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3d Session }

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

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# ROBERT C. WICKLIFFE

(Late a Representative from Louisiana)

## MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

DELIVERED

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES OF  
THE UNITED STATES

SIXTY-SECOND CONGRESS

Proceedings in the House  
February 23, 1913

Proceedings in the Senate  
June 11, 1912

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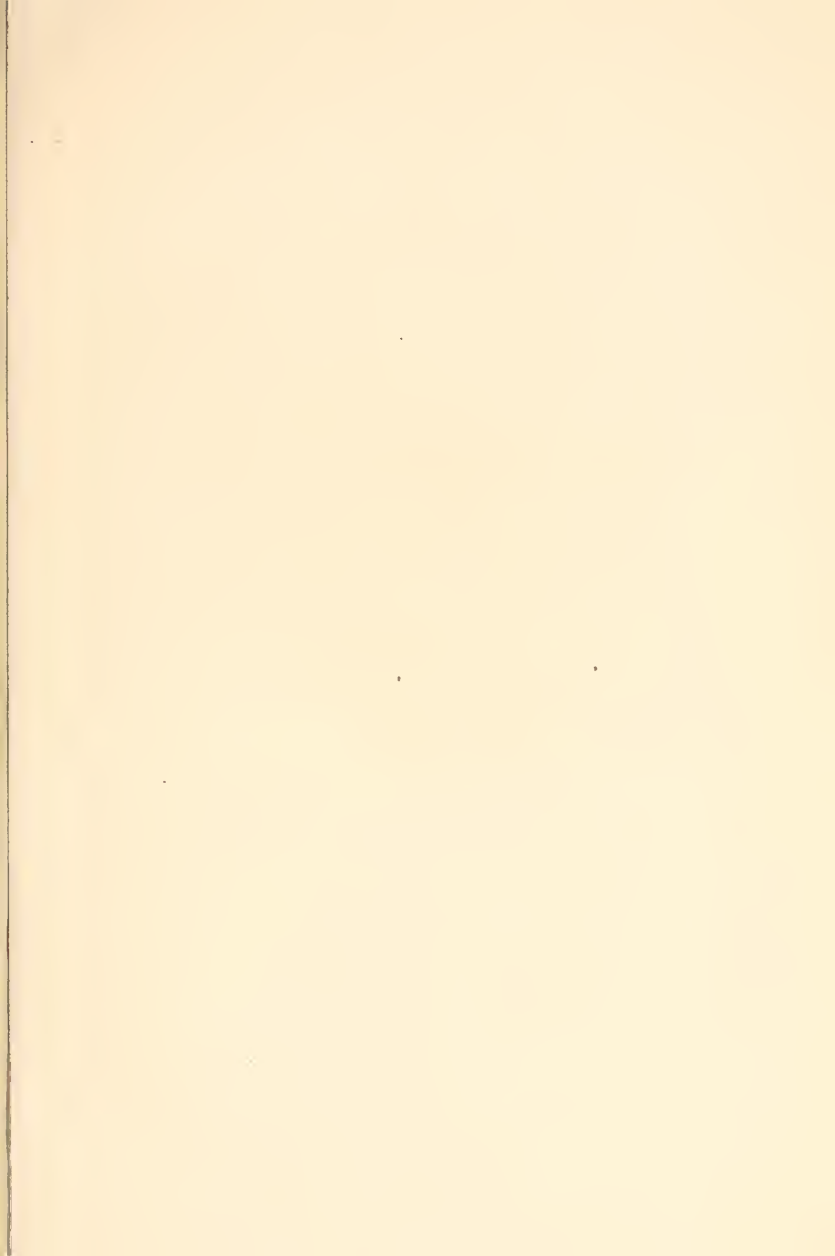
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JOHN ROBERT C. WICKLIFFE



## DEATH OF HON. ROBERT C. WICKLIFFE

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### PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE

TUESDAY, June 11, 1912.

Mr. ESTOPINAL. Mr. Speaker, it is my sad duty to announce the tragic death of my colleague, Hon. ROBERT C. WICKLIFFE. At some future time I shall ask the House to fix a day to pay tribute to his memory. I wish to send up the following resolutions.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will report the resolutions.

The Clerk read as follows:

#### House resolution 579

*Resolved*, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. ROBERT C. WICKLIFFE, a Representative from the State of Louisiana.

*Resolved*, That a committee of 15 Members of the House, with such Members of the Senate as may be joined, be appointed to attend the funeral.

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

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

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

The SPEAKER. The Chair announces the following committee.

The Clerk read as follows:

Mr. Pujo, Mr. Estopinat, Mr. Ransdell of Louisiana, Mr. Broussard, Mr. Dupré, Mr. Watkins, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Cullop, Mr. Rodenberg, Mr. Austin, Mr. Hawley, Mr. Thistlewood, Mr. Campbell, Mr. McLaughlin, and Mr. Simmons.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will report the additional resolution.

The Clerk read as follows:

*Resolved*, That as a further mark of respect this House do now adjourn.

The resolution was agreed to; accordingly (at 11 o'clock and 50 minutes a. m.) the House adjourned to meet to-morrow, Wednesday, June 12, 1912, at 11 o'clock a. m.

SATURDAY, *January 11, 1913.*

Mr. MORGAN of Louisiana. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent for the present consideration of the resolution which I send to the Clerk's desk.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will report the resolution.

The Clerk read as follows:

On motion of Mr. Morgan of Louisiana, by unanimous consent, it is ordered that Sunday, the 23d day of February, 1913, at 12 o'clock m., be set apart for addresses on the life, character, and public services of Hon. ROBERT C. WICKLIFFE, late a Representative from the State of Louisiana.

The SPEAKER. Is there objection to the present consideration of the resolution?

There was no objection.

The resolution was agreed to.

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PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE

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SUNDAY, *February 23, 1913.*

The House met at 12 o'clock noon.

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

Hear my cry, O God; attend unto my prayer. From the end of the earth will I cry unto Thee when my heart is overwhelmed; lead me to the rock that is higher than I. For Thou hast been a shelter for me and a strong tower from the enemy. I will abide in Thy tabernacle forever; I will trust in the covert of Thy wings.

From time immemorial, O God our Father, men's hearts have turned instinctively to Thee in great crises for help, in sorrow and grief for comfort, in every contingency for inspiration and guidance; so our hearts turn to Thee as we assemble in memory of men who by faithful service in State and Nation gained for themselves the respect and confidence of the people, wrought well among us, left the impress of their personality upon our minds, and made a place for themselves in our hearts which time nor space can erase. "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

"We leave this and straightway enter another palace of the King more grand and beautiful."

We mourn their going, but not without hope. We are cast down but not overwhelmed, dismayed but not confounded.

For the love of God is broader  
Than the measures of man's mind,  
And the heart of the Eternal  
Is most wonderfully kind.

Enter Thou, O God our Father, into the desolate homes and bind up the bruised and broken hearts with the oil of

Thy love, that they may look through their tears to the rainbow of hope and follow on without fear and doubting into that realm where all mysteries shall be solved, all sorrows melted into joy, soul touch soul in an everlasting communion, and eons of praise we will ever give to Thee, in the spirit of the Lord Christ. Amen.

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

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

The SPEAKER. The gentleman from Louisiana asks unanimous consent to dispense with the reading of the Journal. Is there objection? [After a pause.] The Chair hears none. Without objection, the Journal will stand approved.

There was no objection.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will report the special order.

The Clerk read as follows:

On motion of Mr. Morgan of Louisiana, by unanimous consent, *Ordered*, That Sunday, February 23, 1913, at 12 o'clock m., be set apart for addresses upon the life, character, and public services of Hon. ROBERT C. WICKLIFFE, late a Representative from the State of Louisiana.

Mr. MORGAN of Louisiana. Mr. Speaker, I offer the following resolution.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will report the resolution.

The Clerk read as follows:

House resolution 861.

*Resolved*, That the business of the House be now suspended, that opportunity may be given for tributes to the memory of Hon. ROBERT C. WICKLIFFE, late a Member of the House from the State of Louisiana.

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PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE

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

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

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

The resolution was unanimously agreed to.



## MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

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### ADDRESS OF MR. MORGAN OF LOUISIANA

MR. SPEAKER: We are here convened to pay honor to the memory and to delineate the life, character, and public service of one of Louisiana's most promising and polished sons, the late ROBERT C. WICKLIFFE, who, on the 11th day of June, 1912, was cut off in the flower of his youth and in the height of a career of usefulness to the people.

In the usual course of human events the sadness of death is softened in the preparation of its inevitable coming, but when, without premonition or warning, it takes from our midst the loved and honored and lays at our feet the cold and inanimate clay in exchange for the pulsate life of a warm and joyous heart, the blow falls heavily, and the will of God seems a wondrous way that is hard for us to understand. Yet I know of no one better prepared to face the judgment of God without preparation.

ROBERT C. WICKLIFFE was born on May 1, 1874, at Bardstown, Ky., while his parents were visiting relatives in that State; hence Kentucky commingles her pride and her sorrow with that of Louisiana in the life and death of her illustrious son. They both suffered a common loss.

He received his primary education in the public schools of West Feliciana Parish, La., thereafter entering Center College, Danville, Ky., from which institution he graduated in 1895 with the degree of B. S. Immediately after, he matriculated as a student in the law department of the Tulane University, at New Orleans, La., completing his

course in 1897, after which he returned to West Feliciana Parish and actively entered into the practice of his chosen profession.

