreamer and dreams.

Discussing Populism, at that time, the conservative Atlanta Constitution preached against the work of this "political adventurer" who had sprung from the "ranks of the disgruntled." Another conservative journal, the Savannah Morning News, used this language:

"Such a lot of cranks, demagogues, small politicians, dangerous theorists, and agitators never before collected anywhere" as this band of Populists. But, those great newspapers have changed their views and they have written beautiful editorials for the income tax; the direct election of Senators; the eight-hour day, and the rural free delivery system.

Senator WATSON's political activities during those days—the nineties—won him national fame. His work bore good fruit. Others gathered the rich harvests, but that neither discouraged the Populist nor lessened his faith in the permanency of the splendid reforms written into that Ocala platform by the original exponent of Populism. When the young lawyer closed his Thomson law office to become the tribune of those reforms, he established a permanent place in the hearts of his followers; the flag then intrusted to his care was never dipped to the enemy, adversity and defeat sharpened his weapons, both offensive and defensive; and his shining lance like the white plume of Navarre was seen at the front line during every battle.

This leader of another "lost cause" did not surrender when Fate turned the battle against him; he did not desert his comrades, as others did, when the Fusion movement destroyed their organization: he continued the war until the dominant parties accepted his principles.

He passed through the vicissitudes common to all reformers, and he emerged unscathed from every fight.

His enemies could not shake his faith in his followers; they could not turn those followers against their leader.

But, Senator WATSON's victories are not confined to the field of politics. The permanency of his fame rests upon his achievements in the world of letters, where his ripe scholarship, good taste, and broad sympathies are set down in that great volume Napoleon and in that doubly enriching masterpiece The Story of France.

The orator's influence can not be conveyed to printed page; the brilliant lawyer whose eloquence shaped verdicts and wrote judgments for clients can not extend his intellectual superiority beyond the confine of his own generation; the publicist whose burning message swayed the multitude will continue to live in the hearts of his comrades; but Senator WATSON's permanent memorial is found not in those achievements but in the children of his brain, his books.

Georgia has turned out many great sons; the names of Bob Toombs, Ben Hill, Alex Stephens, William H. Crawford will be cherished by our people forever and ever. Those great men had friends and followers, but not the devotion found in the bosom of a Watson man for TOM WATSON.

Senator WATSON was without a superior as lawyer, scholar, orator, business man, publicist, and statesman. He could measure swords with any man, and his vast storehouse of information enabled him to debate any subject in any forum with all comers.

His home life was ideal; he loved the birds, the trees, the flowers, and they loved Senator WATSON. He was their protector, their friend.

His associates loved him and found him generous in everything.

His servants were not slaves in his eyes; they were human beings and treated as such.

If he ever uttered a harsh word to a coworker I never heard it during the years I spent with him.

He loved his followers—his friends—and when letters came to his house announcing the death of a member of the "Old Guard" this soldier who was not afraid to die broke down and cried like a little child.

During his stormy career he received inspiration from his wife, to whom he was married in 1878, and who followed him through every battle, sharing his victories and helping him to overcome his sorrows.

Mr. BELL, of Georgia, took the chair as Speaker pro tempore.

Miss ROBERTSON. Mr. Speaker, my first personal impression of the man to whom we have assembled to pay a tribute of respect was through meeting his wife—a true southern gentlewoman—shrinking in manner yet fearless, her silvering hair rippling back from her brow; a bit of old lace at her throat, caught modestly together with an heirloom cameo brooch. She won my heart for all time.

The little book I hold which is a collection from Senator WATSON's writings bears the following dedication, penned a decade before his death:

To Miss GEORGIA DUNHAM:

In whose pure affection and loyal soul a briefless young lawyer found favor in the good year 1877 and who not so very long afterwards—for the course of true love, as from time immemorial, did not run smooth—became Mrs. Thos. E. Watson, and who has, ever since, walked the long path by his side, through health and through sickness, through joy and through sorrow, through sunlight and through tempest, with the unfaltering devotion of the typical wife, and who now turns with him to face the afternoon of life, without any sort of fear, and with the peace of soul that passes understanding.

I want to commend to each of you the little collection of prose gems thus dedicated. In the Bible we read—

*Every tree is known by his own fruit. For of thorns men do not gather figs, nor of a bramble bush gather they grapes. A good man out of the good treasure of his heart bringeth forth that which is good; and an evil man out of the evil treasure of his heart bringeth forth that which is evil; for of the abundance of the heart his mouth speaketh.*

This compilation was published 10 years before he came to the Senate; when he was less battle scarred and world worn. As we knew him here his matchless mentality was struggling to overcome physical weakness.

In "Glimpses Behind the Curtain" we find a rapid, telling portrayal of the very human weaknesses of men whom we have not been accustomed to consider as other than giants, and between the lines of this portraiture may read a certain plea that we shall judge him as has been our judgment of them by the good of their strongest, truest selves rather than their weakness. So hoping that in this way you may have a new vision of the good in the soul of TOM WATSON we did not perhaps really know I read to you from these pages words more forceful than any I could utter. His was a personality not immediately understood.

Soon after it was my honor to become a member of this body a friend from my own town came to the Capital on a special mission which I could not enter into beyond giving him desired introductions. My constituent was a native of a southern State—one of those men as gentle as they are fearless, yet with unchangeable convictions of right, and relentless and merciless in carrying out of such convictions. For this reason, as we passed Senator WATSON I stopped to present my friend to the Senator. I was rather surprised that the exchange of greetings seemed perfunctory on both sides. Remembering how of the world's strongest writer, the Apostle Paul, it was said "his letters are weighty and powerful but his bodily presence is weak," I said, after we had passed on, "you knew that was Senator WATSON, of Georgia?" "TOM WATSON, and I passed him by like that?" He had not realized that WATSON, like Napoleon, his ideal, was not a physical giant.

[From "Reverie and Suggestion."]

The next great event and happiness of your life was when the sweetheart to whom you had been awkwardly, timidly, making love, let you "cut out" all the other boys, and walk home with her.

Weren't you proud? And wasn't she pretty?

Those clear, pure eyes; those rosy cheeks; those smiling lips; that wealth of glossy hair; those pearly teeth—heavens! how you worshiped her.

Would you have swapped places with a king that day, when she first accepted your invitation to a buggy ride?

When she came close to you and pinned the hyacinth or the violet to your coat lapel, your heart beat pit-a-pat, and you held your breath till the dainty boutonnière was fixed.

And when you had worn the flower till it was wilted, you reverently laid it away in some book—didn't you? And you have them yet—nor is there gold enough in all the world to buy those faded flowers!

After ever so long a time, as you thought—*ages*, it seemed to your impatience—she said "*Yes*"—and let you kiss her.

Wasn't *that* a glorious night?

You walked on air as you went back to your home, didn't you?

You were in such a state of happy exhilaration that you couldn't sleep.

Are you ashamed to admit that deep down in your heart was a tender thankfulness to the God who had blessed you with the love of so good a woman?

Ah, well—you were married to her, and you two began the upward struggle together.

How hard the climb of the hill! What labor there was; what disappointments; what days of bleak despondency; what nights of black despair.

In that terrible climb of the hill, did you neglect your wife?

Did you fail of that tender consideration which was her due?

Did you sometimes bring your clouded face and sour mind to the fireside, and morosely impose your own sufferings upon *her?*

Were those sweet lips made to tremble in mute pain? Those fond eyes to shed secret tears?

Happy the husband who can say, "I never did. Wretch that I am—*I can not.*"

The years pass, pass, pass—and now you are on the western slope of the hill. The wife who climbed the hill with you is still at your side. No matter who else failed you, she did not. No matter who else found fault with you, she never did. If she ever spoke to you unkindly, and served you reluctantly, or fell short of perfect wifely devotion, you did not realize it.

How can you reward your noble wife? Will you not prove to her that you appreciate her? Will you not bring to her that splendid loyalty which a proud woman prizes more highly than a miser prizes gold?

In word, in thought, in deed, will you not be as true to her as she has been to you?

Will you not prove by unfailing tenderness with which you minister to her happiness, now, the depth of your remorse for your shortcomings in those early years?

Will you not call back the spirit of the days of your courtship, and be as proud of her kiss, just as happy to take her to your arms, as on that glorious night when she promised to be yours, and yielded her queenly lips to your kiss?

But perhaps you are of another sort. Perhaps you think all this silly. Maybe the softening touch of Christmas-time softens nothing in you. I pray God it may not be so.

For your sake, as well as your wife's, listen: The only human being that you can count on to stand by you, in spite of "the world, the flesh, and the devil," is your wife.

Children will grow up and pass onward—out of your life and into one of their own. Relatives and friends may go with you a long way, but they will not go all the way. Your wife will.

In all the universe you can't be sure of anyone but her. Then make the most of her. Are her cheeks faded? Kiss her on the lips, and then see the roses blossom once more on that pallid face.

Have her eyes been swollen and dim with tears? Put your arms about her and tell her you love her just as much as you every did.

Then watch the light of joy kindle those eyes, until they sparkle as brightly as in the days of youth.

Ah, it is so easy to make a woman happy, if the right man wants to do it. And the right man to make your wife happy is you.

Think of the nights you were sick unto death, and she nursed you; think of the fearful agonies of the birth hour, when she brought your children into the world; think of the long-drawn years in which she has daily done the drudgery of a slave; think how she has had to bear the cross of your troubles, as well as her own; think what she has had to go through with in rearing your children; think of her cramped, dull, and monotonous life at home, while you were mingling with the bustling crowds of the outside world.

Think of all this, brother, and allow much for the jaded, faded wife. Go to her and warm your own heart, as well as hers, by talking to her in the old, old way of lovers.

Court her again, as you courted her when you sought her hand.

Tell her that she is just as pretty as ever. This may possibly not be the truth; but if a lie at all, it will be the whitest one you ever told. The Recording Angel may feel in duty bound to charge it upon the debit side of your account, but as he washes it out afterwards with a tear he will enter an item to your credit on the other side of your ledger, and he will write it in letters of gold.

THE WINE CUP.

It is a warrior whom no victory can satisfy, no ruin satiate. It pauses at no Rubicon to consider, pitches no tents at nightfall, goes into no quarters for winter. It conquers amid the burning plains of the South, where the phalanx of Alexander halted in mutiny. It conquers amid the snowdrifts of the North, where the Grand Army of Napoleon found his winding sheet. Its monuments are in every burial ground. Its badges of triumph are the weeds which mourners wear. Its song of victory is the wail that was heard in Ramah: "Rachel crying for her children, and weeping because they are not." It never buries the hatchet; its temple of Janus never closes its doors. No dove of peace ever carries its message; in its hand is never the olive branch. It sends no flag of truce, and receives none; its wounded are left where they fall, and its dead bury their dead. Every citadel that it storms it devastates; and in every charge which it makes its cry is, "No quarter."

Those who fall before its onset die deaths of shame; and they go down to dishonored graves to which love can bring no willing tribute of flowers, and over which pride can rear no enduring monument. To its prisoners it grants no exchange, holds them to no ransom, but clutches them fast, in a captivity that is worse than death, and which ends only at the grave.

The sword is mighty, and its bloody traces reach across time, from Nineveh to Gravelotte, from Marathon to Gettysburg. Yet mightier is its brother the wine cup. I say "brother," and history says "brother." Castor and Pollux never fought together in more fraternal harmony. David and Jonathan never joined in more generous rivalry. Hand in hand they have come down the centuries, and upon every scene of carnage, like vulture and shadow, they have met and feasted.

Yea; a pair of giants, but the greater is the wine cup. The sword has a scabbard, and is sheathed; has a conscience, and becomes glutted with havoc; has pity, and gives quarter to the vanquished. The wine cup has no scabbard and no conscience, its appetite is a cancer which grows as you feed it; to pity, it is deaf; to suffering, it is blind.

The sword is the lieutenant of death, but the wine cup is his captain; and if ever they come home to him from their wars bringing their trophies, boasting of their achievements, I can imagine that Death, their master, will meet them with garlands and song, as the maidens of Judea met Saul and David. But as he numbers the victims of each, his pæan will be: "The sword is my Saul, who has slain his thousands; but the wine cup is my David, who has slain his tens of thousands."

FORTITUDE.

Do not become discouraged! Don't lose heart.

You may not be able to see the harvest where you have patiently sown the seed, but be assured of this: No seed is lost.

The truthful word manfully spoken, the earnest effort honestly made, the noble creed consistently held—these are things which do not perish; they live on and move the world and mold the destinies of men, long after you are dust.

Leave cowardice to the cowards; leave servility to the slaves. Be a man—proud, though in homespun; free, though in a hut.

Own your own soul!

Dare to listen to your own heartbeat. Between you and God's sunlight let no shadow of fear fall.

What is there to live for, if you are never to think, never to speak, never to act, save as the echo of some master? Better the death of the brave than the long misery of the mental serf.

Not always is it easy to know the right—very often is the road rough. Human praise can be won by shorter routes. Honors and riches are not always its rewards. Pleasanter days and calmer nights may be yours, if you float smoothly down the tide of policy, steering deftly by the rules of the expedient.

But has life nothing loftier than this? Is there no divine voice within you that calls for better things? Is there no great pulse-beat of duty within you; no flame of the warrior spirit, when insolent wrong flings its gage of battle at your feet?

Are you willing that the Right shall call for aid, and you give no succor; that Truth shall plead for help, and you bear no witness?

Is the sacred torch of Liberty—passed on from hand to hand, down the ages in which brave men dared to keep it lighted—to find you unwilling to hold it aloft?

Shall the temple of civic freedom, reared by the great men who are gone, stand vacant, calling mutely, calling vainly for votaries at the shrine?

Was it all a mockery—this long struggle your forefathers made for Justice? Is it an idle tale—this story of the heroism with which the rights of the people were slowly won?

Not so—not so! Levity may slight, and ignorance may disregard the blessed heirlooms of human endeavor, of patriotic purpose, of high-minded self-sacrifice—but they are there, and, *like the signal fires of the highlands*, they call heroic hearts to *duty!*

You may have desponded, but you must not despair. You may have stumbled, but you must not fall. You will rouse yourself, and press forward. You will do your duty—for that is your religion.

If Wrong triumphs, it shall not claim you as a partner in the crime.

If the light dies out in the homes of the people, the curse of the unhappy shall not blast your name.

You shall be a man—loyal, fearless, independent, ready for work, and *loyal to the last*, to the creed which your heart approves.

Men like these—and no others—won every treasure in the storehouse of liberty, every jewel in the crown of good government, every thread in the golden tissue of religious and political freedom.

Men like these—and no other—are going to keep alive the sacred fires our fathers kindled, are going to stamp out the foul heresies that imperil our rights, are going to fight to the death those who would turn back the march of human happiness, and are going to rededicate this Government to the principles upon which it was founded!

Stand firm and fear not.

Brave men who are nothing more than brave, rush into the combat, get worsted and quit.

Brave men, who are something more than brave, take no defeat as final.

There is an order to which many men belong that knows no creed, but is directed by fraternal regard, rather than narrow obligation. They call themselves the best people on earth, and in one respect, indeed, they are, because with them "the good men do is not interred with their bones" while they allow the ill to live after them, but instead they say: "The frailties of our brothers we write upon the sand." So let us forget, if we might have seen them, any frailties of this man except lessons they may bring to us, and remember the gentleness and sweetness of his life, his own recognition of failure to gain all of his ambitions and his abiding desire for the right. We must think of his bravery and fearlessness in defense of his standards and of his dauntless fights for these ideals. We must do our duty as we see it, and then go bravely forward. None but the Master may make the final verdict as judge. We may go the right road, we may go the wrong, in the trust we are going right. And yet even on the wrong road there may come at our time of mortal peril a wonderful flash of lightning from the sky, showing us where we are, and on the very brink we may look up in self-surrender to the Master and say: "I am wrong, help me; set me right." No one shall ever say that such a last prayer is refused by Him who pitieth all His children.

Mr. LEE of Georgia. Mr. Speaker, it is certainly safe to say that the history of Georgia, the Empire State of the South, for the last 40 years has very conspicuously mingled in it the life work of Hon. THOMAS E. WATSON, whom we do well to memorialize to-day. It is likewise not going too far to say that the history and the thought of the United States during these years have been very greatly impressed and influenced by his life and speeches and writings. In many ways he went far ahead of his times. He advocated more than 30 years ago many of the great moral movements which were then scorned

and ridiculed as visionary and impracticable, and which have since then reached full fruition in the legislation of the country.

He was always a foe to sham and an apostle of the genuine. He believed in the doctrine: "Hew to the line, let the chips fall where they may." He was never daunted by difficulty or swayed in his thoughts or his actions by circumstances. He did not follow the herd. He did not follow anybody. He led where his own convictions pointed. From this distinguished feature of his character the most useful lessons can be drawn. Certainly great influence was for this reason exerted by him.

It is a sad but nevertheless true thing to say that one of the distressing signs of the times is the disposition of people to follow the leader, to let others do their thinking, to go with the tide. It is one of the discouraging symptoms of the day. The world is full of illustrations of the fact that men and women far too often allow others to do their thinking; likewise that they formulate their actions upon bases that have little or no relationship to fact or truth or righteousness or the object to be attained. Senator WATSON did much to displace this with individual thinking. He set a high example of such thinking, and made it so plain that he who would might follow.

Mr. Speaker, this is peculiarly an age of propaganda. The country is now more largely governed by propaganda than by any other means or force. Big offices in Washington, with big staffs, make big money by securing widespread publication of many kinds of propaganda. They call themselves publicity bureaus; they are really propaganda bureaus. In hundreds of instances, those concerned put out their own propaganda. The public is so bombarded with it through the newspapers and pamphlets of all kinds that it is almost impossible to tell when one reads his paper or his mail what motives or what interests are back of what he reads.

I believe I can safely say that but few men have appeared who, with keener edge of satire and ridicule, have punctured the bubbles of deception and false propaganda than has our brilliant deceased friend.

Mr. Speaker, I wish I had TOM WATSON's facility of language that I might paint a word picture of his struggles in early life and the indomitable will with which he overcame all obstacles. He was between eight and nine years old when the Civil War closed. His family—the best of Georgia stock—who had been modestly independent, had had their property swept away by the ruthless hand of war. Therefore, the most impressionable and formative years of his young life were spent amid the horrible days of reconstruction—the bitterest times that the South ever saw—times as bitter as any country on earth before or since has ever seen. But the courage and ambition of this frail country boy were undaunted. He determined to secure an education, to make a career, to carve out his own fortune, to help his people, to become their tribune. How well he succeeded has been many times told in the public prints of Georgia, and in both Houses of Congress during the progress of these eulogies.

Not more true nor impressive have been the stories of the early life of Garfield, "The Canal Boat Boy"; of Henry Clay, "The Mill Boy of the Slashes"; Andrew Johnson, "The Tailor"; of Abraham Lincoln, "The Rail Splitter"; of infirmities and early struggles of Alexander Hamilton Stevens, or of other indomitable men of history. I dare to say that even as the South he loved so well displayed its finest spirit in its darkest hours, so did he manifest his greatest courage and his most indomitable character when ill fortune did its worst toward crushing him. And even as the South rose triumphant over all opposition, so did he rise above every misfortune, every disaster, every discouragement, to the highest position in the gift of his State, to be the recognized tribune of his people, to an admitted loyal personal following greater than ever held by any other man of his generation.

