MAXIMS OF A MERCHANT

Meditation a minute a day upon the grandeur of God's universe is to pray in sincerity and truth.

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

The People's Paper Read by Everybody

Covers Prince Edward Island Like the Dew

MAXIMS OF A MERCHANT

He who lives but to live, lives only to die; he who lives but to die lives to live.

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MR. J. AUGUSTINE MCDONALD SPEAKS ON BUDGET DEBATE

Continuing After Recess Mr. McDonald Reviews Financial Situation of Province and Shows How the Welfare of the Province is Being Safeguarded.

Having moved the adjournment of the debate on the Budget on Friday afternoon, March 26th, after a few minutes' remarks, Mr. J. Augustine McDonald resumed when the House met again in the evening. He said:

Mr. Speaker, when the House rose a 6 o'clock I was discussing the bye-elections held during recess, and I wish to add, in that connection, that the vote of confidence in the Stewart administration was very evident in those districts where the bye-elections were held. The people, when they had the opportunity, showed their appreciation of the efforts made by this Government to give efficient service in the various departments.

We will contrast for a moment the policy of the Liberal party and the policy of the Conservative party. You know that in 1919, when the Bell Government came into power, they issued a statement, declaring the amount of the deficit to be $253,000. My hon. friend the Leader of the Opposition was a member in the ranks of that Government. They ran a bye-election, and it was on the eve of this bye-election that the statement was issued. They made it up by including all the expenditure up to that time and by deducting a share of the subsidy from Ottawa, **notwithstanding the fact that almost all the expenditures for the whole year had been made.** They have repeated that statement of the 1919 deficit from that time onward, and I have no doubt that the next election they will still be repeating it.

During the session of 1920, after that statement had gone to the people, and while the House was sitting, a meeting of the Public Accounts Committee was held; and the Leader of the Opposition was a member of the Public Accounts Committee of that year. The House, during that session, sat for seven long weeks; and you will note, Mr. Speaker, that we have not been unduly rushed in transacting the business this year, though we are sitting only three weeks—so it can be imagined just what time they had on their hands during that period of seven weeks. The report of the Public Accounts Committee for that year will be found in the Journals of the House for 1920, page 209. The report was produced at the end of those seven weeks, and after the Liberals had been assuring the country that the finances had been left in such a deplorable condition by the Arsenault administration. The report reads:

To the Honorable Speaker and Members of the Legislative Assembly:

Your Committee also spent some time in examining the Public Accounts, but owing to the continuous pressure of other Legislative duties we are not at the present time able to make a full report.

(Sgd.) C. W. McArthur,

Albert C. Saunders,
B. W. LePage,
E. T. Higgs.

Note that the statement about the deficit had gone before the people of the Province. **The finances, they said, were left in a deplorable state, yet, according to the report of the Public Accounts Committee, after spending some time examining the public accounts, they were not able, "owing to the continuous pressure of other Legislative duties," to make a further report.** Now you would think they would have taken the time to find out the truth in connection with a matter so important as the finances, if they were very sincere about the welfare of the Province. You would have thought, also, that they would have put on an Outside Auditor.

No Outside Audit!

Why was not an Outside Auditor put on that year? Simply because the Outside Audit would have contradicted their statement, and they dared not do it. (Applause.) The Provincial Auditor's report only showed an increase of $129,900, and if they had made an Outside Audit it might have shown less. **That was the reason.**

I note that my hon. friends in Opposition are still boasting about that Bell Government! You would have thought that after the defeat of the Bell Government in 1923, after four short years of existence, they would have realized and awakened to the fact that the people had kicked the Bell Government out for their actions. But they are like Rip Van Winkle; they seem to have gone into a dream, and they are still dreaming about the Bell Government.

There is one quality in the leader of a party which is very essential, and that is consistency. We had in 1923 our Premier, then Leader of the Opposition, going to the people with a certain clear cut program. **That program he has carried out to the letter.** He has not departed one iota from his principles, and practically all the planks of his platform have been carried out or will be carried out during the coming year. The people approve of that; they know that he has been consistent and that he can be depended upon in the future.

