

Notes about Whitman.

The hours and hours of care and study.

The correctness of data.

The information stored and catalogued, systematized, and labeled.

Books re-printed and re-bound.

All a magnificent tribute of head, hand and heart.

A splendid tribute to Whitman and Democracy—Future generations will the more appreciate such a tribute.

And here "By Blue Ontario's Shore" I listened to the "Poem of the Road" read by this lover of Whitman.

I was glad and overjoyed.

But the day's rare treat was not to end here—the 'phone rang—Horace Traubel had arrived in Toronto.

Just a few days before, Dr. Watson, Poet and good Whitmanite, had sent me a copy of his "Conservator."

A Buffalo friend had told me that Horace Traubel wore Walt Whitman's watch, and was his literary executor.

I was now to meet this man.

At the home of a mutual friend we found this modern Horace.

Greetings between Horace and Henry and Albert and Roy and Host and Hostess. All so familiar and friendly.

I felt apart—I was an outsider in a coterie of rare worthwhilers.

But I was privileged to listen.

Horace Traubel is an heroic figure.

I had heard that he was indifferent as to the cut of his clothes—I do not even remember the color.

I guess he was stout and I fancy not as tall as the other men.

He sat so that I saw his profile. His head was wonderfully classic and statuesque.

Strong, natural, original, he bumbled along in an easy conversational way.

Flashes of wit, an occasional damn and a deep low laugh suggested Mark Twain.

He talked of the War, and I remember that he said:—"I am glad that I am an American, because America gives a man a chance or two which no other country gives a man—but even at that, it is a hog sentiment,—I've got no right to have any bless-