

proved. And they're all valid. And the more Hamlets there are, the more Shakespeare there is. So, the more Whitmans there are, the more Whitman there is. Some one has declared that Walt's only for America and the Bowery. But he's already current in all languages. Every now and then, someone turns out with entirely fresh Whitman experiences. Whitman enjoys a revival of spring in every such discovery. Even now, after so many years, I meet individuals, who ask me: "Do you know anything about Walt Whitman?" I never laugh. He's not Walt triumphant, but Walt rejuvenant in this question. I respect the tender plant. Who owns Walt? This last one surely, perhaps, by virtue of a riper intelligence, more surely than the first expositor. What we should see to most of all is, that Walt should be forever unowned. The best way to kill him is to have him owned. The best way to let him live and guarantee him life is to let him alone, for anybody who finds him a perpetual resource of the spirit, as most of us, however various and frequently opposite in the dreams and practical procedure of the struggle infallibly and inevitably do, you are loyal to him and the essential truth. I'd rather think of Walt as always young than as always old. Death is the only excuse for age. Short of death, no living thing requires to be old. Some of us are dead long before we die. Let's not drag Walt into the grave with us. If we get tired and want to sleep—all right. But let's not demand that Walt shall give up with us. We buried the Phantom of Walt in 1892. His substance has remained. Let's not shut him up as a classic. Let's keep him wide open, unclassified.

Extract of letter written by Edward Wallington, Private Secretary to Queen Mary and dated Buckingham Palace 20th February, 1919: "I am commanded by the Queen to say that Her Majesty is interested to hear that the Whitman Club of Bon Echo is celebrating the Centennial year of Walt Whitman by publishing a souvenir of tributes to his memory."

Our Eminent Artist and distinguished Dickens' Fellowship leader, Mr. F. M. Bellsmith is intending to spend the Summer at Bon Echo, when he will again immortalize on canvas the beauties of this wondrous spot.

A contact with this veteran gentleman of so many parts (Artist, Author, Master Entertainer, Dramatic Leader, etc., etc.) is in itself a rare privilege.

Mrs. Denison has arranged to have some of Mr. Bellsmith's sketches and pictures on sale at Bon Echo. Former visitors remember one of the Artist's Masterpieces—"The Silent Sentinel of the North," which has been at Bon Echo for some years.