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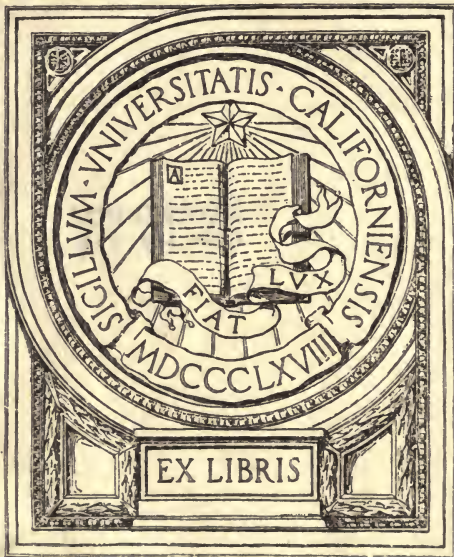
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John W. Crawford.



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PROCEEDINGS

OF THE SENATE OF PENNSYLVANIA

IN COMMEMORATION OF

HON. JOHN W. CRAWFORD,

LATE A SENATOR

FROM THE FORTY-FIFTH DISTRICT,

TUESDAY, MARCH 7, 1911.

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RESOLUTION.

In the Senate,
March 8, 1911.

Resolved (if the House of Representatives concur),
That one thousand (1,000) copies of the proceedings
of the memorial services, held in honor of the late
Honorable John W. Crawford, be printed for the use
of the Senate.

HARMON M. KEPHART,
Chief Clerk of the Senate.

The foregoing resolution concurred in March 13,
1911.

THOMAS H. GARVIN,
Chief Clerk of the House of Representatives.

Approved—The 15th day of March, A. D. 1911.

JOHN K. TENER.



PROCEEDINGS
OF THE SENATE OF PENNSYLVANIA
UPON THE DEATH OF
HON. JOHN W. CRAWFORD.

In the Senate,
Tuesday, February 21, 1911.

On motion of Senator Wilbert, the following resolution was twice read, considered and agreed to, viz:

Resolved that a committee of eight members of the Senate be appointed to draft suitable resolutions on the death of the late Senator, John W. Crawford, who died on June thirty, one thousand nine hundred and nine, and present said resolutions at a special meeting to be held on Tuesday afternoon, March seven, at four o'clock.



MEMORIAL RESOLUTIONS AND ADDRESSES.

In the Senate,
Tuesday March 7, 1911.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The time of recess having elapsed, the Senate was called to order at four o'clock post meridian, the President Pro Tempore, Mr. Crow, in the chair.

PRAYER.

Prayer was offered by Reverend Harry Nelson Bassler, as follows:

O, Lord, our God, Thou dost lead us in wonderful ways and at this time Thou hast led us in the presence of death by calling from time to eternity one who has walked by our side, one who has shared our joys and sorrows and labored with us in the performance of our duties; we bless Thee for his memory; we thank Thee for his stay here. May we exemplify in our short stay here all that was true and beautiful and good within him. May we all so live that some day we with him may have a triumphant entrance through the gates into the city. Remember, O Lord, this afternoon those who bow beneath this great sorrow; those who stand alone with the great cold world before them. Pour the oil of gladness upon the troubled waters of their souls; be with us in the future duties of life; remember no more our transgressions and shortcomings; take away all that is sinful and weak within us and finally accept us, we ask it, in Jesus' name and for Jesus' sake. Amen.

MR. WILBERT. Mr. President, I offer the following resolutions:

RESOLUTIONS.

Whereas, It has pleased the Arbiter of Life on June 30, 1909, to remove from among us our respected friend and esteemed associate, the Honorable John W. Crawford, Senator from the Forty-fifth District; and

Whereas, This body desires to enter its testimony of its respectful regard for him as a citizen and associate as a Senator of Pennsylvania;

Therefore, Be it Resolved, That the Senate of Pennsylvania hereby records its high estimate of our late associate as a citizen, a legislator, and a man;

Resolved, That in the death of Senator Crawford, the county of Allegheny has lost one of its most honored and substantial citizens, the Senate of Pennsylvania a most faithful and efficient member, the public welfare an earnest advocate and we, his associates, a genial companion and a warm and sympathizing friend;

Resolved, That we tender to his family our sincere and heartfelt sympathy in the irreparable loss which they have sustained by this invasion by death of their circle;

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions signed by the President and attested by the clerk be sent to the family of the deceased.

DAVID A. WILBERT.
WILLIAM C. SPROUL,
JAMES P. McNICHOL,
JOHN E. FOX,
OSCAR E. THOMSON,
DANIEL P. GERBERICH,
JAMES K. P. HALL,
STERLING R. CATLIN.

