


1931

## The Voice of the Phi Sigma -- 1931 --

Phi Sigma

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*The*  
VOICE

ΦΣ

1931



THE VOICE

1 9 3 1

Editor

L. W. Arnold

Contributing Editors

George Masslich; Andrew H. Arnold;  
Dr. Arthur M. Corwin; Samuel Shaw Parks

Miss Mae Eaton

\* \* \* \* \*

P R O L O G U E

A year has passed since last we heard

Phi Sigma's "Voice" or any word

Which, uttered in a lighter vein

Attempted naught but entertain.

The "Voice" of Nineteen-thirty-one

Is dedicated first to F U N --

And if instruction lies herein

It can't be said it is my sin!

My worthy colleagues may deplore

My lack of gravity; abhor

The light and airy vein I chose

To bring Phi Sigma's year to close.

But if they wish to be profound

I'll sit quite still -- not make a sound

While they discourse sonorously

And you -- applaud decorously!

But for my part, I must admit

No single brain cell did its bit

In grinding out these silly rhymes --

I'd like to blame them on hard times



But that's one thing (excuse digression)

That can't be layed to the depression --

For were I rich as Rockefeller

This verse would still not rate "best seller"!

In tribute though, to those whose aid

By writing skits this "Voice" has made,

I've sheathed its leaves in stainless steel

Protecting all their work with zeal

For years to come; if they desire

Our children's children may inquire

Into these screeds -- the sage remarks

Of Masslich, Arnold, Corwin, Parks!

So thus my apologia ends . . . .

My colleagues' efforts make amends

For all the editorial error

That fills my flutt'ring heart with terror

As quaking, I before you stand

Hoping that you will not hand

Me veg'tables, long o'er-ripe

Or eggs that -- well you know the type!

And so, without much more ado

I'll stop broadcasting -- bring to you

The first of my world-famed exhibits --

One whose conscience ne'er inhibits

Him from cracking wise; whose wit

Is known to all. A clever skit

He brings us here -- a learned tome

Entitled "Man's Place in the Home"!

"MR. GEORGE MASSLICH" . . . . .



## MEN IN THE HOME

Much has been said, not only in American Literature but in the literatures of all countries, ancient and modern -- civilized and savage -- to the effect that "woman is the home maker, and man is the home breaker". It has been the contention that woman marries to make a home, and that her chief delight in life centers about the activities of the household. Chief among these activities, if we are to believe the humanitarians, is that of preventing the man from leaving the domicile.

On the contrary it is, or could be -- a matter of common observation that woman with her justly celebrated intuition long ago discovered her own ever-present urge to be out and away, and her man's propensity for hanging around the house; so that partly to give a dog a bad name and then hang him for it, she invented the story that she was the stay-at-home, and that man was the truant.

Proofs of this distressing indictment are all about us. Who is not familiar with the sight of housewives standing at their garden gates looking wistfully into the beyond where the grass seems greener and the flowers sweeter . . . or in colder weather who has not seen her leaning out front windows, a sofa pillow under their elbows, straining their eyes to the dim distance and musing on the delights of anywhere but home? Who, for example has failed to note the avidity with which women everywhere have taken up the club idea as an excuse for getting away from home? She has created Shakespeare Clubs, Musical Clubs, Garden Clubs, Mothers' and Teachers' Councils. Under pretext of inspecting a new vari-



ety of iris a West Side woman will chase clear out to Lake Forest in her best bib and tucker on the hottest day in summer and return with a lot of snooty remarks about dust on the furniture on the North Shore "snubburbs" - but happy in an afternoon away from the home fires.

I have no quarrel with the dear ladies for having long ago discovered they were less interested in hearth and home than in the wide open spaces, and I can even understand their desire to cover the confusion and embarrassment of the discovery by camouflage. I wish, though, to enter a mild protest that these same dames should continue either to coax or drive their mates away from home and then assert that men are not domesticated. So clever have been the women in conveying the false impression that men have no yearings for the chimney corner that the truth is hardly suspected. The blind-fold test should be arranged as follows: When friend husband arrives home from the office blindfold him and lead him into the bedroom, telling him you have planned a little surprise for the evening. Remove the blindfold for him to see his tuxedo and hard boiled shirt laid out ready to put on. He will chortle with joy and clasping you in his arms, will call you the dearest little surprise-maker in the world or he will utter the salutation Hello with the syllables reversed.