He was a commoner in the highest sense of the term. He believed in the plain people. He fought for the common man. He proclaimed the rights of the under dog. The passion of his life lay in demanding justice for the common, everyday man. The powers of wealth, dignity, high position, influence, nor anything else ever caused him for a moment to forget the needs of humanity.

Nearly every one of us in our schoolboy days has declaimed the great address of Spartacus to the gladiators in which he said:

> Ye call me chief, and ye do well to call him chief, who for twelve long years has met upon the arena every shape of man or beast which the broad empire of Rome could furnish and who never yet lowered his arm.

I call those who knew Senator WATSON to witness that for forty long years he met upon the arena of politics, the forum of public discussion and the courthouse, all comers, of all creeds, of all kinds, on all subjects, and fought them to a finish in every matter of controversy, and never shirked or dodged or equivocated or lowered his flag. He appears to have had no fear. Nothing daunted him. Nothing could stop him. Neither the world, the flesh, nor the devil—neither the power of the church, or state, or wealth—neither the Army, or Navy, or the Government—nothing could swerve him from the free, full, and forcible expression of his own convictions.

That he loved to fight a bit too well and possibly fight too often is probably true; but better far to err on this side than on the more numerous side of equivocation, dodging, backing, and filling that too much characterizes business men, professional men, and politicians of the present day.

Indeed, the critics of our departed friend could find many things in his career to criticize—so they could in the career of any other red-blooded, aggressive, progressive man. That he had a very high temper is true; that he often gave way to his temper is true; that he sometimes carried his opposition to things he did not like too far is true; that he was a good hater is true. A wise old man once proclaimed his love for a good hater and made out a very good case along the line that the man who has not the power of hating likewise is too apt not to have the power of loving and the aggressive force necessary to accomplish things in a world in which all progress includes, at least, a considerable element of strife.

Passing over his well-known struggles to get an education, the beginning of his practice of the law, the rapid growth of that practice, the winning of financial success—all of which are well known—may I mention a few crucial periods of his career?

In 1880, when but 24 years old, he was a delegate to the famous Georgia gubernatorial convention of that year. He electrified the old-timers with the most eloquent and dramatic speech of the convention—on the losing side, as was most often the case with him—but losing bravely, as usual.

Two years later he became a member of the Georgia Legislature—made a conspicuous record—and closed the long and fierce debate on prohibition with a singularly eloquent speech.

Following his advocacy of the common man he led the fight for the Farmers' Alliance in 1890; was elected to the Fifty-second Congress; was nominated for Speaker by the Populists; was easily the leader of that party, and added to his reputation of fearlessness and constructive ability.

As the Populist nominee for Vice President on the Bryan ticket in 1896, while Mr. Arthur Sewell, of Maine, was the Democratic nominee on the same ticket and was favored by Mr. Bryan, TOM WATSON again bravely made an utterly hopeless fight. As the candidate of the People's Party for President in 1904, he made a marvelous campaign against hopeless odds to revive the party. He appeared to care nothing for success, or, at least, he continuously subordinated success to the principles of his cause.

Through all the intervening and following years, he, with tongue and pen, kept up his fight. The success, the popularity, the trials of his papers and magazines; his wonderful work as a historian, acknowledged and acclaimed by friends and opponents alike, all these make a thrilling story too long to tell.

Again, in 1920, when in the Georgia presidential preference primary no candidate appeared to espouse the principles he believed in, he became the candidate himself and rolled up a vote that astounded the State. Later in the same year, in one of the most spectacular campaigns ever known in the South, he won the nomination to the United States Senate by a popular and county unit majority.

Then came, as a fitting rounding out of his marvelous life, his useful and constructive career in the Senate, resulting in his not only holding all his old friends, but gaining the respect of his opponents and winning over to himself many new friends and supporters.

His indomitable industry and will continued to the very last. He made the last speech of the session in the Senate. He died proclaiming the doctrines and fighting the battles of the people.

Passionately loving the South, his own State, his own people, he centered his love first of all about his hearthstone, and largely drew his inspiration from his family associations. I wish I had the time and the delicacy of touch to paint his beautiful home life—his love for his devoted wife and her ever-continuing inspiration to him—his love for his children, whom fate took away from him. And to these should be added, as testimonials to his magnetic nature, the devotion accorded him by the managing editor of his paper, Mrs. Alice Louise Lytle; by the assistant editor, Grover C. Edmonsdon; by his circulation manager, "Uncle Charlie" Atkinson; in a word, by the whole force of those who worked with him. From this safe

and sane base, his influence and his following radiated throughout his State, the South, and the Nation.

Those who loved him, and they are legion, can greatly rejoice that—

> They have well learned, in hours of faith,
> This truth, to flesh and sense unknown,
> That Life is always Lord of Death,
> And love can never lose its own.

Editor, orator, author, statesman, tribune of the common people, friend of mankind—eternal peace be to you.

Mr. LARSEN of Georgia. Mr. Speaker, for more than twenty-five years it was my good fortune to enjoy the personal acquaintance of the distinguished Senator whose life and public service we commemorate to-day.

No native or adopted son of Georgia ever made a greater impress upon its people than did Senator THOMAS E. WATSON. This occasion will record no sentiment that can add to his fame or glory. It is a part of the history of our country and his name will be treasured forever in the hearts and affections of those who knew him.

The ambitious youth seeking for inspiration will gather it from the record of his achievements. In a modest country home, nestled among the bare red hills of Georgia, he may enter and form the acquaintance of an obscure, red-headed, freckeled-face boy, who was ushered upon the stage of life during the tempestuous days of political excitement, just preceding the Civil War, and whose life career seemed shaped by destiny to be not unlike the years of his early existence.

Through the misfortunes of war he became a victim of poverty and, therefore, learned early in life to battle against adversity. In these contests he was not always victorious—although sometimes beaten to the ground—yet, he never surrendered.

Penniless and without friends to aid him, he was driven from college at the end of his sophomore year. As the principal of a country school he accumulated sufficient funds that he might have returned to college and completed his education, but domestic complications were then to be considered. It had become a choice between the completion of a college education and the care of parents crushed by poverty in their declining years. He did not hesitate to choose, and, as was so characteristic of his nature, he pursued the most honorable course. This he did, however, without relaxation of private study. By industrious reading at nights, and other spare moments, he was soon enabled to pass the bar examination and enter upon the practice of law. By the end of the second year his earnings were such that he arranged to purchase the dilapidated farm from which the misfortunes of war had driven the family.

The parents were once more comfortable and happy; for a time at least, fortune seemed to smile upon him. The ability of the young barrister was soon recognized—he became one of the leading lawyers of his section, and honors were in his reach.

He first became a member of the Georgia Legislature and served with distinction. His election to Congress followed. Serving in this body he secured the first appropriation for rural free delivery of mail, and rendered other valuable service to the country; but, casting his lot with the new People's Party, he was defeated for reelection at the end of his first term. Political reverse, after reverse, followed, and for a time he seemed to have met his political Waterloo.

He returned to the practice of law and was soon regarded not only one of the most profound lawyers of the State, but also as one of its greatest forensic orators and successful advocates. His professional services were sought in every section of the State, and his clients extended from the mountains to the sea.

Mr. Speaker, I may have reached that age in life which inclines my mind to magnify the happenings of youth, but if my judgment is not in error, the man whose memory we commemorate to-day was, when in his prime, one of the greatest trial lawyers I ever saw at the bar. His fortune grew with the passing years, but his professional success—phenomenal as it was—did not seem to satisfy nor to compensate his restless mind for the political reverse and disappointment which had come to him. Even thus, while fortune smiled, he determined to retire from both politics and the law and devote himself to literature. Upon his accomplishments in this field rests the most enduring achievement of his many-sided career.

One's contemporaries are not always best qualified to judge as to his merits. We of to-day may be swayed by affection, or biased by prejudice, but the historian of to-morrow will have a clear vision of the past and should render unerring judgment. I have no doubt that when the record of Senator WATSON has been written it will reveal him as one of the most scintillating stars in the constellations of the universe. His keen intellect, retentive memory, and love for information, combined with a capacity for study and reflection, made him an "intellectual ocean whose waves beat upon almost every shore of thought."

His numerous writings proclaim his genius, but his Life of Napoleon and his Story of France combine historical research and knowledge with such literary ability as to entitle him to a place of high rank among the best authors of the century.

So far as the obtaining and the retention of office is concerned he may not be considered a practical politician, though it must be admitted that when selected by the Democratic Party he served with signal ability in the legislature of his own State and in both Houses of the United States Congress. In addition to this he was twice the nominee of the People's Party—once for President and once for Vice President. Returning to the Democratic Party he again became a candidate for President, and was afterwards elected to the Senate of the United States, in which position he died. Even those who may assert him to have been an impractical politician must admit that for more than a quarter of a century he so dominated the political fortunes of others that he made and unmade both State and Federal officials.

All forms of oppression were abhorrent to his nature. He hated corruption whether in church or state, and with the heart of a crusader he attacked always where he suspected its existence. Senator WATSON had the courage of his convictions. He never hesitated to approve what he considered right, or to denounce what he believed was wrong. In speech and writings, at times, he was caustic, but in personality he was pleasing, and in emotion always generous.

The plan of Christian salvation teaches sacrifice. Senator WATSON's life was one of self-sacrifice. Is a life void of sacrifice worth the living? Were the accomplishments worth the price he paid? Ask those who best knew him; ask those who best knew the great work he did; ask those who were with the funeral party; those who saw the crowded stations between Washington and Thomson; ask those who saw the thousands of sad-faced men and women from every walk of life, and from every section of our country, who thronged the streets of his home town in the hope of catching a last grimpse of their fallen chief, and to pay a simple tribute of respect to his memory, and they will answer—yes. No greater tribute of love, no greater inspiration for public service was ever witnessed.

Senator WATSON, at an early age, was happily married. His gentle wife survives him. A son and a daughter came to bless his home, but the death angel kissed them into eternal sleep years ago. This masterful intellect, with all its abiding faith, could never understand why such crushing grief should come to him, but let us hope—let us believe—that to him the mystery has been revealed; that father, son, and daughter have joined in a happy reunion on the golden shore of eternal life where there are no sacrifices to be made, or disappointments to be endured.

Mr. WRIGHT. Mr. Speaker, it is a mournful pleasure to join with my colleagues in paying tribute to the life and character of the lamented THOMAS E. WATSON, who was representing his native State and mine in the upper branch of Congress when death cut short his brilliant career.

Others may have been in more intimate touch with the eminent Georgian than was my privilege; others may be more eloquent in eulogizing his public service and personal virtues, but I dare say none had more admiration for his brilliant attainments nor could appraise his worth more fairly.

Residing in opposite extremes of the great State which gave us birth, personal contact with Mr. WATSON was necessarily limited by distance and by the infrequent occasions when association was made convenient or practicable; but after he came to Washington, we were often together in conference over matters of legislation and other questions in which we were mutually interested. Upon these occasions I never failed to enlist his sympathetic interest and cooperation. I was thus afforded an opportunity to study at close range the human side of the man and found him not the least stilted or impulsive either in manner or speech, but a most charming companion, and moreover a safe adviser when his advice was sought. One could not fail to be impressed by his earnestness, his sincerity, howsoever one might withhold approval of his views upon some public questions, as I sometimes did, yet always with a lingering admiration for his plausible logic and his unwavering sturdiness of purpose. He seemed never to forget anything he had heard or read and was as familiar with the history of his

own country and that of the nations of the world as with his alphabet.

I venture to assert he had the confidence, devotion, and loyalty of a band of adherents never enjoyed by any man in public life in Georgia.

Often caricatured by his critics as a many-sided man—vitriolic and unrelenting in his bitter moods, and at other times emotional and tender as a child—he was an enigma to friend and enemy alike. It was my pleasure to know only the better side of his nature. If he had a worse side, it was not revealed in my intercourse with him. If he attained eminence as a publicist, he was even more distinguished in the world of letters, his literary productions ranking with those of the most scholarly writers and most profound thinkers of his time. His flaming genius, his wonderful grasp of a subject, his capacity to get the pith and substance of a proposition, his mastery of details, marks him as a man among men, whom to know was to respect and admire. True, he may have had faults, both of temper and tongue—few among us have not—but with it all he will be acclaimed by impartial biographers as one of the outstanding figures in the affairs of his State and Nation.

Sometime the secrets of this mystery called death we may know; and when our departed friend turned to the silent and unknown future, let us believe he could rely with unfaltering faith upon that most impressive and momentous assurance ever delivered to the sons of men—

"*He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die.*"

Mr. Speaker, some of our colleagues are unavoidably detained at their homes in Georgia, and I ask unanimous consent that they may be permitted to extend their remarks in the RECORD.

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

There was no objection.

Mr. LOGAN. Mr. Speaker, I take this opportunity of paying a sincere, if humble, personal tribute to the late Senator WATSON. I enjoyed only a very slight acquaintance with the Senator, although, in common with the American people, I had long heard and known of him before I came to Washington. I took early opportunity to seek out the Senator and gain his acquaintance. In my State, among my people, as among the American people generally, Senator WATSON was regarded as having those qualities which always command admiration from the American people. He had a high degree of intelligence, he had complete and absolute honesty of purpose, and he had courage, morally and physically, of the very highest order.

In my campaign last summer there was injected as an issue a measure now pending in the American Congress. I was opposed to the measure. I had been written to about it by many constituents, and I had said that the measure was in committee, that I would give it careful consideration and earnest attention, as I was asked to do, and that when it came upon the floor of Congress, if I could vote for it I would do so. Senator WATSON had been written to about that measure, and he replied in an editorial in the Columbia Sentinel, his newspaper, in which he said to his people he thought the measure was absolutely wrong, that it was destructive of the rights of the States, and he wrote against it in the most able way. My constituents were not satisfied that I should discuss that measure on the floor of Congress when it came up for consideration and insisted that I must state as to how I should vote upon it. I then said that if that was the case, I was against the measure, and that I would do everything in my power to prevent its becoming a law.

When I went out through my district in South Carolina from stump to stump I read that editorial to those people, and I say now to his colleagues from Georgia that I believe in the rural districts of South Carolina he was as much beloved and as highly thought of and commanded as much respect as he did in his native State of Georgia. I read that editorial to my people, and everywhere I went they believed that if TOM WATSON was against that measure, if he had looked into it and considered it and believed it not to the interest of the South and the southern people whom he loved so much, it could not be good, it could not be entitled to their support. When the ballots were counted and I was elected I felt that I was under personal obligation to that able, splendid, Georgia Senator. It had been my intention to go to him personally and express to him my gratitude for what I considered he had done for me, but like many other things we put off, I did not have opportunity to avail myself of that pleasure. I was shocked when I saw that he had passed away, and when I heard that these ceremonies were to be held to-day I felt that it was my duty as a man to come here and to pay this humble tribute to his memory. It is absolutely sincere, it comes from the bottom of my heart, and if in the mysterious workings of Providence, in the unfathomable wisdom of God Almighty, it may be possible for that distinguished Senator to hear what I have to say to-day, he knows that I thank him for what I consider he did for me and for my people.

Mr. WISE. Mr. Speaker, we have assembled to-day for the purpose of paying tribute to a great Georgian. When the announcement of the death of Senator WATSON reached his native State, thousands were bowed down in grief; everywhere the expression was heard, "We have lost one of our greatest men."

The storms began to break early in his life. Born in the year 1856, just before the Civil War, in fairly good circumstances financially, he was, on account of the war and financial reverses, early thrown on his own resources, and here doubtless began the experiences which decided his destiny and mission in life. He knew what it meant to work on a farm for very small wages; to teach a country school; to walk to and from a country lawyer's office, carrying his lunch with him; to have few of the real necessities of life; to have a longing ambition for an education and no means by which to gratify it.

He succeeded in having two years in college, and was forced, for financial reasons, to leave. He then taught school and studied law at night, under adverse circumstances, but with that indomitable will and courage which was characteristic of his whole life.

All around him in his early manhood he saw poverty, distress, an oppressed and downtrodden people. Doubtless these things had a great deal to do with his future life, devoted to the interests of the poor, the weak, the needy, the helpless, the oppressed. It was said of him by one who knew him well: "By choice, by education, by inheritance, by environment, WATSON was the uncontrolled and uncontrollable tribune of the people. Born to dare for the people; to lead the people; to conquer for the people; and to die in the arms of popular love and righteousness."

His career was one of trial and struggle, of failure and success, of disappointment and achievement—all, as he believed, for the people and for the people's good. No storm ever turned back the onward feet of this man. No denial or disaster ever quenched the burning flame of his ambition. His disappointments were many. He often felt that he was mistreated, misjudged, misrepresented. I have no doubt he was. Yet he never swerved from the course he had selected.

He served one term in Congress. During that brief period he left his impress upon legislation of great benefit to that class of people to whom he had consecrated his life and his talents; in fact, to the benefit of all the people.

He was a candidate for reelection. It was one of the bitterest campaigns ever waged in Georgia. Enmities were engendered which were never completely healed; divisions among the people of his district which still exist to a large extent. It was and is still thought that he was elected by a majority of the qualified voters of the district, but he never obtained the certificate and was never seated. This he doubtless felt keenly. Who would not? It changed his entire course, but not the determination to carry on his work as he conceived it, in the interest of the people of his State. He simply pursued another but more enduring course, and one which brought to him his greatest fame and reputation—that of an historian. To this we are indebted for his "Life of Napoleon," his "Story of France," "The Life and Times of Andrew Jackson," "The Life of Thomas Jefferson," "Bethany, a Study and Story of the Old South," and his writings as an editor, in all of which was clearly shown his great storehouse of knowledge and ability, and through all of which, as I study his life, runs the one predominating thought and purpose, that he might be of service to those unable to help themselves, to serve humanity.

He was a great lawyer. It was necessary to hear him to fully realize his ability. As an advocate before a jury he had no equal. He was recognized as one of the best lawyers of his time.

There was another side to his life with which the public was not so well acquainted. He had strong, devoted friends and bitter enemies. He never shunned battle, and yet he was in his social life kind and tender, a gentleman, truly, of the old school. Judging from his writings, his thoughts turned often to the real things of life and the hereafter. May I here quote from an article denominated "The Late"?

Who are "The Late"? They are men who have acted their part and have left the stage. They are the dead.

I look over the list of "The Late", and I read the name of one I knew. Was he my foe? Was there enmity between us?

Alas, how pale and worthless the feud now appears. My passion is all gone. His white hand seems to wave me a flag of truce. Death obliterates his faults (if indeed they were his faults and not my

prejudices), and I recall whatever was manly and strong and admirable in him. I review our differences, mourn over the estrangement, and grieve that malice ever arose between us. The way is so short, the time for joy so brief, human ills of the inevitable sort so numerous, that it seems to me now a supreme pity that we willfully added to the thorns which beset our journey.

Reader, some day our names will go into the columns of "The Late." The list is there and our names will be written into the blank, after a while.

To us it will not matter at all what the world may think, or may say when it reads our names in the list. We will be at rest then—so far as the world is concerned. Love can not reach us—nor malice, thank God! Misconstruction, envy, hatred, can hurt us no more. It matters not what the world will say, except in so far as the world speaks the truth.

While we lived, the false may have worked us enormous harm. It can never harm us again. The true will reign supreme.

How true are these words to-day. How short life is, and how foolish for one man to judge another harshly and go through life with envy, hatred, and malice against his fellow man.

He also had a high and exalted ideal of life itself. The only life that is worth the while of any man. Let him speak:

What, truly, is the life worth living?