His people, at once recognizing and appreciating his transcendent ability, elected him to represent that parish in the constitutional convention of 1898, and after the adjournment of that august body he enlisted in Company E, First Louisiana Volunteer Infantry, and served throughout the Spanish-American War, and was mustered out with his regiment in October the same year. He returned again to West Feliciana Parish to resume the practice of law, and in 1900 was elected district attorney of the twenty-fourth judicial district of Louisiana, serving his people in that capacity with distinction up to 1904.

In 1908 he became a candidate for the nomination for Congress from the sixth congressional district, and, having received the nomination in the second primary, was elected to the Sixty-first and reelected to the Sixty-second Congress without opposition.

Mr. WICKLIFFE was of noble and distinguished extraction. His grandfather, Charles A. Wickliffe, served several terms in Congress, was governor of Kentucky, and subsequently Postmaster General in the Cabinet of President Tyler. His father, R. C. Wickliffe, was governor of Louisiana.

Now, while it is perfectly clear that a great name was handed down to "BOB" WICKLIFFE, yet it is equally obvious that he united distinction to the honors his ancestry had already gained.

In looking over the life of Mr. WICKLIFFE the soil of my nativity becomes dearer to me for having nurtured such a man, not that his accomplishments have drawn him into the spotlight of public recognition, not that his genius overshadowed the efforts of his fellow men, but that he crowned manhood with the dignity of honor and the



spirit of loyalty, linked the refinement of the southern gentleman to the rugged worth of the son of toil, and by no act of his lessened the respect due to his life of usefulness. The result of his work in the estimation of his character is an insignificant reflection of the nobleness of his mind and the possibilities of his future.

Those who have had the honor of his confidence and friendship, who have communed with him when the curtain was drawn and the ambitions of his life were made bare, will pay tribute to the nobility of his nature, the unselfishness of his disposition, and the simplicity and purity of his character.

The future that promised so much for him was blotted out by the hand of destiny, but he has left behind him the inspiration that guided his footsteps toward the citadel of fame, and the influence of his life will be a stepping-stone to the accomplishments of others.

To know Mr. WICKLIFFE was to love him; to meet him was to become his friend. The ineffable kindness of his smile and the courtesy of his manner one could never forget. He was honest because it was part of his nature, born of the principles that were the foundation of his success.

He was congenial, because in the unselfishness of his disposition he found pleasure in self-sacrifice for the happiness of others. Therefore he had woven into the texture of his life the power to incline people to do that which he desired done. There was no necessity to sift his motives, no suspicion of hidden incentive, no sacrifice as an exchange for concessions or the price of pacific toleration. Either in the initiative or when he gave his support to others, his motive was the uplift of his fellow men.

Absorbed as he was in the problems of public importance, the domestic side of his life was full of the pleasures that come of a happy union. He was devoted to his wife and child, and his happiest moments were spent

with them. Married to a lady in a high degree his helpmate, molded into the life that is given to prominence by intellect and charm of personality, with the instinctive qualities that give social success and enjoyment to social occasions, she drew to his home at those functions men and women whose influence and high standing made it an honor to know and whose friendship and assistance meant much in the accomplishment of matters of public moment.

Mr. WICKLIFFE was a young man, forcing recognition of his ability and worth at an age when most men are looking to the future for a foothold on the path that leads from obscurity. He was ambitious to become useful to his country and had consecrated his life to the public use of his fellow men, always cooperating with them in the propagation of right and justice. His peculiar fitness for the life he had chosen was evidenced by those traits that make leaders of men. He was of a temperament that brought to him the support of others by magnetic attraction. His individuality was marked, but not obtrusive or antagonistic, because the firmness of his character was so merged and blended in his fine social qualities, his optimism was so cheering and alluring, that he often won battles without leaving any wounded on the field or humiliation abiding in the heart.

That his work was quick in gaining recognition in his district and State will be appreciated by those who understand the difficulties of conflicting commercial interests and the impulses and ancestral influences arising from French and Spanish heredity. To stand firm in the convictions of founded principles and yet unite the strength of opposing forces is an accomplishment significant of a high degree of ability and character that must command both respect and admiration.

The rapidity with which Mr. WICKLIFFE gained public favor and the ability with which he conducted the affairs intrusted to him by the people won him honor and distinction. He became a uniter of factions and a strengthener of the principles of democracy, and I venture the assertion that if the life of this splendid man had been spared his great worth and influence would have been felt throughout the length and breadth of this great Nation.

## ADDRESS OF MR. CLARK OF MISSOURI

MR. SPEAKER: By his brief and highly honorable career, in peace and in war, ROBERT C. WICKLIFFE added renown to a name famous in the annals of Kentucky and the Southwest from the beginning of Caucasian supremacy in that rich and prosperous section of our country.

One of my first recollections of politics was the election of his grandfather, Charles A. Wickliffe, to Congress in the spring of 1861. Before that he had served repeatedly in the Kentucky Legislature and had been speaker of the more numerous branch thereof. He had also served several terms in Congress from time to time, had been governor of Kentucky, a member of the Cabinet, was sent on an important secret mission to the Republic of Texas, was an officer in Harrison's army in the War of 1812, was a delegate to the Democratic national convention at Chicago in 1864, and was a great lawyer. His son, the father of ROBERT C. WICKLIFFE, was a Confederate soldier and governor of Louisiana, and his grandson, J. C. W. Beckham, was for almost eight years governor of Kentucky. So our friend, ROBERT C. WICKLIFFE, took naturally to politics and the law. It was in the blood.

He and I were born in adjoining counties in Kentucky, I near Lawrenceburg, county seat of Anderson County, and he at Bardstown, county seat of Nelson. Consequently, when he came to Congress, I searched him out and gave him suggestions, helpful in getting a start; suggestions about things which, left to his own resources, a new Member can learn only in the hard school of experience. The pleasant friendship thus formed continued, growing closer and stronger as the years rolled by, till the

day of his death. No one outside of his immediate family mourned his untimely departure more than I did. He was cut down in the prime of his splendid powers—almost at the beginning of what promised to be a long and distinguished career. Young, handsome, modest, honest, honorable, capable, courteous, courageous, and faithful, he was a prime favorite in the House, which is a fine judge of men, and his tragic end created a profound sensation and widespread grief, such as the membership rarely experiences.

I have said that he was born at Bardstown, Ky., the ancient habitat of his family. That is a small town, but is rich in history, legend, and tradition. It is one of the oldest towns in Kentucky. It was the seat of the first Catholic see beyond the Alleghenies. It has long been famous for its schools. The pioneers who laid its foundations were a remarkable set of men and women, as fine representatives of our race as can be found betwixt the two oceans. The Wickliffes, the Hardins, the Johnsons, the Rowans, the Hardings, and others like unto them served and adorned the Republic in every walk of life and in every department of government. Cities, counties, and towns have been named for them. Their fame is part of the treasures of the Republic. In life ROBERT C. WICKLIFFE illustrated their high qualities, and in the grave he is worthy of their noble companionship.

## ADDRESS OF MR. RODENBERG, OF ILLINOIS

MR. SPEAKER: During a service of 12 years in the Congress of the United States I have met representatives of every type of our complex American citizenship. I am entirely sincere when I make the statement that in all those years I have never met a finer or truer type of genuine American manhood than is to be found among the men who have represented the State of Louisiana in this Chamber. I believe that Louisiana more than any other State in the land of sunshine and of flowers has preserved in all its strength and purity the best traditions of the chivalric spirit of former days, and those who knew him well will bear testimony to the fact that ROBERT C. WICKLIFFE embodied in his attractive personality the finest quality of that spirit. He was the very personation of true manliness. A "gentleman to the manner born," kind, considerate, and courteous, he was incapable of deception in thought, word, or deed.

I first met him several years ago at the funeral of the late Robert C. Davey, and instinctively I fell under the charm of a personality that was as natural as it was magnetic. That acquaintance ripened into a sincere friendship that will always be treasured by me as one of the most pleasant memories of my congressional life.

BOB WICKLIFFE was a man of courage, character, and capacity. Endowed with an intellect of scintillating brilliancy, broad in culture, and liberal in his views, no man ever entered this Chamber better equipped to discharge the duties of a Representative. His knowledge of political history was as thorough and comprehensive as that of any

man I have ever met. I have talked with him for hours on matters of historic interest, and his keen analysis of men and measures, his complete knowledge of the causes leading up to every important event in our Nation's history, and his intelligent and philosophical deductions as to their effect were as entertaining as they were instructive. In all of these delightful talks there was ever present that broad spirit of charity and tolerance which is the true index of culture and refinement.

ROBERT C. WICKLIFFE had confidence in his fellow man. Believing implicitly in his country and her ultimate destiny, he faced the future without any misgivings. He did not affect to believe that all that is good and pure and true and noble and inspiring in our national life died when the founders of the Republic passed away. He had an abiding faith in the triumph of any great question of truth or justice submitted to the will of a free and an enlightened people. He never impugned the motives of those who disagreed with him. Honest and honorable himself, he conceded to others the same integrity of purpose that animated his own personal and official acts. He was a man of the highest ideals. Fidelity to principle and loyalty to honest conviction were the cardinal tenets of his political creed. At all times and under all circumstances he possessed the courage that is born of conscience and that has its origin in the loftiest conception of public duty. Quick to approve and slow to condemn, generous to friend and foe alike, always sympathetic and responsive, anxious to help rather than to hinder, it is no wonder that when the news of his tragic taking off reached this Chamber every Member felt that he had sustained a personal loss.

Mr. Speaker, death is always sadly impressive. "The tear, the groan, the knell, the pall, the bier, and all we know or dream or fear of agony" are his. But to die

young, to die in the very prime of physical and intellectual manhood, to die while the shadows still lengthen toward the west and years of usefulness stretch out before one is doubly pathetic.

