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Foreword

MSS is proud of the representative poetry featured in this issue. For both the increase in quantity and improvement in quality of the poems submitted, the editors are indebted to the course in Verse Forms. They would not be too sanguine, but they feel that it is possible and eminently valuable to foster an interest in the appreciation of poetry and in the writing of verse at Butler.

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Price, 15c a Copy
"Invitation To Poetry"

— LAURNA SMITH.
Poems

GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY

Like two pages of an old letter,
Side by side,
Unaltering—for worse and better
They abide,
Pale and faded as the faded ink.
Each supplements
With thoughts and memories that link
And arguments
The other. So, undisturbed, they live
In an age
Where all that they can give
Is a page
Or two that without the slightest doubt
No one any longer cares about.

TO ALL FELINES

"My friend!" she said, and smiled and took my hand.
"I always feel so close to you, my dear,
As though I knew your every thought and wish.
Ah, let us not forget the mutual worth
Attendant when two women are true friends."
"No, let us not," said I.

"She is my dearest friend," she cried, "but you,
A man, can scarcely understand, as I,
A woman, do, the little faults she crowds
Into the shadow of her bright allure.
You do not know her quite so well as I."
"Yes, that is true," said he.

"We are fortunate, I think," said he to me,
"That there is friendship in this world of ours,
For now we see in time the fatal step
We might have seen too late. Now love is done
Let us be friends—as you and she." "Be friends?
No, let us not," said I.

FOUR HANDS

A hand to clasp in mine and gaily swing
Along the careless days of early spring.
A languid hand that beckons, soft and white.
A hand that reaches shyly up to cling.
And one—a hand to hold to in the night.

—BARBARA OAKES.
To Live and
To Suffer

Rebecca Blackley

"When I grow up, I'm going to marry the richest man in the world," said Sally, importantly.

"Oh, Sally," said Jean, "why do you want to do that? Mother says money isn't everything—in these times you never know how long you're going to have it anyhow. And suppose you married a man for his money and he lost it all? Now I'm going to marry someone like Leslie Howard—I think he's divine. Sister took me to see his new picture last night, and honest girls, I just thrilled when he said to the heroine, 'Dearest. I love you.' I just adore men like that—you know—the gentle, sophisticated type."

Ruth said nothing. She felt a scorn, closely akin to pity for them both. What did they know of love and husbands anyhow? With their actors and millionaires! Why she actually saw her ideal every day! But she couldn't discuss it with them—they were too young to understand.

"What kind of a man are you going to marry, Ruthie?" said Sally, interrupting her golden reverie.

Ruth started. "Oh, I don't know," she said vaguely. "Someone like Clark Gable, I guess." He looked a little like Gable, only of course he didn't have a moustache, and his ears were much nicer. But he did have dimples... two of them when he smiled. He had smiled at her yesterday...

"Yes. . . Clark Gable is gorgeous," agreed Jean. "But I still think that Leslie Howard is my ideal... if he were only free. . . ." She sighed. "I do hate to break up a home... especially when there are children."

"Oh, Jean!" said Sally in a shocked voice. "You wouldn't do that, would you?"

"I don't know," said Jean doubtfully. "But when one loves... this last in the manner of Duse or Bernhardt... "one forgets all else."

This last sentence was suspiciously reminiscent of a particularly thrilling story in the latest Love Story magazine, but her listeners were too enthralled to quibble over such slight details. They sighed enviously.

"I suppose I'll have a huge wedding," said Sally pensively. "My husband's position will demand it... and we'll both have so many important friends we must invite. Of course you'll be the bridesmaids. I think I'll wear white satin... it's so elegant."

"Leslie and I will have a very quiet wedding," said Jean decidedly... "you know... a divorced man and all that... I suppose there will be heaps of publicity, but I can bear it for his sake."

Ruth said nothing. . . she would elope, and it might be sooner than anyone suspected. Just four more years until she was sixteen and didn't have to go to school anymore. . . . then they would marry. Of course her father would cast her off, but they could live on His pay. They would have a cute little home, and she would wear cute little housedresses. She would see him off every morning, and have his dinner waiting when he came home at night. . . .

"Oh gosh!" said Sally. "It's three-fifteen already. I have to go get the mail. You kids coming?"

"Oh no," said Ruth hastily. "I have to go home and do some errands for mother—she's making jam today. See you later..." and she dashed down the stairs and out the back door. Five minutes later, she ran breathlessly up the back steps of her home. She opened the screen door and stuck her head inside. "Want
me to get anything for you at the store, mother?” she asked. “I thought I'd go get the mail.”

Her mother raised her hot face from a critical survey of the jam boiling on the stove. “Yes, Ruthie,” she said. “You might bring me a dozen more jar tops. I expect I’ll need some more. . . . this jam isn’t boiling down like I thought it would. Get some money out of the silver baking dish.”

Ruth hesitated. “Could I have a nickel, mother?” she said. “A nickel? Where’s all your allowance gone to? No, I don’t think you’d better . . .”

“Hello, Ruthie!” he said. “What’s yours this afternoon?”

Her heart was in her mouth. “I’ll . . . I guess . . . I’ll have a chocolate milk,” she gulped, finally.

“O. K. Coming up!” Her eyes followed him fascinatedly as he poured milk into a glass . . . added chocolate . . . stirred it. “There you are,” he said, putting it before her with a flourish.

She could scarcely drink, her throat was so choked up. “Warm today, isn’t it?” he said sociably.

“Yyyyyes . . .” she said. “Yes, it is warm, isn’t it?” She giggled nervously . . . looked at him with her most soulful expression, copied faithfully from Greta Garbo.

He looked at her anxiously. “What’s wrong?” he said. “Doncha feel good? Maybe I’d better get you a glass of water, huh?”

She was chagrined. “Oh, no.” she said hurriedly. “I’m all right now. I was just faint for a minute . . .”

She reached the post office out of breath. After all, she had hurried and it was a hot day. . . . “Good afternoon, Mr. Potts,” she said to the old postmaster, “any mail for us this afternoon?”

“Hello, Ruthie,” said old Mr. Potts. “Yep. Here’s the new Ladies’ Home Journal, and two letters for your Pa, and a postcard for you.”

“Hello, Ruthie,” he said. “What’s yours this afternoon?”

Her heart was in her mouth. “I’ll . . . I guess . . . I’ll have a chocolate milk,” she gulped, finally.

“O. K. Coming up!” Her eyes followed him fascinatedly as he poured milk into a glass . . . added chocolate . . . stirred it. “There you are,” he said, putting it before her with a flourish.

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He looked at her anxiously. “What’s wrong?” he said. “Doncha feel good? Maybe I’d better get you a glass of water, huh?”

She was chagrined. “Oh, no.” she said hurriedly. “I’m all right now. I was just faint for a minute . . .” She stared moodily out the window—oh the agony of love, unconfessed! Her faraway expression faded. . . yes, it was Sally and Jean. And they had seen her. “I guess perhaps I’d better be going,” she murmured, sliding down from her stool. “I’ll see you later.” This last with a dazzling smile which was not lost on her dumb-founded friends.

“So long,” she said carelessly, and sauntered out the door. She pretended that she hadn’t seen her friends, and walked rapidly down the street. Perhaps they wouldn’t follow. In vain . . . “Ruth!” shouted Sally. “Wait for us!” She slowed down
reluctantly... she might as well get it over with...

