

Walt Whitman In Bronze?



"WHITMAN TRIUMPHANT"
Courtesy of Mr. Davidson

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

By JOHN DICKINSON SHERMAN
WALT WHITMAN, the "good gray poet," last year, 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 exhibit. The Whitmaniana 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 'Dentlibed 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, postpone 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 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.

Comrade, 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 unshod 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 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 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 Lane Lover," written in 1770 by Samuel Foote.

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

Wit and Humor



TAKING NO CHANCES

"Going to town?" asked Sammas of Tommel.
"Yep."
"Will you inquire for my mail?"
"Nope."
"Rather unneighborly of you," commented a friend.
"Can't help that. Last time I inquired for his mail I had to lug a grindstone out to his place."—Kansas City Journal.

Only Sign of Progress
A man who had settled in America, who had been visiting his old home in England, was asked what he thought about the changes that had taken place in the village during his absence.
"Changes!" he exclaimed. "Gee, there's only one worth notin'. The village pump's been swapped for a gas pump!"—Stray Stories.

Had His Answer
"Mabel," he said, "I had such a realistic dream last night. I dreamed I proposed to you, and you said, 'Go to father.'"
"Yes, Harry. And what did father say?" she cooed.
"Well, that part is a little hazy. All I know is that I woke up and found myself on the floor!"—Stray Stories.

DIFFERENCE IN WEAPONS



"He was held up by a bobbed-hair bandit who compelled him to marry her?"
"Well, it amounted to that—only she used a bundle of love letters instead of a gun."

Was a Gentleman
When Adam delved and Eve span, Ad may have been a gentleman, For he did not forget paradise. When playing out of cuppy lies!

Took His Advice
Alice—What happened when your father told your fiancé he ought to put something aside for a rainy day?
Helen—A little later dad missed his raincoat.

No Danger
"Think it would be safe to insult that prize fighter?"
"Uh huh! He wouldn't fight you for less than \$2,000,000."

Beat Him to It
"An' when 'at robbah man said, 'Hol' up yo' hands!' what did you say?"
"Me? Ah jes' laughed at him. Ah already had 'em up."

Didn't Miss It at All
Professor—I believe you missed my class yesterday.
Student—Why, no, I didn't, old man, not in the least.

CAKE-EATER NOW



"So Jim has become a cake-eater, eh?"
"Yes—married the baker's daughter last night."

Callous Conscience
Hands tell the tale. Looking at his With pride the toiler understands That many a rich man's conscience More callous than his lily hands.

Quite Proper
Customer (to delicatessen store proprietor)—Look here, I found a button in that salad you sold me.
Proprietor—Of course, madam! That was part of the dressing.—Progressive Grocer.

What a Night
"Good job our wives don't know where we got to last night."
"Too true! By the way, where did we get to?"
"Blessed if I know."

Dash and Freedom in New Fur Coats

Airy Grace, Flowing Lines Prominent in Garments for Winter.

Movement; the new feeling of dash and freedom; the spirit of airy grace and flowing lines—all that the word kinetic expresses, is to be found in the world of furs. This newest and smartest of fashion's themes is easily achieved in frivolous crepes and fly-away chiffons. But to express it in furs requires the utmost and the most masterly skill, says a fashion writer in the Philadelphia Record.
However, it has been done, and done delightfully. Often the development of the pelts is all that is needed to bring out this new theme. This is particularly true of mink. Its beautifully blended colorings are so worked that a feeling of movement is artistically expressed, even when the straight-line models are used. Furs, as a whole, are still slender. You may have godets and flares if you



Coat of Jacquard Fur is One of the Smartest Models.

wish, but these are shown with reserve so that the silhouette is never allowed to assume bulky proportions.

Mink Is Aristocratic

A Paton model of finest selected Eastern mink pelts, with all the richly aristocratic appearance of the regal sable, is a wonderful symphony in brown tones. Godets, cleverly and effectively placed, call attention to the kinetic theme, yet so great is the skill with which they are applied that the garment is as slenderly youthful as any deb could wish. This godet flare is only one instance of the genius of Paton, who has given us several models of this type. A roll collar shows the pelts worked in an opposite way with a puffed effect which is very becoming. The same arrangement is shown on the lower part of the sleeves, which gain distinction by not having cuffs.

Mink is extremely smart this season, both for matron and maid. It is always elegant, in the best of taste. I since the kinetic idea is being featured, it is decidedly youthful. One unusual model has a high-standing collar drawn through a self loop at the front. But as a rule collars are of the shawl type, generously deep, with one end coming down to a point, which sometimes reaches to the beginning of the front flare.