Let us examine the record of the Leader of the Opposition. Being an admirer of the Bell Government he still sticks to the Poll Tax, and during the last two sessions he waxed very eloquent about the benefit of that tax and the amount of money that was collected by that means. Bye-elections were held last year, and the Leader of the Opposition was driven to the point of saying whether he would impose that Poll Tax or not, if elected to power. And I believe, if I am correctly informed, that he said he would not impose it. **But he comes back this session with the same argument in favor of the Poll Tax.** Knowing how the Liberal Party violated their pledges in 1919, I have no doubt that if the Leader of the Opposition is elected again, notwithstanding the statement he made in the Cardigan district **he will impose that tax.**

Here is another instance of the inconsistency of the Leader of the Opposition. At the meeting at Tignish during the Federal election campaign, my hon. friend was driven to say whether or not, if returned to power, **as Premier,** he would pay the amount which the retired India officers claimed against the local government in connection with the Fraser Mitchell matter, there being a difference of opinion as to whether the Dominion or the Provincial Government should pay that money. **He said, on that occasion, that the local Government should pay it. It should come out of the revenue of this Province.** Now, Mr. Speaker, that same matter was discussed in the local bye-elections, and what did my hon. friend say? **That he would not ask the people of the island to meet that expenditure. That is just how consistent this gentleman is. One moment he will say one thing, and another something else. He cannot say what his principles are on any given point, at all.** (Applause.)

The Patriot Inconsistent

Not only is the Leader of the Opposition lacking in that respect, but our genial friend the editor of the Patriot is lacking on consistency also. If you will examine some of the back copies of the Patriot you will find the statement made, in criticism of the present administration, that Mr. Barbour, of the Prohibition Commission, was sent from Charlottetown to Summerside. They made the statement deliberately; but they were advised that it was not true, and they were forced to correct it.

Again, a certain course of action was adopted by the Rhodes Government, of Nova Scotia, in having prisoners in the jails do manual labor. When that came out in the Halifax papers the editor of the Patriot waxed very eloquent in favor of the scheme. **But when the Legislature of this Province passed a similar measure, he made a complete right-about-face, and started criticising.** He did everything possible to sneer at it. Is that consistency? I fail to see where it is.

Here is another example: A statement was made in the columns of the Patriot that the schools in the Eastern part of Kings County were not inspected last winter. Surely, making a statement of this kind, which struck at the very root of our educational system, you would think the editor of the Patriot would make careful enquiry as to the truth of the matter. But evidently no such enquiry was made, **because in a few days, he was forced to withdraw it, like the other statements, as not being true.**

When we have those examples of inconsistency in so many things, may we not expect the same in all their principles? Let us consider the statement made by the Leader of the Opposition last night with regard to the finances of the Province. I think he gave a very plain exhibition of being weak in arithmetic. I don't know whether he got his figures from the gentleman who sits behind him in the press gallery, or not—but he gave every evidence of being taught in the wrong school.

(Continued on page 4)

Vicar Rebukes Girls for Wearing Russian Boots

LONDON, April, 23.—In the most gentle manner possible, the Rev. C. Bradburn Pimlett, vicar of St. Luke's, Barrow, delivers through the parish magazine a homily to the feminine part of his flock concerning the wearing of Russian boots.

"Dear girls," writes the vicar, "do you think you look charming encased in a couple of concertinas? Believe me, we men think you look ridiculous. I do not deny that they are admirable wear for dirty weather but why in the name of common sense go about in them when it is fine? If it is cold, then wear thicker hose and not the same as you wear in the summer; but on no account hide shapely calves and ankles in Russian boots all the winter through.

"Why, whatever do you wear short skirts for? Not merely, I warrant, to do away with dirty skirts, but to display a thing of beauty—a well-turned calf and ankle. I am of opinion that short skirts are a gain both hygienically and artistically.

"You have as much right to show a shapely leg as a bishop has, and if it is covered with a champagne colored stocking warranted not to ladder, you are contributing a little beauty to life, which is far too drab at least. So my advice is this: if you have a pair of Russian boots only wear them on roads that are mucky. If you have not don't invest in a pair."