But, you women say, doesn't man forever absent himself from home to play games or to watch others play? Yes, I admit he does, but under protest. Out of the goodness of his heart and his desire to please his better half man will leave his dearly beloved to get needed recreation. But (and herein lies the positive proof of my theory" he has incorporated into every game and sport phrases and symboles designed to keep him in mind of home. Let me cite a few instances. A golf course -- what is it but eighteen front lawns, glorified reminders of what he strives with grass cutter to create around his own house. On each lawn he approaches a cup -- a cup that cheers (sometimes) but does not inebriate -- a cup that runneth over -- a cup symblic of pantry plentitude. Baseball concerns itself with enacting the drama of getting home and what cheering there is for the player who runs all the way home without a stop! What a



home-lover must our own Hack Wilson be!

Football, being a game for the unmarried college man, has, perhaps less reference to home and yet even in football the forward pass is seen to be emblematic of Father serving the dinner, the intercepted pass suggesting Mother taking baby's plate to cut up his meat for him and the incomplete pass suggesting Mary's refusal to take the amount of spinach allotted to her.

Interest in horse racing, as is well known, centers in the home stretch, croquet and billiards have their kisses and the game of tennis resounds with shouts of love, love fifteen and so on. Certain carping critics have pretended to see something polygamous in these wholesale love-calls of tennis but No! it is an old Spanish custom of indicating the degree of love, the temperature of affection. When a man starts his tennis match with love-all he is simply expressing the whole-heartedness of his affection -- Love-fifteen, love-thirty and love-forty show the rising tide of passion.

Other games, if time would permit, could be shown to have this home and fireside content. Every man thinks of his wife as the queen of his household and in the game of chess the queen is the ruling piece. What man, cajoled away from home by his clever spouse and solacing the lonely hours of his enforced absence with a game of cards has not had his thoughts turn to homely duties and privileges with the result that he actually goes down into his pocket for money to feed the kitty.

Nor is respect for the lores and penates confined to our own race or to our kind of people. Only last week I saw this touchingly illustrated by an incident I observed as I walked through the black belt. In an alley were negro men and boys kneeling on the ground in a circle as though practicing mystic Voodoo rites. Money of all denominations, doubtless their votive offerings, lay in neat piles in front of each worshipped. One man would lift his hands in supplication and then cast to the ground two little cubes of white with black dots. Drawing nearer I perceived that these ignorant black men were uniting in a protest against race suicide. One man, evidently the Father of seven children, was praying for an increase in the family in these



words, "seben come "leben, seben come "leben." The man casting down the dotted cubes was saying "Baby come to papa" "Honey doan you know you' daddy?"

Deeply moved I turned away convinced that now I had sufficient proofs of my theory, and yet, if the present opportunity, by reason of the assignment to write this paper, had not been forced upon me wild horses could not have dragged out of me either the theory or its proofs.

Now it happens that more of my hearers are women than men but it would be the same were I to present this thesis in church. On behalf of those of us men who have been prevailed upon to leave our happy homes I must continue to appeal to women for rights. In no other way may we expect a change. My friends tell me not to worry, that the worm will turn. But what good will that do him. He is the same at both ends.

As a result of this and similar appeals it is to be expected that the ladies present will now want to atone for the mistakes of the past and give husbands more home rights, but I warn them that they must do more than adopt the slogan "Dog's rights for men!" These are the days when girls are buoyant and the boys are gallant but right is right!

May I give the women of Phi Sigma some definite suggestions that are essentially aged in word -- I've had them in my mind for some time. Here they are:

First, give your man freedom of the home. Make him feel if you can, that he may go into any room of the house and even leave the window blind more than half way up. Remember that old man Finnerty had to die to get into the parlor.