ROBERT C. WICKLIFFE's brief race is run. For him the mystery of life and death has been solved. He sleeps the sleep of eternity. Slowly and sadly we consign his mortal remains to the cheerless grave, and as the sods, moistened by our tears, close in above them we call and listen. From the voiceless tomb there comes no answer. Only an echo which seems to mock our sorrow is wafted back. The somber shadows thicken. All is dark. We are overwhelmed in doubt. But suddenly the mystic veil that separates the present from the hereafter is swept aside. A light breaks forth. It is the light of the spirit of immortality, triumphant still, shedding joy and peace and hope eternal. There, there amid the splendors of the eternal dawn, we behold our colleague crowned with the wreath of immortal glory that awaits him who in all of the vicissitudes of life has been true to himself, true to his country, and true to his God.



## ADDRESS OF MR. BLACKMON, OF ALABAMA

MR. SPEAKER: I was elected to the Sixty-second Congress, and when I came to Washington, March 3, 1911, one of the first acquaintances I formed was the late Hon. ROBERT C. WICKLIFFE, of Louisiana. I saw little of him during the few days I was in Washington at that time, but when I returned to the extraordinary session, which was called April 4, 1911, Mr. WICKLIFFE was one among the first Members of this body to offer friendly suggestions to me concerning my various duties as a Member. His suggestions and advice were of value to me; he seemed to take a special interest in me, and before I had served long with him in the extraordinary session I learned to love him. I found but few men who seemed to take the same interest in what we term "new Members" as did Mr. WICKLIFFE.

He had served but one term before I came here, but had mastered the rules of this House as few men have. His judgment on all questions was of great value.

I lived in the same hotel with him, and last year when I left the hotel and secured an apartment he secured an apartment in the same apartment house.

I saw him each day after I came here, because he was at all times attentive to his duties as a Member of this House. In the House he was affable and courteous, and in his home he displayed those lovable traits that were characteristic of him and which drew men to him in strong bonds of friendship.

On the morning that he met his tragic death I saw him in the lobby of the Burlington Apartment House, where

we both lived. He had his beautiful little child in his arms, and when I stopped to speak to him he seemed to be in his usual happy and contented frame of mind. I can not express the shock I experienced upon learning within an hour afterwards that my friend was dead.

In the death of Hon. ROBERT C. WICKLIFFE Louisiana, and, indeed, the whole Nation, sustained a loss. Few men, in my judgment, are better equipped to render public service than was the late Hon. ROBERT C. WICKLIFFE.

Mr. WICKLIFFE loved his country, his State, and his fellow man. He was a gentleman to the manor born. I join to-day with the people of Louisiana and the Nation in mourning the loss of a truly great man.

## ADDRESS OF MR. MURDOCK, OF KANSAS

MR. SPEAKER: As individuals we, in this body, are infinitely multiple and various. However single we may be in ideal, impulse, and purpose, the first view each of us brings to every common problem in Congress is markedly individual. Environment must have much to do with that. And our environment is endless in variety. There is not much in common in the vision of physical things between the denizen of the crag-crowned heights of Montana and the dweller on the green and floor-flat prairies of Dakota. The men of the grim woods of Wisconsin can not have the same survey of affairs as do their brothers lolling along the Texas Gulf shore listening to the lazy swell lap on the slanting yellow beach. It is a far cry from the cold coast of Maine, booming this hour through the gray solitude of a winter day, and the drowsy precinct where the velvet winds from the Pacific stir among the nodding roses in the garden down San Diego way.

The House of Representatives, in the difference of viewpoint in the men who constitute it, is the Nation in miniature. Every man who comes here is, in a way, conscious that his view of things differs from that of his fellows. It may be a view that is sectional, or is peculiar to his State, or to a certain section of his State, for the multiplication of American types continues within State lines.

Now, it is this circumstance which gives to the Congress much of its color and service here much of its charm.

And while Congress often appears laggard, and is, ultimately Congress does write into law the prevalent sense of right; does produce, under the spur of popular impatience, by some latter-day alchemy, and through col-

lision and contest and compromise and final union of contrary elements and interests, that marvelous mutuality of thought and deed which we all feel lies back of the Nation's vitality and must continue to be the mainspring of our nationality.

To me, then, the first appearance of a Member of the House is always a matter of interest. He is most interesting, however, when he brings frankly his view and his section's view to bear upon debate. We all grow to know the House, its childlike emotions, its splendid generosity, its equally severe condemnation, and, in time, to feel a profound respect for its sense of accurate discrimination. Eventually the membership here fashions every Member, but if he possess the virtue of industry, every Member, reciprocally, fashions the House. The process continues interminably—begins anew, in fact, every time a new Member makes his first appearance in vigorous debate.

Early in my service in the House I noticed that certain of the older Members, notably Col. Hepburn, of Iowa, and Mr. John Dalzell, of Pennsylvania, whenever a new Member took noticeable part in debate, consulted the Biographical Directory. It is an excellent practice, and, following it, on one occasion, when the late ROBERT WICKLIFFE, of Louisiana, addressed the Speaker, I discovered that he was of the Wickliffe family of Kentucky; that his birthplace and that of his father and his grandfather was Bardstown, the second oldest town in the State, the home of our colleague, Mr. Ben Johnson.

My interest in young Mr. WICKLIFFE was heightened through the circumstance that a short time before I had read in an ancient and forgotten Government document the story of how Postmaster General Wickliffe, under Tyler, had placed before Congress the then existing railroads' proposition that if the Government would assume

the total railroad indebtedness, then \$5,000,000, the railroads would agree to carry the mails free for all time to come, a proposition which Congress, with singular conceit, unfortunately rejected.

I made young Mr. WICKLIFFE'S acquaintance and found that the former Postmaster General was his grandfather; that the family was political; and that his father had been governor of Louisiana just before the Civil War. As our acquaintance broadened into friendship I came to know young Mr. WICKLIFFE as a splendid example of a type that is characteristically American and finds particular exemplification in some of the Southern States. The Wickliffe family was political; its inclinations and activities found naturally that channel. Our young friend loved the activity and understood it.

In every community there are families which produce merchants from generation to generation, others which contribute members to the professions; and there are also in almost all communities certain families that are naturally political.

The predilection is potent and persistent. It holds through generations. The members of such a family know the rules, the language, the customs of the "game," the fascinations of politics and its futilities, as well as the deep desire for real service, which is more often the cause of personal political activity than a cynical age allows. The father usually passes the political trait to his son.

I imagine there is no State in the Union west of the Alleghenies where this American characteristic may be followed more closely than in Kentucky. There are families there which have flourished politically for over 100 years, and identification of this activity is possibly easier by reason of the fact that Kentucky stood midway be-

tween the great tides of westward immigration on the north and the south and escaped both to a considerable extent. One who glances over a history of the State finds certain family names persisting from decade to decade, as Nicholas, Todd, Shelby, Logan, McAfee, Magoffin, Calloway, Henderson, Bristow, Helm, Buckner, Breckinridge, Floyd, Harlan, Desha, Clark, McCreary, Crittenden, Speed, Brown, Marshall, Pope, Allen, Garrard, Johnson, Dudley, Trimble, Davidge, Menefee, Owsley, Guthrie, Tilghman, Ballard, Blackburn, McDowell, and Hardin.

Charles Wickliffe, who served in Congress from 1823 to 1833, and was Postmaster General from 1841 to 1845, was born in Bardstown in 1788. The Wickliffes had been in the Indian wars and the Revolution. They were intermarried with the Hardins and the Cripps, both of which families suffered from Indian warfare. Nearly all the Wickliffes were lawyers and worthy the remarkable bar of early Kentucky, and, in the nature of things, they had voice in public affairs. A Robert Wickliffe served in the State legislature in 1819, 1823, and 1825, and thereafter as State senator until 1833. Another, Nathaniel Wickliffe, was prominent politically, and as a lawyer had such skill in the preparation of cases that Ben Hardin, who is still quoted in Kentucky, said:

With Cousin Nat to write the song and Cousin Charles to sing it, they could beat the world.

Another, John Cripps Wickliffe, was a circuit judge and soldier of the War of 1812. The activity which this generation displayed was repeated in the next. One of the sons moved to Louisiana, where he served long in the State senate and was four years governor. His son, our friend, was born in 1874, while his parents were visiting the old Kentucky home in Bardstown. Before ROBERT

WICKLIFFE was 25 he was representing his parish in a constitutional convention. At the outbreak of the Spanish War he responded to the call that was in his blood and enlisted as a private. Later, in 1908, before he was 35, he had been elected to Congress.

All who had the good fortune to know ROBERT WICKLIFFE here knew him as one of surpassing qualities of mind and heart and for his generosity and his gentility. He had the reserve and, it seemed to me, a survival of the old-fashioned dignity and unaffected mental attitude of patriotic service which characterized the day of his forebears, an attitude which made him appear to me at times to have stepped out of the past; out of the Kentucky of old, the Kentucky of Clay and Barry; the Kentucky where the Fourth of July was a solemn celebration, and where Washington Irving, using for the first time the expression "almighty dollar," was accused of irreverence; the Kentucky of coaches and four, of ruffled shirts, high stocks, and beaver hats. And with this grace and charm which was his and which seemed of the past he had a youthful, vigorous, eager grasp of current political problems which made him delightfully alive to the humanities and nobilities of his own day, for he had great love for his country. He was quick to identify our perils, eager to assist in our development nationally. He knew how to be of service, with a gift for dispatch of the business in hand, with ready decision, freedom from fear; with small patience for the technical letter of the problem, but grave reverence for the principle and spirit of it. And he had vision; a belief in the future of the Democracy and the high destiny of the Republic; an eagerness to push on to its realization. Liberty, he knew, was given us not to maintain but to perfect. It was his desire, his purpose, his joy, to help in that.

