

THE SUNSET OF BON ECHO



FLORA MACDONALD · EDITOR

Souvenir Number



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Under

Fresh

Bon Echo

Small

are ple

plied from

lake salmon

Huckleberries and other wild berries grow in great abundance.

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Special rates for large parties and long stays.


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Bon Echo Inn Co.

BON ECHO, ONTARIO, CANADA

Via C.P.R. to Kaladar



Walt Whitman

MAY 31st, 1819

MARCH 26th, 1892

He lived and wrought with heart and pen,
First-born of a new race of men.

He put himself into a book—

Man primitive—and bade us look!

Himself we scorned, his book we banned—

The prophets' fate in many a land.

Brave to the end, though shorn of strength;


Shut in; acquaint with pain; at length

He slept. Then, late, we better knew

The man how grand, his work how true.

—W. W. LOVEJOY.

May 31st, 1914.



Have you learned lessons only of those who admired you and were tender with you, and stood aside for you? Have you not learned great lessons from those who reject you and brace themselves against you or who treat you with contempt, or dispute the passage with you? —WALT WHITMAN.



SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

To
LIEUTENANT K. C. BURNES

Give me to do my bit,
For the fate of a cause rests on me.
I'm only one of a million men,
I'm only a link in a huge, strong chain,
But no link can be spared I say,
So I'll brace myself till I'm tense as steel,
And I'll fire my heart with a white-hot glow,
For I know I'm needed to do my bit
When the fate of a cause rests on me.





Vol. 1.

No. 4

“The institution of the dear love of comrades.”

—WALT WHITMAN.

The Whitman Club of Bon Echo

Founded by FLORA MACDONALD

“Neither master nor servant am I.”—WALT WHITMAN.

THE SUNSET OF BON ECHO is the official organ of the Whitman Club, edited by Flora Macdonald.

For the idea, and the why; who was Whitman; what and where is Bon Echo, and who is Flora Macdonald—see Number 1.

From Kaladar to Bon Echo

THE Summer of 1916 was late in yielding its wealth of crops on account of a long wet June.

But Emerson's Law of Compensation usually gets in its work and what is lost in June is made up for in July or August or September, and the man who sees nothing more in a perfect day than a weather breeder is missing the best of life.

It was the last day of June that I started with the old stage driver, (whose name, McCausland, denotes his sturdy Scotch ancestry) from Kaladar Station to drive to the foot of Lake Massanoga, thence to Bon Echo by water.

I have motored over this same road in a brand new Cadillac car, also in a second hand Ford runabout, but to get the real quintessence of enjoyment, you must go by stage and sit in the

front seat with Mr. McCausland, and while admiring the beauty of the scenery, listen to him talk of his pioneer days.

Mr. McCausland has his friends and enemies, like the rest of us, but whether on the ins or outs with him, you must admit that he has personality plus—that he has given much in brawn and brain to this back country and that he rises far above mediocre.

Kaladar is a God forsaken spot, which the Station Master's beautiful children make interesting while one waits to board the stage or auto for Bon Echo. (Which ever happens.)

While prepared to take my hat off to all that is commendable in the personality of the stage-driver, I have no flattering compliments lying loose to offer to the worn out, ramshackle stage.

From Kaladar you start going up hill, and I was forcibly reminded of a lesson in an old first reader. "We go up-up-up. See us go." Then we came to a bold rock, where the road quickly turned and pitched down hill, sharp and suddenly.

On the face of the rock, zealous Hornerites had painted this very suggestive motto:—"Where are you going to spend eternity?" as though eternity were something like the 17th of March or the 12th of July.

The stage horses, however, defied all warnings and prepared to dig in their toes and hold the stage from slipping. Sagacious and wonderful are these mountain horses.

One hill would only disappear behind when another would appear in front, and when at the next danger spot we read:—"Prepare to meet thy God," our faith was great and we bet on those horses to see us safely through.

And it was not a bit of the horses, nor the stage driver that I started to write, but the road and the country through which we travelled.

The Bald mountains are about four miles and a half from Kaladar Station to the other side of them, and when on the crest, it would be difficult to see a finer panorama of country spread out on all sides to the view.

Bald rocks, loom up poverty-stricken on all sides, but interesting and magnificent withal.

Glacier tracks can be easily traced in smooth scoopings, while heaps of well rounded stones tell of moraine deposits ages of centuries long since past.

Clumps of pines, cedars, tamerack, balsam, hemlock and spruce give the air a resinous aroma, at once delightful and health giving.

The wet June had delayed many of the early flowers which now flourished in luxuriant abundance.

The white field daisy with gold centres simply ran wild in field or hollow, on hillside or by the roadside, and the yellow buttercups jostled for a second place in attracting attention. On a hillside not blessed with too much earth the purple nettles flourished and added to the richness of luxurious coloring, while blue and yellow iris edging a bit of swampy ground proclaimed the orchid family untrained and free.

Along rail or stone fences, hedges of wild roses bloomed and perfumed the air with the sweetest of all sweet odors.

Landscape architecture reached its height of perfection when old Dame Nature got busy with those rocks and trees and flowers and scattered them with such lavish hand along the road from Kaladar. I exclaimed. I O'd, and Ah'd. I said wonderful, and lovely, and beautiful, and exquisite, and ran completely out of adjectives without at all expressing my delight, while the old stage driver smiled at my enthusiasm and occasionally stopped the horses, saying "Well, I suppose I'll have to get you a boquet of them."

The height of pleasure was reached when a field of brown eyed Susans made the landscape a stretch of golden glory, lively, impudent and joyous.

It was eighteen short miles of ever changing delight, with stories of primeval pines so huge—but no imagination was needed, for the stumps of those same great monarchs told their own story and the many deserted great logs left lying where they fell, told a tale of criminal forest slaughter—a sad, tragic story in these days of scarce lumber.

I was sorry when we reached the foot of the lake for I had learned much and enjoyed much and had listened to a real man talk, a man whose sturdy type is fast fading from our history—the type who fearlessly conquered the primeval wilds of our Ontario Highlands.