"Ruth Bradstreet!" said Jean accusingly. "Why didn't you come down with us? I thought you said you weren't going downtown."

"I wasn't," protested Ruth unconvincingly, "but mother thought of something she needed in a hurry, so..."

"Well," said Sally, "you certainly weren't hurrying over your drink! Say...!" with dawning suspicion... "Have you got a crush on Charlie Barnes? Oh... I'll bet you have!"

"I have not!" denied Ruth vigorously, but she was blushing uncontrollably.

"You have so! Ruth has a crush on Charlie Barnes! Ruth has a crush on Charlie Barnes!" chanted the two girls in unison.

Ruth turned on her tormenters. "The trouble with you two is that you don't know true love when you see it!" she gasped defiantly. "If you must know, Charlie loves me, but he says I'm too young yet, and that we'll have to wait a while."

The girls were suddenly quiet. A new respect was forming in their eyes. "Really, Ruth?" they chorused. "Oh when did he tell you? How did he say it? Do you meet him secretly? How long have you known?"

But the questions were coming a little too fast even for Ruth to cope with. She gathered a cloak of mystery protectively about her. "I'd rather not talk about it, please," she said in her best enigmatic manner. "The subject is too sacred. And now I'd like to be alone for a while. Do you mind? I'll see you in the morning," and she sauntered down the street nonchalantly. Eventually the truth must out, she realized, but for the present she was the Voice of Experience, for had she not lived? Suffered? Loved?

---

It's Golden

Mary C. Funkhouser

I have a sincere regard, an irrepressible attachment, nay, an unbounded affection for all things silent. Neat little "Quiet" signs on hospitals lawns delight me; warnings of "Silence Please" in business offices never fail to impress me; I even love people who go around, (whether for the benefit of colicky babies or rheumatic grandfathers) "shushing" others. They too are worshipers at my shrine, and I bow before them. I can enjoy a good serious-minded ghost because he at least does his haunting quietly, and I respect his native graveyard for the peace and restfulness of its mute community. A secret enterprise that I have long nourished is a Q. T. club for fellow hushmen. Our password would be "shhh," our countersign, the pressure of the index finger vertically against the lips, and we would have marvelous long meetings devoted solely to reverie and contemplation. In short, I have a yearning and ever increasing desire to tell the whole good-humored world courteously and deliberately, 'Peace, be still'—to make a master muffler and render its mundane mouth forever mute. Reader, I do not jest. Beneath this superficial surface, deep currents are flowing. I am serious.

This devotion to the hushed is well founded. I attribute it to the fact that the pricelessness of silence has accompanied all happy experiences, all long remembered incidents, all cherished scenes, thoughts, or emotions that I have ever known. Rooms by firelights—books—shadows—color—dreams, all such lovely things are mellowed by this magic master. It selects all great and worthy occasions as its own, predominates over all other influences, envelops the scene, blesses the situation, and deftly shapes the memory.
into the most delightful and peaceful perfection.

There is beauty in the variety of this universal patron. We love the calm silence of nature, found at the brink of a reedy pool or in the heart of a winter woods, as we shudder at the hurting mystery of death's hush, or the nervous, tense silence of fear. What a gentle quiet we keep in the presence of new and precious life—tiny babies, budding trees, young helpless animals, and what awe is expressed in the admiring hush that greets the display of great artistry. We revere the sacred silence, incomparable to any other, of an empty church. We know the sanitary silence of a hospital and the systematic silence of a library. One fancies that there are whole drawers full of it here, all carefully indexed and catalogued.

In everyday life, silence is the ever-welcome intervener; a life belt securing itself around situations that are lost and helpless; a blender of daily discords; a mason slicing off the crude, protruding parts of existence; a universal interlocutor, subtle, deft in preserving the mystery, intensifying the drama, and protecting the beauty of the world. It is life's tactful host—interrupting with artful entrance at the perfect moment, and after a gentle adjustment of the situation, leaving the guests to marvel at the discreetness and dexterity of its departure.

• • •

IN SPITE OF WORDS

These words come at least in part From out my soul and mind and heart; And come at least in part, I fear, From my conceit and failure drear.

For what they are, or might have been, Had I known less of trivial sin, I have no fears—no deep regret Of that which may prove fertile yet.

FREDERIC WINTER.

Poems

I

CONVERSATION PIECE

Perhaps he does. What do you think? He might, perhaps He does; I do not know. He does, perhaps. You think he might? Perhaps; I think perhaps he does.

But maybe not; I do not know but that he would not think of it. Perhaps; I say I do not know.

II

PERSONALITY

I met her long ago: Calamity was at her door; Her father had a year to live; Her mother's heart—tomorrow, Or, within a month, would Cause her death.

I met her yesterday: Her father has a year to live; Calamity is at her door; Tomorrow, or within a month, Her mother's heart will Cause her death.

III

CONCENTRATION

I said I thought the day was fair; She said that Bill had curly hair. I said that beer was here to stay; She pondered on Bill's winning way. When I discussed the social classes, She said she thought he needed glasses. But then I said, "Men should be wed," And she said, "Yes. You're right," she said.

—GRACE FERGUSON.
Children like toy animals, you know—
Horses with real black hair and manes and tails,
And flannel elephants with tiny eyes
Of black shoe-buttons—and small rubber cats
That plaintively protest when they are squeezed,
And teddy-bears to take to bed at night,
To kiss and cuff till they grow thin and worn,
Aenemic, from the sawdusts leaking out—
And gingham dogs, or sometimes calico,
With sprawly legs that can be tied in knots
And sad expressions and long drooping ears.
Oh, these are talismen to ward away
The terrors of the night if one's alone;
Or paint the vacant canvass of the day
With pictures warm and rich in company.

I say, most children like such toy things.
But as time steadies faltering childish hands
And guides them on to sterner tasks than play,
The cuddly bear and flannel elephant
Are laid aside upon a closet shelf,
Or boxed with tiny shoes and baby clothes
In darkened attics where the rain spats down
And taps its little melancholy croon;
And soft gray dust like an enshrouding cloak
Falls with the days and nights, to shut them off;
And play-days are but faint remembered things.

I loved them once . . . but I have seen a room
Where nothing ever happened; where a dog,
A sprawly spotted little gingham dog,
Was more than any dog should ever be
To one too old to cling to childish things.

The room, it was a gentle quiet place
High up above the city's turgid roar,
With shaded lights of warm and mellow glow.
It seemed to stretch its hands invitingly,
To beg that you come in and think and rest,
And know the wisdom and the solace of
The monumental dead whose shrine it was.
For she who lived therein from far-flung lands
Had gleaned the riches and had plucked the fruit.
She knew the art—and well had practised it—
Of stern-jawed Beethoven and mighty Bach.
And there old bards and new, in rhymed verse
And strange free fancies met in wise discourse.
Upon the wall was hung a Paisley shawl,
The color of the last faint sunset's glow;
And on the shawl a curving scimitar,
The relic of a long-dead Tartar chief,
Would catch and bend the long rays of the light.

Upon the davenport, with legs askew,
(And always oddly out of place, you thought),
You saw a dog—a little gingham dog.
You wondered why she always had it there
In that same spot; as though its dull black eyes
Should note the winking of the city's lights
From that still shaded room six stories high;
Or, if it faced the door, as though its ears
Might catch the rhythm of her steps as she
Returned at night from solitary walks...
And once I asked her... In the corridor
Outside, I heard the tap of twinkling feet,
And bright young voices. One called, "Wait for me!"
The other answered, "Did you really think
That I should let you go alone, my dear?"
And then she looked at me, and smiled, and said,
"That's why I keep him always there... You see
So very often I sit here alone;
And if I have him here beside me, I
Somehow just never feel the silence so.
I've no one else to talk to now, you know..."
And I said nothing...