Second, give your man as good meals as you and the can opener and the neighborhood delicatessen may concoct. This is the idea vulgarly expressed as "Feed the Brute!" A few days ago I said to a member of this society "Do you smoke?" He replied "I do enjoy a cigar after a good dinner" and then he added - "But I don't think I've smoked more than once in the last two weeks." Be willing to take greater care with the meals. Only so can you have consomme



denaullly to be dished. As Shakespeare might have said "In sports it's grit, in spinach it's terrible." Then, too, I should frown down on the practice of putting pop corn in pan cakes so they'd turn over by themselves. Now would it be well to do as did one young bride, formerly a geometry teacher. She had learned only to make biscuits and naturally her husband complained of the monotony of the meals. Now, she makes some of his biscuits round, some square, some triangular, some rhomboidal and some hexagonal. And she has learned to make pie to the teeth power.

Having given your good man freedom of the house and having put sufficient thought on the preparation of meals I would still exhort you to use all your wiles to make yourself agreeable. The effect of generations of centrifugal force cannot be overcome by just a smattering of centrifugal force. Begin by not insisting on so many evening engagements - letting the old man continue to play golf or chess or attend football games in which he gets a faint pleasure. Keep him in the belief you want him to do this by being a good listener when he tells you how he broke ninety or how rotten he played or how many people he beat, simultaneously, in chess with one hand tied behind him. It is a good idea, afternoons, to brush your hair, change your dress, doll up a bit and to compose a few pretty bits of sentiment to utter when your mate returns. Such preparation will be appreciated if he should bring home a stranger with him to take pot luck; but there is such a thing as overdoing it. A philosopher has said "It is hard to keep a wife whom everyone admires but if no one admires her it is hard to live with her yourself". In the dilemma I should not advise that you pretty yourself up so much that your husband would bring uninvited guests too often.

You hardly need to be cautioned not to treat your lesser half either solely as the chastiser of your children or a glorified fixer of the faucet in the kitchen. An Oak Park man overheard his wife explaining to their daughter the why and wherefores of a new set of skunk furs he had just given her. "Just think" she was saying "this beautiful fur came from a mean low lived animal". "Mary" said the husband looking up from his paper "I don't ask for praise but I do demand respect."



This attitude is not characteristic of the women of our set. Rather they are willing to give credit where credit is due. One of the local teachers was speaking to a mother in praise of the good behavior of her little daughter. "Credit should go to her father" said the lady. "He always got several weeks off for good behavior every sentence he ever got." And it must be said for the fathers that they do defer to the mothers in the more difficult adjustments of child and school. One of Mr. Hamilton's teachers wrote on a certain boy's report card "Good worker but talks too much." The boy's father wrote in reply "You should meet his mother." Of course Mother knows best.

Of the three suggestions - freedom of the house, better meals and greater agreeab<sup>ility</sup>~~ly~~, the last one must be tempered to meet your own needs. Far be it from me, however, to counsel wives to diminish in any wise that respect and deference which, historically at least, has been accorded husbands. You remember the humorist who never dared be as funny as he might. Well, it is what every woman knows that she dare not be as vampish as she might be; the effect might be devastating. May I merely recommend to wives, then, a greater solicitude for the comfort of husbands to the end that there may be Men in the Home.



In editing this program snappy

I must admit I've not been happy

Trying to coerce some members

Into fanning mental embers

To a flaming erudition

For this quasi-lit edition

So as days passed, it grew later

And I had to call on "Pater".

\* \* \* \* \*

If we may step out of character for the moment, we should like to interject at this point an alibi or two for calling on a member of our own family. In the first place, your editor experienced a few disappointments in lining up his contributors -- not, we should say in justice to those whose assistance he sought, through any fault of theirs -- but due entirely to his own procrastination.

Then, too, it has been so long since A. H. A's. health has permitted him to enjoy the luxury of a Phi Sigma meeting, that we felt something in the nature of a celebration was merited by the occasion. It further occurred to us that it would be a quaint idea to make him do part of the celebrating. So here he is!

Of course, his position here tonight is somewhat akin to that of a young lady employed in the Boston Store Basement whom we heard discussing the annual store outing with a fellow clerk.