As I shook the rugged, weather beaten hand, the smile on the old face softened as he said, "Good-bye, you seemed to enjoy the trip—most folks seem to think it a long rough ride."

"Surely not, with such a wilderness of beautiful flowers."

"The flowers did seem uncommon fine to-day."

"Good bye," and I got into the launch that was to take me up the lake to Bon Echo and Home, flattering myself and hoping that I had something to do with making the flowers seem "uncommon fine".

The trip up the lake with the Giant Gibraltar silhouetted against the northern sky, the sun sinking in a sea of rainbow tinted clouds and the glassy calm lake mirroring sky and shore is a little story by itself, and besides we were filled to overflowing and wanted to hold in our memory the old stage driver and the miles and miles of flowers—white and yellow, pink and gold and purple, and the resinous perfume of the fir trees.



I know I am august,
I do not trouble my spirit to vindicate itself
or be understood;
I see the elementary laws never apologize;
I reckon I behave no prouder than they.

—WALT WHITMAN.

EVOLUTION

By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Slowly the bible of the race is writ.
And not on paper leaves, nor leaves of stone.
Each age, each kindred adds a verse to it,
Texts of despair or hope, or joy or moan.
While swings the sea, while mists the mountains
shroud,
While thunders' surges burst on cliffs of cloud,
Still at the prophets' feet the nations sit.

Hunting Big Game

LITTLE good can come from poking around last night's camp fire. Searching for embers that can never glow as they did—No—the true philosopher will hustle out and gather fresh fuel for the camp fires of nights to come.

Some such reverie was running through my mind when the joyous, lusty voice of Wid sang out from his room in the Cottage.

"Come on Mim. let's get a bunch and hunt some big game."

"But I was just going to write a story about some one who was here last year—You did not know her."

"Don't do it—realities and experiences worth while are painted with colors fresh from the tube. Come on and we'll live a story to-day."

So I called at Hiawatha's tent and she promised to get the little sock knitter from Kingston to part with her needles and yarn, and Maud would be asked because she was a good berry picker and the charming, dainty, white haired lady who always wore gloves and with unconscious refined dignity kept the manners of the bunch somewhere near high water mark.

Lunch for six, some tin cups and a ten quart pail, and the hunting party was ready to take three canoes and paddle down the lake to a long black berry patch.

Picking blackberries is a profane and bloody pastime and has all the qualities which make hunting and machine gunning such popular sports without any of the dire results.

There is all the joy of the hunt if you will, the sighting of the quarry, the following it over fallen logs and through brambles, till you finally pick the heavy laden branch from the ground with a heart torn between the fire of art and conquest you strip the fruit, limpid and black from the branches and drop them then one by one into the little tin cup.

When you fill the cup you wander back to the big ten quart pail which is out on the old logging road, watching as you go, for other bushes, and seeing many with tempting lucious berries, hurry and empty your cup.

But Wid and Hiawatha have already emptied theirs and are sitting on a log discussing the merits of H. G. Wells' Research Magnificent. What big game Wells makes his hero hunt for. What big game the male of the race has always hunted for, and

always the great big mistake of race or individual in the Research Magnificent is that the female was not seriously consulted or considered.

But before the vital problem of this aristocratic democrat was solved a shout came from Maud. "Come quick. Just see what's here. I never saw such berries, they are bigger than my thumb." So we scurried to where Maud was, to find berries in such abundance that the big pail was brought to the patch and filled in short order amid the shouts of "Did you ever see such berries," and an occasional "My arms are all scratched to pieces."

Then we went down near the shore and built a fire in an improvised stone stove—boiled coffee, fried bacon and eggs, and ate our lunch. How splendid everything tasted and how we did eat. We ate so much that we found ourselves with a good sized empty basket and concluded that this too must be filled with black berries.

Wid had a copy of Pig Pen Pete in his pocket and proceeded to read one of Hubbard's delicious sketches, so full of humour, pathos and common sense.

You giggle and Oh and Ah and snicker and become solemn and say "that's so" or "Isn't he clever" and disagree on points of theology and ethics, but as Wid passed the book to Hiawatha to read the next story all were eager to listen.

So each of us read a story excepting Maud, who was away in search of another surprising patch.

It was nearly three o'clock when we all again became industrious, but enthusiasm lagged and the basket did not fill with quite the vim the pail had. Maud wanted to return to the Inn so two canoes started off with the big pail filled to overflowing with only prize berries for the top layer in true fruit dealers' style.

Wid and I remained to fill the basket.

We fell into a strangely reminescent and contemplative mood for so little skill is needed either in locating a bunch or picking the berries that the mind wanders in calm philosophical paths, idle and happy and strangely content.

A chuckling burst would come from Wid.

"Say Mim, go on and talk about Horace Traubel—his "With Whitman in Camden" is the biggest kind of a find, and I feel a profound affection for Horace already. How great that

he should have had the acumen to be merely the stenographer and from such a dictaphone."

"Yes, we know Old Walt better every time we read a page of Traubel."

Then I would tell the story of how I met Traubel all over again and what he said and how he said it and what I thought of him. We loved the way Walt talked of Arnold and knew we never could like him, but since Walt was big enough to give him a place in his "Leaves", we concluded that we'd have to find a rock for Arnold (or even the folks we dislike) somewhere at Bon Echo.

When two who know Whitman are together there is a delightful elimination of the unessential and they never have to flounder in three feet of topsoil looking for a vein of precious metal which lies below.

Wid and I have been many years on the Open Road together.

We have gone along the same road, but often in our tramps the road divided, and one went around the foothill while the other went over the mountain. Who ever took the high road and got the broader view, joined the other when the roads again met, and told of wondrous sights from higher vantage grounds.

The basket was filled with the luscious berries but we still lingered, loath to bring to a close a day so rich and joyous. The shadows were lengthening towards the east and a warm red glow bathed the big rocks on the opposite shore. We were silent and happy.