It is to cultivate, expand, energize, and consecrate all that is best within you; to search for Truth and Right and to lay your willing sword at their feet; to combat all shams and hypocricies and superstitions and frauds and errors and oppressions; to love the best interests of your fellow man and to put your whole heart in the struggle for his advancement, in spite of his own cruel hatred and persecutions.

What though this life condemns you to unrequited labor, unappreciated effort, the ingratitude which cuts like a knife, and the misrepresentation which chills worse than the wintry wind? All this is outward, temporary, inconsequent, the mere passing of the fleeting clouds, nothing more than incidental discords on the great harp of life. Things like these wound, inflict pain, sadden the soul somewhat, but they do not change the course of the vessel nor make coward of him who stands sturdily at the wheel steering through the night by the everlasting stars. * * *

The life which is worth living has not always led to ease, worldly success, happiness, and earthly honor.

Too often the man who consecrates himself to the nobler purpose has been what the world called a failure, has been led away into captivity by pitiless foes, has died at the stake amid tortures. * * *

I have fought a good fight. Never once did I lower my flag. To the right, as God gave me to see it, I was always true. Not once did I bend the knee to the wrong, consciously.

All my life I fought for the betterment of humanity. Here are the scars to show it. Defeat has rolled over me, but not dishonor.

To no man or woman have I knowingly done hurt; if I have not done some good, it is not because I failed to try.

On millions of my fellow men I found the chains of bondage more galling than slavery; I did my utmost to show them how to be free.

Millions I found hungry, naked, homeless; I did my best to point the way out of poverty into plenty. * * *

Yea! I have fought a good fight. Here are the wounds. No white flag flew over my citadel. It held out to the last.

Loneliness pained but did not subdue me; persecution saddened but did not conquer me; friends deserted me and foes multiplied, but I was not utterly cast down. The sacred torch of human progress I held aloft, even as better men had done in the ages of the past.

Its light will not fail. Others will seize upon it and bear it on. Some day the night will pass, and the human race will no longer grope in the gloom.

In that my faith is strong. For that I have never ceased to watch and pray and work.

And now my part is done. The shadows gather about me—but I am not afraid. The voices from the darkness call for me—and without regret I go.

Beautiful language. High conception of the true and only life worth while. He undertook to fulfill that life according to his own convictions and in his own way so far as mortal man could. I am glad to quote his words here, for someone floundering around on the stormy sea of life may see it and gain new courage to fight on to the end.

He is dead, but his works still live and will grow in splendor as the days go by, and his life work judged without passion and prejudice, remembering the good he has done for humanity.

The passing away of a man of such ability and power was a loss to the Nation and to his own State and to that large class of people everywhere who trusted and followed him for so many years, through sunshine and shadow, through victory and defeat, even unto death.

Mr. LANKFORD. Mr. Speaker, when a very small boy I read of TOM WATSON and longed for the time when I might see him and hear him speak. When the first opportunity presented itself I was delighted and heard him make a most eloquent and masterful argument in behalf of the South.

I later heard him make a great speech of a political nature in my home town of Douglas, Ga., and heard him next after he came to the Senate. One of my dreams as a boy was to see and hear some of the great men of the Nation. My fondest dreams have been fully realized by my being permitted to serve with them here in the Congress. Senator WATSON came to the Senate with more information than most Senators ever acquire and was recognized at once as one of the very best informed men in that august body.

His speeches were eloquent, logical, and persuasive in the extreme and always received the closest attention from those who differed with him as well as from those who agreed with him. Friend and foe admired his great information, his most excellent language, and his matchless eloquence. Even when a sick man, and scarcely able to stand, he ofttimes soared into the ethereal realm of eloquence and argued his cause with a force that appeared to be more than human.

To him, Thomas Jefferson was the ideal statesman. It is quite a coincidence that Senator WATSON, the great scholar and writer, should in many physical respects so closely resemble the great scholar and writer who wrote our Declaration of Independence. Very near the seat which Senator WATSON occupied in the Senate there hangs in the corridor of the Capitol a picture of Thomas Jefferson which is also a splendid picture of Senator WATSON. While walking near this picture one day with Senator WATSON, I said, "Senator, that picture of Thomas Jefferson is also a good picture of you." Senator WATSON smiled and replied, "Judge LANKFORD, several others have told me the same thing."

Senator WATSON was a hard worker. His service in the Senate was very probably shortened by his working here when most men, sick as he was, would have left off work altogether. Senator WATSON was active on the floor of the Senate the last day of the last regular session of Congress. This was four days before he died. Early in this his last day's service in the Senate he said:

I beg to make in one sentence the statement that when a vote was reached on the question as to whether the veto of the President of the soldiers' bonus bill should be overridden, I was struggling between life and death with asthma and had no chance to arrange a pair or to vote. Had I been present I would have voted to override that veto.

The silvery voice of Senator WATSON, which had been heard so often in behalf of the common people and which voice was so soon to be hushed by death, was the last voice to be heard in the proceedings of the Senate before final adjournment. His last words were against high-handed oppression and in behalf of some suffering, struggling miners and their families. He submitted and had printed in the RECORD several letters and clippings showing that some mine owners in Pennsylvania were unjustly turning some men, women, and children out of their homes. Senator WATSON was on duty to the last, "faithful to the end."

Senator WATSON loved the South and was ever ready to defend her and her people. On the 13th day of July, 1921, I heard him during a speech in the Senate make a most splendid reference to Gen. Robert E. Lee and to the Confederate soldiers buried in the cemetery at Arlington. He said:

You go out to Arlington, once the home of Robert E. Lee, who, as Theodore Roosevelt said, was the flower of Anglo-Saxon chivalry, the greatest soldier that our race ever produced, asleep in marble at Lexington, beside him the most splended of human swords—sleeping in marble at Lexington but living yet. Go to Arlington, and from the very time you enter the gates you are reminded, not of civilians but of heroes who fought battles on land and sea, which they thought were righteous, on the one side and on the other. Years ago it had been the custom there, Mr. President, to strew flowers only upon the Union graves. The men who had worn the gray slept beneath the sod with no roses and no lilies and no garlands upon their graves.

It thus happened on one Memorial Day that all the graves of Union soldiers were elaborately decorated with flowers, as was so natural to our friends of the North; and the southern graves of the "Rebels," if you please, had no flowers. During the night there came up out of the west the voice of the storm, the thunder rolled and the wind blew, and when the morning sun rose Providence had lifted those flowers and part of them rested impartially upon the graves of the Confederate dead.

Mr. Speaker, it is impossible to describe the eloquence of Senator WATSON or his wonderful power as a speaker. One of the best articles along this line was in the Observer, concerning a speech delivered by Mr. WATSON, at Newton, N. C., October 3, 1904. From this article is the following quotation:

Mr. THOMAS E. WATSON is not fairly represented in the pictures of him. He is not a large man, but of good proportions. He is well groomed and wears his clothes well. His face is full of healthful color. His jaws fit together firmly, and his sensitive red lips are expressive. He has that cut of nostril, thin and shapely, which sometimes means pride and always courage. His brownish yellow hair is thick and shocks over his forehead when he speaks. His eye is large and beautiful, and when he smiles the lower lid comes up and half conceals it.

He stood here to-day and spoke for an hour and a half, extemporaneously, and his language was classic and his thought as clear as sunshine. He is not a strenuous speaker, but the most persuasive, the most engaging and entertaining that I have ever heard.

The newspaper after quoting extensively from Mr. WATSON's speech said:

Mr. WATSON dwelt on the race question. His face wore a winning smile. His voice has a subtle quality, suggesting reserve power; and when he let it fall at his periods, there was something in it so sweet, so persuasive, that you can understand it only when you hear it. It seemed that he had extended his personality to his audience. While he was discussing straight political topics, making no effort at pathos or eloquence, I saw hundreds of eyes swimming in tears from no other cause than the mental excitement. I never saw people listen in this rapt way before. The little, quiet-mannered man stood there,

making a few gestures, not often raising his voice to a high pitch, not a hint of perspiration about him, but his very calmness was the calmness of strength.

The Observer again quoted from Mr. WATSON's speech at length and then used the following quotation with the following comments:

When I (Mr. WATSON) stood up in Congress and advocated that the mails should be distributed to the country people I was laughed at. Now 40,000 men are employed in the rural-free delivery of mail, and $26,000,000 expended. I have offered to give $1,000—and I'm able to do it, thank God—to anyone who will show that I am not the originator of the rural-free delivery of mails.

He cited the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD for February 17, 1893. No one can understand how impressive it was when he said, concluding this subject:

After I had been counted out and was not to be a Congressman any more, I remembered you; and now, since you have the opportunity, are you going to remember me?

He said this with his hands outstretched to the people. The beauty of it all was in the way in which it was said and done. There was not a ripple of applause, but tears were on many a cheek. It was the man's wonderful presence.

That was a splendid flight of oratory on the employment of children in factories. Now the South, with all its chivalry and humanity, winks at this thing, and the North, protecting its own children by statute, invests its capital in southern mills, where it can employ southern children.

"And we bow down to the Christ who loved little children, and have been taught to love Him because He cared for the helpless."

The scene at the close of this speech was remarkable. The people crowded about WATSON to shake his hand, and many of them were crying. There was no reason why they should be so moved, except that it was in the air. I have heard Bryan, Gunsaulus, the Dixons, and other great speakers, but this beat the band.

Several years ago John Temple Graves, in the Georgian, paid a most beautiful tribute to Senator WATSON. Among other things he said, speaking of Senator WATSON:

The publicist remains, leader of lost causes, focal of faction, and center of economic storms. He has fought his brave battle, with unbroken courage and with unfailing eloquence, to the armed armistice or to the predestined end. He has rebuked temptation, refused every compromise of principle, turned his back upon the glittering promises of office which were set for his return to the rank of the dominant faction, and with a consistency, pledged in sacrifice and maintained in heroic isolation, he has kept the faith of his advocacies and followed his convictions to successive stakes of martyrdom.

Through loneliness, misunderstanding, and misrepresentation, TOM WATSON has not faltered in fidelity to the cause and the people adopted as his own twelve years ago.

And he has rarely won. Never but once in his battle-scarred career has victory perched upon his banners or the flags of his faith over a triumphant field. His eloquence has been praised, his logic has been lauded, his consistency has been conceded, and his splendid courage has wrung tribute from his sternest foes. But by the world's standards, which are selfish and material, he must be measured as a defeated man—a baffled warrior—who has nearly always failed.

The defeated publicist—sitting for ten years desolate by his hearthstone—working out in solitude and patient honesty the strong convictions of his faith, goes forth with high courage and heroic zeal to fight. Great odds are piled against him. Slander stabs his name; scornful ridicule assails; money mocks his eloquence; friends fall away; comrades turn traitors in a night; bitterness blurs his battles; the ranks are hostile that were once his friends, and on the final field where he has staked and lost in dauntless sincerity his patriot sympathies and his brave beliefs, night falls in failure and darken in defeat.

But the patient publicist, struggling in darkness and defeat, has wrought like the tapestry weavers that work across the sea—worked on the wrong side, maybe, but worked for the right side aye. Parties that scorned him once are absorbing now his creeds; platforms that mocked him are marking his principles in planks that plead, and the people persuaded so often to defeat him and deny, are awaking at last to see that his warning was wisdom, and that his signal was the safety of the State.

Senator WATSON had many noble virtues which made him a great power in his State and Nation. One of his greatest virtues was his great love of people. He loved the folks and the folks loved him. No man without this great love could have spoken or written as he did. There is nothing in all literature truer or prettier than Senator WATSON's tribute to the country wife.

I told Senator WATSON one day that I wanted his permission to have this most splendid tribute printed in the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD so I could mail it to the good people of my district. He said he would be glad for this to be done. Neither of us then thought he would die so soon and that I would use it as part of a memorial address on his life and service. I told Senator WATSON that his tribute to the country wife was appreciated very much by me, as it was such an accurate description of my own dear mother who has been dead these 18 years. He said he had his own mother in mind when he wrote it.

It is a most splendid description of thousands of good women in our country. No man without the greatest of love for the mothers of our Nation could have written it. Let me read it to you:

There are thousands of devoted and absolutely admirable wives and mothers in our cities, in our towns, and in our villages, and it gives me pleasure and pride to testify to the fact; but if you ask me to carry you to the home of the true wife and the true mother, one who loses herself entirely in the existence of her husband and children, one who is the first to rise in the morning, and the last to retire at night, one who is always at her post of duty, and the one who carries upon her shoulders the burdens of both husband and children, one who is keeper of the household and the good angel of it, utterly unselfish, happy in making others happy, with no thought of fashionable pleasure, perfectly content in quiet home life in which she does nobody harm and everybody much good, taking as many thorns as she can from the pathway of her husband and strewing it with as many roses as possible, strengthening him by her inspiration as he goes forward to fight the battle of life, smoothing the pillow upon which he rests his tired head when he comes home, tenderly rearing the boys and girls who will in turn go away from the door some day for the last time—the boy to become a good soldier in life's continuous warfare, and the girl to become some ardent suitor's wife and to be to him what her mother has been to her father; and who, when all toils are done and her strength is departing, will sit calmly in the doorway, watching the setting sun, with a serene smile upon her face, and never a fear in her heart—ask me to find where this woman lives, where this type is to be found, and I will make a bee line for the country.

Senator WATSON loved the country folks and they loved him. There is no prettier or truer tribute to the farmer in literature than Senator WATSON's "Planting Corn." The picture is so true of life. I can see my father now in the "Old Bay Field" plowing and us children dropping corn. It is a true picture of millions of farmers and their children planting corn. Here it is:

The bluebird was out to-day; out in his blossiest plumage, his throat gurgling with song.

For the sunlight was warm and radiant in all the South, and the coming of spring had laid its benediction on every field and hedge and forest.

The smell of newly ploughed ground mingled with the subtle incense of the yellow jasmine; and from every orchard a shower of the blossoms of peach and apple and pear was wafted into the yard and hung lovingly on the eaves and in the piazzas of the old homestead—the old and faded homestead.

Was there a cloud in all the sky? Not one, not one.

"Gee! Mule!!!"

"Dad blast your hide, why don't you gee-e-EE!!"

"Co-whack" goes the plowline on the back of the patient mule—the dignified upholder of mortgages, "time price" accounts, and the family credit, generally.

Down the furrow, and up the furrow, down to the woods, and up to the fence—there they go, the sturdy plowman and his much-enduring but indispensable mule.

For the poplar leaves are now as big as squirrel-ears, and it's "time to plant corn."

On moves the plowman, steady as a clock, silent and reflective.

Right after him comes the corn-dropper, dropping corn.

The grains fairly chink as the bare feet of the corn-dropper hurry past; and before the corn has well cuddled itself into the shoe-heel of the plowman's track, down comes the hoe of the "coverer" and then the seeds pass into the portals of the great unknown; the unknown of burial and of life renewed.

Peeping from the thicket near at hand the royal redbird makes note of what is going on, nor is the thrasher blind to the progress of the corn dropper. And seated with calm but watchful dignity on the highest pine in the thicket is the melancholy crow, sharpening his appetite with all the anticipated pleasures of simple larceny.

The mockingbird circles and swoops from tree to tree, and in his matchless bursts of varied song no cadance is wanting, no melody missed.

The hum of the bees is in the air; white butterflies, like snowflakes, fall down the light and lazily float away.

The robin lingers about the china tree, and the bluejay, lifting his plumed frontlet, picks a quarrel with every feathered acquaintance, and noisily asserts his grievances.

The joree has dived deeper into the thicket, and the festive sapsucker, he of the scarlet crest, begins to come to the front, inquisitive as to the location of the bugs and worms.

On such a day, such a cloudless, radiant, flower-sweetened day, the horseman slackens the rein as he rides through lanes and quiet fields, and he dares to dream that the children of God once loved each other.

On such a day one may dream that the time might come when they would do so again.

Rein in and stop, here on this high hill. Look north, look east, where the sun rises, look south, look west, where the sun sets—on all sides the steady mule, the steady plowman, and the children dropping corn.

Close the eye a moment and look at the picture fancy paints. Every field in Georgia is there, every field in the South is there. And in each the figures are the same—the steady mule and the steady man and the pattering feet of the children dropping corn.

In these furrows lies the food of the Republic; on these fields depend life and health and happiness.

Halt those children, and see how the cheek of the world would blanche at the thought of famine.

Paralyze that plowman—and see how national bankruptcy would shatter every city in the Union.

Dropping corn! A simple thing, you say.

And yet, as those white seeds rattle down to the sod and hide away for a season, it needs no peculiar strength of fancy to see a Jacob's ladder crowded with ascending blessings.

Scornfully, the railroad king would glance at these small teams in each small field; yet check those corndroppers and his cars would rot on the road and rust would devour the engines in the roundhouse. The banker would ride through those fields thinking only of his hoarded millions, nor would he ever startle himself with the thought that his millions would melt away in mist, were those tiny hands never more to be found dropping corn. The bondholder, proud in all the security of the untaxed receiver of other people's taxes, would see in these fields merely the industry from which he gathers tribute; it would never dawn on his mind that, without the opening of those furrows and the hurrying army of children dropping corn, his bond wouldn't be worth the paper it is written on.

Great is the might of this Republic!—great in its schools, churches, courts, legislatures; great in its towns and cities; great in its commerce; great in its manufactures; great in its colossal wealth.

But sweep from under it all these worn and wasted fields, strike into idleness or death the plowman, his wife and his child, and what becomes of the gorgeous structure whose foundation is his fields?

Halt the food growers, and what becomes of your gold and its "intrinsic value?"

How much of your gold can you eat?

How many of your diamonds will answer the need of a loaf?

But enough.

It is time to ride down the hill. The tinkle of the cowbell follows the sinking sun—both on the way home.

So, with many an unspoken thought, I ride homeward, thinking of those who plant the corn.

And hard indeed would be the heart that, knowing what these people do and bear and suffer, yet would not fashion this prayer to the favored of the Republic: "O rulers, lawmakers, soldiers, judges, bankers, merchants, editors, lawyers, doctors, preachers, bondholders! Be not so unmindful of the toil and misery of those who feed you!"

I never knew how much the people of Georgia and of the Nation loved Senator WATSON until his death. Millions loved him who had seen and heard him. They loved him best for they knew him best. Millions loved him who had never seen or heard him, but only knew of his great service to mankind. All were filled with real grief. They could not fully realize that he was gone and that no more would he be heard for them and theirs.

Mr. Speaker, one of the most solemn occasions of my life was when a few of his best friends and I, the night following his death, when all the rest of the world was quiet and seemed asleep, stood with bowed heads by his casket and looked into his upturned pale face. It seemed that those lips were ready to speak again and his face ready to glow again with the sympathetic radiance of life. But then I said, no it will not be so. He is dead, but he shall live again. He shall live in the memory of a grateful people as long as the human voice shall sing the praises of men. He shall live again beyond the stars.

The next day we started for Georgia to consign his body to mother earth in the State he loved so well. The deepest grief was everywhere. Thousands of people with bowed heads watched the funeral train as it passed. In Georgia there was a mightly multitude waiting to get a last glimpse of the man they loved so well. The very deepest grief was evident everywhere. By words and tears thousands of people evidenced the devotion of the people of Georgia and the Nation to the man who was being laid to rest.