On the question,

Will the Senate agree to the resolutions?

ADDRESSES.

Mr. WILBERT. Mr. President, The saddest and most mournful duty that I have been called upon to perform since becoming a member of this body, is that which I now undertake, in speaking upon the death of our lamented fellow-member, the Honorable John W. Crawford, whose death occurred June 30, 1909, while not wholly unexpected, yet came as a great blow to his vast army of friends, supporters and admirers.

It was my privilege and my pleasure to know John Crawford intimately and well, and perhaps better than did any other member of the Senate, and this not only for the reason that we hailed from the same county, but because we lived together during our joint sojourn in Harrisburg; and the result of my intimacy with him was the creation of feelings of respect and friendship which never diminished, but on the contrary, increased from the first day of our acquaintance to the day we parted by the dire decree of death. I am not by any means the sole witness of the endurance of his friendship, for in my intercourse with other members of the Senate, I have found a great void has been left by his taking off, and that his cheerful smile, his hearty handshake and genial personality will be sorely missed. He was one of those men, who, where he had promoted an acquaintance to the class of friend, believed that he should be clasped to his soul with hoops of steel.

John Crawford was a many-sided man, and in the discharge of his duties as a member of this Senate, he gave a conscientious attention to all character of legislation that was brought here for consideration and ac-

tion. If there was one species of legislative work to which he gave more attention than any other, it was to that which dealt with State aid to charitable and educational institutions. His disposition was kind and sympathetic, and he naturally turned to any movement to aid the needy and helpless. It was as natural for John Crawford to help a fellow-being in distress as it is for water to flow downward, and I sincerely believe that in his whole lifetime he did not refuse assistance to a worthy object of charity, and a multitude of doubtful ones were the recipients of his personal bounty, and thus it was that, as a member of the Senate, he gave much attention to the matter of appropriations to public charities. But he did not neglect his other duties, and I think I can say without exaggeration that when he died, John Crawford was one of the hardest working and best equipped men in this body.

His private life was pure. He was a good son, a loving brother, and a high-minded citizen. In a word, he was a man in the full and complete sense. When John Crawford departed this life, his family lost a loving brother, this Senate a distinguished member, and the State an upright, honest and brave subject.

MR. SPROUL. Mr. President, I am glad to have an opportunity of saying a few informal words out of respect to the memory of this Senator with whom I had a long and very pleasant association here. John Crawford was the last of those remaining who were in the Senate of Pennsylvania when I came here and I find myself now here alone among all of those who sat in the session of 1897. The vicissitudes of politics and the change of death have removed one by one all of the men who took part in this body at that time. For several years John Crawford and myself were the only

remaining members of that session, and I felt that connection, and I also felt that close, warm, personal friendship for the man who had all the good qualities which his friend and colleague has so feelingly spoken of. He had that great saving grace of charity; he had toleration for other men's beliefs and opinions; he did not think that a man was eternally wrong in this world and the next because he did not hold exactly the view regarding matters of the present day that he did, but he met people half way in any worthy proposition and tried to do the very best that he could with the opportunity and means at his hands. Taken away in the middle of his career, taken away at a time when he should have had a great many years of usefulness before him, it was not vouchsafed to him to live and have the death that I find in this little verse which someone, certainly a man with a fine sentiment, expresses:

"So be my passing!
My task accomplished and the long day done,
My wages taken and in my heart
Some late lark singing,
Let me be gathered to the quiet west,
The sundown splendid and serene.
Death!"

As I say, it was not given to John Crawford with all his worth of heart and way of kindness and regard for others, to live beyond the middle of an ordinary life, and yet he goes away more lamented and leaving behind him a better monument of good work well done than many a man who has lived twice his years.

MR. FOX. Mr. President,

"His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, 'This was a man!'"

Senator Crawford was a member of this body when I entered it ten years ago and during the whole of our period here together I enjoyed the valued fortune of his sincere friendship and his departure is keenly felt.

It is the pride and boast of our truly Republican institutions that they give to every individual an opportunity to demonstrate what is in him. Senator Crawford by his energy, his honesty and his industry, born of humble parentage and in poverty, by his own work rose to a position of plenty and a position of honor in this Commonwealth.

As a man he exemplified the best qualities. He was truthful, honest and courageous.

As a citizen he always welcomed responsibilities and faithfully discharged his obligations.

The preeminent trait in his character was sincerity and fidelity to his friends. And who can possess any trait more admirable. How superior is the man who possesses it and how inferior is the man who has it not! I shall ever remember, when at the close of our last session, as a token of the high esteem in which this body held him for his labor and character, it made a presentation to him, how he appreciated and cherished the kindly feelings then expressed by his fellow-members.

