

A card party and a children's concert in aid of the Red Cross resulted in a goodly sum being taken to Napanee, to be disbursed from there, while a Suffrage Psychic gladdened many hearts by divining past history and future events at 25c. a fortune, all for the benefit for returned soldiers at Toronto.

The days which brought the Pittsburg folks were Red Letter days with high water marks. And after that we had "Sunset" chats on the wide steps leading down to the waters' edge from the North verandah. Were you ever charmed, delightfully hypnotized, inspired to hope and aspiration by a voice?

Psychologists tell us that the voice is the truest index of the soul's development. We take no issue and affirm that the owner of the voice of Mr. Scarlett must have by right divine belonged on High Olympus.

Mr. Scarlett was contemporary with Lincoln and Whitman, an intimate friend of Ingersoll, and himself a lawyer and orator second to none in the State of Pennsylvania, as evidenced by his being retained by the State in the Capital Graft Case at a fee of one hundred thousand dollars. Now be sorry all the days of your life that you missed those "Sunset" chats at Bon Echo.

It takes two to make a bargain and it takes a story teller and listeners to make "Sunset" chats successful.

It was Mr. Calvert, a clear cut, shrewd appreciative friend of him of "The Voice", who cleverly manipulated the bunch and asked a few adroit questions which led to those wonderful reminiscent talks. I liked to get where I could see Wid's face change and glow with appreciative chuckles as the sparkling bon mots fell from the lips of this master entertainer.

Glimpses of America in the making. Side lights on those great champions of American Freedom, pathetic touches that dimmed one's eyes, and ludicrous happenings that caused ripples of laughter.

Only a supreme artist, forgetful of self or effort, remembering with heart and soul those great historic days, could have so held his listeners' rapt attention.

One evening, Mr. Scarlett was persuaded to read Ingersoll's Funeral Sermon at the grave of Whitman, and then all knew and felt why the Giant Gibraltar just across the lake would be dedicated as a monument to Whitman's Democracy. I had myself never questioned the advisability of founding the Whitman