Sometimes as we sat,
She'd take the dog and set it on her lap,
And smooth the wrinkled little gingham face,
Or loop the soft big ears about its head,
And let her hands play on the lifeless thing
As though it were the child she'd never borne,
The lover she had never loved... And when
I rose to leave, it often seemed to me
That she would clasp it to her closer then;
As though somehow my going sent her back
So many years to childish playtime hours;
As though, when shadows fell in dreary lengths,
As once she used to do when bedtime came,
And she must climb the stairs and face the dark,
She'd take along the little toy dog,
And feel not quite defenceless and alone.

And so it is I say I do not like
Small gingham dogs. I always see that room
With all its grace and still-born muted charm,
And then I see the dog, and her slim hands
Caressing it, and hear the wistful sigh
Of all she never said; and all the sweet
Things—all the foolish tender things
That should have happened in that silent room
Have found their being somehow in the dog.
Luncheon Club

Grace Ferguson

They had changed the hats in the display window of the millinery store. There was one hat in front with a bright red feather; it caught Mr. Phillips' eye as he passed the window on the way into the restaurant. "That," thought Mr. Phillips, "would be a nice hat for a smart girl-about-town. But the little brown one at the back with the green thingamabobs on it— he thought he'd probably like the girl that bought that one better.

He rather liked to look at the hats in the window there, just outside his favorite restaurant; it was about as close as he ever got to women. Of course there was Mrs. McKnight, the boss's wife, who came in about twice a week, fur-laden and spiced with perfume. He felt she was an enemy. She spent too much money. The boss couldn't afford it. Anyway, the cold gleam of her light blue eyes through her rimless glasses dismayed him. He didn't like her much, not nearly so much as he did his landlady, though she was fat and forty or perhaps even fifty, for all Mr. Phillips knew. She was Irish and had too many kids, but she was soft-voiced and had a gentle, kindly way about her that quite won everybody's heart.

He opened the door and walked into the restaurant. "Good morning," said he to Edward, the head waiter. He wondered about this man, poised and self confident in bearing, subservient to the customers; and yet, through it all, there was a shyness and sensitivity that made him akin to Mr. Phillips. Every day Mr. Phillips said "Good morning" to him, and he replied "Good morning, sir," with mutual liking and respect.

Now the question: should he sit by the window where he could watch the passerby, or over by the canary-that-could-whistle-like-a-cardinal? But Edward was leading him to the back, by the goldfish. Ah yes, it was Thursday, the day for the luncheon club. Edward knew he liked the luncheon club. That was part of their mutual understanding. Edward liked the luncheon club, too. There were about eight of them, and they had a very large table all to themselves on Thursdays. True, there were other groups that had their days for this table, but these other groups Mr. Phillips did not seek out; rather, he avoided them.

What there was about them that made them different Mr. Phillips did not know. Perhaps it was because they were the brown-hat-with-green-thingamabobs kind. Five of them were women, and the men didn't always come. They were all very anxious to "get on." Sometimes a certain topic for the day's discussion would be chosen and held to. Other times they would lapse into gossip, and Mr. Phillips enjoyed these times even better than the others. The sound of their voices carried peculiarly well to the little corner table to which Edward had taken him. He could usually hear everything that was said, except, of course, when Miss Whimpler or Miss Filmore had the seat on his right, the farthest away; then he couldn't hear what they said, for they both talked too low. He didn't hold it against Miss Filmore so much, because she very seldom said anything; and that way he didn't miss much.

He wanted still to be there when they came, so he dallied over the menu. Mrs. Dowling had promised to bring that suit she'd knitted, and he was curious to know if it was as ill fitting as all the other things that Mrs. Dowling had made herself, and he didn't want to miss seeing it. And Mr. Lowcomb would be back from that trip to Cleveland. Mr. Lowcomb thought himself quite an orator, and so was in the habit of using the slow delivery of the after dinner...
speaker. But then, Mr. Phillips had never been to Cleveland.

However, the clock was still going about its business, and he had to be back to work at one, so Mr. Phillips ordered his lunch. The order went to the kitchen, was taken through the restaurant mill, and came back a steaming vegetable plate with two hard rolls and butter. Still no one of the eight appeared, and Mr. Phillips reluctantly began.

He had succeeded in tearing one roll apart with no major casualties, when a familiar figure caught his eye. Miss Filmore was looking at the hats, thinking, no doubt, that she would like to buy the one with the red feather. But Mr. Phillips knew very well she'd never buy a hat with a red feather. She was loitering out there so she wouldn't be first at the table. The Miss Filmores don't like to be first.

He wished some one of the seven would come; but no one came, and Miss Filmore entered. He hadn't looked at her again, but he knew she'd entered by the way the head waiter was industriously counting silver. Edward, for once, felt himself inadequate and ignored the poor creature hesitating there at the door. Then he remembered pressing business in the kitchen and deserted completely. This was unlike the head waiter. Mr. Phillips grooped for a reason. Why had Edward avoided leading her to the large table? Perhaps because he wanted her to take a smaller table instead; perhaps because he feared that no other luncheon clubbers would come. And Miss Filmore alone at that monstrous table! Mr. Phillips did not dwell upon this morbid thought. He hoped that she would grasp the situation. She didn't. The huge table drew her like a magnet; she was powerless under the conservatism of doing the accepted, the usual thing, no matter what the circumstances. She sat down at the side near Mr. Phillips just as the conscience-stricken waiter miraculously appeared from the kitchen. A mask of pleasant surprise covered his countenance when he saw her, and he advanced to her with the menu.

"Good morning, Miss Filmore," he said, "And how are you today?"

"Just fine, thank you," said Miss Fillmore, grateful for the attention. "I don't think I'll order till the others come."

The "others." Mr. Phillips prayed for them. His prayers were not answered, and, though he ate slowly, Mr. Phillips finished his vegetable plate. Not quite knowing why, he called Edward over to his table. Perhaps to give the timid little woman a chance to order.

"Edward," he said in a rather loud voice, "I'm rather hungry, today. Suppose you bring me some of the halibut and a roll."

In what a confident way he'd said that! He glowed with pride. She must have heard it. He'd be late sure.

When Edward came back she called him over and ordered her meal. Eating alone at that huge table! It was unbearable. He must do something about it. A great resolve formed in the mind of J. Reynolds Phillips. He would take his coffee with her. The idea terrified him, so he didn't stop to ponder over how he would do it. Miss Fillmore was nibbling hurriedly over her lunch.

"Ah, . . . Pardon me," said Mr. Phillips and wished he were dead, "I . . . ah, . . . Do you mind if I join your luncheon club for today?"

Miss Fillmore didn't mind; Miss Fillmore looked at him with a great deal of astonishment, but not without a degree of pleasure. Mr. Phillips chuckled. He had a very amiable and friendly chuckle, and he knew it. It didn't quite go with his rather lean and drab exterior but it certainly added life to his pale personality. Mr. Phillips was pleased with himself, for he had managed the introductory remarks far better than he had expected.