Mr. Speaker, I am to-day, as a part of my eulogy on the life of Senator WATSON, reading in whole or in part a very few of his most excellent writings. Instead of trying to write a memorial of him I am pointing you to some of the monuments of which he is the author and finisher. He wrote his own memorials, which are imperishable.

Mr. Speaker, there are scenes in nature which the artist can not paint, and there are thoughts within the human breast which we can not express. The artist can not fully paint a picture of Niagara, the Yellowstone, the Canyon of the Colorado, or of the starry heavens. You ask me to tell you of a mother's love and I am dumb, I can not. I can only take you to where a child is suffering and let you see for yourself the anxiety, the pain, the suffering of the mother, and then you know dimly what a mother's love encompasses. You ask me to tell you of the beauties of nature. All I can do is to point to the wonderful works of nature by day and at night point toward the starry heavens. "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth his handiwork." So it is with the achievements and writings of Senator WATSON. I can not tell you of them, I can only point to a few passages from his almost unlimited writings. To read his wonderful works is to live a new life in the garden of the world's best literature.

A new year has begun, my colleagues, since we saw Senator WATSON's body lowered into the grave at Thomson, Ga. Let us, the living, now read Senator WATSON's own prayer to Father Time as he felt the leading hand, and may we, in memory of our deceased friend, from our hearts utter the same prayer:

Oh, Father Time! We tremble as we feel you leading us toward the door of the New Year. Beyond that portal we can not see, and we dread it—as children dread the dark.

Deal gently with us in the New Year, Father Time.

Give us strength to bear the cross—for we know that we must bear it.

Give us courage for the battle, for we know that we must fight it.

Give us patience to endure, for we know that we shall need it.

Give us charity that thinks no evil, and which will stretch forth the helpful hand to lift our weaker brother out of the mire, rather than the cruel scorn which passes him by or thrusts him further down.

Give us faith in the right which no defeat can disturb, and no discouragement undermine.

Give us the love of truth which no temptation can seduce and no menace can intimidate.

Give us the fortitude which, through the cloud and the gloom and sorrow of apparent failure, can see the distant pinnacles upon which the everlasting sunlight rests.

Give us the pride which suffers no contamination, no compromise of self-respect, no willful desertion of honest conviction.

Give us the purpose that never turns and the hope that never dies. And, Father Time, should the New Year, into which you are taking us, have upon its calendar that day in which the few that love us shall be bowed down in sackcloth and ashes, let that day, like all other days, find us on duty—faithful to the end.

Senator WATSON died as he had wished and prayed to die. "on duty—faithful to the end." He was not afraid to die. He had an abiding faith which lifted him to the highest heavens of thought in this life and made him "glad to go" to that better land when he heard the call. Listen while I read from his own words how he felt about the efforts of mortal man, about a "loftier life," and about future estate of the human race:

Not quite can the painter's art transfer to canvas the beautiful scene which dwells in his mind.

Then whence came that beauty which is too perfect to be reproduced by human skill?

Not quite can the great composer put into melodious notes those harmonies that enraptured his soul.

Then whence came those harmonies, those celestial airs which inspired, yet somewhat eluded, the divine genius of Handel and Beethoven and Schubert and Mozart?

Not quite can the speaker or writer catch and cage, in spoken or written words, those sublime thoughts which came into his solitude, when all the outer world was still, and lifted his soul into a higher, purer, lovelier, diviner world.

Then whence came those thoughts which carried him to the mountain top and bade him look down upon all the world below?

From within comes the conviction that there must be somewhere a loftier life that we poor, imperfect creatures can live, and that somewhere there is perfect Beauty, perfect Melody, perfect Truth, and perfect Good.

From some better world must come these better things.

Some day it may be that the Angel of Beauty, which has so long inspired the artist, will whisper to him, "Put the brush away. Turn the canvas to the wall. Come with me." And that which is best in him will be glad to go.

Some day it may be that the Spirit of Music, which has been the companion soul of the composer, will say, "Sister spirit! Come away." And the twin souls will seek together the world in which there is no discordant sounds.

Some night the radiant thought that visits me here in my solitude may say to me—

"It is finished—Come." And that which is best in me will be glad to go.

To Senator WATSON life was a battle in which he was fighting for the right. "At Fifty" years of age he wrote:

Give me the man who will live and die for his ideals, who will surrender no righteous position without a struggle, who will perish rather than pollute his soul by apostasy from Right!

Better—a thousand times better—the tempest and the shipwreck with such a creed than inglorious decay at the wharf with any other. Better a Waterloo and a glorious death in the squares of the Old Guard than worldly pensions and honors for base betrayal of cause and country.

So I thought at twenty. So I think at fifty. I have the scars to show for it. And, like any other soldier of the wars, I am proud of them.

Let the tide ebb—it must be so; let the daylight fade, it must be so—but this much any poor mortal can do, and should do: Hold aloft, to the very last, the banner of your creed; fight for it as long as you can stand; and when you go down, let it be possible for you to say to those who love you: "Lay a sword on my coffin; for I, also, was a soldier in the great struggle for humanity."

Mr. Speaker, I think that there is nothing in all literature better than Senator WATSON's "Song of the Bar Room" and his companion apostrophe, the "Wine Cup."

Listen to the "Song of the Bar Room":

Alive, let us live. Where is Yesterday? Lost forever. Where's To-morrow? It may never come. To-day is here. Within its fleeting hours runs the only certainty that you'll ever know. Come, eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow you die!

The chains of self-restraint are galling—throw them off! The burden of duty is grievous—fling it down! The cross of responsibility is crushing—let another bear it!

Live for yourself: Live for the now: Live for the lust of living.

Drink! and forget dull care. Drink! and ease the heartache. Drink! and drown the passion for the unattainable.

See how men are drawn to me! My lights blaze a brilliant welcome; I am never too hot, nor too cold. Mirrored vanity smirks in my gilded reflectors; and no one is ill at ease, in my Free-for-all Club. No shrewish wife can tongue-lash you here; no peevish child annoy you with its cries. Leave to them the ugliness of your haggard home, and come unto me for comfort. Theirs, the cold and the gloom and the lonely vigil—yours, the warmth and glow and social joy.

Clink your glasses, men! Drink, again, "Here's hoping." 'Tis well to toast here, where begins the trail to the grave of Hope. Be jolly; let the place ring with laughter; relate the newest story—the story that matches the nude pictures on the wall.

What's that? A dispute, angry oaths, a violent quarrel, the crash of overturned chairs, the gleam of steel, the flash of guns, the stream of lifeblood, the groans of dying men?

Oh, well, it might have happened, anywhere. The hearts of mothers and fathers I wrench with pain; the souls of wives I darken in woe. I smite the mansion, and there are wounds that gold can not salve; the hut I invade, and poverty sinks into deeper pits.

I sow and I till, and I reap where I sow, and my harvest—is what?

Men so brutalized that all of humanity is lost, save the physical shape—men reeking with moral filth, stony of heart, bestial vice—men who hear the name of God with a wrathful stare, or a burst of scornful mirth; men listen to the death rattle of any victim of their greed or their lusts, without a sign of pity.

And the women, too! How can I fitly sing of the woman of my harvest time? Did you ever hear her laugh? It must be the favorite music of the damned. Did you ever hear her ribald talk? The very sewers might shrink at bearing it away. Have you ever heard her libidinous songs? Did you ever watch her eyes—those defiant, mocking, hopeless, shameless eyes?

What warriors have I not vanquished? What statesmen have I not laid low? How many a Burns and Poe have I not dragged down from ethereal heights? How many a Sidney Carton have I not made to weep for a wasted life? How many times have I caused the ermine to be drawn through the mud?

Strong am I—irresistibly strong.

Samsonlike, I strain at the foundations of character; and they come toppling down, in irremediable ruin. I am the cancer, beautiful to behold, and eating my remorseless way into the vitals of the world. I am the pestilence, stalking my victims to the cottage door and to the palace gate. No respecter of persons, I gloat over richly garbed victims no more than over the man of the blouse.

The church, I empty it; the jail, I fill it; the gallows, I feed it. From me and my blazing lights run straight the dark roads to the slums, to the prisons, to the bread lines, to the madhouse, to the potter's field.

I undo the work of the school. I cut the ground from under law and order. I'm the seed bed of poverty, vice, and crime. I'm the leper who buys toleration and who has not to cry "Unclean." I'm the licensed ally of sin. I buy from the State the right to lay dynamite under its foundations. For a price they give me the power to nullify the work of lawmakers, magistrates, and rulers. For a handful of gold I am granted letters of marque to sail every human sea and prey upon its lifeboats.

Huge battleships they build, casing them triply with hardened steel; and huge guns they mount on these floating ramparts, until a file of dreadnaughts line the coast—for what? To be ready for perils that may never come. But I give them a pitiful purse, and in return they issue me the lawful rights to unmask my batteries on every square; and my guns play upon humanity every day and every night of every year. And were my destroyers spread out upon the sea they would cover the face thereof.

Around that grief-bowed woman I threw the weeds of widowhood—but I paid for the chance to do it; and they who took my money knew that I would do it.

To the lips of that desolate child I brought the wail of the orphan—but I bought the right to do it; and they who sold me the right knew what would come of it.

Yes. I inflamed the murderer: I maddened the suicide: I made a brute of the husband; I made a diabolical hag out of the once beautiful girl: I made a criminal out of the once promising boy: I replaced sobriety and comfort by drunkenness and pauperism—but don't blame me: blame those from whom I purchased the legal right to do it.

No Roman emperor ever dragged at his chariot wheels, on the day of his triumph, such multitudes of captives as grace my train. Tamerlane's marches of devastation were as naught beside my steady advance over the conquered millions. The Cæsars and the Attilas come and go—comets whose advents mean death and destruction for a season; but I go on forever, and I take my ghastly toll from all that come to mill.

In civilization's ocean I am the builder of the coral reef on which the ship goes down; of its citadel, I'm the traitor who lets the enemy in; of its progress I'm the fetter and the clog; of its heaven I'm the hell.

Now let me read to you "The Wine Cup":

It is a warrior whom no victory can satisfy, no ruin satiate. It pauses at no Rubicon to consider, pitches no tents at nightfall, goes into no quarters for winter. It conquers amid the burning plains of the South, where the phalanx of Alexander halted in mutiny. It conquers amid the snowdrifts of the North, where the grand army of Napoleon found its winding sheet. Its monuments are in every burial ground. Its badges of triumph are the weeds which mourners wear. Its song of victory is the wail that was heard in Ramah: "Rachel crying for her children and weeping because they are not."

It never buries the hatchet; its temple of Janus never closes its doors. No dove of peace ever carries its message; in its hand is never the olive branch. It sends no flag of truce, and receives none; its wounded are left where they fall, and its dead bury their dead. Every citadel that it storms it devastates; and in every charge which it makes its cry is "No quarter."

Those who fall before its onset die deaths of shame, and they go down to dishonored graves to which love can bring no willing tribute of flowers, and over which pride can rear no enduring monument. To its prisoners it grants no exchange, holds them to no ransom, but clutches them fast, in a captivity that is worse than death, and which ends only at the grave.

The sword is mighty, and its bloody traces reach across time, from Nineveh to Gravelotte, from Marathon to Gettysburg. Yet mightier is its brother, the wine cup. I say "brother," and history says "brother." Castor and Pollux never fought together in more fraternal harmony. David and Jonathan never joined in more generous rivalry. Hand in hand, they have come down the centuries, and upon every scene of carnage, like vulture and shadow, they have met and feasted.

Yea; a pair of giants, but the greater is the wine cup. The sword has a scabbard, and is sheathed; has a conscience, and becomes glutted with havoc; has pity, and gives quarter to the vanquished. The wine cup has no scabbard and no conscience; its appetite is a cancer which grows as you feed it; to pity, it is deaf; to suffering, it is blind.

The sword is the lieutenant of death, but the wine cup is his captain; and if ever they come home to him from their wars, bring their trophies, boasting of their achievements, I can imagine that death, their master, will meet them with garlands and song, as the maidens of Judea met Saul and David. But as he numbers the victims of each, his pæan will be: "The sword is my Saul, who has slain his thousands; but the wine cup is my David, who has slain his tens of thousands."

Mr. Speaker, those of us living need more fortitude, and I am sure that Senator WATSON's suggestions on fortitude will encourage, not only us but those who shall read them, long, long after we, too, shall have passed away.

Do not be discouraged! Don't lose heart.

You may not be able to see the harvest where you have patiently sown the seed, but be assured of this; no seed is lost.

The truthful word manfully spoken, the earnest effort honestly made, the noble creed consistently held—these are things which do not perish: they live on and move the world and mold the destinies of men long after you are dust.

Leave cowardice to the cowards; leave servility to the slaves. Be a man—proud, though in homespun; free, though in a hut.

Own your own soul!

Dare to listen to your own heartbeat. Between you and God's sunlight let no shadow of fear fall.

What is there to live for, if you are never to think, never to speak, never to act, save as the echo of some master? Better the death of the brave than the long misery of the mental serf.

Not always is it easy to know the right—very often is the road rough. Human praise can be won by shorter routes. Honors and riches are not always its rewards. Pleasanter days and calmer nights may be yours, if you float smoothly down the tide of policy—steering deftly by the rules of the expedient.

But has life nothing loftier than this? Is there no divine voice within you that calls for better things? Is there no great pulse beat of duty within you—no flame of the warrior spirit, when insolent wrong filings its gage of battle at your feet?

Are you willing that the right shall call for aid, and you give no succor; that truth shall plead for help, and you bear no witness?

Is the sacred torch of liberty—passed on from hand to hand, down the ages in which brave men dared to keep it lit—to find you unwilling to hold it aloft?

Shall the temple of civic freedom, reared by the great men who are gone, stand vacant—calling mutely, calling vainly for votaries at the shrine?

Was it all a mockery—this long struggle your forefathers made for justice? Is it an idle tale—this story of the heroism with which the rights of the people were slowly won?

Not so—not so! Levity may slight and ignorance may disregard the blessed heirlooms of human endeavor, of patriotic purposes, of high-minded self-sacrifice—but they are there, and, like the signal fires of the highlands, they call heroic hearts to duty!

You may have desponded, but you must not despair. You may have stumbled, but you must not fall. You will rouse yourself and press forward. You will do your duty—for that is your religion.

If wrong triumphs, it shall not claim you as a partner in the crime.

If the light dies out in the homes of the people, the curse of the unhappy shall not blast your name.

You shall be a man—loyal, fearless, independent, ready for work, and loyal to the last, to the creed which your heart approves.

Men, like these—and no other—won every treasure in the storehouse of liberty, every jewel in the crown of good government, every thread in the golden tissue of religious and political freedom.

Men like these—and no other—are going to keep alive the sacred fires our fathers kindled, are going to stamp out the foul heresies that imperil our rights, are going to fight to the death those who would turn back the march of human happiness, and are going to rededicate this Government to the principles upon which it was founded!

Stand firm and fear not.

Brave men, who are nothing more than brave, rush into the combat, get worsted and quit.

Brave men, who are something more than brave, take no defeat as final.

Senator WATSON, like all great authors, soared aloft, eaglelike, into the higher and purer air, and saw visions not seen by the great mass of humanity. He wrote vividly what he saw. Those reading his masterful works see the pictures which he has drawn and marvel at the almost superhuman knowledge and vision of the artist who drew them. He indeed was one of the very greatest historians of all time. As a literary genius he ranks with the most noted. As an orator he thrilled his hearers with an eloquence which was sublime. He is physically dead, but his works and his life is a part of that which is immortal. I can not refrain from quoting again from Senator WATSON's own most splendid writings, where he commented upon a stanza of "Gray's Elegy":

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power;
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

I have often heard this stanza from "Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard" used for the purpose of discouraging ambition. In my judgment the poet had no such intention. He meant merely to give expression to that thought which the Romans had in mind when they placed in the chariot of the conqueror, on the day of his triumph, its attendant whose duty it was to repeat from time to time in the ear of the victor, "But remember that you are mortal." The same thought was in the mind of the Orientals, who dragged a mummy case through the banquet hall where revelers were feasting.

Properly understood, there is in all this no discouragement to honorable ambition. True, the paths of glory lead but to the grave, but whither leads any other path? The lawgiver, after all his toil and all the splendor of the civic crown, sinks to dust; but equally so does the thoughtless, aimless boor, who had no care beyond his pigsty.

The warrior, after the battles have been fought and won, after the dash of onset, the thrill of contest, the hot wine of triumph, sleeps coldly and alone; but equally dismal is the fate of the coward cur who wounded himself with an imaginary bullet, shirked the fight, and lived, the scorn of mankind.

There was once an Indian chief, celebrated in the mountains of North Georgia. Some one asked him the way to his home. The red man haughtily answered, "I go home along the mountain tops."

To each one of us comes the hour when we meet—

"The shadow cloaked from head to foot,
Who keeps the keys of all the creeds."

To me it seems far more noble, far more inspiring, to have the inevitable meeting somewhere in the pathway that leads us home along the mountain tops.

Senator WATSON lived in a realm of sublime creative thought on the vantage grounds of the highest peaks of the world's history and literature. He went as he had wished, home "Along the mountain tops." Yea, the very highest mountain tops which reach up to the skies where the lamps of the heavens brighten and make easier the pathway of the way-worn traveler. The transition from toil to rest was easy.

He had lived, loved, and wrote in the purest and highest ecstasies of thought which touch the mystic realms of the great

unknown. It was a beautiful peaceful night when the earth is closest to heaven. In the silent hush which comes just before the dawn he reached out and grasped the hand of the Father and stepped across the narrow chasm which divides life from eternity, and heard from the Father of us all, the plaudit—

Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joys of thy Lord.

Mr. STEAGALL. Mr. Speaker—

The heights by some men reached and kept
Were not attained by single flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

These beautiful lines find splendid illustration in the remarkable career of THOMAS E. WATSON. In all our history it would be difficult to point to any great American in whose achievements the youth of the land may find deeper inspiration than in the life of the brilliant Georgian whose memory we honor to-day.

To arrive at a just estimation of the credit due him, it is necessary to consider the difficulties and obstacles which he had to overcome. His accomplishments are sufficient of their own merit to give him high place among the Nation's great men. But to do his name full justice it is necessary to contrast his accomplishments with his opportunities. His life throughout was one of arduous toil and self-reliance. The hardships and handicaps which he encountered find striking parallel in the case of the great Lincoln. With Senator WATSON, as with Lincoln, the obstacles of early life became mere stepping-stones and seem to have developed a sympathy for the poor and a devotion to the interests of the masses which became the guiding influence of a life devoted to their advancement.

At an early age, without necessary financial aid to pursue an education, with the responsibilities of a breadwinner thrust upon him, we find this red-headed boy at work on a farm at 50 cents a day. From the humble scenes and associations of simple farm life back in the hills of Georgia, a life of daily contact with farm hands, white and black, with no opportunities to make his way in the world save those carved by his own indomitable will and ambition, we see this farmer boy grow into the man of learning, enjoying the companionship of the greatest poets and philosophers of history. We see him master the world's classics—aye, more than that, the world's classics are enriched by his contributions, which will last as long as the English language shall be spoken. The backwoods country boy before reaching middle life is recognized as one of the world's great writers. Yet be it said to his credit that the glamor and glory of it all could never win his heart away from those to whom he had become attached in early youth. Through all his writing runs the vein of sympathy for them, the unabating effort to bridge the chasm between rich and poor and lead men to a recognition of brotherhood and equality.