"If I'd knowed I coulda rode, I woulda went,"



she said, and then added with a tinge of  
disgust -- "If I hadda went, I couldn't  
of et nothin!"

Well, we know A. H. A. rode, for we piloted  
him here ourselves -- and although the doc-  
tor won't permit him much to eat, we are  
sure he found enough nourishment in our de-  
licious repast to carry him through his  
short discourse on

"Mr. ANDREW H. ARNOLD" . . . . .



A "YANK" GOES

SOUTH . . . . .

Some fifty fouryears ago, one bright winter's day in a far away southern city, a small red-headed, freckled-faced boy lay upon his back in the gutter . . . and a fat boy sat astride, bouncing up and down to the tune of "Yank! Yank! Yank!" How that memory comes back to me ----- really about the only definite memory left of that winter, spent so long ago in the sunny south.

For over fifty years, I have had a great longing to again visit the southland -- and incidentally to look up that fat boy. Last May, owing to a physical break-down, my wish was granted and I was permitted to journey as I had dreamed into the fascinating country of co<sup>o</sup>ten, picka-ninnies, and watermelons -- although I might as well say here that I did not succeed in identifying that fat boy.

And a wonderful trip it was! My faithful chauffeur piloted me safely for 850 miles of beautiful country, over grand concrete roads -- through the cave country of Kentucky, sprinkled with signs to "Go to Floyd Collins' Cave, Mammoth Cave, and dozens of smaller caves . . . through the picturesque mountains of Tennessee with their hairpin turns and twisting and winding ways . . . up one mountain and down another, one's heart in one's mouth a good share of the time . . . and through the



beautiful approach to Birmingham . . . and at last arriving safely at our journey's end, Selma, Alabama.

Selma is a typical old southern city of about 15, 000 inhabitants. It is the county seat of Dallas County, in the heart of the black belt. There are about 55,000 people in the county, and only about 11,000 of them are white. We hear a great deal of talk up here about the race problem in the south -- but down there you hear very little about it. Their general attitude is, that there IS no problem. Let them alone, and they have no trouble with their colored neighbors. We were there seven weeks, and never had one unpleasant experience, and as far as our observation went, the colored people were very much attached to their white employers, and the whites were genuinely fond of their faithful colored servants.

They watch over them and see that they are taken care of in hard times. In cases of sickness, if necessary, they are sent to the hospital and given every care, and their doctor bills paid. The white doctors all have extra waiting rooms marked "For Colored", and as far as I was able to judge, they gave just as careful attention to their colored patients as to their white ones. Probably we were the only northerners in town, and we were immediately taken into the family with true southern hospitality.

We discovered we had thirty two relatives in Selma; "kinfolk" as they call them . . . and a large part of the remaining population were cousins of one sort or another. We were "Cousin Berta and Cousin



Andrew" from the first day and I got quite accustomed to having charming young ladies I did not remember having seen before, rush up to me throw their arms around my neck, and with a hearty kiss -- "Cousin Andrew, I am so glad to see you!" It was some time before I got them connected up with names, and some I never did identify . . . but it didn't make any very great difference. It was "a l to the good" from my viewpoint.

There is a good deal of amusement to be had from the colored folk, but one has to be very careful not to hurt their feelings, as they are rather sensitive. In the matter of names, one was continually running up against surprises. We had a joke on Sara-Ellen -- she told it on herself. She had a young colored boy who had been working around the place for a couple of years. He said his name was "Orridge Johnson". "That's a funny name," she said. "How do you spell it -- O-r-r-i-d-g-e ?" "Yass'm -- thass mah name." And so for two years she had been making out his check to that name. This last summer she discovered he had adopted the name of a former employer, and so had named himself " R. H. Johnson".

One day I was down at the filling station run by one of my young cousins, and his sister Frances, who helped out by keeping the books, said, "Here, black boy -- wipe off Mistah Ahnold's cah!"

I said, "Frances, what did you call that boy? What is his name?"

"Ah don't know his name; we always call him 'black boy'" . . . and I'm telling you he WAS black!



"How long has he worked for Buck?" I asked.