"My name," he continued, "is J. Reynolds Phillips. That is, my first
name is Jeremiah, but I haven't used it since my mother died. I never cared much for Bible names—to too antiquated.

Miss Filmore expressed agreement.

"I lunch here quite a bit," he went on; (every day in the world except Sundays). "And I generally see you and your friends here on Thursdays. You always seem to be having such a gay time; I've always envied you. Eating alone isn't much fun."

"No," said Miss Filmore, who knew it only too well.

He went on to elaborate, and he found that the part about "envying" their "merry group" went over big with Miss Filmore. She'd always liked to think of it like that.

So they lingered over their coffee, and he found himself telling a wide-eyed and impressed Miss Filmore what he said to Johnny Watson the time Johnny was impudent. The admiration-for-superior-strength in Miss Fillmore's eyes egged him on to tell about the time he quit his job rather than do an ungallant act, omitting, however, to relate his subsequent change of mind and repossession of his job.

She was telling him about the radio in the room next to hers when he caught Edward's eye—Edward's eye, full of immense approval. But behind Edward was the big clock, telling him he was very late for work.

"Uh," said Mr. Phillips, "dear me, it's late."

"So it is," observed Miss Filmore, with the air of one who did not have to be anyplace in particular at one o'clock.

"Well," he rose, "I've enjoyed this little visit so much." And suddenly his glib manner left him. What to say? How to put it?

"Uh," said J. Reynolds Phillips, "may I call?"

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East Street

East Street
Straggles out beyond the railroad.
For the railroad
Cuts the town in two.
North and South.

On the North
There's sunlight
And flowers
And fine old art
And music
And gay laughter
And lovely ladies
With satin skins and red lips
And sparkling devils in their eyes.
There are suave men
With manicured nails,
Who stride through life
With the flick of a cane,
A twisted grin
And a flippant word.
Broad-shouldered
Powerful,
Challenging,
Triumphant.

But East Street
Has
Drunken shanties
That lean against each other
Like the bleary-eyed loafers
Around the corner drug-store.
The air
Smells thick; dirty yellow.
East Street
Has
Stale whiskey
And sullen hunger
And brawling bums
And thin defiant prostitutes
Crawling around mud-holes
Where grass once grew . . .

Isn't it splendid that the railroad
Splits the town so nicely . . .
What would the North Side do
Without
East Street?

---LOUISE DAUNER.
A Group of "Characters"

(The character is a literary form usually presenting a type, and most highly developed during the 17th century).

I

He wishes to be considered unmoved, as one who, having known emotion, prefers reason; in reality he is incapable of great feeling. He wears a perpetual slight smile and speaks slowly in a low, courteous tone. He extols tolerance, which to him is the belief that one man’s opinion is as good as another’s. His greatest pleasure is in talking; and to his listeners he seems to solve all the problems of the world. In his relations with women he is a sort of Aristotelian God, for he often proves himself the Unmoved Mover.

II

She seizes your arm upon meeting you and never releases it until your departure. She asks, what do you know? Why haven’t you phoned her? What shows have you seen? Have you any new clothes? Have you met any men? Do you know the words to “Spring Time and You”? Have you been to church lately? Then college has a bad effect upon you!

Great Aunt Tildy

Great aunt Tildy remains the only living member of her very immediate family, and so from her own house, goes about to visit the nieces and nephews, and great-nieces and great nephews, who are scattered around the country. She visits her niece, Leafa, and her great niece, June. At her constant insistence, because she wants to be “a help instead of a hindrance,” she is finally allowed to preside over the dishpan after the evening meal. She fumbles here and there for pans, the soap chips, the chore boy.

“You have to know houses,” explains Aunt Tildy to June. “Yes sir, Junie, you have to get to know houses. Now at home I can find my way around in the dark, without scraping a chair or stirring the china dog by the door.” She puts a dish in the drying rack without scalding and goes on splashing suds.

“Wouldn’t you rather dry than wash, Aunt Tildy?” says June, scalding the dishes before Aunt Tildy’s unnoticing eyes.

“As soon wash as dry,” declares the old lady, “as soon wash as dry. Haven’t been washing dishes much anymore, but I’ve been washing them a long time—since I was a little girl, and the oldest of the lot of us children. I’m not young now—eighty last March, but I can still wash ’em. My family ate their plates clean, but there’s been a lot of folks come to my house that hasn’t, and I’ve kind of got hardened to dishes clean or dirty.”

And June, drying the dishes and putting them away, looked at them curiously, as to her they became the musical monotony of great aunt Tildy’s life.

—ARLEEN WILSON.
The Cook

The cook wears funny, thick black shoes with turned up toes, and has an annoyingly new black and white checkered patch on one faded trouser leg. He is greasy, and overly comfortable with the waitresses. He enjoys life thoroughly through self-appreciation of his own humor and wit. He becomes over-irritable when too hot, or defied, and over-ingratiating when in a good humor.

Through the Swinging Doors

The nurse's office is a white place and a quietly busy one. Through the swinging doors at the left is a small resting room, with three cots, a locker, a mirror, a small old-fashioned desk that is closed and locked, and a chair. Each narrow bed has a gray army blanket at its foot. This room is not entirely separate from the other, but is only partitioned off. While you lie in its remote nearness, you hear a murmur of voices from the other side of the wall, as the doctor and nurse welcome, advise, and admonish all comers. Occasionally another person stops momentarily in the rush of the day, and she, too, finds a resting place through the swinging doors. And especially if it happens to be late in the day, a curious companionship springs up between the stranger and you, through your mutual weariness.

—GENE SMITH.

• • •

THE HIRED MAN

Some say I'm lazy; don't know why. I rake and mow the Parson's lawn, And milk and clean old Betsy's sty. I take down screens when summer's gone, I'm powerful good at shuckin' corn, And mighty quick at cuttin' wood. Just 'cause I don't own any land Don't see why folks say I'm no good. Won't take a job, like brother Dan. This town jest needs a hired-man.

—JANE MOORE.

Good Crop

Max Stuckey

The sharp spiteful crack of a rifle stirred the peaceful little mountain town into a hubbub of excitement.

The figure lay face down in the muddy street. The faded blue denims and ragged black coat were splashed with mud. The head and shoulders nestled deep in a large puddle.

No one approached it. A few people stood on the boardwalk and discussed the incident in whispers.

One tall grey-bearded mountaineer nudged his companion.

"I know'd hit would happen, Anse. Younguns always did stir up these old feuds. I heerd Mark Benton was goin' to kill th' kid. Mark never was a hand to say things he didn't mean."

Anse shook his head. "This is one time Mark bit off mor'n he kin chew. Thet kid's brother, Tait, is th' pizen-est man in Pine Mountain country. Mark my word, this little fuss Mark started is goin' to end by Mark bein' laid right beside his pappy over there in the churchyard."

The grey-beard disagreed violently. "Mark's a smart boy. He'll have Tait under the Laurel before the first snow."

The argument grew more and more bitter.

"I'll bet my tobaccy crop agin your'n that Mark gits Tait before spring," sputtered Big Dan, the tall grey-beard.

Anse nodded his head. They shook hands.

Fall came. Other men had paid with their lives in the family war Mark Benton had precipitated, but Tait and he were still treading the twisty clay mountain paths. Some day they would meet. One would see the other first and that other one would never know. That is the way most
quarrels ended in Pine Mountain's lofty ridges.