"What a glorious summer we have had, Wid. Each year has brought some one into our lives who has thrilled in harmony to the Song of the Open Road or who has stood on high places and "Sounded his barbaric Yap over the roofs of the World." "I wonder what will happen before next summer and what we will accomplish, Wid?"

"I do not know, but I feel I must soon get away to France. Whitman thought it worth while to help save life and gave his health and strength to the wounded soldiers in the Civil War. I too can do the same, and as an American I can put in my protest individually against the Belgium outrages and the Lusitania tragedy, and show that I appreciate what Lafayette did for American Liberty. England then learned a big lesson and Canada's loyalty is due to the fact that while—"

"She is Daughter in her Mother's house,
She is Mistress in her own."

I felt an awful wrench through my soul when he spoke of France, but became quiet as he talked. I so wanted him to go on with his splendid constructive profession as he knew.

"The prospect of helping in this big game that is being played in Europe means more than anything that has ever come into my life.

Architecture, with this war going on, seems like planting pine cones in the path of a forest fire."

Just ahead I saw our roads again divide—he would go over the big mountain of doing, while I would be compelled to wait in the valley of inaction.

We had laughed over Hunting Big Game.

I was glad the light was growing dim—for I knew that he would soon be—Somewhere in France.



Not of the sunlight,
Not of the moonlight,
Nor of the starlight!
O young mariner,
Down to the haven
Call your companions,
Launch your vessels
And crowd your canvas,
And ere it vanishes
Over the margin,
After it, follow it,
Follow the gleam.

—MERLIN.

First Whitman Night at Bon Echo

BON ECHO INN, Cottages and tents were filled with folks, and when you get seventy-five to a hundred people from hither and yon, together in one spot, you have usually an interesting bunch.

The learned Professions (see Hubbard for definitions of learned Professions) were well represented and there were nurses enough to take care of any Red Cross work that might arise through an emergency.

There were Musicians and Singers—many and often—clever—noted, persistent, insistent and diffident, according to temperament.

Every one—(excepting—always excepting—to confirm the rule) was looking for a jolly, genial, joyous time and regretted to leave and hoped to come again.

The Whitman Club of Bon Echo was a new institution but was no whirlwind innovation, being much more felt than heard, being more thought about than spoken of.

The majority of people are Conformists, who accept conditions as they are rather than bother analyzing them with a view of betterment.

Many people are snug and self-satisfied who come to Bon Echo, because they are the well-to-do, the more or less successful, and humanity as a whole is not unlike the Queen of France, who when told that her people were starving for bread asked why they did not eat cake.

The beauty of Bon Echo soon soaks into the souls of all (who have souls) and forms a common interest to be talked of and loved, and the panorama of ever changing pictures, furnishes an Art Gallery of that rare excellence only possible when The Great Artist places Nature's own colors and forms on the canvas of Earth and Sky, and frames them with Imagination's mystic flights.

There had been concerts, entertainments, dances, walks-a-field, over mountains and through woods—there was swimming and boating and berry-picking. Great enthusiasm centralized about balsam pillows to take home and dainty fingers were blackened and sticky, stripping the resinous needles from their stems.

A card party and a children's concert in aid of the Red Cross resulted in a goodly sum being taken to Napanee, to be disbursed from there, while a Suffrage Psychic gladdened many hearts by divining past history and future events at 25c. a fortune, all for the benefit for returned soldiers at Toronto.

The days which brought the Pittsburg folks were Red Letter days with high water marks. And after that we had "Sunset" chats on the wide steps leading down to the waters' edge from the North verandah. Were you ever charmed, delightfully hypnotized, inspired to hope and aspiration by a voice?

Psychologists tell us that the voice is the truest index of the soul's development. We take no issue and affirm that the owner of the voice of Mr. Scarlett must have by right divine belonged on High Olympus.

Mr. Scarlett was contemporary with Lincoln and Whitman, an intimate friend of Ingersoll, and himself a lawyer and orator second to none in the State of Pennsylvania, as evidenced by his being retained by the State in the Capital Graft Case at a fee of one hundred thousand dollars. Now be sorry all the days of your life that you missed those "Sunset" chats at Bon Echo.

It takes two to make a bargain and it takes a story teller and listeners to make "Sunset" chats successful.

It was Mr. Calvert, a clear cut, shrewd appreciative friend of him of "The Voice", who cleverly manipulated the bunch and asked a few adroit questions which led to those wonderful reminiscent talks. I liked to get where I could see Wid's face change and glow with appreciative chuckles as the sparkling bon mots fell from the lips of this master entertainer.

Glimpses of America in the making. Side lights on those great champions of American Freedom, pathetic touches that dimmed one's eyes, and ludicrous happenings that caused ripples of laughter.

Only a supreme artist, forgetful of self or effort, remembering with heart and soul those great historic days, could have so held his listeners' rapt attention.

One evening, Mr. Scarlett was persuaded to read Ingersoll's Funeral Sermon at the grave of Whitman, and then all knew and felt why the Giant Gibraltar just across the lake would be dedicated as a monument to Whitman's Democracy. I had myself never questioned the advisability of founding the Whitman

Club of Bon Echo, but Wid and I had both wondered just how it would work out. We know now, and the spirit filtered through many as the season wore on.

It is not necessary to talk Whitman or read Whitman in order to materialize "The Institution of the Dear Love of Comrades."

It just happens here and there.

It just is.

It is not the Great Rock, it is that which it symbolizes.

It is not camaraderie, but rather that which produces it.

Having known and felt that the spirit of the Greatest Democrat was with us, I arranged for a Whitman night.

Professor Hutchison, the intellectual urge from the foot of the Lake gave an address on: "Why I Love Whitman, and How I love Whitman."

It was logical, analytical and forceful, and the beauty of it was that your Why's and your How's may be entirely different and yet both be splendid.

Whitman is loved for many reasons, even a Woman's reason, just because.

Wid spoke on "The Ideals of different Countries as expressed in their Architecture."