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MEMORIAL ADDRESSES: REPRESENTATIVE WICKLIFFE

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At the very beginning of his career he was taken away from us tragically. He went out into the shadows where for each of us a grave is hidden. He was a gentle, lovable, kindly soul, with much of the grace of the past and all the eager, vibrant, radiant charm of youth in his mind and heart. We have his memory, and we are better for it.



## ADDRESS OF MR. CANTRILL, OF KENTUCKY

MR. SPEAKER: We meet here to-day to pay just tribute to the life of the Hon. ROBERT C. WICKLIFFE. Kentucky gave him birth May 1, 1874. On June 13, 1912, Kentucky folded him into her bosom for the eternal sleep. After years of distinguished service to the great State of Louisiana and to the Nation he rests peacefully through the long night near the place of his birth. His beautiful resting place is in keeping with his life and character. In behalf of many friends and relations in the old Kentucky home I join with my colleagues here to do honor to the memory of a devoted friend and a noble man. This occasion is not one of mere formality or custom; we come here because we loved BOB WICKLIFFE. To know him was to admire him. In his private life, gentle, accomplished, courteous always; in public life, attentive and loyal to the interests of his people and his country. I firmly believe I speak the truth when I say that no one in this Congress was more liked and loved by his associates than ROBERT C. WICKLIFFE.

No higher tribute can be said than this. One must have the qualities and the virtues of a nobleman to so impress himself upon the hearts and minds of his associates in this great body.

The fact that he held high office at the hands of his own people showed their love of him and their trust in him. Their confidence was well placed, and these tributes to-day from those who worked with him here are messages to the people of the sixth congressional district of Louisiana that their faith in him was well founded. Mr. WICKLIFFE came from an old and distinguished family in American history. It can be truthfully said that he added

honor and luster to a distinguished name. He was an ornament to his profession. He helped to write the constitutional law of his great State. When his country was in peril he enlisted under the flag of freedom. He served with ability and distinction in this body. Had not a deplorable and fatal accident overtaken him a long and a brilliant career would have been his lot. Although he has gone forever, the sweetness of his character lingers with us as the fragrance of a crushed rose.

In the great strife of modern life it is well that on a beautiful day like this, set apart to worship the great Creator, we should stop and with bowed head and sorrowful heart pour out our true feelings of admiration and love to the memory of one who was in every way worthy of the noblest sentiments within us.

In Kentucky, as well as in Louisiana, this is a sorrowful day for thousands of friends of ROBERT WICKLIFFE, yet the heads bowed in sorrow can be raised in proudness as the story of his career is told, because his life was clean, his character was pure, his achievements were noble.

ROBERT WICKLIFFE had a heart full of sympathy for those in distress. How well do I remember his sorrow as he told me of the sufferings of his people as their hopes were swept away by the great flood. How well do I recall his joy in helping to secure relief for those who suffered by the rush of mighty waters. Though his heart was filled with sorrow for the sufferings of his people, he worked valiantly and successfully for their relief. When that warm heart ceased to beat the Southland lost one of her noblest sons and the Nation one of its truest servants.

Kentucky to-day joins with Louisiana in a tribute of love, affection, and admiration for the life, character, and public service of Hon. ROBERT C. WICKLIFFE.

It is a good thing to be rich, it is a good thing to be strong, but it is a better thing to be beloved of many friends.

Our departed colleague was rich and strong in the possession of many friends. This House is quick to perceive the faults of men; it is equally as quick to recognize the virtues of men. In the three years that Mr. WICKLIFFE served in this body I never heard a single Member utter a word concerning him that was not to his credit as a man and as a Member. His many virtues were soon seen and admired by his colleagues.

He wrote his name with love, mercy, and kindness on the hearts of those about him. His memory will linger with us that knew him always.

It has been said that—

Friendship is the scarlet thread let down from the windows of Heaven to bind human hearts together.

The single thread of friendship is multiplied many times into the strong cord of love and memory as we think of him in the great beyond.

In the brief time at my command to-day I have not endeavored to dwell in detail upon the distinguished public service of our departed colleague. Sufficient for me to say his honors were many, and in every instance he proved himself entirely worthy. I have tried to speak of what I considered his chief characteristic, namely, his loyalty to his friends and to his ideals, which were of the highest type. He had the courage always to speak his convictions, but, coupled with that courage, was a charm of manner that bound men to him.

Remembrance is the sweetest flower of all this world's perfuming.

The memory of our departed colleague, the Hon. ROBERT C. WICKLIFFE, impresses upon our hearts the truth that—

A friend is one of life's best blessings. To be a friend is to be lifted a little way toward Heaven each day.

ADDRESS OF MR. HARRISON, OF MISSISSIPPI.

MR. SPEAKER: Few men have been elected to this House who were endowed with greater natural ability, better equipped for its arduous duties, and with a brighter future for a most successful career than ROBERT C. WICKLIFFE.

Although a young man when he entered this House in the Sixty-first Congress, he was no novice in the public service. By heredity, environment, and training he was naturally fitted for the service of his people.

At the age of 24 he was chosen by his people to represent them in the constitutional convention that formulated the present organic law of his State.

At the age of 26 he was elected to serve them as district attorney. In both capacities he displayed such signal ability, clear judgment, and great resourcefulness that it won for him deserved popularity and the Democratic nomination and election to Congress in 1908.

He was of a kindly disposition, fond of sports, and a lover of nature. In the reading of the history of great men he reveled; in good literature he found pleasure; and in the study of economic questions he took especial delight. In the investigation of any subject he was studious, painstaking, and thorough. In debate, with his keen, analytical mind he was logical and convincing.

The words that were applied by him in paying deserved eulogy to Senator McEnery, of his State, could very properly be applied to BOB WICKLIFFE:

His honesty was his pride, and the slightest stain upon his reputation for probity, if believed by his people, would torture him like the shirt of Nessus. To criticism by his friends he was duly sensitive; but the calumniator and muckraker who sought to im-

pugn his motives and to destroy his reputation for honesty were answered simply by his dignified silence, knowing full well that his people always trusted him and believed him honest.

He courted friendship and prized it very highly; to him it was steadfast and enduring. He knew no bounds in which to limit his efforts in behalf of his friends. While his friends were legion and devoted to him, his loving and dutiful wife admired and loved him most, because she knew him best. She loved him for his gentle character, because she felt his unceasing tenderness; for his charity, because she knew of his kind deeds and gracious acts; for his intellect, because she knew its power.

He had no enemies, because he was incapable of a meanness. He was extremely popular with his colleagues in the House. Although our districts adjoined, being separated only by a State line, I never met him until I came to Washington, in the Sixty-second Congress, but his winning manner and cordial disposition immediately attracted me, and we became warm friends. I never knew a bigger-hearted or more whole-souled person. He was an active Member of this body, and especially diligent in his committee work. He was of a modest, retiring disposition and despised hypocrisy, sham, and show. It was not his custom to speak frequently on the floor of the House, but when he did he was full of his subject and commanded the respect and attention of his colleagues.

Understanding the wants of his people and ever alert to their interests and welfare, it was always his pleasure to carry out their wishes. His efforts in behalf of the flood sufferers in 1912, when the great Mississippi River carried to that section devastation, wreck, poverty, and ruin, will ever stand as a monument to his wonderful energy, humanitarian spirit, and resourceful powers.

For days and nights he kept in the closest touch with the situation, and it was through his efforts more than any other person that Congress and the War Department responded to their needs.

Mr. Speaker, death is an unwelcomed visitor at any time. When one who is burdened with the weight of years and bent by duties performed and opportunities accepted is called to the great beyond, a tinge of sorrow and sadness is even then felt; yet we accept it philosophically as the natural sequence of old age. But when one who is young, vigorous, able, ambitious, and fully equipped to render great public service and whose future is resplendent with every assurance of success is suddenly and tragically snatched from among us, we are put to the test of sublime faith and only can murmur "Thy will be done."

It was indeed a pall of gloom that settled down over this Capitol when the startling news came that BOB WICKLIFFE had been killed by a train in this city. Our grief was unquenchable and our anxiety unbounded. It was too sad to be true and too startling to be credible. We would not believe it, because we preferred to hold on to the slender ray of hope that it might prove to be a mistake. We visited the scene, there saw the place, and tried to acquaint ourselves with the circumstances that surrounded his death; and as we looked upon his once well-dressed, handsome, and manly form, but now a lifeless body, we realized for the first time that our colleague and friend was to be with us no more.

His death to us at first was indeed a mystery. We searched for those whom we thought might have seen the accident, in the hope that the circumstances surrounding it might be more fully known, but our efforts were at first unavailing. So interested was I, Mr. Speaker, in ascertaining all of the facts connected with the deplorable

tragedy that I attended the coroner's inquest and listened intently to the testimony of the engineer operating the train that killed him. I think that the engineer was the only man who knew just how BOB WICKLIFFE was killed. I shall never forget the impression that his testimony made upon me—so terrible, yet so sad; so tragic, yet so true.

It was a little after 9 o'clock on the 11th day of June, 1912—

He said—

when my passenger train was pulling out of Washington and was only a few hundred feet from the bridge over the Potomac River, toward which the train was moving. There was a double track across this bridge, and another passenger train was crossing the bridge at this time, coming into Washington. I saw the figure of a man standing by the track, apparently watching the train moving on the opposite track, and as the incoming train on the farther track passed by, the deceased, evidently intending to cross the railroad, stepped upon the track nearest, and, as he did, the train that I was operating struck him.