I did not always agree with him. But I am glad to accept the invitation to speak on this occasion and to pay my tribute to this illustrious son of the South whose every heartbeat was loyal to her traditions and who spent his life in patriotic service of our common country.

Senator WATSON's place as a writer is so unique that many who have been attracted by the brilliancy of his literary attainments seem not fully to appreciate his extraordinary achievements in other fields of endeavor. To become a successful lawyer is in itself enough to crown any man's career with success. Such a place is well worthy the life's effort of any man—such a reward is rich enough to compensate any amount of toil and endeavor. Senator WATSON was one of the country's really great lawyers. During the days of his struggles to obtain a college education, which was never completed, while teaching to obtain funds with which to prosecute his career at school, he took up the study of law, and at night burned his candle late, storing his mind with the fundamental principles of English jurisprudence. He laid well the foundations to which he always adhered, never falling into the evil of stopping with some decision or accepting as final some discovered precedent. His investigations were always exhaustive. He never reached a conclusion until prepared to fortify it by unanswerable reason. Soon after his admission to the bar his ability was recognized on every hand. His profound knowledge of the law and his remarkable gifts as an advocate created widespread demand for his services. His clientele at once extended throughout the entire State of Georgia. Always, after this, whenever it was found necessary to replenish his purse, so often wasted in political activity or public service, he had only to return to the practice of his profession to accumulate a comfortable fortune in a few brief years—and this, too, in a State where large accumulations of wealth are rare and where the fees of the lawyer are comparatively small. I would not be understood as attempting to measure his success as a lawyer solely by financial standards. That is only one of the elements by which to measure true success. It is said that Senator WATSON selected his cases and often refused to accept fees in instances which he regarded as unworthy of his efforts. On the other hand, no one was ever turned away because of poverty or obscurity. He sought always to use his splendid attainments in the promotion of justice and in service to his fellows.

But Senator WATSON had a love for mankind which made it impossible for him to rest content in the quietude of literary pursuits or the routine practice of law in the midst of wider opportunity for service. Too many problems affecting the masses pressed home for solution. In the presence of such conflicts and contending forces one of his restless nature and patriotic purpose could not remain passive or inactive. He had a love for the masses that was no less than a passion and an unyielding devotion to their interests and to every cause that lay close to their hearts or their welfare. He had unbounded faith in the right and capacity of the people to control their Government, and so long as this view was held in question nothing could swerve him from the purpose to accomplish its vindication. Politics to him was not a game to be played to obtain office or its emoluments. The appeal that allured him was the call to public service. Other things were mere incidents or means to be used to reach the higher end. He genuinely despised the ease and comfort, as he spurned the rewards, that attend the course of least resistance. He sought always a place on the firing line where he encountered hardships and often, I am sure, disappointments—but always his head was erect, his purpose fixed, and his spirit undaunted. Even political exile seemed only to deepen his faith, to strengthen his courage, and to increase his ardor. He let pass no opportunity to fight in any cause which he thought meant the betterment of the masses of mankind.

The plain people loved him with the same unyielding devotion with which he so gladly fought their battles. The people of Georgia loved and honored him to a degree not excelled in the case of any other illustrious son of that great Commonwealth. Probably in all the history of the State no such tribute was ever before paid one of her sons as was paid Senator WATSON by the thousands of toiling masses who swept into the little town of Thomson from every nook and corner of the State, many of whom, unable to obtain lodging, walked the streets or sat up all night awaiting the hour when they might look for the last time upon the silent face of their lamented chieftain. Not only in his beloved State of Georgia, but throughout the length and breadth of the land where dwell the men whose toil creates the wealth of this mighty Nation this man was loved and honored. They followed him when living, and now that he is gone they cherish his memory in lasting gratitude and affection.

Happy, indeed, the dispensation of Providence which permitted this devoted public servant to live to enjoy in some measure the rewards that come of unselfish service for the masses and to realize at least a partial fruition of his hopes and labors for their betterment. Not only was he called to the highest position within the gift of the people of Georgia but he lived to see the cause of those for whom he fought held in different regard by those in charge of their Government.

The principles penned by his hand and promulgated in ridicule and derision as populistic vagaries have been accepted as wise and beneficent by many of the leaders of the two great political parties, and their author triumphantly chosen to a seat in the Senate of the United States. The plan originated by him for the daily delivery of mail to the men about their daily toil has been accomplished. The masses have reached a higher degree of education and enlightenment. Improved methods of transportation have brought healthier and happier social and economic conditions throughout the land. The demand for financial reform, sneered at back in the nineties, has been met by the establishment of banking facilities which give the average citizen an opportunity in the struggle for industrial supremacy unknown in former years.

Farmers of the Nation, with new hope in their hearts and new light in their eyes, have caught step to the music of a better and a brighter day. He had only to look about him to behold on every hand the splendid fruits of his patriotic public service and a future bright with the promise of ever-widening prosperity and happiness.

Senator WATSON was a pioneer in every struggle in recent years that has brought relief to the masses of mankind. He was of heroic mold. He lived and died fighting for the uplift of his

fellows. His great learning, his masterly oratorical gifts, his rare courage, lofty patriotism, and labor for the common good give him place as one of the outstanding statesmen of our great Republic.

It is not gold, but only men
Can make a people great and strong.
Men who, for truth and honor's sake,
Stand fast and suffer long;
Brave men who work while others sleep,
Who dare while others fly,
These build a nation's pillars deep
And lift them to the sky.

Mr. OVERSTREET. Mr. Speaker, I shall not attempt to speak of the great attainments of the late Senator from Georgia, the Hon. THOMAS E. WATSON, because his character and abilities have already been beautifully and eloquently portrayed by his colleagues both in the House and the Senate. But I shall speak of him as a lawyer for the reason that Members of the Senate and the House have often asked me if Senator WATSON succeeded as well at the bar as on the hustings.

I knew him well as a lawyer, because I practiced law in the courts of our own State with him. To say that he was a good lawyer would not begin to do him justice, because he was one of the best, if not the very best, trial lawyer I have ever met in the courts. He was an advocate of marvelous ability and if he had the conclusion before a jury his logic and eloquence were simply irresistible. He rarely ever lost a case before a jury, and I have seen him try quite a number. And he did not depend alone upon his powers of speech, for no lawyer prepared his cases better than Mr. WATSON. I have been associated with him in the trial of several cases and have observed the care with which he prepared every detail. He was not satisfied with knowing the law, but he wanted to know, and did know, all the facts and details of every case. If the cause were one in which oral evidence alone was involved he would talk to each and every witness and question him closely and minutely in regard to every phase of the transaction. And when the case was sounded for trial Mr. WATSON was always ready and well prepared. He rarely made any notes, but carried everything in his marvelous memory.

The county of Scraven, my home county, was the scene of Senator WATSON's early activities. It was there he taught his first school during vacation while attending college at Mercer University, and the old log house where he taught a country school at Goloid stood for a number of years until it rotted down from sheer decay. In fact, it remained standing until a few years ago, and when strangers came along the road near where the old building stood it was pointed out to them as an object of interest and curiosity, because Mr. WATSON labored there, while yet in his teens, within its humble walls.

He had loyal friends everywhere, but there were none more loyal and loving than those in Scraven County, where he made them while a young man struggling to obtain an education.

I was at my home in Scraven County when the death of Senator WATSON was announced from Washington, and it made one sad to witness the expressions of sorrow and bereavement depicted in the faces of his host of friends when they learned of his death.

He loved his friends and they worshiped him with a devotion that was truly wonderful. No man in Georgia ever had a more powerful, personal following than Senator WATSON. His followers grew from a small band in the early '90's until he was justly regarded at the time of his death as the strongest political factor the State has ever produced.

Senator WATSON had many and marvelous gifts. He was a lawyer of rare ability, a statesman with a national reputation, a historian of preeminent authority, a man of broad culture and wide information, a devoted husband, a loving father, and a loyal friend. No words of praise from his colleagues can add to his renown, and he has left in the hearts and affections of his people a monument that will last forever.

Mr. UPSHAW. Mr. Speaker and gentlemen of the House: "History has furnished but one perfect example" declared the eloquent J. C. C. Black in beginning his memorable speech at the unveiling of the Ben Hill monument in Atlanta; but the pages of history shine with the names and the deeds of men whose notable achievements have been at once the legacy and the inspiration of mankind. We have met to-day beneath the dome of this historic Capitol in the Capital of the proudest and happiest Nation on earth to pay tribute to a man—a scholar, a statesman—whose outstanding ability and whose remarkable versatility gave his name and his books an honored place in the libraries of two continents, and carried him to the shining pinnacle of the highest elective office, save one, in the United States of America.

THOMAS E. WATSON was humanly human, and therefore he was not a perfect man. His very humanity made thousands love him more. But any impartial study of notable men of notable achievements must admit that there was something tremendously unusual and notably worthy that caused this typical American boy of humble birth to so mightily grip the hearts of the masses that more than 10,000 people journeyed to his funeral in the now famous little town of Thomson, Ga.—people who followed him in life as "the Stormy Petrel of Georgia politics"—some in reverence, some in awe, some in reasoning sequence, some in blind and unreasoning devotion, but all with an unmatched enthusiasm—for they believed, somehow, that "Tom" WATSON was the friend and fearless champion of the "common man."

I saw those thousands that memorable September day—stunned, saddened, silent—wounded, wondering, weeping—feeling that one of their own number, one of their closest friends or relatives, even one of their family circle, had been called by God, leaving a vacant chair, an empty throne, which no other could ever fill.

A memorial address in a sacred hour like this is a good place for frankness and honesty; it is certainly not a place for other than honesty; and in that spirit of frankness which THOMAS E. WATSON would himself approve, I must say that I did not indorse some things which Mr. WATSON did, nor some measures for which he stood; and frankly, again, I am quite sure he did not indorse some things I did and some measures for which I stood; but we were personal friends, each recognizing the right and the duty of the other to think honestly and act fearlessly before the bar of personal conscience and political action.

In the brief compass of this memorial tribute, in which so many friends and colleagues join, it is manifestly impossible to record or even refer to many of Senator WATSON's notable achievements; but to me, far more than the fact that he was one time the nominee for Vice President, and then the nominee for President by a national convention of political pathfinders, two things stand out above all others among his pioneer constructive efforts—his initial steps toward that great, beneficent legislation in behalf of the American farmer, rural free delivery, and his authorship of the antiliquor plank in the Populist platform of 1896.

Professor Arnett, of Columbia University, in his book, "The Populist Movement in Georgia," records that the Populists came out for prohibition in that year, and that Mr. WATSON, their acknowledged leader, wrote their platform demand for prohibition.

The masses were not ready for it then, but such pioneer declarations helped to blaze the trail for the "White Ribbon" legions who finally marched to constitutional victory. While a Member of Congress from the tenth district of Georgia in 1892, Mr. WATSON had already startled the country by his revelations concerning the barroom in the Capitol—the beginning of the fight which finally drove that insidious den of drink and shame from beneath the Capitol dome, and serving as a prohibition object lesson to the whole country, for the people naturally reasoned that if the debauching saloon was not fit for lawmakers in the National Capitol building, then surely it was not fit for the youth of America who would some day be the lawmakers or the lawbreakers of the Nation.

Leading Georgia papers declared at the time that the brilliant young representative of the tenth Georgia district had suffered the fate of practically all reformers—that he had lost all his influence in Congress by trying to bring about such a radical change in the habits and customs of recognized leaders. Henry Grady said:

All reforms are born through doubt and suspicion, but back of them, as back of the coming sun, stands the Lord God Almighty.

While naturally, of course, many would have rejoiced to see Senator WATSON more vigorous toward the enactment and enforcement of the Federal amendment, we rejoice to remember that the distinguished world historian, whose first public speech was an appeal for temperance, left to history one of the most graphic and powerful arraignments of "The Wine Cup" and "The Song of the Bar Room" in all literature. Every young man, every young woman, in America—yea, in the world—who is tempted to "look on the wine when it is red" and plunge into the debauching fascinations of bacchanalian revelry ought to read these brilliant and immortal warnings:

THE WINE CUP.

By THOMAS E. WATSON.

It is a warrior whom no victory can satisfy, no ruin satiate. It pauses at no Rubicon to consider, pitches no tent at nightfall, goes into no quarters for winter. It conquers amid the burning plains of the South, where the phalanx of Alexander halted in mutiny. It conquers amid the snowdrifts of the North, where the grand army of

Napoleon found its winding sheet. Its monuments are in every burial ground. Its badges of triumph are the weeds which mourners wear. Its song of victory is the wail that was heard in Ramah: "Rachel crying for her children and weeping because they are not."

It never buries the hatchet; its temple of Janus never closes its doors. No dove of peace ever carries its message; in its hand is never the olive branch. It sends no flag of truce, and receives none; its wounded are left where they fall, and its dead bury their dead. Every citadel that it storms, it devastates; and in every charge which it makes its cry is, "No quarter."

Those who fall before its onset die deaths of shame; and they go down to dishonored graves to which love can bring no willing tribute of flowers, and over which pride can rear no enduring monument. To its prisoners it grants no exchange, holds them to no ransom, but clutches them fast in a captivity that is worse than death, and which ends only at the grave.

The sword is mighty, and its bloody traces reach across time, from Ninevah to Gravelotte, from Marathon to Gettysburg. Yet mightier is its brother, the wine cup. I say "brother," and history says "brother." Castor and Pollux never fought together in more fraternal harmony. David and Jonathan never joined in more generous rivalry. Hand in hand, they have come down the centuries, and upon every scene of carnage, like vulture and shadow, they have met and feasted.

Yea; a pair of giants, but the greater is the wine cup. The sword has a scabbard, and is sheathed; has a conscience, and becomes glutted with havoc; has pity, and gives quarter to the vanquished. The wine cup has no scabbard and no conscience, its appetite is a cancer which grows as you feed it; to pity, it is deaf; to suffering, it is blind.

The sword is the lieutenant of death, but the wine cup is his captain; and if ever they come home to him from their wars, bringing their trophies, boasting of their achievements, I can imagine that death, their master, will meet them with garlands and song, as the maidens of Judea met Saul and David. But as he numbers the victims of each, his pæan will be: "The sword is my Saul, who has slain his thousands; but the wine cup is my David, who has slain his tens of thousands."

THE SONG OF THE BAR ROOM.

(By THOS. E. WATSON.)

Alive, let us live. Where is Yesterday? Lost forever. Where's To-morrow? It may never come. To-day is *here*. Within its fleeting hours, runs the only certainty that you'll ever know. Come! eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow you die!

The chains of Self-restraint are galling—throw them off! The burden of Duty is grievous—fling it down! The cross of Responsibility is crushing—let another bear it!

Live for *yourself:* live for the *Now:* live for the *lust of living.*

Drink! and forget dull Care! and ease the heartache. Drink! and drown the passion for the unattainable.

See how men are drawn to me! My lights blaze a brilliant welcome: I am never too hot nor too cold. Mirrored Vanity smirks in my gilded reflectors; and no one is ill at ease in my Free-for-all Club. No shrewish wife can tongue-lash you here; no peevish child annoy you with its cries. Leave to *them* the ugliness of your haggard home and come unto me for comfort. Theirs, the cold and gloom and the lonely vigil—yours, the warmth and glow and social joy.

Clink your glasses, men! Drink again, "*Here's hoping.*" 'Tis well to toast her here, where begins the trail to the grave of Hope. Be jolly; let the place ring with laughter: relate the newest story—the story that matches the nude pictures on the wall.

What's that? A dispute, angry oaths, a violent quarrel, the crash of overturned chairs, the gleam of steel, the flash of guns, the stream of life-blood, the groans of dying men?

Oh, well, it might have happened anywhere. The hearts of mothers and fathers I wrench with pain; the souls of wives I darken with woe. I smite the mansion and there are wounds that gold can not salve; the hut I invade, and poverty sinks into deeper pits.

I sow and I till, and I reap where I sow, and my harvest—is what?

Men so brutalized that all of humanity is lost, save the physical shape—men reeking with moral filth, stony of heart, bestial in vice—men who hear the name of God with a wrathful stare or a burst of scornful mirth; men who listen to the death rattle of any victim of their greed or their lusts without a sign of pity.

And the women, too. How can I fitly sing of the woman of my harvest time? Did you ever hear her laugh? It must be the favorite music of the damned. Did you ever hear her ribald talk? The very sewers might shrink at bearing it away. Have you ever heard her libidinous songs? Did you ever watch her eyes—those defiant, mocking, hopeless, shameless eyes?

What warriors have I not vanquished? What statesmen have I not laid low? How many a Burns and Poe have I not dragged down from ethereal heights? How many a Sidney Carton have I not made to weep for a wasted life? How many times have I caused the ermine to be drawn through the mud?

Strong am I—irresistibly strong.

Samson-like, I strain at the foundations of character; and they come toppling down, in irremediable ruin. I am the cancer, beautiful to behold, and eating my remorseless way into the vitals of the world. I am the pestilence, stalking my victims to the cottage door and the palace gate. No respecter of persons, I gloat over richly-garbed victims no more than over the man of the blouse.

The church, I empty it; the jail, I fill it; the gallows, I feed it. From me and my blazing lights run straight the dark roads to the slums, to the prisons, to the bread lines, to the madhouse, to the potter's field.

I undo the work of the school. I cut the ground from under law and order. I'm the seed bed of poverty, vice, and crime. I'm the leper who buys toleration, and who has not to cry "Unclean." I'm the licensed ally of sin. I buy from the State the right to lay dynamite under its foundations. For a price they give me the right to nullify the work of lawmakers, magistrates, and rulers. For a handful of gold I am granted letters of marque, to sail every human sea and prey upon its lifeboats.

Huge battleships they build, casing them triply with hardened steel; and huge guns they mount on these floating ramparts, until a file of dreadnoughts line the coast—for what? To be ready for perils that may never come. But I give them a pitiful purse; and, in return, they issue to me the lawful right to unmask *my* batteries on every square; and my guns play upon humanity every day and every night of every year. And were my destroyers spread out upon the sea they would cover the face thereof.

Around that grief-bowed woman *I* threw the weeds of widowhood—but I paid for the chance to do it; and *they who took my money knew that I would do it.*

To the lips of that desolate child *I* brought the wail of the orphan—but I bought the right to do it; and *they who sold me the right knew what would come of it.*

Yes! I inflamed the murdered: I maddened the suicide: I made a brute of the husband: I made a diabolical hag out of the once beautiful girl: I made a criminal out of the once promising boy: I replaced sobriety and comfort by drunkenness and pauperism—but don't blame *me; blame those from whom I purchased the legal right to do it.*

No Roman Emperor ever dragged at his chariot wheels on the day of his triumph such multitudes of captives as grace my train. Tamerlane's marches of devastation were as naught beside my steady advance over the conquered millions. The Cæsars and the Attilas come and go—comets whose advent means death and destruction, for a season: *but I go on forever, and I take my ghastly toll from all that come to mill.*

In civilization's ocean I am the builder of the coral reef on which the ship goes down: of its citadel, I'm the traitor who lets the enemy in: of its progress, I'm the fetter and the clog: of its heaven, I'm the hell.

SEPARATION OF CHURCH AND STATE.