"Oh about six months." Worked six months, and only known as "black boy"!

One day out in Sara Ellen's back yard, I saw the cutest little nigger I ever saw. She was about seven years old and only had one leg. The other was cut off above the knee. She had one crutch and was playing base ball with the white children, Two nine year old boys and an eleven year old girl. And maybe she couldn't play ball! As lively as a cricket -- and could run on her crutch about as fast as the boys. Her name was "Danny Lee" and Sara Ellen found her out in the country with an old grandmother. She had a tubercular leg, and was a very sick child. Sara Ellen brought her into town to the hospital, and the doctor said the only way to save her life was to amputate her leg. The grandmother said, "Well, Miss Sara Ellen (all ladies are 'Miss' to the colored people) if you say it is best, it will have to be done." So little Danny Lee lost her leg, but saved her life. We were at dinner at one of the homes one night, when our hostess said, "Would you like to hear Danny Lee sing?" And they brought in about the most scared little nigger I ever saw. She was all fixed up in a clean dress and hair ribbons in her kinky hair, and her great big eyes rolling around until they looked as if they would pop out. But she bravely piped up in a little soft voice that we could hardly hear across the room, and sang all of "Where Have You Been, Billy Boy?" I suppose she would not have thought of refusing when asked to sing.

I was very much interested in the general attitude



of the average person in regard to their town and their state. They really were not at all interested in other places. In fact, as far as they were concerned, there simply WEREN'T any other places. Although I came from the little city of Chicago, which we think is rather interesting in spots, I do not think I was asked one question about it all the time I was there.

Alabama is the most wonderful state in the union, leading all others in education (note the number of schools, colleges, academies, and universities);--The great number of fine hospitals operated by the most gifted and celebrated doctors in the United States ( they ARE good -- I'll take off my hat to them -- but we have a few good doctors in other parts of the country, too!) The climate is the best in the world, the healthiest, (most of the people seem sick about half the time) . . . well, anyway, why live anywhere else?

I attended several several meetings of the Rotary and Kiwanis Clubs, and met quite a large number of people but almost without exception, they

were born in Selma or came from some other Alabama city -- Montgomery, Birmingham, Anniston, or Montevallo. One had the feeling that the rest of the U. S. didn't really matter . . . it might as well go out of business as far as Alabama was concerned. They simply were "not interested".

I did not realize that I was near the historical spot where the Confederacy was born until one day I was in the State Capitol at Montgomery, about



forty miles east of Selma. On the top step of the long approach to the State House, I was shown a brass star with the inscription, "On this spot, Jefferson Davis stood when he was inaugurated President of the Confederate States of America, January 16, 1861". When I went into the Senate chamber, there was a brass tablet on the wall reading, "In this hall was passed the Ordinance of Secession, withdrawing Alabama from the United SOVEREIGN States of America, January 11, 1861". Do you get that? Not just the United States of America -- but the United SOVEREIGN States of America! And today, Alabama IS a sovereign state. They believe just as strongly in state's rights today as did their forefathers in 1861.

We northerners sometimes think, because we race over the main highways in our Packards and Cadillacs to Jacksonville or Miami, that we are seeing the south. But that is very different from seeing the old southern cities off the main travelled roads. They have their customs and beliefs and many of these have not changed since the Civil War. They have many unusual customs which have much to commend them. One is coffee drinking. Every morning about ten thirty, the offices and stores are emptied of bosses and clerks who adjourn to a favorite soda fountain for their morning coffee. Certainly a very social thing to do. The particular family we were visiting had a coffee-drinking at some one of the homes every Sunday afternoon. For two weeks we occupied a beautiful log cabin on a 600 acre plantation about four miles from town, belonging to one of my many cousins. One Sunday we



said that we would be hosts at the coffee drinking, and we had thirty two guests! Some party! It is very difficult without seeming to exaggerate, to express the unlimited hospitality of these people. Not only relatives, but friends of relatives vied with each other heaping upon us attentions.

