

The Lure of Scotland

By

ELEANOR B. CHURCH

Acres of bright clumps of purple heather to delight the eye, interesting sounds from the joyous bagpipers to intrigue the ear, delectable scones and other viands with which to appease the gnawings of hunger, and a host of interesting literary and historic remains and curiosities to be discovered and visited — all these and more to lure the traveller to "Bonnie Scotland." Though the people look lugubrious, there always remains the perennial Scotch humor, and if the summer excursionist wants an escape from hot cities and high temperatures—as who doesn't—then Scotland with its moderate climes and cooling breezes cannot fail to please.

The Scotch bagpipers are omnipresent, and even though the sounds emanating from these strange looking instruments may not appeal to you at first you will very soon become accustomed to their strident tones. They greet the traveller

as soon as he crosses the border and you must expect to continue to hear them until you are out again.

A trip to Scotland would not be complete without a visit to the time-honored shrines of its favorite poet, Bobbie Burns. Those country pastures which bore witness to his numerous amorous adventures, and those town taverns which saw his more convivial moments still remain unchanged. Southwestern Scotland where he lived is somewhat inaccessible but the time and trouble expended in reaching the spot will be amply repaid to the traveller in the keen pleasure he will gain in seeing in actuality the "Brig of Doon," the kirk at Alloway and "the banks and braes o' bonnie Doon," which previously he had only envisioned in imagination.

A slight acquaintance with bloody Scotch history will not go amiss as the land is strewn with markers and castles, fortresses and prisons, grim reminders of battles and skirmishes, escapes and pursuits that comprise many of the details of the regions of Mary, Bonnie Prince Charlie and all the Jameses.

Scotland is not lacking in modern, inhabited as well as ruined, desolated castles, and one of the most beautiful now in use is famed Balmoral, whose exterior may be seen and whose grounds

may be visited by the public when the royal English family is not in residence. It is located in the midst of rolling, furzy moors and is surrounded by the craggy, gaunt Cairngorms.

The Trossachs and Aberfoyle revive memories of Roderick Dhu and fair Ellen, Rob Roy and the tale of the red hot poker—the country of Sir Walter Scott.

Edinburgh is one of the most charming cities in the world. It abounds in parks and castles, monuments and memorials to its noted literary and historic dead, wide streets and attractive public gardens, art galleries and museums and music. Augustus Saint-Gaudens, our own great sculptor, has made a beautiful plaque in memory of Robert Louis Stevenson which hangs in St. Giles Cathedral, and on it is inscribed one of Stevenson's beautiful prayers: "Give us grace and strength to forbear and persevere. Give us courage and gaiety and the quiet mind. Spare to us our friends. Soften to us our enemies. Bless us, if it may be, in all our innocent endeavors. If it may not, give us the strength to encounter that which is to come, that we may be brave in peril, constant in tribulation, temperate in wrath, and in all changes of fortune, and down to the gates of death, loyal and loving to one another."

Ivory Palaces

By

RUTH MARTIN

Beautiful, spotless, clean, pure, and white stands my ivory palace. Its towers reach toward the sky. Magnificently carved doors protect my temple and prevent the entrance of intruders. Delicate, yet oh, so strong, these doors stand. They are finely carved, giving to those who look closely a glimpse of what is inside. Minute gems of art, pearls of beautiful music, topazes of literature, flakes of gold debs and silver words beautify these doors. Windows are found at frequent intervals and let in beautiful, healthful, cleansing sunshine. These rays of sunshine penetrate the innermost chambers to cleanse my palace.

Inside the first chamber are stored words. Millions upon millions of tiny silver flakes to be used at any time. The flakes are so small that it is impossible to see them as they slip out. Among the beautiful flakes are a few flakes which are tarnished. Often, in a strong breeze, these are taken out and destroy the beauty of others. They are tarnished with a spreading tarnish, which spreads and spreads. It takes thousands of perfect flakes to cover the tarnish of one and then it is not complete.

The second storeroom contains the gold

of deeds. Much of this gold is in bullion but more is in small pieces. The most precious and most perfect is found in smaller pieces. A close guard is kept over this gold because it is so precious and can mean a great deal. At times a guard is careless and forgets the duty; then an imperfect piece is handed out. It is shoddy and expresses quantity rather than quality. To prevent this happening again the guard is doubled and when it is most needed, the gold is not used. Precious? Yes, but the guard must be strong, unselfish, and wise.

A huge chamber is full of the pearls of music. Great variety is found. There are huge magnificent ones that can be enjoyed only at special times because of the size; pearls that one finds it impossible to appreciate at every move and opportunity. Some use pearls which are composed of every material and color to give beauty in one grand combination of harmony. Ordinary, yet beautiful, are the pearls that are found more frequently and which give joy to many. Then there are small pearls which are perfect in every detail; so small that one must observe closely to find and appreciate them. One by one these pearls roll out into space

to be received indifferently or appreciatively; but the storeroom always remains full.

In the last chamber are the topazes of literature-topazes which reflect every ray of the sunlight. All love these found in every palace because there are all kinds. Some are imperfect, chipped, broken and cheap, yet they satisfy some of the onlookers because they lack appreciation. Numbers of topazes reflect the light, gay rays giving happiness to many others. To those who linger these gems of literature are really beautiful. They possess a warm, friendly light that never leaves one but gives a feeling that friends are always there. This light lifts many burdens, gives cheer and hope, and never refuses anyone any of its beauty.

An odd thing is this palace. The walls are transparent, showing the imperfection as well as the beauty. These reflections are seen clearly by all in a large, clear blue lake found in front of the ivory palace. The lake spares no detail but reveals everything, letting no corner go unseen.

The ivory palace is my soul and the reflecting lake is my life.