He spoke well, even though sidetracked from his original line of argument by my changing him from his vantage point on the stairs to the side of the Chair.

We need only mention the Pyramids of Egypt and the Grand Central Station of New York to suggest his line of thought.

Egypt's concern was for the dead. America prefers to serve the living.

Carrie Chapman Catt tells a story about Susan B. Antony in her ups and downs as chairman at meetings and meetings.

An excellent speaker herself, she was often called upon to introduce persons of questionable ability if not abject ignorance.

It was one of the many Crosses she had to bear for the Cause.

But virtue sometimes has its reward, and she often had the pleasure of introducing with satisfied pride, that matchless orator, Dr. Anna Shaw.

On these occasions she could settle back in her chair, fold her hands in supreme contentment and watch the audience, moved

to tears or laughter by the marvelous ability of this magnetic speaker.

I knew something of the metal of Mr. Scarlett from our Sunset chats and felt that wonderful thrill of satisfied joy as I introduced him on that memorable First Whitman Night.

I do not remember what Mr. Scarlett's subject was, but he talked about the struggle women had had through the ages, told of the influence of the few fearless ones who championed Freedom's Cause, led on and up till he pictured an Idealistic Democracy worthy to represent the best thought of a civilization such as the world should soon be ready for.

I watched the faces of the company, I knew critics, highly cultured, yet anti-suffrage and anti-free thought were present, but I could soon see that the spell of that magic voice, the embodiment of love and kindness had gripped one and all.

The soft southern accent rose and fell in quiet musical cadence, compelling, insisting, inviting, convicting, on and on the tones getting richer and deeper, louder without losing any of the seductive melodious quality. Slashing hypocrisy, snobbery and envy without bitterness, but with brilliancy of diction and sparkling metaphor, ending with the Great Hope, the Great Faith, the Great Knowledge that fills and thrills one with an urge to be and to do.

Everyone had forgotten what "manner of being he was" so in tune were all with the Whitman Spirit of the speaker.

Webster once made a record breaking speech. Congratulations were being offered, when a young man was heard to ask: "Mr. Webster, how long were you preparing that speech." Webster thought a moment and then said: "About forty years." Great speeches are the result of life lived, of the subject being a part of the speaker, of character behind the words.

Other Whitman nights will come and go at Bon Echo, but the spell of that first night will linger long in my memory, becoming a part of me even as the beauty of the sunsets and the majesty of "Old Walt" has become a part of me.

"I speak the pass word Primeval
I give the sign of Democracy."—Whitman.

Floppit

FLOPPIT and Wid and I were in the trusty canvas-covered cedar canoe. But first I had better introduce Floppit. She is of that species, tribe, class, type, gang or bunch known as the daughter of wealthy parents, who has nothing in particular to do. Floppit is from fifteen to twenty years old.

She is ugly, good looking, plain or pretty, but always and ever she is seen and heard.

She always has a mamma and a papa, generally a big brother or a little brother.

If the big brother is a nice big brother, he escorts her, chaperones her, pets her, but if not he wipes her off the face of the earth for her dampfoolishness. If her little brother is cute, as he so often is, Floppit has a sorry time apologizing for the impossible truths he tells about her.

He is the one fly in her ointment, the big thorn in her flesh.

He is the real Heaven-sent article to help Floppit work out her Karma.

Floppit is numerously found at all real nice summer resorts, in handsome city houses, and on board first-class steamers.

She speaks of maids as though they were an absolutely different race type, and the way she says, "It is only the maid." "No one but the maid," "Mother was without a maid," shows at once how superior, how much more worthy she is of consideration than a maid.

She is unnecessarily aware of her sex attractiveness and giggles and simpers, squeals and haw haw's with other Floppits alike over the maudlin love ravings of the boy of sixteen or the silly flattery of the old fool of sixty.

Her standard of values is found in "The up-to-date." "The very latest," "Isn't it swagger," "It's so chic," and her utter contempt for the "Not at all correct," "Last year's," "So dreadfully common," and "No one but a factory girl would wear that."

Perfectly lovely is her pet expression, whether speaking of her wardrobe, the last luncheon party, Shakespeare, or a sunset.

Remember I am not blaming Floppit, I am just remarking. But to the canoe. This day the paddle was in the upper lake.

Slowly we slid over the calm water, past "Old Walt" which looked joyous and bright, though still in shadow, as the sun had not yet left the Eastern sky.

This Great Gibraltar is to me and to Wid, a symbol and a prophecy, a monument to the Democratic Ideal suggested, hinted at or expressed in full vibrant notes in that wondrous book called "Leaves of Grass."

Even touches or fragments in dim half tones will often awaken visions and dreams that are the vital urge to be.

Wid, defining my mood as I drew my paddle out of the water to still the ripple it made, noiselessly moved his without taking it out of the water and the delight of Olympus, the Inspiration of Helicon or the rapture of Parnassus was ours, when Floppit burred, "Isn't it perfectly lovely," and Wid plunged his stern paddle into the water with a strong and jerky stroke, sending the canoe away from the Mighty Rock, while I hustled with the bow paddle, and we were soon across the lake to the low shore which Floppit declared "was just perfectly lovely."

Once away from the spell of Old Walt, Wid and I remembered that Floppit was just a beautiful young girl and that she was our guest, so we entered into bantering repartee and harmless gossip.

I could see that she thought Wid was only a grown up boy while I knew him to be ages old.

We had intended being back to the Inn for lunch, but the lure of the shore with its many attractive bends and bays, rocky points and snuggled-in little white sand beaches, kept us going on and on, and at noon we were at the upper bridge which spans the mouth of the MacIvoy River. Here camps each summer, an old man who is Lincolnesque in appearance, who has lasted over eighty years, because he has the good sense to live in the great out-of-doors.

He made us welcome, and the women folks gave us delicious home made bread, good butter, refreshing tea and freshly picked berries.

Floppit smiled sweetly, thanked him most graciously and said everything was "perfectly lovely."