Heroic Work of Red Cross Nurse

TORONTO, Ont., April 23—(Canadian Press)—The work of the nurse in the lonely outposts of the Canadian Red Cross Society—posts in new and sparsely settled country—is usually lonely and often beset with difficulties. A story typical of many feats of heroism by these nurses, is taken from the annual report of the society, presented at its meeting in Toronto last week:

When death threatened Clarence Hegerson, 19-year-old youth at Fisher Branch, and an operation was imperative, with no hospital closer than Winnipeg, 100 miles away, Miss Margaret Litton, nurse in charge of the Red Cross station there, decided that she would have to take her patient to the city in a gas jigger, since that was Saturday evening and there would be no Winnipeg train until the Tuesday following. So Miss Litton, assisted by a section hand, started for Winnipeg with her patient. Four miles north of Inwood the gas container sprang a leak and the nurse and her helper had to push their hand car four miles in darkness in 20 below zero weather to Inwood, where the station agent gave them hot tea and food. They were provided with another gas jigger, and arrived in Winnipeg early on Sunday. "Undoubtedly," hospital authorities declared, "the patient owes his life to the devotion of Nurse Litton, who was undaunted by the distance of 100 miles over bleak wooded and prairie land in mid-winter with the thermometer at 20 below zero."

The work accomplished in the outpost hospitals has increased materially. During the year 427 babies were born in these frontier hospitals and 70 persons died. There were 953 operations performed, 2,707 children examined at school and 114 babies born at home with an outpost nurse in attendance.

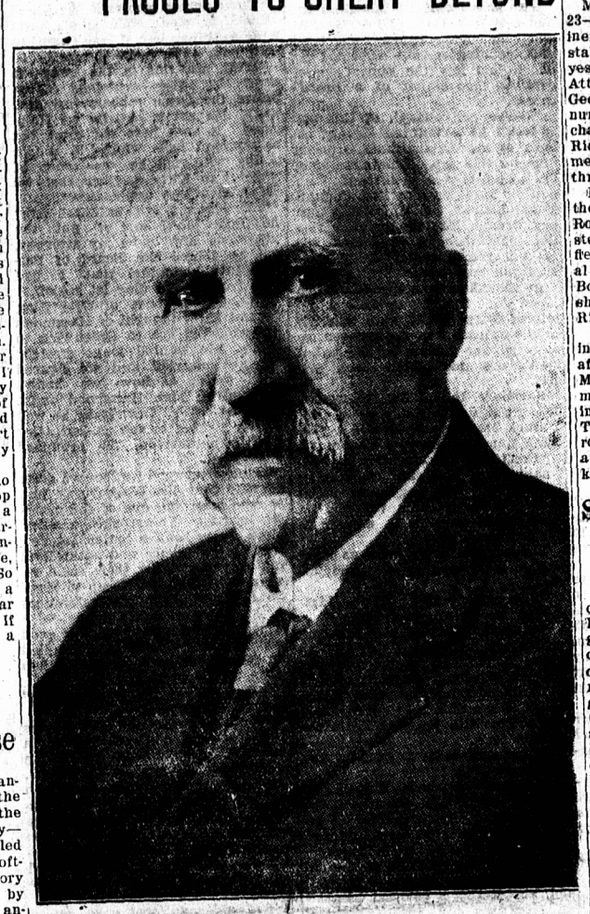
Mr. J. A. Messervy Pleads For The Maritimes

J. A. Messervey, Conservative, Queens, P. E. I., in speaking on the Budget Debate, says that the Maritime Provinces were an important part of Confederation and were entitled to their claims for the development of their ports.

"It is a crime to pass up this port for the shipment of grain for any port in the United States," he said, in referring to the port of Halifax. There was no valid reason on why Halifax and Saint John should not have a large degree of trade during the summer as well as winter. Halifax should also be a port of call for large passenger steamers. Saint John was another port of great value to Canada, and deserved every good treatment and its fair share of business.