One of the favorite past-times was barbecues. One of the local doctor's wives gave a barbecue in our honor at an old ante-bellum residence, about five miles out in the country. It was a picturesque old house on the top of a small hill surrounded by beautiful trees. The great pillars went up the two stories and were all across the front of the house. There was a hall 18 feet wide and 40 feet long thru the center the living rooms opening on each side. Immense chandeliers and much antique furniture made it one of the most attractive places I ever saw. Out under the trees was set a long table loaded down with barbecue -- fresh tomatoes, cucumbers, bread etc., presided over by a couple of colored mammies with huge crocks of iced tea. An old colored man, with a large branch of a tree, stood over the table, waving it back and forth presumably to keep off the flies, altho I don't remember seeing any. This barbecue meat is cooked the day before by special cooks, and is delicious. We went to three barbecues while in Selma, and they were all good and lots of fun.

Selma is a great baseball town, and the Selma team is one of the finest in the southern league. Everyone goes. I was much interested one day to see a load of convicts in their striped clothes unloaded and ushered into the colored bleachers to watch the



ball game. The kids have a unique club called the "Keyhole Club". Any kid attending the Y.M.C.A. who has a good record from the physical director and who also has a certificate from his Sunday school teacher of proper attendance, will be passed through the keyhole into the ball game without having to pay. Some idea!

One of the most interesting characters we met, was "Aunty".. She is now in her eighty-third year. She was an aristocratic southern belle of a wealthy slave-owning family, and married my uncle, father of my several cousins by his first wife. As Aunty suffered many hardships during the Battle of Selma and Wilson's Raid, she naturally has some pretty strong feelings in regard to the north, and we were cautioned not to discuss the Civil War with Aunty. But . . . we wanted to hear about it, and as Aunty brought up the subject herself and told us all about it without any bitterness whatever, we enjoyed her recital immensely. The soldiers were quartered in the house where we sat, and the streets were full of tents and horses. During the raid, many stores were burned, and all livestock, cows, horses, etc., was confiscated. Aunty's first husband had a jewelry store and she secreted diamonds and other precious stones in the hem of her dress, and the silverware she put in between the walls of the house and so saved it. I have never heard a more interesting story. There is an old southern colonial house in Selma, with one of its pillars still exposing a cannon-ball hole put in it by the Yankees. My wife took a snapshot of it as a souvenir.



A painter mixes colors fresh  
And blends them with great skill  
With deft brush touching here and there  
He makes them do his will  
On erstwhile barren canvas which  
His fancy has endowed  
With life and action -- atmosphere --  
The desert -- sea -- or crowd.

No more an artist is the one  
Who works with brush and tint  
Than he who paints with golden words  
A masterpiece; by dint  
Of personality creates  
A picture, aureate  
In beauty. Such a one we know ---  
Our Post Laureate!

"DR. ARTHUR M. CORWIN" . . . . .



This morning I saw in the window of a book shop, this sign -- "Happy is the man who findeth wisdom in the 69¢ section". Well sir, I will not attempt to classify the value of the present communication, but lest it fall below the 69¢ level, I have made savory the prose of it with a little verse.

As the Metropolitan News Sheet -- the Voice of Chicago and the Suburbs -- sounds a commanding note of a pistol shot of a leading citizen or the back fire of a beer truck, we are never quite sure which is which. But we have no doubt that the present issue of the voice will be superior to all others in quality of noise.

Apropos of the recent selection of a new Executive broom for the spring renovation, we are in an optimistic mood.

No one of us individuals has any faults if they are to be inferred by our own broadcasts, but the city which we all own and use while allowing a few to run it, is the object of our wholesale criticism. The police force is rotten, the aldermen are punk, the mayor is a four-flusher . . . until it is plainly the rottenest spot on earth.

Truth is, Chicago's delinquencies are those common to all rapidly growing, big young cities, and our faults are not so bad as those of many others. Our values and virtues are enormous.



So, Mr. Editor, it is high time that you  
and the other editors vie with each other  
in playing up the excellencies of this  
Wonder City, through the space of your  
special writers. These articles should  
then be published in book form and widely  
distributed to the whole nation, finely  
illustrated. The expense of such a vol-  
ume could be born by selected advertisers.