The old man smiled and said he did not blame Wid a bit, he was young once himself.

The shadows were falling towards the east in long lines

when we again passed "Old Walt". The sun was in fact nearing the horizon, and already the shore line of the big rock was in shadow, while a claret light bathed the top.

We watched the line of dimness creep up and up. We were jealous of each inch of splendid color, but before we were half along its face, all had become grey and loomed almost forbidding in the fast fading twilight. Mystical shadows in many places took on shape and form.

Lights began to appear in the Inn, a perfect day was nearing its close. Floppit with youth and beauty, with thoughtless selfishness, with joyous giggle had become part of that day to remain a part of us.

Will she become wise and useful and helpful? Will she realize that it is best to be of service, or will she join that vast sisterhood of idle parasites, whose highest ambition is to rope in the man with the coin, and use and abuse the wealth earned by others.

We landed by the boat-house in the harbor.

At Whitman Cottage we parted, and as Floppit went up the path to the Inn, she gaily called back:—

"Thanks so much, I've had a perfectly lovely day."



POEM

By MARGARET L. MILLER (Nine years old)

With the bullets flying o'er our head,
 You are dreaming of home,
 Home, sweet home.

There comes a vision of perfect life,
 When you dream of home,
 Sweet home.

And then you awake to find yourself
 In the middle of the fray,
 And home, sweet home is banished from sight,
 Away—away—away.

These Things Shall Be!

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

(November Fra)



These things shall be! A loftier race than e'er
the world has known shall rise
With flame of freedom in their souls, and light
of science in their eyes.

They shall be gentle, brave and strong, to spill
no drop of blood, but dare
All that may plant man's lordship firm on earth,
and fire, and sea, and air.

Nation with nation, land with land, unharmed
shall live as comrades free ;
In every heart and brain shall throb the pulse
of one fraternity.

New arts shall bloom of loftier mold and
mightier music thrill the skies,
And every life shall be a song, when all the
earth is paradise.

These things—they are no dreams—shall be
for happier men when we are gone.
These golden days for them shall dawn tran-
scending aught we gaze upon.

The Children—Bless Them!

HOW we love to see the children at Bon Echo.
1916 was quite a banner year for them and they formed no small part of the common joy.

Jamie and Grace at the advanced age of six were the stoics of the bunch and philosophically lived very independent and self entertaining lives.

Jamie became attaché in ordinary to a learned doctor whose penchant for tree-toads, turtles, huntress-wasps and spiders added much to our education and enjoyment of small animal life so abundant in the wilds, and many instructive talks were listened to by the path sides or on the beaches.

George was chairman of the Children's Concert and proved by her ability to conduct and manage, that she has as much right to the vote as Russill who only took up the collection.

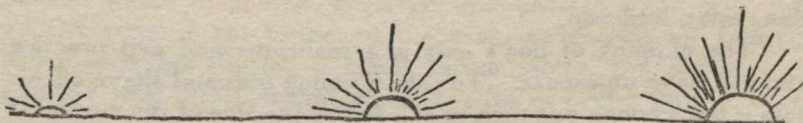
I see no reason why George may not be a Minister with portfolio and would suggest law as a profession to prepare her to know its loop-holes. The old adage that "Children should be seen and not heard" has been buried along with many other ideas about children.

"Suffer little children to come unto Me" has only been understood since we banished the whip and the lash and became humane. What delightful companions children are with their honest enquiring minds so eager to know.

Just learn to answer all the questions a child of ten can ask in an hour and you will have a liberal education thrust upon you.

The happy laugh of a child has power to dispel the gloom cast by a thousand demons of discontent.

Here's to the Children.
Bless them.



Hildred of the Perfect Tail

By WID

THIS then is the tale of Hildred M. K. II., Hench-hound of Bon Echo and the joy of all folks who have youth in their souls. It is of little moment that Hillery, as she is popularly known—for Hildred is a difficult word to shout a score of times rapidly,—is neither a hound nor has she the qualities of henchery developed to any alarming extent.

The blue blood of the Bull family of Boston flows through her veins and her proud lineage shows in face, ears and tail; in the white collar that girdles her neck and the brindle star planted in the center of the white streak on her forehead. She is a thorbred from her pushed-in snout to the tip of her perfect screw tail.

When you meet a Boston with a tail that turns and twists and looks altogether as if it were an amusing mistake, you may be sure that its owner is one of the true aristocrats of the breed. Hillery's tail is the bon mot of her whole figure and whether it be held in repose or wig-wagging her satisfaction, it is as Shakespeare said about somep'm, a thing of beauty and a joy forever. It is a short tail and very chic and fits like the justly famous tailor-made article.

A technical or even an esthetic discussion of a tail may easily lead one into embarrassing situations and since Hillery is a modest pup let us get up to her ears at once.

The bat and the Boston must have come like the ant and the bee from Venus or some other distant spot. Their ears show a strong family resemblance and as far as a very amateur biologist can determine are for the purpose of hearing. Since Hillery's ears serve her in good stead in this way and Old Mother Nature has shaped them so beautifully and so that they might catch the faintest chirp of the wee-est chipmunk, it seemed a crime to clip them. So Hillery goes merrily about her important affairs, two big, brown, bat's ears carried with nothing less than elan, eclat, and pep.

The clipping of dog's ears is a malicious and evil practice and can have no excuse. To take a young pup and shave off his ears is bad enough but then to call Art to the side of the mutilator

is nothing short of a Belgian Atrocity. For anybody, except a confirmed dog fancier—a dangerous class at best—can see that the silky brown ears, sensitive and alert, are right and beautiful, have scale and tell the truth. The clipped ear gives the pup a swollen head, are out of scale, ugly, meaningless and interfere with the hound's purpose in life, whatever that may be—but after watching Hillery for six years—must have something to do with chipmunks.

Hil. weighs twenty pounds plus and is anatomically perfect. She has a grace and refinement of line when in action which recalls the modelling of animals on Grecian vases. The muscles flow with an exquisite rythm under the seal-brown skin; but for all her refinement her body is sturdy, vigorous, and purposeful; well modelled and full of character.

