

double their size by contrast with the thinness of his face. The younger men tenderly—O, so tenderly assisted him out of the auto. Just before he had said to me "Flora I told you I'd be here." It was the week of the Whitman Centennial Convention and impossible as it may seem Horace Traubel came down to most all of the meetings. He keenly enjoyed the dancing and music and I have never seen anyone laugh more heartily than he did at the cartoons and witticisms of J. W. Bengough and how he did chuckle over the dry humour of Mr. Billsmith.

So extraordinary was the improvement in his condition that before ten days had passed he was down to the big dining room three times a day. All day he was out on the north veranda, some days lying on a couch, some days he sat up and wrote letters for hours at a time. He read Helen Keller's book *Out of the Dark* and marked many passages. On the flyleaf is "To Horace Traubel, my beloved comrade, who has made the light to shine in dark places.—Helen Keller."

Horace was as eager for mail time as any young girl who was looking for love letters and every day love letters came to Horace Traubel—from all corners of the earth they came—great fat, bulging letters, letters from artists with little whimsical pictures on the envelopes, Letters from J. W. Wallace which he kissed and cried over and some of them he gave to me, especially if Bon Echo was mentioned flatteringly. Christmas looking packages and baskets of fruit and wonderful Montreal melons came from Nathan Mendelssohn. How pleased he was with Bon Echo and everyone who visited him. He repeated to so many of us "The biggest lie could not tell half the truth about Bon Echo." Write that down Flora and tell them all that's what I said, and again "Flora its all so wonderful and the folks here are the salt of the earth. I wouldn't have missed Bengough and Billsmith and the Colonel and Merrill and the rest, and Arthur Hewitt's music—it has soul." Many had come and gone, we noticed that Horace took Dave Cumming's going very hard and frequently burst out crying at the mention of his name.

I got much afraid that Horace would get too weak to move and that cold days might come when it would be impossible to keep his summer room comfortable. I had almost given up the notion of having Horace go over to the Big Rock, but he always said I'll be strong enough to-morrow. How he did anticipate dedicating the Whitman Monument. I had to repeat so often to him the lines that were to go on it. "My foothold is tenoned and mortised in granite. I laugh at what you call dissolution, and I know the amplitude of time." "Flora that was an inspiration. Walt must have a prophetic vision when he wrote those lines. Of all of Whitman you have picked just the right words." "Horace it does make me have faith in all the rest, since you will dedicate the rock to Old Walt."

"Yes but I dedicate it on one condition that it shall be dedicated to the Democratic Ideals of Walt Whitman by Horace Traubel