Conducting the funeral of Senator WATSON, Dr. E. J. Forrester, the profound Bible scholar and Baptist preacher, who was the favorite pastor of the brilliant Georgian, brought out the fact that Senator WATSON, who united with the Baptist Church in his youth, loved the simplicities and verities of "old-time religion," and such old-time songs as "How Firm a Foundation" and "On Jordan's Stormy Banks I Stand," and that he believed what everybody knew he believed—in that fundamental Americanism which Roger Williams taught—the absolute separation of church and state, liberty of conscience and freedom of soul. His brilliant advocacy of these basic constitutional truths was like a blazing fire consuming everything before it that dared to touch the public treasury for sectarian purposes or dispute the supremacy of the American flag on the American continent.

HE COULD WEEP AS WELL AS FIGHT.

It was hard for many who only thought of him in the heat of fierce political conflict to realize that "TOM" WATSON, the fighting warrior of the hustings, had an intensely human heart that could obey the Biblical injunction to "weep with those who weep."

It was not merely the personal gratitude of one stricken family that learned that beautiful truth just after the Knickerbocker tragedy here in Washington, and not merely in his native Georgia were thousands moved to tears by his thoughtful, brilliant, tender words, but widely over America millions were touched and blessed when he had read before the Senate of the United States that beautiful editorial from the Washington Star entitled "Carolyn Upshaw," and addressing himself especially to the brave, striking words of faith and triumph, "Well, sister, I haven't cried yet," that fell from the smiling lips of that suffering, dying Christian girl of 16 years, Senator WATSON melted the hearts of listening Senators and a listening Nation by his wonderful words of pathos, beauty, and immortal truth.

Thank God for the mission and the ministry of human tenderness and Christian sympathy!

E'en sorrow touched by love grows bright
With more than rapture's ray,
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day!

Senator WATSON wrote me one time in response to my letter of sympathy when his beloved daughter died: "I have almost reached the limit of the men of my line, and I want to die at peace with all mankind." And one day when I sat near him in the Senate while a fellow Senator was making a bitter speech toward certain politicians, the tempestuous leader of many a stormy battle turned and gently said to me:

It is a pity for a political leader to indulge in bitterness. I realize that I have made a mistake to find myself so often breasting the waves of the current and harboring and using bitter speech. I feel the new responsibility of being a Senator upon me and I want to represent, not a bitter feud, but all the people of Georgia.

It is highly gratifying to Senator WATSON's nation-wide circle of friends that his editorial ideals and potential activities did not stop with his untimely death, but that his paper, The Columbia Sentinel, is now being carried on by his former confidental secretary, Hon. Grover C. Edmonson, as the resourceful editor, and by that remarkably brilliant Georgia woman, Mrs. Alice Louise Lytle, as managing editor, who served in that capacity something like a dozen years during the life and labors of "The Chief," as his close associates affectionately called him.

Better than any other two persons of equal ability on earth, they are capable of lifting aloft the torch he carried so long, and projecting into the future those fundamental principles of militant Jeffersonian democracy for which THOMAS E. WATSON so fearlessly and brilliantly stood. It is especially fortunate for the cause of sobriety that, in consonance with the spirit of the first public utterance of their "Chief" in his brilliant youth, The Columbia Sentinel is firing a broadside every week

in behalf of the integrity of the Constitution and the strict enforcement of our prohibition law.

Victor, indeed, is that builder of states and nations who lived strongly enough to project his ideals beyond the touch of his own master hand and plant the seed—truths of a shining pyramid of light that will pierce the ages as they over it roll.

Do dreams of fame thy restless soul engage?
With sword or pen thou canst inscribe thy name
Upon the brow of Envious Time himself
And bid defiance to his blighting breath;
But thou must first build 'round thy human heart
An adamantine wall, impregnable alike
To Love's sweet smile or Pity's tear,
On the altar of thy purposes lay
Freedom and ease and rest and calm content—
The joys of home, hope, happiness, and Heaven;
And when thou'st reached the lonely mountain top
And stand at sunset by the glittering thing
For which thou'st left the peaceful vale below,
Thou'lt find the brightness that had lured thee on
Above the dear companionship of men
Was but a mocking gleam of chilling light
Reflected from some bleak and icy cliff
That frowns above eternal fields of snow.

These lofty words by Tom F. McBeath, one of the South's most gifted poets and educators, describes the melancholy fate, the lonely isolation, of many a son of fame who has lost the "common touch" by climbing above and away from the masses of men and women, but THOMAS E. WATSON carried the plain people with him to the heights, realizing that they and their clinging love and faith had placed him there, and he accepted that faith and love as the gift and the call of duty and of God.

THE LATE REPRESENTATIVE SAMUEL M. BRINSON.

Mr. STEDMAN took the chair as Speaker pro tempore.

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

The Clerk read as follows:

On motion of Mr. ABERNETHY, by unanimous consent—

*Ordered*, That Sunday, February 11, 1923, be set apart for addresses on the life, character, and public services of the Hon. SAMUEL M. BRINSON, late a Representative from the State of North Carolina.

Mr. ABERNETHY. Mr. Speaker, I desire to send forward a resolution and ask for its adoption.

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

The Clerk read as follows:

House Resolution 524.

*Resolved*, That the business of the House be now suspended that an opportunity may be given for tributes to the memory of Hon. SAMUEL M. BRINSON, late a Member of the House from the State of North Carolina.

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

*Resolved*, That the Clerk send a copy of the resolutions to the Senate.

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

The resolution was unanimously agreed to.

Mr. ABERNETHY. Mr. Speaker, we speak of those who have departed as if they were swept out of existence. It is difficult to conceive that they have simply changed relations. We speak of the sun at evening as gone. It has only faded from our sight, to shed its light on some other part of the world. We speak of the ship, as it gradually sinks from sight, as gone. It is just plowing its way across waters deep to find, ere many days, another harbor. Our friend whose memory we honor to-day has gone to find rest in another harbor, to live in another realm and in a changed existence.

There is no death; what seems so is transition.
This life of mortal is but the suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portals we call death.

My distinguished predecessor, SAMUEL MITCHELL BRINSON, was born at New Bern, N. C., on March 20, 1870. He was the son of William George and Kittie (Chestnut) Brinson. His father was an honored citizen of Craven County and held positions of high trust in the county. SAMUEL M. BRINSON was educated in the public schools and at Wake Forest College, where he graduated A. B. in 1891. After his graduation he taught school for a year and then took the law course at the University of North Carolina, and was admitted to the bar in 1896 and began to practice at New Bern. In 1902 Mr. BRINSON was elected superintendent of public instruction for Craven County, and for more than 15 years he directed and supervised the county school system and built up for Craven County a system of schools the equal of any in the State. He soon became a prominent factor in school matters in the State and was a member of the executive committee of the North Carolina Teachers' Assembly and a trustee of the Eastern Carolina Training School at Greenville and a trustee of Meridith College at Raleigh.

Mr. BRINSON was elected to the Sixty-sixth Congress in November, 1918, and took his seat on March 4, 1919. He was reelected as a member of the Sixty-seventh Congress in November, 1920, and died April 13, 1922. Mr. BRINSON was a 32 degree Scottish Rite Mason, a member of Sudan Temple of the Mystic Shrine and was affiliated with the Royal Arcanum in which he was Supreme Guide. He was a deacon in the Baptist Church. Mr. BRINSON was married to Miss Ruth Martin Scales, of Salisbury, N. C., January 16, 1901. His wife died on January 19, 1919, while he was a member of Congress. They have one daughter, Miss Mary Steele Brinson. During the last few years of his life Mr. BRINSON was a terrible sufferer from illness. No one but he and God will ever know the suffering which he underwent.

We are told that all pain, sickness, weariness, distress and agony of body is to be treated reverently. Every sorrow is a billow in the world's troublesome sea, which we must pass over on the cross to bear us nearer home. The cloud forms, drops its rain, and passes away for the sun to shine and the flower to bloom. The storm gathers, purifies the air and passes away for the fragrant and healthful calm to settle like a benediction on the land. Affliction comes, and passes away for peace, joy, and glory to appear. When one passes under the shadow of the Cross of Calvary, he knows that through this shadow lies the passage to the great white throne. It is said of Michael Angelo, as he hewed away at his marble, he would watch the chips fall under the heavy strokes of his mallet, and would say "As the marble wastes the image grows." God's ways in his providences are incomprehensible, but through affliction and sorrow we may exclaim, "God is making us."

And may we say of our friend whose memory we honor that it is our fervent prayer that in the evening of his life, when the golden clouds rested sweetly and invitingly upon the golden mountains, and the light of heaven streamed down through the gathering mists of death, that he had a peaceful and abundant entrance into the world of blessedness, where the great riddle of life unfolded to him in the quick consciousness of a redeemed and purified existence.

Mr. GARRETT of Tennessee. Mr. Speaker, I am very grateful to my friends from North Carolina for the honor they do me in inviting me to be present and participate in these memorial exercises in honor of our departed colleague, who those of us who knew him generally respected so highly and those who knew him intimately loved so much. It is not improper that some Representative from Tennessee should participate in these exercises because the history of Tennessee is inseparably intertwined with that of North Carolina. The territory which is embraced in the State of Tennessee was embraced in the grant by Queen Elizabeth to Sir Walter Raleigh and in the subsequent grants by Charles II to the Lords Proprietary of the Carolinas.

As early as 1772 the people of what is known in history as the Watauga Settlement met and drew up certain articles of government, which were the first articles drawn by any body west of the Alleghenies that might be denominated self-governing articles. But the State of North Carolina subsequently asserted and maintained, by peaceful methods, its sovereignty over that section. I do not know just why the Watauga articles were drawn, except perhaps that it was due to the fact that the settlers at Watauga came from other States in the main rather than from North Carolina. At any rate, in 1784, North Carolina passed an act of cession, anticipating the act of Virginia. By this act what is now Tennessee was ceded to Virginia, but for some reason the Federal Government did not accept it; and some two years later there was formed the State of Franklin.

This had a stormy career. It was never recognized by North Carolina and of course was never recognized by the Federal Government; and in 1790 North Carolina passed a second act of cession, ceding what is now Tennessee to the Federal Government, and this cession was accepted. So that Tennessee comes from North Carolina.

There are other reasons why a Tennesseean should be invited to participate in this memorial service. Two, at least, of the Presidents of the United States who were citizens of Tennessee were natives of North Carolina. Polk was born in Mecklenburg County, and Johnson was born in the county in which Raleigh is situated. Where Jackson was born, of course, we do not know. There has always been a contest between gentlemen from North Carolina and gentlemen from South Carolina over that question. If he was born in North Carolina, then North Carolina has furnished three Presidents by way of Tennessee. If he was born in South Carolina, then South Carolina is in the happy condition of being able to quote the words put in the mouth of a lioness by some writer on natural history, in the story

with which you are familiar. During a truce among the animals the mothers met in order to show their progeny. The fox showed a number of babies. Other animals showed a number, and finally the fox said to the lioness, "How many can you show?" And the lioness said, "I can show only one, but look you well at it; it is a lion's cub."

Another reason why perhaps it is not improper that I was invited to participate is the extremely friendly relation always existing between the North Carolina delegation and myself. Ever since I have been here North Carolina has had a leading place in the affairs of the Nation. It was true long before I came here; it will be true long after I am gone from here. Among those from North Carolina with whom I have been associated was our departed colleague, Mr. BRINSON.

I can not say that I knew him intimately, but I knew him most pleasantly. He was in ill health during much of the time that he served here. He was unable to give to his service all the activity that he would have liked to give, but within the limits of his work he maintained in highest degree the fine traditions and splendid spirit of North Carolina; and that is saying much.

He was a well-educated man. He made one address here which I remember very well indeed, which was notable in character. When the reapportionment bill was presented from the Committee on the Census, of which he was a member, he felt that in a way the institutions and practices of his State had been attacked, and he made a speech which was exhaustive from the legal standpoint and from the broader standpoint of social necessity and of the rights of a sovereign State.

He was a very loyal man. He was loyal to duty; he was loyal to his State. He was proud of the honor that had been conferred upon him. He did all that he could to measure up to his responsibilities, and he measured well. He was an educator before he came here. He had a well-trained mind. His diction was clean and clear always. His impulses were fine. He was of gentle spirit, tender in heart. He rendered great service.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The gentleman from North Carolina [Mr. WARD] is recognized.

Mr. WARD of North Carolina. Mr. Speaker, the beautiful custom which the Congress has followed through all its history of convening in special session, the public business laid aside, to give the Members an opportunity to say a word to the memory of those of their friends and favorites of the membership who may have been called away forever by the death angel during the term, has been called into exercise with fearful, almost shocking, frequency during the Sixty-seventh Congress. My State has been called to share with the others and our thoughts are now turned to the fondly cherished recollections of the late SAMUEL M. BRINSON, late a Representative from the third district of North Carolina. He came first to the Sixty-sixth Congress with but little experience of the larger affairs, so called, of public life and politics, coming first into public notice for valued and conspicuous service in the cause of public education in North Carolina 20 years ago, as soon as political peace was restored from the struggle that brought forth the suffrage amendment to the constitution of that State and its activities were embraced with a strong and universal enthusiasm throughout the State.

Mr. BRINSON lived in a large county whose suffering had been long and patient, and in the revival of its activities and the putting on of its new labors he was called to its support and continued to serve as the chief officer and leading proponent of that work in his county until his election to Congress in 1918. His heart and head and hand were enlisted as one who loved his work, for he loved humanity and sought always to lift it up. He loved children and loved to contemplate their possibilities, and saw in education the only hope and chance for the fullness of those possibilities.

His devotion to this service and unstinted qualifications produced efficiency that attracted attention from a distance, and he was called into service as an advocate to other parts of the State. The people saw in this service and this advocacy his unselfish nature, his freedom from demagogy, his high degree of capacity, and his genuine broad-gauged devotion to them and their children, and for these qualities and these causes they called him to a supposed higher service and more conspicuous honors, a service in the Congress of the Nation.

This call, coming as it did for this cause and in recognition of such an order of public service, may, I think, be said to be a larger compliment, so to speak, than that which frequently comes on account of political service and party zeal. Many calls to high public service come as expressions of necessary recognition to partisan activities and sacrifice. This probably is as it should be, but when an intelligent and patriotic electorate turn away from the active fields of politics and look for servants whose merit is tested by their closer touch with the fundamentals of life, the hearthstone cares and hopes and aspirations of homes where fathers and mothers pray and struggle and children are born and reared and take on the duties of life, it is, I think, a stronger expression of public confidence and affection and a prouder monument, a happier heritage—

A heritage it seems to me
A king might wish to hold in fee.

This is exactly what Mr. BRINSON's election to Congress meant, and he well deserved it. Yet, by that, I do not mean to indicate that he was lacking in party interest and loyalty, for he was not. He believed in his party as the best agency for the service of the people whose interests and welfare he loved, but he had not been as active as many men in his district in its behalf.

Firm as adamant in his party alignment and in all his connections, he had no heart for hate and no spirit narrow enough for intolerance. In the short time I served with him in the House I many times sat by him among the thin ranks of the Democratic side and heard him comment on the Members of the opposite side of the House, then strangers to me, as they rose to speak, and he always reserved something kind, complimentary, and generous to say—indeed he had the habit and disposition of speaking kindly of everybody.

And this, Mr. Speaker, I think is the delicate, accurate, and supreme test of human character—to speak generously of others in their absence. One who speaks generously thinks generously, and one who thinks generously of others has the fullness of human excellence, so far as it is given to human character to possess it.

I heard one of his campaign speeches in 1920, when he had a sharp campaign on for his nomination. Truth, candor, and absence of self-laudation, and a sincere interest in the public welfare were manifest in every utterance of his plain honest speech. He was as free from demagogy as a saint from heresy. It was not in him to deceive or mislead anybody for any cause or end, and the people as they stood round about him seemed so to estimate him. He would have made them a devoted and most valuable public servant in the Congress if he had been longer spared, for he "came out from among them," knew their needs, felt their impulses, shared their difficulties, bore with them their burdens, and rejoiced with them in their successes. In their churches and schools he was their faithful helper and leader, and his election to Congress was his direct reward from them of this devotion and service. In his death a splendid, useful, noble life has come to its lamented end. As the forest puts on its brightest robe to die in, so does such a life robe itself in its tints of eternal beauty as its sunset hour approaches.

When he last left these halls he knew he was going, not to return, but his bearing plainly showed that the shadows as they gathered brought no terror to his peaceful, quiet soul, but rather a glow of promise, pointing toward the dawn of the eternal morning. He went undisturbed to his home, where first he met his pastor as he fell back on his wearied couch and said, "It is all right."

A delegation of Members of the Congress from both Houses attended the funeral. I was among them. His friends packed the beautiful, spacious church, and as I marked their deep emotion, their wonderful floral tributes, and moved among them around the open grave and on the streets, I knew their affection would better guard his tomb and longer preserve his memory than the cold shaft of marble that stands above his grave. His beloved minister, the Rev. W. A. Ayers, spoke with deep emotion and striking eloquence. They were affectionate friends, but he spoke as knowing he had lost him but for awhile.

Knowing that I would be doing Mr. BRINSON's will and pleasure, if the dead could know the action of the living, I sought lately to obtain from Mr. Ayers a copy of his remarks, but he had not preserved them, and all I have is an extract taken from a local newspaper. I ask, Mr. Speaker, that it be printed as an extension of my own remarks and in the same type.

THE FUNERAL SERVICE HELD OVER THE REMAINS OF HON. S. M. BRINSON, AT THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, NEW BERN, N. C.—HUNDREDS ASSEMBLE TO PAY CONGRESSMAN BRINSON TRIBUTE.—FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH WAS CROWDED WITH FRIENDS OF MR. BRINSON.—SCORES WERE UNABLE TO GAIN ADMISSION TO THE CHURCH WHEN THE SERVICES STARTED.—SPLENDID TRIBUTE.—EULOGY DELIVERED BY REV. W. A. AYERS WAS AN IMPRESSIVE TESTIMONIAL.

Mr. Ayers began by saying:

Our text to-day is Psalms 37:37: *Mark the perfect man, and behold upright: for the end of that man is peace.*

I find myself unable to pay fitting tribute to our departed brother, first, because his death has been such a shock to me

personally. My own heart is filled with uncontrollable emotion. And second, because no man could hope to do justice to this splendid character who has passed to the great beyond. Hence in this hour we must turn to the word of divine inspiration to find a fitting tribute—

"*Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace.*"

S. M. BRINSON was marked for distinction from his birth, coming of a long line of noble ancestry. His mother belonged to the South's old-time aristocracy. She was the very soul of honor and the law of kindness was on her lips. Yielding himself to Christ and the ideals of christianity early in life, S. M. BRINSON translated his religion into terms of daily conduct. His religion came first. He was never too busy to give time to the work of his church. For 20 years he served as our church clerk. He also served as a member of the board of deacons and as Sunday school superintendent. He never slighted any duty placed on him by the church.

As an educator S. M. BRINSON was competent, efficient, and faithful. It was in this field that the greatest work of his life was performed.

For 17 years he was superintendent of public instruction in Craven County. It was through his efforts that our schools have gained a State-wide reputation for excellence; yes, a reputation that has extended throughout the entire Southland. A movement is now on among the school children of the county to raise funds for the erection of a monument to the memory of him who loved them so well and labored for them so faithfully.

As a statesman, S. M. BRINSON was the embodiment of integrity and honor. His broad information gave him a wonderful grasp on the needs of the hour, and with unsoiled hands he stood only for the things of righteousness. His soul loathed double-dealing as a thing of darkness. I have talked with many of his colleagues in Washington on various occasions, and on every hand I have heard nothing but the highest praise for him. He was recognized as one of the most promising younger Members of the House.