Poor fellow, on this beautiful morning, as he left his loving wife and babe and strolled through the Potomac Park, viewing the beautiful river and communing with nature in her most gorgeous attire, he little dreamed that his generous heart was beating its funeral march to the grave.

In his untimely death his comrades lost a congenial companion, his wife an attentive husband, his little child a devoted father, his district and State a splendid Representative, and the Nation one of its most conscientious and promising statesmen.

## ADDRESS OF MR. CULLOP, OF INDIANA

MR. SPEAKER: That "death loves a shining mark" was fully exemplified when the fatal dart with unerring aim struck down, without a moment's warning, ROBERT C. WICKLIFFE and hurled him into eternity. The announcement of his sudden and tragical death came to the membership of this House like a "keen clap of thunder from a clear sky," and cast a gloom over the entire body. In the prime of life, in the enjoyment of good health, with all his faculties unimpaired, with the reasonable assurance of a long and useful career, his life was ended and he was called to his reward.

By his premature and tragical death we are forcefully reminded on what a slender thread life hangs, how uncertain its tenure, and what frail mortals we are in the hands of an All-Powerful Providence. What shadows we pursue as we walk the pathway of life, as we travel on to a boundless eternity. By the inscrutable wisdom of an All-Wise Providence, the future is impenetrably veiled and we do not know to-day what the morrow will bring forth. Providence manifests His will in mysterious ways. "Thy will be done" invokes patient submission, and we recognize the wisdom it proclaims.

Man is one of the chosen instruments of God for the manifestation of His wishes and the greatest agency used for bringing about the regeneration of the world and the elevation of all its conditions, and yet so mysterious sometimes are the means employed that we are unable to comprehend the purpose, but faith, the sheet anchor



of all our hopes, enables us to accept the result with the sublime belief that whatever is, is for the best.

The poet has described in beautiful and apt language the manner of the workings of Providence when he said:

God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform;  
He plants His footsteps in the sea  
And rides upon the storm.

Death is no respecter of persons; all alike are amenable to the inexorable decree, and when the final summons comes all must respond to its command, and rest side by side, each alike awaiting the great judgment day.

ROBERT C. WICKLIFFE was one of God's noblemen, a prince among men, and a courtly knight among women. The 38 years he lived made the world better because of the manner in which he lived. He believed in the doctrine expressed by a poet, who said:

How much joy and comfort we all can bestow,  
If we scatter sunshine everywhere we go.

And he tried patiently and faithfully to practice that beautiful and truthful philosophy in everything he did and said.

The rays of sunshine and good cheer which beamed from his radiant face, the soft, soothing speech which fell from his lips, the friendly and genial grip of his hand, softened the asperities of life and chased away anger, sorrow, and pain and installed good cheer and friendship.

To his heart there was ever an open window that enabled all who saw him to look into his soul and see that every pulse beat was laden with love, kindness, and hope from which emanated those splendid qualities he displayed in his daily association with his fellow man.

In appearance attractive, in conversation entertaining, in disposition retiring, in manner courteous and fascinating, in speech persuasive and convincing, and in association companionable, he was sought after in every party of which he was a member. He was one of the most likeable fellows I ever knew; his friends were legion, bound to him as with hoops of steel, forged in the caldron of love.

He realized as much as any man I ever knew that "a soft answer turneth away wrath," and from his inexhaustible fountains of love he poured forth its healing and inspiring properties upon all who had the good fortune to know him and were around and about him. The predominant characteristics of the man were geniality and good nature, which he seemed to display at all times and under all circumstances. He always seemed to think more about the welfare of others than his own. He came from an ancestry schooled in diplomacy and statecraft, decorated with high honor for meritorious public services, so that by inheritance he was a diplomat and a leader. He knew how to employ these valuable instruments in the prosecution of his public service to good purpose, and never failed to take advantage of them whenever the exigencies of the occasion required, whether engaged in the discharge of public or private duties.

Because of the possession of these most valuable qualities of head and heart he was a tower of strength to every cause he espoused and a dangerous adversary to everyone he opposed. He could win the friendship of people, and, best of all, retain it. He analyzed questions from a public standpoint and not from any motive of selfish interest or sectional advantage. He was too broad and generous to be swayed from public welfare by any sordid purpose.

Death came to him at a time when his star in the public service was rising, when life promised a golden reward, when higher honors, a greater distinction, was waiting and bidding him onward and upward. His accomplished wife had just won envious social position by the able and efficient manner in which she had discharged her duties in originating and managing the part assigned her in the Dolly Madison breakfast, a social-political function of national significance. She richly deserved the compliments won in that celebrated affair, which he greatly appreciated.

He had just returned the day before his death from the Louisiana State convention, where he had taken a leading part in a great political contest of national importance and had been victorious, winning for himself the highest compliments for his superb generalship and great diplomacy. His nomination and election for a third term in the National Congress were assured. Life on that fatal morning was promising to him, and his cup of happiness was overflowing. High honors were at his disposal and promotion at his solicitation. But fate, cruel fate, decreed otherwise, and the fatal dart, with its unerring aim, struck the shining mark, dashed out his life, and ended his earthly career.

We pause from the routine of daily duty to pay a last tribute to his memory, to say adieu, to impress on the world the value of his services, to enumerate his virtues and the worth of his lovable character, all of which are deeply enshrined in the hearts of his associates, to remain as long as life shall be spared, as the noblest qualities of a kind heart and a generous soul.

## ADDRESS OF MR. COLLIER, OF MISSISSIPPI

Mr. SPEAKER: It is indeed appropriate, when the busy scenes of strife and confusion which mark this Chamber during six days of the week shall have been succeeded by the peace and quietude of the Sabbath Day, that we should lay aside our business, our vexations, and our cares, suspend the daily struggles and inevitable conflicts incident to legislative activity, and pause to pay a tribute of love and affection to our departed colleagues.

Since Congress convened on the first Monday in last December there has been scarcely a Sunday which has not been dedicated to this purpose.

Death, with ruthless and impartial hand, is ever in our midst, watching and waiting at our side from dawn until dark, and its dread mysterious summons comes often unannounced and when we least expect.

During the two years of the Sixty-second Congress, 18 times has the flag which floats above this Chamber been placed at half-mast for those who pursued their labors here, while at the other end of the Capitol the Vice President of the United States and six Senators have passed away.

A long list of honored dead, a mortality roll unparalleled in the history of any deliberative body of equal size.

With relentless determination Death has laid his clammy touch with equal force upon the young as upon the old. It has waited and watched at the side of old age and its grim stroke has descended upon him who, wise in counsel, rich in experience, and long in service, has left

behind him a record of earnest deeds well done. To the young legislator with the best part of his life before him, his heart and his mind filled with dreams and hopes and aspirations for the future, this grim specter unannounced has reached forth an unseen hand and left behind only silence and pathetic dust.

There were Mitchell and Kipp and Connell and Utter who left us in the early morning of their legislative careers.

There were Foster of Vermont and Anderson of Ohio and Smith of California and Latta and Hubbard and Madison and Legare and McHenry who were called away in the very zenith of their usefulness.

There was Wedemeyer, young, gifted, and brilliant, who now securely sleeps in the bosom of a Tropic sea, where the thunders of heaven's artillery salute his departed spirit and the soft murmur of southern breezes gently sing his last requiem.

There were Malby and Gordon and Loudenslager and Bingham who, rich in experience and long in service, answered the death angel's call.

There was him whose memory we mourn to-day. Handsome, debonair, manly, loyal, honest BOB WICKLIFFE, whose tragic death brought sorrow and sadness to all who knew him.

Death is cruel, inexorable, and pitiless. It always brings sorrow and regret, but when ripe old age closes its eyes and falls asleep this sorrow and this regret is softened by the reflection that three score years and ten is the brief allotment given us here on earth.

When its crushing stroke descends upon childhood, though our hearts are torn with anguish and we are bowed with grief, yet we are comforted by the thought that life's trials and temptations, its sorrows and its regrets, its vexations and its cares have been spared these

little ones, and safely guarded from even the knowledge of evil they peacefully and calmly rest in the bosom of mother earth. But when this cruel and unwelcome stroke falls upon him who is in the zenith of his usefulness, in the early morning of his life, with the promise of a splendid and useful manhood before him like young WICKLIFFE, we are troubled and we can not understand the taking off of such a man. He was playing his part so well. He was accomplishing so much that the history of his work and his short life was but an earnest and a promise of the moral and intellectual contribution he would give to the future.

But though our hearts are troubled, yet in this hour of doubt and sorrow and vain regret "hope sees a star and listening love can hear the rustle of an angel's wing."

Comforted and consoled with the promise of immortality, we know that "He doeth all things well," and Thy will, not ours, be done.

Mr. Speaker, upon an occasion of this kind it is difficult to express in words the thoughts which spring up in the heart at the tender recollections which recall to us the many virtues of a departed friend. I wish that I could put in words and phrases and sentences all that my heart dictates concerning my lamented friend.

I wonder if ever a song was sung  
But the singer's heart sung sweeter;  
I wonder if ever a rhyme was rung  
But the thought surpassed the meter;  
I wonder if ever sculptor wrought  
Until the cold stone echoed his marble thought,  
Or if ever a painter with light and shade  
The dream of his inmost soul portrayed.

