where on the lot. Maggie Lawns' shack was torn to pieces. Every square inch of ground was examined, but nothing was found.

Later, the lot was used as the general meeting ground for the Rinky-Dinks. All out-door sports were centered about Maggie Lawns. All congregating took place there. In the winter it was the scene of huge bonfires. There was never a dull moment at Maggie Lawns. Someone was always there. Maybe there was a fight. Usually a baseball or a football game was in progress. Sometimes, there was a game of dice. The first place any boy in the neighborhood went after school, after lunch, after supper, was to Maggie Lawns.

For almost five years Maggie Lawns remained the center of activity. Then a new lot, much larger and not so far away, was found. Gradually it became what it is today: a small insignificant lot covered with tall weeds, used chiefly as a dumping ground. Old Maggie Lawns herself is forgotten.

**Individualism**

**Lucile Broich**

I like Carl Sandburg. I like his sincerity, his "home-iness," and the way he controls an audience. He talked for an hour and forty minutes, and it seemed as if he had just begun; as if only a few minutes had elapsed since the time he stood up modestly by the small speaker's stand, shook back his straggling hair, and boomed forth his introduction in a surprisingly deep voice. It is not every speaker (even among the famous writers) who could hold an audience of critical women in a state of tense interest for such a long time. Everyone listened with perfect attention. They were afraid they might miss something that that tall gray-haired man was saying.

When Mr. Sandburg stopped talking to tune his guitar, the sudden stir of physical relaxation that came from the audience was comical. Then the entire audience, after one rustling wave of motion, settled itself in readiness for another period of concentration. An onlooker would have enjoyed watching the rapt expressions of some of these blase girls, except that he never could have dragged his eyes from the stage.

After the performance I waited to help escort Mr. Sandburg to the tea given in his honor. He loosened the strings on his guitar, put it in its case, and came down to the place where he had left his hat and coat. Out of a mammoth side pocket he drew a dark muffler which he carefully placed around his neck with the two ends trailing down the back. There it hung while he told the history of one of the songs he had sung. I was worried. I had never seen a muffler worn that way. However, I needn't have become excited about it. Presently he crossed the ends and brought them around in front again, and there he was, all bundled up, and proof against the uro breezes of outdoors. Not even the most sly draught could hope to reach the Sandburg larynx.

After all, the way in which a man ties his muffler is his own business, but that muffler told me something about Carl Sandburg and his poetry. He is an individualist. In this day when it seems as if one monotonous pattern is used over and over, cutting out the whole bunch of us, he dares to be himself. Of course, he can do that with better grace than a less famous person like the writer of this article. The public enjoys a certain eccentricity in its idols—at least, I do. I am convinced that he is not pretending, not putting on an "individual mask" to please the public, his admirers. He is just himself and his personality is probably his best poem done in the vers libre of individualism.