

stitution working under the prohibition harness has accomplished many of the marvels which the founder of the Home Salon movement hoped for in 1895. But his combination of food, drink, friendliness, and education on a nation-wide scale has still not been made in 1927. The need of it exists. Labor is ripe for it. A Home Salon movement under a twentieth-century name, with attractive centers above-ground instead of in a Clark Street basement, serving food and drink and extending the educational courses already

started, might help greatly to solve the prohibition question even under prohibition. If a temperance Heckscher, with billions behind him, should finance such a movement as a sound business project in which labor participated, it is possible that the principle of substitution would settle the liquor question so well that America would rise up and choose prohibition again when it had a chance and become a guide to the rest of the world instead of the horrible example they are trying to consider us now.

ARTEMIDORA

Metropolitan Museum

JESSIE LEMONT

They sought you in far lands across the sea—
 When they had found your tomb, the hands that bent
 To lift you paused, their touch was reverent,
 Your lingering legend stirred in memory.
 From your long rest, they raised you silently—
 And, as through flame leapt from a cément,
 Darkness was by a glorious vision rent,
 Beauty pierced the vast stillness like a cry. . . .
 You sleep no more among the burning sands,
 Your sanctuary lighted by a star—
 Indifferent, curious eyes now pass your bier;
 But clasped for centuries in your fragile hands
 There lies, unseen, a crystalline frail jar
 Containing one imperishable tear.

WILD WINTER LOVE

ANZIA YEZIERSKA

THIS is a story with an unhappy ending. And I too have become Americanized enough to be terrified of unhappy endings. Yet I have to drop all my work to write it.

Ever since I read in the papers about Ruth Raefsky, I've gone around without a head. I can't pull myself together somehow. Her story won't let me rest. It tears me out of my sleep at night. It leaps up at me out of every corner where I try to hide.

And it's dumb. Dumb. Words only push back the spirit of what I feel about her. The facts that I know so well dwindle into nothing. Only a piece of her life here, and a piece there—the end, the middle, and the beginning rush together in broken confusion.

The first thing that flashes to my mind is her outburst of impatience with the monotonous theme of love in American magazines. "You pick up one magazine after another, and it's all love-stories. Life isn't all sex. Why are they writing only about love, as if there was nothing else real to write about?"

How much she had learned of the realness and unrealness of love before she was through!

It was in the Bronx, the up-town ghetto, that I first met her. Even

before we met, her neighbor's whisperings excited my interest.

"Imagine only—such a woman—a wife of a poor tailor—a house and a baby to take care of—and such a madness in her head—goes to night-school—wants to write herself a book of her life."

Her neighbor's voice was high-pitched with indignation. "The husband sweats from early morning till late at night, stitching his life away for every penny he earns. And she is such a lady, when she goes to the market, she don't bargain herself to get things cheaper like the rest of us. She takes it wrapped up, don't even look at the change. Just like a Gentile."

I had just moved in. It was one of those newly built five-story tenements with four three-room flats on each floor. She lived in the front and I in the rear. But it was weeks before I got on friendly terms with her.

All the other women sat around together with their baby-carriages in the sun, darning and mending, discussing what was cooking in the neighbors' pots. But she and her baby-carriage were always off by themselves.

She seemed wrapped up inside herself. Not seeing, not hearing anything around her.

Sometimes she'd take up some