

Charles H. McGurrin

THE death of Charles H. McGurrin is heart-breaking. Just at manhood's meridian, his days filled with sunbeams, his nights with stars; when expectation, starting from what he had already accomplished, pointed exultingly up to the roseate future that seemed to be awaiting him; to the triumphs that were to be. He was in accord with all that was beautiful in nature, all that was high in thought. While in his business by day he was alert, faithful and exact, he loved when the night came down, to call around him those who have left through the centuries the record of great thoughts and high ideals, and through their written words make companionship with them, and maybe dream of meeting them in the land toward which we all are tending.

Then, when in full health, with the present happy and hope pointing to a rich fruition, without one premonition of approaching sorrow, to be stricken and in three days to pass into the silence, was a fate, the contemplation of which leaves those near to him stunned and inconsolable in their grief. To their helpless question of why this should be, as from the first, no echo comes back through the folding doors which mark life's limitation here.

Charles H. McGurrin had a dual nature. He was a natural financier. The rules that govern the province of money in relation to business, which other men stumble over all their lives,



were reduced to an exact science with him, as if by intuition. He had already made a high name in the financial world and had won many triumphs. What other men struggle up to achieve, he went down to direct.

But he did not covet honors or wealth in that direction except to minister to what was near his heart. By nature he was as sensitive and tender and affectionate as a loving woman, and it was of intellectual triumphs that he dreamed.

He had already written several plays, some of which had been accepted, and in collaboration with a local friend had just completed the most ambitious drama he had ever attempted.

His heaven on earth was not one of golden streets, pearly gates and walls of precious gems, but that other one peopled by great souls, lighted by great thoughts and filled with music. There was where he wanted to meet all his friends, for he had read that man's natural station was only a little lower than the angels, and he wanted all men to so live, that when the transition that has come to him, should come to them, it would be but emerging from a darkened room into the light of the new dawn.

And this should be the comfort to his relatives today; that out of this darkened room called earth, he has advanced into the everlasting day, where the light is celestial and the music divine and sweet beyond compare.

THE POSTAL BLUNDER

Doubtless the European war had some part in producing the six and a half million dollar deficit in postal business, but there are some circumstances that point to other contributing causes. For instance, it seems to be one of the theories of this administration that practical experience is of minor value in determining fitness for responsible positions in the postal service.

When Woodrow Wilson became president, one of his heaviest responsibilities was that of choosing a postmaster general. The responsibility was great because the postal service is the most extensive and most complex feature of governmental operations and affects the business and personal interests of all the people. That department handles more than \$300,000,000 a year in receipts and disbursements. Upon the efficiency of this service largely depends the prompt, convenient and satisfactory dispatch of private business.

The postal service is complex because it involves not merely the handling of mail in post offices, but the collection and delivery of mail in cities; collection and delivery on rural routes, transportation by rail, by star route and by steamboat, management of money order business and operation of the parcel post and postal savings bank. Scarcely any enterprise in the United States presents so many varied problems as does the postal service.

President Wilson knew this. Did he endeavor to place at the head of the department a man already possessed of practical knowledge of postal affairs? Not at all. Of course, he would appoint a Democrat. Quite properly he would seek for available men in congress, though he might

have found good men in the department itself.

There were seven Democrats on the senate committee on post offices and post roads and

fourteen on the corresponding committee in the house. All these twenty-one men were familiar with postal affairs through their annual study of

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