Her looks, perpetual joy though they may be, are as nothing compared to her soul, her spirit and her thoughts, for it is these that count, except with a confirmed dog-fancier. Dog fanciers are proper fiends when it comes to points, but I have known a so-called mongrel, whose show value was .0007 to have the qualities of genius, and 1,000 point dogs whose proper place was in the museum—stuffed.

From early morning till dark Hil. is on the watch for chipmunks. There was a time when she hunted them but she has fallen under the fashionable spell cast by efficiency and now she sits at a vantage point and waits for one to chirp. Let one enthuse over a well found acorn and Hil. is off, feet doubled under her, tail straight out and ears quivering with excitement.

She has certain definite rules for her hunting but they are sincere or merely matters of pose is a question of much conjecture. Her habit of racing into the bush and scurrying this way and that and after due preliminary bother, discovering the highest tree in the vicinity and vigorously jumping up it in quest of a chipmunk, who has safely arrived home and is talking the matter over around his fireside, may show great and indomitable courage—the kind that stays not at petty things. On the other hand it may show plain damphoolishness and a neutral would incline to the latter opinion.

At times I am forced to the same conclusion for I have come upon her digging a fallen log to pieces, the perfect tail and two white feet showing through a fog of brown dust thrown

up by her pawing and rooting, while the chipmunk sitting on a near by tree, complacently chewing and watching the proceedings with great curiosity and interest. She is always cheerful, however, and no matter how many failures she has had she is always ready to hop on three feet at a moment's notice and to attempt to scale the highest tree on the point.

Hildred is undoubtedly one of the most human of dogs. Not on account of any great sagacity and intelligence but on account of amazing and inexcusable lack of it.

Had I any doubt about her human failings—her virtues are mainly among her animal qualities—it must have been dispelled after her unfortunate experience with the dog Ring. Ring was part wolf and part husky, vicious and bad tempered but brainy and powerful. The pups were such as to cause any mother great grief. Hillery, true to the well known sacredness of motherhood—of which we hear so much and think so little—attended to them for two whole days and then left them in the care of a nurse.

I was the nurse. Periodically I dragged her back to them, with much reluctance on her part, whenever I deemed that they needed sustenance and nourishment. Her indifference, her total lack of interest in their welfare, in their goings and comings was remarkable for an animal.

For motherhood is a biological fact and has certain natural rites. It is only among the human species that we see those rights disregarded. The incident corroborated my opinion that motherhood is sacred only when it is, and fraught with occult significance when we make it so.

Joy, laughter, conceit, appreciation, sorrow, disgust, are all parts of Hillery's make up. The night she met the skunk and had to have her face bathed half the night—and a long, long night it was—she was the most disgusted and humiliated person ever I saw.

When fate has been kind to her and a lame chipmunk passes to the great beyond by way of Hillery's jaws, she will come trotting back to the cottage, chest out, ears stiff and tail wagging in a slow and reminiscent manner, conceited joy written plainly in every self-satisfied hair on her body. Her memory is well developed for she knew me after a two years' absence and welcomed me with three broad licks of her pink tongue, in a way

that made me feel that life had its compensations, as Emerson was wont to write.

With all her accomplishments she will attempt to climb a tree that a climbing elephant—were there such a beast—would stand aghast before. She treats her offspring, not as do most animals but as do many humans. She is as independent as Lucifer when she has weighty matters on hand but very lonesome and sad when bed-time comes and no one is around to welcome her to a down quilt.

You will say that I'm a low nature-faker to make my claim for her humanness and that I am sentimental as well. Nay, nay, Pauline! Hillery is more human than most people and that is why everyone loves her so much and she is always welcome on any lap, be it silk clad or white flanneled—newly washed.

To have known her and watched her grow, to have lost her and felt the grief of losing a comrade, to have found her again and fought for her when she was abused,—all have been worth while for it is only by giving that we receive, and the love and friendship we give a pup rebounds multiplied many times in joy and the stuff that makes souls sweet and good to live with.

Hillery must be six years old now, but the wise round eye looks up at me from behind a corner of the blanket where she is lying on the floor, and I can tell by the glint in her eye and the slow rhythmic wag of the perfect tail that she knows that I have been talking about her and human-like she is proud, but she knows me well and I doubt not that she has misgivings as to what I have said. And now one white paw has slipped over my wrist and Hildred has invited me to a search for a chipmunk and a climb up a hundred foot tree.

So long as millions of men gain a living by evolving the machinery of war, and training for war—we will occasionally have war.

Moff and Jeff, or Love's Young Dream

PURELY romantic happenings are to be expected at Bon Echo.

The first year of its life Alice Hegan Rice, author of *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*, met her fate on the south shore of the North Lake and Bon Echo library is indebted to her for its beginning. It is a quaint library, being a huge tree trunk, with the bark on.

A slab off one side forms the door, the trunk is hollowed out and shelves put in.

Many authors' autographed copies have since found their way to the heart of the tree as well as to the hearts of all of us.

Moff and Jeff are the very latest Affinity Rock graduates who have stormed the citadel of cupid's domain and captured bow, quiver and arrows.

It was a terrible case.

Both were fair and as good looking as a Midsummer Night's Dream. He tall and straight as a young sapling, she charmingly vivacious.

"Familiarity breeds contempt."

"Distance lends enchantment" and "Far off birds have fine feathers," were old adages given the merry ha ha, for Moff and Jeff clung to each other with ever increasing admiration morning noon and night with a devotion unsurpassed by any clinging vine and sturdy oak ever grown in our hardy north before.

A remarkable phenomenon that takes place in the brain of lovers is that they imagine they are never noticed by curious onlookers, that they are immune from ordinary civilities to others, that they are positively the first and only pair who have ever been in love in just that particular ecstatic heaven of bliss.