His life will endure with those who knew him, for knowing him they loved him. It will endure with those who knew the nobility of his mind and the kindness of his heart. The Angel of Peace which men call death has taken our brother and we grieve that he has gone. He had won our applause by his fairness and our affection by his nature of loveliness.

My fellow-Senators, the rapid passing of members of this body leaves upon us a deep and ineffaceable im-

pression of the importance of a good and kind life, therefore

“Build thee more stately mansions, Oh my soul,

As the swift seasons roll!

Leave thy low vaulted past!

Let each new temple, nobler than the last,

Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,

Till thou at length art free,

Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unreasting sea!”

MR. WILBERT. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent for Chancellor Samuel B. McCormick of the University of Pittsburgh, John W. Crawford's warm personal friend, to be heard on this occasion.

THE PRESIDENT. Is there objection? The Chair hears none.

Mr. McCORMICK. Mr. President and Senators, Born in Mifflin Township, at Duquesne, April 25, 1861. Educated in public schools and at California Normal. As business man was in Real Estate, broker and banker—President of the First National Bank of Duquesne.

As public servant, first burgess of his town, member of council and from 1896 to his death, in his fourth term, member of the Senate.

He died on June 30, 1909, and was laid to rest in the cemetery at McKeesport, near his home, on July 2, 1909.

How utterly inadequate such a record in telling the story of a life. My only qualification for discharging the duty you have courteously assigned me is that I knew him and that I loved him. He was just such a man as the others of us here, with all the faults and frailties and sins which belong to us all, but withal he was a man and you who knew him too, and talked and laughed with him, agreed and disagreed with

him, you loved him too and you and I mourn him to-day as a companion who walked with us a little while along the way and then was not—for God took him.

When I heard that he was in the hospital and had just submitted to a critical operation I hurried out to see him. There he lay, weak with the suffering through which he had passed, yet content, smiling, serene, confident. Curiously I had no thought that he was in any danger. I was for two weeks in Colorado and returning found him where I left him. I had no warning that we might lose him. Through that lovely June he lay patient, uncomplaining; yet I saw not the angel that hovered over him nor dreamed that the shadow of the dark wings was even then falling upon him. And when the end came and the word was flashed forth that John W. Crawford was dead, my heart stood still and I wondered why my eyes were holden that I saw not and my ears dull of hearing that I heard not the moving of the presence which during those weeks was only waiting until the final hour was come.

He was my brother and I loved him. I have never sought to understand; but during the months since then, again and again, the memory of him has come, joy that he had come with my life, gladness for his friendship, gratitude for his loyal steadfastness; but a great sadness that he had one day slipped out and while I sought him yet found him not nor saw him ever again among the living. Only for a few have I thus mourned, and the grief is as real and as poignant to-day as it was on that afternoon in the early summer time when we laid him to rest in God's acre on the hillside over which his feet had often passed in the days of his boyhood.

It was first of all, I think, because he was a man.

It is not easy to assume virtues which one does not actually possess. If a man is not real, the evidence is not long wanting. Manhood is self-revealing. Character doesn't need an interpreter. It is as unmistakable as the rose in the garden. The biggest thing a real man does is the creation of himself. That speaks more loudly than any word he utters or act he performs. It always sounds true. Senator Crawford was a man. Once a lawyer said to me "I have been doing legal work for John Crawford at intervals for twenty-five years and in all that time I never knew him to depart from the strictest integrity. If he makes a promise he keeps it. If he states a fact it is true. If he gives an obligation he makes it good. He can be depended upon in every situation and under any pressure of circumstance. In every fibre of his being he is honest. I believe in him for I know him through and through."

That is the quality of tried manhood. At the time that conversation took place John W. Crawford was, as were all business men just then, passing through the fires. The panic of 1907 had swept over the country and produced uneasiness and financial distress. Banks were going to pieces. Distrust was everywhere. Money was withdrawn from circulation. Business was put under a tremendous strain. Fortunes were taking wings. No one could foresee the outcome. The Pittsburgh Stock Exchange of which Senator Crawford was president was closed. But no man ever doubted John W. Crawford. No man had thought that he would fail to stand up under the storm which beat upon him. Tranquil, confident, true, he stood firm, believing no less in his neighbor and trusting no less in the worth and integrity of his fellows. That is a

test of manhood. It determines whether the timbers of the vessel are sound. It reveals whatever weakness may lurk in the character. It turns the inside of the man out so that the world may know him for what he is. John Crawford stood the test. He rose above obstacles. He met difficulties with bravery. He complained not nor doubted. He was cheery and confident. He was himself true and trusted that quality in others. Manhood is what the world admires. Because he had it we trusted him and because he was gentle we loved him.

