

Herald

Alonzo Steele dropped dead this morning near his own home as he was returning from a visit to Chicago. He came in on the early train, which did not get here till 7:15, took breakfast at Hotel Monroe, and had started for his earthly home, but reached the eternal. He was found by Will Kirby when going down to business at 8:30 this morning, lying on the sidewalk at his own corner apparently dead. Mr. Kirby got help and carried Mr. Steele into the house. Friends were summoned and Dr. Newman made efforts to revive him without effect. He must have lain on the sidewalk but a few minutes when found. He was about 83 years of age, and had been a resident of Grinnell some forty years, having come here from his native place, Arcade, N. Y. Friends have been telegraphed, but at the time of going to press no arrangements had been made concerning the funeral. 1-30-1900

—Alonzo Steele was born on the 15th day of August, 1816, near Arcade, N. Y., where he lived on a farm during his boyhood days. Later he attended Oberlin College, but did not finish the course. In 1841, he married Miss Ann D. Tracy, whom he had known from childhood, and with whom he had attended college. To them were born three daughters, the wife passing away in 1853, and two of the daughters when young ladies, Mrs. Lucius Sanders being the only remaining representative of the family. Mr. Steele began business for himself on a farm near the place of his birth, and some time later was a part owner of a woolen mill in Arcade. Forty-three years ago he began making investments here, buying at that time the south half of the farm north of the city on which his grandson, W. S. Sanders now lives. In 1863, he moved here and began in the lumber business with C. F. Craver, whose business push and integrity he had discovered. In a few years Craver and Steele changed their business to the manufacture of agricultural implements, which grew in time to the enlarged plant for the manufacture of headers. M. Austin, who had been this firm's attorney and agent, was taken into partnership and the firm under the title of Craver, Steele & Austin continued until the firm had been engaged in business for 25 years. About that time the company met with reverses and lost practically all they had. This loss coming to Mr. Steele when well advanced in years tended only to make him the more cheerful and happy. He bore what would have been a death blow to many as manfully as he would have born the slightest misfortune. Mr. Steele was a strong man physically, a strong man in intellect and a man of good business judgment. While generous, he was not an indiscriminate giver. He gave freely to that which his judgment approved, and withheld with firmness when he thought the object not good. His judgment was not always the judgment of those asking him for contributions, but he did as he thought he ought, and based his judgment on the principle of the good he would do to others. His appreciation for the work of the Salvation Army led him to give liberally to the support of that organization, and but for his generosity it is doubtful if

that organization would have gained a permanent foothold here. It is unnecessary to state that in addition to the endowment of a chair in Iowa College, named from his daughter who died while in college the Myra Steele Professorship, he had plans for giving largely to that institution, for this is known to all. Mr. Steele was a simple, trusting christian, not much given to emotion, but abiding in his simple, trusting faith, and nightly saying the prayer which he had learned when a mere lad, "Now I lay me down to sleep." His life was one which we may well emulate, and his ideals those which we may well adopt. In conversation a few weeks before his death, he said, "It matters not how long I have lived, but how well." This was the guiding principle of his life. Short services were conducted at the house, Wednesday afternoon, by the Rev. E. M. Vittum, with music furnished by Mrs. Heidal, Miss Bartlett, Mr. Brande and Mr. Parish; and his remains were taken that evening to his former home in Arcade, New York, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Lucius Sanders and the Hon. J. P. Lyman, and laid to rest beside the remains of the wife of his youth. Herald

2-2-1900