

picture of its kind is known to me than that of Mr. Day on his way out of that church swearing at the deception of it all, feeling that his honest manhood had come face to face with a religion which in its outer expression was a falsehood and an insult. In many another church he might have felt the same. The last sentences of the book are a sharp picture of this defeated man and of the whole process of his defeat:

"Father got out at the nearest elevated station, to take a train for the office, with the air of a man who had thoroughly wasted his morning. He slammed the cab-door on us, leaving us to drive home alone. But before he went away to climb the elevated stairs, he thrust his red face in the window, and with a burning look at Mother said, 'I hope to God you are satisfied.' Then this new son of the church took out his watch, gave a start, and Mother and I heard him shout 'Hell!' as he raced up the steps."

Yes, that may be humorous writing! But it fills me with unutterable regret. Not only was a good man being deceived by a wife who loved him; but neither of them knew that back of their own deception lay the still deeper deception of religious formality. Neither of them knew where to turn for light. Their faith was in a closed compartment. The tragedy that fills the book is this perverted idea of religion. The marvel of Clarence Day's style is that he makes that perverted idea paint its own picture. A more sincere piece of writing has not been seen in a long time. It is high art!

GEORGE LAWRENCE PARKER

Liberty leagues are frequently organized in order to give a few men and women license to rob many men and women of the little liberty they possess.—*Supt. Leslie D. Kline.*

True education lies in learning to distinguish what is ours from what does not belong to us.—*EPICETUS.*

## NO MATTER WHAT TIME TAKES FROM US

No matter what Time takes from us—  
Some things remain always.  
Years cannot fade the memories  
Sharp etched by joyous days.  
Gray walls, red-capped, the tense blue hills,  
The shifting haze, the distant snow  
Are dear to us; but yet more dear  
Are voices, words, the thoughts unspoken,  
Yet somehow shared, and love of friends,  
That, once our own, will never go.  
This comes to me on looking back—  
There was so much we did not know,  
We knew so much that was not so,  
And yet we had a fellowship  
Transcending praise or blame,  
Or age, position, even self; there was no  
higher claim,  
And this, though time may change much  
else,  
Will always be the same.

VIRGINIA GILLIAM

### THE "MISCELLANEOUS"

ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

"Once I was rebuked by the president of one of our universities because, through some published endorsement of mine, he had bought at Christmas time for his presumably cloistered niece one of the more ruffianly yarns of Master Dashiell Hammett. Did I really wish it believed, asked the outraged uncle, that so coarse a work represented my taste in literature? I was happy to be able to reply that it did, indeed. And, adding that so did *Alice in Wonderland*, *Emma*, and *The Early Life of Charles James Fox*, I left him to deplore me as incorrigibly miscellaneous."—*The Woollcott Reader*, p. ix., (Viking).