A very new model, which is a surprise because it made its appearance so suddenly, and after we thought everything had been decided, is ultra smart and has the chic of Paris in every line. It is a platinum moire caracul with a collar of finest Russian squirrel with that blue tint which is so ravishingly lovely. This follows an entirely new line, quite different from anything we have had. One end is brought down the right side, caught under a flap of the caracul at the waistline and drawn out in a dashing flare to the hem.

It is a stunning adaptation of the tuxedo model which so many fashionable members of the younger set are wearing. Another instance is shown in softest Siberian squirrel, always so flattering and so charming. It is trimmed with platinum fox, in cuffs and tuxedo collar, one side of which reaches the hem. Worn with it is a little hat of the new Paris orchid velours, becomingly rolled off the face and enriched with a rhinestone pin. With such an outfit any deb is ready for a season of conquests and will be certain to leave a trail of broken hearts behind her.

The New Tuxedo Model.

One wonders who the designer of the new one-side tuxedo really was. A number of Paris houses claim it. And it is certainly amazingly popular. It has even spread to frocks, or perhaps that was where it originated, who knows? A very smart Philadelphia matron is wearing it in platinum gray Vlonnet crepe with the trimming in squirrel. And a noted stage favorite features it in much the same materials, only she chooses cocoa crepe with mink as the "tuxedo."

There is assuredly no more delightful way of showing one's acquaintance with the kinetic theme. With every step of the wearer and even if she

doesn't step at all, but remains standing gracefully, this side flare gives the sense of ultra-grace and movement.

There has been such a craze for raccoons and silver muskrats among the younger set this season that many wonder if leopard is no longer smart. Indeed it is, and vastly so. But one can buy two raccoons for the price of one leopard. And naturally one always sees more of the less expensive garments. There is no denying the distinction of leopard and it will never lose its vogue any more than Hudson seal or ermine.

Rich Glorious Colorings.

They are even showing leopard and angora leopard this season in an effort to keep up with the demand for this striking pelt. But there is nothing to compare in rich, glorious colorings with African baby leopard. Its tawny shadings and beautiful markings make it a fur which will never lose its appeal.

A delightfully kinetic flare is formed on a stunning leopard model by a border of selected natural fitch which comes up in a point at the front. The fitch is also used for flare cuffs and for a collar which follows a modified one-side trimming idea and rolls in a deep point to meet the flare. Such a coat is the last word, is chic and is something to gladden the heart of any deb or young matron. It may be worn with a tailored felt of periwinkle blue or a draped turban of Lavinia green, if for daytime wear. But leopard coats of this type are so wonderfully handsome that they go very smartly to evening affairs. And then one might choose a gold lace poke if something more elaborate than felt is desired.

Punny, isn't it, how felts go everywhere? Remember what a short time ago it was that a felt hat was considered proper only for business and school wear? And now they go to the most stately affairs. And did you read about the furors they had in London recently because girls remove their felt hats from their bobbed heads as they enter a restaurant, exactly as their men friends do? And they tucked them nonchalantly under their arms as they proceed tableward. Parisians have been doing this for some time and it didn't create any excitement at all. But then, we have grown accustomed to thinking of Paris as the place of strange happenings.

Beaver and Leopard.

Beaver is also a very pleasing accompaniment of leopard. It tones in wonderfully with the golden browned. By the way, have you noticed how especially becoming leopard is to a red-headed girl? What a pity every girl with Titian locks can't have one. A model which is attracting much attention is of African baby leopard trimmed with golden Alaska beaver which is so much handsomer and thicker and stiffer than any other beaver could possibly be. A deep collar rolling in a point to the border which is drawn smartly up at one side; bell cuffs and the wide border of this enchanting fur make this coat a thing of everlasting beauty.

Hein, who has created so many handsome models this winter, reverses the usual process and uses leopard for a trimming fur. It appears on a coat of natural korova, as a narrow collar, coming down in a point on one side to meet the border which is much



Comfy Coat of Muskrat. One of the Winter Favorites.

higher on the right side than the left. A saucy little tab of leopard is caught with a buckle at the waistline.

The outstanding model of Bechoff's collection is a cocoa American broad-tail, which is an immensely popular pelt this season. It is featured in a number of coats shown for the women who must use it for both dress and business wear. And cocoa seems to be a high favorite in colors. It tones in with almost any other shade better than anything, perhaps, except black. And black is noticeable by its absence this season. With the exception of the seals, both Hudson and Alaska, there is little black. And even women who formerly clung tenaciously to Hudson seal, have now decided upon the more youthful cocoa or platinum shades.

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—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