

Dr. Albert Watson, whose uplift work in Toronto, can never be praised too highly—a genuine poet with a cosmic outlook—read telling selections from Calamus.

Miss Ray Levinsky, as sparkingly brilliant as a clear cut diamond, with fire and force enough to accomplish much for democratic ideals.

Miss Topley Thomas read with effect that marvelous poem "There was a child went forth," by Whitman.

Chas. F. Segsworth is so near Traubel—but perhaps that's a good way to get near Whitman.

Others on the program I have not mentioned here have been given separate space except Roy M. Mitchell, last but not least on this memorable occasion. Mr. Mitchell is a young student of rare dramatic ability and as a lecturer and teacher has already won recognition.

His reading from "When Lilac's Last In the Dooryard Bloomed" thrilled to depths and heights those familiar with this master poem.

The first public celebration of Whitman's Birthday has come and gone.

When I planned to dedicate Bon Echo Gibraltar to DEMOCRACY and call it OLD WALT to celebrate Whitman's centennial in 1919, I did not know that lasting monuments had already been built in the hearts and minds of so many worth-while folks in Canada.

And as we said good-night in softened tones I heard the voice of Whitman—

"Now understand me well—It is provided in the essence of things, that from any fruition of success, no matter what, shall come forth something to make a greater struggle necessary."

**I am for free trade — absolute free trade — for
the federation of the world—I don't want the brother-
hood of the world to be so long a coming.—*Whitman***