

of the most absorbing biographies and auto-biographies ever written.

In the meantime Horace's poor little shaken old body was in the baggage car in that dreadful varnished coffin with brass trimming: plain pine boards would have been so dignified and honest.

It was night when we arrived in New York—quite a group were there to meet us, and Barnard Weinig took the check and burial certificate from me.

Gertrude, Horace Traubel's only living child, was there and only a mother and daughter could know what that meeting meant.

It was two days later when the New York funeral service was arranged to take place. In the meantime Horace's body had been taken to an undertakers, removed from the coffin, embalmed and placed in a handsome dull oak casket, zinc lined, with elegantly carved scroll corners.

It had been decided (albeit much protesting) that the service should be held in John Haynes Holmes' Community Church, a church that has departed from all semblance of orthodoxy except in architecture and collections.

I went to the Church an hour early to be of any service—already many floral tributes had arrived and the Caretaker and I had arranged them on the Altar in the main body of the Church. A message then came from Anne telling me that the service must take place in the Forum or back room of the building. I pleaded that the Church was filling up, but she was very decided, so we took the flowers, heaps of them, into the Forum and told the people of the change.

Many I know seeing the front doors of the Church close went away. I went to the door of the Forum, received more flowers, went to the platform, was placing them when a woman came in and said the Church was on fire. I stepped to the door leading to the Church proper, opened it and went in. The great organ loft was all on fire. I stood for several minutes watching the great golden pipes crackle and fall. It soon got too hot for comfort, so I went back to the front door of the Forum.

The hearse had arrived and was being opened when the fire reels arrived.

There was much confusion and I heard one remark, "He burned the Church down before he'd be taken into it," and another cynically said in an aside, "The Church burned down before it would have him in it."

Anne Montgomerie stood with Frank Bain and when I went to her she said with a half hysterical little laugh, "Horace Traubel never did do anything like anybody else." The flowers were hurriedly put into the hearse and arrangements were quickly made to take him to the Peoples House Auditorium in the Rand School. Many who had come to pay their last respects to Horace Traubel never knew what happened till they read the