



Eng by J.C. Buttre Co. NY

Philip M. Scrapo

PHILIP M. CRAPO.

At eleven o'clock Sunday night there died in Burlington a man who has helped in a very great way to make Burlington a better city, a more attractive one to live in, and one in which the pride of its citizens had good cause to grow and expand. There stand to the credit of P. M. Crapo, as monuments to his progressive and liberal-minded citizenship, two things of which Burlington is proud. Chief, it may be said in an intellectual and artistic sense, is the free public library, which his generous gifts made possible to the citizens. There is no nobler inspiration in life than that which conceives the illuminating of the intellect. Thoughts, impulses and deeds which tend toward that object are among the rare things that characterize humanity. In contemplating the efforts which Mr. Crapo has put forth in the up-building and sustaining of the public library, his generous gifts of books, his tireless attention to the interests of the building and its grounds, his frequent donations toward the betterment and intrinsic enhancement of the institution, one reaches the inevitable conclusion that Mr. Crapo was a citizen apart; one whose heart was in the right place, one who saw the needs of the city and hesitated not to do the best he could to aid in the providing the things necessary to fulfillment of the public desire, and its good. That his acts and impulses were dictated by a true and honest heart and one not clouded by the thought of personal gain, there is none who will deny.

Possibly second in importance, though some might put it first, is Crapo park, while not a gift in full, a liberal donation to our city's needs. With enthusiasm unbounded, and zeal that knew no turning, Mr. Crapo worked, dreamed and strove for that stretch of sunlight and pure air for the dwellers in the city where hundreds spend their outing during the outdoor season. Only second to the intellectual development is that of the physical body. Indeed it may be

doubted if the latter is very far behind the first in importance, and there are those who place it first. For, say they, without health, what is learning, what is intellectual enjoyment? Be this as it may, the park which Mr. Crapo's generous contributions enabled Burlington to possess, stands as one of the two fitting monuments to his memory here. It marks the breadth of the man's real character and sets a guiding stone for others to follow, in their efforts along humanitarian lines.

These are the two things—the library and the park—which have brought the public and Mr. Crapo more closely into touch. And it is largely by them that his service as a fellow citizen will be judged. But there are those of Burlington citizens and many people in cities far and wide, who have come in personal contact with Mr. Crapo and by their closer touch possess an acquaintance with his real character that gives him a sure place in their estimation, aside from any philanthropic acts he may have performed here and elsewhere. They will testify that Mr. Crapo's heart was right, that his impulses were generous, that his aim was for the best interests of the largest number. Even those who have felt the glint of fire from the steel of his indomitable character, acknowledge that as a rule Mr. Crapo was technically right. He may, in his eagerness to have some cherished and laudable ambition carried out along the lines which he had carefully considered and believed to be right, have presented too determined a front to his fellow workers. It was not possible for one of his courageous, determined and unswerving disposition, no matter how sincere his belief in the justness of his cause, not to bring at times the tingle of a wound to those who strove with him for some mutually desired benefit to the city.

But there is not a man to-day in Burlington who does not give to Mr. Crapo the credit of great citizenship, of lofty ideals, of unbounded generosity, of untiring zeal for the welfare of his city and its people. Our citizens recog-

nize that these characteristics for which they honor him made him more than a man confined within a city's walls—a recognized factor in affairs at large, whose death will be mourned far beyond the limits of his home city.

Burlington has cause to regret the death of Philip M. Crapo. It will remember him long and will honor him in memory.—*Burlington Hawk-Eye*, Sept. 22, 1903.

Left an orphan in childhood, he early learned to do for himself, and to improve every opportunity that came to him for advancement and promotion in the world. Forty years ago he saw the life of the nation imperiled, and he bared his youthful bosom to the storm of war. The fires of patriotic devotion were always warm and glowing upon the altar of his heart. When the nation was saved, he entered the fields of industry and enterprise, and enlisted his energy and his sagacity and skill in railroad and other work. Thirty-five years ago he came to Iowa, and from that time his life has been identified with the growth of this city and of the State, and with the varied interests of our people in commerce and trade, in the improvement of their farms and homes, and in the advancement of knowledge and of moral and social order throughout the commonwealth.

In business he was quick and prompt and indefatigable in his faithful attention to every trust committed to his hands. Of firm character and strong will, he stood for equity and righteousness between man and man and in public affairs. Independent and self-reliant, he was indifferent to popular clamor, and to opinions and measures his judgment did not approve, and was strenuous and tenacious for his own views and convictions. His sense of justice and right, and his respect and honor for himself, and for the dictates of his reason and conscience, were superior in his own mind to every other consideration.

With these traits there was blended in large and supreme measure the highest ideas of human sympathy and affection,

and the purest and most disinterested sentiments of consideration and regard for the welfare and benefit of his fellow men. His benevolence and charity were unbounded. He appreciated his relations to others as a member of the same human family, sharing common duties and cares, common sorrows and joys, all alike children of the same heavenly Father, and needing the love of one another, as well as the grace and mercy of heaven. His thoughts for the city of his home embraced the higher wants and the richer culture of its people. He knew the charms of nature, and the inspiring and healing influences of great landscapes, of wide visions of earth and sky, of forest trees, of birds, of a lordly river, and of grounds made picturesque by art and taste. He knew the charms of literature, that good books are food for the mind, that history and poetry and science and philosophy are the handmaids of civilization, that free access to the temple of knowledge affords great opportunities for the higher culture and advancement of a people.

For these objects Mr. Crapo labored many years in assiduous effort, planning and arranging to bring about that happy consummation of the best things we have in our city life—the free public library and Crapo park. To them he gave his time in many long vigils and studies of the night, as well as of the day, and for them with generous hand he poured out his wealth in affluent streams. He followed the rule of holy writ that they who are rich in this world be not high-minded or proud, nor trust in uncertain riches but in the living God who gives them all things richly to enjoy, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate, and lay up for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life.—*Rev. Dr. Salter at the funeral.*

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