This was the man, my friends, to whom we would pay honor to-day. How well he bears out those words of David: "*Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace.*" Peace has come to S. M. BRINSON; a peace that surpasses all understanding.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The gentleman from Texas [Mr. BRIGGS] is recognized.

Mr. BRIGGS. Mr. Speaker, the invitation of the North Carolina delegation to participate in these memorial exercises is deeply appreciated and is one I sincerely welcome.

Throughout the service in Congress of our late colleague, SAMUEL M. BRINSON, Representative from the third district of North Carolina, I was rather closely associated with him, both in the House and particularly on the Committee on Coinage, Weights, and Measures, of which he was the ranking minority member at the time of his death, April 13, 1922. An uncompromising Democrat, a man of high principles, a faithful and devoted public servant, he won for himself in his brief congressional career the friendship, confidence, and esteem of his associates, and gave to his constituency a full measure of splendid and honorable service.

Unassuming and gentle in manner, but unswerving and positive in character, he brought to his labors not only a deep interest in national problems which he was called upon to face and help solve for the best interests of all, but also knowledge and ability, with a conscientious consideration and appreciation of the views and opinions of others.

A fidelity and loyalty to the highest ideals and standards of duty characterized and made conspicuous his congressional service in spite of the long and discouraging illness which prevented him in the latter part of his second term from the same degree of active participation in congressional work which had previously marked his comparatively brief career.

Those of his colleagues who knew him even longer and more intimately than I did have given a recital of how he rose, through successive steps in public office, to representation of his constituency and the State of North Carolina in the Congress of the United States.

The story of his success will, no doubt, furnish inspiration to many another patriotic and ambitious young American, and will contribute its share of encouragement to those who are also faced with difficulties and obstacles, but whose courage and determination prove sufficient to the accomplishment which they seek.

SAMUEL M. BRINSON has left to those of his family who survive a rich heritage. And in this expression of regard and esteem for our late colleague and associate I tender to his family and loved ones the sympathy of the membership of the House of Representatives and a sincere and devout wish for their welfare.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The gentleman from North Carolina [Mr. DOUGHTON] is recognized.

Mr. DOUGHTON. Mr. Speaker, our late colleague, Hon. SAMUEL M. BRINSON, whose life and public services we to-day commemorate, was elected as a Representative in Congress from the third district of North Carolina at the November election, 1918, and reelected in the November election, 1920, serving through the Sixty-sixth Congress and during the Sixty-seventh Congress until his death on April 13, 1922, making a little more than three years that he was an honored and useful Member of this body.

Before his election to Congress he was a practicing attorney in his home town of New Bern, N. C., and also served as superintendent of public instruction of his native county of Craven for 17 years, from March, 1902, to March 4, 1919, the date on which he began his services as a Member of Congress. As head of the educational forces of his county he rendered a most useful service and made a reputation which doubtless had much to do with his being called to a wider field of usefulness and service.

My personal acquaintance with Mr. BRINSON began with the opening session of the Sixty-sixth Congress and soon grew into a strong and binding friendship which extended until the day of his death.

I was honored by the Speaker of the House in being appointed a member of the committee to accompany the remains of our friend and colleague to his home, the place where he was born and had spent his useful life—New Bern, N. C. It was an ideal spring day on April 14 when the last formal services were held in the church of which he was a faithful and consecrated member. A large concourse of people coming from all over North Carolina attended the funeral, showing the very high esteem in which Mr. BRINSON was held by the people of his native State.

The church of which he was a member was packed with sorrowing friends to pay a tribute of regard and love to their deceased friend. His pastor chose for a text the following words from the Thirty-seventh Psalm, thirty-seventh verse: "*Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace*"—from which he delivered a very adequate and appropriate discourse, portraying beautifully the life work and noble character of the deceased.

As a Member of Congress Mr. BRINSON rose rapidly, and early in his first term gave definite promise of becoming one of its most useful Members. However, early in his service here in Congress it became apparent to his colleagues that he was suffering from a serious and what soon proved to be an incurable malady. He bore his affliction patiently and uncomplainingly. He was taken off by the mysterious hand of death when it seemed a still brighter career of usefulness was just opening and his life's work was but partly done. Why he was thus caught by the strange hand of fate and his life's work suddenly ended is more than we are able to comprehend.

The high ideals, the noble deeds, and the pure, upright life of SAMUEL M. BRINSON speak more eloquently of his great service to his State and Nation than any words that can be uttered or written by his admiring, sorrowing friends. A truly great man, a faithful servant of the people, has passed to the realm of the beyond. Of such as was our worthy deceased colleague it has been truly said by the inspired writer: "*Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth; yea, saith the spirit, that they may rest from their labors and their works do follow them.*"

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The gentleman from Georgia [Mr. LARSEN] is recognized.

Mr. LARSEN of Georgia. Mr. Speaker, the roll of the Sixty-sixth Congress contained for the first time the name of SAMUEL MITCHELL BRINSON, whose life and public service we commemorate to-day.

At the beginning of the session he was assigned to a committee of which I was already a member. We served together on the committee until the date of his death; were intimate friends almost from the date of our acquaintance; and hence my opportunity for judging as to his capacity, disposition, and

character. Mr. Speaker, I am therefore pleased to have the opportunity of speaking a few words of eulogy on this occasion.

He had served the people of his native State in public capacity for many years before he became a Member of Congress, and it was upon the efficiency of this service that he became a Member of this House. He was both by temperament and mental training well equipped for service here. While he died in the meridian of manhood, yet his life was filled with achievements. His native ability and genial nature made many warm friends for him in this House, but the condition of his health and his short duration of service may have prevented opportunity for making that lasting impress upon the country at large which his capacity warranted and most surely would have resulted had he lived and enjoyed a reasonable degree of health.

He was a positive character and possessed an analytical mind; hence he usually reached a correct conclusion easily and quickly. He was tolerant and respected the opinions of others, yet the course which he pursued was always the result of his own judgment. While he was modest in disposition he never hesitated to express his opinion when necessary.

Mr. Speaker, to me both life and death is a mystery; but after all, it is not the fact that a man has lived or that a man is dead that counts. It is, rather, how did he live? How did he die? Of SAMUEL BRINSON we may always truly say, he played his part in the world of men, and the Great Critic will hold it good.

The night dew that falls,
Though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure
The grave where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed,
Though in silence it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory
Green in our souls.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The gentleman from North Carolina [Mr. LYON] is recognized.

Mr. LYON. Mr. Speaker, it is a beautiful custom that makes it possible for the colleagues of a deceased Member to meet together and hold memorial services for their departed friend, thereby placing on permanent record their testimonal of the worth of him who has crossed over the river. It may be that in some services of this kind the dead Member's past life was not such as to merit all of the spoken eulogies, but those who knew SAMUEL M. BRINSON know that his life was so clean, his character so beautiful, as to justify anything we can say here to-day.

I did not meet "SAM" BRINSON until I came to Washington in April, 1921. At that time he was a great sufferer from the disease that finally resulted in his death, but in spite of his suffering, which he bore with patience and resignation, he was companionable, anxious to advise and counsel with his friends, and remained so far as his strength would permit at his post of duty, serving with ability the people of his district, whom he loved so well.

Mr. Speaker, those of us who attended his funeral in the city of New Bern were everlastingly impressed with the fact that the entire city joined in sincerely mourning their friend. I have never seen such genuine sorrow over the death of any man as was depicted on the faces of the thousands who attended his funeral. No man can win and hold the love, honor, and respect of the entire community in which he lived like "SAM" BRINSON did who had not lived a life of service and self-sacrifice. And this he did, for he was a generous, warm hearted, Christian gentleman, and we, his friends and colleagues, feel keenly his loss.

Mr. Speaker, our hearts go out in sympathy to his young daughter, who is left motherless and fatherless. May the Great Architect of the universe comfort her and watch over her in the years to come.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The gentleman from North Carolina [Mr. HAMMER] is recognized.

Mr. HAMMER. Mr. Speaker, SAMUEL M. BRINSON possessed in an unusual degree those principles and virtues essential to the most useful career. With a hatred for all kinds of shams, hypocrisy, fraud, and deceit and a love of truth and loyalty to convictions, with courage that never permitted him to swerve from his devotion to the highest ideals which were part and parcel of his very nature, he was a prince among men. His studious and industrious habits with a well trained and educated mind equipped him well for a successful field of endeavor in the learned professions, statecraft, and politics.

There was none of the dramatic in his make-up. His was a modest and retiring disposition, with a firmness of character and with a fixed purpose to do the right thing in all his actions and dealings with his fellow man, with no effort at sparkling wit, humor, or repartee. He was good natured, kind, and gentle, possessing the calm demeanor of the scholarly gentleman without the slightest air of pedantry or superiority which sometimes is associated with those superior minds who control the destiny of communities and States and dominate in various fields of human endeavor.

The political history of North Carolina might be written without a great deal about the activities of our lamented departed colleague, but the educational history of the State would lack much in completeness without a record of his achievements in the great battle for the education of all the people at public expense, first led by Aycock, McIver, Alderman, and others.

Mr. BRINSON was one of those who aided greatly in placing his State in the forefront in its public institutions of learning and the elevation of its public schools to the place they occupy to-day, for last year there were expended for public education nearly $30,000,000, and approximately the same amount for the building and improvements of a State system of hard surfaced roads, in addition to the very large expenditures by counties in this southern Commonwealth of which he was one of the builders in its educational rejuvenation and reconstruction.

While I knew nothing of Mr. BRINSON until he left college and was an active force in the educational affairs of the State, living as I do some 200 miles from his home, nor do I know whether his early life was one in which he had to contend with a thorny, rough, and rocky pathway, as most men in my State, born as he was, near the close of the Civil War, and for several years thereafter, for in North Carolina, as in other southern States, there were in those days bitter years of stress and turmoil, hardships, and difficulties well nigh insurmountable across the pathway of those who fought to get an education and climb the road which leads to usefulness and at times to fame and fortune.

Mr. Speaker, it matters not what his opportunities were in the formative period of early life, we pause not to inquire, for the fact is that his life demonstrates that he was one of the finest types of southern civilization.

He had those virtues which distinguish the truly great.

After the first session of the Sixty-seventh Congress convened it was my good fortune to know Mr. BRINSON intimately, for his apartment was next to mine and I saw him and conversed with him daily. In addition to a well-trained, clear, analytical mind, stored with almost inexhaustible information on various subjects and a grasp of public questions which he discussed most intelligently, he was a most interesting and valuable friend and associate.

In conclusion permit me to state that the outstanding characteristic of this good man, in my opinion, was that he could be depended upon. He was truthful and honest in all things. He could be measured by the same yardstick in his private as well as in his public life. He regarded not only a money promise as sacred but a political promise as well.

Stronger and stronger each day SAMUEL M. BRINSON grew in the confidence of his friends and the public. His death was a distinctive loss to the State and to the country which he loved so devotedly.

Mr. BANKHEAD. Mr. Speaker, we have set apart this hour to pay fitting tribute to the life, character, and services of SAMUEL M. BRINSON, late a Representative from North Carolina. I did not have the privilege of becoming as closely acquainted with our late colleague as did some of his associates in service, and, therefore, can not extol as well as they the many intimate excellencies of his nature and sweetness of his life outside of this Chamber. My contact with him and my observation of his qualities were confined to his activities on this floor, and of that, in just candor, I am restrained to speak.

Mr. BRINSON was the Representative of a fine constituency. I say this because soon after his death I had occasion to visit among them. Not possessing unusual attributes either of virtue or distinction, but all of the sturdy, dependable, and amiable qualities of a fine cross section of the American people—and that is as high a eulogy as can be pronounced. Among these people SAMUEL M. BRINSON had his origin, and in the midst of them he was nurtured. By their high standards of probity and duty his character was molded and his ambition fired, and by them he was honored with a high station in public life, and at its end was mingled back again with his ancestral soil amidst the lamentations of his bereaved constituency.

He practiced the great profession of the law for a few years, but the greater portion of his life was devoted to the still greater duties of public instruction. The man who during a long reach of years, with fidelity and consecration assumes as the champion of the youth of his community to battle against ignorance, and sloth, and error, and superstition, and impiety—to set burning in the hearts of the young the flames of higher aspirations and more exalted virtues—has performed a public service which happily does not die when he expires, but extends on and ever on in the widening cycles of the lives and characters of those who endure after he has departed.

His service in Congress was brief. His advent to his duties here was shadowed with a great sorrow, for only a few weeks before assuming his place here as the culmination of his life's ambition, his devoted wife "was beckoned by the pallid messenger with the inverted torch to depart." In the pall of so great a grief SAM BRINSON, although about to sit in the councils of State, no doubt exclaimed, "*vanitas, vanitatum omnia vanitas.*"

Mr. BRINSON was an earnest man, but not austere. Frivolity had no part in his nature, but he was nevertheless amiable and generous in his emotions.

He was meticulous in reaching conclusions upon public questions because his desire was to be a wise and conservative legislator. He sought always to reflect the good of his people in his public expression. Not given to much declamation, he was rather a listener, as most wise men are, hoping to garner some truth and some philosophy out of the millions of platitudes uttered in this Chamber. But his vote always registered his judgment, for he was no panderer amongst men. Our late colleague acquired, as he deserved, the universal respect and admiration of his associates in service, and his untimely death was to all of us a source of very sincere regret.

I know nothing of the spiritual side of his nature, but remembering as I do the resolute goodness of his countenance, the calm light that lay in his eye, I can well believe that as the twilight shadows of the last hour fell upon him, even as an honest plowman of the field, when his day's work is done, can reflect that he has paid to toil its full toll, so did this man of whom we speak look back upon his career among men and find it in his heart to say: "I have done my work; I have plowed a straight furrow."

Mr. SIEGEL. Mr. Speaker, the average reader of the daily newspaper gets the impression that service in Congress is simply one of ease and personal comfort. The contrary is the fact. In most cases the services rendered are of the most strenuous kind, taxing the physical strength of the Members to its greatest limit. Few realize the number of matters to which each individual Member must give his personal attention and careful consideration. Constituents expect favorable results. Members endeavor in every possible way to make anticipations become realizations. Nearly every Member of the House finds that when his term has expired that he is richer in experience, but poorer in the pocket. He has made many sacrifices for the honor of being a Member of Congress and he appreciates having had the great privilege of having served in the greatest legislative body on the face of the earth. No wonder then that since the Great War, with its heavy strain on the mental and physical strength of the membership of Congress, the toll which it has had to pay has been exceptionally large. The colleagues of a departed Member know these facts better than the outside world. They know very well that the hardest work in Congress is performed in committee rooms. Mr. BRINSON was a member of the Committee on the Census, of which I have the honor to be chairman. In considering the number of representatives to make up the future House the question of relationship of the white and the negro in the State of North Carolina frequently came up for discussion. Mr. BRINSON took keen delight in telling his colleagues how his State was making a herculean effort to educate the negro, and at the same time giving him the opportunity of exercising his suffrage. He was always courteous in his treatment of his fellow Members on the committee, and at all times was ready and willing to carefully listen to what others had to say. He had served his State and country well. He had taught in the public schools.

In that way he had done his full share toward helping the little acorns learn how to become the future oaks of the Republic. He had endeavored in every way to instill in the minds of the youngsters under his charge that not only must patriotic service be rendered in times of war, but an equal service must be rendered during the times of peace. He recognized, as all of us know, that the future of the Republic depended upon the rising generation being taught that with all the benefits and opportunities of American citizenship there came the duty and obligation to serve it at all times to the best of one's ability. Had he been spared, he undoubtedly in time would have become one of the most influential Members of the House. The custom has been established in Congress of setting aside a day on which Members pay their last tributes to those of their Members who have passed to the far beyond while in the service. Men of faith do not fear death. They are firm in their belief in immortality. They know that when the infant is born, he comes into this world usually with a cry. He is passing from darkness into light. We all know that tender hands are ready to receive him and give him every care. With this knowledge in mind men go to meet their Maker, realizing that they will receive at His hands the same tender care and consideration which the infant receives when he first arrives at the hands of those who are near and dear to him. So, while we pay this tribute to our dear departed friend and Member, we do so more for the sake of the living rather than for the honored dead, for his record of loyal and devoted patriotic public service to his State and Nation needs no tribute at the hands of man. Well may we repeat the words of the psalmist—

> Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him:
> I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.
> He shall call upon me, and I will answer him;
> I will be with him in trouble:
> I will deliver him, and honor him.
> With long life will I satisfy him,
> And show him my salvation.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The gentleman from North Carolina [Mr. WEAVER] is recognized.

Mr. WEAVER. Mr. Speaker, we have come to-day to speak of the life, character, and service of a most distinguished son of North Carolina. At the time of his death he was one of our beloved colleagues in this House. It is not my purpose to attempt any fulsome flattery of him, but only to express in a few words, and as best I can, something of his great service to his State as well as my own personal regard and esteem for the man.

SAMUEL M. BRINSON was a native son of North Carolina. He was born at New Bern in that State and continuously resided there until his death. In church affiliations he was a Baptist. He graduated from Wake Forest College, with distinction, in 1891. He then taught school in the city of New Bern. In 1895 he studied law at the University of North Carolina and in 1896 was admitted to the bar of that State. He practiced his profession with ability and much success. His intellectual grasp early and easily ranked him among the best lawyers of his section.

In 1902, having become interested in public education, he became superintendent of public instruction of Craven County, in which the city of New Bern is situated. This office he filled with singular fidelity and acknowledged ability for a period of 17 years. During those years of his young manhood, with great energy and enthusiastic love of his work, he applied himself to the duties of this office. It brought him in close contact with the schools. It engendered a great interest in the young men and women of his county and his State, and he became endeared to the people of every class and of all conditions of life.

Recognizing the splendid talents and character of this man, realizing his force of character and intellect, the people of the congressional district in which he resided in 1918 elected him to the House of Representatives for the Sixty-sixth Congress. In him they had a Representative who was attentive to their wants, industrious in his habits, and who had a grasp of all great public questions.

He was reelected in November, 1920, to the Sixty-seventh Congress, and it was during the period of this Congress that, after a long and tedious illness, death came to him. It brought sorrow to his colleagues and to all who knew him here and at home. It has always seemed to me especially sad that death should have come to him just as he was beginning what undoubtedly would have been a splendid career in Congress. But we realize that for all of us somewhere along the path of life the shadow sits and waits.

This brief statement of his life does not express the intellectual and moral power of Mr. BRINSON. It does, however, most clearly point to the fact that he was at all times, from early manhood, a power, a factor, and a vital force in the life and progress of his community and State. He brought to his duties as a Representative in Congress a ripe experience and a high order of intellect, and, what is more than this, a character and texture of soul so splendid and so fine that he immediately impressed himself upon all of those who came in personal contact

with him. He early demonstrated his ability to become a most useful and highly esteemed Member of this House.

His appointment as a member of the great Committee on Education was a most fitting one. Mr. BRINSON was an enthusiast in this great cause. He had given of the best years of his life to promoting education in his county and his State. His heart was there. He had served his home people for years in extending the operation of their schools. He had fought and worked for education throughout North Carolina and he had lived to see his beloved State, with unparalleled progress, move forward in this great cause. He had seen the light of knowledge come to quicken the lives and strengthen the character of the children and young men and young women of his section and State. Much of this progress was due to his ability and his untiring energy. He had followed the course of education and had seen its advantages exemplified from the district country schools to the high schools and the great universities and colleges, and had seen that from thorough education, power would come into the life of his State.

