



"What does a line fence amount to when you've been penned up for three years?"

J. W. Donahey in the Cleveland Plain Dealer of February 27, 1912. Reproduced in The Public by courteous permission of the Editor of the Plain Dealer.

heart to heart talk with himself should be made a matter of unqualified judgment. Yet these studies are so impersonal that they may be read without vanity or resentment by lovers of their subjects, and lack of space only debars a liberal quotation from these mellow judgments of the critic.

Perhaps a few paragraphs that apply to our own day may be selected with the assurance that a better sentiment may be found on the next page.

Trust thy time, also. What a fatal prodigality to condemn our own age. One would say we could afford to slight all other ages if only we value this one. . . . The very time sees for us, thinks for us. . . .

Insight is for us which was never for any, and doubt not that the moment and the opportunity are divine.

Rings and jewels are not gifts, but apologies for gifts. The only gift is a portion of thyself.

You dare not say "I think," "I am," but quote St. Paul or Jesus or Bacon or Locke. Yonder roses make no reference to former roses or to better ones. They exist with God today.

Good scholar, what are you for but for hospitality to every new thought of your time?

If there is grandeur in you, you will detect grandeur in laborers and washerwomen. Take thy body away that I may see thee.

A. L. M.