Big Dan stored his tobacco crop in the rickety log barn to dry. It was a fine crop. The leaves were big and brown, and silky. Crops like that did not happen very often.

The short autumn days flew swiftly, leaves began to fall. The mountains were shedding their gaudy fall dress for their white winter overcoats.

On this day a heavy rain was falling—a rain that was cold and hard, nearly sleet. Big Dan was two miles from home. He cursed and clutched his rifle tightly as he slipped and slid in the sticky red clay.

Suddenly he stopped.

From just ahead there came the sharp crash of a rifle. The echo rolled back from the ridgetop.

Big Dan left the path. He picked his way in a wide circle through the dense underbrush. He paused every few moments to listen. People didn't shoot on days like that unless they were after big game.

A few moments later he stood hidden at the top of the winding path. His sharp grey eyes caught a movement down below.

He finally picked out a man lying on the pathway. A yard or so above him lay a big black hat. Even from where he stood Big Dan could see the large holes a few inches above the brim. Big Dan gasped. The man below him was Tait.

Tait was watching something up the hillside. Big Dan couldn't see anyone but he sensed that it must be Mark Benton. Mark shouldn't have missed that first shot.

Suddenly Tait moved. His rifle cracked loudly.

The old mountaineer gasped. From a spot directly below him a form came tumbling from behind a tree. That twisted grotesque shape could not harbor life.

Tait fired once more into the hull of black that had lodged in a clump of sumach. Smoke still curled from his rifle as he walked a pace or two forward and stooped for the black hat.

Big Dan raised his rifle. He poked it between the low hanging limbs of an oak. For a second his eyes traveled over the long barrel. He pulled the trigger.

Rain beat into the open hat, filled the crown, and ran out through the big holes close to the brim just inches from the still hand that reached for it.

Big Dan clumped into his cabin. He warmed his hands at the fire. He cleaned the last trace of dirt from the rifle barrel.

He sat thinking for a while. Suddenly he muttered, "Hit was too good a crop to waste on a killer."

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SAND CASTLES

Today
I built my castles
On the sand.
The tide came in
And the sky was gray.
The waves
Swooped and roared
And crashed and surged
And overwhelmed my castles.
Soon
Only a shapeless mass
Lay sodden on the beach.
But
Although I know
That ever the waves return,
That ever
The pounding hoofs
Of the foam-flecked sea horses
Rush to destroy,
I shall build my castles
Again.
Tomorrow.

—LOUISE DAUNER.
If I could hold back the crowd of pale-faced days
Ready to spring into rosy bloom at every dawn!
If could keep them from pushing me
With thin palms against my back. They shove me on!

They shout, they glare
How dare I plant
My feet and try
To halt their pace?

You'll wait, I say, you shall not go!
I'll stop the mob! I will! But no

The frenzied crowd
Insane and mad
Cries out, we go!
We go!

They elbow past in drunken reel
And stream by faster heel on heel!

I cannot stop
The mad day's gait!
They will not halt;
They will not wait!

—MARTHA ROSE SCOTT.

That day in the country, I remember,
We climbed the fence by old Bill's place to get
The yellow apples lying in the grass.
I filled my hat and then you gave me yours
And we searched carefully for whole, round fruit
Not pecked by birds or flecked with small brown spots.
Bill had gone for the day—taken his wife
To town, you said—and so I reached above
To snap an apple from its stem, though what
We had was good enough, and more than we
Could eat. I thought that you would smile and say
It wouldn't hurt old Bill to lose a few—
What had we climbed the fence for, anyhow.
But you only turned away to another tree
As if you believed the apples underneath
Might be better there, or might be more.
I remember still how the grasses switched
About your feet as you walked, and how straight,
How very straight, your shoulders seemed.
"It isn't old Bill," I thought, and the firm,
Warm apple in my hand slipped from my grasp.

—LOUISE GARRIGUS.
I'll sing my songs into the teeth of all the winds,
And shake my fist at the tossing tops of trees,
Confront the ominous skies with a lifting heart,
And the rains shall keep me safe from the howling horde.
All my seeking for peace has been in vain;
I have never known surcease (or almost never) from pain
Except when driving winds and driving rains
Have offered me their peace—indifferently.
In lands where I have been Nature has
No word to mean voluptuousness—or needs it;
But cold and hard, and yielding not one inch,
She offers hope to him who needs and seeks:
He seeks for rest, and seeks not long in vain,
Who swears at men and leaves them, with their pain—
And his—to sing with winds, be blown with trees.

—FREDERIC WINTER.

BEYOND WATERS

Voices out of a night that cry
Low with murmuring, whisper, listen
To the wild song of a wounded bird
Flying in wind with wings that glisten.

Deafen your ears to this furious music,
Be casual to songs along the shore,
For under this throbbing throat is torture,
And only a cry you've heard before.

Conceal your wild heart, for down by the river
Are strangled reeds that twist in the mud.
The road is long, the way is endless
Tainted with futile drops of blood.

—CHRISTIE RUDOLPH.

CLASSICISM AND ROMANTICISM

The cold, sepulchral glare
Of sulphur candle flare
Brings not half so much light
In winter-night
As
A few quick rays of sun
Which break through the dark, dun
And dreary clouds, and come
In February.

—JANE BEURET
-LAURNA SMITH.
To be a legend in one's own ground and setting of the drama
which Queen Mary lived, it is necessary to know Scotland in its political
and religious aspects, its relation with
England and England's queen, Eliza-
beth.

Mary became Queen of Scotland
amids a religious conflict which
seethed over all Europe. England
and France both were eager to gain
an alliance with Scotland, England
being Protestant while France was
definitely Roman Catholic. Scotland,
like Gaul, was divided—in two parts,
Protestant and Catholic. The Pro-
testant movement seemed to strike a
responsive spark in the breasts of the
Scottish people as there was some-
thing in it of the harsh mountains
and moors of their country. Perhaps
without John Knox, its fiery, fanatic
leader, Calvinism would have spread
over the land, as it was popular not
only with the middle-class but with
the hard-living, hard-riding noblemen
as well; but with him to guide it, it
soon became a widespread fear in the
hearts of the Roman adherents.

Into these mad, fantastic religious
controversies came the young Queen,
fresh from the pageantries and artifi-
cialities of French court life.

Scotland was likewise seething po-
itically. The government was in the
hands of a few nobles who were re-
gents while the young queen was un-
der age. So "armed neutrality" might
have been said to be the form of gov-
ernment.

When Mary was but a baby, an
alliance had been sought with Prince
Edward, afterwards Edward VI of
England. This did not materialize
for Mary of Guise (Mary's mother)
had other plans which would further
her own ambitions towards the throne.
of France. No alliance with Protestant England was to unite the two countries. Instead, the little queen was sent to France to be grounded in the Roman Catholic faith and educated for the exalted position of Queen of France, and Scotland, and perhaps of England also.

During the ten years that Mary lived in France, English ambassadors were sent to try to prevent the inevitable marriage of the Queen of Scotland to the heir to the French throne. At one time, so the story goes, an attempt was made to poison the young queen, a fitting example of the malevolent forces which tried to stem Mary's career. In spite of all the efforts of the opposing faction, and due to the tireless work and innumerable promises of Mary Guise, Mary Stuart was married to Francis, Daulphin of France, in 1558.