I think that we all recognized another quality without which no eulogy could be pronounced this day. That quality was loyalty to his duty in the realm of public service. He was not neglectful of his own affairs. Like other men he devoted himself to business. Like other men he desired to accumulate wealth. But John W. Crawford had ideals far higher than to be a successful man of affairs. Whether he knew it or not his real ambition was to touch the lives of his fellows beneficently, to give himself prodigally to the service of the State. It was not financially profitable for him to be burgess of his borough, to serve on the council, to represent his district in this honorable body. It cost him countless thousands of dollars to do it. He did it because it was his high conception of civic duty. It is the glory of our country that, in the political life of our nation, there are hundreds and thousands of John W. Crawfords in the halls of our State Legislature who are rendering self denying service as he did, just as it is the shame of our country that their motives are often impugned, their characters aspersed, their actions misrepresented and their loyalty to state and nation traduced into selfishness and personal gain. When will America learn to honor the men who represent the

people, to put them on an eminence from which they themselves only can cast them down so that they will honor both themselves and the nation and so that the few who are base and selfish and sordid, and therefore unable to remain in that pure and high eminence, may be distinguished from the many who are rendering loyal and patriotic service. I think that one reason why we all loved Senator Crawford was that he cared so little for himself and cared so much for us and for the larger body of his fellows who constitute the State. With what measure of ability he had, with the goodness of heart and bigness of generous manhood which was his, he gave himself without stint to the service of the people.

After all this is life. It is also the only real preparation for death. To live is joy when life is service. "To know, to love, to achieve, to triumph, to confer happiness, to alleviate misery, is rapture." To live forever when service has been conscientious is our sublimest hope. To be calm in trial, to be hopeful in day of gloom, to be steadfast in the day of adversity, to be strong, brave, true, always—these are the qualities of a great soul. These John W. Crawford possessed. Hence we loved him when he walked among us and hence, too, we mourn him to-day. He sleeps on the hillside within sight of the spot where he was born. We leave him there in the care of Him who is Friend and Father of us all.

When, centuries before the Christ, King Argos, about to die, met the frenzied question of the wife of his heart as to whether they should meet again, he replied:

"I have asked that dreadful question of the hills
That look eternal; of the flowing steams
That lucid flow forever; of the stars,
Amid whose field of azure my raised Spirit
Hath trod in glory; all were dumb; but now,
While I thus gaze upon thy living face,
I feel the love that kindles through its beauty
Can never wholly perish. We shall meet again."

Where man cannot know he rises into the higher realm where trust may quiet his heart and guide his steps and where he may commit himself to the eternal arms and sink into them, brave, manly, courageous to the last, as the weary child gives itself to the gentle arms of motherhood and falls asleep. The courage of trust is the divinest courage of all; and he who in his journey between the two eternities has smiled and toiled, has stretched out his hand to help, has spoken encouragement and hope, has sought to bless his fellows and serve his God, that man may look serenely into the frowning face of death and meet the dread coming with a smile. So your friend and mine passed out upon the sea and set sail for the land of eternal day, trusting in the God of his fathers and splendidly unafraid. Were he present to-day to tell us what to say he would first of all bid us to be silent; to utter no word of eulogy; to speak no word of praise; but if we must speak his words would be those of Tennyson—

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

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

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

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

And the question recurring,
Will the Senate agree to the resolutions?
The yeas and nays were taken, and were as follows,

viz:

Yeas—50.

Adams,	Heacock,	Kurtz,	Shields,
Alexander,	Herbst,	Manbeck,	Snyder,
Baldwin,	Homsher,	Martin,	Sones,
Buckman,	Huffman,	McConnell,	Sproul,
Catlin,	Hunter,	McIlhenny,	Thomson,
Clark,	Jamison,	McNichol,	Vare,
Cooper,	Jarrett,	McNichols,	Wasbers,
DeWitt,	Jones,	Miller,	Weingartner,
Endsley,	Judson,	Morgan,	Wertz,
Fox,	Keyser,	Nulty,	Wilbert,
Gerberich,	Kline,	Powell,	Wolf,
Hall,	Knapp,	Salus,	Crow,
Hays,			Pres. pro tem.

Nays—0.

All the Senators having voted "aye" the resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

ADJOURNMENT.

Mr. SPROUL. Mr. President, I move the Senate do now adjourn.

Mr. FOX. Mr. President, I second the motion.
The motion was agreed to.

At four thirty post meridian the Memorial proceedings were completed and the Senate adjourned until ten o'clock ante meridian, March 8, 1911.

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