

often is used in this sense, in my opinion, freedom is less dependent on such external conditions of a particular type of society. Freedom might be called a quality of the mind or soul. Thus the freedom possessed by an individual is dependent on the extent his mind and soul are freed from the limitations of his own senses and desires as well as the limitations of ignorance, superstition, prejudices, and even conventionalities of society. Freedom in this sense means a capacity of control and overcome the limitations and restrictions of physical desires and prejudiced, intolerant attitudes. A person possessing such a quality of mind has a very great degree of intellectual and spiritual freedom.

One says "a degree of freedom" because both freedom and liberty, as used here, refer to relative rather than complete absence of restraint. One enjoys his political, civil, and individual liberties within certain defined limits or laws to prevent their abuse.

Complete freedom can perhaps never be attained by man. Even if society and one's personal limitations did not impose some restrictions on one's actions, nature itself would always impose some limitations. The type of freedom mentioned previously must contain an implication of self-discipline and self-control to prevent abuses and excesses resulting in license.

Thus, one sees that a difference between liberty and freedom lies in the fact that the former most often refers to a condition actually experienced by the members of a society, while the latter is a characteristic which each individual desires to possess.

The significance and effectiveness of our present day liberties depends to a great extent on the possession of such freedom by the majority of people. As long as the individuals are restricted by their own intolerance and prejudice, their society will have the same limitations.

## The Blue Pincushion

JEANNE GASS

With a flourish of the shiny old shears, Dora snipped the last coupon from the latest copy of the Ladies Home Journal. She pushed the magazine aside and made a neat little pile of the slips of paper. She breathed a sigh of pure, undiluted bliss.

Her soft white hands fluttered over the papers, almost tenderly. Her lips formed the numbers silently as she counted the coupons with all the eagerness of a miser.

"Twenty-seven, twenty-eight, twenty-nine." She paused, and counted again. "Twenty-nine." Her trimly-shod foot

hooked around the table-leg, and she settled herself in the chair. Her chin was propped on one fist. She stared out the dining room window into the dreamy dimness of the fast-settling twilight. Her eyes were fixed on no particular point. She was seeing only things which were not there.

Perhaps it was a minute, perhaps an hour, later that she heard the front door-knob rattle faintly, and her mother's footsteps resound hollowly on the hardwood floor of the entry hall. A moment later,

Norma Lewis snapped on the lights in the dining room.

"Dora, what are you doing, sitting here in the dark?"

"Mmm?" The curly black head did not more. Norma set her bag of groceries on a chair.

"I say, what are you doing? What's all this paper littering the dining room just before time to get dinner?" Scarcely waiting for a reply, she seized the tattered magazine. "And Dora, my new Ladies Home Journal. It's all cut to pieces." She remembered her continued novel, and murmured half to herself, "I never will know if Effie marries that preacher . . . Dora, what on earth did you cut out of here, anyway?"

"Coupons."

"Coupons. What kind of coupons?" Her mother picked up the little slips, and read them aloud.

"'How to Protect the Beauty of Your Home.' 'The Busy-Bee Embroidery Book.' 'Planned Menus for Small Families.' 'Our Book of Exciting Recipes, free upon request . . . .'"

Her voice drifted off into nothingness. She saw that the foolish scraps of paper were shaking in her hand. Feeling for a chair, she drew it close to the table and sat down. She deliberately made her voice light.

"Well, Dorie. So you're ready to be a house wife." The contours of the face which would remain ever childish to the mother, softened, as the daughter turned

her head. Norma could see the dreams still misting in the blue eyes. Dora hesitated and spoke in an abashed tone.

"Sounds -----, well, silly, when you talk about it. I guess it seems childish to you, especially when you consider that Jerry and I can't be married for so long." The girl paused, cleared her throat.

"No. No, Dora. I don't think it's silly." Norma's voice was gentle, even a little sad. There was another pause, longer this time. Both women lived for a moment in separate worlds which existed only in their separate minds. Dora roused herself again.

"I thought recipes would be a nice start. You *have* to have, you *need* something to make a dream real . . . And I thought as long as they didn't cost anyone anything . . ."

"Yes, I know," said her mother. "I made a pincushion when your daddy and I got engaged. I covered it with a piece of pale blue silk. Your great-grandmother gave it to me, and I embroidered it with white scallops. It's still around here some where . . ." The older woman looked about the room vaguely.

She saw the bag of groceries, stood, and picked it up. Gently she touched her daughter's shoulder. "Free upon request," she thought. "Dreams . . . Dreams are . . ." She left the thought unfinished in her mind. The bag of groceries was suddenly tremendously heavy, and she was relieved to walk to the kitchen and set it down.

