

red hot. The dog (a wonderful Boston) and cat are cosy in down cushions.

I read again Nietzsche's idea of a superman. On such a night as this a superman should get ideas that would make him a veritable god. I'll go to bed and sleep with my window open, the moon and the stars fairly snapping with brilliancy shining in, the whiteness of the snow making very high lights, the blackness of the pines making very deep shadows.

This day and this night has squared the account of many meaningless days.

"I say the body is not more than the soul
And the soul is not more than the body
And nothing, not God
Is greater to one than oneself is."

—WALT WHITMAN.

**The Whitman Centennial number of "The
Sunset" of Bon Echo is as good as the best and
better than most.—Horace Traubel.**

HORACE TRAUBEL

By John Haynes Holmes.

To those who had the joy of knowing and loving Horace Traubel, his passing is like the blotting out of a star in the darkened firmament. Not only did he shine; but he shone with his own particular light in his own particular place. Now that he is gone, there is no one to succeed him. His spot in the galaxy is henceforth empty and dark. For Traubel, like his beloved teacher, Walt Whitman, was always and everywhere himself.

Traubel was the perfect democrat; in him was at once the simplicity and the glory of the common life. He counted himself the peer of all, the superior of none. In the presence of king he would have felt neither constraint nor awe, but only amusement at the sham heroics of royalty. The truly great in art and letters he sought out with the guilelessness of a child; and because he bowed to no one of them, was received by them all as a comrade. With the poor and lowly, he was equally at his ease. His was the divine gift of understanding and the magic sympathy of love. He was a hater of shams and cruelties. He saw straight to the heart of the social abominations of modern life, and chastised with merciless rigor the lust which fostered them and the hypocrisy which condoned them. He compromised no principle of justice for any end, no matter how good. He communed with the great spirits of all ages. He sought and knew the best of contemporary music, drama and literature. He thought on whatsoever things are true, honest, just, lovely, and of good report, and found therein the secret of peace.