Mr. Editor, "Happy is the man who findeth  
wisdom in the 69¢ section!" I submit  
"Chicago" in verse . . . . .

C H I C A G O

Frail infant thing of yesterday  
Destined to go a giant's way  
From cabin, fort, and wild tepee  
Where traders, trappers, restless, stay  
To build beside the inland sea,  
To rise magnificent both wide  
And high with quality inside.  
Trappers and traders out of the night  
Black men, yellow men, red, and white  
Traditions, customs, habits, race,  
Which shall the melting pot efface?  
Of vital gold and virile mind  
With subtle character combined  
As if some God a vision caught  
Of Beauty's realm, superbly wrought  
In magic dream stuff strong and fine  
Locked in a stone and steel sky line  
Thy great white ways of fairy land,  
Huge bulk and distance hand in hand,



Pure science made consummate art,  
The miracle of mind and heart.  
Daring and dominant thy soul  
As born to play a noble role  
For might a mighty place must fill  
To justify its creed "I WILL",  
To justify the faith of those  
The men of iron who toiled and rose  
To deeds of statesmanship, the pride  
Of their own home and nation wide.  
Some faults thou hast, too big. But truth  
Is, they're common faults of youth  
And size . . . What other city shows  
The virtues that Chicago knows?  
Out from refining fire you came  
Up from disaster and ill fame  
And time shall prove Thee steadfast to  
The Good, the Beautiful, and True.

(Hot stuff Doc! Now let's have the  
Miracle Man . . . . ) Ed.

#### T H E   M I R A C L E   M A N

Maker of steel

Am I. I feel

A mighty pride

In what I deal

Though I am mud

I know my blood

With Iron's red

It's in my head



My hand and heart  
Of this combined  
Matter and mind  
Iron's a part

When earth was hot  
And it was not  
A fitting place  
To grow a race

Of men mid shock  
Of heaving rock  
Expanding gas  
Within the mass

Of matter, flow  
Of lava, glow  
Flames and explode  
Flame  
Cool and corrode

When mountains felt  
Congeal and melt,  
Titanic urge  
Of rend and merge

Gigantic throes  
Of labor those -  
The writhe and strain  
Of earth in pain.

These were the ways  
In primal days  
When Iron found  
Place in the ground---



And then came Man

Into the plan.

Iron is steel

Beneath his hill.

Steel is the King

Of everything

Under the man

Since he began, --

Spire and dome,

Sky scraper home,

Castles of ease

And more of these:

Bridge, tower, train,

Motor, and plane

Engine and rail

Girder and nail.

Steel's the stuff

Steel, steel enough

To build us all

They need who call

For me to bring

This mighty thing

Of strength and size

Where cities rise--

While genius dreams

I furnish beams

To build and tell

My miracle

For I am he

Who holds the key.

Maker of steel

Come, learn of me!

ARTHUR M. CORWIN

For I am he



From a mind that's pedigogical

We expect a yarn quite logical

Think you not?

But it doesn't always fellow --

Although tonight we'd swallow

Quite a lot.

Miss Eaton's always travelling

And mysteries unravelling

As you'll see --

She meets a British slicker

Who gently tries to pick'er

Purse -- dear me!

But in the end she's smarter . .

Tis the slicker has to barter

For his dough

Though with British soap and water

There is much that could be taught 'er

This we know

That when coiffure so immaculate

Goes awry we must ejaculate

"Something's wet!""

Yet when you have heard her story

I am sure you'll not be sorry --

That's a bet!

"MISS MAY EATON"



ing speed and vim. More soap was applied with more vigor and with more exasperation.

The final condition of my hair was far from satisfactory, but being of a hopeful nature, I hied me to Hampton Road, -- found a beauty shop, made known my wish, and was ushered into a tiny room. A young man covered me over with the usual large white cover which always makes me feel like a race horse out for exercise.

Conversation and combing began briskly. Then they both stopped ominously. He was now picking and poking my head mysteriously. Quietly, as in a sick room, he suddenly excused himself, and stepped out of the cubicle, returning in a moment with another young man whom he introduced as a specialist. From the impressive way in which he spoke the word, I could see that nothing but large capital letters would be suitable for that title . . . S P E C I A L I S T ! ! What was going to happen? Again silent poking, combing, examining -- (No, it was NOT what you think!)

