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Sincerity Among Friends

Generally speaking, among sensible persons, it would seem that a rich man deems that friend a sincere one who does not want to borrow his money, while among the less favored with fortune's gifts, the sincere friend is generally esteemed to be the individual who is ready to lend it.—Disraeli.

Ice Cream Anniversary

The year 1926 marks the seventy-fifth anniversary of the manufacture of ice cream as a commercial industry. It was in 1851 that ice cream was first manufactured and sold in Baltimore by Jacob Fussell, who is known as the father of the ice cream industry.

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for
flavor-
flapjacks!



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Better
Breakfasts"

It's the way we blend the flour that
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One bite—and you know they're Flap-
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700 ROOMS

300 without bath \$150
200 with bath \$200
200 with private bath \$250

GOOD GARAGE FACILITIES

Bird of the Arctic

The snow goose is an Arctic goose seen in the United States during its migration, sometimes in vast numbers. It is pure white except in the black wing quills, washed on the head with reddish; the beak, which is strongly toothed, is pink and the feet reddish. An adult male measures 27 inches long and weighs 5½ pounds. Ross' snow goose is a miniature of the other and is known all over Hudson Bay country as the "horned wavy."



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W. N. U., San Francisco, No. 5-1926.



Walt Whitman In Bronze?

"WALT WHITMAN TRIUMPHANT"
Courtesy of Mr. de Davidson

Is the "Good Gray Poet" Coming Into His Own?

By JOHN DICKINSON SHERMAN

WALT WHITMAN, the "good gray poet," coming into his own at last? New York city, anyway, seems to be scrambling hard to overtake his fame. The Authors' club has decided upon a \$30,000 ten-foot bronze statue and Jo Davidson has been commissioned to make it. Anyone who feels so inclined can contribute to the cost.

"Shut not your doors to me, proud libraries!" wrote Whitman in one of his poems. Libraries have been known to do that. And now comes forward the New York Public Library with an exhibition of Whitman in aid of the statue project—it is the first time any library has honored the poet with a special exhibition. The Whitman consists of books, editions of all sorts, translations into foreign languages, newspapers and magazines to which he contributed, manuscripts, paintings, busts, caricatures, books about him and a great variety of other material illustrative of the life and work of "New York's greatest poet." The exhibition has been assembled and arranged by Alfred Goldsmith, the Whitman biographer. The editions on view are thus summarized:

"Here is shown 'Franklin Evans,' Whitman's first volume, a puerile temperance melodrama. Seven copies of the famous First Edition of 'Leaves of Grass.' The Second Edition with the well-known 'I greet you at the beginning of a great career,' from Emerson spread upon the backstrip is fully displayed, as are the various quaint blind-tooled bindings of the Third Edition. Accompanying 'Passage to India,' is the original manuscript. This poem was, as he said, that which expressed his deepest self. The Osgood Edition of 1881-2, which caused such a furor because of threatened legal prosecution, is shown, as well as the Rees, Welsh Edition, which paid the author the largest royalty checks of his career. A rarely seen volume is 'Memoranda During the War,' of which less than one hundred copies were printed. The edition which Whitman himself thought his most handsome one was the autographed 'Pocket-book Edition' of 1889. But ten years after his death in 1892 his collected works were published de luxe by Putnam in ten highly illustrated volumes. The 'Deathbed Edition' was hastily bound for Whitman just before his death in order that he might make a farewell present to his friends. The display of editions closes with the latest, issued a year ago, the Inclusive Edition."

The committee on sculpture includes Prof. George S. Hellman, chairman, and Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, Aymar Embury, Otto H. Kahn, Charles De Kay, Guy Eggleston and Prof. Emory Holloway, chairman of the Walt Whitman Memorial committee.

Professor Hellman has this to say about the selection of Mr. Davidson's model for the memorial:

"No formal competition was held, but designs were submitted by six sculptors, who requested that their works be considered. At the recent meeting of the sculpture committee

Mr. Davidson's design was declared the most fitting and arrangements were begun with him looking to the completion of the work.

"Mr. Davidson took as his theme Whitman's 'Song of the Open Road'—the long, brown path before me leading wherever I choose. His idea is to have the statue raised slightly above its surroundings on a sort of hillock, suggesting an open road. On the ground in front of the statue he visualizes a big stone slab upon which would be set in bronze the first stanza of 'The Song of the Open Road.' When completed the statue will be in bronze and of heroic size, probably ten feet or more in height."