Meanwhile in England, the reign of Mary Tudor had come to a bloody end and Elizabeth became Queen, thus bringing again the old question of her legitimacy. According to the Roman church, Henry VIII could not divorce Catherine of Aragon and marry Ann Boleyn. If Elizabeth was not the lawful daughter of the much-married Henry, then Mary, daughter of James VI of Scotland, and great-grand-daughter of Henry VII of England, was the next in line.

When the Queen of Scots proudly had the arms of England embroidered on her banners with the heraldic symbols of Scotland and France, there were many who thought it was rightfully there. Thus, Mary at the very beginning of her career won the enmity of Elizabeth who carefully, step by step, planned her ultimate downfall.

The King of France died and Francis and Mary became King and Queen of France with all the pageantry of medieval splendor. This splendor was short-lived as fourteen months later Francis died of a septic ear following an injury he received in a tournament. Mary, realizing that she was an unwelcome guest in France, and after an unsuccessful attempt to marry the Spanish heir, found no alternative but to go home to Scotland.

As she watched the receding shores of France, she must have reviewed her life of gaiety, the pomp and extravagance of the court, and must have hoped that life would not be too hard in the harsh, cold country which she called her own. When Mary asked Elizabeth for a passport to cross England, was it to attract Catholic followers to her picturesque procession? When Elizabeth refused it, was this an acknowledgment that Mary was her rival?

Elizabeth won this first scrimmage in her long battle with Mary which, although under cover most of the time, was none the less deadly.

When Mary had left Scotland, it had been a land of monarchy, but when she returned, she found it a religious republic. A year before her return the Roman Catholic religion had been abolished; all churches had been destroyed and the priests driven from the country. We find the Roman Catholic Queen returning to a Protestant country, but she trusted her own personal charm and mental gifts to see her through the conflict. She filled her court with Protestant advisers and adopted a policy of peaceful arbitration. She hoped to win the respect of her people and so have more power to change that which she disapproved and to force reforms upon them.

Mary, at this time, wished the strength of a foreign power to aid in her governing. All such plans were useless as Catherine of Merci (mother of Francis II) and Elizabeth were combined against such alliances. Mary had no choice but to ally herself with an Englishman of Elizabeth's choosing.

There was Lord Darnley, connected with both her houses, and there
was the Scotch noble, Bothwell. Advised by Riccio, her Italian secretary, Mary decided that the Lord Darnley was the most desirable of all her suitors. He had charm, a claim to the English throne, and was a Roman Catholic. The Queen hoped by this marriage to ally all the Roman Catholics in England and Scotland and also strengthen her claim to the throne.

In July, 1565, Mary was married to Lord Darnley. Elizabeth was seemingly furious because Mary had disregarded her wishes, although it is believed that Elizabeth had worked toward this end, realizing that the only thing Mary would gain by this marriage was a weakling husband who would be a great hindrance to her ambitions.7

Again Elizabeth scored, for it was not many weeks after the marriage until the Queen realized her grave mistake. Darnley was weak, self-willed, and very jealous of Mary, Moray, the Queen's half-brother, and Maitland, leaders of the Lords of the Congregations8 who had been banished from the court when they protested against the marriage, were most anxious to avenge themselves. They whispered into the willing ears of Darnley tales about his wife and her Italian secretary, Riccio. Darnley, already envious of the position that Riccio held as chief adviser of the Queen, disliked the little Italian all the more and, with the aid of the Protestant nobles, planned and carried out the murder of the Italian.

The Queen was seated at supper with her ladies when the murder took place. Helpless in the grip of the burly Scotchmen, the little Italian sought protection behind the Queen's person. Dragged out and murdered, Riccio left a story behind him that is the source of many discussions. Was he Mary's lover? Was Mary's feeling toward Riccio only friendship and gratitude for his understanding? Whatever it might be, Lord Darnley only succeeded in hastening the Queen's doom, for then Mary was held prisoner in Holyrood. Scotland's Queen was in a plight known only to heroines of romance. Baffled and grieved by the gruesome murder, she mastered herself, swore vengeance,9 and looked around for a way of escape.

Realizing that Darnley was only an instrument in the hands of more powerful leaders, she also knew that the next thing to do was to win him to her cause, for she was soon to give to the world an heir to the Scottish throne.

It was an easy task to impress Darnley that he had been in the wrong, and together they fled to Dunbar Castle, where Bothwell and Huntley joined her forces. After the birth of her son, Mary severed all civilities with Darnley. The breach between them became more apparent when Darnley, realizing his position, was always in a rage. It was during this time that scandalous tales were told about Mary and Bothwell which have no authenticity whatsoever.10

Since Riccio's death Mary had appointed Maitland as her adviser. Months went by and this weakling husband of Mary's stood in the way of her political success. A group of her councilors with Maitland as spokesman proposed the plan of being rid of Darnley. But Mary instantaneously insisted "that nothing should be done whereby any spot might be laid to her honour and conscience."

When Darnley was reported to be ill in Glasgow, Mary went immediately to attend him and bring him back to Edinburgh. Mary had no idea how set her councilors were in their decision to be rid of Darnley.

Since the place he was staying was considered unhealthful, Mary wished to move Darnley to Craignillar Castle, but Darnley expressed the desire to be moved to Kirk O'Field. Although many critics and contemporaries write about the unworthiness of this
house, and its deserted locality as being a most desirable place for the destruction of Darnley, it can be said that Darnley never made any complaints and he liked the seclusion of the place, for smallpox had left its mark.  

There is also the story that while on the journey Mary corresponded with Bothwell and Maitland who advised her to move Darnley to Kirk O'Field where they would have everything in readiness.

Some of Mary's historians claim that she was aware of the plot to murder her husband and that a celebration was planned to take her away so that she might not be implicated; others say that she was innocent of all knowledge and went to the party only because she wished to honor one who had been of service to her.

At two o'clock in the morning an explosion occurred which awakened the whole countryside. Kirk O'Field had been entirely demolished. The bodies of Darnley and his servant were found some distance from the house. Such was the outcome of the bond which had been signed by Bothwell, Huntley and Belfour at Craignillar Castle.

Behind her mourning drapes Mary tried to assemble her jumbled thoughts. She knew she would be blamed, for had she not brought Darnley to the very house? She had been an innocent decoy. She knew she would be seen only as the scarlet woman of the Roman faith, the murderer, the light-minded creature who adored music and dancing.

The Queen received letters from the archbishop of Glasgow and from Elizabeth, advising her to find the guilty persons and deal with them mercilessly, in order to stop talk implicating her.

The Catholic following was much weakened by all this. These trials and tribulations were looked upon as the revenge for Riccio's death.

Rumor had already accused Bothwell of the crime. If Bothwell had committed this crime, he would have to be brought to justice, but if he were sentenced, who would be left to fight for her? Mary knew all the other lords as traitors who only stood for her cause when it was to their advantage. The investigation of the crime was left to Darnley's father, the Earl of Lennox, who, half crazy with grief, thought only of vengeance. Bothwell and his followers were named and a day was set for the trial. On the appointed day, Bothwell and his armed men appeared in town with such an array of force that Lennox was fearful for his life and stayed at home. So great was the Lord Bothwell's power that a mock trial was enacted in which he was declared not guilty.

That night Bothwell gave a banquet. Of all the lords invited, none dared refuse! When they were all loose-witted from too much wine, Bothwell produced a document for them to sign stating that they and their families would stand by his cause, and that they consented to a marriage between the Queen and himself.