He urged, in discussing the West Indies treaty, that canning plants should be established in the Maritime Provinces. Prince Edward Island, when entering Confederation, had borrowed $3,400,000 to pay for the construction of its railway. This amount including interest to date, now totalled $5,610,000. No other province in Canada had to pay similarly for its railway, and the Dominion Government should make a refund of the amount. A new steamer should be put into operation between the Island and the mainland.

CHEERY COL. G. H. HAM PASSES TO GREAT BEYOND



Colonel George Henry Ham, familiarly referred to by most people as "George Ham" was not only one of the best known and most popular men in Canada. He also enjoyed the distinction of having probably been called more names than any other citizen of the Dominion. Let us hasten to add the names were friendly and complimentary to the highest degree. They include: "A large body of superfine humanity entirely surrounded by the Canadian Pacific Railway" (Newton MacTavish); "A great national asset" (Sir Thomas White); "The greatest unprinted wit unbound in Canada" (Collier's Weekly); "Ambassador-in-Chief of the C. P. R."; "The Mark Twain of Canada", and "Canada's Laughing Philosopher." Opinion is unanimous that he deserved them all.

George Henry Ham came most into the public eye through his connection with the Canadian Pacific. But his career embraced far more than his service with that company, long as it was. He made his mark in a great number of fields other than that of entertaining visitors and handling publicity for the railway. The records of his biography show him at one time or another to have been soldier, sailor, reporter, insurance agent, clerk, editor, printer, alderman, school trustee, license commissioner and several other things. All of which goes to prove that he was nothing if not versatile.

The career of this remarkable man who was the friend and confident of princes, statesmen, generals, parliamentarians, men and women world-famous in every sphere, and yet who was also big enough at the same time to be the friend and confidant of nobodies, began on August 23, 1847, when he was born in Trenton, Ontario. He was the son of a country doctor of United Loyalist stock. His father later took up the more congenial occupation of lawyer and in time became a business associate of Sir John A. MacDonald. His parents moving to Whitby while he was still but a few years of age he "decided" like Stephen Leacock "to go with him." He was educated at the Henry St. public school, and Whitby Grammar School.

His first experience as a soldier was in 1861 when he entered the Canadian Militia for service at the time of the tension over the Trent affairs. In 1866 and 1870 he again served with a view to sharing in the defense of Canada against the Fenians, Sir Sam Hughes made him Honorary Lieutenant Colonel in the Canadian Militia in May, 1924. The first newspaper he worked for was the Whitby Chronicle. Guelph, Uxbridge and Toronto, in turn knew him as a member of the staff of papers published within their limits. Then, in 1875, hearing the call of the West which then attracted so many thousands of young Canadians, he went to Winnipeg, which he was destined to brighten with his sunny presence for many years. Within a week he had secured a position as printer on the Free Press, and in less than four years became City Editor. Next he branched out as publisher of a paper of his own, The Tribune, later amalgamated with the Times. From this work he had to retire owing to ill-health and for some years he held various civic offices in Winnipeg and the neighborhood.

When the North-West Rebellion broke out in 1885, George Ham acted as correspondent at the front for the Toronto Mail. He had many exciting experiences, not the least of which was a share in the running of a blockade at Batoche by the steamer North-West and participated in the succor of the white prisoners released by Big Bear after the Chief's defeat by the cavalry of Strange's column at Loon Lake. In 1891 the big opportunity of his life came, Sir William Van Horne met him at Winnipeg and offered him a position with the title of Travelling Passenger Agent but with duties similar to these he always carried out for the company. He accepted and henceforward with but one short break, remained on the payrolls of the Canadian Pacific Railway being steadily advanced, having his official title occasionally changed and the scope of his work widened until at last he really was "Ambassador-in-Chief of the C. P. R.

So it came about that for year upon year George Ham travelled to and fro over the far-flung rail and steamship lines of the great company, in Canada and Europe and down through the United States, carrying the doctrine of goodwill towards the Canadian Pacific far and wide with his pen and his laughter and helping to give distinguished visitors a good time. Soon his name was known from the Arctic Circle to the Gulf of Mexico and from China to the Old World and not to know George Ham was to be altogether outside the pale.