Here are lines from "The Song of the Open Road," which show that Mr. Davidson's idea for a statue is a happy one:

Afoot and light-hearted I take to the open road,
Healthy, free, the world before me,
The long brown path before me leading
wherever I choose.

Henceforth I ask not good fortune,
I myself am good-fortune.
Henceforth I whimper no more, posture
no more, need nothing.
Done with indoor complaints, libraries,
querulous criticisms,
Strong and content I travel the open road.

From this hour I ordain myself loosed
of limits and imaginary lines,
Going where I list, my own master
total and absolute.
Listening to others, considering well
what they say,
Pausing, searching, receiving, contemplative,
Gently, but with undeniable will,
divesting myself of the holds that
would hold me.

I inhale great, great draughts of
space,
The east and the west are mine, and
the north and the south are mine.

Camerado, I give you my hand!
I give you my love more precious than
money,
I give you myself before preaching or
law;
Will you give me yourself? Will you
come travel with me?
Shall we stick by each other as long
as we live?

Foreigners insist that it was Walt Whitman who put us on the literary map—and keeps us there. However that may be, John Burroughs probably expressed the American viewpoint of a generation ago pretty closely when he wrote this:

"Who goes there? hankering, gross, mystical, nude,"—hankering like the great elk in the forest at springtime; gross as Bohme or Swedenborg; and so far as the concealments and disguises of the conventional man, and the usual adornments of polite verse are concerned, as nude as Adam in Paradise. Indeed, it was the nudity

of Walt Whitman's verse, both in respect to its subject matter and his mode of treatment of it, that so astonished, when it did not repel his readers. He boldly stripped away everything conventional and artificial from man—clothes, customs, institutions, etc.—and treated him as he is, primarily, in and of himself and in his relation to the universe; and with equal boldness he stripped away what were to him the artificial adjuncts of poetry—rhyme, measure and all the stock language and forms of the schools—and planted himself upon the spontaneous rhythm of language and the inherently poetic in the common and universal.

Walt Whitman (1819-1892) was born on Long Island and was educated in the public schools of New York and Brooklyn. On his father's side he was English and on his mother's side he was Dutch. His maternal grandmother was a Quakeress. He learned printing and carpentering and also taught school. He began his writing in 1841 with conventional stories. Next he was editor of the Brooklyn Eagle. After a leisurely tour of Middle West and Southern states he joined the staff of the New Orleans Crescent. A little later he established in Brooklyn the Freeman, a short-lived organ of the Free-Sollers. From 1851 to 1854 he was busied with building and selling houses. And in 1855 appeared "Leaves of Grass," for which he set most of the type himself. Leading citizens, preachers, lecturers and the general public combined in denouncing him as a revolutionary, abandoned voluptuary, unredeemed pagan, free-thinker, literary charlatan and so on. As late as 1881 the Massachusetts authorities objected to its sale on the ground that it was immoral.

From 1862 to 1865 Whitman was a volunteer war nurse in the army hospitals of Washington; it is said that he visited and administered to 100,000 sick and wounded, Union and Confederate. Out of these experiences came "Drum Taps" (1865) and other volumes. His labors as a nurse brought on a serious illness from which he never recovered. In 1865 he was given a clerkship in the interior department, but was discharged by the secretary, who objected to the "Adamic" passages in "Leaves of Grass." He was given a new place under the attorney general and held it until a stroke of paralysis in 1873 compelled his retirement. He went to Camden, N. J., where he lived till his death, March 26, 1892.

Walt Whitman, anticipating abusive criticism, said he was "willing to wait to be understood by the growth of the taste" of himself. Is the long wait over?

Inches for furnaces, boilers and stoves; one-half to four inches for open grates. Do not allow ashes to accumulate in the ash pit.

Rule for Burning Coke

A simple rule to follow for burning coke is to carry a deep bed of fuel—a bed about 18 inches thick gives best results. Use very little draft after the fire is started and keep it always under control. Do not stir the fuel. Clean the fire in the morning, if possible. Use sized coke—one-half to two

Articles inlaid in pearl shell are found in the ruins of Pompeii.