Moray the ambitious looked upon these proceedings with much interest for he knew if Bothwell married the Queen, the people would rise up against Bothwell and in doing so dethrone her.

One day while Mary was riding with a group of nobles, she was surrounded by a troop of Bothwell's men and taken prisoner to Dunbar Castle. There he forced her to believe that together they could rule Scotland successfully. The document with the lords' signatures helped his cause.

Even though Mary's name was never cleared of her connection with the Darnley plot, she was to add more to her tragic story by marrying Bothwell, the man who was the acknowledged murderer of her hus-
band. Meville, a Scottish noble, presented the Queen with letters from her people warning her against such a marriage. In spite of these numerous warnings Mary was married by a Protestant minister to the Earl of Bothwell after he had obtained a divorce from his wife.

The forced marriage after the forced visit to Dunbar Castle has opened many suppositions. Was it all done with the consent of Mary in order to account to the people for her hasty marriage?[^17]

If Mary and Bothwell were the lovers that history proclaims them, they were only granted a very short time of happiness, for immediately after the ceremony the Scottish nobles made it very apparent that they were against Bothwell. Mary and Bothwell were now absolute rulers but they had no one to rule but their servants. They tried to raise forces against Maitland and his followers, but they soon learned that the Protestant ceremony had been the means of diminishing Mary's Catholic following to a very small number.

Bothwell's army was defeated and Mary was taken prisoner. Bothwell fled northward, sailed to Norway, revisited an old love, Ann Thorssen, settled in Copenhagen and sat down to write his memoirs.[^18]

Mary was imprisoned at Lockleven, the gloomy castle-stronghold of the Douglas family. Many times Moray came to see her in order to persuade her to sign a bond abdicating her throne to her youthful son, James. She finally consented with reservations in her own mind to change all this when free, and signed the bond. Her son was crowned King of Scotland, but still Mary remained in prison.

In April, 1568, with the help of George and Willie Douglas, Mary escaped from Lochleven and again attempted to mobilize an army to fight against Maitland and Moray, in order to gain back her kingdom.

Although Mary's army was greater in numbers, the lack of good leadership caused her to lose the battle which took place shortly after her escape. The only alternative left was to flee from Scotland. Mary decided to go to her "dear" cousin Elizabeth for help. Elizabeth had written many comforting letters offering help and friendship while Mary was imprisoned at Lochleven.

On May 16, 1568, Mary landed at Cumberland with her little party, George and Willie Douglas. When Elizabeth received word of Mary's arrival her first impulse was to welcome her as was her due, as Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland, in her own right; but Sir William Cecil, Elizabeth's head councilor, realizing the danger of Mary's presence in England, vetoed this plan. In order to cover up her lack of welcome, Elizabeth wrote to Mary explaining that she, Mary, could not be accepted in court until her name was cleared of the charge involving her in the murder of Lord Darnley.

Whereupon a trial was held to prove whether Mary was innocent or guilty. The "Casket letters" were presented by Maitland as proof against Mary. The authenticity of these Casket Letters has been the subject of almost unexampled controversy. Numerous volumes have been written to prove they were forgeries. Many historians[^19] have spent years sifting the evidence and have come to the conclusion that they must have been forgeries. Their reasons are:

1. The Casket Letters were sent to England a year after their discovery and were in a Scotch translation, not the original French. A messenger was sent to England with these Scotch translations and with a message to Queen Elizabeth asking if the French originals were produced, would they be sufficient evidence against Mary? What was the reason of sending translations if the French originals could have been sent?
The hypothesis of the Scotch translations has been explained satisfactorily to some historians in this way. The Scotch nobles sent the Scotch translations to England, and if Queen Elizabeth did not regard this as condemning evidence enough, they would take the trouble to translate the letters into French and while doing so to add more incriminating touches.

(2) The similarity between the Glasgow Letter and the Crawford’s Disposition is a fact that needs explaining.

The Crawford Disposition is a written account of a conversation which had taken place between Mary and Darnley. Crawford, a servant of Darnley, was supposed to have an exact reproduction of the conversation. The Glasgow Letter was one which Mary was supposed to have written to Bothwell informing him of the same conversation. The exact similarity in phrasing is so apparent that it seems impossible for two people making a report of the same conversation to have written two such identical letters. It is believed that the two accounts were written by the same persons and that Mary’s Glasgow letter was forged and was based on the Crawford Disposition. This is Andrew Lang’s argument and solution to this intrigue.

T. F. Henderson believed that the Glasgow Letter was authentic enough in the original but incriminating evidence had been added to it, and then the Crawford Disposition was copied from it. It is known that Crawford did see the Glasgow Letter before he wrote his Disposition and probably refreshed his memory by doing so. If this be true, this fact would cancel all incriminating evidence against Mary.

(3) When Mary was imprisoned in Lockleven her followers increased in great numbers, so much so that it gave cause for the lords to question the stability of their positions. If they really possessed the Casket Letters (they were supposed to have been found a year before they were used at the trial), why did they not publish them, and put this evidence before the people of Scotland to prove Mary’s guilt? This would have stamped out the increasing number of Mary’s loyal followers.

(4) When the contents of the Casket Letters were first known, Lords Sanquhor and Tullibardina were there and heard what was said. Later their names appeared on the bond for securing Mary’s release from Lochleven; the evidence, therefore, culled against Mary from the Casket Letters could not have been so very bad.

(5) The original Glasgow Letter was never seen by anyone but the Lords and Elizabeth’s commissioner and the Council. It has never been seen since it was returned to Moray.

(6) No copy of the original French Glasgow letter has ever been published.

(7) Kirkcaldy of Grange known as the “flower of chivalry” deserted the Scottish lords and went over to the Queen’s side when he learned that the Casket Letters were to be used against her.

(8) The confession of all the retainers of Bothwell excluded Mary from any connection with the murder of Darnley. Nicholas Hubert, who was alleged to have carried the Glasgow Letter, at the time of his execution stated that he would answer to God that he never carried any such letter, and that the Queen was not a participant in the affair.

(9) There is no other writing by Mary which throws the least doubt upon her innocence of complicity in or knowledge of Darnley’s murder.

(10) Bothwell in his declaration to the King of Denmark stated on oath that the Queen was altogether innocent and knew nothing of the murder. According to Sinclair’s manuscript “History of Scotland” which was written at the time, Bothwell swore
to this effect at his death and several times before.