"Madam," in appalling tones -- "do you know what condition your scalp is in?"

I answered with a choking, "No -- what is it?"

There is a band of eggs around your head!" indicating a circle all about my head.



"EGGS!" I exclaimed.

" E G G S . . . " he solemnly repeated.

"EGGS!!!" I gasped . . . . .

" . . . eggs . . . " he whispered.

Patting my head gently and reassuring me, he continued, "This condition often comes from a shock. Perhaps you have had a shock at some time?" I shook my head. "I should think," he resumed after a minute examination, "that it was about fourteen years ago."

"Fourteen years ago," I thought, " . . . that was about 1914. Those eggs are slower than the ones we wait for at breakfast!"

"But," he added, brightening, " we have an electrical apparatus by which we can cure that in one treatment so completely, that it will all disappear in twelve days."

"How much will that cost?" I sighed, thinking of those English pennies.

"One pound."

I hesitated, and he strode forth with as much dignity, wrath, and disdain as the five by four room would permit.

"Who is that man?" I asked of the subdued little assistant.

"Oh, THAT is Dr. Wallace -- MISTER Wallace!"



"There!" thought I, "you don't dare stick to the Doctor bluff (not knowing then that a medical student is a doctor when he has finished a four-year course, and then graduates back into "mister" after two more years of training). So, being an ignorant foreigner, I kept thinking, "Eggs . . . fourteen years . . . twelve days . . . one pound . . . one treatment . . ." Why the precision? Suddenly a light began to glimmer. Of course, ALL English women were shocked in 1914!

"You marcel my hair, and I will think about it." Silence continued through the job.

When I paid my bill, the manager stepped up to me and said, "Now, we don't want you telling all around about our method," and there was a dirty look in his face as he said it. I was a stupid foreigner and a "fool American", but it was HE who wore the dirty look -- not I! Perhaps he was guessing that I was seeing him as he really was. And perhaps I was -- but secretly I was determining never again to rub the skin off my scalp with too much soap and hard water!



## MEMORIES

(Anonymous)

Some forty years ago, there was a sort of glorified "dime museum" on Wabash Avenue called the "Eden Musee". There were three floors, containing many things of interest, especially a fine lot of wax figures, much superior to the usual sort of thing at Kohl and Middletons, or Stanhope and Epstein's. On the first floor was a nice little theater, and when the Musee opened there was a good minstrel troupe of thirty or forty, that made things interesting.

Of course, when the novelty wore off, the place declined and a change of management made an effort to revive it by introducing the continuous show -- then a decided novelty. The show started at eleven a.m., and continued until midnight. It was called a "Music Hall". After a visit to the music hall -- the writer -- then a callow youth of about nineteen, was inspired to break into the following literary effort:

(next page)



I went down just once more  
Where we were once before

long ago ---

But the minstrel man was gone  
With his serio-comic song

him I know.

I wandered all around  
Where wax figures did abound

ghastly red --

And I noticed in their eyes  
A look of sad surprise

joy had fled.

There's a bar on every floor  
Stocked with yellow beer galore

and red wine--

And the singers on the stage  
Sing the songs that are the rage

all the time.

At eleven in the morning  
In short dresses so adorning

comes the maid

And she sings a comic chorus  
That we have had before us

a decade.

Then the funny negro minstrel  
In burnt cork and gilded tinsel

gets his chance--

And he sings a comic ditty  
That moves the heart to pity

Watch him dance!



So all the livelong day  
If you have come to stay  
you will see  
Just such sights as these  
Mixed with beer and Sweitzer cheese --  
sweet unity!  
And at midnight you go home  
With a Ferris wheel alone  
in your head--  
And next morning you awake  
With a forty horsepower ache --  
nearly dead!  
And you say you never will  
As you take that liver pill  
try again  
To enjoy a music hall,  
Beer, Sweitzer cheese and all --  
not for ten!