He had been promoted, at the time of his death, to services in a wider field and to a theater of broader action. He was eager to take his part in promoting education from a national standpoint and to the fullest extent that the National Government might justly and properly cooperate with the States in this great enterprise. He was much interested in pending legislation that would dignify the cause of education and that would guarantee more fully, as he thought, to every child of the Nation the right to become an educated and helpful man or woman. I know that this matter was engaging the attention of this splendid man, when for some strange and unfathomable reason he was called to the great beyond. To lose him was to lose much in this great work.

He is gone from the field,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer dried fount,
When our need was the sorest.

During his brief service in Congress he had, however, given much attention to other important matters. As a member of the Committee on the Census he labored long and hard over the details of a reapportionment bill. He was always active and earnest and filled with a desire for true accomplishment.

Mr. BRINSON was of a very solid texture. He wished to do things that were worth while, and he did them. He lived in an exceptionally clear moral atmosphere. Life to him was more than a mere playing to the galleries. His desire was "To be, rather than to seem." In whatever capacity he touched the lives of his fellow man he was always helpful and wholesome. No sense of egotism directed his heart and brain. His convictions, when formed, were strong and enduring, and yet he was by no means intolerant of the opinion of those with whom he might find himself in opposition. He was ready to contend for what he thought was right, without condemnation, however, of others with whom he disagreed.

He was married in 1901 to Miss Ruth M. Scales, of Salisbury, N. C. They lived most happily together and were blessed with one splendid daughter. It was to me one of the saddest of incidents that, after the people of his section had chosen him to represent them in Congress—in November, 1918—that a few months later his wife should have been taken from him by death. She had shared with him their many trials and had helped him to grow into a splendid manhood. Eager for his future advancement, it was particularly sad that she was not to enjoy his further honors with him. To him the death of his wife was a crushing blow.

It was my sad privilege to attend his funeral at New Bern in April, 1922. I noted that he had erected a beautiful monument above the last resting place of her who had been his earliest mate. He now sleeps beside her. I have been told by one who knew him that in the days immediately preceding his death he was often seen rereading the letters she had sent him. He knew that she was waiting for his coming, and I doubt not that a feeling of nearness to her was resting upon him and that he had, indeed, said within himself:

I can not feel that thou are far,
Since near at hand the angels are;
And when the sunset gates unbar,
Shall I not see thee waiting stand,
And, white against the evening star,
The welcome of thy beckoning hand?

He made a noble fight against the disease that was to terminate his useful life. At times he thought he had won, and in his conversation with his colleagues he was most hopeful; but at last he began to feel that it was a losing fight, but he believed in the resurrection and the life beyond, and as he drew nearer to the great and final event he saw the welcome of the beckoning hand of his beloved wife. All that is mortal of him sleeps by her side in the beautiful cemetery at New Bern, but I doubt not the immortal reunion that has taken place upon the silent and everlasting shores of the great beyond.

Mr. DOUGHTON took the chair as Speaker pro tempore.

Mr. STEDMAN. Mr. Speaker, the life of every man exerts an influence either for good or evil upon those with whom he associates. This truth has often been impressed upon me during the long life vouchsafed me by the kindness of Providence. Notably so, and markedly distinct, was this evident in connection with the life of our late friend, SAMUEL MITCHELL BRINSON.

The first time I met Mr. BRINSON I realized that he was a man of rare and unusual attributes. He possessed two of the great qualities essential to high achievement in life—courage, both moral and physical, and a love for truth.

A lofty and generous patriotism, forgetfulness of self, absolute sincerity in word, in thought, and in deed, these, with an intense love for humanity, constituted the basis of his character. He ever stood for one principle—unchanging and imperishable—a supreme sense of duty.

Ability to endure suffering is a marked virtue of courage, and this quality was manifested to an eminent degree by our late colleague.

Suffering is necessary to make up a great character to its fullness. No man or woman, unless by the special providence of God, can live in the unbroken sunshine of plenty and prosperity without developing to a greater or less degree selfishness in some of its many hideous forms and being debarred from reaching the high state of excellence to which their nature might aspire. Suffering is needed to purify nations as well as individuals. It is from sacrificial flames that have arisen the noblest and grandest spirits which have shed a halo around humanity.

One trait of Mr. BRINSON's character which was predominant and contributed largely to his usefulness was his faith in the providence of God; no misfortune or disaster could shake his fortitude; it mattered not what had happened or how severe the trials to which he was subjected.

Courage and gentleness are closely allied. One rarely meets a man of high order of courage who is not also distinguished by his kindness and gentleness. His tender watchfulness and care for his daughter was beautiful, and attracted the attention of all who love and admire this moral trait of character.

Mr. BRINSON's political views were very decided. He made no compromise with those who would traffic in the honor of his State, or the best interests of its citizens, but he was ever their uncompromising foe.

He was passionately devoted to the good name of North Carolina, its fame and renown. He was worthy of any position to which his fellow citizens might have elevated him, but he was never envious of the political promotion of others. He was always satisfied if truth and justice prevailed, regardless of to whom the honors were given. It would have been difficult to have found a more unselfish and patriotic man living within the confines of his native State.

He was a very citadel of strength; all turned for help to him when the cause of morality was in danger. He never hesitated to espouse cordially what he believed to be the cause of right. If he erred, as all of us must do at times, it was on the side of humanity and morality. One always felt stronger and better for his companionship and advice.

The memory of Mr. BRINSON will live through many generations, and many a father and mother will bless his name for the example he has left to their children to point them the way to usefulness to their fellow citizens and honor to their State.

He died in the triumph and faith of the Christian religion and left a name without blemish and without reproach—a heritage of honor to his daughter, to his State, and to our common country.

Mr. STEDMAN resumed the chair as Speaker pro tempore.

Mr. LOWREY. Mr. Speaker, it is not my purpose to speak much of the political life of my lamented colleague. I shall speak more of his personal character and of service rendered outside his political career. In committee meetings, in this House, and wherever I met him, I was impressed that S. M. BRINSON was a man of information and ability, a man of clearness of thought and definiteness of action. Yet information and ability can not alone make a useful and effective life. A man may have large intellectuality, broad culture, and extensive influence, and yet his life may be worse than a failure. If a man's talents be not used to the real service of his fellow

men and to the honor of the River of Life, then his life is not a success. England's poet laureate said:

Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

The greatest tribute that can be paid to the memory of S. M. BRINSON is not that he was a man of intellectuality—though he was intellectual—nor that he was a man of influence, though the attainment of influence is abundantly worth while. But my tribute to SAMUEL BRINSON is higher still. He was a man of high Christian character, who dedicated his powers to the betterment of his fellow men and to the advancement of the Kingdom of God. To a former chaplain of this House the rugged old Carlisle of England said late in life:

Tell my friend in America that after a long and stormy life, I still believe "The chief end of man is to glorify God and to enjoy Him forever."

In other words, the rugged old Carlisle, though called a cynic and by some called a skeptic, still held to the simple faith which in his childhood he had learned from his catechism. So with SAMUEL BRINSON.

It was my privilege to be one of the congressional party who went to his home town to attend his funeral. There I saw the devotion of the people among whom he had lived and loved and labored, and who clearly realized that they had lost a genuine friend and a strong champion of their rights and their best interests.

Before entering the arena of politics he had given his life largely to work in the fields of education and religion.

As superintendent of education he had done a tireless and effective work. Not only the schools of his own city and county, but those of the surrounding counties are better and more efficient because of his energy, ingenuity, and devotion. And boys and girls yet unborn will have happier school days and better opportunities and will live bigger and broader lives because of the official service of SAMUEL M. BRINSON.

As an active and earnest Christian layman, he gave much of his time and energy to the work of his church and the religious activities of his community and to efforts to lead the young people especially into the discipleship of Jesus Christ. And I feel sure that in the brighter and better life to which he has gone he will yet receive the gratitude of those who by his influence were brought to the joys of Christian faith.

What higher achievement can any man attain than that of leading large numbers of his fellows into the light of education and into the still brighter light of Christian faith?

Mr. ABERNETHY. Mr. Speaker, in view of the fact that a number of my colleagues have expressed a desire to extend their remarks in the RECORD, I ask unanimous consent that those who may desire to do so may have the privilege of extending their remarks in the RECORD concerning the life, character, and services of Mr. BRINSON.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The gentleman from North Carolina asks unanimous consent that those Members who desire to do so may extend their remarks in the RECORD on the life and character and services of Mr. BRINSON. Is there objection?

There was no objection.

Mr. TOWNER. Mr. Speaker, the service of SAMUEL MITCHELL BRINSON in the House of Representatives of the United States was all too brief. It continued from March 4, 1919, to April 13, 1922, a period of only a little over three years. During that short period I had the opportunity and privilege of knowing personally Mr. BRINSON well, for we served together on two committees of the House. It is on these committees in the close contact and almost intimate relations of our work there that the character and qualifications of our associates become best known. It soon became apparent from such acquaintance with Mr. BRINSON that his nature was a rare combination of clear mind, pure heart, and high ideals. Any appeal based on justice, fair dealing, and, what Theodore Roosevelt used to call "civic righteousness," met with a ready response from him and enlisted his earnest support.

The life of Mr. BRINSON may be divided into three periods: That portion covered by his practice of law; that by his public service in education; and that by his service as a legislator in the Congress of the United States. To my mind there could have been no more valuable preparation for his work as a legislator than his experience as a lawyer and as an educator.

I know that much prejudice exists against lawyers in public service. I know that there is a feeling at least somewhat prevalent that there are too many lawyers in Congress. But lawyers have been both numerous and prominent in Congress throughout our history. For more than a century the people of the United States have continued to act on the belief that those were qualified to make laws who knew the law, and I indulge the belief that the reasoned, matured judgment of the people is of more value than the criticisms of the envious. I think it well to recall that from the formation of the Constitution down to the present day almost every step of progress, almost every guaranty of freedom, almost every beneficent law adopted has been formulated, advocated, and supported to final passage by the lawyer-statesmen who have served in the Congress of the United States.

And so I am satisfied that our colleague was strengthened and aided in his service here by reason of his study and practice of the law.

For more than 15 years Mr. BRINSON served as superintendent of public instruction for Craven County in North Carolina. This service was so distinguished that in large measure it resulted in his being called to the larger field of service here in Congress. This educational work also prepared and aided him in his work here. Education not only forms character in the individual but it also forms the character of the State or Nation. A State is but an association of individuals for their protection and betterment. It can not rise higher than the character and intelligence of the individuals who compose it. For this reason free governments especially must depend for their security and progress on the character and intelligence of their people. It must be evident that one who devotes thought and energy to enlarging the knowledge and elevating the character of the people can not but be himself increased in knowledge and strengthened in character for a larger field of public service.

And so our associate came to us well equipped for a career of great usefulness in the service of his country. His loss we deeply deplore. It is not only a breaking of the ties of fellowship, but it comes to us as a sad reflection that we have lost a distinct and potent force for good from the public service. Such losses are as much more serious than material losses as human worth is greater than sordid wealth. Men make and must preserve the State. More and more is it realized that most political ills can be cured by the simple method of electing good men to office. Perhaps we depend too much on forms of government. Too often, it is certain, we are indifferent as to the qualifications and character of those who serve and represent it. A form of democracy will not suffice unless we make it in fact representative of the common good. It follows that in a democracy there is no one thing so valuable, so indispensable, as good men in its service. There is no nobler ambition than worthily to serve the State. But no service can be worthy or of value to the people unless it be devoid of self-seeking and selfish purpose.

SAMUEL MITCHELL BRINSON was a good man, unselfish, devoted, a man of character, ability, and of high and noble purpose. His untimely death is a source of deep regret to his associates and a great loss to the people and the Nation he so faithfully served. It is a privilege for me, who only knew him for a few brief years but who respected and admired him greatly, to add this tribute to his memory.

Mr. DREWRY. Mr. Speaker, my service in the House of Representatives of the United States with Mr. BRINSON was very short, but it was long enough for me in my association with him to recognize in him the fine qualities of head and heart which he possessed, and to appreciate the faithful service he rendered as a Representative of his State, and further to know that his death was a loss to the country, which he loved so well and served so patriotically.

He came to the House of Representatives a little more than a year before I was sworn in, and we served together only about two years, and not all of that time was Congress in session. In that time, however, I saw a great deal of him, as our offices were not far apart, and we were together frequently.

Coming in personal and social contact with him I became very much impressed with the soundness and solidity of thought of the man. I gathered from his conversation that he had not only been trained as a lawyer, but that he had served his State in the educational field. I recall that he stated to me that he had been a superintendent of education in his Commonwealth. He was imbued with a desire to be of service to his fellowmen, and with that desire in mind he faithfully and conscientiously gave his service without stint. I do not know when I have ever met a man who impressed me as being more earnest and conscientious in his public labors than Mr. BRINSON.

He was unusually well equipped for service as a legislator. While not possessing the showy qualities of the ephemeral pub-

licity seeker, who strives to gain publicity through some sensational speech or work, he took great pains with all that he did and posted himself thoroughly on every question that came before him. Others have spoken of his work on the committees on which he served and have told how zealously and faithfully he labored. I did not have the pleasure of serving with him on any committees, but did observe the faithfulness with which he watched carefully all matters of public interest that arose as the subject of legislation in Congress. He was a man of splendid judgment, and I came to rely very much on his opinions regarding matters that were in debate.

Mr. BRINSON realized how hampering inexperience with the parliamentary procedure was to a newly elected Member of the House, and with his kindness and unfailing courtesy it was always his pleasure to advise with me on matters upon which I consulted him. He pointed out to me the difficulties that a newly elected Representative would have, and he gave advice always cheerfully and most courteously. It is a great advantage to an inexperienced man in Congress to have the advice of such a man as Mr. BRINSON.

During a great part of the time he was evidently suffering a great deal, but I never heard him complain. He bore his illness with great fortitude and continued his labors when many a man of less determinnation would not have attempted to carry on his work.

There is a great place in the affairs of our country for such men, who do their work cheerfully and uncomplainingly and with fidelity and zeal in the public service. The rewards for public service come late to such men, but they always come in the course of time as their fidelity and honesty and earnestness impress more and more the men with whom they serve and the people for whom they work.

It is a sad duty to have to voice the regret at the death of a colleague and friend, but I felt, Mr. Speaker, that I desired to lay my humble tribute before you in behalf of this very devoted public servant.

ADJOURNMENT.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. As a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased Senator and Representative, the House will stand adjourned until 12 o'clock noon to-morrow.

Accordingly (at 3 o'clock and 35 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned until to-morrow, Monday, February 12, 1923, at 12 o'clock noon.

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## SENATE.

### MONDAY, *February 12, 1923.*

The Senate met at 11 o'clock a. m.

The Chaplain, Rev. J. J. Muir, D. D., offered the following prayer:

Our Father, we give Thee thanks for the brightness of the morning. We give Thee thanks that in the passage of the years Thou dost give to us inspiration and direction in the paths of duty. We call to mind men of noble character, of great and devoted patriotism, and for all they have been to their country in the times of great stress and need. We think of one especially this morning whose natal anniversary claims the attention of multitudes of our people. The Lord grant unto us always such a sense of duty, such a high regard for the highest and best interests of the country that we may serve Thee acceptably. Through Christ, our Lord. Amen.

NAMING A PRESIDING OFFICER.

The Secretary, George A. Sanderson, read the following communication:

UNITED STATES SENATE,
PRESIDENT PRO TEMPORE,
*Washington, D. C., February 12, 1923.*

*To the Senate:*

Being temporarily absent from the Senate, I appoint Hon. GEORGE MOSES, a Senator from the State of New Hampshire, to perform the duties of the Chair this legislative day.

ALBERT B. CUMMINS,
*President pro tempore.*

Mr. MOSES thereupon took the chair as Presiding Officer and directed that the Journal be read.

The reading clerk proceeded to read the Journal of the proceedings of the legislative day of Monday, February 5, 1923, when, on request of Mr. CURTIS and by unanimous consent, the further reading was dispensed with and the Journal was approved.

DEPARTMENTAL USE OF AUTOMOBILES.

The PRESIDING OFFICER (Mr. MOSES) laid before the Senate a communication from the Secretary of Agriculture, transmitting, in response to Senate Resolution 399, agreed to January 6, 1923, a report concerning the number and cost of maintenance of passenger-carrying automobiles operated by the department in the District of Columbia, which was ordered to lie on the table.

Mr. MCKELLAR. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent to have published in the RECORD in 8-point type the reply of Secretary Hughes transmitted by the President on Saturday to a resolution on the use of automobiles by the executive departments. I want to commend the reply of Secretary Hughes in regard to automobiles. I wish his example might be followed by other departments.

There being no objection, the message and the communication of the Secretary of State were ordered to be printed in the RECORD in 8-point type, as follows:

*To the Senate:*

I transmit herewith a report by the Secretary of State furnishing, in response to the Senate's resolution of January 6, 1923, information concerning the passenger automobile in use by the Department of State.

WARREN G. HARDING.

THE WHITE HOUSE, *February 10, 1923.*

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The PRESIDENT:

The Department of State has received from the Secretary of the Senate an attested copy of a joint resolution adopted by the Senate on January 6, 1923, which reads as follows:

"*Resolved*, That the head of each department and the head of each independent bureau or commission of the Government in the city of Washington, including the District Commissioners, be, and they are hereby, directed to furnish to the Senate as early as may be practicable the number of passenger automobiles in use by such department, independent bureau, or commission; the name of the official or person to whom such automobile is assigned; the cost thereof; the cost of the upkeep and operation thereof; the salary or pay of chauffeur furnished, if one is furnished, to the end that the Senate may have accurate information as to the number of automobiles, the cost thereof, the person using same, and all the facts pertaining thereto in each department, independent bureau, or commission in the city of Washington. If allowances for privately owned automobiles are made in any department, independent bureau, or commission to officers or employees of such department, independent bureau, or commission, then the amount of such allowances for upkeep or operation shall be reported, with the names and positions of those to whom such allowances are made. Also the number, location, and cost of any garage or garages maintained by such department, independent bureau, or commission; where such garages are located; number of employees used in said garages; cost of same; rentals on same; and all other information in connection therewith; the number of passenger automobiles kept in said garages and the number of trucks; the names of such officers or employees keeping such automobiles in said garages. The heads of the several departments, independent bureaus, or commissions are likewise directed to furnish, in reports separate from the foregoing facts, like facts, figures, and information concerning the use, upkeep, and operation of all passenger vehicles in use in their said departments, independent bureaus, or commissions outside the city of Washington."

The undersigned, the Secretary of State, has the honor to furnish to the President the information requested by the resolution with respect to the Department of State, with a view to its transmission to the Senate if the President's judgment approve thereof:

The Department of State has one official passenger automobile which is assigned for the exclusive use of the Secretary of State. The car at present used by the Secretary of State is a LaFayette limousine which was purchased under authority granted by the act approved June 1, 1922, entitled "An act making appropriations for the Departments of State and Justice and for the judiciary for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1923, and for other purposes." The amount appropriated for the purchase was $4,500 and the cost of the car was $5,700. The difference of $1,200 between the amount appropriated and the purchase cost of the car was allowed by the selling company in exchange for the Packard limousine formerly assigned to the Secretary of State. Since July 1 last the cost of upkeep and operation of the car above mentioned, including gasoline, repairs, and storage charges, has averaged $91.10 per