

To Anne Montgomerie Traubel. We who were assembled at Bon Echo in Sept. 1919, whither Horace Traubel, a noble worker in the Brotherhood of Man had come to perform what became the last act of devotion for his friend Walt Whitman, wish to express to his Comrade through life our sincere admiration for her noble spirit, her strength and devotion, and to express to her our deepest sympathy.—Signed Arthur H. Clark, Cleveland.

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Leon Bazalgetto, in an appreciation of Horace Traubel, sent to Mildred Bain, calls him "The Guardian of the Sacred Fire."

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As they bury the body of you whom I love,  
As the usual things are being said by those  
who mourn  
I find that no death words will come to my lips  
I find that only life words will come and should  
come  
And so I laugh and am exalted at the  
Joyful thought of what has happened.—  
Horace Traubel.

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## Days at Bon Echo

By J. W. Bengough.

The swarthy chap who led the way to the Ford, carrying my suit-case, when I left the train at Kaladar, was not a good advertisement of the social promise of Bon Echo. He was true to his Indian blood—mighty economical of words and hopelessly bankrupt in laughter. There were no other passengers, as it happened, so I had to talk to John or remain dumb. For the most part it was the latter, while we travelled northward over a road that was crooked both horizontally and perpendicularly; that is, it proceeded over hill and dale in a course that few serpents could imitate. John had told me in one of his brief phrases that it was a bad road, but on the whole I did not find it so. There are many worse in Ontario. A couple of hours of moderate motoring brought us to the landing place at the edge of a pretty lake, beside an Indian farmer's back door. This farmer was, I