The great surging sea of human passion ebbs and flows through the race and each pair caught when the tide is in feels singled out and blessed beyond compare as by a special dispensation of Providence.

Another phase is the assumption of complete ownership one by the other. And here the rub generally comes in. Judgment is scouted, commonsense hides her head and Green-Eyed

Jealousy creeps up from behind while tears and fears make grey the rosy hue of Love's Young Dream.

Advice is out of the question and moonbeams and rainbows give place to the stern realities of life.

A special affinity department has been suggested for Bon Echo, and each pair of soul-mates brought together by its seductive scenery and luring atmosphere will be requested to give their experience one year after for the social betterment of affinity Rock and the general uplift of youth.

It is said that the path of true love never runs smooth.

May Moff and Jeff prove an alibi and return many summers to live again Love's Young Dream



In men whom men pronounce as ill
I find so much of goodness still;
In men whom men pronounce divine,
I find so much of sin and blot;
I hesitate to draw the line
Between the two, where God has not.

—JOAQUIN MILLER.

EASY STREET

Didst ever live on Easy Street
And wake up some fine morn
To find yourself as minus
As the day that you were born?

Charlotte Perkins Gilman

I STARTED to write an appreciation of the work done by Charlotte Perkins Gilman. It is one of the grandest monuments ever built by any human being, whose life, brains, strength and ability has been given to uplift the human race. Her works are in the library at Bon Echo, and her great practical lesson in ideal economics and right living will often be discussed in Sunset's chats or around the blazing log fires of the old stone fire places. The Gilman Cottage at Bon Echo is a token of my heartfelt gratitude for all this splendid woman has taught me, and some other time I will write more about her, but her letter to her readers in the last Forerunner tells its own story and I am glad to re-print it. I will miss the Forerunner, it was an ever welcome guest.

TO MY REAL READERS

This closing number, finishing the seven years' work, assumes more and more the quality of "last words." In last month's "Summary of Progress" I tried to give some general idea of the field of work touched on—and only touched. But still there seems much unsaid.

In especial I wish to express a sense of personal acquaintance and cordial friendliness with my subscribers; those to whom "The Forerunner" has really meant something, those from some of whom most kind and appreciative letters have formed the sufficient income from an otherwise somewhat expensive piece of work.

The magazine has never paid for itself; I have paid for it, for the privilege of writing it, for the satisfaction of doing more work in seven years than I should have been able in any other way. It is a satisfaction.

To those who feel as if this seven years of "Gilman's works" was a useful reservoir of literature, there is this suggestion to be made: That the public libraries keep the set with their other Gilman books. If a number of persons urge it, the libraries will order them.

Later I shall publish the separate books included in this set, as well as volumes of short stories, essays, verse and allegory. But all of them, equalling twenty-eight books in bulk, are comfortably bound in these seven volumes.

Now for those "last words."

Be sure that Humanity is moving on; doing well. We may well doubt and criticize the conscious behavior of individuals; but if our progress depended wholly on our understanding and assistance we might almost despair of it, especially in the slow black early ages. But since we have been pushed and lifted up to our present stage in spite of universal ignorance and active opposition, we may now, in our stubborn social consciousness and well directed efforts to "assist nature" feel strong assurance of immediate gains.

Don't worry about God.

God is *there*, working all the time, not angry or jealous or any of those things the limited intelligence of those ancient Hebrews discredited Him with, but a steady lifting force, always to be relied on, bearing no grudge against the last and highest form of creation—Humanity.

"Don't talk of "A Supreme Being," but of "The Underlying Force." To think of God in terms of personality discredits Him. "He" postulates sex. A man-shaped deity involves internal organs—and processes. Spirit is Force, not personality.

Cast out of your mind the trailing, sticky remnants of early misbelief. God is *right there*. No matter what you have done—it makes no difference to God—only to you. As soon as you reach out to that Force and use it, you find it ready.

"God is a Force to give way to—

God is a thing you have to *Do*—"

Do you not see the pathetic egotism of those early Hebrews in imagining their special God, of whom they were the special children—all the rest of the world airily waved aside as inferior—as so intimately concerned over their little sins and didoes? Fussing because they didn't "worship" Him enough or with the exact kind and amount of sacrifice, irritable to a degree, raging most unbecomingly when they misbehaved. We never shall have a decent uplifting religion till we first dissociate it from the utterly derogatory ideas we have been taught were "sacred," and second associate it with the rest of the laws of the universe.

Everything that is true about God and Jesus will keep, will bear examination, will agree with everything else that is true. It's a mighty weak religion that will not bear discussion.

As to Jesus—do him justice. Here is personality. Here is a

man, and the son of man. If you care anything at all about Him take Him seriously. If you think what we can gather of His teachings, as filtered down to us through many minds, and as heavily infected with the earlier Hebrew theories, are true, then practice them. But to ignore the extremely practical rules of behavior He taught, and yet to expect to climb into heaven on His shoulders is ungentlemanly!

There is no more pathetic instance of our preverse misunderstanding of the essential truth of religion than the colossal mistake of Christianity—ignoring the life of Christ and fixing all there attention on His death. He, two thousand years ago, saw and proclaimed the unity of human life, saw the divine spirit *in humanity*—pointed it out to us, told us that the love of God was to be shown in love of mankind; and that love meant service. He foresaw it, foretold it, tried to make us see it. We couldn't then. We can now.

We know more. We have covered the earth with people and knit it together by a thousand ties. We now have definite knowledge of this unity and are rapidly learning the interdependence which goes with it.

Let us be thankful that this early dawn did shine upon the world; let us give all due reverence and gratitude to the God-filled soul who saw so clearly and who died for the faith that was in Him—as many a martyr has done since.

But as for the Truth so taught—if we see it and feel it we should *use it*, put it in practice. We best honor Franklin and Morse by using the telegraph, or Channing, Blake and the other eager scientists who invented the telephone as much as Alexander Bell did by using the telephone—not by worshipping them. This whole business of “worshipping” is merely an ancient habit. It is of no use to the worshipper or the worshippee. Jesus is better honored by a quite unconscious fulfilment of the truth He taught than by the most ardent genuflections.