George Ham's colossal success as a Canadian Pacific missionary was due above all to his kindliness, his sense of humor, his ability to tell a good story. Not for nothing did he receive the tributes which were his. Some of his writings—notably his three books, "The New West", "The Flitting of the Gods," and "Reminiscences of a Raconteur", give glimpses of his wit and his graver philosophy, a few of his bright sayings follow: "Look out for the man who crowds all his religion into the Sunday"; "Talk is cheap; That is why it is so prevalent."; "Young man, when you think that you know more than the boss it is time to quit."; "Never offer an anchor to a drowning man" "What some people need for a stimulant is a good swift kick"; "Unkindness is a worse crime than theft."

It s worth recalling at this moment that Colonel Ham had pronounced views upon the problems of the hereafter. "I spread the Gospel of good cheer, despite the caprice in the universe, in order that men and women may love and enjoy life and do so abundantly. Even if it should happen to prove in the end that death ends all, men can make themselves at home on earth by thinking evil away." That he himself did not believe that death ends all, but had faith in the benevolence of God is seen in his declaration: "Ours is a show world but behind it all there is a beneficent Showman."

Certainly, the hosts now mourning the passing of this dispenser of "the Gospel of good cheer" will have no doubt that the Showman will prove himself beneficent to George Ham whose exit from the stage leaves such a gap in the ranks of genuine kindly humorists and whose distinguishing presence among Canadian Pacific officials, with whom he continued to serve long after the span normally allotted by either the Scriptures or the company, will be so much missed.

N. Y. Surgeon is Slain; Nurse Accused of Act

MORGANTOWN, N. Y.—April 23—Dr. Wm. B. Borror, 47, prominent physician and surgeon, was stabbed to death in his office here yesterday, and last night District Attorney French Hunt said Mrs. Georgia Ridgeway, the doctor's nurse, who is in jail, would be charged with the slaying. Mrs. Ridgeway refused to make a statement and Dr. Borror died without throwing any light on the tragedy.

District Attorney Hunt attributed the slaying to jealousy. He said Rose Hastings 25, the doctor's stenographer, told him an unidentified woman visited the office several times yesterday in search of Dr. Borror and that on the last visit she was ordered away by Mrs. Ridgeway.

A quarrel followed, Miss Hastings was quoted as having said, after which she, Dr. Borror and Mrs. Ridgeway went to an apartment in the rear of the office building where the stabbing occurred. The girl said she ran from the room when Mrs. Ridgeway grabbed a knife and shouted: "I'm going to kill him."

Smuggler Protected By Political Influence

(Canadian Press.)

OTTAWA April 23.—That political influence was used to keep a Prince Edward Island rum-smuggler out of jail, was the declaration of Hon. R. B. Bennett, a member of the customs investigating committee, this afternoon. C. P. Blair, general executive assistant of the Customs Department at Ottawa, agreed that if the Department had been given its way the man in question would have been in jail long ago.

The case was brought up by Mr. Bennett and reviewed briefly by Mr. Blair who referred to departmental files. The man involved was called Byron Brown, of Charlottetown. According to the story, Brown was apprehended in the smuggling of 75 gallons of rum into Prince Edward Island. He was arrested, and the rum and automobile in which he was driving seized. He was taken to Summerside for trial. The files showed that on two occasions his prosecution had been deferred on instructions contained in telegrams from the Deputy Minister of Customs at Ottawa. Mr. Blair expressed the opinion that such instructions would never have been given by a Deputy Minister unless he had received directions from "higher up" to do so.

Paid No Fine

The net result of the whole prosecution, according to Mr. Blair, was that though Brown was guilty, he paid no fine, served no prison term, and did not even refund the costs of the action. He was now in Prince Edward Island, and Mr. Blair stated in answer to Mr. Bennett that he understood Brown was trynig through Hon. J. E. Sinclair, former Minister without portfolio in the King Government, and Senator Prowse, to obtain possession of his car which was seized.

Mr. Bennett in summing up the case, said that Brown was in Prince Edward Island, had not been in jail, and "now has the effrontery to use a former Minister and a member of the Senate to try and obtain his car." The reason for this was political influence.