Last of all, it must be kept in mind that this special group of Scottish noblemen who were working against Mary were fighting for their own lives. If Mary was not silenced, she would be allowed an interview with Queen Elizabeth; then she would be able to tell how these same lords were involved in Darnley’s murder and how they had sworn to the innocence of Bothwell before Mary was married to him.20

After the evidence of the letters had been presented at this trial, which English commissioners had no jurisdiction to hold over her, Mary was invited to answer. Her answer was to withdraw her commissioners. This seemed high-handed, but was really justified as her accusers had all been guilty of the crime of which she was being accused. Judgment was given in January. Nothing was proved against Mary, but the Casket forgeries had been very useful in blackening her character.21

Mary was for nineteen years a prisoner in England. The ultimate unkindness of Elizabeth has been generally excused by implying that for years Mary was a menace to the peace of England. There is little doubt that while in England she did try by conspiracy to obtain her freedom, better her condition by marriage, provoke the invasion of England by a foreign power, and in many ways annoy her cousin. But it must be remembered that the English Queen had no right to keep her in confinement when Mary had taken sanctuary in her country. It has been argued that while Elizabeth was holding Mary in England, she was spending at least four thousand pounds a year on her, Mary’s household.22 Mary, according to the same authority, was allowed much freedom of action; she hunted, rode after the hounds, was allowed a Catholic priest to attend her spiritual needs, and given every care possible.23 Other authorities24 contend that most of the nineteen years, Mary spent in Titterby, a draughty manor-house with little, if any sanitary provisions, and there suffered quite often with rheumatism. It is needless to go into the details of her daily life, her negotiations with foreign powers, her tireless efforts to secure her freedom. Sufficient it is to say her vitality never allowed her to give up hope for the ultimate victory of her cause. One writer describes her as “sick but proud, weak, determined, closely kept but very ambitious, struggling ceaselessly in a complicated and tenacious net.”25

The Babington plot was the turning point. It is generally believed that Walsingham was aware of the details of this plot. It was intended to liberate Mary, foment a Catholic rising, and murder Elizabeth. Babington was a young enthusiast who with over-confidence and impracticable schemes ruined her. For, of course, all communications were intercepted and Mary was carried to Fotheringay Castle and three weeks later was tried for her part in the plot.

Mary conducted her own defense. She asserted her status as an independent sovereign and insisted that Elizabeth had no jurisdiction over her. She accused Walsingham of forgery; in fact, she held her accusers off. Later, when at her insistence, the commissioners met in the Star Chamber, with but one dissenting voice, Mary was judged guilty and sentenced to die.

The story of the next three months is Elizabeth’s more than Mary’s for one can not help but sympathize with her honest distress. For when every other devise to have Mary privately killed, failed, she signed the death warrant which ended the long duel of the two queens.

On February 8, 1587, after writing and saying farewell to many follow-
ers, and dividing her money and jewels among her ladies, Mary mounted the scaffold and at last found peace after her many struggles.

In reviewing Mary's life calmly it is possible to draw a few conclusions which have no controversial character. Mary, given a country normal and willing to be ruled, would have made an excellent sovereign. Witness her first few years in her own kingdom, when there was peace in Scotland. She was fair and straightforward in her dealings with her subjects in the matter of religion. She devoutly believed in the Roman church, but was willing that those who found pleasure in Calvinistic beliefs be free to save their souls in this bleak way. A willful gayety made her often misunderstood by her people. Mary's rugged Scotch spirit with her French training made her tenacious in holding on to that which was hers. One can not always admire her judgment but under conditions such as she had to endure, one can hardly condemn. She possessed a vitality which would never surrender, a spirit which would not be quenched, and which was the source of her tragedy, and the power to "trouble the ages with thoughts that will not be stilled.”

After all, beauty and queenliness and tragedy do not make a legend of themselves. Only a more than common personality filled with this heroic quality can be remembered through the ages. It seems that this abundance of personality must survive from century to century, filling men's minds with its tragedy, and that the legend of Mary of Scotland has taken on some of Scotland's vigor and some of its mysticism; to have become, in fact, a very part of itself.

FOOTNOTES
3. Henry VIII obtained his divorce from the church of England, which he created.
8. A Protestant party.
17. Shelley. The Tragedy of Mary Stuart. p. 133.

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Maggie Lawns

Irvin Caplin

More than ten years ago, when I first became conscious of things about me and remembered happenings from one day to the next, tales about Maggie Lawns were fixed in my memory.

Maggie Lawns lived in a one room shack which stood in the center of the lot later named after her. No one remembered when she first came to live there. No one knew where she came from. She never worked, and yet she always had enough money to pay the corner grocer. This was all that was known about her.

Weird stories concerning Maggie Lawns circulated in our neighborhood. Some said that she was more than two hundred years old. Others said that she was a witch and associated with the devil. Since she always paid her bills, many thought her an immortal who had come to this world disguised as the ugly old woman that she was. She was blamed for every misfortune that took place. There were many who suggested that she be driven from the neighborhood, but there were none who were willing to do the driving. She was a topic of discussion at every community gathering, from the meeting of our Rinky-Dinks to the meeting of the Women's Sewing Society.

I was returning from a meeting of the Rinky-Dinks one summer night after an entire evening spent gossiping about Maggie Lawns. She had been pictured as the most wicked and the ugliest woman alive, and now I must pass her lot in order to reach my home.

As I neared the lot, I could see the one-room shack which was made visible by a full moon overhead. The shack was dimly lighted, and I could hear what seemed to be the meowing of a thousand cats. I lowered my
head and ran as fast as I could toward home.

"Crash!" I had bumped into Maggie Lawns herself! I stared into her face. Her forehead and eyes were covered with strands of grey hair. Those eyes! They seemed black in the moonlight. On her head she wore a large nondescript black hat. Between her teeth she held a corn-cob pipe. Her face was covered with wrinkles which deepened about her mouth. But those eyes! I could not look away. I stood helplessly staring up into them.

Then, with a coarse laugh, she took my hand in hers and pulled me toward the shack. Her hand felt warm against mine, and the many wrinkles I felt on it reminded me of a chicken's skin. Although the night was warm, I shivered. I became aware of the meowing again as we approached the shack. Maggie Lawns opened the door. It creaked on its hinges. As we entered, I saw cats. I saw cats everywhere. Grey cats! Black cats! Striped cats! Spotted cats! Yellow cats! One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine—seventeen cats in all.

Maggie Lawns brought me out of my daze by directing me to sit on her bed. It was then that I noticed the remainder of the room. The bed was pushed against the wall. It was covered with dirty, worn sheets, and felt extremely hard when I sat down. In the center of the room stood a small table which was bare, and upon it stood a dimly lighted kerosene lamp. Maggie seated herself beside this table in an old worn easy-chair. Many of the boards of the bare floor were broken. There was no other furniture in the room; yet it seemed crowded. The entire shack seemed made up of broken boards, a bed, a table, a lamp, a chair, and seventeen cats.

Maggie Lawns began to pet a large black cat which had jumped upon the table. She seemed to have forgotten completely about me. She began to mumble.

"I suppose people think I was always old and ugly," she was saying. "Well, I was young once and married to a rich man . . ." She stopped and glanced over at me. "Oh, what does a child know about life?" she added with a shrug. I can still see her as she sat stroking that black cat.

She glanced at me again. Then she rose from her chair and beckoned to me. As I came to her, she reached into a worn purse and took out a nickel. She placed the nickel in my hand, and again I thought of a chicken's skin when she touched me. She led me to the door and told me to be a good boy.

I ran home to relate breathlessly my story. Everyone in the neighborhood knew of my adventure by morning and much speculation concerning the identity of Maggie Lawns followed. A rich noblewoman? A princess? Some said she must have been a queen.

From all this came the rumor that Maggie Lawns had a treasure which she had hidden somewhere on the lot. This rumor became a legend, and the fact that it began as a rumor was soon forgotten.

Six months after my adventure, Maggie Lawns died. The usual gossip could be heard everywhere. She would go to Heaven! She would certainly go to the devil! Even the devil would not accept her. Be that as it may, the sidewalks were crowded with curious people when a team of horses drawing a wagon came to get her body. She was placed in a plain black casket and shoved into the wagon. As the horses pulled her body away, seventeen cats followed the slowly moving wagon.

But Maggie Lawns was not forgotten. The lot upon which her home once stood was named after her.

There was careful search for the treasure which might lie hidden some-
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 picket 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 winter 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.