

make progress toward recovery but after about four weeks he suffered a relapse, and a week later passed out.

I was only with him about two days. He spoke with difficulty, it seemed like partial paralysis of the tongue, but he was in good spirits and ready at any time to join in the conversation, not only that, but to tell stories too, reminiscences of Whitman, Eugene Debs, Robert Ingersoll or other of his close friends came out just as when he was in complete health. He enjoyed his meals too and was inclined to argue good-naturedly with his nurses about the limitations of his diet. Whenever I had been with him previously he had relished eating good large servings of various dishes, now he was limited to the foods his medical advisers prescribed. But all the care of his wife and friends could not restore his body again to normal conditions.

For the evening of August 6th Mrs. Denison had arranged a set program, one of the series between August 3rd and 11th, the special "Convention" dates. The program was long and we were rather late in starting, but Horace was present and stayed to the conclusion, following the proceedings attentively. At the close he did not immediately retire, so many friends wanted a few words with him. All this was a considerable strain on his physical resources but he seemed not to be overtired. I went to his room when he was retiring, saying good-night and good-bye, for I had to leave early the next morning. It was my last interview with the man who had done so much for the Good Gray Poet, ministering to and caring for him during the last years of his life.

But Horace Traubel does not depend, for his literary reputation, on his association with Whitman. He developed his own style of writing, and his own ideas, but the association doubtless had a great influence on his character and writings. It must have strengthened both.

**I am a God of Gods, born out of the heavens
to the ends of the spirit.—Horace Traubel.**

INSCRIPTIONS BY HORACE TRAUBEL

I had copies of Horace Traubel's fine books, and one day I said "Horace, if you feel like it, I wish you would write a word and your name in them"—He seemed pleased and asked me to leave them on his table on the verandah. In Chant's Communal he wrote Ben Echo, Aug. 15th, 1919.

Someone has said of someone in history, "We love him for the enemies he has made—I say of this book "I love it for the friends it has made." Notably such friends as Flora MacDonald, and I feel honored here in this spot of physical beauty and majesty,