Mr. Speaker, I never had the good fortune to meet ROBERT WICKLIFFE until the beginning of the Sixty-first Congress. We both entered this body together, and I soon

made his acquaintance. Living at the same hotel, coming from the same section of the country, representing practically the same interests, and of almost the same age, it was not long before a close, intimate, and sincere friendship sprang up between us. Our offices were situated in a short distance of each other, on the same floor, and together we visited many of the places of interest in the National Capital. Our tastes were congenial, we thought alike upon many questions, and thus I had ample opportunity to become familiar with the sterling qualities of heart and mind which marked the life and character of our late colleague, ROBERT WICKLIFFE.

He was one of the most genial, companionable, and interesting men I have ever had the good fortune to meet. As a Member of the House of Representatives he was earnest and diligent and faithful to every trust imposed upon him. He was constant in attendance and earnestly strove to master the minute details of legislation. He had implicit confidence in the wisdom of the people. He had an abiding faith in the permanence and stability of American institutions. The individual interest of his constituent was a personal interest to him. The great Mississippi River overflow of last year—which brought ruin and poverty and distress to thousands—was an occasion which served to show the force and ability of BOB WICKLIFFE. He represented part of the overflowed district and he was intensely interested. Those who suffered from the dire effects of that devastating flood will long have cause to remember the tireless energy and successful efforts of our lamented colleague.

Those of us who knew BOB WICKLIFFE best will all bear witness to the sweetness of his disposition, the generosity of his soul, the kindness of his heart, and the purity of his character. He was a man of noble thoughts and lofty ideals.

It was my melancholy privilege to accompany his remains to Louisville, Ky., where before a great concourse of people we tenderly laid him to rest.

It was a clear, cloudless day. We stood in that beautiful cemetery surrounded by magnificent shafts of marble as pure, as white, as spotless, and as unsullied as the life and character of him who under a wilderness of flowers lay before us. And there in the land of his birth, far from the scenes of his labors, we left all that was mortal of  
ROBERT C. WICKLIFFE.

Kentucky gave him birth, Louisiana gave him honors, both mourn his untimely end, and Mississippi asks for the privilege of sharing their grief, of laying a sprig of acacia upon the grave of courteous, chivalrous, manly BOB WICKLIFFE.



## ADDRESS OF MR. PUJO, OF LOUISIANA

MR. SPEAKER: It is the melancholy duty of the membership of this House to meet from time to time in commemorative services of the life and character of departed colleagues, and this practice is founded on the highest manifestations of religious obligations and of the devotion and affection for the memory of a friend and colleague. A decade's service in this House has convinced me that it is the great crucible where men are subjected to the acid test.

ROBERT C. WICKLIFFE stood the test, because his character was of pure gold. I first met him 15 years ago, when he was serving the people of his State in the discharge of a great responsibility as a member of the constitutional convention of Louisiana; and that constitution became, by the act calling the convention into being, organic law without submission to the people. This was the confidence justly reposed in him when but little more than a boy.

When he came to the House he made up his mind to be of value to his people, and he was punctual in his attendance and indefatigable and successful in his efforts in their behalf.

I was the last member of the Louisiana delegation who conversed with him, and that was late in the afternoon of the day preceding that of his death. Next morning, at the city of New York, where I had gone in the discharge of duties assigned to me by the House, I was informed of his accidental, tragic, and untimely death. The news was a great shock to me. When I saw him the day before he evinced in his conversation the keenest interest in legislation and the political program of the future.

Our departed friend was a man of the highest sense of honor and enjoyed the benefit of a finished education. His love of home, wife, and child was the dominating influence of his life. In his death his State and district lost a most efficient representative; his colleagues, a loyal friend and honorable companion; and his stricken widow and fatherless child, a husband and father whose love, fame, and honor will be the most precious jewel in the crown of their remembrance.

ADDRESS OF MR. RANSELL, OF LOUISIANA

MR. SPEAKER: The State of Louisiana has been the heaviest sufferer in the Republic in losing more Members of Congress during the past five years than any of its sister States. Five times in five years have we assembled in this room to offer tribute of respect to the memory of deceased members of the Louisiana delegation in Congress. First was Gen. Adolph Meyer; then Robert C. Davey; next came Samuel L. Gilmore; afterwards that old war horse of Democracy, Samuel D. McENERY; and now our lamented friend, ROBERT C. WICKLIFFE. All of these men were faithful to every interest of Louisiana; they served it to the best of their ability, and all of them were loved and honored in their native State.

The last of this quintet to join the great congress whose sessions never close in the world beyond was "Our BOB" WICKLIFFE, who departed this life in a tragic manner only a few months ago. Truly, has there been a long roll of deaths in the Sixty-second Congress, as one of the speakers has remarked. Eighteen Members of the House and seven in the Senate—25 deaths out of a total membership of 487 in both Houses of Congress. Louisiana feels very keenly the death losses in other States, for a fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind in this world, and we of Louisiana have suffered so heavily in this respect that we sympathize deeply with those who are chastened in like manner.

BOB WICKLIFFE had in him the promise of a great future. His friends believed that within a very few years, if he desired it, he could become the governor of the State, just as his grandfather had been governor of Kentucky and his

father governor of Louisiana. He belonged to a family of illustrious public men who rendered great service to two Commonwealths, and he was a worthy descendant of such ancestors. There is no doubt that practically every political gift at the disposal of his people would have been tendered him had he lived the allotted period of man.

During his very brief life BOB WICKLIFFE made a splendid record—one of which his family, his friends, and his State have just cause to be proud. I first knew him in 1898 as an active and influential member of the constitutional convention of Louisiana, though he was then less than 24 years of age. He was known as one of the two “boys” of that eminent assemblage, which framed a constitution for Louisiana that has existed for 15 years and under which the State has prospered as never before in its history; and though one of the youngest members in years, his parish had no cause to regret having selected him for such an honorable and important position.

During his service of three and a half years in Congress WICKLIFFE advanced as rapidly as any man I have known, with one or two exceptions, since I entered this body 14 years ago. He was a very active Member of the Committee on Agriculture. The people of his district are engaged almost entirely in agriculture, and that is the most important industry in Louisiana, although in recent years the State has become a very large manufacturer of lumber, second only to the State of Washington in that respect, and her vast mineral wealth is placing her well to the forefront in that regard. All of Louisiana, and especially BOB WICKLIFFE’S district, suffered terribly from the effects of the cotton-boll weevil. For over a century cotton had been king in many parishes of the State, and the weevil completely destroyed the industry and forced the people to engage in other pursuits. Great

distress, uncertainty, and doubt resulted from this enforced change, and BOB assisted in solving the many questions connected with it in a most earnest, intelligent manner.

Another great problem of vital import to his people was the flood situation of the Mississippi River, which was brought to a climax last spring by the greatest overflow on record. Many citizens of his own town and in several parishes of his district were overflowed and lost nearly everything they possessed. I shall never forget BOB's great solicitude for them and his splendid work in securing appropriation from Congress to aid in relieving their sufferings. Many parts of my district were under water, and I was a personal sufferer, because my plantation near Lake Providence was overflowed, causing me heavy loss. For weeks during that awful period BOB and I, together with every other member of the Louisiana delegation, worked shoulder to shoulder for the relief not only of Louisiana, but of the flood sufferers in the Mississippi Valley, and I learned to appreciate and honor in him at that time qualities of head and heart of which I did not dream. No man in this body seemed to feel such acute sorrow at the flood devastation as BOB WICKLIFFE, and certainly no one worked harder or more intelligently and successfully to aid the sufferers.

Not many months before his death WICKLIFFE introduced a bill to provide for disposing of the machinery and appliances of every kind used in the construction of the Panama Canal. He thought that portions might be employed very successfully in preventing flood destruction, and other parts could be used in improving rivers in different sections of the country. The bill was very comprehensive, and had it been enacted into law, which I believe he might have succeeded in securing had he lived, it would have resulted in the utilization or sale of

much valuable property of the Nation which is liable to be destroyed on the completion of the canal unless some such legislation is passed. So far as I know, BOB's ideas in regard to this were unique and original, and since his death they have been adopted and discussed by men high in the affairs of the Nation, one of whom is no other than ex-President Roosevelt.

Mr. Speaker, in the death of ROBERT C. WICKLIFFE, not only has the State of Louisiana suffered a great, aye, an almost irreparable loss, but the Nation one of its most brilliant and efficient public servants.

ADDRESS OF MR. WATKINS, OF LOUISIANA.

Mr. SPEAKER: There is always something mysterious about death, and our effort to penetrate the mysterious future bewilders the imagination. When peacefully and quietly the silver cord is loosed and the golden bowl is broken our hearts are saddened with the parting of the loved one with whom we have been associated; but when one meets death by violence the shock causes us to wonder what mysterious influence so rudely dashes a human life into eternity.

On Tuesday morning, June 11, of last year, ROBERT C. WICKLIFFE, in the prime of life and at the zenith of his usefulness, was suddenly taken from this earthly sphere to his eternal home. On that morning, parting from his wife and only child, he strolled to the banks of the historic Potomac, and while standing on the embankment near the railroad track, a passenger train dashed upon him and, hurling him violently against a post, crushed and mangled his body. The inquiry has been raised as to whether this was purely an accident caused from carelessness or whether it was the result of recklessness on his part. The inquest held shows that an incoming northbound train attracted his attention while it was crossing the bridge, and, not observing the outgoing southbound train, he inadvertently stepped upon the track and was instantly killed.

That his mind was absorbed in profound thought there can be no doubt, for the perturbation of his feelings could clearly be discerned, and his expressions of emotion indicated great mental distress.

He was most attentive to his official duties and had recently made a magnificent fight during the consideration of the Agriculture appropriation bill to have his people protected from the ravages of the boll weevil, the insect pest which has created such havoc, almost amounting to devastation, in the cotton section of his State.

