

# Walt Whitman In Bronze?



"WHITMAN TRUTHFUL" Courtesy of Mrs. Davidson

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

By JOHN DICKINSON SHERMAN

**W**ALT 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 \$50,000 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 1893. 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  
whenever 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, contemplating,  
Gently, but with undentable 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.

Camarado, 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 unhouse'd nature is Gross; mystical as Boehme 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 rebel his readers. He boldly stripped away every-thing 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 a 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 Holland 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.

### Influenza Old Plague

Influenza is not the modern affliction it is generally imagined. This disease is mentioned in the play "The Lame Lover," written in 1770 by Samuel Foote.

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

# The TALE of KIDDIE KATYDD

By Arthur Scott Bailey

### MR. NIGHTHAWK

MR. NIGHTHAWK dropped swiftly down among the trees in Farmer Green's dooryard.

He fell so fast that Kiddie Katydd, watching from his hiding-place in one of the maples, couldn't help hoping that the sky-coaster would be unable to stop himself in time to escape being dashed upon the ground.

But Mr. Nighthawk was very skillful at that sport. Just at the right moment he turned quickly, while the air rushed through his wing feathers with



"They Say That You're a Great Jumper."

a roaring sound. And then he mounted upward again.

Meanwhile Kiddie Katydd kept very still among the leaves, with his wings folded over his back. Only his two long, thread-like feelers would wave backwards and forwards, although he tried to keep them still. He was so nearly the color of the green of the tree-top that he trusted Mr. Nighthawk wouldn't be able to spy him.

But he was soon disappointed. For Mr. Nighthawk suddenly cried "Ha!" and alighted on a neighboring limb.

"There you are!" he said. "You needn't think I don't see you!"

### Among the NOTABLES

#### KATE CHASE

TWO generations ago Kate Chase,

born August 13, 1840, was known as the most beautiful woman in America—was probably the most envied one, too, for she had wealth, great beauty, a devoted husband, three charming children, and apparently great happiness. Today she is almost unknown.

Her mother had died young, and when she was fifteen, she was called upon to superintend all the elaborate entertaining which her father's position as governor of Ohio, necessitated. She was exceedingly popular as a hostess and the belle of the state. She is described as having red gold hair and hazel eyes and the marvelous complexion that goes with this type, and a certain exquisiteness of person.

When she was twenty, her father was made a senator and Kate moved to Washington, where her fame as a beauty became nation-wide. Shortly afterwards, she met and fell in love with the new governor of Ohio, William Sprague. The war was on, then, and Sprague enlisted, so it was not until 1863 that the pair were married. Kate continued to be the most sought-after woman in the capital, spending her time between Washington and the palatial home her husband had built her.

Then her one fault wrecked her happiness; she had never been taught the value of money, so she ran through her husband's fortune; misunderstandings arose, and finally the two agreed to a divorce. Kate and her three daughters went to Europe, and after a time returned so poor that her very home had to be sold. However, old friends saved it for her, and she finished her life in comparative obscurity.

(By George Matthew Adams)

#### A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

#### WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

IT is not so much my place out in the sun  
That marks my debt to noble Washington,  
And calls to me to consecrate this day  
To him who wears our country's greenest bay,  
As that which through his spirit bath come down,  
The heritage, the glory, and the crown,  
Of all his people in the gift he bore  
And freely gave to us in days of yore  
In an unselfishness supreme, and sacrifice  
More than the richest jewels beyond price.  
(By McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

### Aileen Pringle



This is a recent picture of Aileen Pringle, the well-known "movie" star, who has been seen in numerous screen pictures and whose work is greatly admired by her thousands of friends.

### AN ABBREVIATED STORY

#### LITTLE SLABSIDES

"HANG that brat!" muttered Ironjaw savagely.

He referred to little nine-months-old Slabsides, who lay yowling tirelessly at the base of the cliff on which Ironjaw sat sunning himself. He had promised to watch the baby if Fire-eye, his wife, did the hunting that afternoon.

Little Slabsides yowled on.

"The pesky paleolithic nuisance!" growled Ironjaw. "I'll fix his feet." And he rolled a great rock over the edge of the cliff with unerring aim.

The baby, somewhat daunted, kept still a few minutes, but soon his yowls again outbrued on Ironjaw's sweet reveries—he was thinking of the afternoon when he had pulled Fire-eye down from the wicker tree by her hair and bashfully proposed to her.

"Oh, you won't, won't you? You will, will you?" bellowed Ironjaw. And he rolled a dozen rocks, one after the other, over the cliff to bounce on poor Slabsides' little head. Suddenly he heard a loud yell in a familiar voice.

"You heartless brute! What are you doing?" screamed his wife.

"Er-rocking the baby to sleep," replied Ironjaw with hardly a moment's hesitation.

And Fire-eye, who loved a joke as well as anyone, laughed heartily and forgave him and soon afterwards the three of them were happily partaking of the elegant 80-pound lowcegas that she had brought home for supper.

(By George Matthew Adams)

### WHO SAID

"Friendship always benefits; while love sometimes injures!"

THESE words are attributed to Lucius Anneus Seneca, Roman philosopher and son of Marcus Anneus, one of the most eminent rhetoricians of his day.

Born in Corduba, Spain, about the beginning of the Christian era, Seneca was taken to Rome at an early age and there gained some distinction as an advocate and was made quaestor.

At the height of the turbulent political times, Seneca fell victim to a false accusation against him by the nefarious Messalina, and was banished to Corsica. At the expiration of eight years of exile, he returned to Rome where he was intrusted by Agrippina with the education of her son, Nero. He was made consul A. D. 57.

A plot on the part of Nero to poison the rising philosopher failed, and he was drawn into the famous Pisonian conspiracy and accused. At a Roman trial typical of the time, Seneca was adjudged guilty and given the privilege of selecting the manner by which he might meet death. He opened his veins and finally succumbed A. D. 65.

During the period in which Seneca was at the height of his prominence, statesmen of the ancient world did him homage and his philosophies even today are quoted widely. That he wielded tremendous influence in the courts is undoubted, but his life was one constant warding off of impending danger, threatened by those who feared him and were jealous of his popularity.

Pompeia Paulina, Seneca's second wife, at the time of her husband's execution expressed the wish that she might die with him, and had even opened her veins to accomplish this. She survived him, however, by several years.—Wayne D. McMurray.

(By George Matthew Adams)

### Getting Service

A policeman was crossing a bridge when a cry arose that a little girl had fallen over the parapet into the river below.

The nursemaid appealed to the officer to jump into the seething current and rescue her charge. In five minutes he had landed the half-drowned girl on the bank.

The crowd applauded his heroism, when the nurse came up and said:

"Do you mind jumping in again? Minnie had a doll in her hand when she fell over, and she's left it at the bottom."

### 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

