

papers, for it was impossible to get the word to all as soon the police had the streets barred. Some one said the hearse was going down Fifth Avenue when it was headed off by a speeding taxi and told to go over to 8th Avenue and through the poor parts of New York. The Hall was well filled when I got there. The elegant casket was covered with flowers, mostly brilliant red ones. Dr. Wiksell of Boston conducted the service and many of his friends spoke, including David Karsner, Frederick P. Heir, Roger Lewis, and Edwin Markham, whose tribute in letter form to Horace touched the hearts of all.

Thomas B. Harned who ended his remarks as Ingersoll did at the grave of Whitman, "Now he belongs to the Ages." Anne asked me to bring a touch of joy into the service as things seemed too tense and serious.

I was not prepared, but told the story of Horace's psychic experiences and of the absolute certainty in his and our mind that Walt was waiting for him with a hearty welcome on the other side of the Veil which had been lifted many times during the last few days of his life.

Next day a group of us went to Camden by train. Horace's body was taken by auto-hearse. We put flowers on his coffin but let the "Bread line trail its cloudy way into his sunny heart." We had a wait at Harleigh Cemetery. The service there was held in the Vault when several again paid tribute to his greatness and his worth.

Dramatic and soul stabbing were the few words uttered by Dave Cummings the young Russian whom we learned to love at Bon Echo, as he nearly collapsed with intense emotion over the casket. David Karsner's face belied his cheerful words—he loved his friend with no mean love. And a Japanese and a Socialist showed Horace's universal appeal.

Anne gave us each a red rose and we left Horace Traubel's body in its casket to be placed in Crypt No. 9, there to await a final resting place to be decided on later.

We then went to visit Walt Whitman's tomb, a handsome massive, dignified, grey granite front running into the hillside; a winding path with beautiful rubber plants led to it from the main roadway. The heavy granite door stood ajar, (I threw in the red rose from Horace). Above was a huge triangle of granite on which was simply the name "Walt Whitman."

Conventional, respectable, decently laid away and as carefully sealed up as Egyptian mummies.

Walt and Horace, a tomb and a crypt to remember. God, how I hated it all; Walt who had sung of white roses springing from the breasts of lovers, and Horace who had written "Everything goes back to its place." Were sealed up tombs and zinc-lined caskets fit resting places for the ruins of the Temples of the living God as expressed by the lives of Walt Whitman and Horace Traubel? They were no Edgar Allen Poe whose genius was the genius of the charnel house and the tomb and whose