

best, but by no means small. I was in luck to secure a room in the spacious place, and I found that the guests overflowed and filled the dozen or so of cute little log cottages that were one of the charms of the place. The busy lady at the head of the management, indeed, declared that her greatest problem had been to find accommodation for the throng of applicants, and she had sensibly decided to stop when the limit of possibility had been reached.

Evidently quite a few people had learned about Bon Echo, and those who had been there before had returned very naturally, and brought their friends with them. That they had all braved the twenty miles or so of crooked road at the end of a more or less lengthy railway journey is all the commentary needed on the exceptional beauty of the spot, and the excellence of the company that gathers there to enjoy a summer holiday.

This was Walt Whitman year, and a special program had been planned to mark the centenary of the birth of the Poet of Democracy—the main item being the dedication of the Big Rock as a memorial of him. The Big Rock in question is the feature of the whole district, a bastion of solid stone reaching up for three or four hundred feet and extending along the eastern shore of the lake for about two miles, and apparently within stone-throw of the Inn. No memorial could be more majestic. The great precipice is a perpetual feast for the eye, as it seems to brood in its grandeur over the blue lake at its feet and the vista of wood clad hills in the dim distance, especially when the whole scene is glorified by the sunset of Bon Echo.

Into the circle of summer sojourners—elderly men who peacefully pitched quoits or went afishing, their women folk, who chatted and did needle-work on the piazzas, lads and lasses who expounded the science of tennis, or went in merry parties to the bathing beach, and troops of roystering girls and boys and little tots who made day joyous with their shouts of glee—into this circle came the delegates to the meeting of the Whitman Club, but they wore no badges or other insignia and were just merged in the general crowd. The distinguished arrival was Horace Traubel, of Camden, the friend and biographer of Whitman, and in the opinion of many, the wearer of the Good Gray Poet's mantle. He arrived, but alas, as an invalid. To the group who stood to welcome him at the front door it was a pathetic thing to see his frail form, with its great plume of white hair surmounting a face that was almost equally white, supported in its helplessness from the auto, and slowly conducted to the room prepared for him. He had made the long journey from New York in the trying August weather and in spite of the burden of a severe illness. It was a feat of will-power, and it had been performed, including the rough road trip from Kaladar. He was still alive, and that was wonderful. Now he could rest up, and the air of these high latitudes would begin its ministry. When presently, under the care of his ever-faithful wife, he would get out to sit on the ver-