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C O P Y.

UNIVERSITY OF PITTSBURGH

4725 Bayard Street
October 16, 1921.

Mr. Charles E. Fleet,
Montreal, Canada.
33 Ontario Avenue.

My dear Mr. Fleet:

On return home, - arriving about 8.30 p.m., yesterday, I hasten to expression of appreciation of your endless courtesy, and that of Miss Fleet, towards Mrs. Thorpe and self, this past week, - incident to the McGill Centenary. That courtesy must ever remain a delightful memory. Permit me to send you under another cover, - an "avocational" book of mine, "An American Fruit-Farm: Its Selection and Management for Pleasure and Profit". The illustrations are made at the farm, - save two illustrations, which are otherwise indicated. Please accept the little book as a slight hint of our feelings toward you and Miss Fleet, and as a modest contribution to a subject which, if I judge aright, is also dear to your heart. While my acreage is a grain of sand as compared to yours, nevertheless, it is "my acreage", - and as Dr. Franklin says, "the all of one man is as much to him as the all of another".

I do not image you are interested in the "Report" which I shall hand in to my University, in re the McGill Centenary. If so, a copy can be sent you.

The Centenary itself, - now that some of the shouting is over - impressed me as a somewhat spirited political and financial effort of McGill to stir Canada to conviction that McGill is at the centre of its educational world, - despite the protest of Ontario, or the silent but not ineffective objections of some of your Roman Catholic Schools. McGill seemed to follow some such scheme as this: to "tie up" as stoutly as possible with the more western Canadian Schools; to placate as far as possible its Canadian rivals, and to bring in as many American (U.S.A.) institutions as possible to give seeming assent to McGill's claims. These American institutions, invited to send delegates, were to brighten up the McGill ceremony with gowns and colours, and impart to the Montrealean eye the visible proof of the truth of McGill's claims. The scheme seemingly worked. Wherever a McGill alumnus had gotten his head above water, his Alma Mater wisely and nicely recognized his existence, - though seemingly spurred to such recognition by what old John Adams would call "grinding necessity". These McGill alumni comprise a vigorous, highly competent and active population, - somewhat widely