Laying aside his official duties temporarily, he had visited the State of Louisiana for the purpose of helping a friend, and on this journey ascertained the extent of the calamity which had befallen his people by virtue of the disastrous overflow which had overtaken them. Be-moaning their impoverished condition and the destitution which confronted them on every side, he returned to Washington, his mind burdened with sorrow and his heart going out in sympathy for his people in their distress.

Seeking a diversion as a relief, he strolled to the banks of the Potomac, and after lingering for awhile and ascertaining that its waters were too murky to permit angling in them he meandered up the sloping bank to the place upon the railroad track where he met his violent death.

ROBERT C. WICKLIFFE was the grandson of Robert C. Wickliffe, sr., who was governor of the State of Kentucky. After moving to Louisiana his father became her chief executive, and his page in history shows that he was a most worthy and competent official and endeared himself to the people of his adopted State. ROBERT C. WICKLIFFE, the son, was born in the State of Kentucky in May, 1874. Receiving his primary education in the common schools of St. Francisville, La., he afterwards attended Center College, in the State of Kentucky, there graduating with the degree of bachelor of science. He afterwards attended the Tulane University, in Louisiana, where he graduated in law with distinction, being the orator of his class.



Returning home and engaging in the practice of law he so rapidly rose to prominence that he was elected to serve in the constitutional convention of that State in 1898. Although only 24 years of age he took a prominent part in that convention in framing the fundamental law and was especially active in procuring embedded in the constitution a provision for a railroad commission, which has proved of inestimable benefit to the State of Louisiana.

Subsequent to this he was chosen as the district attorney for the judicial district in which he lived and showed that same efficiency in this capacity as he had exhibited as a lawmaker in the constitutional convention.

He was elected a Representative to the Sixty-first Congress and reelected to the Sixty-second. During his services in the House of Representatives he endeared himself to the Members by his social disposition, his genial manners, his courteous deportment, and his manly qualities. He was independent in thought, true to his convictions, bold to assert them, but always readily yielding to the rule of the majority; when the fight was made and lost, he submitted gracefully and prepared himself for the future combat in which he might be called upon to engage.

He was an orator of merit, a polished speaker, always ready with a word to express a thought, and never disconcerted at an interruption or thrown off his guard by an effort to entrap him. He thoroughly prepared himself for the engagement which he was to enter, and with the material at hand held his own, however acrimonious the debate.

Descended, as he was, from distinguished ancestors, his bearing was superb, while his nature was sympathetic and his manner genial and most agreeable.

Mr. WICKLIFFE was twice married, each time to a cousin, both his wives being natives of the State of Kentucky.

His last marriage is blessed with a precious little daughter, the only child who survives him.

To this child and his heartbroken widow the sorrow of the Members of this House is poured forth in deepest sympathy.

We laid him to rest in the beautiful Cave Hill Cemetery, at Louisville, Ky., in which sacred place the members of his family are interred.

He was true to his friends, and a vast concourse of his sorrowing friends accompanied his remains to their final resting place.

We loved him for his warmth of heart; we admired him for his manly traits; we applauded him for his successful career; and we mourn his death as a distinctive loss to his family, his friends, and his country.

ADDRESS OF MR. ESTOPINAL, OF LOUISIANA

Mr. SPEAKER: We are engaged to-day in paying a loving tribute in commemoration of the life and services of one of our young Members of Congress, yet one who has left his fine impress on the affairs of his State and upon the legislation of his country. When death invades our circle of official life and takes away him who has reached the apex of usefulness in the fullness of years and honors, we feel that we have lost a wise counselor and friend and useful public servant, yet we realize that in the mutations of things terrestrial it is something we must expect, and in regret we bow down in solemn resignation; but when the hand of death reaches out in tragic swiftness and takes from us the young man who is but on the threshold of a career which promises a brilliant climax, who is ascending with precision and confidence and hope the steps which lead to the pinnacle of honor and fame, we feel that we have been unduly bereft in his untimely end—we can not take consolation, as it were, for our loss in that resignation which the inevitable forces upon us. My first acquaintance with ROBERT C. WICKLIFFE was in the constitutional convention of Louisiana in 1898. He was then a very young man; had hardly passed his majority; but had already endeared himself to the people of his parish, not only by his rare personality, but also by the remarkable ability which he had given many proofs of, even at that early period of his life. While, on account of the difference in our ages, perhaps, I was not thrown with him very much during our term of service in that body, I yet saw enough of him to readily under-

stand how the affections of his people and their recognition of his superior talents should have put him so conspicuously forward at such an early age. I seldom met Mr. WICKLIFFE during the 10 years which intervened between our service together in the constitutional convention and that which began again in this body, but I knew that he was forging ahead to front rank in his chosen profession of law and had been honored by the people among whom he lived. He had gained such prestige and so widened his circle of friends and admirers that when he announced himself as a candidate for Congress he was triumphantly elected.

But during his service in Congress I became intimately associated with him in the discharge of those duties which we had in common as Representatives of the people of the State of Louisiana. He was always attentive to his duties as a Member of this House, giving every subject of legislation thorough study and the closest consideration. His knowledge of matters and the quick grasp of his intellect made the understanding of all questions surprisingly rapid and accurate. Had he lived, he would soon have risen to leadership in this body, possessing, as he did, all the qualities of heart and mind that go to make up a great man. Many men possess the qualities in single that were in him combined—a vivid imagination, quick intellectual perception, and that patience and industry which reaches to the minutest detail. But these are seldom found so completely joined in one man as they were in this promising young Louisiana statesman.

The charm of his personality, the kindness and geniality of his manner and ways were irresistible, and he made friends of all with whom he came in contact. Notwithstanding the disparity in our ages, we became close and intimate friends. In my whole life I have met very few

for whom I have felt that feeling of deep affection and close fellowship that I did for BOB WICKLIFFE.

Death is the crown of life;  
Were death denied, poor man would live in vain;  
Death wounds to cure; we fall, we rise, we reign;  
Spring from our fetters, fasten to the skies,  
Where blooming Eden withers from our sight.  
This king of terrors is the Prince of Peace.

ADDRESS OF MR. DUPRÉ, OF LOUISIANA

MR. SPEAKER—

Oh, weep for Adonais! He is dead.  
Weep tho' the tears thaw not the frost  
That binds so dear a head.

But that I loved BOB WICKLIFFE well and could not forego this opportunity to put on lasting record my deep admiration of him as a man and my lofty appreciation of his public services, I would not rise to-day.

Since that fateful June day when at Atlanta, on my way home, I learned that he was dead he has been daily in my thoughts. In the ensuing intervals that I have spent in Washington his death, yea, his life, have near haunted me. This Chamber, this Capitol, the daily walk to and from it, the usual routine of work, the social diversions of this city, all bring back a thousand memories of him. They recall a boyish friendship that was never clouded, a close congressional intimacy that was rudely sundered; a loving, inspiring helpmeet, who, womanlike, courageously faces her widowhood; and a golden-haired baby girl who does not yet know that she is orphaned; and ever as these memories come and go and shape and merge and blur themselves into each other, through them all is the yawning grave in Kentucky, the home of his fathers. Is it small wonder, then, if I find it hard in mind and heart and strength to say aught to-day?

I first remember BOB WICKLIFFE when, fresh from collegiate honors won at Center College, Kentucky, he entered the law department of the Tulane University, of Louisiana, from which institution he was graduated as

valedictorian of his class. I witnessed at close range his work as a member of the constitutional convention held in our State in 1898. Although then barely 24 years of age, he took high rank in that body, rendering especially notable service in incorporating into the organic law of our State the provision for a railroad commission.

I recall him, in all his youthful ardor and patriotism, responding to the call to arms and enlisting, with characteristic modesty, as a private in Company E, First Louisiana Volunteer Infantry, Spanish-American War. I saw him receive further honors at the hands of his people, when, in 1900, he was elected district attorney for the twenty-fourth judicial district, discharging his duties with fearlessness and yet never degenerating into the vengeful persecutor. I followed with interest the remarkable campaign he waged in a Democratic primary for nomination to Congress, defeating two of the most popular and talented men of his district.

Mr. WICKLIFFE entered upon his congressional duties with the beginning of the Sixty-first Congress, and in its third session I joined him as a Member of this body. I soon discovered that in his short service he had already made a place for himself. As a member of the then minority he had received but inconspicuous committee assignments, but in the stirring days that had marked the beginning of the extra session of that Congress he had proven his mettle, had refused to stray after false gods, and had loyally followed the leadership of those who were soon to transform the minority into a majority. So when I met him here he had already come to enjoy the respect and confidence of his Democratic brethren, as indeed of the entire membership of the House. He early attracted the interest of the distinguished Speaker of this House, and it is a strange coincidence, though entirely typical of the man, that his last public appearance was an

act of loyalty to the Speaker—a successful effort on Mr. WICKLIFFE'S part to send to the Baltimore convention a majority of the Louisiana delegation favorable to the laudable ambition of that great son of Missouri.

Naturally, then, when the Democrats came into power in the Sixty-second Congress Mr. WICKLIFFE received high honor at the party's hands, being assigned, in addition to membership on the Committee on Elections, to the very important post of member of the Committee on Agriculture. He himself had been brought up on a farm and represented a district essentially rural, and was therefore admirably fitted, both by training and sympathy, for this committee work. He was the first man in public life, to my knowledge, to suggest in Congress the creation in the Department of Agriculture of a bureau of markets, a plan now on the verge of consummation, and the admirable speech which he delivered on this subject, which he aptly called "The high cost of selling," may well serve others who have followed in his wake. His manly and forceful address against free sugar showed his wide familiarity with economic questions and his particular knowledge of the conditions of the people he represented.