**Daddy's Evening
Fairy Tale**
MARY GRAHAM BONNER
COPYRIGHT BY WILLIAM WHEATON LORR

THE FUSSY TAPIR

"Although I lived at one time in woods which were far from neat and clean—for woods can be neat and clean as much as houses can," said the Malay Tapir, "still there are some things about which I am very fussy."

"I must have my potatoes boiled. Whether the world at large knows that or not, I do not know."

"But in case they do not know, or that they have forgotten, I am going to the trouble (though it is really but little trouble) of telling them again."

"Yes, I must have my potatoes boiled. Of course they aren't all my potatoes."

"At least I mean that I do not own all potatoes. When I spoke first it sounded a little as though all potatoes were mine."

"I said, 'My potatoes.'"

"I mean the potatoes that I am to have must be boiled. There, that is quite clear."

"I will not eat them raw. There may be some tapirs who would eat raw potatoes, but I am not among their number."

"No, no raw potatoes for this tapir. Only the boiled ones for me."

"To be sure, I love the water, and when I was in my wild state I did not mind if the water happened to be dirty or if it was full of weeds."

"In those days I was not fussy."

"But, as I said, I am not fussy about some things and I am fussy about others."

"In this way I'm like other creatures."

"Fussy in some ways—not fussy enough in others."

The Malay Tapir looks something like an elephant. His nose is long

"That's so," agreed the Malay Tapir, and looks as though a trunk had started to grow and had then become discouraged.

He is a cousin of the South American tapir.

"You have said that there were some things about which you would be fussy," said the South American Tapir, "and you have only mentioned one."

"You have merely said, several times over, that you insisted upon having your potatoes boiled—or rather, the potatoes that were to be yours."

"That's so," agreed the Malay Tapir.

"Well, I will tell you another thing about which I am fussy."

"Mrs. Malay Tapir is just the same way about this too."

"In fact we are so fussy about it that we don't allow it."

"What is that?" asked the South American Tapir.

"You let the little baby tapirs come to the zoo. You like to have them born here, but Mrs. Tapir and I do not."

"All of the Malay Tapirs are the same."

"They do not have the baby tapirs born in the zoo. Whereas you South American Tapirs do."

"So baby tapirs are among the things about which we are fussy. We're too fussy about them to let them come here."

"We think they should be born in the forests where they can enjoy the dirty water and all the rough, wild life of the tapir."

"You're fussy about babies and boiled potatoes," said the South American Tapir.

"Oh, well," he added, "there is no accounting for the queer ways some creatures have. The tapir babies would like the zoo as well as the dirty water no doubt."

"Maybe," said the Malay Tapir, "but we won't allow it."

"The zoo people have to do as we say—they must boil our potatoes and they can't have our babies coming to us here in the zoo."

"We won't allow it."

"You're a fussy tapir, all right," said the South American Tapir.

Just a Hint

"Gramma," called out Billy, "our neighbor's boy is hungry. May I give him some of my apple?"

"Of course you can, you dear boy," commended grandma.

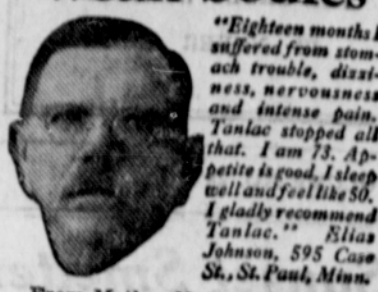
"But I haven't any apple," said the dear boy.

Reason for Breakage

I said to my grandson, who was inclined to be destructive: "I am not going to give you any more nice toys. Here is this pretty train of cars all broken."

"Cause they got broken they were in a train wreck," he replied.

Builds up weak bodies



"Eighteen months I suffered from stomach trouble, distress, nervousness and intense pain. Tanlac stopped all that. I am 73. Appetite is good. I sleep well and feel like 50. I gladly recommend Tanlac."—Elias Johnson, 595 Cass St., St. Paul, Minn.

Painted Hats for Paris

Some fashionable Parisiennes have decided to wear painted hats this winter and to dispense with all such trimmings as buckles and feathers. This mode is not expected to be popular with the milliners, for, with a few deft strokes, it is said, an artist can transform a shabby velvet or felt hat into something chic and seemingly brand new. Some women probably will want to possess hat masterpieces, decorated and signed by fashionable painters at usual fashionable prices.

Adam never did understand children. He was created full grown.

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