"If the matter had been left in the hands of the Department, Brown would have been in jail long ago," Mr. Blair stated.

Baron Byng Progressing Favorably

(Special to the Guardian)

BOSTON, Mass., April 23.—Baron Byng, Governor General of Canada, who is suffering from an infected foot is progressing favorably according to an official bulletin issued to the Canadian Press by Colonel Snow, his Private Secretary this afternoon.

The bulletin states: "As a result of the complete rest ordered by the doctors His Excellency the Governor General is progressing very favorably and he hopes to carry out the remainder of his program en route to the Pacific Coast."

After spending the night and morning on a siding near Rosser the vice-regal train left at 2 o'clock this afternoon en route west.

STANDS WITH HIS HAND ON DOORKNOB OF FUTURE

Says Interviewer Frederick L. Collins, Referring to Jacob Gould Schurman, American Ambassador to Germany, and Native of Freetown, P. E. I.

(From the Woman's Home Companion.)

This is the story of a delightful man. I knew he was that kind the moment he stepped out of the airplane at nine o'clock in the morning onto the cold bleak ground of the Leipsic airdrome. Any young gentleman of seventy-one who tumbles out of bed at six o'clock of a Berlin morning to fly to Leipsic to attend a German fair deserves an easier post than the American ambassadorship to Germany. But those who are good enough to deserve easy jobs never get them. And Jacob Gould Schurman wouldn't recognize that kind of job if it stepped up to him on the Unter den Linden and tapped him on his ambassadorial shoulder.

He's Dutch. Old New York family. Same as Roosevelt. And he has the same rare gift of industrious enthusiasm. He had hardly hit the ground in Leipsic before he was busy telling everybody what a wonderful trip he had had. Matter of fact, it was a poor one; the ship, delayed forty minutes by the dank wind; the day, as glum as General Dawes' opinion of the Kaiser. But the Doctor—he's been LL.D.'d nine times!—was as tickled as if he had been Orville Wright making his first trip through Dayton by air!

Imagine a small boy who flew the first kite and swallowed the first peanut—and you have Ambassador Schurman as he landed at the Leipsic Fair.

Not that there is anything remotely undignified about Jacob Gould Schurman. He talks, walks, thinks, and acts like the scholar and diplomat he has proved himself to be. He is one hundred per cent. poise; but he is two hundred per cent. energy, three hundred per cent. enthusiasm, and five hundred per cent. charm. His smile splits professorial dignity wide open, and lets humanity through. His quick, eager eyes talk faster than words can form. His spirit—that's the blinding thing about him—shines like the diamond of youth in age's setting of pure white gold. That's why, in spite of his threescore years and eleven, he's a boy—a boy in a ringside seat.

The fair at Leipsic is ten times as old as the Ambassador. And it is a thousand times as solemn. No midway, no elephant, no pink lemonade. Just goods. German goods. Samples for all the world to choose. Buying and selling. Dull stuff for a circus. But to the Ambassador, a riot. There are 2,329, 190 manufacturers of goods in Germany; and by three o'clock in the afternoon the Ambassador knew most of them by their unpronounceable names. If it hadn't been necessary to call the game on account of darkness at eleven o'clock that night, he would have known how many children they had — and why.

It was American Day, designed by the fair managers to promote better trade relations between the two countries. Germany knows it must export more goods to America in order to get the money to meet the Dawes payments. America knows it, too. That's why the Ambassador was asked; and why he came. Naturally, every hospitality was offered him, notably a luxurious automobile. Would he use it? He would not! He might miss something if he went by car. He'd walk. So we walked, too—his Leipsic hosts, the American consul and I—walked from ten in the morning until six at night!

"I want to see everything," said the Ambassador, starting off quickly for the book mart.

"That," replied Herr Schmidt, the president of the Leipsic chamber of commerce, "would take at least a week."

"I have only one day," the Ambassador insisted, "and I am going to see as much as I possibly can."

He did. There are a hundred buildings at the fair. After we had climbed up the stairs of about fifty of them, the consul, Dr. De Soto, came puffing up to me and confided that he didn't care much for fairs anyhow; they were all alike.

