

Mildred Bain

Mildred Bain is the author of a monograph on Horace Traubel.

You read only the first chapter when you realize that a strong pen is transcribing clear definite convictions and both Whitman and Traubel must mean more to you than before.

It took the appreciation of a Huxley to make the world aware of the bigness of Darwin.

Mildred Bain makes us aware of the bigness of Traubel and how proud we feel that we know a woman with such insight into the heart of things. It would be impossible to read this book of Mildred Bains and remain in ignorance of what Traubel wrote.

His work must form a separate study, but the part we loved most of all was the immortally beautiful story of the friendship of Traubel and Whitman. The Old Man—broken in health through his service in the hospitals nursing the sick and dying soldiers now able to lean on a young, vigorous friend whose splendid mind made him an intellectual companion to the world's greatest.

If Horace Traubel has not yet come into his own with critics in some directions, he has certainly come into his own in the mind and heart of Mildred Bain, a critic whose judgment and logic is convincingly conclusive. Mildred Bain is not only a writer of ability but a singer and composer as well, and her place in the Whitman Fellowship is already an enviable one.



I hear it charged against me that I seek to destroy institutions;
But really I am neither for nor against institutions,

(What indeed have I in common with them?—

Or what with the destruction of them?)

Only I will establish in the Mannhatta, and in every city

of these states, inland and seaboard,

And in fields and woods, and above every keel,

little or large, that dents the water,

Without edifices, or rules, or trustees, or any argument,

THE INSTITUTION OF THE DEAR LOVE OF COMRADES.

—Whitman.