His own plantation home bordered on the great Mississippi River, and from his childhood he had been familiar with the terrible devastations that from time to time it works upon our people, and in the awful disaster of last spring, when the waters of 39 States poured over our fertile acres, bringing with them ruin and desolation, no man in the Mississippi Valley was more active than he in securing relief for the suffering and in convincing this Congress of its duty to give larger financial aid to the work of levee building. While on a visit to the Isthmus he conceived the idea of utilizing the machinery and apparatus employed in the construction of the Panama Canal for the protection and improvement of the banks



of the Mississippi, a plan which he embodied in a practical manner in a bill introduced by him for that purpose. It is significant that others have since taken up this thought, a former President of the United States having championed it in a number of public addresses. How gladly would he have lived to welcome the day when the General Government will realize its full obligation to the mighty river and its citizens who live behind its banks.

In all the relations of life BOB WICKLIFFE played the man's part. Had he done otherwise he would have been untrue to the traditions of a distinguished ancestry and disloyal to the spirit of "noblesse oblige" which characterizes his cast, for he was to the manner born. His lineage was of the gentlest. His father, whose name he bore, was governor of Louisiana before the war and one of its most honored citizens for many years thereafter. One of his grandfathers was governor of Kentucky and another United States Senator from that State and Postmaster General in the Cabinet of President Tyler. His aptitude for public life came naturally to him, therefore, and he was deeply imbued with the idea that men of his rearing and stamp should unselfishly devote their time and talents to the public service. With it all he was democratic to the core. His heart beat true to the quickened impulse of humanity and fraternity that is leavening all parties in the politics of twentieth-century America.

His domestic life was ideal. He himself was a man of singular personal purity, and his wife and child were all in all to him. He was passionately attached to his home. Indeed, one of the great sorrows that came into his life, bearing down upon him with a weight that was almost unnnatural, was the destruction by fire some years ago of his ancestral home, "Wyoming," in the parish of West Feliciana.

BOB WICKLIFFE was but 38 years of age when he died, and death came to him without a warning. Those who had "lov'd him so, follow'd him, honor'd him," are still unreconciled to his early and sudden passing. But, after all, he had not lived in vain. His life, while incomplete, was full of aspiration and endeavor and achievement; and I, while bemoaning the prematurity and cruel swiftness of his taking off, can not quite subscribe to their views, for I am inclined to believe that Robert Louis Stevenson wrote truly in his undying essay on death. Is not the thought solacing that underlies these lines? Listen:

It is not only in finished undertakings that we ought to honor useful labor. A spirit goes out of the man who means execution which outlives the most untimely ending. All who have meant good work with their whole hearts have done good work, although they may die before they have the time to sign it. Every heart that has beat strong and cheerfully has left a hopeful impulse behind it in the world and bettered the tradition of mankind. And even if death catch people, like an open pitfall, and in midcareer, laying out vast projects and planning monstrous foundations, flushed with hope, and their mouths full of boastful language, they should be at once tripped up and silenced, is there not something brave and spirited in such a termination, and does not life go down with a better grace, foaming in full body over a precipice, than miserably straggling to an end in sandy deltas? When the Greeks made their fine saying that those whom the gods love die young, I can not help believing that they had this sort of death also in their eye. For surely, at whatever age it overtake the man, that is to die young. Death has not been suffered to take so much as an illusion from his heart. In the hot fit of life, a-tiptoe on the highest point of being, he passes at a bound on to the other side. The noise of the mallet and chisel is scarcely quenched, the trumpets are hardly done blowing, when, trailing with him clouds of glory, this happy-starred, full-blooded spirit shoots into the spiritual land.

ADDRESS OF MR. BROUSSARD, OF LOUISIANA

MR. SPEAKER: Scarcely anything can be added to the truths that have been already uttered on this floor to-day in eulogy of the life and character of ROBERT C. WICKLIFFE. Departing from this Chamber at an age when the average useful Member commences his career, with a service of scarcely three years, he has left behind a memory which is testified to to-day by many of those who had the pleasure of knowing him and were acquainted with the charms of his character.

I first knew BOB WICKLIFFE when he was prosecuting attorney in his home judicial district, and I was performing the same public duties in mine. Being engaged in a work of kindred nature, we were naturally attracted to each other and formed a friendship from the first day of our meeting, some 17 years ago, which lasted until his death.

After having served in that capacity, when, under the leadership of the then governor of Louisiana, the present Senator Foster, it was sought to amend our State constitution in such wise as to permit the races of that State to live side by side in harmony, young as he was, BOB WICKLIFFE was intrusted by his people to represent them in the State constitutional convention of 1898.

The work of that convention having been practically accomplished, before the adjournment of it war was declared by Congress against the Government of Spain. BOB WICKLIFFE had filled functions of public usefulness in the State, was popular in his section, was descended from men who, throughout the history of the Republic, had been prominent in peace as well as in war in two of

our great Commonwealths, and it is scarcely to be doubted but that he could easily have secured a commission to serve his country as an officer in the Spanish-American War. But, relying upon his native American ability, that self-reliance which formed so marked a trait of his character, upon the qualities that had made his ancestors great in two great States of this Union, he resigned his seat in the constitutional convention to enlist in the First Louisiana Regiment of Volunteers as a simple private. He relied upon the consciousness of his own ability, his honesty, his energy, and his integrity to advance him rather than seek honors conferred by those who held power or to secure a commission to serve as an officer in that war.

Fortunately for this country and for humanity, the war was brief and gave WICKLIFFE no opportunity to attain that distinction for which patriotism had prompted him to forego the pursuit of civil honors in order to undergo the hardships of military life in the rank of the privates in an army of volunteers. Returning home, he became a candidate for Congress and was elected; and laboring here throughout the brief time of his service he left an impression upon this House which was never equaled by anyone in so short a term of service, which will never be forgotten by those who knew him in the House.

His sudden death was as untimely as it was deplorable. Well do we recall that morning when the news first reached this Capitol of his untimely taking off. A gloom hung about this Chamber and sorrow was depicted in every face. This gloom and sorrow found an echo in two great States. Innumerable friends and kinsmen in Kentucky and innumerable friends and kinsmen in Louisiana heard the terrible news with horror and dismay.

And while his death has been a loss to his friends, and to his family in particular, a greater loss falls upon the

State of Louisiana, wherein he and his ancestors had done great service for the public weal, and upon this Republic, where he and his ancestors have done great work for the American people.

As he was loved in life, so is he mourned in death.

Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that those who have delivered addresses and eulogies upon the life and character of ROBERT C. WICKLIFFE may have five legislative days in which to extend and amend their remarks.

The SPEAKER. The gentleman from Louisiana [Mr. Broussard] asks unanimous consent that those who have spoken on the life and character of ROBERT C. WICKLIFFE may have five legislative days in which to extend and revise their remarks. Is there objection?

There was no objection.

Mr. Finley resumed the chair as Speaker pro tempore.

#### ADJOURNMENT

The SPEAKER PRO TEMPORE. In accordance with the resolution previously adopted, the Chair declares the House adjourned until 10.30 o'clock to-morrow morning.

Accordingly (at 8 o'clock and 28 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned until to-morrow, Monday, February 24, 1913, at 10.30 o'clock a. m.



PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE

TUESDAY, *June 11, 1912.*

The Chaplain, Rev. Ulysses G. B. Pierce, D. D., offered the following prayer:

O Lord, our heavenly Father, who didst send Thy Son into the world, not to condemn the world but that the world might be saved, save us, we humbly pray Thee, from all doubt of Thy goodness and from all questioning of Thy providence. As Thou hast called another Member of this Congress from the labors of earth, deepen, we pray Thee, our trust in Thee and grant that while we have the light we may walk in the light, knowing that the night cometh when no man can work.

And unto Thee, with whom is no darkness at all, neither shadow that is cast by turning, be glory and praise now and forevermore. Amen.

The Secretary proceeded to read the Journal of yesterday's proceedings, when, on request of Mr. Gallinger and by unanimous consent, the further reading was dispensed with and the Journal was approved.

A message from the House of Representatives, by J. C. South, its Chief Clerk, communicated to the Senate the intelligence of the death of the Hon. ROBERT C. WICKLIFFE, late a Representative from the State of Louisiana, and transmitted resolutions of the House thereon.

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

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,  
June 11, 1912.

*Resolved*, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. ROBERT C. WICKLIFFE, a Representative from the State of Louisiana.

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

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

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

*Resolved*, That as a further mark of respect, this House do now adjourn.

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

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

*Resolved*, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. ROBERT C. WICKLIFFE, late a Representative from the State of Louisiana.

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

*Resolved*, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

The VICE PRESIDENT appointed under the second resolution as the committee on the part of the Senate Mr. Foster, Mr. Thornton, Mr. Crawford, Mr. Fletcher, Mr.



Smith of Michigan, Mr. Percy, Mr. Townsend, and Mr. Paynter.

Mr. FOSTER. Mr. President, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased Representative, I move that the Senate adjourn.

The motion was unanimously agreed to; and (at 5 o'clock and 22 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until to-morrow, Wednesday, June 12, 1912, at 12 o'clock m.

MONDAY, *February 24, 1913.*

A message from the House of Representatives, by J. C. South, its Chief Clerk, transmitted to the Senate resolutions of the House of Representatives on the life and public services of Hon. ROBERT C. WICKLIFFE, late a Representative from the State of Louisiana.







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