"And if the next building doesn't have an elevator in it," he gasped, "I'm going to die."

It happened that there was an elevator—but one of the slow, Continental kind. The Ambassador couldn't wait for it. He bounced up the stairs as if he were playing "follow the leader" or "hare and hounds." The consul's wife told me that night that her husband was starting the next morning for Baden-Baden to take the cure! Personally, I adopted the plan of edging behind a screen or a booth and sitting down while my host made his rounds; then I'd come up smiling at the end and agree with him that everything was wonderful. I didn't think he noticed. But the next day at the embassy when I was confiding my scheme privately to Mrs. Schurman, the Ambassador interrupted a conversation on the other side of the drawing-room to say that he had seen me all the time. He sees everything, and hears everything—the Ambassador.

No wonder they made him a Doctor of Laws—Harvard, Yale, Edinburgh, Missouri, Brown, Columbia, Dartmouth, Williams, Pennsylvania. He asks more questions than Clarence Darrow. And like Darrow, if he can't get the answer out of the other fellow, he gives it himself. At the end of that one day at Leipsic, he knew more about German industry than the white-whiskered oldest inhabitant would learn if he lived his hundred years all over again. Schurman has a high-powered, smoothly-running, oil-burning mentality geared low for climbing and high for speed. He not only holds the road. He takes it.

The Leipsicites were out to impress the Ambassador; and the Ambassador to be impressed. Good diplomacy all around.

Dr. Schurman likes to make people feel good. He was nice to his German hosts because he is a good diplomat; but more because he is a good fellow. That night, in the famous auditorium where Mendelssohn used to conduct the orchestra, there was a magnificent concert for the Ambassador. All Leipsic and his wife came in evening dress. Unfortunately I had known nothing of the concert and had only my blue sack suit. The Ambassador was in long tails and spotless white tie. As we entered the centre box, we must have been an incongruous pair. But while the audience was still standing in honor of its guest, Dr. Schurman's eye swept the auditorium and noticed that most of the men wore short tuxedo coats and black ties.

"There's no reason," he said over his shoulder, "for you to feel uncomfortable. Together, we strike just the right balance."

Thoughtfulness, tact, courtesy, combined with energy, enthusiasm, and rare intelligence—these are the qualities which marked Dr. Schurman's long career as president of Cornell University, and transformed the up-state city of Ithca from a New York Central flag station to a full educational stop. They are some of the reasons why President Coolidge sent Schurman to Berlin. A man who can deal with American undergraduates for thirty years and live, is strong enough to grapple with the problem of rehabilitating Central Europe. The Doctor has other qualifications for the job. All his life he has been a sort of sabbatical statesman. In his years off—periods when most professors divide their time between golf links and Montmartre— President Schurman rested up by tackling whatever happened to be the hardest political problem in the world. At the end of the Spanish War McKinley sent him to the Philippines as chairman of the first Philippine Commission. (This is the job Judge Taft tackled when Schurman had to go back to the blackboard and rattan.) All the Doctor had to do during this vacation was to put down sixteen Aguinaldo revolutions and make the islands safe for imperialism. He did a good job. Judge Taft and General Wood have both testified to that. And his four-volume report to Congress on Philippine affairs, is about the best reading that ever came off the government press. The average congressional outgiving is a daily theme beside it.

For all this good work the government at Washington should have sent him to the head of the class. Instead—on his next rest year—it sent him to the Near East to protect American interests through two Balkan wars. Life in the Near East is never dull. I find it hard, on an off day when there isn't any war, to protect one American's interests and get away alive. But the Professor, as Minister to Greece and Montenegro, steered a hundred millions of us through two of the hottest Balkan skirmishes of recent years, and got back to Ithaca intact.

No man with a Balkan past could hope to keep out of New York State politics. Schurman wouldn't run for anything. He never has. But the big chiefs knew he was a willing worker. So they called one of these state constitutional conventions, beside which Montenegro is like a New England kitchen on Thursday afternoon. The convention organized by electing Elihu Root president and Jacob Gould Schurman vice-president; and began parceling out the work among these two and Al Smith. The work

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