Try to have a vivid sense of the splendor of Human Life. Our miserable present conditions, our poverty and wealth with their attendant crimes and diseases, our morbid sex-conditions with their hideous fruit, our petty, silly, tedious lives—all these are quite unnecessary and out of date, and may be swept away as soon as we choose.

It is not that we have to wait to build the home. The home is built—and we don't know enough to occupy it. We have now

every condition necessary to the kind of life we ought to have. All that ails us is false ideas. Once we wake up and see things as they are we can make over our material and social conditions in a lifetime and rebuild a clear, clean-minded race in three generations.

Women ought to feel a glorious, new pride in their sex, now that it is shown to be the main trunk of the tree of life. They ought to feel an unbounded hope and power in their ability to remake the race and to help manage it on better terms than ever before. And they ought also to burn with shame, deep scorching shame, at the pitiful limitations with which so many of them are still contented.

They have no longer the excuse of ignorance. They have no longer the excuse of helplessness. Our intelligent, educated American women who are not informed of their real duty in life—and doing it—have no excuse.

The immediate hope of the world is in women; humanity "groaneth and travaileth" for its mother. She'd better hurry.

It's a little hard on men today. Being the sex to which pride is a natural emotion; having had that natural pride of sex swollen and aggravated by long ages of illegitimate mastery, it is hard indeed for men to "climb down." Yet enough remains for them to be honestly proud of. They and they alone have built the world as we know it. Women, though the beginners of industry, and the faithful servants of the world, also occasional contributors of useful inventions, have it is true kept on replenishing the earth with new people, but have done scarcely nothing toward race-improvement. In their degenerate position as dependants they could not even fulfil their essential duty of race choice—but were chosen by the sex not fitted for that responsibility, and so have helplessly assisted in transmitting inferior types.

But men, even handicapped by their sex, obscurely suffering from their abnormal position as masters, saddled with unnecessary burdens and crushed by the conditions they themselves produced and maintained, yet have built the world—so far.

They have grown to a stage of Humaness where they are now able to overlook the once all important sex-distinction.

The age of men will stand long in history; following the the earlier and far longer Age of Women. Now we are coming to the age of Humanity. It is time.

There is no real loss confronting men. They are all going to gain infinitely more than they lose. In the common glory of a smoothly working humanity all the discord and recrimination of the exaggerated sexes will be forgotten.

One generation of children, reared under new conditions, will contentedly accept "their world," and not regret ours.

Pleasant Happenings During the Summer of 1916

THE author of "Ramblings of a Canadian Naturalist" and his wife spent a day at Bon Echo—old friends and welcome—I rowed them slowly past "Old Walt" and the quotations from "Leaves of Grass" inspired by the majesty of the Big Rock, gave me a new side light on the marvelous grip the Old Grey Poet has on those who understand him. It was a red letter day which resulted in one of those Cameo Editorials in "The Globe" so eagerly read by lovers of nature and added a page to the history of Bon Echo.

The "Ramblings of a Canadian Naturalist" came later and was read and re-read aloud to groups of three or four on the verandah of the Whitman Club Cottage. The birds became intimate friends, we took new interest in the small wild life and our pride increased in the gorgeous wealth of our wild flowers. Mr. Wood has the rare faculty of placing us on friendly terms with nature in a delightful and intimate way and the Whip-or-Will's song means more than it did.

Newton Wylie—our own Newton—came for a week-end, bringing a delightful party of the folks with him. Of course he was in a whirlwind rush.

He is a busy boy and No Booze has gripped him with such an intemperate clutch, that I see him going till John Barley-Corn is driven from every vantage point in the Dominion.

He has added Woman's Suffrage, and Universal Peace to his repertoire and with the aid of a Harvard degree will yet launch a reform campaign worthy of young Canada.

Standing on the top of "Old Walt" he was photographed for a No Booze picture post card for Bon Echo.

Mrs. Cassidy of Kaladar (with her husband who did not count) was a distinguished guest at one of the memorable masquerade balls, (when men and women changed clothes).

No duchess ever tripped the light fantastic toe with more grace and eclat, her gown being of that historic cut which showed both feet and hands to unusual advantage.

The sparkling bon mots which fell from her ruby lips were recorded on birch bark for the delectation of future timid debutants.

She was persuaded to keep on her Paris millinery during the entire evening, even though it put into obscurity silken tresses one would fain have gazed upon.

Unanimous were the judges in awarding her the prize for all round efficiency, being a Votes for Women plate, presented by Mr. Calvert with that serious dignity and polished demeanor demanded by the august occasion.

Mrs. Cassidy's reply was too subtle for reproduction in cold print but we assure our readers it was of such quality as to ensure Mrs. Cassidy a place in the Hall of Fame and forever squelch all adverse opinions on Votes for Women.

Mutt and Jeff blew in betimes and brought the merry smile and cheerful chuckles they are always wont to bring. To make two grins grow where before was sodden seriousness is to be worthy of a place among the gods. These two noted soul-mates wanted to be fishermen but unkind fate sent the black bass to nibble at other hooks than theirs.

Some folks expect too much from this life anyway.

Mutt and Jeff should just be satisfied with being Mutt and Jeff and decorate the beach and let the other fellows have the fish.

THE SILENT SENTINEL OF THE NORTH

The hanging of the massive picture gave us great satisfaction. Mr. Bellsmith has painted many pictures of Bon Echo, but this splendid masterpiece of "Old Walt" will take premier place in the Whitman Hall that is to be built in the days to come.



**Early to bed and early to rise—
And you'll miss a lot of interesting people.**

My Own Shall Come to Me.

Serene I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea ;
I rave no more 'gainst time nor fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me ;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years ;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own, and draw
The brook that springs in yonder heights.
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delights.

The stars come nightly to the sky,
The tidal wave unto the sea ;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high
Can keep my own away from me.

—JOHN BOROUGHS.

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